

Tear Away

by Shanastay

Companion fic to "My Happy Ending" and "Slipped Away" done by your request! Third part of the "Unhappily Ever After" Series detailing Harry's POV. Read "My Happy Ending" and "Slipped Away" first.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: *insert standard disclaimer here*

By *your* request, here is the third POV from the trilogy that began with *My Happy Ending*. For the best effect first read, *My Happy Ending*, ([Read My Happy Ending here](#)) then *Slipped Away* ([Read Slipped Away here](#)) and then this one.

My Happy Ending has been nominated for Best Infidelity & Break-up at *The Sorting Hat: Harry Potter Thematic Fanfiction Awards*. ([See all the nominees here](#))

Song lyrics for *Tear Away* belong to Drowning Pool. So, without further ado, I present to you Harry's POV. Events pick up just after Hermione's exit from the cellar Potions lab.

Tear Away by Shanastay

I'm tearing away

Pieces are falling

I can't seem to make them stay

It was masterful. It was truly sadistic, but utterly flawless in its depravity. He would never, ever forget the utterly destroyed expression on his former best friend's face. That look, just before she'd turned tail and fled, would fuel many a malicious dream. Oh, how just the knowledge that they were together, that they were having sex gnawed at him. This seemed only a fitting revenge.

Truly Snape, you are an actor eminently worthy of an Academy Award for that performance. I am really and truly impressed.

A very satisfied smirk enconced upon his face, Harry Potter emerged from his hiding place. Gliding over the wreckage in his enspelled wheelchair, he dispelled the carnage left in Hermione's wake with a few careless flicks of his wand. The air, at least, now clear, he came to a halt before his former professor. Slipping his wand up his sleeve, Harry began clapping. Slowly. Deliberately. The Savior of the Wizarding World knew just what kind of effect this would have on the former Death Eater. Snape did not fail to respond as expected, the elder wizard's face contorting with hate.

Now to twist the knife.

"Brilliant, Snape. Absolutely brilliant." Potter carefully made his grin wider, letting off the insulting applause. "I honestly didn't think you had it in you."

"I have fulfilled my debt to you. Release me."

Really and truly, I believed you would die before hurting the woman you claimed to love. But I guess those old war survival instincts are still working. You must have realized I'd never let you live "happily ever after."

Harry carefully crafted his face into a mocking facsimile of the Potions master's trademark expression, gratified by the contempt clear on Snape's face.

"That you have, Severus. That you have." He added several sibilant s's to the dark wizard's given name, elated at the visible wince he received. "You more than exceeded my expectations."

Oh, did you ever. You destroyed her, and I will be there to pick up the pieces. Assuming I decide to pick them up.

"Release me!"

Oh ho! Threatening me now? It's your life or hers. You knew my conditions, my promise, should you not fulfill your obligation. But that is moot now.

With utterly unfeigned flippancy, Harry waved his hand as he spoke. "I hold your obligation to me fulfilled. I release you from your Wizarding debt to me." With those words, he felt a tingle of magic pass through him, the literal severance of the bond that had been created when he'd saved the former Death Eater.

Snape wasted no time turning on his heel and leaving, Potter's dark, crazed laughter speeding his retreat.

You run away

Faster and faster

You can't seem to get away

Break!

Potter didn't even try to hold back the unbridled maniac feeling washing over him. He felt euphoric, elated, triumphant. And all because he had succeeded in shattering his best friend's "perfect life." It was sick, sad and wrong, but it gave him a joy such as he hadn't felt in many years.

Unaware that he still had an audience, he spoke his thoughts aloud. "Hermione, Hermione, Hermione. You didn't really think you would get to live 'Happily Ever After,' now did you?" The specially crafted wheelchair followed his unspoken command, pivoting as he Apparated away with a sharp crack.

Hope there's a reason

For questions unanswered

I just don't see everything

Harry reappeared inside the spacious flat he'd bought in Hogsmeade. Looking around, he took in the wide living room dominated by an enormous hearth. The flat consisted of the modified upper level of a large manor house. The edifice was composed of three floors, the ground and first having been remodeled into guest rooms for rent for the wizards and witches that came to visit the Hogwarts memorial.

Granted, he didn't really need the money, but it gave him a viable reason for remaining close to the place where he'd spent the happiest years of his life. It was also the place where his life as he'd known it had ended. For Harry, the grounds of the former school represented the beginning and the end of all things.

With a casual flick of a wrist, the disheveled-looking man lit the fire. The dancing flames threw variegating shadows across his face, adding the appearance of an emerging darkness. Unnoticed in the background, a fearful Dobby laid out a meal on the table. The house-elf had managed to survive the carnage of the destruction of Hogwarts and had dedicated himself to Harry's care. As such, he had paid bitter witness to the young man's dark transformation.

Yes, I'm inside you

Tell me how does it feel

To feel like this

Just like I do

Harry stared into the roaring fire, reflecting back on the months and months of planning that had come to fruition that day, the heat coming off the burning logs seeming to pass over and around without touching him. Oh, it had taken special care and patience to bring everything to such a flawless head. Snape had only been involved in the last week, though the Potions master had played a vital, irreplaceable role.

Hermione, Hermione, Hermione. So much for your "Happy Ending." You didn't really think it would last, did you?

Little Miss Perfect's fairytale life was certainly at an end. Oh, but how it had galled him that, of the Golden Trio, she alone had made it out of the Final Battle veritably unscathed.

Eyes sliding shut, he thought back.

He'd been slammed to the ground and knocked out by Voldemort's demise. The Dark Lord's destruction was every bit as spectacular as many had anticipated, the explosion and resulting concussion wave knocking everyone to the blood-stained grass and leveling what was left of Hogwarts. Not that Harry could remember any of it.

That blow to the head had been every bit as effective as a well-cast *Obliviate* in erasing his memory of the event. He wasn't even quite sure just how he'd managed to pull it off.

Hermione had been the one to rouse him, her soiled and tear-streaked face the first thing that he beheld post-Voldemort. Other than a few bruises and scratches, she was totally unharmed. He barely processed that she was telling him they had won; he had done it.

With her help, he'd tried to get up, managing to get as far as sitting up when realization hit him. He couldn't feel anything from the waist down. Like being struck by a Bludger, he comprehended that it wasn't just a spell. Something was terribly, terribly wrong with him.

He would never, ever fly again.

Looking up into the face of his best friend, his *whole* best friend, as she cried with relief that he was "okay" and it was "all over," that was the moment that the first seed of hate began to grow. It coiled like a serpent in the base of his belly. Hours later, when he found out Ron's ultimate fate, that resentment only grew, its tenuous foothold becoming a solid step.

Miserable and feeling utterly alone while only slightly subdued celebrations rang out all around him, he'd turned inward, escaping into himself and throwing everyone out of his room in St. Mungo's.

I don't care about anyone else but me

I don't care about anyone

I don't care about anyone else but me

I don't care about anyone

Before that final, penultimate confrontation, Harry had run across his former Potions professor. The dark wizard had been fending off the attacks of five different Death Eaters, barely keeping them at bay. Not knowing what prompted him, the young man intervened. Taking out two of the five, he managed to distract the other three long enough for Snape to dispatch them.

When the dark wizard had turned blazing, incredulous eyes on him, Harry had silently *Stupefied* the former Death Eater, that lesson a hard-learned one. Even years later, he never knew what had driven him to knock Snape out like that. Surely he had never let go of his distaste for the Greasy Bat. Like his newfound resentment, it only grew with time.

Things had changed. Everything had changed. *He* had changed.

Harry pointedly shied away from self-examination. The visits he'd made to that psychiatric mediwitch had been superfluous at best, done only to placate the survivors, like Hermione. Taking a close look at himself brought forth dark things he felt best left alone. It never occurred to him just how much that incubating part of him was taking over.

Do I really want this?

Sometimes I scare myself

I just can't let it go

Watching Hermione blossom in the bright future he'd made for Wizardingdom while he and Ron wilted like plants left in the dark too long fed the angry, hungry thing inside him. It gnawed away at his insides until it seemed like nothing was left but the resentment, the hate. He'd bought this manor and converted it, his proximity to the site of the former school a daily reminder of everything he'd lost, everything that had been taken from him.

While Hermione went on to earn dual Masteries of Potions and Transfigurations, Harry hid himself away in the manor, becoming even more press-shy than ever before.

Hermione made it a point of never leaving Harry alone for long. Even with Dobby there to take care of him, she was ever the dutiful friend, visiting him and Ron. Her condescension made him ill. The bloody chit lived a charmed life. Little Miss Perfect. Just watching her *walk* in the door would set him to fuming.

How come she gets everything she ever wanted? How come she didn't even get hurt? Why me? Why me? Why me?

And so the former Golden Trio was forever fractured, one third utterly unaware of the division.

Can you believe it?

Everything happens for reasons

I just don't know

It had been a literal Bludger to the stomach when Harry had discovered Hermione was dating their formidable former Potions and DADA professor. There had been tears and apologies when he'd confronted her, but she'd stood fast in her decision to pursue the dark wizard romantically.

It literally made Harry sick.

In his eyes, she'd dirtied, sullied herself by letting that man even touch her. It was the penultimate betrayal. He'd fought against the whole relationship tooth and nail until she had tricked him.

She'd invited him out to dinner, which he'd reluctantly accepted, only to discover not only Hermione, but Snape, waiting for him.

Harry had immediately turned to leave, only to be stopped by two words he never dreamed he'd hear coming from *that man*.

"Thank you."

He had spun on the spot, nearly overturning his wheelchair in his haste, his disbelieving stare taking in the expression on his former professor's face. Snape was serious. The elder wizard displayed an odd sort of dignity as he rose from his seat and approached the dumbfounded Harry, and repeated himself.

"Thank you, Mr. Potter, for saving me that day. I owe you not only a debt of gratitude, but a Wizarding Life Debt for your actions that day." There was no inflection, not a hint of sarcasm in the former Death Eater's voice. He meant every word.

He meant every word.

The angry thing inside Harry lifted its head with interest. *Wizarding Life Debt? I can work with this.*

I don't care about anyone else but me

I don't care about anyone

I don't care about anyone else but me

I don't care about anyone

Or anything

But me

And so Harry's little masquerade began. He couldn't very well dismiss Snape's gratitude, not with a whole restaurant full of onlookers, without appearing extremely petty and bitter. With as much grace as he could muster, Harry turned back and joined the couple at table. The air was still vaguely uncomfortable, but the previously palpable tension had eased.

As Hermione made excited small talk about some bit of promising research, Harry only listened with half an ear. It wasn't just that Hermione was so obviously happy that galled him so, it was *who* she was so damn happy with. That Snape appeared as enraptured as she only twisted the knife more. And she just *had* to parade that bliss

around in his face.

Fucking bitch.

Severus Snape. You are exactly what I need to put this yappy little bitch in her place. I don't know how, just yet, but I vow to ruin both your lives in one fell swoop. Mentally, he licked his lips and unconsciously rubbed his hands together.

Goddamn I love me.

It would take time. How much, he didn't know. But time and patience were two things he certainly had in spades.

Patient he had been. And time it had taken.

Finally he'd found the weak link in Hermione's armor. *Kathleen Frejne*. The American ex-Auror was the bane of his friend's life. Somehow, through absolutely no effort on his part, Hermione had come to believe that Kathleen was a rival for "Severus'" affections. It took only mentioning the blonde's name to set his former friend off. And so Harry began sowing the seeds of doubt needed to bring things to a head.

I don't care about anyone else but me

I don't care about anyone

I don't care about anyone else but me

I don't care about anyone

Or anything

The ridiculously easy parts had been blackmailing Snape for his role and getting Frejne's name put on the latest paper "Snape and Snape" had authored.

Ron's role was utterly uncoached, his reaction laughably predictable, showing Harry that incriminating byline when Potter had visited.

The "friendly intervention" that followed was merely the prologue to the main event, that being the fireworks in the cellar Potions lab. Oh, Hermione hadn't *wanted* to believe Severus was unfaithful, but the seeds of doubt Harry had carefully sown bore their fruit regardless.

Harry stared into the fire, relishing every moment as he replayed the emotional scene in his mind.

Finally, Hermione, you're getting a taste of the misery that has been my life since that day. Finally, you're feeling a bit of the helplessness that Ron must live with every day. Finally.

Harry Potter leaned back into the cushions of his wheelchair, patiently awaiting the arrival of his childhood friend.

The game had only just begun.

I don't care about anyone else but me

I don't care about anyone

Fin (for now)

A/N: Thank you so much for coming back for more of this torrid little drama of mine. This is your last chance to cast your vote for sequel/no sequel. I do have something outlined, but I'll only pursue it if it seems that there is a demand for it, so please take just a moment to tell me what you think!

The character of Kathleen Frejne (pronounced Fray-nyah) is mentioned with the permission of her creator, LadyoftheMasque from her fic *For Someone Special*. Thank you to Lotm for allowing me to borrow her (once again) for a short time.