

# Miles and Miles

*by everygoodun*

It's a song-fic, folks! Complete in four songs. Part one: Miles and Miles; Snape reflects on a bitter memory.

## The End

*Chapter 1 of 1*

It's a song-fic, folks! Complete in four songs. Part one: Miles and Miles; Snape reflects on a bitter memory.

AN: Okay, so I wrote this *ages* ago, but I'm still rather fond of it despite all the cliches and angst and those pesky song lyrics. It's a story in four parts, one song per part. This part is based upon "Miles and Miles" by The Who.

Thanks to my erstwhile beta, amsev, who was the first to introduce me to this wonderful archive and encouraged me to continue writing.

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*I know you've deceived me, now here's a surprise*

I looked at her, stiff and impotent with rage. How could she? She was the only person alive who knew how to damage me like this. I had trusted her. I had given myself over to her, and this was how she repaid me?

It served me right. I should have known better than to trust someone so young and naïve. It served me right to think that anyone could be trusted to be fair to me when it didn't serve their purpose. I should have learned that lesson long ago, but there I was, immolated by the knowledge that I was nothing more than a weak, foolish man prone to sentimental mistakes.

*I know that you have, 'cause there's magic in my eyes*

I had seen it in the way she looked at me. The way she flushed when she thought I wasn't looking. The slight wince when I asked about her vacation. I hadn't really meant to, but when I slipped into her mind while she looked at me, oh so innocently, I saw them.

*I can see for miles and miles and miles and miles and miles*

I saw that boy hugging her and twirling her around. I saw her laughing all the while. Laughing at me, probably.

"How can he think I could ever love him?" she would say. That's when the boy would twirl her again, and take her hand as they ran along the beach. All so idyllic, so romantic. In my imagination, the scene ended with her underneath the boy, laughing as she fucked away any shred of respect I'd had for her.

*If you think that I don't know about the little tricks you've played*

She had been so depressed since the battle. If I hadn't had reconstruction duties I would have taken her there myself, but instead I sent her with Potter. The Boy-Who-Lived-to-Steal-Her-Away... How could I have been so blind?

She had come back so rosy, so cheerful. Surrounded by her bubbly enthusiasm, I had actually been happy that she'd gone. "It was so good to get away from the castle. I wish you could have come. It would have improved your outlook on this whole process. I bet even you would have enjoyed wading in the midday sun with us."

*And never see you when deliberately you put things in my way*

She knew I couldn't go. She had suggested it, and been so desperate for a change, but she *knew* I wouldn't go. There was too much work to do and no one to do it but me. It was too much to expect Bloody Potter and Company to share the responsibilities of the cleanup. They were exempt thanks to their "war time efforts."

Cast one lousy spell that topples the enemy, and suddenly you've got it made. Everything you do will be golden. People will throw roses at your feet and insist that you take time off, to "recover."

But I wasn't exempt. I had only worked tirelessly for seven bloody years, making sure The Boy-Who-Wouldn't-Be-Denied lived. I had only played spy games for twice that long before Potter was added to my list of prats to watch over. There wasn't any effort involved in that. Especially in the battle itself. Protecting Potter's back while I concentrated on evading Voldemort's wrath, that was just child's play. Potter was the only one who mattered that day.

I had believed her when she'd told me that Potter needed a break. I saw the signs of distress on both of their faces. I actually *gloated* that Potter was such a weakling to need a rest after so little exertion.

I'd sent her with him because she asked to go. She was worried about her pitiful little friend. She was worried he might do something rash. She was worried he couldn't cope with all the horrors of the war. She was worried that without any friends, Potter would crack. I thought her perceptive to see the weakness too, but now I knew the truth.

*Well, here's a poke at you*

*You're gonna choke on it too*

*You're gonna lose that smile*

*Because all the while*

*I can see for miles and miles*

She wasn't stupid, I could say that for her. She had forced me out of her mind when I had slipped in, but gently. She'd admonished me for taking what she wanted to give me freely. If I hadn't seen all the clues, I would have felt guilty, but all I could think of was the boy's hands on her, and the two of them laughing in the sun. All I could feel was the betrayal.

*You took advantage of my trust in you when I was so far away*

*I saw you holding lots of other guys and now you've got the nerve to say*

*That you still want me*

At first I'd been polite about my inquiries. I asked her nicely about what she did and where they went. At first she thought she'd gotten away with it. She talked animatedly about the restaurants and clubs they'd frequented, the sunsets they had watched. She'd even thrown in the truly brilliant touch of telling me how Potter had finally broken down and cried in her arms one evening while they sat on the beach. She explained how from that moment on, *Harry* had started healing, and that by the end of the trip he was laughing again, just like old times.

*Well, that's as may be*

*But you gotta stand trial*

*Because all the while*

Without the glimpse of her memory, I might have believed her. But her eyes were too bright. Her manner too light. Combined with her story, and what she'd left out, I knew she was lying, and what she was hiding.

*I can see for miles and miles*

*I can see for miles and miles*

When I had accused her, she'd had the gall to be offended. She'd tossed aside my accusations like they were meaningless, like my suspicions were baseless. When she saw I was serious, she'd become angry. She'd yelled at me.

"How dare you accuse me of being faithless?" she'd yelled, her face flushed and contorted with rage. Her anger had just fueled mine. How could she pretend to be affronted when I knew what she hid.

*I know you've deceived me, now here's a surprise*

*I know that you have 'cause there's magic in my eyes*

I had nearly hexed her during that row. Instead I told her to leave. Leave and never come back. I told her with a smirk that Potter deserved a tart like her, and I hoped they'd be happy in their misdeeds. When I'd said that, I saw her flinch, as if I had hexed her. All the anger drained from her face, leaving it pale and lifeless. She'd looked at me as if I had betrayed her.

*I can see for miles and miles and miles and miles and miles*

It was then that I had my first doubt. She looked hurt beyond anything I had ever witnessed, and she had an eerie calm about her. She stood there looking at me through glassy eyes, not moving a muscle except those needed to breathe. She stood there, and I watched as her illogical love for me died in front of my eyes.

*The Eiffel Tower and the Taj Mahal are mine to see on clear days*

*You thought that I would need a crystal ball to see right through the haze*

As I stood there more doubts began to surface. As the scales fell away from my eyes, I reviewed the image I stole and saw innocence, fun, friendship. I saw the sincerity in her eyes, even as mine were filled with sorrow. I stood there waiting for her to move.

It seemed like eternity before she spoke.

*Well, here's a poke at you*

*You're gonna choke on it too*

*You're gonna lose that smile*

*Because all the while*

"How could you believe that I'd hurt you like that?" was all she said before she turned and left the room.

*I can see for miles and miles*

*I can see for miles and miles*

*I can see for miles and miles and miles and miles and miles*

*and miles and miles and miles and miles*