

Worth Waiting For

by juniperus

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Chapter 1 of 1

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The Floo roared green as Harry stumbled out, his hand already raised to run his fingers nervously through his disheveled hair. He crossed the room in three steps and slumped into the arms of the redheaded man standing primly, expectantly, in the kitchen doorway.

"It's done. Ginny hates me, Percy," Harry mumbled disconsolately. "She told me she *hates* me. I didn't think she'd be this upset, not after all of the years of living separate lives in the same house, after these two years separated..."

"You had been married nearly nineteen years, Harry. *Nineteen*. And she'd been after you in some way, shape, or form for ten years before *that*. That's a lot of defeat to admit, especially for someone as stubborn as Ginny."

"I thought she'd be relieved, like she was when I moved my things into the flat," Harry continued. "No more rows, no more frustration and tears and, and..." his voice broke, "we hadn't even *slept* in the same room since before James left for Hogwarts, much less, much less..." He closed his eyes and took a deep, shuddering breath.

"Harry, I already *know* these things. We've discussed this before..." Percy sighed as he removed his spectacles and rubbed the bridge of his nose at the sight of Harry burying his face in his hands.

"Percy, I feel *awful*. It's not as if I don't care about her. I love her. Just, just... not in the way she wants and deserves to be loved. And I knew, I knew it before the wedding and I still let it happen; I still lied to her every day that I held her and let her believe that I felt what she felt and wanted what she wanted. And I know we've been over this, I do... I just... didn't want to hurt everyone. I wish there was a way I didn't have to hurt anyone." Harry raised his head to look him in the eyes as he took the spectacles and placed them gently back on Percy's face. "I'm sorry I'm such a mess. You're so patient with me."

Percy's face took on a look of utmost seriousness. "I *love* you. I would have remained standing to the side, *patiently*, no matter how long it took for you to have *the talk* with Ginny, to explain to the children, to move out of the house, to, to... *finally* sign the divorce scroll," he trailed off and cleared his throat. "I love my sister, but I know how she is. I know it has taken as much courage to cease playing at what she, and Mother, and the rest of the family think you should be as it took to stand up against Voldemort. I have *never* doubted your devotion to your family and I'll call anyone who does a liar." Percy's gaze softened as he smoothed the hair off Harry's brow and cupped his cheek. "I have waited many years for you, Harry, and I would have waited forever if necessary."

Harry's eyes began to fill as he looked at Percy in wonder. "Shhh," Percy whispered as his deft thumb caressed a tear from Harry's cheek, "come with me."

Percy took Harry's hand and backed slowly through the room. As they approached a hallway near the foyer, Percy stopped and kneeled. Methodically, he untied Harry's shoes, removing them gently, one at a time, and placing them neatly next to his own on a mat just inside the door. He smiled as he looked up and took Harry's hand in his, again, as he made his way down the hall. At a dark doorway he paused and raised his chin slightly. "Harry?" Percy's voice faltered.

"Yes, Percy," Harry said, answering the unspoken question. "Yes. *Please*." Percy drew him the rest of the way into the room and a single candle on the bed stand lit with his muttered "*Lumos*."

Harry paused a fraction of a second before taking Percy's face in his hands and frantically pressing his lips, in turn, to Percy's forehead, eyelids, and lips. "Oh, Perce," Harry breathed into Percy's slightly parted lips. "Merlin..." Percy's hands crept up Harry's back, drawing their bodies tightly together before continuing up to caress his nape and twine fingers in Harry's hair. Percy took charge with nibbles and little licks to Harry's lips before deepening the kiss with a thrust of his tongue. Harry groaned as he parried and worked one hand down between them to fumble at the buttons of Percy's waistcoat.

Percy's step backward broke the kiss but allowed fingers to travel down buttons. Waistcoat removed and folded neatly over the back of a chair, both men concentrated on divesting the other of their shirts. Percy exhaled sharply as he drew the fabric down Harry's arms, eyes hungrily roaming over his no-longer-as-trim abdomen and still-wiry-muscled chest. "Harry," Percy whispered, "you're so, so..."

"*Impatient*, Percy." Harry smirked as reached up to carefully remove Percy's spectacles and set them on the chest of drawers next to them before reaching for the placket of Percy's trousers.

Percy blushed as he unbuttoned his trousers and stepped out of them. He neatly shook the wrinkles from them as he laid them carefully over the waistcoat, chuckling softly as Harry hopped around in his hurried attempt to remove his own trousers. Percy dropped his socks into the hamper as he walked slowly and deliberately into the bathroom. "Come, Harry," he said as he looked playfully over his shoulder.

Harry drew off his socks and tossed them on the floor next to his shirt as he heard Percy start the shower. Harry tipped his head and looked quizzically at Percy's beckoning hand poking out of the curtain before grinning and striding purposefully into the escaping wall of steam.

As soon as he stepped into the shower Harry found himself pressed against the wall Percy's hot, wet body sliding against his a tantalizing contrast to the tile cold against his arse. Percy's teeth grazed Harry's earlobe before continuing to nip their way down his neck. Harry moaned as Percy mouthed his Adam's apple and dragged his lips across Harry's collarbone before sliding down to tongue-flick a nipple; he gasped as Percy's mouth moved to his other nipple and quill-calloused fingers rubbed roughly over the place where his mouth had just been. The feel of the hot water flowing over his chest as the hot mouth suckled, then moved southward, nearly undid him.

Harry hissed as Percy's mouth enveloped his cock. "Oh, oh yesssss." Harry's eyes rolled back as Percy began to bob his head, cheeks hollowed as he sucked, one hand tightly wrapped around the base of Harry's cock and the other gently rolling his balls.

Once Harry's sibilant hisses dissolved into nonsense and guttural disconnected syllables, his fingers scrabbling at the tile, Percy hummed in pleasure and only stopped long enough to demand, "Come for me, Harry, let go." There was time for only one long lick to the slit before Percy's nose was pressed into Harry's black curls and his hands pressed the shuddering man against the wall, supporting Harry's weight as he cried out and clutched at Percy's wet hair as he filled his swallowing throat with spunk. Percy smiled and licked his lips as he reached up to gently lower Harry to a sitting position.

"Ok, there, Harry?" Percy asked, his eyes glinting mischievously.

"Percy...", Harry gasped, "Perce... that was, that was..."

Percy grinned as Harry stuttered, and shut the faucets tightly. He offered Harry his hand and then wrapped him in a towel, then stepped out of the curtain carefully before drying himself off and reaching in to pull Harry, eyes still glazed over, out onto the bathmat. Percy rubbed the towel over Harry quickly and then pulled him into the bedroom, his hard, red cock bobbing with each step.

Harry bonelessly collapsed onto the cool, crisp sheets, the duvet already pulled back and tucked neatly out of the way. Percy crawled up the bed towards Harry, stopping here and there to drop a kiss on a knee, a thigh, a hip bone, before his lips reached Harry's. Sprawled atop him, Percy frothed against Harry's thigh in time with the movements of their tongues, Harry's hands moving over Percy's back and arse possessively. Harry began stiffening again in response to the wanton movement like a randy teenager, not a man well into his forties. "Merlin, Perce, I want you. Now. *Please*," Harry moaned.

Percy rose up onto his elbows and looked into Harry's eyes, searching his face for any lingering doubt. "With pleasure," he whispered before reaching to the bed stand for the lubricant he'd newly bought. Eyes still on Harry's face, Percy generously coated his cock and then his fingers. "I haven't done this in a long time, Harry."

"I have *never* done it, Percy," Harry laughed, then moaned as one of Percy's slick fingers began stroking his tight, puckered hole. "Oh, OH!" Harry exclaimed as one finger entered and then became two, scissoring slowly, carefully preparing the way. "Wha, why has it been so long, Percy? I thought there was a bloke in Research and Artifacts who had been after you, and another, an Unspeakable..." Harry asked as he craned his neck and peered at Percy, who was concentrating on his task with head bent. "Percy?"

Percy shook his head slightly and pulled his fingers out. He moved over Harry, his eyes staring intensely into Harry's as he tucked Harry's ankles onto his shoulders and slowly rubbed the head of his cock against Harry's hole. "I told you before, I have waited many years for you, Harry," Percy said, softly, as he slowly, carefully, buried his cock to the hilt, "and," he gasped, "I would have waited *forever* if necessary."

With this said, Percy started thrusting, almost languidly at first as Harry's body adjusted to the intrusion, and then faster, snapping his hips forward as he tilted his pelvis *just so*. Harry's panting turned to rhythmic gasps as Percy stroked his prostate with every stroke, heat building inside him until Percy's cry of "Harry!" and hot release filling him triggered Harry's own keening, his untouched cock spurting over his belly and chest.

Percy collapsed on Harry's chest, gasping for breath and waiting for his own heartbeat to slow to normal as he listened for Harry's to do the same. He lifted his head and kissed Harry's still-parted lips softly before reaching for his wand and making short work of the mess gluing him to Harry's belly and seeping out of Harry onto the sheets.

"I love you, Harry."

"I love you, too," Harry replied as Percy rolled onto his back, limbs splayed.

"I don't know how you lived without that all these years, Perce," Harry yawned as he pillowed his head onto Percy's shoulder. "It took me so long to get things through my thick skull and stop being such a coward. I don't know why you didn't just give up on me." As Harry's body relaxed Percy tightened his arms around him and smiled when he heard Harry's soft snores.

"Oh, my dear one," Percy whispered as he gently kissed the crown of Harry's head, "there has never been anything more worth waiting for."