Please, Wait For Me

by cathcer1984

Summary

"They always say be careful what you do in the past because you never know how big it will change the future"

Notes

meglw0228 wrote this for hpsmfest and I wanted the prompt… she's given me her permission to write the prompt how I would have, if I'd got it!

Prompt #14 submitted by kamerreon The night before his wedding to Ginny Weasley, a letter appeared in a white cloud of magic and landed on his bed. It only said: I love you. Please wait for me.

Un-beta'd. Twenty-five year age difference. Scorpius is twenty and Harry forty-five

Despite all the pairings, only mentioned infidelity: Harry is married to Ginny and having an affair with Scorpius.

Present:

Harry cupped the cheeks of the young man in front of him in his palms rubbing his thumbs over prominent cheekbones.
"Scorpius," Harry's voice was full of regret. "This... Us, it can't happen anymore."

The blond looked into Harry's eyes as he leaned up and pressed a chaste kiss to his lips whispering "Harry" when he pulled away.

"I'm married, Scorpius, I have children. You are Lily's best friend."

Harry sighed deeply his face pained, "I won't cheat on my wife not for an eighteen year old and not for a forty year old. I can't ruin my family Scorpius, surely you can understand that."

Harry watched as Scorpius bit his lower lip before nodding his head slightly. "If things were different Harry-"

"But they aren't."

"But they can be."

Harry shook his head sadly and pressed on last and desperate kiss to Scorpius' mouth which opened immediately and their tongues twined together slowly parting as their lips drew away. Before pulling away completely Harry whispered against Scorpius' open mouth "I love you. Don't wait for me."

Harry turned and strode down the empty, stone walled corridor looking every bit like the Head Auror that he always was at the Ministry, his devastation and broken heart hidden behind stoic facade.

Scorpius watched him go with longing as Harry turned the corner Scorpius, with his face set in determination, turned towards the smooth black door behind him and he entered the Department of Mysteries.

Past:

Harry sighed wearily and looked at the watch on his wrist it was nearing three in the morning and he hadn't slept a wink and it didn't look as if he'd fall asleep anytime soon, either. He didn't know if it was because he was excited to marry Ginny or because he had cold feet.

Cold feet were normal, right? For a man to have irrational thoughts of what his life would be like without the woman he was marrying, about not actually wanting to marry her in the first place and deep down there was that tiny voice inside him that wondered what it would be like to kiss a man.

Harry shifted until he sat on the edge of the bed, the slight breeze coming through the window made his skin erupt in tiny bumps and his nipples harden. Putting his head in his hands Harry scrubbed his face as if he were trying to erase the images from his brain, the breeze around the room picked up and it took Harry a moment to notice that it was swirling around him and the bed.

The curtains remained unmoved by the fierce wind that seemed to centre on Harry and his bed, the wind picked up speed and Harry was helpless to do anything he couldn't reach his wand, the wind was too strong for him to move anything other than his head.

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Towards the head of the bed a cloud like substance was forming, a small white light and weightless substance billowed outwards until it covered all of the bed and Harry, who could feel heat radiating from the cloud. Not enough to burn but hot enough to be uncomfortable; in a matter of seconds it had moved from the bed and rushed at Harry's face. There was not enough time for
Harry to turn his head or breath but it was enough time for the fleeting thought of 'oh Merlin.'

Harry jerked his head back and inhaled sharply as the cloud floated down into his hands suddenly solid. Frowning he looked down and saw nothing but a piece of folded parchment in his hands, the wind had all but gone now and Harry reached for his wand with one hand keeping an eye on the suspicious parchment in his hand.

Not sure if it was dangerous or not, letting it go could cause it to explode, release a gas or a spell or hex woven into the parchment. Holding it for too long, opening it or not opening it could have the same disastrous effects, keeping the parchment as still as possible Harry waved his wand over and over as he recited spell after spell that he had learnt during the war and during his time at the Auror department.

"Huh," Harry huffed.

The innocent-looking piece of folded parchment was just that, an innocent piece of parchment, Harry was tempted to retest the parchment or even take it to Hermione for her to test but that was irrational thinking. It may have been two years since the war but Harry's spell knowledge and casting hadn't diminished.

He placed his wand on the bedcovers beside him and tentatively opened the note, it was approximately the size of a photograph scrawled across the middle of it were seven words. Seven words which have the ability to change Harry's life, it wasn't Ginny's writing which Harry knew as well as his own. It was too neat to be Ron's, too big to be Hermione's, too curvy to be Luna's... Harry went through the handwriting's he knew but none of them matched.

He looked down at the note again intently reading the seven words: I love you. Please wait for me. Running a hand through his hair Harry made the decision to call Hermione, moving through Grimmuld Place with the parchment in his hand Harry entered the kitchen and threw some floo powder into the fireplace.

He watched it flare green but didn't step in or call out Hermione's address, he just looked back down at the note and read it again. Those seven words which had him contemplating to not marry Ginny, to go about his life waiting, what if they never showed?

Harry got some more floo powder throwing it into the fire he stepped into the green flames calling out "Hermione's Hamlet" tucking his elbows in as he was sent spinning through the network until he tumbled out in a cloud of soot onto Hermione's living room carpet.

Footsteps sounded and Harry scrambled to sit up and find his glasses, which had fallen off when he'd landed, the parchment was still clenched in his fist.

"Hermione, it's me!"

"Harry?" She called out frantically as she came down the hallway wand in hand "what are you doing it's four in the bloody morning!"

"I know Hermione, I know. It's just something happened tonight-"

"Did you go out on the pull?"

"What? No!" Harry explained to her about the wind and the cloud and the note, which he handed over to her.
Harry stood and pushed his now soot-free glasses up his nose watching closely as Hermione read the note. Her eyebrows furrowed together and turned it over, and upside down before waving her wand over it muttering incantations.

Silently he watched as she frowned over the piece of parchment, turning it upside down and holding it up to the light before handing it back. Hermione's eyebrows were raised "what do you want me to tell her?"

"Her? You know who it is?" Harry tried to hide the excitement in his voice.

"The magical signature is male and not one I recognise," Hermione sighed, she had been training with the Unspeakables. "I was talking about Ginny."

"Tell her what?"

"About why you aren't there tomorrow, why you are leaving her. What do you want me to say?"

Harry looked over at his friend, "I haven't made my decision yet."

Hermione smiled at him sadly, her eyes bright "yes you have. I know you Harry you wouldn't have come here if you hadn't already decided. You're going to wait for him, whomever he is because he's offering something Ginny never has."

"What's that?"

"Himself, all of him, Ginny is holding back and so are you. You've never let her know that might be gay or bisexual, you can't marry the first person you love Harry not until you try other options."

"You sound as if you're speaking from experience," Harry looked up at her from under his fringe.

Hermione pressed her lips together in a thin line. "I was giving it until after the wedding, but I'm going to break up with Ron."

Eyes wide Harry gasped "why?"

"Viktor. After the war we've been writing and I" she paused, wiping her cheeks, "I had a deeper connection with him on paper than I do Ron in person. Ron's not grown up, neither has Ginny, really."

"So you're going to Krum and I'm going to have some man neither of us know" he let out a slightly bitter laugh, "what a pair we make, hey?"

She laughed and moved into Harry's embrace. They hugged for a while before Harry pulled back wiping at the tears on Hermione's cheeks, "you tell them you don't know where I am. I'm not sure where I'll go, I'm going to quit the Aurors and find something that I love to do and when I do I'll come back."

"Promise me you'll write?"

"I promise. I will write to the Weasleys so tell them that. And tell them I got a note that's made me go and 'find myself' before it was too late for me and Ginny" Harry paused. "Tell her not to wait, when she's ready push in Dean's direction."

"He'll be famous enough."

"What do you mean?"
"Harry, you've always said you don't want hero-worship but that's exactly what Ginny does, she wants the fame and the fortune. It's why she pushed for you to go to the Aurors, and the Ministry Balls- enough for you to remain in the public eye but not enough for you to complain at."

Hermione raised her eyebrows at him again as he pressed his lips to her cheek.

"Guess I'm doing the right thing then. Later 'Mione" he moved to the floo smiling sadly as fresh tears fell down her cheeks.

"Bye Harry" she whispered as the flames took him away.

Present:

When Scorpius woke the following morning he felt as if something was missing. Looking around his room nothing was new or different except he had left his journal open last night, he'd never done that since Albus Potter had read in it that he'd had a crush on the Head Boy and teased him mercilessly. Since that day he'd been bullied in Slytherin for being homosexual, sighing he marked the page and put the journal in his bag to look at during the day.

Getting ready for his job at the Unspeakables office Scorpius couldn't shake the feeling that he'd woken up with. Heading to the Ministry, everything seemed to be in order as he passed by the floors in the lift, getting off at the Department of Mysteries Scorpius headed into the office where he worked with his mentor Hermione Weasley.

When he arrived he noticed a difference, gone were the pictures of Hugo, Rose and Ron instead replaced by four unknown people. Hermione was sitting at her desk but she had lost weight, her hair was sleek and she wore light make-up; gone was the plump, frizzy haired witch who didn't care about her appearance after her first child.

"Her- Hermione?"

She smiled up at him, looking radiant, "Scorpius you're early! Shall we get started?"

The blond frowned at her and took a step back, "what happened to you?"

"What do you mean, Scorpius?"

The blond just shook his head and dove into his bag searching for his journal, opening it with a wave of his wand Scorpius flipped to the page he had marked this morning. Ignoring Hermione's soft, concerned voice he read what he had written.

Sinking to the floor Scorpius put his head into his hands as the journal thumped down next to him "how could I have been so stupid?"

"What is it Scorpius?"

Past:

Harry stared at the letter in his hand, Hermione was asking him to come back to England. He would go of course, she was getting married and he couldn't miss that.

He'd been away from England for the past three years, he'd not found mister right but he knew he
definitely preferred men now. He would have made a drastic mistake in marrying Ginny, but Harry
couldn't help but feel lonely at how his life had turned out. He missed his friends and family, he'd
missed Teddy growing up and this would be his only trip to England- he didn't intend to leave
again.

After settling his affairs and sorting out his belongings Harry made his way to the International
Portkey Offices, and queued up. He was eventually given an old car tyre which he gripped tightly
as is whirled him to the Ministry of Magic.

Harry landed with a soft thump and looked around, nothing had really changed however he was
glad to be home. Despite the circumstances surrounding how he'd left Harry was still in contact
with most Weasleys whatever Hermione had said to them worked and they weren't holding
grudges. Ginny was even back with Dean, and enjoying his success.

Moving swiftly through the Ministry so he wasn't recognised Harry made his way to the
Department of Mysteries, he opened the door and said clearly "Hermione Granger's Office." The
doors swirled in front of him and stopped eventually, Harry went through the one straight before
him opening the door to reveal Hermione and Ron.

"Harry!" Ron strode forward and hugged Harry before he was pushed out of the way by Hermione
who gripped Harry tightly.

"You're alright," she sighed in relief.

"And you're looking beautiful!"

"Where have you been, Harry? Your letters were so vague regarding location" Hermione smirked
as Harry flushed, he'd written her a very detailed letter about losing his virginity to a man.
Admittedly he was very drunk at the time.

"I've been everywhere. America, Ireland, Spain, Kenya, China, Australia, India, New Zealand but
for the last year I was in France."

"France? You were that close, blimey mate" Ron huffed. "So you would have heard about Malfoy
then?"

"Marrying the Greengrass girl, yeah, it was in the papers."

"They have a son now," Ron said blandly.

"Fuck! Who'd have thought Malfoy would be the first of us to have a kid? We're twenty-five, our
lives are wasting away" Harry swooned dramatically, grinning.

"Shut up!" Hermione laughed, "at least I'm in a relationship."

"Hey!"

"Oh yes Pansy," Hermione winked at Harry. "Ron's bagged himself a Slytherin."

"Heaven help you mate" the three friends laughed, even as Ron's face turned redder than his hair.

The following weekend was Hermione and Viktor's wedding, overall it was a beautiful service,
simple and elegant much like Hermione and Viktor. They'd done a lot of it themselves, but it
wasn't easily recognisable as handmade decorations and a budgeted affair.

Harry looked around, feeling very alone, it was a times like these when he was surrounded by couples that he questioned whether he was doing the right thing in waiting.

Watching Ginny dance and laugh with Dean, who was now a well-known artist, he couldn't stop the feeling of regret from creeping into his stomach and making his blood run cold. Spotting Hermione across the dance floor stuck in conversation with Head Auror Robards and Viktor stuck talking with the Weasley brothers Harry swiftly went to Hermione's side. "Excuse me sir, I promised this lovely bride a dance" Harry smiled as he pulled her away.

They swayed together, Hermione scrutinising Harry's face "what's wrong? It's my wedding and you look as if someone's just told you you're cat's died."

"Did I do the right thing, Mione? Waiting for him, whoever he is."

"I don't know. You seem much happier in general but I don't know how you'd be if you had married Ginny three years ago. You won't know if you've made the right decision until you meet him."

"And I don't even know when that will be. Maybe I should-" he cut himself off and looked over at Ron who was whispering in his partner's ear.

"Should what, Harry?"

"Should stop waiting and start looking."

Hermione watched him for a few seconds, "maybe you should." Her gaze turned to Ron and Pansy who were happy in each other's arms, then Ginny and Dean, George and Angelina. Molly and Arthur were sitting a table smiling and holding hands, Fleur was watching as Bill danced with their young daughter.

Sighing Harry looked away from the couples and towards the bar where the single people tended to stay, eyes catching sight of a muscular back and thighs. Harry smiled to himself but stayed where he was watching the man's back until Hermione whirled them around and the man was out of sight.

"Behave, you can go over when we've finished."

"Finished the conversation or the dance?"

"Depends, on what you're going to do."

"I'm going to go over to that man behind me, I'm going to offer him a drink and then I'm going to ask him to come home with me. After that if it has the possibility of becoming something more, I won't push him away."

Hermione sighed and smiled sadly as the music softly ended, letting Harry go and find his man she turned towards her husband as they made to leave for their honeymoon.

Harry ended up leaving with Oliver Wood.
Present:

Hermione placed the journal down after reading it for the fourth time. "Let me understand this, you remember growing up in a world where I married Ron Weasley and had two children Rose and Hugo. Harry married Ginny had three children: James, Albus and Lily. Then what happened?"

"When I started working here two years ago, straight after Hogwarts- I was recruited didn't have to go through the training-"

"You didn't this time either" Hermione murmured.

Scorpius nodded absent-mindedly and bit his lip "we had a case about a Dark Artefact that was causing the Aurors to lose their minds- literally. They'd become brainless, almost as if they'd been Kissed by a Dementor. Anyway, the Head Auror personally requested your assistance and where you went, I went. Harry was the Head Auror and working with him we got close, he introduced me to Lily who became my best friend despite the issues I had with Al. Harry and I have been having an affair for the past two years."

"So what changed?"

"He broke it off, Mrs. Potter was getting suspicious and Harry refused to ruin his family. We said something about it different circumstances, so I came here and sent a message to him. On the night before his wedding, just seven words-"

"'I love you. Please wait for me.' I know Harry came to me at four o'clock in the morning, with his decision made," Hermione turned her brown eyes onto Scorpius. "I broke up with Ron, a week after the wedding and eventually married Viktor Krum. We have three children; Jean, Alexander and Anya."

"But did Harry wait for me?"

Past to Present:

Harry and Oliver lasted a little over three years, breaking up when Oliver wanted to marry and Harry didn't. After that Harry went into a regular routine of spending about a year celibate and then having a couple of one night stands or a fling.

As he got older Harry started to regret his decision more and more, he retreated into himself and his writing. While he travelled Harry wrote down his adventures and since his return to England he began making them into a series of novels, as he neared forty-five Harry the flings and one-night stands grew fewer and farther between.

Harry was practically a recluse living by himself only leaving his house in Godric's Hollow to visit the Burrow for the weekly Sunday lunch. Despite Hermione's protests that he'd never find the man who'd asked him to wait, Harry didn't care anymore he had convinced himself that it was a joke, a cruel joke by a Death Eater or Voldemort sympathiser who didn't want to see Harry happy.

Running his hand through his hair Harry sighed and placed his pen down, he found that the muggle item was better suited to long periods of writing than a quill. His latest story was not flowing well, the main character was becoming tedious and lonely- he'd always been happy with his solitude but much like the author was growing tired of it. When the floo chimed Harry breathed a sigh of relief and headed to the living room to answer it.
"Hermione? Is everything all right?"

"Harry you need to come through, we need your expertise."

"Expertise on what?" Harry frowned.

"Languages, I know you're not an expert but you know a few languages and all the slang. Conversational languages, please this is important."

"Okay sure" he held out his hand and let Hermione grip it, pulling him through to her office in the Department of Mysteries- the only way one could get in through the floo network was to be pulled through by someone already there.

Harry landed next to Hermione and looked up when he heard a slight gasp, looking at the blond Harry's brow furrowed, this must be Hermione's apprentice, he thought and as he gazed into the light blue eyes images rushed into his brain.

"Scorpius" he breathed watching the blond smile made Harry grin in return before his head starting pounding and more images rushed forth; Ginny in a wedding dress, Ron and Hermione, three children one that was a exactly like him- Albus and James and Lily, Scorpius naked and Scorpius kissing Harry who was in the scarlet robes of the Head Auror. Scorpius. Scorpius. Scorpius.

"Scorpius!" Harry shouted and the images faded, the blond had shrunk back into the corner face white as he watched Harry writhe in pain on the floor. This wasn't meant to happen, Harry wasn't supposed to be angry with him but he sounded it. Hermione was kneeling next to her friend calming him with soothing strokes across his hair and making soft 'shush-ing' noises.

"It's okay Harry it's a big change and I didn't know you'd react like that" she said when he had calmed and was just lying on the floor exhausted and panting.

"I'm guessing you don't need me for my language skills" he huffed before pushing himself into a seating position.

"No, we don't." Hermione smiled and helped Harry stand, hugging him and pressing her lips to his cheek "okay now?"

He nodded and looked her over "you look much better than you did with Ron," he touched her hair and smiled softly "you got all plump. You are doing so much better in this world."

"And you're not?"

Taking a deep breath Harry let it out slowly "I think it is about to get a lot better." He looked around but couldn't see Scorpius the blond must have left while Harry was being flooded with images of what his life was or could have been.

"He'll be in the Time Room. He always goes there when he needs space" Hermione lead him out of the office through a series of rooms where Harry got dizzy trying to remember the way; left, right, right, turn around at the ugly statue, left, left again, back towards the statue… eventually they came to a black door.

Harry read the inscription with some trepidation 'They always say be careful what you do in the past because you never know how big it will change the future' before he opened the door. Ignoring the shelves of Time Turners and some silvery gadgets that rotated, he ignored the model of the solar system as it spun around the sun.
He ignored everything in favour of the young blond man sitting in the middle of the floor, Harry knelt down behind him. Scorpius tensed so he knew Harry was there, the older man ran his hands over achingly familiar shoulders but for some reason it felt like the first time he was touching them.

Pressing his lips to the back of Scorpius' neck Harry felt the blond shudder even as he bowed his head giving Harry more access to his neck. Opening his legs Harry pulled Scorpius back until his hips were flush with the blond's arse, his erection heavy and settled in the curve of Scorpius' lower back.

Scorpius arched his back, pressing himself close to Harry as he scrambled to find purchase on Harry's thighs to gain more leverage. Harry's hand moved to the front of Scorpius robes undoing them button by button, until every inch of Scorpius' chest and legs were bared. His arms and back still covered by the robes that Harry wouldn't remove, he pulled at the fabric until it was bunch up behind Scorpius and falling over Harry's thighs.

With one hand holding Scorpius steady Harry worked the other between their bodies to unbutton his jeans awkwardly working them over his hips, his cock brushed against the hot skin of Scorpius' back leaving a sticky trail of pre-come.

Biting his lip Harry didn't want to make a sound, what they were doing was beyond words and base noises of human pleasure. This was about Time and about their journey to each other through it and through different worlds in which they were together, they always ended up together.

Sliding his fingers, now slicked by a wandless and non-verbal spell, down the crack of Scorpius' arse and rubbing the tip of his index finger over the blond's quivering entrance before sliding it inside- the blond was tight and hot his channel clenching around the finger almost dragging it deeper. Harry added a second finger to stretch the blond, scissoring them and adding a third.

When Scorpius was pushing back against Harry, his breaths coming in harsh pants Harry withdrew his fingers and sucked his cock which he brought to Scorpius' entrance. Both men froze at the first touch, Harry leant forward to rest his forehead on the blond's shoulder as they steadied their breathing.

Pushing forward slowly Harry timed his breathing so it matched Scorpius' and his pushed forward on each exhale, pausing on the intake of breath. After a few breaths Harry was fully seated and he enjoyed the feel of the blond's hot channel as it convulsed around his cock, when Scorpius started to clench harder and more deliberately as well as shifting himself forward and back, fucking himself on Harry's cock.

Harry wrapped one hand around Scorpius' chest pulling him back into Harry's, the other hand gripped the blond's right hip. His thighs were starting to burn but he ignored it in favour of pounding into the blond, using the balls of his feet to propel him upwards and letting gravity assist his downward stroke.

They moved together in a rhythm that built up to hard and punishing throwing each man closer to his orgasm. Harry bit Scorpius' shoulder as he pumped harder into the blond coming inside him. Scorpius threw his head back so it landed on Harry's shoulder as he let out a loud moan coming in spurts over the floor.

They stayed like that panting until Harry's softening cock slipped free for Scorpius who surged forward and wrapped his robes tightly around his body, not bothering to button them just folding his arms across his middle to keep them from opening.
With Scorpius fully covered Harry felt rather silly with his open trousers so he pulled them up and tucked his cock away before buttoning them. He surged to his feet and stared at the blond waiting for him to speak.

"What was that?"

"It was sex, Scorpius."

Instead of making the blond laugh it only seemed to make him angrier, "don't you dare Harry. You know exactly what I mean."

"Don't you get it, Scorpius." Harry asked softly and he moved close enough to cup the blond's face in his hands. "I waited for you, just like you asked." Leaning down Harry pressed his lips to his lover's feeling Scorpius' arms around his neck and his hand gripping the now bared waist as the open robes fluttered around his forearms.

This is what he waited for and it was worth it.

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