

# Precious Proclivities

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Tomayto, tomahto – it's essentially the same, right? Several tumblers of Firewhisky have Harry singing a different tune and looking at someone in a new light. Written for DobbyRocksSocks on FF.Net.

## Chapter 1

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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**First foray into slash - written for my darling friend, Bex.**

**Warnings - language & sexual situations**

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He shouldn't have done it. He took a swig of Firewhisky choking as the heat coated his throat.

*"You feel so good..."*

*Harry's emerald eyes flicked open. The words, laced with unbridled lust, pierced the depths of his heart.*

*No! No! No!*

*This could not possibly be happening! He bolted out of bed and pressed his ear into the wall.*

*"More." A palm collided with bare flesh. The slap resonated off the thin walls of the humble abode.*

*"C'mon, Malfoy! Give it to me!" Two slaps followed the command, the second harder than the first.*

Nope. He shouldn't have done it.

He shook his head and took another swig of Firewhisky.

*"Yes, Draco. Yes, right there!" Skin slapping skin, grunts and moans filled Harry's ears. Tears streamed down his face as he pressed his pillow into his ears hoping to muffle the chorus of their coupling. It failed. The sounds only intensified and continued through the evening into the early morning.*

He really shouldn't have done it. He'd made a mistake introducing the beautiful blond to the ravishing redhead.

But, he didn't have a choice in the matter. They spent a week in Romania learning about various dragons they might see on their upcoming missions with the Aurors. He

most certainly hadn't expected a romance to blossom between the two seemingly different men.

*The aftermath hurt the most. The dreamy looks, the faint blush that graced the blond's pale cheeks and endless thank-yous infuriated him. In addition, Draco openly spilled the details of the dalliance. Harry's ears bled as he envisioned the complex positions the two gracefully executed during their passionate encounters.*

*"Malfoy! Focus!" Harry barked, shielding him during a vigorous training session. "You'd be dead if that was real," he snapped grabbing his shirt collar and pulling down his face to his.*

*"Sorry, Harry," the blond replied shrugging his slim shoulders. He ran a hand through his hair, playing with an errant strand. His grey eyes glazed over, his thoughts focused on other matters. "I just can't stop thinking about..."*

*"I know. And I'm happy for you, but you need to focus."*

Lies.

Dirty lies.

Dirty dirty lies.

He took another swig emptying the tumbler. *It should have been me.* He lifted his head, locked eyes with the bartender and silently requested another *Just leave me the goddamn bottle.*

Across the way, a set of cool grey eyes wandered shamelessly up and down the raven-haired boy. *Man. He most certainly is a man... a man of age nonetheless. Oh, my, has he grown!* A tongue darted forth to moisten lips, which suddenly went dry. A long strand of silky flaxen hair fell in his face obscuring his view. He gracefully shook his head, allowing the long hair to fall down his strong shoulders.

He'd been well aware of the raven-haired man's infatuation with his son. The two were at each other's throats when they were younger. Though, he supposed that an intense hatred for someone was actually love in disguise.

Besides, the man hardly knew how to suppress his emotions and keep his intense inner desires hidden. Fortunately for him, his senses remained sharp. He caught every single longing loving glance bestowed upon his son across the table over dinners at his grand manor. Unfortunately, his son was oblivious to all of it. *And so he wallows, pounding drink after drink wishing he'd had the courage to say how he really felt. How utterly pathetic,* he thought watching the raven-haired man bury his face in his hands, no doubt attempting to stop tears from pouring down his face.

"What are you drinking?" a deep, smooth, silky voice inquired pulling Harry back into reality. Harry slowly lifted his head and pushed his glasses up the brim of his nose. His brow furrowed as he glanced at the amber liquid in his tumbler.

"Uh..." Harry slurred. The name of his drink suddenly escaped him. "Firewhisky," he replied a few seconds later. He tipped the last sip into his mouth and gingerly set the tumbler down with the small collection in front of him. *Where is that bloody bartender? He should give me the goddamn bottle.* He made no effort to look at the man, all common decency flying out the window. *Leave so I can drink in peace.*

"What kind?" Warm breath tickled Harry's neck causing the hairs to stand up. Harry's brow furrowed. *The label was brown. Or was it gold? It began with an M. No, it began with an O. I haven't a clue.* Harry remained silent hoping the man would take the hint and go away.

"Pray tell..." the man inquired again, deliberately dragging out each word. "What kind?" He blew gently on Harry's neck sending shivers down his spine. Harry's heart thumped against his chest. His head spun as he inhaled the man's heady cologne, a mixture of sandalwood and spices.

The man picked up the tumbler and took a whiff. "Ogden's," he deduced, a slight hint of disappointment coloring his voice. "The common man's whisky," he scoffed shaking his head.

"Here, try this," the man commanded. Harry's eyes rested firmly on the bar top. He gripped the edge, his knuckles turning white. His legs trembled and he braced them against the legs of the wooden stool. He stuck out a shaky hand.

A frustrated sigh caught his attention, and he turned to face the man. His eyes widened and his mouth dropped open. *Holy shite, Lucius Malfoy!* Two years spent as a free man improved his appearance. His flaxen hair, once dirty and pale, radiated under the dim light of the bar. Harry blinked a few times upon noticing gold flecks embedded in the long luxurious locks.

Harry purposefully avoided looking at his pale, pointed face, which resembled that of his son's. *Draco... the love of my life,* Harry mused wishing he had something to drink. His eyes moved down the length of Lucius' body, which was slightly larger having regained the weight he lost during the height of the war. His form-fitting black trousers clung to his muscular legs. His emerald button-down shirt, rolled up to his elbows, showed off his toned forearms.

"That's me," Lucius replied, his lips curling into a small smile. *Oh shite, I said that out loud,* Harry thought covering his mouth with a sweaty palm. "Yes, you did," Lucius confirmed, his smile widening. He bit down on his bottom lip trying to hide his growing amusement at Harry's embarrassment.

"Erm... hullo." Harry stuck his hand out at Lucius. A perfectly coiffed eyebrow shot up Lucius' forehead as he stared at the proffered hand. *Interesting. Is he extending the olive branch to the enemy?*

"As I was saying earlier, Mr. Potter, you must try *this*," Lucius insisted raising his crystal tumbler. Harry wiped his hand on his trousers, stilled his shaky hand and extended it to Lucius.

Lucius' deep laugh tickled Harry's ears. He never imagined such a pleasant sound coming from him. He shook his head and curled his index finger back and forth encouraging Harry to come closer. Harry obliged. Lucius raised the tumbler to Harry's lips and poured a small sip into his mouth.

"Oh wow, that is good," Harry responded, a small moan escaping his parted lips. Lucius nodded and requested another from the bartender. Harry opened his mouth to thank him and ask about the brand. Lucius' thumb caressed his bottom lip, effectively cutting him off.

"It's Blisshen's. And, you had a little something there." Lucius put his thumb into his mouth and sucked off the excess fluid. Harry's pants tightened as he imagined Lucius on his knees sucking a different appendage. His fingers twitched with the sudden urge to tug on Lucius' soft, silky hair.

"So... how have you been?" Harry asked shifting his hips away from Lucius' view.

"Oh, Mr. Potter. You cannot possibly be interested in the goings-on in my life," Lucius drawled.

"I am," Harry declared puffing out his chest. *Shite, the Firewhisky is kicking in.* "After all, I saved your life."

"I suppose so," Lucius responded. His long, elegant fingers stroked his smooth chin. "I am forever in your debt."

Harry's mouth went dry as he imagined the many ways Lucius could repay him. He cleared his throat and wiped off his sweaty forehead with the back of his hand.

Lucius chuckled again and humored Harry with stories about life as a free man. The first few months were difficult. Thankfully, the tune of the naysayers quickly changed with a few generous donations to various post-war efforts. Most of the Ministry quickly learned to trust him after he provided vital information about the whereabouts of certain missing Death Eaters.

"That's nice," Harry commented during a break in the conversation. Truthfully, he hadn't paid much attention to Lucius' words. He rested his head in his hands as he stared at the ex-Death Eater. His gorgeous grey eyes, strong jaw line and luscious lips, far too pillowy for a man, mesmerized him.

"So, you think it's nice that Kingsley's fucking my wife?" Lucius questioned, his beautiful face twisting into a snide sneer.

"Oh, fuck me! I'm so sorry!" Harry exclaimed. He sat up and scanned Lucius' face, which remained expressionless.

"Don't bother." Lucius dismissively waved his hand. Again, he bit his bottom lip to prevent a smile from forming across his face. He simply could not get enough of Harry's awkwardness.

"Really? You've been married *forever*!"

"Twenty-two years and counting."

"And, you're ok with it?" Harry asked refusing to believe Lucius' indifferent attitude toward his wife's cheating.

"Um-hum," Lucius responded taking a sip of his whisky. *C'mon, c'mon give me that Gryffindor boldness.*

"Why?"

*Bingo.* Lucius shuffled toward Harry stopping when their knees touched. He leaned into Harry enjoying how he shivered at their closeness. He placed a hand on Harry's knee, pleased when he did not shy away.

"My wife, Mr. Potter, has always preferred the light. I do not doubt that she would have been one *other* had it not been for *me*. As for Kingsley, he can fuck her raw for all I care. It's not like she'll love *him* anyway. Her heart belongs to a *dead* man. It's really quite unfortunate she didn't tell him... couldn't tell him, I suppose. Anyway, I know he shared her sentiments despite professing his undying love for a certain redhead."

Harry's head spun and his stomach twisted. Several questions formed on the tip of his tongue, but he swallowed them down. The last thing he needed was to embarrass himself any further in front of Lucius.

"Besides, Mr. Potter," Lucius began, his hand crawling up Harry's muscular thigh. "My tendencies lie elsewhere," he finished giving it a soft squeeze.

"Excuse me?" *Impossible!* He quickly pushed away Lucius' hands. His face flushed furiously as he eyed the blond. Lucius inched even closer and turned so that his chest was lightly pressed against Harry's.

"Draco's similar to me. His preferences are nearly identical to mine. Though, a rugged redhead wouldn't have been my personal pick. I prefer mine tall, dark and handsome," he murmured pressing his lips into the shell of Harry's ear. The color drained from Harry's face.

"Uh..."

"Harry, whisky is like wine. It's better when it's aged. I can assure you that men are the same," Lucius purred. His fingers trailed down Harry's chest pausing at the pocket of his polo shirt. He stood up and left the bar before Harry could respond.

Harry's fingers shook and his stomach flipped and flopped as he reached into his pocket. *What the fuck just happened?* A business card for a high-class hotel in the heart of London stared back up at him.

*Room 5480. Knock twice. Come see if your precious proclivity is but a fleeting fancy.*

Harry locked eyes with the bartender and requested a tumbler of Blisken's. He knocked it back in one go. *May as well. Why not?* He pocketed the card and set off. He couldn't have Draco, but he supposed Lucius would do. After all, the apple didn't fall too far from the tree.