Sleeping With Monsters

by Eirenei

Summary

AIU-verse: The war has ended, but our lovable boy tumbled into new ball yarn of trouble… Will he be able to survive Slaughterhouse? Will the language barrier make or break the tentative relationship with his two roommates? And most importantly… Will they be able to get out of that death trap with their lives intact?

Notes

Disclaimer: I don't own Harry Potter, Prince of Tennis or Eyeshield 21. I just play with the characters…/pouts/

Shout Out: Gah… that piece was lurking on my hard drive for almost a month. I was in my crazy phase and well, this is the result. I know, I know, this isn't nearly finished, but I hesistated to put in smut scenes – and believe me, they are not innocent kind. So, if you want smut, tell me, and when I will flesh out the story more, I will add it. Anyway, those stories in Scrapbook Jewels are oneshots – meaning, they are, until I take them to nitpick on 'em further, finished. I will still add the odd bits and ends, don't worry. Scrapbook Jewels isn't abandoned, not by a long shot.

Warnings: Uh… Gore, descriptions of nudity, violence, use of foul language, and slash – meaning Sanada Genichiro/Harry Potter/Shin Seijuro. Are you brave enough to read? If so, then onward – but you were warned.
It's all fun and games, until somebody gets hurt…

...Then it's hilarious.

/Anonymous/

The timing couldn't be worse. Harry grit his teeth in helpless fury. And even if they chose the opportune moment, they couldn't choose it better.

It was un-fucking-believable.

He had just finished with one goddamned war and was fully prepared to enjoy a well-deserved vacation – without screeching fan girls, nosy friends and overbearing 'It's-for–greater-good' authorities, and now, THIS!

He was fed up with megalomaniacs; but mad scientists quickly became number two on his shit list.

For some reason, he had been kidnapped, bundled off to some lone island, got experimented on- that hut like a fucking bitch, by the way, and then, he was cheerfully informed that he was required to fight against some alien bastards as to… ‘evaluate his progress.’ Hmph. Those so-called ‘progress evaluations’, Harry quickly discovered, were just another name for brutal slaughter for the masses' amusement.

What he didn't understand was just why – or how they had chosen him. Usually, they took steroid-stuffed gorillas, but not him, a scrawny, little underfed type. The whole thing was one big, brutal melee battle, whether with weapons or without.

Humans were pitted against a variety of creatures, just to see whether they would win or not.

They were kept in their cages, naked like on the day they were born. The scientists said that it was for safety reasons – Harry hard about one girl that seduced her guard and then proceeded to strangle him with the rope made from her prison trousers in attempt to flee.

Usually, a prisoner had a cell for themselves, until the guards moved two or three into the Nest – a sick joke, because usually the people sent there either fucked with each other or slaughtered each other, giving the room the infamous name Slaughterhouse.

The passions ran at the all time high. Even if a man adhered to the high moral principles of... humankind, in this bizarre little world, he soon became a mindless beast – a killing machine without conscience and a creature of instinct.

The collars around their necks didn't help the matters one bit. One wrong move, and they could be fried with strong electrical current – the current ranged from a weak one, a sting really, to the excruciatingly painful, and death inducing one.

The scientists may be sick fucks, but they did know how to keep them under their thumb, Harry thought sourly.

"Rise and shine, sleepy head," The guard sing-songed mockingly at him, making Harry wordlessly
snarl at the fucker. This particular bodyguard was prone to attempting a rise out of him, one way or another, and with Harry's already fraying nerves, this was a dangerous game to play. Reluctantly, Harry stood up – there was no sense of provoking the idiot and earning a nice little shock to go along with it. Harry was no stranger to torture, but even he was not so dumb as to let himself be goaded into a situation that would undoubtedly ended badly for him, no matter how much he wished to just *Cruccio* the imbecile to death.

He fought the urge to twitch at the guard's leering stare at his body. It wasn't unusual that the guards helped themselves with their… *charges*, but there were exemptions, like Harry.

Harry was one of those that were unfortunate enough to survive the medical procedures and the fights against aliens. That made him almost legendary in their small circle and untouchable to the guards, much to his relief.

However, that didn't help him much right now, as someone had a *bright* idea to stuck him into the *Slaughterhouse* again, and Harry would, once again, have to take care of the unfortunate fuckers that would be stuck with him.

Sighing, he massaged his right temple in vain attempt to alleviate his headache, as he moved to the door.

The walk to the Nest was littered with whispers and inquiring eyes. The experiments weren't allowed to socialize, except on the battlefield and in the Nest, and both options were bad. And everyone knew, if someone was escorted to the Nest, there was very little chance to get out of the damned room without mentally and/or physically breaking in some way. They almost preferred the brute battles against aliens to being deposited to the Nest.

There wasn't anything unusual to see those who entered the Nest, being brought out dead, gibbering nonsense or, in most of the cases - catatonic.

The *Slaughterhouse* was brutal, on mind and body – you went in either to conquer or be conquered. Even best allies on the battlefield, were changed into bitter enemies within the confines of this accursed room.

He fought the urge to shiver in the cold air. Even if he was… *acclimated* to the coldness now, it didn't mean he preferred it.

Detachedly, he mused to himself, which poor bastard he would have to kill now.

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They stared at each other cautiously. Steely gray eyes bore into dark brown ones; the tension was palpable in the space between them.

Lithe bodies coiled in the anticipation of breaking the fragile truce they knew it would come, one way or another.

Both of the residents of the *Slaughterhouse* were tall, lithe and prepared to do anything to subdue each other.

Well, not *anything*, per se, but the conflict was unavoidable.

The only mercy was, that neither of them had any weapon on themselves – but that didn't mean anything, because their bodies were finely tuned weapons in itself they would use soon to either subdue or dispatch of each other.
They knew about each other, even if only briefly. One of them was very skilled with sword, and the other was a practiced melee specialist… even if his choice of… fighting likened more on an American football brawling than anything else.

The silence between them was palpable. And neither of them wanted to speak out.

Words were useless, anyway.

Not that they couldn't speak, but why speak to someone you will kill soon?

The silent *swoosh* of the door diverted their attention to three newcomers.

Two of them were big brutes, more brawn than brain, and it reflected in their dull, blood shot eyes.

The last one slinked in, hiding himself behind the pair of brutes.

The door closed with a hiss, and they all heard the sound of lock being engaged.

The Slaughterhouse was now officially in session.

Harry trotted cautiously after the hulking forms of his two…playmates, he supposed, his brain already calculating the odds of winning the fight.

He was careful to stay out of their range of vision. They may be dumb, but they were juggernauts that could crush him within seconds if he made a wrong move. This type was strong – stronger than Giants – Harry saw with his own eyes, as one of them lifted in the air an alien that weighed fifteen tons, if not more. He was aware that his head could be squished like a grape between those massive fingers… if he was still normal. His only advantage was, they were generally slow in thinking and easy to confuse – if not satisfy. Their needs were basic – fight, sleep, and defending their territory. They were only dangerous, if they were intelligent. And God help them, if one of them had a shred of sanity in their thick skulls.

He was so deeply in his thoughts that he didn't notice the two sleek shadows in the room.

At least not at first.

His instincts prodded him to look around, and he saw them, the twin shades.

He never did fight alongside them, but he heard about them.

One an unparalleled sword master and another who could more than rival a Giant with his strength.

His first reaction?

'*Oh, Shit.*'

Things were about to go into hell in a hand basket very, very quickly.

Two pairs of eyes struggled to watch the small one. They were aware of the two hulking behemoths, but right now, they were not overly concerned with them – their attention was on the small, slender form that was trying to blend into shadows.

Something in that small form called to them, to their most primal part.
The room was fairly big; enough to accommodate all of them, almost comfortably, but still spark
territory disputes between the participants.

And with the feeding time nearing, disputes were guaranteed to spark up.

The food was sparser than usual. In truth, there was only enough to feed one, and even then, it
wouldn't satisfy the hunger in a person's belly.

It wasn't even tasty, but it at least it sustained their bodies. Oftentimes, Harry was reminded of that
movie, Matrix, and the goop the actors had to eat instead of so-called "real" food.

He swore, if only to himself, when he got out of there, he would stuff himself with real food – pizza,
pumpkin pie, and the likes.

That damned Act of Secrecy was grating on his last nerves.

The goop – as food here couldn't be termed as such appropriately – finally arrived.

Surprisingly, only the two behemoths were interested in the goop, resulting in a brawl.

Harry, who made himself cozy in one of the corners, shivered uncomfortably. It wasn't the first time
he had to do that, but damn if the coldness didn't prompt his balls into attempting to shrivel right back
into his body.

The Nest wasn't any warmer than their cages were, and there were no luxuries, either. Except for old
toilet with ancient sink, there was nothing even remotely inclined to make the room's occupants' lives
comfortable.

Besides… He had an uncomfortable feeling on his back, as if he were observed, studied… and
found a suitable prey.

He ignored the bellows of the raging behemoths, perfectly content in letting the two imbeciles kill
each other.

Any shred of compassion had been squeezed out of him early on – besides, the post-traumatic stress
syndrome did wonders for his psyche to change him into an unfeeling bastard. At first, he had tried
to be compassionate, but his efforts were in vain, and more often than not, they were discouraged,
either by the individuals he tried to help or by virtue of strong electric shock.

Dark brown eyes locked onto this… person. No, he did not know his name. And he didn't give a
flying fuck about anything or everything else. He knew that the man had to be dangerous though –
no one with such amount of scars was a rookie in the arena. A scar on his chest twanged in
sympathy, making him wince.

He made his way to the enigma cautiously, making sure not to rouse attention of the two brawling
behemoths.

The gray-eyed man approached the slender one. In some ways, he was being reminded of his rival,
Eyeshield 21, but his… prey… behaved characteristically like certain blonde devil – at least on
battlefield.
He was… curious.

Of what, he didn't know.

Harry watched the approaching duo warily. They got him into pincer formation – and Harry really disliked to be cornered. However, he was confused. The duo approached with… no killing intent? He shifted slightly – not too much but if the two of them wanted to cause trouble… well, he was equipped to deal with it.

Both of them were tall – taller than him, obviously, and with deceptively lithe bodies. Their muscles were slender, not grotesquely big, but normal, as if they were swimmers. They were of Asian descent – at least one was full Asian, what with the color of his eyes, but the other one had curiously steel gray eyes that didn't gave up nothing. It was as if he were not a human, but a robot – an android in human skin.

Mentioning skin, both of them had some impressive scars – the swordsman had one that stretched across his chest – a nasty looking one, and Harry dimly remembered the cause of such scars. Plasma whips were a bitch to combat against, because they were reasonably long-ranged, and you couldn't halt one, because of… well, plasma. You could only dodge the damned thing and pray you would get something equally long-ranged to beat the fucker who wielded the thing. There were some smaller, jagged scars on his legs, but the most catching was the one on his chest. However, Harry was wondering, just what were the idiots smoking when they decided to send him into the Nest, still only partially healed. Slaughterhouse was no holiday resort, that was true, and to send an injured person in, there was almost 100 percent guaranteed that the poor fucker would come out only in body bag.

The other one – gray eyed one, was in better condition, although the jagged scars on his thighs were anything but pleasant. The serrated looking wounds were half-scabbed and undoubtedly painful when moving – Harry knew that, as he had a pair or two of such scars himself.

There were claw wounds on the broad shoulders, as if some demented overgrown feline decided he would be interesting scratching post- the claw wounds were black with sickly green… something, oozing out.

The three of them ignored the roars and bellows of the behemoth duo, their eyes centered on approaching, or in the duo's case, waiting person.

"Who are you?" The swordsman asked, his voice graveling past the chapped lips.

Harry blinked. "I don't understand." He said back, words choppy on his tongue. Damn it, he never did learn Japanese – but then again, he never expected to be in need to understand and use the blasted language.

Gray eyes widened minutely as he heard swordsman speak. "You are Japanese." He concluded, making the swordsman's head whip around swiftly. "Yes." The… Japanese… spoke out curtly.

A short staring match later, they turned to Harry. "Who… is you?" The swordsman grated out with difficulty, grimacing at his pronunciation.

Harry blinked. "Not important." He answered shortly. "You threat or ally?"

The swordsman's eyes flashed at the challenge, hidden in that voice. He turned to the melee fighter.
"He asked... if we were threat or ally."


The swordsman blinked. "You are right. Truce until then?" The melee fighter nodded. He pointed to himself. "Shin."

A small quirk of lips was almost invisible, as the swords fighter repeated the gesture. "Sanada."

Before he pointed to Harry, his eyebrows quirked slightly in challenge.

Harry blinked. Therefore, the melee fighter was called Shin, and swordsman was Sanada.

And because they introduced themselves, he was now forced to do the same.

He sighed. Moody's words of 'CONSTANT VIGILANCE!' still echoed in his head. Besides, they could just as easily gave him their fake names.

He looked at them, before slowly pointing at himself. "Harry." He got his name out slowly. There wasn't any reason not to tell them, as a probability to see them again, was close to zero.

They watched him, as he hesitantly lifted his head, placing a palm on his scarred chest. "Hari." Their... prey named himself slowly.

Hari.

What a fitting name. Of course, Sanada doubted the stranger gave them his true name, but whatever. For some reason, it was important to him to know the man's name. And for some reason, his eyes slid up and down the slender form in front of him, and he felt something he hadn't felt in a long, long time.

Desire.

Shin watched the man, too. His musculature. His movements. And his eyes. That shade of green was like an acid – sneaking into his mind, and enslaving it with its' toxicity. That shade of green was impossible to replicate – the closest Shin could compare it to, was the clearest, biggest and most expensive emeralds, and even then, those colored rocks could catch only a glimpse of color of those fey eyes.

The sound nearly startled him from his observation of the enigma, but he knew the man's name.

'Hari.'

He wanted Hari.

The behemoths were lucky to avoid the confrontation with the dangerous duo – Harry didn't register in their minds, simply because Harry faded into obscurity, using the behemoths' stupidity against them.

But luck has the unfortunate habit on running out sooner than later, and just like that, one of the behemoths was stupid enough to think that Shin would make for a good plaything.

With a bellowing war cry he attacked the slender man who was staring at Hari, who was cobbled
together something that was – or was not similar to weapon. They were allies, sure – Shin still had an uneasy feeling about Sanada, but that was more because of Sanada's heated stares at Hari, which irked Shin for some reason.

The behemoth screeched as something was lodged in his eye, making Shin more aware of his surroundings.

"What the fuck are you doing!" Sanada roared at him, dark eyes blazing. Shin glared at him, before swiftly turning around and using a Spear Tackle to get the behemoth down, before having to dodge the behemoth's flailing fist.

The gray-eyed man gulped. If it weren't for Sanada's superior throwing skills, Shin would be in a great deal of trouble. No matter if he had greater strength than the stupid beast, anyone could get a lucky shot – that was the first thing he had learned when they brought him here.

However, Hari had fascinated him to the point his awareness of surroundings dropped drastically.

Because he had to deal with those... body reactions of his. He remembered something Takami-senpai said about such situations, and that it was supposed to happen when you fancied someone – did that mean Shin fancied Hari?

Snarling angrily at being roused from his contemplation of this new… development, he got straight for the kill.

A dying shriek and the behemoth was dead.

*Trident Tackle – evolved in a Diamond Spear*, was one hell of a weapon.

Harry twitched. The second behemoth had more smarts, or at least survival instincts, and avoided the trio for some time, but the testosterone overcame his tiny brain, and he attacked. Sanada was not amused, being saved by Shin of all people, and Harry was wary of the brewing tension between his two… unofficial protectors. No matter how the things went, it was bound to be ugly.

Moreover, against those two… Harry had gone against all kinds of odds in his short and relatively exciting life, but going against the two of them was just not advisable. Not that he couldn't win, but those two were not dumb idiots like his previous opponents were.

They were just too damn intelligent, and just then, Harry hated that particular trait. Until now, he didn't use his magic, and if the worse came to worst, he would have to, the Secrecy Act be damned.

And be that it as may, they somehow grew on him, the bastards.

Harry sighed silently.

Yup, he was in big, deep trouble with capital T.

/To Be Continued/

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