

Caged

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Caged

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Summary

(Enforcer Machias/Duke Juis AU)

Juis finds a certain intruder locked in his dungeon.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

The provincial army officer that greeted him when he returned to the mansion was not one of the usual guards, and Jusis stopped, a little curious. "Lord Jusis," the officer called to him. "I thought you should be informed that there was a trespasser on the mansion grounds. He's been arrested."

A trespasser? Jusis frowned then mentally sighed a second later. There had been exactly *one* trespasser around lately, and that one... Well, he was more surprised the guards had managed to actually *arrest* him. "I gather you're holding him at the guardhouse?" He asked, wondering if Machias actually still *was* there. The officer gave him an affirmative, and he nodded and made his way to the provincial army guardhouse's underground holding area. It was worth checking at least, and he had the feeling that if the idiot had allowed himself to be arrested, he was probably up to something.

Truly, Jusis had not expected to actually *find* him there, but there he was, casually leaning his arm on the bars with a hint of a smirk forming on his lips as he saw who had arrived.

"I should've known," Jusis stated, unimpressed. He folded his arms as he watched Machias staring straight back at him; what in Aidios' name was he doing here anyway?

"Do you know this man?" The officer accompanying him asked, and Jusis nodded. "Should we..."

Jusis shook his head now and raised his hand to cut off the man. "No, it's quite fine. I'll deal with him myself. See that we aren't disturbed." The officer bowed a little and left, closing the entrance door behind him, and Jusis turned back to stare at the captive. "I should have had them chain you to the wall."

"Oh?" Machias' smirk turned into a bit of a grin. "Heh. Bold of you to assume I'd still be here tomorrow morning."

It was quite clear he had *allowed* himself to be arrested, Jusis knew. His guards were highly trained, but in the end, if Machias had wanted to get away, he would have. Which simply meant he hadn't felt like hurting anyone, and perhaps it was for the best. After all, it would've been much harder to explain any of this later if he had.

Why was he even *thinking* about anything later, Jusis told himself. Didn't he have the *Noble's Bane* exactly where he had wanted him for a long while, arrested and locked up, away from performing his profession?

Yet, Jusis knew he was too far beyond the point where he would've given him away. The idiot was still leaning on the bars and looking way too amused, and Jusis studied him with a curious look. "That's quite fine, Regnitz," he said. "I only need you to be here for tonight, anyway."

Keeping him here permanently would've been the correct choice, Jusis thought to himself. Machias' track record considered, he *was* in the end serious, and the bars he was leaning on were definitely not enough to keep him here. But if he could manage to keep him safe, away

from whatever he was doing, Jusis figured it'd be worth it. Not to mention, keeping him for himself even for a bit... And damn it all, those green eyes were staring at him, and Jusis found himself captivated again. Why in the world did this man who had originally tried to *kill* him have to be so attractive?

The grin had faded and Machias was now staring at him questioningly. "All right. Here I am, helplessly at your mercy, *Your Grace*," he sneered. "So what's with the look? You have a thing for locking me up or something?"

There were a lot of things Jusis wasn't exactly about to say aloud, but he raised his right hand and reached through the bars, placing his fingers under Machias' chin. "Yes," he answered, his voice as deadpan as ever as he traced his fingers down Machias' neck. The amused smirk returned, and Jusis mentally cursed his own feelings. Why on earth had he gone and fallen for... this? What was he even thinking? "As a matter of fact, you make quite an amusing pet. I should put a collar on you," he mused as he stopped his fingers on Machias' tie.

He definitely should have, he silently told himself, though his musings earned a snicker from Machias. "Oh? Yeah right, Albarea. You think I'm something that can be owned?"

"Hmph. A bit of a feisty pet, admittedly," Jusis continued his musings. "I put it in a cage, but alas, it has a habit of escaping." He traced his fingers down Machias' waistcoat then pulled away and raised his hand to his face and looked Machias dead in the eye. "Perhaps I need to invest in better locks?" He added as he started taking off his glove with his teeth.

"Right then, yeah. You really do have a thing for locking me up," Machias stated, his expression something between amused and intrigued.

Way more than he thought, Jusis mentally admitted. If only he could've somehow kept this occasional intruder around permanently. Why in Aidios' name had he gone and fallen for him, again? "And you," he said as he put his hand onto Machias' crotch, still staring at him. "Appear to have a thing for me capturing you." There definitely was a reaction under the fabric, and Jusis smirked a bit as he moved his fingers. They sure had come far from Machias once claiming he didn't do this kind of thing.

"Bah. I'd be very careful if I were you, *Duke Albarea*," Machias said, reaching out his arm from between the bars. He grabbed Jusis by the cravat and pulled him closer, forcing his face against the bars. "Caged pets can be dangerous. There's a reason you keep them in a cage in the first place, hm?"

Whatever he was implying this time, Jusis wasn't about to care, and he simply kept his cool and unceremoniously unzipped Machias' pants.

Should have expected this, he figured a second later as there suddenly was a pistol against his neck. Where the hell had Machias even kept it, he didn't know, though he made a mental note to tell the guards to check captives for weapons a little better in the future. He might just as well have told them that this one was a private security contractor he had hired to find faults in the security around here - which wouldn't have been far from the truth, considering exactly *how* many issues with the mansion security Machias' seemingly random appearances had brought to daylight.

It was irrelevant right now though, and Jusis wasn't about to care about being at gunpoint. Not the first time, and it had been clear a long time ago that Machias wasn't going to pull the trigger. Perhaps there was a certain thrill to having an infamous assassin holding a gun at him, though he also trusted him completely to not do it. He had to trust him because nonchalantly sticking his hand into a gunman's pants might've distracted a less focused man and could've caused an accident.

Not with this one; Machias frowned a little, and Jusis gave him a smirk. "Kind of too late to pretend you aren't into this," Jusis pointed out as he pushed the underwear out of the way.

"Fine, have it your way, *Lord Albarea*," Machias mumbled, and Jusis felt the pistol against his neck move a little lower against his back, forcing him to press his body against the bars a second later. It was a little uncomfortable, but he wasn't about to care, especially with Machias' other hand working on undoing his pants.

"Kind of you to oblige," Jusis commented absolutely deadpan as he drew his fingers over Machias' hard-on then pulled it out of his pants. Definitely too late for either of them to pretend anything, and by the Goddess if he didn't want Machias right now, the bars separating them be damned.

Machias narrowed his eyes and locked his gaze into Jusis' as he returned the favor by freeing Jusis' erection from his pants. The gun, which was now against Jusis' lower back, pressed harder against him and made him push his hips forward. As if that hadn't been what he had been about to do anyway, Jusis thought with that same calm smirk, keeping his eyes staring right back at his captive as Machias pressed himself against the bars as well.

So close yet so far; Jusis pressed himself as close as he could and drew their erections together, closing his fingers over the tips and rubbing them together. He wanted more, but this would have to do; for now, he had this man at his mercy, and he was going to get the most out of it.

He raised his left hand and slipped it between the bars, catching Machias by the hair and dragging his face against the bars. "Hmph..." His eyes hadn't left Machias' for a second. So very close, and there had always been something in those intense green eyes, something that Jusis could never figure out, but that something kept him so very captivated with this would-be assassin. He *loved* those eyes and that dangerous stare. "Perhaps I simply prefer my pets a little dangerous?" He pondered aloud.

At least he had gotten Machias to shut up for a moment, and he had settled to simply staring back at him, gritting his teeth. The look in those green eyes gave away just a little bit of frustration, and Jusis felt extremely turned on as he continued working on both their hard-ons, feeling how hot Machias was under his touch. It was just enough to keep this one distracted.

It wasn't as if Jusis was in a condition for much commentary himself; it was kind of difficult to keep his breathing calm when those intense eyes kept staring back at him, not faltering for a second even though there was a hint of a flush on Machias' face by now. Adorable, this damned assassin, and this was why Jusis couldn't stop wanting to keep him around, no matter his background or how dangerous he might've been. Danger be damned, he was pressing

himself against the touches and digging that gun against Jusis' back, and Jusis could *feel* how much he wanted him. A soft sound left Machias' lips, and Jusis had to blink a few times to keep focus. By the Goddess, this was why he couldn't get enough of this one.

"You..." Machias hissed, his face so close. Their lips almost brushed against each other lightly, and for a moment Jusis really wanted to kiss him. "...Might want to reconsider exactly how dangerous you like your pets... Because this one..." Machias had to stop to catch his breath, and his voice certainly didn't sound as menacing as he was trying to sound. "Might bite you."

"Hmph. I knew that from the start," Jusis replied, closing his eyes for a fleeting second. Machias' hard-on against his felt too damn good, and he continued to fondle them both. He struggled a bit to compose himself then stared into those green eyes again. So intense, dangerous and there was that look of wanting him so badly, and Jusis felt extremely smug.

He was *keeping* this pet, no matter what it would cost him.

Machias' sharp eyes still stared at him, but his face was completely flushed now and he placed his hand over Jusis' as the strokes continued. The gun against Jusis' back was still there, though there wasn't much force in the hold anymore, as it happened the owner of the gun was a little distracted. His finger was also nowhere near the trigger, Jusis knew. "Damn it, Albarea..." Machias muttered, his voice adorably soft.

Only Aidios herself knew how much Jusis wished to hold him right now, but he could only press his face against the bars, his lips so close to Machias'. He gripped his short hair in his hand, wanting more than this but forcing himself to hold back as he continued his strokes. He couldn't take more, but neither could his captive; Machias tensed under the touch, finally closing his eyes, and Jusis felt victorious, only for a second.

A second was all he had before it was enough; they came at the same time, with Machias mumbling something incoherent and Jusis failing to stop himself as a soft "Regnitz" left his lips. They both leaned heavily against the bars, with Jusis catching his breath first. Satisfying, yet somehow not as it left him wanting more, but he let go of Machias' hair and raised his right hand as he stepped back - Machias' focus had faltered and the gun had dropped to the floor behind him.

"Hmph. Perhaps I should just have them chain you to my bed the next time," Jusis pondered aloud as he licked his hand clean, finding those green eyes open again and Machias watching his every move.

"Ha. I'd watch it if I were you," Machias replied with a hint of a tired grin. "If there's handcuffs and me anywhere near your bed? *You* might be the one finding himself in chains."

"I'll look forward to it," Jusis said with a slight nod, and a smile touched his lips. It was an invitation and Machias knew it; he'd come again, Jusis knew.

He fixed his clothes then turned and walked to the door, full well knowing Machias wasn't going to be here anymore when the guards would come to check.

End.

End Notes

So one day some weeks back the discord was discussing the possibility of dungeon sex, and I kinda ran with it. Near PWP yes.

Part one of three rounds of a trilogy of a kind of these two at it.

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