

Watch Out

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Literally only smut. Chad sets up a scheme to hook up with Max Hatter. Of course it involves a watch.

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[Introduction](#)

[He Stole From Me](#)

[Or Not](#)

He Stole From Me

At Auradon Prep

The hat felt heavy in my hands, but that was the point. Three spinning, one floating, two disappearing into my sleeves only to reappear behind some rich kid's ear. The AKs always ate it up. Big eyes, open mouths, the whole "oh my god how did he do that" routine. Perfect cover. I'd practiced the routine until my wrists ached and the purple streaks in my hair were damp with sweat, because on the Isle you either got good at distractions or you went hungry. Here it was the same math, just prettier scenery.

Squeaky and Squirmy were already moving through the crowd like ghosts. Felix had the heavy purses, the ones with the clasps that looked decorative but opened if you knew the trick. I kept the smile plastered on, kept the patter going, kept every pair of eyes on the ridiculous purple-streaked kid in the hat instead of their own pockets. A girl in a pastel cardigan gasped when the final coin vanished. Some guy in a letterman jacket actually clapped. When I took the bow, a few of them shoved bills into the upturned hat I held out—crumpled tens and twenties, guilt money dressed up as appreciation.

"That was sick," one of them said. Another whistled. I just tipped the hat, let the money fall in with a soft rustle, and started packing up. Job done. Another day of being the entertaining outsider, the court jester who happened to have sticky-fingered friends. I could already feel the familiar bitterness settling under my ribs. They never tipped the quiet kids. Only the ones who put on a show.

Then Chad Charming walked up.

Of course it was him. Lean, muscular, that stupid perfect smile like the world owed him a standing ovation just for existing. Sunlight caught the light brown of his hair and made it look expensive. He clapped me on the shoulder hard enough to make the hat tilt.

"Dude. That trick was actually cool. Like, legitimately impressive." He patted his pockets, frowned, then gave this embarrassed little laugh that somehow still sounded practiced. "Aw man, I don't have my wallet on me. But you definitely deserve a tip for that show... wait a second."

He unclasped the diamond watch from his left wrist like it was nothing. The thing caught the light and threw it everywhere—sharp little flashes across the courtyard stones. Million-dollar easy. Maybe more. The kind of watch people on the Isle would kill for, or at least get killed over.

"Here. For real. You deserve it, bro."

I stared at it. Then at him. Waiting for the punchline. Waiting for the "just kidding, VK" that always came, the laughter, the phone cameras, the story that would follow me for weeks. It didn't. He just held it out, smiling that easy, empty smile, like generosity was a reflex he'd been born with.

I took it. What else was I supposed to do? Say no and look ungrateful? Prove every stereotype they already believed? The metal was cold and heavy in my palm, still warm from his skin. I slipped it into my pocket before anyone else could see, feeling the weight of it like a stone.

"For real?" I asked, because I still couldn't believe it. My voice came out flatter than I meant.

"For real," he said, already turning away, already done with the moment. "Catch you later."

I watched him go, the watch burning a hole in my pocket the whole walk back to the dorms. Part of me wanted to believe it. The rest of me—the part that had grown up watching my dad obsess over a pocket watch while the rest of us scraped by—knew better. Nothing this clean ever stayed clean.

Two hours later I was sitting in the principal's office with that same watch sitting on the desk between us like evidence in a trial.

The room smelled like old wood polish and faint coffee. Chad was in the chair to my right, looking appropriately concerned, hands folded in his lap like a model student. The principal—some balding guy whose name I never bothered learning—leaned forward with that soft, disappointed voice Auradon adults always used when they talked to VKs. The voice that said I'm trying to help you while already deciding you were guilty.

"I'm going to ask you one more time, Max. How did Prince Chad's watch end up in your locker?"

I laughed. It came out sharp and ugly. "He gave it to me. This morning. After the hat trick. In front of half the courtyard. People saw."

The principal's mouth tightened like he'd bitten something sour. "I find it difficult to believe anyone would simply give away a watch of that value."

"Of course you do." I sat back, arms crossed tight over my chest. "Because that's how all you Auradon people are. Someone from the Isle gets something nice and the only possible explanation is theft, right? Can't possibly be a gift. Can't possibly be anything but the dirty VK stealing again. My dad's the Mad Hatter's kid, so I must be a criminal by blood. That the idea?"

He ignored the dig and turned to Chad, expression softening the way it always did for the golden children. "Prince Chad? Can you clarify?"

Chad did this whole wide-eyed, caught-off-guard thing. He looked at the watch, then at me, then at the principal like the entire situation personally pained him. The performance was almost impressive.

"I... I really don't wanna get anyone in trouble."

I snapped my head toward him. "Really?"

The principal pressed, polite but firm. "Chad. Please."

Chad rubbed the back of his neck, the picture of conflicted honesty. "I... I... can I have a second for me and Max to talk? I don't remember giving him my watch, but... I forget a lotta stuff. I feel like if we can speak in private..."

The principal started to protest, already shaking his head. Chad kept going, voice light, almost casual, like he was discussing the weather.

"And you know my parents would probably be really grateful that you were so reliable. Especially since I heard the school still needs donations for the construction on the gym. They're always saying how important good leadership is here."

The principal's face went through about six different emotions before settling on gritted-teeth professionalism. He stood slowly, smoothing his jacket.

"Five minutes."

Chad smiled, polite and sunny and completely in control. "I'd prefer ten, actually."

A long sigh. The kind that said he knew exactly what was happening and hated that he couldn't stop it. "Ten minutes. I expect answers when I return."

The door clicked shut behind him. The office suddenly felt smaller.

Chad didn't waste a second. He stood, picked the watch up off the desk, and fastened it on his right wrist so he was wearing one on each arm. The diamonds caught the overhead light again. Then he walked around the desk and dropped into the principal's chair like it was a throne he'd been born to sit in. The smirk he gave me was

nothing like the friendly one from this morning. This one was sharp, satisfied, and completely unsurprised.

He unzipped his slacks, reached in, and pulled out his cock. Already half-hard. He gave it a couple of slow strokes, eyes on me the whole time, like this was the most natural next step in the world.

"Help out with this," he said, voice still pleasant, almost friendly. "You better decide quick. You've only got nine minutes left."

I stared at it for a second too long. Of course this was the play. Of course the friendly prince with the spare million-dollar watch had an angle. I should've known the second he smiled at me in the courtyard.

Nine minutes.

"You're kidding me," I said. My voice came out flatter than I wanted. "That's the deal? I suck you off and you suddenly remember giving me the watch?"

Chad kept stroking himself, lazy and unbothered, like we were discussing lunch plans. "Pretty much. I back your story, you help me out, everybody walks away happy. You're the one who took the watch, Max. I'm just offering a clean way to fix it."

"You gave it to me."

"Did I?" He tilted his head, all innocent confusion. "I forget stuff. Ask anybody. But I do remember how good that little hat trick was. And I remember you've got a mouth that could probably be useful." He glanced at the clock on the wall. "Eight minutes, by the way. Clock's ticking."

I laughed once, sharp and humorless. "Unbelievable. You're actually serious."

"Dead serious." He shifted in the principal's chair, spreading his legs wider. The diamonds on both wrists caught the light every time he moved. "Look, I'm being nice. I could just let the principal come back and do his whole 'disappointed in you' speech until you're on the next boat to the Isle. But I don't want that. I want this." He gave his cock another slow stroke, eyes never leaving mine. "So what's it gonna be?"

My jaw ached from how hard I was clenching it. Every instinct I had screamed to tell him to go fuck himself. But the alternative was worse—Squeaky, Squirmy, Felix, all of them caught in the splash zone of a watch I never stole. And Chad knew it. That was the whole point.

"You're a real piece of work," I muttered.

"I've been told." He smiled, pleasant and empty. "Seven minutes. Decide."

I dropped to my knees on the ugly office carpet because there was nothing else to do. The second I hit the floor Chad's expression shifted into pure satisfaction, like he'd just won a bet with himself.

"Eyes up," he said. "I wanna watch."

I looked up. His face was all smug expectation. I wrapped my fingers around the shaft—warm, already thickening—and leaned in. The second my tongue touched the head he let out this soft, pleased little sound.

I knew what I was doing. You don't grow up on the Isle without learning a few survival skills, and this was one of them. I licked a slow stripe from base to tip, then sealed my lips around the head and sucked, letting my tongue work the underside in tight circles. Chad's hips twitched.

"Fuck. Okay. You're actually good at this." He sounded almost impressed. Then the judgment crept in, casual and cruel. "You've

clearly done this before. Did you suck off half the Isle? That's fucking gross, man. Do you villains even have showers there? Or is it just like...shared hoses or something?"

I didn't answer. I just took him deeper, hollowing my cheeks, letting the head bump the back of my throat on every other stroke. One hand stayed wrapped around what wouldn't fit; the other slipped lower to roll his balls, fingers gentle, then firmer when his breath hitched. He liked that. His free hand landed in my hair—not pulling yet, just resting there like he was petting something he'd bought.

"That's it," he murmured. "Look at me while you do it. Good."

I kept my eyes on his. It made the whole thing worse somehow—watching the smug little smile grow every time I took him deeper. I pulled off just long enough to drag my tongue over his balls, slow and deliberate, then took one into my mouth and sucked while my hand stroked the shaft. Chad's head dropped back for a second before he forced himself to look down again.

"Aren't you gonna thank me?" he asked, voice light, almost teasing. "For letting you lick my balls with that little VK tongue of yours?"

I pulled off, spit connecting my bottom lip to his cock. The words tasted like metal.

"...Thank you."

"Thank you, what?"

I clenched my jaw so hard it clicked. "Thank you... Prince Chad."

He grinned like I'd just handed him another trophy. "See? Not so hard. Now get back to it. We're on a clock."

I took him into my mouth again, faster this time. Tongue working, lips tight, hand twisting on the upstroke the way that always made guys lose their rhythm. Chad's breathing got heavier. His fingers tightened

in my hair. Every time I glanced up he was watching me with this fascinated, entitled expression, like he couldn't believe his luck and also like this was exactly what people like me were for.

"You're lucky I'm even giving you the chance to fix this," he said between quiet groans. "Most people would just let you get expelled. But I'm nice. I solve problems. You're welcome, by the way."

I hummed around him on purpose, just to feel his thighs tense. He cursed under his breath and started guiding my head with the hand in my hair—nothing brutal yet, just steady pressure, showing me the pace he wanted. I let him. My jaw was already starting to ache, but the alternative was worse.

The office smelled like old paper and his cologne and the faint salt of precome on my tongue. Somewhere down the hall a clock ticked. Minutes bleeding away. I focused on the work—tight suction, wet sounds, the occasional soft gag when he pushed a little deeper than I expected. He liked the sound of that too. I could tell by the way his cock twitched against my tongue.

"God, you're good at this," he muttered, almost to himself. Then, louder, with that same casual cruelty: "Bet this is the most useful thing you've done since you got here."

I didn't stop. I just kept going, eyes up, mouth full, counting down the seconds until this particular debt was paid.

Chad's breathing had gone ragged. His hand in my hair tightened, not quite shoving but not gentle either, and the casual commentary finally cracked into something more urgent.

"Shit—okay, I'm close. Don't you dare pull off."

I tried anyway. Instinct. The second I started to ease back he held me in place and let out this short, warning laugh.

"You really wanna walk out of here with cum all over your face? Principal's gonna be back any second. Be smart."

I stayed. Hated myself for it, but I stayed. When he came it was sudden and thick, flooding my tongue in heavy pulses. I swallowed because the alternative was worse—visible evidence, questions, the whole thing falling apart after I'd already paid the price. It took three tries to get it all down. The taste was bitter and clean in that rich-kid way, like even his cum had been expensive.

Chad held me there a second longer, just to make the point, then let go. I sat back on my heels, wiping my mouth with the back of my hand while he tucked himself away and zipped up like nothing had happened. He even ran a hand through his hair to fix it.

"See? Problem solved." He sounded almost cheerful. "You did good."

I didn't answer. My knees ached. My jaw ached. The watch on his right wrist still glittered every time he moved.

The door opened thirty seconds later.

The principal stepped in, eyes flicking between us—me still on the floor, Chad lounging in his chair like he paid rent on it. I stood up fast, legs stiff, and dropped back into the visitor seat. Chad stayed exactly where he was for a beat too long before casually standing and walking back around to the proper side of the desk.

"Gentlemen," the principal said, voice tight. "Do we have clarity?"

Chad put on the whole apologetic-sunshine act again. He even managed a sheepish little laugh.

"Yeah. Sorry about that, sir. I forgot. Completely my bad. Max did this super cool trick with his hat earlier—you've gotta see it one day, it's legit—and I gave him the watch as a tip. I just blanked on it.

Happens sometimes. Sorry for the trouble, Mr.... uh... Principal Dude."

The principal's eye twitched at the name, but the donation comment from earlier was still doing its job. He looked at the watch now back on Chad's wrist, then at me, then at Chad again. You could see him doing the math—rich parents, gym construction, not worth the fight.

"I see." He cleared his throat. "In that case, I'll consider the matter resolved. Max, you're free to go. Try to keep any future gifts... documented."

I stood without a word. Chad clapped me on the shoulder as we walked out, the same friendly gesture from the courtyard, like we were old pals.

In the hallway, once the door was shut and the principal couldn't hear, Chad's voice dropped into something lower and private.

"Come see me later." He said it lightly, almost like a suggestion, but his eyes weren't casual. "My dorm. Don't make me come find you."

He didn't wait for an answer. Just turned and walked off down the corridor, both diamond watches catching the light, already late for whatever golden-boy thing he had next.

I stood there for a second, tasting him still at the back of my throat, and wondered how many more "favours" it was going to take before this particular debt was actually paid.

Or Not

Later that Day

Max showed up right on time. I'd give him that. Most people would've dragged their feet or tried to ghost, but the VK kid actually knocked like he had manners. I opened the door in just my sweatpants, hair still damp from the shower, and let him in without saying much.

My dorm was bigger than the standard ones—corner unit, better view, the kind of space you get when your parents are charming enough donate enough to keep the lights on around here. Max stood in the middle of it looking like he didn't belong, which, fair. Purple streaks, that permanent little scowl, the whole *"I'm too good for this place even though I'm the one who got caught"* energy. I kind of liked it. Made the whole thing more fun.

"You came," I said, shutting the door behind him. "Smart."

He didn't answer. Just crossed his arms and waited. I walked past him, dropped onto the edge of my bed, and leaned back on my hands.

"Same deal as before. You help me out, I keep being the reasonable guy who doesn't let you get shipped back to the Isle. Easy." I hooked my thumbs into the waistband of my sweatpants and shoved them down enough to free my cock. Already halfway interested just from the look on his face. "On your knees. Eyes up. You know the drill."

He hesitated just long enough to make his point, then sank down between my legs. I watched him the whole time. That bitter little mouth of his always looked better when it was busy.

"Good," I said when he wrapped a hand around me. "Now be nice about it. I had a long day."

He leaned in and got to work. I had to give credit where it was due—he was still just as skilled as he'd been in the office. Wet heat, tight suction, that clever tongue of his working the underside like he actually cared about doing a good job. I kept one hand loosely in his hair, not pushing, just reminding him I was there.

"Look at me," I told him. He flicked those dark eyes up. Perfect. "That's better. You look good like this. Kind of suits you."

He didn't answer, obviously, but the way his jaw tightened told me he heard it. I smiled and let my head tip back for a second, enjoying the heat of his mouth. When I looked down again he was still watching me, exactly like I'd told him to.

"You're lucky I keep giving you chances," I said, voice easy. "Most guys in my position would've just let the principal handle it. But I'm not like that. I fix things. You're welcome, by the way."

I felt him hum around me—maybe annoyance, maybe just technique—and the vibration went straight through me. My hips shifted without meaning to.

"Aren't you gonna thank me?" I asked, the same way I had earlier. "For letting you do this again? Come on. Be polite."

He pulled off just long enough to speak, voice flat and reluctant.

"...Thank you, Prince Chad."

"There it is." I grinned. "See how easy that is? Now get the balls too. You've got that little VK tongue for a reason."

He did what he was told. I watched him lick and suck like he'd done it a hundred times before, and the thought made me huff a quiet laugh.

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laugh.

"How many villains have you sucked off?"

Max looked up at me spitefully. "Including or excluding you, *Prince Chad*?"

"Smartass." I gripped his hair tight and pulled him onto my cock again. He took me back into his mouth and went deeper, eyes still on mine. I let out a low breath and settled in, one hand stroking his hair almost absently. "Yeah. Just like that. Keep looking at me. I like knowing you're paying attention."

The room was quiet except for the wet sounds of his mouth and my occasional quiet praise. I wasn't in a rush. We had time. And if he was going to keep showing up when I told him to, I was going to enjoy every second of it.

I let him keep going until I was fully hard and a little too close for comfort. Then I tugged him off by the hair, just enough to make him look up.

"Change of plans," I said. "I want something else."

I stood, shoved the sweatpants the rest of the way off, and climbed onto the bed on my hands and knees. Looking back over my shoulder felt a little ridiculous, but the view of Max still kneeling on the floor, lips shiny, made up for it.

"Come on. You know what to do." When he didn't move fast enough I added, "Eat it. And don't be weird about it. I've been told I'm pretty clean."

He climbed up behind me. I felt the first hesitant breath against my skin, then the wet press of his tongue. I dropped my head forward and exhaled.

"Yeah. Like that. Deeper."

He got better once he committed—long, slow strokes, the tip of his tongue pushing inside, hands gripping my thighs like he needed the anchor. I rocked back into it a little, just to show him the pace I wanted. The sensation was different from a blowjob, more intense in a way that made my cock hang heavy and drip onto the sheets.

"You're actually not bad at this either," I said, voice a little rough. "Guess all that Isle practice is good for something. Aren't you gonna thank me for letting you do it?"

There was a pause, then his voice, low and tight against my skin.

"...Thank you, Prince Chad."

"Good boy." I smiled to myself. "Keep going. I didn't say stop."

He did. I let him work for a while, eyes half-closed, enjoying the wet heat and the quiet, reluctant sounds he made. When it started to feel like too much of a good thing I reached back and pushed his head away.

"Enough. On your back."

He flipped over. I shoved a pillow under his hips because I wasn't trying to make this harder than it needed to be, then settled between his legs. He was already half-hard just from the earlier stuff. Interesting. I didn't comment on it. Just spit into my palm, stroked myself once, and pressed the head against him.

"Relax," I told him. "I'm not gonna break you. Probably."

I pushed in slow. He was tight—tighter than I expected—and the heat of him made my breath catch. I kept going until my hips met his, then stayed there for a second, letting him adjust.

"Fuck. Okay. That's good." I looked down at him. "Eyes on me. I wanna see your face."

He looked up. I started moving—steady, deep strokes, the kind that let me feel every inch. His freckles (or whatever those little marks were) stood out against the flush climbing his chest. I braced one hand beside his head and used the other to keep his thigh hooked over my hip.

"You're taking it pretty well for a guy who looked so pissed earlier," I said. "Guess you needed this more than you thought, huh?"

He didn't answer. Just clenched his jaw and kept his eyes on mine like I'd told him to. I fucked him a little harder, chasing the heat, the way he gripped me every time I bottomed out.

"Say thank you," I told him. "For this. For me not leaving you to get expelled. Come on. Be polite."

His voice came out strained.

"Thank you... Prince Chad."

"That's better." I grinned and kept going, letting the rhythm build. The bed creaked under us. My dorm was far enough from the others that I didn't care. "You're lucky I like you enough to keep doing this. Most people don't get second chances from me."

I meant it. In my own way. I could've ruined him this morning and gone about my day. Instead I was here, buried in him, making sure he remembered exactly who had the power. Every thrust drove the point home. And the whole time he kept looking up at me, bitter and quiet and exactly where I wanted him.

I kept the pace steady until the heat started building low in my gut. Max was still looking up at me like I'd told him to, jaw tight, eyes dark and pissed off in a way that only made it better. Every time I bottomed out he made this quiet, punched-out sound he was clearly trying to swallow. I liked that too.

"I'm close," I told him, voice a little rougher than before. "Don't move."

I fucked him through a few more deep strokes, then pulled out all the way. The sudden loss of heat made me hiss. I stroked myself once, twice, aimed, and came across his face in thick stripes—cheek, mouth, the bridge of his nose. He flinched but stayed still, exactly like I'd ordered. A little ran down toward his freckled (or whatever) collarbone. Perfect.

I sat back on my heels, catching my breath, and looked at the mess I'd made. Max's cock was still hard against his stomach, ignored and leaking. I didn't touch it. That wasn't part of the deal.

"You're welcome," I said, casual. "For all of it. The watch thing, the second chance, this. You're welcome."

He didn't answer. Just wiped the back of his hand across his mouth and sat up slowly, expression unreadable except for the usual bitterness underneath.

I stood, grabbed a towel from the chair, and cleaned myself off first. Then I tossed it at him.

"You can use that. Don't get anything on the sheets."

He caught it and wiped his face without looking at me. I pulled my sweatpants back on, ran a hand through my hair, and checked my phone like I already had somewhere better to be. The two diamond watches on my wrists caught the light when I moved...like glass. I kind of loved the way they looked together.

"You can go," I said. "We're good for now. I'll let you know if I need anything else."

Max stood, still half-hard and clearly not happy about it, and started pulling his clothes back on in short, angry movements. I watched him for a second, then added, because it felt true:

"You did good today. Seriously. Most people would've fucked up the whole thing by now. But you listen. That's rare."

He shot me a look that could've cut glass, but he didn't say anything. Just finished dressing, shoved his feet into his shoes, and headed for the door.

I called after him before he could leave.

"Hey. Max."

He paused, hand on the doorknob, back still to me.

"Thank me one more time. For being reasonable."

There was a long beat. Then, low and flat:

"...Thank you, Prince Chad."

"Good." I smiled even though he couldn't see it. "See you around."

The door clicked shut behind him. I stood there for a second in the quiet of my dorm, the two watches heavy on my wrists, and decided that had gone even better than the office version. Clean. Simple. Exactly the way things were supposed to work when people remembered who was in charge.

I checked my phone again, already scrolling for something else to do, and didn't think about the bitter look on his face for longer than a few seconds.