

Her Unwanted Mate On The Throne by Caroline Chapter 91

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Chapter 91 This could go wrong.

The snow lightly fell above them as they stood by the stables. Light flakes piled on William's dark curls and distracted her for a moment. William and Patrick looked almost unrecognizable in their commoner clothes. Patrick had holes in his gloves and his hair was almost as messy as William's. Doris curled her fingers at her sides to prevent herself from reaching out to run her fingers through William's locks just to try to tame it. She hated how much she liked it when it was a pure mess. She was part of the reason it looked that way, he rolled out of bed and didn't even attempt to fix it. She couldn't help but notice that he stood closer to her than he normally did, with his hands shoved deep in his pockets and his eyes on their surroundings. Enzo had one of his more... run down carriages being filled with the things they would need. It made Doris a bit nervous, how long would they be there for? She tried not to allow her mind to wander into unwanted territories, but it was impossible when it was all she could think about. The moment she slid out of his arms and into her clothes again, she felt different when she looked at him. For the first time, she didn't think of the fact that he was a prince-it was like she had almost forgotten that for a minute. She was so far gone from the maid she was when she left the palace, it was hard to even consider going back to that girl. A small part of her would always feel like she had to obey orders, but a bigger part of her wouldn't let her be stepped on anymore. She knew Cordelia was to thank for that. "Ah, you all look great." Enzo clapped his hands and tore her from her thoughts." Well, good enough. I hardly recognized you three without your fancy royal attire that you tried to pass as poor clothes." "How long will we be gone?" Doris asked as she nervously eyed the carriage. "Well, they believe you three are there to live. We couldn't send you with just one bag." Enzo smiled down at her. "Your trip length is up to you three. However long it takes you to find what you need." "Is there anything else we should know before we leave?" Patrick asked. "Yes. Don't take it personally if some don't like you when you get there. A lot of the workers can be pretty cut throat when it comes to their job and getting ahead. Try to find the laid back types, they're looser with their lips and easier to get things out of." Enzo looked at all three of them. "And one more thing... don't be caught where you're not supposed to be. Punishment is ruthless "Ruthless? Aren't you the owner of Life Pharmacy?" Patrick stood a little straighter as if he was just realizing what he was getting into. "Yes, but I have others in my place when I'm not there. I won't be there for this adventure, I want to keep myself as separated as possible so any wrongdoing will be handled by them." Doris glanced up at William to see his brows furrowed. She couldn't tell if he was worried or annoyed at the moment, but she was a bit of both. "Alright, I will see you off. Don't forget your identities and you three can come up with a back story on the way there. It'll be a few hours at least." Enzo opened the door and reached out his hand to help Doris up. William was there instead, he gripped her hand and helped her into the carriage with his hand on her lower back before Enzo could touch her. He only looked amused at William's persistence as he stepped back. William went in next, he sat next to Doris while Patrick sat across from them. Enzo gripped the frame and looked them over one last time. "This could go wrong, you may learn things that you never wanted to know or you may be caught and ripped apart. I have already

put out a warning to the rogues not to harm the prince if they ever see him when you first came, but that has clearly not mattered to many of them. I wish you all luck and I hope to see you again." Enzo nodded before he closed the door and smacked the side of the carriage to let the driver know they're ready. It took off in a messy launch and William reached out his arm to steady her so she didn't fall into Patrick's lap. Patrick's eyes flickered between them with a hint of suspicion, but something made Doris think that he already knew without having to see her blush. "So, Isabelle and James, eh? Who's brother am I?" "Mine." William said. Doris glanced between them and bit her lip. They looked very different. She couldn't pin point one similarity between them and she doubted anyone else would think they were brothers at the camp. "What about cousin? I'm not sure if you will pass as brothers. Enzo mentioned that we can give him a role ourselves." Doris suggested. "Alright, what's our story? We came to the north to escape the wretched kingdom?" Patrick said with a smirk. William rolled his eyes and leaned back against the seat with his thigh pressed against her own. He hadn't looked at her much since they... since what happened between them. But he was closer to her, to the point that she noticed he was always inches from touching her. She hadn't been alone one second with her thoughts, part of her was glad for it. She knew she would regret her entire existence the second silence crept in. "We can say we left one of the towns after they mistreated us for being poor—" Doris said. "How did they mistreat us?" Patrick interrupted. "We could say they tried to take your beautiful wife for themselves." Patrick laughed and smacked William's leg. William kicked his shin and he winced with a frown. They sure acted like siblings, even if they looked nothing alike. "Maybe they just always bullied us for being poor and we had enough so we came up to the north for freedom." Doris said quickly. She still felt a bit uneasy being referred to as his wife. "We came across someone who knew Enzo and he got us the job. I'm sure they won't dive deeper into our stories. It's the reason everyone comes here." "If we say anything to a worker, we have to let the other know. We don't want to be caught in any lies. This is quite literally the belly of the beast and we can't have any missteps." "Don't stress yourselves before we arrive." William grumbled and closed his eyes. "We're married, you're my idiot cousin and we came to the north for freedom like everyone else did. That's it." "Any information we find will be shared at the end of each day, no lingering." Patrick leaned back and stretched out his legs on the empty seat next to him. Doris sighed and watched the darkness pass them out the window. Normally she would be beyond stressed to be heading towards somewhere they had no protection—but her mind wouldn't leave the bedroom. It was like she was still there with his touches burned permanently into her skin. If she lifted her sweater, she might see his fingertips still. She felt a bit sore down there, especially sitting as she was. That bit was never mentioned in her books. She shifted uncomfortably and kept her eyes out the window even though she wanted to look at him and try to see what he felt. Did he think of her differently? Or did he still see her as his maid that was only born to do as he wished? Her shame wanted to drown her. She could feel it eating at her chest and playing with her heart like it was a game. She knew the risk when she fell into bed with him, and now she would have to live with herself. She was tired of feeling bad for indulging in things that were for herself—but this couldn't be excused. She did the one thing she promised herself she would never do. On the other hand, her fingers itched to touch him again as if her body wanted more despite what her mind screamed. It wasn't fair. Her mind was smart enough to know better, but her body wanted to crawl on top of him again and do forbidden things with the one man she swore she would never touch. "You okay?" Patrick asked Doris. She flinched out of her thoughts and saw him staring at her tightly clenched fist. "You look like you're about to punch a hole through the side of the carriage." Doris slowly unclenched her hand and let out a breath. "Yes. I'm

just nervous." Her eyes flickered to William who watched her closely but said nothing. Patrick grinned at her. "We haven't even got there yet, that's when the real nerves come."

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"Doris..." The carriage had come to a rough stop, Doris woke when William caught her from sliding out of her seat again. "We're here." Doris slowly let go of his arms and nodded. "How long was I sleeping?" "Hours. I knew our little prince here has nice shoulders but who would have known he was that comfy." Patrick said with a wink. William kicked him. "Ow! Sorry, I meant James." 1 Doris avoided looking at either of them. She pressed her hands to her cheeks and took a deep breath. She peered out the window to see they weren't moving anymore, it was too dark to see much else. "What are we waiting for?". "The guards are checking paperwork with our driver and then he will come check the carriage before we're allowed in." Patrick said. He looked much calmer than she felt. "Look natural, you don't want them to stare at you too hard." Doris parted her lips to object, but she didn't want her words overheard. No one was looking for her, they were looking for the prince next to her. Doris leaned back as William put his arm around her shoulder. He didn't look at her when he did so, she assumed it was part of the act. Now it was only harder for her to calm down and pretend everything was fine. 1 A minute later, the door opened and a man in a dark uniform peered in. He eyed William and Patrick before he looked Doris up and down slowly, she felt William tense beside her. Doris casually put her hand on his knee to calm him. Or at least hope he didn't lunge at the man, the last thing they needed was another dead guard. "Travel far?" He asked. "Very, we're exhausted." Patrick answered with a yawn. The man shut the door and smacked the side of it and the carriage lunged forward again. Her grip tightened on his knee before she quickly removed it. She couldn't be comfortable with him. It wasn't right, it never would be. When they stopped again, this time the door opened for them to get out. William got out first before he helped her down and put her hand on his arm. Patrick stood slouched by his side. "Hello, there." A man around their age greeted. He looked wide awake even though it was the middle of the night. "You guys certainly picked a good time to arrive, everyone is still sleeping." He held out his hand to shake each of theirs. "I'm Robbie, I'm here to get you guys settled in before your first day. Follow me." Robbie picked up Doris's bag for her and led the way towards a building that was almost big enough to be a castle. It looked like some sort of giant academy where one way led to work and the other led to housing. He led them towards the rooms first. "How long have you two been married?" Robbie asked conversationally. Doris cleared her throat. "About a year." She said quickly before William said something else. She twisted the gold ring around her finger just to give herself something to do. "A year?" He whistled. "Married young, eh? You're lucky." He said to William who stared forward as he walked. "There's not many women like that around here, I would keep an eye on her." "I can handle myself—" "No one will touch her." William said at the same time. Robbie must not have noticed his possessive tone as he kept on in a light step. "No doubt if you're her husband, they wouldn't dare!" He laughed. "I put you two in a slightly bigger area in case you guys decide to have kids." Robbie

said. Doris must have made a face because he laughed again. "You'd be surprised how little there is to do here, kids pop out like crazy." "We aren't planning any children for a while, but thank you." "So what led you guys here? Robbie asked as they rounded a long corner that stretched endlessly "We hoped for a better life here." Patrick said simply. His collar was popped and his hands were dug deep in his jacket. "We were lucky to have found work, I was getting worried we would starve." Robbie chuckled to himself. It was short and died out quickly. "Yeah, people come and go here but a lot stay. There's always room for more. Hopefully you three last longer than the last family that came through." "Oh, I didn't realize people came and went so easily." Doris said causally. Her eyes flickered to William but he said nothing. It looked as if he was trying to calm his expression to boredom like Patrick's was instead of his more grumpy stare. "Yeah, the work can be a lot on some people. There's a lot of fumes and sometimes it gets into ya head so I would just try to get as much air as you can here." Robbie pointed to a door that looked like it was for a coat closet. "Here's for your..." "Cousin, Oscar." William said in a nicer tone than Doris expected. He must have been settling into his role. "Right, sorry. I'm awful with names. Oscar, this is your room. And Isabelle and James, yours is right across." Robbie pointed to a larger door across the way. Patrick frowned and she thought she saw William's mouth twitch a little. "Thank you." Patrick forced out. "Do we start tomorrow?" "Ah, yes. We hope you can come for an hour to see your new positions before a full day." He handed them each a letter with their fake names on it. "I put you each in different sections. If there's any problems, come see me and I will try to fix them. If I'm not around, don't go to Charlie. He has no patience and he might fire you just for annoying him." "Where should we look for you?" Doris asked. Robbie winked at her and William's brows furrowed-definitely from annoyance this time. "I'm always around. Your envelope will fill you in on the rest, try to get some sleep." Robbie handed off her bag and a pair of keys before he left down the hall. Doris unlocked the door and Patrick followed them inside. He groaned when he saw the

room they were given. "I already know this is three times bigger than mine. They give me a closet!" Doris and William ignored him as they tore open their papers. She quickly scanned her own. "It says I'll be at the sorting section to sort all of the medicine into bottles. I'm supposed to be there in the afternoon to learn what to do." Doris looked up at William. "What about you?" "I'm set in the labor section. Apparently it's to load and unload the heavy boxes." William grumbled. She couldn't believe a prince was about to be set as a commoner worker. She would have laughed if he didn't look so bothered. Still, it was hilarious. 1 "Mine just says mixing." Patrick frowned. "Damn, that sounds rather boring." "At least we will be spread out." Doris whispered. She glanced around the room to see a bed, small table and dresser beside a bathing chamber but nothing else. She wrapped her arms around herself. Why couldn't they at least have a fireplace? "I'm going to try to sleep in that dreadful room. I'll see you two later." Patrick grumbled before he left into his own room. Doris made sure it was locked before she turned to face William. He unbuttoned his shabby coat and slid out of it. She never imagined him as a peasant boy, but that's what he looked like. With the dark stubble on his chin and dirty clothes, he looked like a rogue and it sent her heart into a dangerous beat. He was so handsome, even as messy as he was. He watched her with a slight lift of his brow. "Is something wrong?" He asked. His deep voice sent shivers down her spine. Of course something was wrong-everything was wrong and she didn't know how to fix

1. it.

"No. It's just cold." She whispered. She dug through her bag for an oversized sweater before she disappeared in the bathroom. She did not want any conversation with him. None, just sleep. No touching, nothing. When she came out, he was in bed with his shirt off and back to her. She saw a small line around his shoulder and remembered herself grabbing onto him as he moved inside her. She didn't realize she had cut him so badly. Doris shook the thoughts of them away and lightly crawled in bed. She put her back to him and stared at the wall. The sun was not far off from rising, they'd been up traveling all night but she could easily sleep a day or two if it would let her escape her thoughts. William turned and wrapped his arms around her small frame to pull her against him and fill her with warmth. She shuddered and sighed. 1 "Come find me if anyone touches you." He grumbled against her ear. "I don't trust anyone here." 2

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Chapter 93 All that gossip.

A set of uniforms and food were left by their doors when William checked in the morning. Doris sleepily got ready in her own and pulled her hair up into a high pony tail on her head. It was just a thick dress that went to her ankles and an apron. Absolutely hideous, but warm enough and that was all that really mattered to her. He didn't say much to her as they ate-or when he left to find where he was to be dressed in a grey button down and trousers. Doris followed the small map on her letter and felt goosebumps line her arms. This place gave her the creeps. It was all gray and felt hollow. She passed people but they paid no mind to her as if she was just a part of the wall decor. She was used to that back in the palace, but it felt strange here. In the daylight, she could see all the imperfections she missed when they first came. Cracks along the floors and walls, she wondered when the last time Enzo had seen this place. Did he know it looked like this? Or was there not much for him to do about that? She found it hard to believe he wouldn't want to at least put a little more care in the place he ruled over. "Are you Isabelle?" A small voice said, halting her steps down the hall. Doris looked over to see a young girl poking her head out of a large door. Doris nodded. "Perfect, come with me. I'm Millie." The girl looked a bit younger than Doris, but she didn't act like it. It was as if only her voice gave away the truth with how mature she wanted to appear. "This is where you'll be stationed." The girl led her to a table with a line of empty bottles and one large full one. "There's nothing to it, you just read the paper set with each bottle and fill the number of pills in each one. After you fill a batch, make sure all the labels are correct before you carry the basket over to the finished area." Doris took a seat at the table and glanced around at the other girls who were busy with their own bottles. They looked tired and worn, but not completely unhappy. "Please make sure to check the labels, that's the most important part. We can't have the wrong medicine labeled, ever. A mistake like that could turn fatal." Doris nodded. "Okay, seems easy enough to remember." "If you think you can work longer than the training hour, be my guest. We have thousands of bottles that always need to be filled. I'll come check on your work before you finish the first basket." The girl nodded and turned away to

walk through the room. An older woman with bright red hair leaned towards Doris once the girl was out of earshot. "Don't worry, she looks younger than she is." Doris turned, a bit surprised but eager to earn friends already. They seemed friendly enough, it was even better if they liked to talk "Oh? How old is she?" "She's 22, believe it or not." The woman laughed, her eyes never left the bottles. "No! I thought she was 16." Doris glanced at the girl who was already in another conversation across the room.

"Everyone thinks that. She can get really mean just to prove a point and remind us that she's in charge." The woman rolled her eyes. "I'm Beck, by the way." Doris smiled. "I'm Isabelle, lovely to meet you." "We were excited to get another girl down here! It's been a while but we heard news yesterday you were coming with your husband." Another girl sighed loudly and leaned towards them. "Is he handsome? All the men here are like toads." Doris blushed a little. "I-I mean, yes." "Mia! Don't ask her if her husband is handsome! Of course he is to her, she doesn't need you drooling over him." Beck rolled her eyes. Doris took the minute to read over her note before she started to count the pills and bottle them. "He brought his cousin, too." Doris offered quietly. The girls giggled at the idea. "How far did you travel from?" Mia asked. Doris chewed on her lip. She knew that to gain their trust she had to give them answers instead of shutting them out. The more talkative they were, the more likely they would tell her things that they thought were harmless to a girl like her. "Oh, we used to live in a small village near the palace. It was always so horrible there compared to the rest." Beck gasped. "Oh! Did you hear that the prince from that palace is in the north?" "Really?" Doris said, shocked. "I hadn't heard! We've been traveling nonstop—which prince is it?" "Oh, I think it was the William one. I really don't know which is which but I've heard he's been an animal to the rogues and many are trying to stop him. Did you ever see any of the princes where you lived?" Mia asked. Doris swallowed as she continued bottling the pills. "How strange... but no, I never saw any of them. They barely came into the villages, if ever." Doris said. "Isn't it so strange? It's a shame you never got to see him. There's been so much gossip in the past few days because of that man but no one has even caught him yet! We're all trying to guess what he looks like." Doris sat up a little. "Gossip?" She glanced around and leaned closer to the two girls. "I've been in a carriage for days with two men that barely talk," The girls' eyes widened in pity. "Oh, you poor thing. I couldn't imagine going days without a good conversation! Men are the worst when it comes to that." Beck rolled her eyes at the thought. "Well, the things I heard would last us days to talk about." She laughed. Doris's hand tightened around the bottle she was holding. She laughed with them and glanced at Millie to make sure she wasn't heading near them yet. "How long have you two been here?" Doris asked causally. She didn't want to seem too eager. If William was as quiet as he normally was, it was up to her and Patrick to get some sort of answers out of these people. "Mia and I came around the same time about a year ago—almost two years." Beck smiled. "We both got moved down here from mixing which was a terrible job. Our arms felt like jelly at the end of the day!" Doris smiled as they laughed together. She suddenly missed Beth and wished she was here—but at the same time she was glad she wasn't. There was so much to see and do, but none of it was worth the risk when it came to death. "Oh, you know what I heard yesterday about the prince?" Mia lowered her voice, Doris leaned closer. "I heard he killed one of the men that was sent to assassinate him. He somehow found him and hunted him down, they found his body in the woods the next day." Doris did her best to look appalled. "Oh my... how gruesome." "Yeah, the other two think they're next. They've been blabbing to everyone to watch their backs but there's no way he would come here." Beck

filled in. "Did the rogue leader send them after him? I heard the princes were dangerous men." Doris said with wide eyes as if she couldn't believe the sort of gossip she was hearing. She did the same face often with Beth whenever she told her something risky. "Oh no! Lord Enzo has been ordering them to stop but apparently someone from his own palace has offered a large bounty on his head—" "Girls! You're paid to work, not talk." Millie scolded. Doris quickly started filling the bottles again and felt a deep sense of annoyance raise inside her. If she had only gotten a few more minutes, she might have been told more crucial things. Her mind grasped on to what she had been told-and she knew instantly who had put a bounty on William's head. The Luna Queen. It had to be. She was the only one aware of where they were going besides his family, and she was the only one Doris suspected. The two girls return to lighter gossip after an hour about people she had never met. Doris engaged just as much as she had with the William gossip, even though she knew it wouldn't leave her mind. They saw her as a girl just like them and confided in her instantly. She was a girl like them, she was a maid who had met hundreds of maids before that always did the same thing when they saw her-even if they never saw her again. She supposed she just had a face they trusted. After Doris realized they had nothing else to offer, she waved over Millie. "Done already?" Millie took her sweet time looking over every single bottle before she nodded in approval. "Good, tomorrow you'll have your first full day. Work starts mid morning, don't be late."

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Chapter 94 I think they want a show.

Doris had almost gotten lost several times on the way back to her room but eventually found the cracked hallway she'd seen earlier. Everyone she passed looked in a daze, even when she openly stared at them with a smile. When she got back to the room, Patrick and William were already there with a table of food that didn't look very appetizing. Doris locked the door behind her and pulled up a chair to join them. William's eyes followed her, he seemed to look her over to make sure she was in one piece but her mind felt as if it was in hundreds. "Anything?" She asked them first. "I met this guy that was clearly a drinker. He invited me for a beer later and I'm going to see what I can get out of him if he shows alone." Patrick said as he rubbed his arms. Doris remembered what the girls had said about the job he was given and bit her lip. "The men in my section talk quite loudly and they don't care who hears them." William said. "I overheard them mention one of the bosses and something about plans to make the place better. Nothing useful yet, but I think sooner or later something will slip. How about you?" "I met these two girls who loved their gossip." Doris looked at both men with her brows raised. "They immediately confided to me with the latest gossip about the prince and how someone from the palace put a bounty on his head." Patrick's eyes widened, the room grew silent for a long moment as they all looked at each other. "Did they say who?" William asked even though they both knew who it was. Doris simply shook her head no. "I told them we used to live near the palace and they were so excited to spill that about the prince. I don't

know what else they know, but I bet they'll relay more if I feed into it." "Aye, maybe we should all go to the bar and see what we can learn." Patrick suggested. "Apparently it's a weekly thing where everyone winds down even though they all have to work most days." William glanced at Doris. "A bar? Are you mad?" "Ah come on. James isn't too good for a bar now, is he?" Patrick smirked. They swore to use their names even inside, but it still seemed to strike a nerve with William either way. "It'll be fun. You can make it clear to all the horn dogs that Isabelle is your woman and not to even look at her. I know you love that." Doris picked out some sort of dessert that looked like chocolate from the pile of food and ate as they argued. "Of all the places for us to go, you want us to go to a bar with a bunch of dangerous rogues?" William had to lower his voice when his patience was running thin. He sighed and leaned back. "Your ideas never work out."

"Let's ask Izzy here, shall we? She knows a good idea when she hears one!" Patrick turned towards Doris and she only shoved more food in her mouth so she wouldn't have to answer. He patiently waited for her to swallow before he asked, "Well? Don't you think we should go to the bars to meet more people?" Doris looked between both men. It was clear William was disgusted by the idea of going to a shabby bar because he'd probably never been to one before—but it was a good idea to test the waters. "I think we should do it. You never know what we'll hear when people get drunk." William rolled his eyes and crossed his arms. "Get out." He said to Patrick. For a moment, she swore he meant her too. Patrick scoffed and picked up one of the plates. "Be ready soon, I want carefree faces when I come back." Doris stood and took off her apron when the door closed. William looked her up and down in a way that she wished she didn't notice. Thoughts of their night came rushing back to her but she had to focus on more important things. "If it makes you feel better, I don't like the idea of a bar either. I just know people act ... differently when they're drunk. They say things they don't mean and do things they wouldn't do." William clenched his jaw and she wondered if he was thinking of the night he attacked her like she was. She quickly looked away and searched through the bags to find a sweater and pants to wear. Anything to make her blend in with the crowd. "I think he just wants to drink." William admitted. He stood and neared Doris and she felt her breath catch in her throat when he reached his hand out to brush her loose hair behind her ear. "I'm worried that you'll start fights with the way you look. I would just have to win them all." Doris forgot how to talk for a moment when he brushed his lips against her own before he went into the bathroom to change. It happened so fast, she was almost certain she imagined it. An hour later, Patrick was pounding on their door. William threw it open and yanked him inside. "What part about being quiet did you not understand?" William hissed. Patrick held up his hands in defense and looked over Doris. She wore a simple black sweater and pants with her hair down in waves down her back. He whistled as she rolled her eyes. "Whew, I might try to steal your girl myself, James." William shoved him towards the door. "Lead the way before I shove you off the nearest cliff." Doris gripped William's arm as they followed Patrick down a long hallway and out into the fresh air. There was a small version of a village outside the doors. She hadn't noticed it when they arrived but it had a tavern and a few small stores meant for those that worked at Life Pharmacy. Doris carefully stepped down the long cobblestone steps before they went inside. The moment the door opened, it was like she was drowned in music, warmth and laughter. It was packed to the brim with people—and it was already a huge tavern. There was barely anywhere to step, William held her hand and guided her through the crowd until they found an area in the back that was far enough away from the loudest parts, Patrick broke off the get them drinks. William sat next to her with his arm firmly around her as

if he dared anyone to step closer to her. She hadn't even noticed anyone had been staring until she followed wherever William's glares landed. If she did that, she would be glaring at each woman all night for looking at William. As messy as he was, he was still a hundred times more handsome than any of the other men here and it poked a flame of jealousy inside her to see them stare at him as if they wanted to be the one in his bed. No, she couldn't do this. Jealously would eat her worse than anything ever could. She would never be able to sleep again if she started letting jealousy get the better of her. Patrick returned to the table with drinks that Doris didn't touch. William wrapped his hand around his glass, but never brought it to his lips. He watched the crowd almost casually as he talked to Patrick. How could they even hear each other in a place like this? She could barely hear her own thoughts. "Ah! The new family!" Robbie stumbled over to their table with a grin. Doris glanced around to see several people give him a dirty look as if they hated that he breathed the same air as them. That was interesting. "How're you liking it so far?" "Quite well, thank you." Patrick said, he looked through the crowd for the friend he had made earlier but seemingly had no luck yet. Doris wondered if she would see the girls she met—she was sure they would have a lot to share if they had gotten even a little bit drunk. Robbie leaned a little too close to Doris, she could smell the intense alcohol on his breath. "Do you wanna dance? I promise your husband it'll be innocent." "No." William said firmly, no sense of kindness in his voice. Robbie stumbled back a little from the force of his glare as if it was about to burn right through him. "Right, well. See you three later." He said before he quickly stumbled away. Doris glanced through the crowd and noticed a few people looking a bit too closely at them. She gripped his thigh under the table and leaned to whisper in his ear. "I think they're staring at you." William nonchalantly glanced into the crowd as if his eyes weren't looking for anything in particular. Once he noticed, he turned to look back at her. "I think they want a show."