

How to Cause a Scandal 101 - A Crash Course by Prince Roberto Button

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by [Crazy_Pairing_Person](#)

Summary

Step one: Grab the nearest prince.

Step two: Dramatically propose to him.

Step three: Soak in the chaos while your friend takes advantage of the situation to go make out with his butler.

Notes

The idea of Roberto proposing to Wilfred for the sake of causing a scandal was too funny to me when I came up with it, so here I am

Edward's eyes were straying far too easily tonight. It could have just been him having lost interest in the whole affair - and indeed, Roberto would be quite willing to buy that, if only his eyes weren't consistently falling on one specific person every time.

Roberto smirked, and tapped Edward lightly on the arm to catch his attention. "Hey, Ed, I bet you I can cause a big enough scene for you to sneak off with Louis, if you'd like."

Edward's eyebrows shot up. "A scene...? Why on earth would you-"

"Because if I don't do that, they'll notice at some point that you're missing," Roberto pointed out. "If I cause some chaos then everyone will be too focused on that later to wonder where you are."

Edward hesitated, eyeing Roberto warily. "What sort of... Scene are you planning to cause?"

"A big one."

Edward sighed at the vague answer. He glanced over to Louis, over against the wall with the other butlers... "Fine. But only this once, okay? Please don't make it a regular-"

Roberto didn't bother listening to the rest. He turned on his heel, scanning his surroundings. It wasn't long until his eyes found golden blond hair. He grinned, and as quickly as he could without outright running, he made his way over to Wilfred. Wilfred heard his approach, giving him a raised eyebrow as he got closer - which quickly turned into widened eyes as Roberto grabbed his hand and pulled him out towards the middle of the room. "Roberto, what-"

"Oh, Prince Wilfred!" Roberto all but shouted, gaining the attention of every other attendant at the party. "You are the true epitome of a beautiful, noble prince! Your golden locks, your blue eyes, you are more beautiful than all the noble women here combined!" He placed a kiss to Wilfred's hand, trying not to laugh at Wilfred's incredulous expression or his bright red cheeks. "I ask you, dear Wilfred - would you please marry me?"

Wilfred's mouth popped open, and he blinked wildly at Roberto for a good few seconds - as did everyone else who'd witnessed this... Dramatic declaration. "What?!" Wilfred eventually shrieked, jerking his hand away. The usually quiet, reserved prince was suddenly panicking on several levels, taking a step back from his seemingly deranged friend. "What are-?!"

"Please!" Roberto grasped Wilfred's hand again and dropped to his knees this time, looking up at Wilfred with his best 'begging' face. "You are the only one for me! I will never love another, if you should shun me here and now!"

"He's lost it," he heard Keith mumble to Joshua somewhere nearby. He pointedly ignored both his and other people's whispered commentaries, staring beseechingly up at Wilfred.

Wilfred looked down in his general direction - or, his face was turned that way, at least. His eyes were definitely not - they were ping-ponging every which way, searching desperately for

a way out of this situation. Maybe he should have told the guy what was up before doing this...

He glanced over to where Louis once was - ah, good. Looked like Edward had taken him away. Roberto was just about to make a claim of being drunk on the wine or playing a joke, when Wilfred hesitantly opened his mouth again.

"...If you can get our parents to agree, then fine."

Roberto froze.

Wilfred was pointedly still not looking at him, but a blush was clear on his cheeks. He surely didn't look like he was joking, either. But he'd just... Agreed to marry Roberto? If their parents would agree?

Well, no, obviously they wouldn't - they'd need heirs, and they'd have to do something about borders in their countries and it would just be too much of a fiasco - surely their parents would shoot down the idea. Yeah. That was why Wilfred had said that instead of an outright 'yes'. Obviously. He was passing the blame, so he could save face in this crowd.

Roberto, pretending to not have realized this, beamed at Wilfred. "Thank you, my love! I will convince them, I assure you, and we will have the most glorious wedding!"

Wilfred huffed and mumbled something under his breath, still pointedly not looking at Roberto. "Could you... Let go of my hand, now? And maybe stand up?"

"Oh- Of course!" Roberto laughed airily as he stood up and released Wilfred's hand. He then pretended to just now notice the crowd gathered around them, and beamed. "Ah, I am so sorry to have caused a scene! I hope I didn't disturb the party too much, but I simply couldn't wait another moment to let my darling know how I felt!"

Wilfred huffed, obviously unamused with the situation.

About an hour later, Edward returned to the party - and true to Roberto's word, no one had either noticed his absence nor his return. He inched over towards the nearest, safest person he could talk to - because something told him that Roberto had done something irrevocably stupid. "Um, Wilfred? I was... Outside for a while. Did anyone notice I was gone?"

Wilfred glanced up, and shook his head. "I doubt it. They were too focused on Roberto proposing to me."

"Oh, okay," Edward said, just before the words processed in his mind. "Wait, he what?"

"He proposed to me," Wilfred said, a light flush coming to his cheeks at the memory. "I told him I'd let our parents decide if it was okay."

Edward blinked incredulously at him. "And... What do you intend to do if they agree?"

"Then I'll marry him, obviously." Wilfred looked at him as if he'd grown another head. "What else?"

"And... If they say no...?"

"Either try to convince them to agree, or elope." Wilfred shrugged and sipped from his wine. "He looked really enthusiastic about it, so I'm sure he'd be upset if I didn't at least try."

"Aha... Right..."

Wilfred looked at Edward curiously, but made no move to ask what was wrong - instead, he downed the rest of his wine and went off to search for something to eat at the snack table.

Edward stood right there, swearing to himself that if Wilfred and Roberto came out of this unscathed, he was never going to let Roberto help him again.

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