

How to care for James Wilson

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Aww... how cute ^^

This bunny hit me some time ago and I finally decided to post it up!

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1 - How to care for James Wilson

Disclaimer: I don't own House M.D. or its characters and thus.... The eventual tribute towards Wilson! My second in the series of FANfictions. Enjoy!

How to care for James Wilson

"Wilson? Are you testing your new night vision goggles?"

~"I don't have night vision goggles, House"

"Are you kidding me? Why else would the LIGHTS BE out?" House said intentionally loud, "Don't tell me Cuddy forgot to pay the electric bills". Wilson snatched his favorite ornamental memento from one of his former patients and promptly sent it flying –with an impressive amount of accuracy- towards his skull. House pulled his head out of the way just in time and caught it, "If you throw that snappy penlight at me I'm going to take that as a gift" House said, dropping the little Fairy Doctor –stethoscope and glittery wings included- into the dustbin.

"I'll stab you with it if you don't shut up" Wilson warned lowly. He was lying on his back on his three-seat leather couch. His left arm was draped over his eyes and his right was propping his head up on top of the cushion. A half drunk glass of water and a bottle of pills were on the floor.

House slowly limped over and picked up the bottle, "Fiorinal.... So you think the aspirin and caffeine complex suffices for migraine medication?" he said incredulously, "... It's also a fever reducer, are you sick?". Wilson growled and waved his hand absently, "I just have a migraineeeee" and the end of his sentence ending was stretched out as his friend yanked open the blinds. "Ooohh! I see" House said sarcastically and dropped the blinds. Even the mild noise caused Wilson to cringe violently. Wilson wormed around in the couch and rolled over to face the back, ducking his head into the crook of his arm.

"How many have you taken?" House enquired, crouching down next to his friend. "Two" Wilson whispered. House's voice volume dropped, "When?" he asked. The oncologist rolled back a bit, just enough to face House, "Around ten" he answered before turning back. House licked his lips and frowned, running a hand over face in exasperation. He stood up and walked out of the office, shutting the door behind him. Wilson couldn't help but feel slightly relieved at the sound. Or, the lack of sound. He couldn't help but also be happy that his friend acknowledged the fact that he was feeling sick and that he was giving him some time to recover on his own.

A slow creak of the door and a thin strip of light notified him of another presence in the room. The fact that there were two footsteps and an extra thump identified said presence. "What is it now, House?" Wilson snapped, not turning back around. House sighed and sat on the armrest of the couch, "If you flip over like a pancake then maybe I won't have to insert this rectally" the Diagnostician replied. For a few moments nothing happened, then slowly, Wilson squirmed a bit then turned over. The door had been shut and a towel was stuffed at the underside of the door, blocking the light and sound from outside.

House walked towards the blinds and pulled them tightly shut, blocking out all light. He walked over to Wilson and slowly lifted the oncologist's head and put a damp washcloth behind his neck. Fact that Wilson sighed and the tiniest of smiles formed on his face. House grunted with a smile and gently patted Wilson's shoulder. The moan that came from Wilson was the best 'thanks' House had heard all year. "No problem" House said and pulled out the pill bottle from his jacket. He put the glass of water down on the floor and muffled the opening of the pill bottle with his jacket.

"Sit up and drink this" House said and held out a glass towards Wilson. "Is this another drug you want me to try out?" Wilson said with frustration and sat up. "Another dose of Fiorinal" House retorted and showed the two green and yellow capsules to his friend. "I said my last dose was at ten" Wilson stated, pushing weakly at the pills. "Ten was eight hours ago. I'm working overtime today... can't believe I'm still here at six 'o clock" House mused and rolled his eyes. Wilson blinked blearily, "... Six? SIX? I've been asleep the whole day?" he sat up straight but was instantly sorry that he did. His posture stooped again and he dropped his head back down, clutching the sides of his head.

House held out his palm towards Wilson, "If a migraine sleep makes you feel good, then yes, you were asleep the whole day" he said and narrowed his eyes. He gave his friend a once-over and snorted. Wilson took the capsules and swallowed them with the water. The Diagnostician put his hand behind Wilson's shoulder blades and kept it there until Wilson nodded. The extra weight had helped to keep him centered and kept the oncologist from falling backwards unto the couch.

House took the glass from his friend; moved around and helped his friend lie back down. "I think I'm going to cry" Wilson said with a slight smile; playing at the fact that House wasn't exactly a 'sweet and caring' person by default. House looked down to his grey shirt, "Please, not on this one... it's new" he said.