

Late Night Study Session

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A small one shot story.

Some bits are a bit off character in parts but meh. -shrugs-

Hope you like it :)

Set vaguely after the episodes 'Euphoria 1 and 2'

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Wings110/44066/Late-Night-Study-Session>

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1 - Late Night Study Session

A young man leaned one hand against a see through glass door. He walked into the room where Cameron was working, both hands flicking back his white coat to rest on his hips.

Still doing House's odd jobs? he asked his Australian heritage evident in his words and accent. His blonde hair was almost flawless, giving him the appearance of a pretty boy; it flopped sideways across his forehead. His tie and collar of his shirt were loosened a little around his neck. Dr. Robert Chase was his name; he was a specialist in intensive care and part of House's team.

Dr Allison Cameron looked up, the light of House's computer illuminating her soft features in the dim light. Her dark brown hair was pulled back into a bun; she pushed back the wispy strands which fell across her face. She sighed and nodded.

Still she confirmed dryly, she stood up grabbing her empty coffee mug on the way. Her doctor's coat was left hanging over the back of the chair in front of the eerily glowing computer.

Drink? the immunologist asked. Chase nodded and moved forward to sit down at the clear glass topped table.

Yes, thanks he said as he watched Cameron busy herself with the coffee in the corner.

What are you doing here so late? Cameron asked, not looking at him as she held the two mugs by the rims. Chase leaned forward to accept the warm drink in his hands and pull it close to his chest, letting the smell waft into his nose before taking a sip.

I was about to leave he said in a non-committal way. He caught Cameron's sceptical glance.

My kettle is broken he protested to his co-workers raised eyebrows, motioning to the hot drink. He wasn't looking forward to braving the cold winter air without the warmth of the drink to warm him. Cameron seemed to accept his excuse, and leaned forward on the table as she drank. There was silence between them, but not awkward.

The silence was interrupted by a beeping sound; both heads swivelled towards the computer. Cameron stood up, leaving her coffee cup on the table as she intended to return after reclining politely to whoever had e-mailed House. She bent over the screen, not even bothering to sit down, with her fingers poised on the keyboard. She paused, a frown interrupting her smooth features.

She sat down, quickly reading the email again.

Chase watched her, ambling over casually with the coffee cup still held in one hand.

What is it? he asked, standing behind her to bend over her shoulder.

Get House she said, despite reaching across the table to message his paper himself.

A large bed sits in the middle of the room, a cane resting against the bedside table. A beeping starts, interrupting the peacefulness of the gloomy room. The shape under neath the covers stirs, and a groan emerges. Why had he left his pager on the drawers of all places? His pager was loud enough for it to be noticeable and irritating, but checking it would mean getting out of bed. He groaned again, and as the pager continued the figure sat up, swinging one leg down with his arm and wincing. He grabbed the cane and hobbled across the room, heavily favouring one leg; his good leg. He read the message on his pager, and reached for the little bottle of pills on his bedside table.

By the time he arrived at his office, Cameron and Chase were at the table, files and paper spread out across the table.

Having a late night study session? he asked sarcastically, annoyance edged in his voice at the fact his

sleep had been interrupted. Cameron better have a good excuse for getting him.

The pair looked up at the man, who had dressed hurriedly in a wrinkled black t-shirt and jeans with his jacket pulled off the top. He rested on his cane, and his other hand was reaching into his pocket, a tell tale sign he was about to wake himself up with his beloved pills; Vicodin. This was Dr Gregory House, medical diagnostician and the boss of a self chosen team of professionals; Chase, Cameron and Foreman who was currently absent due to recovering from a work related sickness.

House Cameron exclaimed, jumping up with a paper in her hand. She strode towards him in her smart pinstriped pants and vest.

House took the paper, frowning at Cameron. His short greying hair was dishevelled, it still had that just woken up look.

This better be good he said moodily, glancing at her with his vivid blue eyes before looking down and reading over what appeared to be the email Cameron had read just before.

What is this? House asked, slowly and deliberately.

20 year old female, complaints of- Cameron began, but House cut her short.

You got me up, and out of bed, for some girl complaining about her stomach? he said irritably, I've got a sore leg you know he said rebuffing Cameron again as she started to open her mouth. He turned to walk out the door.

Check her for stomach ulcers he said gruffly.

Two doctors already have, she was clean Cameron said, House paused for a moment.

They said it looked perfectly healthy Chase cut in; he was standing up with his eyes scanning a folder in his hands.

House sighed heavily, rubbing his brow.

Well then she must be all better he said, his tone harsh and sarcastic, if you must, give it to another doctor he said. The case seemed too trivial for the likes of him.

Her parents requested you Cameron persisted. House frowned at her, getting quickly annoyed due to lack of sleep and Vicodin.

So? Do these people donate to the hospital or something? he challenged as he pulled out the small orange package and let two of the white pills fall onto his hand. Cameron squirmed in front of him as she watched him swallow the tablets and turn his piercing gaze upon her once again.

Uh I don't Cameron was cut off once again, this time by Chase. He had moved onto another folder, and his eyebrows were raised.

Yes, and quite a bit he said.

But that's not why we got you Cameron said quickly.

Is it because Chase knows them? Rich families tend to stick together don't they? he asked, Chase glared at him for a moment expressing his thoughts that House's taunting jokes weren't appreciated.

No, I don't know them he said firmly.

So what is it then? House said sharply, I'm in no mood for guessing games.

It's unexplained pain Cameron continued calmly, her records say she's been experiencing it frequently, with increasing amounts of pain

People lie House said simply.

It seemed genuine Cameron said.

You find everyone genuine he drawled, causing her cheeks to flush with annoyance.

It's not as if you're busy Cameron said.

I was busy sleeping House countered and he turned around to make his leave again. He was stopped in the doorway, overtaken by Cameron's long strides. House sighed, his shoulders sagging as he looked away to the side, as if hoping she would disappear when he looked back. Unfortunately, no such luck. Her determined face was in the same place it was before, blocking his exit from the doorway.

He looked at her, narrowing his eyes as he thought it over. Trying to work out why Cameron so desperately wanted him to take the case.

She's related to you? he guessed.

No Cameron said flatly.

Then let me leave he said raising his cane into the air, although he had no intention of hitting Cameron. Will you take the case? Cameron asked one last time, letting no pleading element enter her voice. She had no doubt that House would find it extremely interesting that she would plead desperately for a case to be taken. It wasn't worth her sanity to have him on her back trying to work out the puzzle that was her mind.

I'll think about it he answered, giving her a slight amount of hope so she started to step aside, while I'm sleeping he emphasised as he pushed past her and down the dimly lit hallway.

Cameron turned back to Chase, wondering whether that was a yes or a no to the case. Chase merely shrugged in reply, yawning and checking his empty coffee mug. He looked back to Cameron hopefully. She frowned at him, but rolled her eyes as she took the mug and began to fill it again.

Chase smiled smugly as his drink was made.

You give up too easily he stated simply.