

Complications...

By Kirbyluva11

Submitted: August 2, 2009

Updated: August 2, 2009

Hilson. House X Wilson. first Yaoi story on here.

enjoy.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Kirbyluva11/56900/Complications...>

Chapter 1 - Complications...

2

1 - Complications...

A somewhat long One-shot.
Supporting House X Wilson.
Based on the picture Complications.
Drawn and written by Kirbyluva11.

Wilson was floating in the shallow water. He paddled his hands just to stay afloat with his knees sometimes hitting the ground.

“Come on! Jump!” he shouted.

House glared at him. “My leg is feeling a little better in weeks, so you bring me out here, to jump into a pool?”

Wilson nodded. “Yes. Of course. Now come on. It won’t hurt it.” Wilson waved his hand. “Just jump.”

House grabbed his vicodin bottle, and popped a few extra pills just in case. He set his cane down, and sat down. Inserting his legs into the cold water.

He shivered upon the touch. Wilson swam over to him. He placed his arms crossed on the deck House was sitting on.

“Come on wimp.” He said smirking.

House glared at him again, rubbing his thigh. He breathed in and out, slowly pushing himself into the pool water. Once touching the ground, he kept his arms above the water.

“Good god Wilson! It’s freezing!” House snapped.

“It’s 82 degrees House. It’s not freezing.” Wilson said smiling. He grabbed his mask, and put it on his face. “Now you look plain stupid.” House said, smiling. Wilson put his mouth underwater, keeping his head focus on House. When Wilson suddenly went underwater, and began to swim closer to House, House tried kicking the water.

“Hey! Don’t you dare grab my leg! Go away! Wilson!” he shouted. Once he got his leg up, and off the ground. Wilson grabbed his ankle from underwater. House jumped at the sudden touch. “agh! Stop it Wilson! Ah!” he screamed, splashing the water with his struggling. Wilson tried to desperately keep his breath in from laughing when he tickled House’s foot.

“Wilson! Stop it! Oh god!” House shouted, laughing in-between words.

Wilson popped up from the water, blowing all the air out of his lungs, then sucking it all back in. He

laughed as he flung the mask off his head. House was partly wet on his torso, arms, and head from just him splashing around. “you buttmunch.” He said flatly. But grinning at the end.

Wilson just smiled, and splashed at House with a little hand movement. House splashed him harder.

About three seconds later, the two were splashing the water at each other, laughing, gasping for air.

Another three seconds, the two were soaking wet. Their hair in their faces, and them smiling.

“I win.” House chimed in.

“no.” Wilson said splashing him again.

...

Wilson opened his eyes slowly. Once his eyes darted around the place, he realized where he was. He sighed as he sat up. The motel beds were horrible hard. Like sleeping on a rock. “it was just a dream.” Wilson said chuckling. He uncovered himself from the blankets, and got his legs off the bed. He yawned rubbing his eye. He stood up, and found his way to the little bathroom that was available. Once he splashed some water on his face, and looked back into the mirror, he sighed, and let his head fall. The little drops of water slid down his hair, and onto the counter. Most of them just water, others tears. “I wish you were still here with me.”

Wilson was late that morning. He sighed as he just hung his coat on the rack in his office. The door opened, and there stood Cuddy, a worried look on her face. “you’re late.” Cuddy said, closing the door behind her. Wilson just pushed the hair out of his face, and wiped his face of his dried tears. “I know.” He barked. Cuddy sat down on the couch that House always sat down on.

“it’s not like you Wilson. What’s up?” Cuddy asked, neatly folding her hands on her lap. Wilson just shook his head, looking away. A single tear streaming down his face. “It’s nothing. I’m fine.” He just sighed.

Cuddy shook her head. “no. you’re not.”

Wilson looked at her. “ok. Fine! I’m not.” He said, briskly standing up. He sighed, and just put his hand on his hip, walking slowly towards his door.

Cuddy blinked. She stood up.

“It’s just. It’s just. Me and House haven’t spoken in weeks. It might just be getting to me.” Wilson said, putting his head on his door.

Cuddy walked up behind him, and put a reassuring hand on his shoulder. “it’ll be alright. You too have a really weird relationship. But you two always work out your little blow-ups. He’s saving lives. You’re saving lives. You have nothing to be ashamed about.” Cuddy smiled.

Except when Wilson turned his head. Then her smile vanished. His face was red. Not from any blushing, or any rosy cheeks. No, this red was from the tears that were streaming down his face.

He tried to hide them from Cuddy, covering his face with his hands, and making a hasty retreat to his desk.

Cuddy just turned.

“leave.” Wilson choked out.

Cuddy sighed, and turned. Opening and shutting the door behind her.

...

House sat in the lunch room, twirling his cane in his hand. When he saw Wilson talking to a nurse, he stood up. Then he sighed, and made his way back to sitting again. He shouldn't interfere with Wilson's life, just because he was angry at him.

He sighed, as he just twirled his cane again.

...

Wilson threw his card onto the table near his horrible bed. When he went back to the bathroom, he splashed more water on his face.

He took off his tie, and flung it on the second table farther from the door. He grabbed the remote, and jumped onto the bed. Bouncing a little after impact. He kicked his shoes off, and crossed his legs. He put his right hand behind his head, and clicked the on button on the remote with his left thumb.

Sighing, and putting the remote on the bed. He put his other hand behind his head with the other one.

About an hour later, after the show he was watching was over, he stood up from the bed. Turning the corner, a cane was leaning on the wall, a little paper hanging from it, a piece of tape holding it on.

Wilson gasped. He ran over to it, and grabbed the paper. His eyes scanning it for any words.

Lobby. Now.

Wilson raised an eyebrow. Questions flew through his mind. 'How long has this been here?' 'when was it put there?' 'is House waiting for me?' 'how did he get in here?'

Wilson dropped the paper, grabbed the cane, madly put his shoes on, and rushed out the door.

He galloped down the stairs, jumping down two each, a smile growing on his face. Once down the flight of stairs, he skidded, walking into the lobby.

He seemed a bit raggy. His shirt was unbuttoned, his belt messed up, and not on right. In fact, one shoe wasn't even on his heel. Holding the cane in both hands, his hair was even a little messed up.

He was even sweating with anticipation.

His eyes darted for the normal form of his friend.

People were walking by, and none of them, who he was hoping to see.

His face settled down, and his eyes grew sad.

He shook his head, and dropped the cane on the floor. Causing some head turns.

“I should have known he was messing with me.”

He turned, and went back up the flight of stairs, he so recently ran down.

Once he got back to his room, he kicked his shoes off again. When he reached for his tie, he found nothing but air.

He turned his head, and found another note.

Good god Wilson. I think you broke my nose!

Wilson quickly read the note, but didn't take notice to what the note meant. He crumpled it up, and threw it into the trash can. It bounced off the edge and missed.

Wilson jumped back onto his bed. Bouncing, he closed his tired eyes.

The door banged open, and slammed into the wall. Wilson didn't take notice, lost in his own thoughts. The door slammed closed. Wilson was still not moving, and still quite quiet.

But his eyes bursted open when he found Greg on top of him, smirking.

He quickly opened his mouth, trying to find the right words. But his mouth was met with Greg's.

The two kissed madly. Their tongues fighting for room. Their eyes were shut, and they began to moan with pleasure. Their bodies creating friction. Their arms and hands holding each other close.

When Greg pulled back, and sat up, on his knees, Wilson's arms were spread out, and he was panting. He was also blushing so deeply, you could have mistaken him for a tomato.

Greg smiled. “I think you broke my nose.”

Wilson just panted. “really?” he asked, sitting up.

House just smiled. “I don't know. Could you check?” he pushed his face closer to Wilson's.

Wilson just put his hands on his friend's face. “it doesn't seem to be broken. You're face seems a little pink though. Might just be bruised a bit.” Wilson said, taking his hands down.

House whipped out Wilson's tie.
"put this on."

Wilson looked at it, and put it on.

Fixing the tie a little, he extended his arms.
"why?"

House quickly grabbed his tie, and pulled him into his lips.

Wilson's eyes bursting open again, and his arms bent behind him. His face burning up.

House pulled back. He smiled.

"H-House... I-I..." Wilson looked away.

"you feel this way about me?" he asked.

House raised an eyebrow. "yes. Why?" he asked. Wilson looked back up. "you've loved Stacy, and you loved Cuddy. Cameron." He said sadly. He untwined him and House's legs. He stood up, buttoning up his shirt, and fixing his belt. House swung his legs off the bed. "who says that I love them now?" he asked. Wilson just sighed, and walked away from Greg a bit. He pulled his hair down. He turned. "Greg!" he shouted.

"You're not gay! I'm not gay! We're not gay! We're friends! We're not lovers!" he shouted, madly placing his hands on his hips.

Greg smirked. "but it's so hard to resist you when you do that." He said pointing.

"Greg!" Wilson pulled on his head. "you're just messing with me. I wish you wouldn't do this." He said annoyed. House's smile disappeared.

"I'm not messing with you. This is for real. Sure, I was in love with Stacy. She's married. We've moved on. I always had a thing with Cuddy. And Cameron won't get a life and go love some other messed up person." House stood up. He made his way over to where Wilson was.

Wilson turned, and looked up at House. House looked down at Wilson.

The two were quiet for quite some time. Their eyes not moving from each other, and their hands twitching at their sides.

Wilson finally turned away, and gained more distance between him and House again. Sighing he just turned back. "why do you keep sighing? I thought you loved me." House said, leaning on his left side.

Wilson just shook his head. "that's the thing House. I do. I just don't know if you do."

House just sat himself back down on Wilson's bed. He threw his legs up and onto it, and layed his limbs spreaded out all over the single bed.

Wilson sighed.

"I'm not moving until you remove all your clothes and run around. But don't remove you're tie." House smiled, and his eyes shut.

Wilson just scoffed.

"and there's no couch." House teased.

Wilson sighed, as he placed himself comfortably in the chair to the left of him.

House hummed to himself. Changing the notes to high and low when he noticed Wilson was looking at him.

House was dressed in his sky blue button down shirt. A white t-shirt under it. Dressed in jeans as normal, and was wearing his converse.

Wilson recalled Cuddy telling House that the sky blue shirt made him almost look decent. It did. It made him look very decent. Wilson sighed.

House turned his head, and opened an eye. "come on. At least un-button your shirt again." House said in his teasing tone. Wilson rolled his eyes, and shook his head. "no." he briskly stated.

House just scoffed, and turned his head back. Closing his eyes again. "fine. You will fall asleep on that chair. That horrible, uncomfortable chair." House said matter-of-factly.

He heard Wilson stand up. And walk over. The soft footsteps of his socked feet on the carpeted floor.

"fine." House opened his eyes, and leaned on his elbows, and found Wilson, hands on his hips, his shirt unbuttoned. "there. Happy?" he asked. "now get off my bed. I'm tired... and I just want to get to sleep." Wilson waved his hand, walked to the left side of the bed. House scooted over to his left and made room for Wilson.

"sure. I'm happy." House wrapped an arm around Wilson's shoulder as he lie down. Wilson turned away from House on his right side, and smacked his arm off of him.

House smiled, and snuggled up to Wilson's back.

"I'm tired. And grumpy. Not in the mood House. I don't want you messing with my emotions. Just because you found out I love you." Wilson said, not showing his face.

House curled up next to him. "but I love you two Jimmy." He whispered in his ear.

...

Wilson's eyes bursted open. He glanced around the room. The TV was on, the ending to his show blaring. He groggily sat up, rubbing his eyes. He glanced over at the clock, it reading, 7:58. It was just another dream. Just another wonderful, but to far to grab dream. He stood up, and couldn't believe that his subconscious mind could come up with such things. Maybe just to torment him. Keep waving the idea in his face, but making sure he can't grab it. Just by a hair.

He looked at himself madly in the mirror. He frowned. Twisting his head to get the hair out of his eyes, he glared at the image of himself. How could someone like House, handsome, funny, smart, sexy... like a guy like him? Was the ultimate question to himself. He sat down on the hard tiled floor, and brought his knees to his chest. Sobbing quietly alone...

...

House threw his keys onto the table. He threw his cane onto the floor. He just threw everything everywhere. He was hungry, and needed some food. He could order out, but he had no money on him. He could make himself some food, if he wasn't depended on Wilson's cooking skills, and his oodles of cash.

Wilson was in a fragile state. House knew that. He also knew he shouldn't bother him about such things. But he would anyways. He grabbed his cane, his keys, and departed.

He was also going to talk to him. It was 8:00 and it was a Friday night. 'Wilson better not have any plans.' He thought to himself, as he put on his helmet, and started his motorcycle.

...

Wilson was drying his face, when he went to go open his door. A woman stood there, holding a tray of food. "thanks." Wilson gave her the appropriate cash, and a tip, and took the tray into his room.

He set it on his bed, also sitting down. He took the napkin, and took the measures to make sure his shirt would not get dirty from this food.

As he grabbed his fork and knife, his mouth began to water.

Wilson's head perked up when he heard a knock on the door.

Sighing, he took off the napkin, and set his utensils down. He walked to the door, and looked threw his peephole. He gasped, and sprung back a bit.

Another furious knock was heard, as Wilson pinched himself, to make sure he was not dreaming.

He flinched at the pain, then breathed in and out as he reached for the door.

"Open the door Wilson! I can smell you're dinner!"

Wilson opened the door, and stood, watching his friend.

On the other side of the door, was House. In his sky blue shirt, a green t-shirt beneath it, and in a pair of old, ragged jeans. Wearing his bright red converse. He was leaning on his flame cane.

He looked over his brow at him, his lightning blue eyes serious.

Wilson's soft caring brown eyes scanned him. Twitching every so often.

"can I come in and eat you're food?" House asked.

Wilson shut the door, the clicking sound of it closing, did not occur. House was holding the door open with his right hand. He was looking back at Wilson. Wilson looked down and sighed.

"I'll order something." He re-opened the door, and waved his hand. House walked in. Wilson got the room service on the phone, and ordered another steak. Just as his first one was being devoured by House.

Once Wilson hung up, and the new food was on it's way, House was lying down on the bed, flipping threw the few channels that the hotel had to offer.

Wilson took the dirty tray of food, and put it outside his door.

"you'd think that they could get softer beds, and maybe a few more channels. Look, they don't even have the L-Word here." House said, his legs crossed, messing with the remote.

Wilson just smiled weakly.

He layed down next to House. Not too close to mean anything, but not to far to signal he still hated him.

Wilson sighed happily closing his eyes.

It was a while till the second batch of food got to the room. When House stood up abruptly, and found his way to the door, Wilson was amazed.

Then his amazment was gone. 'Just so he could eat it himself.'

House nodded at the door, and walked over holding the tray.

He set the tray on Wilson's lap, and just got back onto the bed. Wilson blushed lightly, and got to eating his food.

A while later, after the show was over, House stood up. He walked towards the door, using his cane, and turned.

"thanks." He exited the room.

Wilson stood up quickly, and hurried to get his shoes on.

He bursted threw the door, and saw House making his way down to the elevator.

“wait!” Wilson shouted. He almost went back into his room, but his legs carried him all the way to the elevator.

Grabbing the door just as it about to closed, he stood in the doorway. House looked up at him. “what?” he asked. Wilson walked in, and let the door close. “what do you want? I got what I want. Just some food. Stalker.” House groaned.

Halfway down the way, Wilson pulled the emergency stop button. Causing the whole little square to fill up with the beeping noise.

House stepped up to Wilson. “what?” he barked madly.

Wilson smiled. “I love you.” He pushed the emergency stop button again, causing the elevator to make a jerk, then beep at the lobby. Wilson let House push by him.

As Wilson smiled, House looked back, not saying a word. The door shut cutting off their faces.

...

When Wilson was lying in his bed, thinking peaceful thoughts, House was lying in his bed, his thoughts anything but peaceful.

He never realized that Wilson felt that way about him. Every single memory pulsed threw his mind. As if he was dieing, but all he could remember was everything he did with Wilson. The lunches, the fights, the make-ups, the meetings, the mistakes, everything in between. He rolled over in his sheets, trying to get it to stop. Trying to get those evil three words out of his head, and stuffed back in Wilson’s mouth. He would get up, and take a long walk around the block, but that was a really stupid idea for him. He really wished he had his white board with him. He moaned as he rolled over and smashed the pillow on his head.

...

The next day at work, it was weird.

...

“ok. Well it could be Piloes disease. It would explain all the symptoms, the vomiting, the nausea, the orange urine.” “or it could be drugs.” “it’s neither. She’s just pregnant, and has eaten to much carrots lately. That’s the thing.” House said playing with a vicodin pill on the table.

“but what about the fever?” Foreman asked.

House looked up. “it’s a symptom of being pregnant sometimes. Go look it up.” House went back to his pill.

House sighed. "just go tell her and her husband the news." The three stood up, and exited. Except for Cameron, who stood up, and stood next to House.

"what's up? You're not like yourself." Cameron asked. She took a chair, and sat closer to House.

"why aren't you with the other two? You know... doing you're job?" House asked, taking the pill and shoving it into his mouth.

"did something happen?" Cameron asked, folding her arms on the table.

House stood up, and walked to his office. Before closing the blinds, he said to Cameron,

"go tell the woman the news." He said flatly.

The blinds swayed back and forth, showing the two figures of House and Wilson, before completely masking them from Cameron's sight. She sighed as she stood up, and walked to go join Foreman and Chase.

Wilson entered House's office standing at the doorway. House looked up from his chair. "what are you doing here?" he asked, looking back down. Wilson sighed.

"I don't know how to ask this, so I'll just throw it out." House looked up again.

"Do you love me?" Wilson asked, looking up from his feet.

House kept his head up, a little, and his eyes went down.

Wilson turned, his emotions on the break of bursting out. He walked a little back towards House's desk.

He waved his hands up. "ok. I get it. You don't. just wondering." Wilson turned, and pushed the door partly open.

"yes." A voice seemed to cough itself out.

Wilson turned, to make sure it was House.

House was standing next to his desk, leaning on his cane.

"I do love you. I always have loved you. I've always wanted you in my bed with me. I was amazed when you moved in. all the mean things I do are just to see if you love me enough to stay. Everything I do with Cuddy is just my mind saying that you would never want to be with me. So I go with other people. You were always married, you always were with people, you were always taken." House said. All the thoughts of his from last night lying there, were pouring back into his brain.

Wilson's mouth twitched, trying to find the right words. What was he supposed to say? How was he supposed to respond?

“You always acted as if you were just my friend. You never showed that you loved me. I always had to push the thoughts out of my mind. I was with Stacy. But when she left, I was devastated. You were there for me. You were the one who took care of me. Who watches out for me. Who cares about me. I tried to love you the same way back, but it’s not something I can do so easily.” House lectured on.

Wilson just tried to bring a word down to his mouth. Nothing came but just little uhs, and ums.

House focused on Wilson’s face. All Wilson was doing was staring blankly. Not saying anything, not moving, just as if he lost his soul.

“I love you James Wilson.” House said flatly.

Wilson’s face filled up with joy. He ran over and hugged his friend with all the happiness radiating off of him. He was smiling and tears of joy sliding down his face.

House’s hands stayed at his side. When Wilson pulled back, smiling, House went and sat back down in his chair.

He waved his hand in a ‘come here’ motion. Wilson came and stood a little closer. House twittered his fingers, in a ‘come closer, I have to tell you something’ motion. Wilson leaned his ear next to House’s mouth.

‘... I want to make love with you.’ He whispered quietly. The world went half the speed it normally did.

House’s face printed a grin on it, and Wilson slowly tried to see his expression.

Wilson having a blush sprint onto his face.

It all went 2x as fast then it should, after that.

Wilson’s face red, and his tie getting grabbed by House. Throwing the man off balance, and causing him to fall on House’s lap.

Wilson’s face going so red it looked like a balloon, and House just smiling. House pushed Wilson’s head up, revealing his face. “I’m up here Wilson.”

House grabbed his shoulder’s and pulled him so that their noses were almost touching.

Wilson could have melted at the feeling of House’s warm breath on his lips.

He was wishing so badly that this wasn’t another dream. He was hoping that his mind was not making the breath on his face, the grip on his arms, or the smile on Greg’s face. He was hoping that what might happen next, was something he would never wake up from.

“oh... Greg.” Wilson moaned. House licked at Wilson’s neck as Wilson perched himself up onto House’s lap.

House was biting at his neck, causing some hickies to occur.

And this time. Wilson did not wake up from this wonderful dream. He was awake the whole time. And this dream... was the best one yet.

The End.