Summary

As soon as House and Cameron arrive home from their honeymoon, Hilary makes an announcement that changes things for everyone. Cameron’s old boyfriend, Greyson Rockland, goes on trial and causes more tribulations for everyone. At the new hospital, a member of House’s and Cameron’s team develops a dangerous obsession. This is the final story of The Homecoming trilogy. Enjoy and thanks to all who’ve been reading!

Notes

We don't own House or its characters.
September 1, 2007

“I’m pregnant and the baby is James’,” Hilary said to Cameron as they sat at the kitchen table in GG’s cabin. She rubbed a hand over her face. “I took a pregnancy test and then went to see the doctor yesterday. I’m at six weeks. I’m due at the end of March.”

Cameron stared at her, her mouth hanging open. Closing her eyes, she shook her head slightly and snapped her mouth shut. “What did Wilson say?”

Hilary bit her lip. “I haven’t told him. I don’t know how to tell him. What if he wants to get married? He’s got a shitty track record when it comes to marriage and I don’t want to get married again just because I’m pregnant. I don’t know what to do.”

“Well, he’s going to figure it out when you start showing,” Cameron told her. “I think he’ll be a good father.”

“Yeah, I do, too. Damn! We should have used a condom!”

Cameron looked down at her mug of coffee. “Do you want to have an abortion?”

“I’ve had three. I can’t go through that again. I just can’t. Besides, I love James and I want to be with him.”

Cameron nodded.

“What about you and Greg?”

“We haven’t talked about it. I haven’t even thought about it, myself.”

“Well, be sure to use a condom,” Hilary sighed.

Cameron reached out and placed her hand over Hilary’s. “You know that if you need anything….”

Hilary nodded. Then she smiled slightly. “Will you tell James?”

Cameron snatched her hand away. “No way. I’ll throw you a baby shower, help you pick out baby stuff, and be there when you have the baby but I’m not telling Wilson.”

“Tell Wilson what?” House asked sleepily as he came into the kitchen.

“Coffee and food in that order,” he responded rubbing his hand over his face. He wore striped pajama bottoms and a plain white t-shirt. His hair stood out at odd angles and there were sheet creases on his left cheek. “Tell Wilson what?”

“He’s not going to let it go,” Cameron sighed as she poured coffee into a mug, stirred in some sugar and handed it to him as he sat down.

Hilary took a deep breath. “I’m pregnant. James is the father.”

House sat with his coffee mug halfway to his mouth staring at nothing. Both women looked at him with concern.

“Did you hear me?” Hilary asked.

He closed his eyes tightly. “I did. I just wish I hadn’t. It put bad pictures in my head that I can’t unsee.” He opened his eyes and slurped his coffee. “When did he knock you up?”

“Six weeks ago. We had sex.”


She looked confused. “No…”

“Could I smell pancakes and bacon?”

She chuckled and began pulling ingredients out of the pantry and refrigerator. House looked at Hilary.

“What did Wilson say when you told him?” he asked.

“I haven’t told him yet.”

“Oh, ho, ho, ho!” House chuckled. “I wanna be there when you tell him. The look on his face will be priceless.”

“Greg,” Cameron said as she stirred pancake batter. “This is between Hilary and Wilson. We’re
staying out of it.”
“Spoilsport.” He looked back at Hilary. “I’m assuming you’re keeping it?”
“Oh course.”
House nodded. “Mazel Tov.” He watched Cameron flip pancakes then a sly look crossed his face. “I don’t suppose you’d video his reaction when you tell him?”
Hilary looked at him in shock.
“Greg,” Cameron said without turning around. “Stop, or no bacon for you.”
“Fine. Luckily for you I love bacon,” he told Hilary with a waggle of his brows.
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After breakfast, House went back to bed and Cameron went for a jog. Hilary summoned all her courage and called Wilson. She asked him to meet her at her apartment and he agreed.
During the drive to her place she rehearsed different ways of telling him. She saw his car in the parking lot when she pulled in. She nodded and smiled at the doorman. Finally, she entered the elevator and went up to the penthouse apartment. When she stepped out into the short hallway, she saw Wilson leaning against the wall beside her front door.
“Hi,” he smiled as she approached.
“I’m pregnant and you’re the father,” she blurted out.
Wilson opened and closed his mouth several times. He looked suckerpunched and all the color drained from his face.
“I’ve been to the doctor and I’m six weeks along. It happened that night in the billiards room.” She looked at him and when he didn’t say anything, she became angry and defensive. “I’m not having an abortion! And you helped create this baby! I don’t want you to marry me. Just say SOMETHING!!”
“Are you done?” he asked softly.
Tears filled her eyes as she nodded. He pulled her into a tight embrace. “I never thought I’d be a father. I’m thrilled to be having a baby with you. And I don’t want to get married again. I suck as a husband but I will be with you as long as you’ll have me.”
Hilary hugged him tightly. “Do you want to come in?”
He pulled back and smiled at her. “Of course.”
She unlocked the door and they entered the apartment. “Oh, Greg and Allison know. I didn’t know how to tell you. Greg wanted to come just to see your reaction.”
“Of course he did. Next he’ll want us to name the baby after him.”
She sat down next to him on the couch.
“Are you really happy?” she asked. “You’re not freaked out? I was when I realized I was pregnant so it’s okay if you are.”
“The thought of being responsible for another life is a little daunting but I’m up for it if you are,” he told her.
She launched herself into his arms and he held her tightly.
“When are you telling Greg that you know?” she asked.
“Oh, I think once his jetlag wears off he’ll call me,” Wilson laughed. “For now, I just want to take you to bed.”
“Oh, that sounds heavenly.”

With their arms wrapped around each other, they went into her bedroom and closed the door.
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“Did you set up the appointments to check out the houses?” Cameron asked as she came to bed and pulled the covers up over her.
“Yeah. Tomorrow morning at ten we’re seeing the first one. It’s my least favorite of the three we narrowed down. If we love the third one, which is my first choice, then we won’t have to look at anymore.”
“Good plan,” she smiled at him as she snuggled closer.
“That’s why they pay me the big bucks,” he said as he reached over and turned out the light.
“Speaking of big bucks, we still need to hire more doctors and a hospital administrator.”
“Already on it. Resumes are on the coffee table in the living room. Wilson will come over and the three of us can go through them. He suggested hiring a male and I agree.”
Cameron nodded. “It would certainly be a nice change after working under Cuddy the last few years. Just as long as whoever it is isn’t anything like Vogler.”
House rolled his eyes. “Not a chance.”
“You have to know that whoever we get will no doubt be aware of your reputation.”
“That’s the fun part.”
“House,” Cameron said with an exasperated tone, and a look of warning, “we need someone to run the hospital. Don’t do anything that would scare them from wanting the job. We could make it a great hospital, bigger than PPTH if we take our time and make sure we have the right staff.”
“We will. We’ll put the word out to the best specialists in the country, and see who jumps at the chance.”
“Why not include Canada?”
House shrugged. “Isn’t it hard for a Canadian to work in the States?”
“Not as hard if he or she is officially offered a job. There’s some red tape, of course, but it goes a lot smoother if they actually have a specialty and a job lined up in writing.”
“Hmm, good point. I guess it can’t hurt. There are some brilliant doctors in the Great White North.”
“Yes there are. It’s not a teaching hospital like PPTH so we have more control over who we hire.”
“Mhm,” House murmured, his eyes already closed. He was falling asleep and Cameron smiled, lightly kissed his cheek and then settled into sleep.
September 4, 2007
The sun was shining and it was a good day for house hunting. Cameron had a good feeling about it as she went about her morning routine. She knew House had something up his sleeve. Of the three houses he chose, she’d only seen two online. The third was a mystery and she wondered why he’d saved it for last. However, she knew he had his reasons so she merely went along with it. All would be revealed soon.
The first one they looked at was nice, but it was too small inside, despite its large square footage and nice yard so they passed. The second was bigger still, but too far away from where they wanted to be.
“That just leaves your mystery house,” Cameron teased as they got back into the car.
“Yes,” was all he said as he backed out of the driveway. They headed back the way they came until they reached a gate at what looked like a closed community. The real estate agent they were following opened the gates and they proceeded up the winding road.
The home was at the top of the hill with a full view of the mountains. It also had a three car garage and Cameron wasn’t at all surprised.
“So this is the mystery house?” she asked as they got out of the car.
“Yes.”
“The website pictures don’t do it justice,” the realtor told them as she unlocked the front door. “And it comes fully furnished.”
“Nice.”
It was a large home. In fact, it was considerably bigger than the other two that they saw, but Cameron had to admit it had character and an open floor plan so she knew why House had chosen it. There was certainly room for his piano in the main living area. She could almost hear him playing for her while she cooked dinner in the fabulous looking kitchen.
“Wow…” was all she could say as she looked around while the realtor listed off the features.
“We need a hot tub on the deck,” House whispered in her ear as they went outside to check it out. It was covered and screened but had an incredible view.
“I think I know why you saved this place for last,” she whispered back.
“You like it, huh?”
“It’s amazing. But can we afford it?”
“I wouldn’t have bothered to check it out if we couldn’t.”
He had a point, but still, she was skeptical. “How much is it?” she asked the realtor once they’d gone through the house. She almost didn’t care how much at that point. She wanted it.
“Two and a quarter. Although I’m sure we could bring it down to an even two million. It’s been on the market for awhile.”
Her eyes widened and she looked at House who simply shrugged. When he saw the look of worry in her face he reached for her hand and pulled her out of the room.
“Excuse us,” he said to the realtor who nodded.
When they were out of earshot, he turned to face her. “What’s wrong?”
“Can we really afford this?”
“Yes, we can. I have enough to put down a substantial down payment, and when we start working at the hospital we’ll be making more than enough money between the two of us.” He placed his hands on her shoulders and looked intensely at her. “You trust me, don’t you?”
“Of course, but…it’s a lot of house…and it’s not as close to the hospital as the first place.”
“Sacrifices must be made to get what we want. We can do so much with this place. It has plenty of
room. Hell it even has a man cave and space for my piano. And did you see the master bedroom? We’re definitely going to make use of that poster bed.”

She chuckled. “Okay, okay. But you’re not the only one paying for it. It’s our house, right?”

“Right. Think of our wedding vows. You did promise to love me for richer or poorer. This is the richer part.”

She laughed again and nodded. “Okay. Let’s do it.”

He leaned over and gave her a soft kiss. “I knew you’d see it my way.”

After making an offer and signing the paperwork, they headed to a nearby cafe for lunch. “I never get tired of looking at these mountains,” she said as they sat outside on the patio.

“Well now you can look at them all day long.”

“What if they decline the offer?”

“Then we submit another. We will get that house,” House told her, sounding very confident.

“Waiting is the hardest part.”

“I hate waiting,” she sighed as she picked at her burger. “But once we get the house we have to go back to Princeton to pack up our stuff and testify at Greyson’s trial.”

“Yeah. I forgot that’s coming up. I’ll need to find a piano mover.”

She chuckled at the way he changed the conversation and shook her head. “I’m looking forward to actually making dinner for a change.”

“You like to cook?”

“Yeah. I just never seemed to have time or the motivation. Do you think we’ll have more time for ourselves now that we’ll be running the new hospital?”

“I actually think we will. No clinic, no charting, we choose our own cases, delegate to the team when needed. Which reminds me, we need to find some worthy doctors for that.”

“Are you going to hire fellows? Personally, I’d prefer not to.”

“I haven’t decided. Probably not, just specialists I think might be useful to us.”

“Yeah. Well don’t be surprised if Chase comes running when he hears that you’re hiring.”

“Would that bother you?”

“I don’t know. He’s a good doctor and he’s already getting good at thinking outside the box like you can. But we do have a history. I guess I’ll know if he applies.”

House knew she was right. “I guess we’ll just have to see who applies and go from there.”

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House came through the front door of GG’s cabin and dropped the keys onto the table. “Honey, I’m home!”

Cameron laughed as she stood in the doorway of the living room. “What? No hat being tossed onto the hat rack? No kiss hello?”

“No martini?” he replied. “And where’s my lunch?”

“Keep it up and you’ll be wearing it.”

“Spoken like a true newlywed,” he said as he lifted her up off her feet and then gave her a long kiss before he set her back down. “How was that?”

“Mmm, I think I’m going to need more convincing.”

“I see,” he said before throwing her over his shoulder and walking to the bedroom.

Meanwhile, Wilson and Hilary were sitting outside on the deck having drinking iced tea when they heard the commotion.

“They’re at it again,” he said with a roll of his eyes.

“Oh pish,” Hilary replied. “The honeymoon phase is still going.”

“I’ve just...never seen him like this.”

“Like what? Happy?”

“Yeah. Not even when he was with Stacy. He loved her, but he was never like this.”

“What was he like with her?”

“There were never any PDA’s, that’s for sure. Stacy could be fun but she was pretty conservative. The total opposite of Cameron.”

“I guess Allison is the one.”
“Yeah,” Wilson said with a smile. “This is just a version of House that I’ve never seen. Even more since he’s no longer in pain. Playing that round of golf before the wedding was huge. We used to play all the time before the infarction.”

“There’s a country club not too far from here. I’m sure Daddy could get you two into it.”

“As long as it’s not full of snobs. House hates that crap.”

“I don’t know. You’d have to ask.”

In their bedroom, House’s lips were working their way across Cameron’s stomach as he untied the string of her yoga pants and tugged them off.

She lay underneath him, her hands gripping the sheets as he went lower still and tugged on the waistline of her panties with his teeth, giving a playful growl which made her giggle.

“Such a tease,” she laughed and then gasped when he shoved the fabric aside and penetrated her with his tongue.

“You were saying?”

All she could do was moan in response and close her eyes, leaving House to do what he wanted. He honestly didn’t expect sex when he got home from his meeting with the realtor, but his good mood must’ve been infectious.

After he’d gotten his fill of her, and had her begging for release, he kicked off his jeans and proceeded to make love to his wife. His wife. Those two words tickled him and he smiled against her lips as they kissed.

It didn’t take long for them to reach their climaxes and when they did, they clung to each other, their lips crashing together as they both let out a deep, satisfying sigh.

“Mmm...afternoon delight is always a good idea,” he said as he kept her close and stroked her hair.

“Always. So where were you this morning? I didn’t know you had a meeting.”

“It was a spur of the moment kind of thing.”

“What did you go?”

“To meet the realtor.”

Cameron sat up. “And you didn’t think to wake me?”

“You were sound asleep. I shook you, even whispered in your ear but you just rolled over. I took that to mean you didn’t want to get up so I let you be.”

“Well? Are you going to tell me why you met with her? Did they accept our offer?”

He nodded. “They did. The house is ours.”

She was so excited she practically pounced on him and peppered his face with kisses, making him laugh.

“Excited, much?”

“Much.”

“We have to meet with her tomorrow to sign the official papers and do all the fun banking stuff.”

She squealed and kissed him again before getting up and finding her clothes. “We’re having a celebratory dinner tonight. I’m going to the store.”

“Get steaks,” he told her. “And wine. Oh, and some non-alcoholic stuff for Bunny.”

“Wanna come with me?”

“No way. Shopping is women’s work.”

Cameron rolled her eyes and laughed as she gathered up her clothes and then got dressed.

Chapter End Notes

If you want to see the House house, go to YouTube and enter 125 Stone Brook Trail, Black Mountain, NC. There are videos that show it inside/out. It’s GORGEOUS!
“Okay so do you recognize names here?” House asked Cameron and Wilson as they sat around the kitchen table with resumes of applicants.

“Not so far. Are we really only planning on hiring a male admin?” Cameron asked them. “I think we should consider interviewing some women. If word got out that we’re only hiring and interviewing men, that can open us up to all kinds of problems.”

Wilson nodded. “She’s right, House. We should keep it fair. And who knows, maybe we’ll end up with a damn good female admin.”

House shrugged. “Fine. But they must have a solid medical background.”

“Of course. Especially for the kinds of tests you like to run,” Cameron chuckled.

After a couple of hours, they narrowed their selections down to two men and two women and Cameron agreed to call them to set up interviews at the new hospital.

“Okay, now that that’s done, we need a team,” House said as he stretched.

Wilson opened a thick folder that he pulled from beneath a stack of resumes.

“He quit. Put it in the hell no! pile.”

Wilson put the paper on the empty chair next to him. Then he held up another resume. “Doctor Robert Chase.”

“Why are you hiding them?” House asked suspiciously.

Wilson smiled. “I wasn’t. I just sorted them to make things easier.” He held up a resume. “Doctor Eric Foreman, neurologist.”

Cameron snatched the application from his hands. “No way! He got a job at Mercy in Manhattan!”

“Apparently, he defied the administrator and she fired him. Rumor has it he did a risky procedure she told him not to do,” Wilson told them.

House sighed dramatically. “When will people learn that I’m the only one with the mad skills to pull that sort of thing off and get away with it?”

Cameron handed the paper back to Wilson. “He quit. Put it in the hell no! pile.”

Wilson put the paper on the empty chair next to him. Then he held up another resume. “Doctor Christopher Taub.”

House began to laugh and Cameron snatched the resume out of Wilson’s grasp and tore it in half. She got up and threw the torn page in the garbage. “I decided I don’t want to work with him. Did you know he called me? Asked why I married House when I could have married him.”


Cameron shook her head and pulled the folder away from him. “You’re in trouble now!” House sang with a grin.

“We need three doctors,” Cameron said as she sorted through the resumes. “And no more fooling around.”

“She’s talking to you,” House told Wilson.

“Doctor Lawrence Kutner, sports medicine. Hmmm, he looks promising.” She gave the paper to House who looked over it.

“Yeah,” he said thoughtfully. “One down two to go.”

Cameron read through each resume and an hour later, they had a team. House pushed the papers away and rubbed his face. “I need food,” he said. “Lots of food then a nap.”

Wilson looked at his watch. “I need to wake Hilary up.” He stood, stretched and walked out of the kitchen.

“They’re moving in together,” Cameron said as she sorted all the papers into neat piles.

“Hungry!” House whined.

“Well, go get the keys and I’ll meet you at the car,” she responded calmly. “We can go down to
Cherry Street and get some lunch. Then I want to go to the chocolate shop. Hilary is craving their Earl Grey tea truffles.”

House scraped his chair back and stood up. “That sounds disgusting.”

“You’ll be addicted to them,” she smiled.

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Greyson stood in line waiting for his chance at the pay phone. His trial was coming up and he had to get out of prison. When the grand jury declared he face trial and be remanded to prison, he was furious. Being forced to share a cell and eat the slop that passed for food was bad enough, but when his father told him Allison and House got married, he vowed to make them pay. It was their fault he was in this disgusting hole. All Allison had to do was dump that old gimp and marry him. Then he’d have the money he needed to pay off his debts. Instead she chose that cripple and now they were married. He knew a lawyer who could get Allison’s will and replace it with one that left all her money to him. Once he had her money, everything would be fine. The sooner the better, too. He owed a lot of money to some very dangerous men. He also needed money to make the child porn charge go away. Was it his fault that little girls turned him on? Everyone had a fetish, his just happened to be little girls. Allison obviously had a fetish for dried up old men with limps and she wasn’t in prison for it. Everything about life was so unfair. Why couldn’t people realize how perfect he was?

Finally, he got to the phone. He dialed and waited.

“Got a job for you,” he told the person on the other end. “I need you to get rid of Allison Langston, Greg House and Lisa Cuddy. They can’t testify at my trial.” He listened and then slammed his hand against the wall. “I’ll get you the money when I get out of here!” He ground his teeth as the other person talked. “Fine! Take what you want. Just kill them! All three of them! And make it look like accidents.”

He dropped the receiver and walked away with a smile. Soon he would be out of this place and back to his old life.

***

In a small room overlooking the main parking lot, a prison guard picked up the phone.

“Put me through to the DA,” she said. “A prisoner, Greyson Rockland, just ordered a hit on three people.”

While she waited to be connected, she shook her head and made a copy of the call. “Some prisoners are such dumbasses,” she muttered.

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Cameron snatched the bag away from House. “Those are for Hilary,” she told him.

“Who knew Earl Grey tea and chocolate would be so good,” he said as he reached for the bag again. Cameron got up from the couch still holding the white bag filled with truffles.

“I did tell you,” she said as she went outside to meet Hilary and Wilson. House heard Hilary squeal and he folded his arms. When the three of them entered, they looked at House sitting on the couch pouting.

“You ate my chocolate,” Hilary chided. “Didn’t anyone ever teach you not to mess with the pregnant lady?”

Cameron crossed to sit next to him. “We’ll go into town tomorrow and get you some more.” House huffed and then looked at her. “Go make your calls. There’s a game on.”

She kissed him and got up. Wilson sat down next to him and turned on the TV. Soon both men were engrossed in the game. Hilary went outside and sat on the porch swing. She opened the bag and inhaled deeply then reached in and began to devour the truffles. When Cameron joined her an hour later, she was half asleep with a smudge of chocolate on her upper lip. She blinked sleepily when she saw her sister. Cameron sat down next to her and Hilary lay down and put her head in Cameron’s lap. Cameron stroked her hair and began to swing gently.

“I’m so sleepy all the time,” Hilary yawned. “And hungry. I feel like all I do is sleep and eat.”

“You’re still working out, right? And taking your vitamins?”

“Yeah,” Hilary responded softly. “We should run together. You could run when I do instead of the
ass crack of dawn like you do now.”
“You used to love to run at the ass crack of dawn,” Cameron teased.
“That was before this little human inside me started sucking up all my energy,” she responded with a quiet laugh. “Any chance you and Greg are going to have one?”
Cameron shrugged. “I don’t know. Right now I just want to get Greyson’s trial over with and get things started at the hospital. Which reminds me, I set up all the interviews for the week after we testify.”
“I hope they put him away for the rest of his sick, perverted life.”
“Me, too.”
September 13, 2007

Late that night a man dressed in black crept up to the cabin. He picked the lock on the door leading into the garage and slipped inside. Slowly and carefully, he made his way to the sedan and slid beneath it. A moment later he slid out and jimmed the car door open. He fiddled with the seat belts and then locked the door before closing it quietly. He slipped out of the garage and disappeared.

***

At breakfast the next morning, Wilson looked over at Cameron.
“I need the car today,” he told her. “Hilary wants more truffles and I thought I’d get us more groceries.”
House looked at him. “What you need to do is get your ass back to your own place.”
“I would but I no longer have my place,” he replied slapping House’s hand when he tried to take Wilson’s bacon. “The landlord let me out of my lease and Hilary and I are going house hunting on Saturday.”
“Take the car,” Cameron told him. “Will you pick up some chipotle truffles? I want Greg to try them. Oh, and we need toilet paper.”
“Married life is so romantic,” House sighed. “Chocolate and toilet paper. I’m swooning.”

After breakfast, he got into sedan and started down the mountain toward town. Wilson tapped the brake pedal and it went all the way to the floor. He pressed against it again and nothing happened. The car began to pick up speed as he tried to keep it on the dirt and gravel road. When his seat belt came loose, Wilson grunted as he pulled hard on the steering wheel to take a curve in the road. The wheels spun against the gravel causing the car to swing to the right. As the car sailed over the edge into the ravine, he went flying through the windshield as the car hit the ground before rolling over in the underbrush. It hit a large tree and the airbags deployed.

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Three hours later, House looked at his watch. Cameron put her hand over his.
“Maybe he went into Asheville,” she told him with a worried look in her eyes.
“You don’t believe that any more than I do,” he said as he reached for his cellphone. He dialed Wilson’s number and waited.
“It went straight to voicemail,” he said.
Hilary came out of the bedroom and headed straight to the kitchen.
“James!” she yelled. “Where’s my chocolate?”
“He went to get it, Mommy Dearest,” House called out.
At that moment, their cell phones began to ring. Cameron picked up her phone at the same time House answered his. She looked at the caller ID and answered it. She had no idea why someone from the DA’s office was calling her unless the date of Greyson’s trial had changed. A young man explained to her that Greyson put a hit out on her, House and Cuddy. The DA was sending police protection for all of them. She thanked the attorney and clicked off her phone. She looked over at House who was frowning at his phone.
“We need to find Wilson,” he said.
“You don’t think….?”
“I think we need to find Wilson,” he repeated.

At that moment, the doorbell rang. Hilary came out of the kitchen carrying a large bowl of chocolate ice cream. “Finally,” she grumbled as she headed for the door. When she swung it open, she stopped short. Four uniformed police officers stood on the front porch.
“Afternoon, ma’am,” one said. “Are you Allison Langston?”
“I’m Allison Langston House,” Cameron said as she walked up behind Hilary. She gripped House’s hand. “This is my husband, Greg House.”
“I need you to take me down the road,” House told him. “My friend, James Wilson, went to town three hours ago and we haven’t heard from him.” The tall, burly officer looked back at his colleagues. A tall woman with a stern face nodded. “We’ll take you, Doctor House,” she said. “I’m going with you,” Hilary told him. She handed her bowl and spoon to Cameron. “Hathaway and Lewis, you’ll stay with Doctor Langston,” the first officer said. House kissed Cameron before releasing her hand. “Call Cuddy,” he said. “And I’ll call you when we find Wilson.” She nodded and stood back to allow Lewis and Hathaway in.

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As they walked to one of the police cruisers parked in the driveway, the first officer introduced himself and his partner. “I’m Officer Bailey and this is Officer Scott.” The woman, Officer Scott, opened the back door of the cruiser. House and Hilary climbed into the back seat. Scott closed the door and walked around the car to get into the passenger seat. Bailey started the car and soon they were driving slowly down the winding mountain road. House saw a break in the rhododendron bushes and a plume of smoke rising from the underbrush. “Stop!” he shouted. “It looks like the car went off the road there.” He was out of the cruiser before it came to a complete stop. He crashed through the thick tangle of bushes and vines with Hilary, Scott and Bailey behind him. His breath left him when he saw Wilson on the ground several feet from the wrecked sedan. He was bleeding from several cuts and his right leg was twisted in an odd angle. As he knelt beside his best friend, he was dimly aware of one of the officers calling for an ambulance. “James!” Hilary cried. She knelt down next to House. “Do something! You’re a doctor!” “Shut up,” House told her harshly. He turned to the two officers. “I need a pen light.” Scott handed him a penlight. “Bailey is bringing the first aid kit and a small oxygen tank.” House carefully opened Wilson’s eyes and shone the light in them. “Left pupil is sluggish,” he said. He handed the tiny flashlight back to Scott and continued his examination of Wilson. “Pulse is weak and thready. Patella appears to be broken along with his tibia,” House unbuttoned Wilson’s shirt. A large bruise was forming along Wilson’s right side. “What is it?” Hilary asked. “Why is his side turning black?” “He has internal bleeding and his liver may be lacerated,” House told her. In the distance, they heard sirens. Hilary looked at House with wide eyes, her face devoid of all color. “He can’t die,” she whispered. “He can’t.” House looked over his shoulder as the EMTs came running down the hill. Within minutes, they had Wilson loaded in the ambulance. House and Hilary followed them.

House looked back at Scott. “Check out the car.” Scott carefully made her way to the wreckage and looked at the underside. The sound of sirens filled the air as Bailey followed the ambulance. Scott examined the car thoroughly and then radioed Hathaway. “Get Doctor House out of there and come pick me up,” she said. “Someone tried to kill them.” ***

Hathaway and Lewis walked on either side of Cameron as they followed Scott into the hospital. They found House and Hilary in a waiting room on the fifth floor. Hilary sat curled against House sobbing quietly. Bailey stood beside them with his hands behind his back. Cameron sat down beside Hilary and Scott motioned for House to join her. While Cameron consoled her sister, Scott took House out into the hallway. “How is Doctor Wilson?” she asked. “Shattered patella, broken tibia, skull fracture, internal bleeding and a lacerated liver. They’re operating on him now. It’ll be hours before we know anything,” House told her. “Doctor Cuddy was attacked outside her house,” Scott told him grimly. “She was stabbed five times but managed to get the knife away and kill her attacker. She called 911, too. She’s alive and
recovering at Princeton-Plainsboro.”

House laughed softly. “I always knew she was too tough to kill.”

“The brake lines were cut on the car and the seat belts were tampered with. Most likely by the man who attacked Doctor Cuddy. His name was Richard Allthorpe. He was an old friend of Greyson Rockland’s. The DA is waiting to hear if Doctor Wilson survives. If he does, Rockland gets another attempted murder charge added. If he doesn’t, he’ll be charged with murder. Doctor Cuddy won’t be charged since she killed Allthorpe in self defense.”

“Wilson will survive,” House stated. “If he doesn’t, I’ll kill that sack of shit myself.”

“I’ll pretend I didn’t hear you say that,” Scott told him.

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It was after midnight before the surgeon came out to see them. Hilary slept with her head in Cameron’s lap and House paced in front of them. Hathaway and Lewis stood guard outside the waiting room while Scott and Bailey stayed in the room.

“Doctor House,” the surgeon said as she approached him. “I’m Doctor Malandra. Doctor Wilson is in recovery. We’ll move him to ICU shortly. I set his broken leg but I’ll have to replace his kneecap later. I repaired his liver and stopped the internal bleeding. As for the skull fracture, there is no sign of fluid leaking or brain swelling I’m going to keep an eye on him in case anything changes. A nurse will be in later to let you know when you can see him.”

“What about brain damage?” House asked.

“I don’t foresee him suffering from brain damage but we’ll have to wait until he regains consciousness. I called in a favor and Doctor Eric Foreman has agreed to come examine him when he regains consciousness.”

“No fucking way,” House told her bluntly. “He worked for me and he isn’t touching Wilson. I’ll get a different neurologist.”

Doctor Malandra looked at him and shrugged. “If you need anything, have a nurse find me.”

Once she left, House turned to Cameron and Hilary. Hilary was awake and looked at him with wide, frightened eyes.

“I can’t lose him, too,” she whispered.

“You’re not going to,” Cameron assured her.

House sat down next to them. First he told them about Wilson then he told them what Scott said.

“I remember Richard from school,” Cameron said. “He always gave me the creeps. I can’t believe Cuddy managed to kill him.”

House shrugged. “I can.”

He put his arm around her and they all sat back to wait.
Chapter 5

October 1, 2007
While Wilson recovered from his injuries at the hospital, House and Cameron returned to Princeton to tie up loose ends and pack the rest of their things. The new house was ready to move into and they had the keys.

Greyson’s trial was pushed back a month due to the attacks on Wilson and Cuddy, so House and Cameron used that time wisely. They hired movers to pack what they couldn’t and have it all shipped to the new house, including House’s piano and motorcycle. They also had to apply for medical licenses in North Carolina and that would take weeks to process as well.

As Wilson’s legal proxy, and with his help via phone, Hilary was able to take care of things for him. She found a decent penthouse apartment for them to live in near the new hospital and arranged everything to be ready when Wilson was released. He was healing from his injuries very quickly and would soon be able to go home with Hilary and start physio.

House sold his apartment, leaving most of the furniture behind, except his leather couch and his desk while Cameron decided to keep her furniture and use it in the new house, since it was in good shape and could be used in various rooms. The rest they planned to buy themselves.

Once everything was taken care of, they decided to drive Cameron’s car to their new place and he sold his Dynasty to a used car dealer with the intent of buying a new car when they got settled. They set out at seven thirty the next morning.

After driving ten hours, taking turns halfway, they pulled up to their new house just as the sun was beginning to set.

“Wow,” Cameron said as she got out of the car and wandered over to the edge of the yard. “House, come look at this view!”

He followed her around the back of the house and sat down next to her on a stone bench. “This is going to be our view every night,” he whispered in her ear as he kissed it. The view was certainly spectacular and they sat until the sun disappeared below the mountains. “Come on, Mrs. House. I have a surprise for you.”

Once they reached the front door, he scooped her up and carried her inside. Once he kicked the door closed and had Cameron lock it, he continued up the stairs toward the master bedroom but stopped on the top step. “Close your eyes.”

She giggled again but did as instructed. He carried her into the bedroom, turned on the light and set her on her feet.

“Okay you can look now.”

The first thing she saw was the large mahogany four poster bed in the middle of the room, with rose petals scattered all over the bedspread. Beside it was a bottle of champagne on ice and some strawberries dipped in chocolate.

“Who did all this?” she asked as she walked over to the bed and sat down on it.

“Jeeves. He was more than happy to help. I wanted our first night here to be memorable.” House popped open the champagne bottle and poured them each a glass.

“We’re going to grow old here. You and I. Any objections?”

Cameron shook her head as she reached for a strawberry. “Not one.”

He sat down next to her, they clinked their glasses together and drank. “I love you, Greg.”

He smiled at her and nodded. “I love you, too.”

After they drank some champagne, they brought their luggage up and got ready for bed. “I’m so tired,” she yawned as she emerged from the master bathroom after putting her hair up and brushing her teeth. “I’m apologizing in advance if I fall asleep on you.”

House had already turned the bed down and climbed in. “I was going to give you the same warning. Let’s just sleep and see how we feel in the morning.”

“I like the sound of that. It was a long day.”

“But a good day, right?”
“Absolutely.”
The sun was just coming up when House opened one eye and looked around. At first, he was
disoriented, as nothing looked familiar, and then he remembered.
We’re in our new home. He smiled at that and looked over at Cameron still asleep next to him. He
softly kissed her temple and she smiled in her sleep.
“Are you awake?” he whispered. But there was no answer.
“Hmm...I guess I’ll have to try harder,” he said and began kissing his way down her body until he
was under the covers.
Cameron slowly awoke, her body tingling all over and she groaned at the sensations that flooded her.
At first she was disoriented, unsure of where she was or what was going on. When she glanced over,
House wasn’t there. Then she felt his scruff lightly scrape the inside of her right thigh. She lifted up
the covers and he looked up at her with a sexy grin and wagged his eyebrows at her. She laughed
and flipped the blankets off them.
“Good morning,” she said with a soft smile.
“It’s about to be,” he grinned as he spread her legs.
When his mouth touched her, his tongue parting her folds, she gasped and gripped the sheets. Desire
raced along her skin and she thrust against his mouth. House gripped her hips to keep her still,
prolonging the sweet torture as he worked his tongue slowly and deliberately.
“House…” she murmured, still gripping the sheets. “You’re...entirely too good at that.”
“So sweet,” he murmured, then slipped one finger inside and then another, making her gasp and arch
her back off the bed.
“Oh God!”
He chuckled but didn’t stop what he was doing. Her reaction was driving him crazy. Cameron
writhed against his ministrations and thrashed her head from side to side as he worked his fingers and
his tongue faster.
He was hitting all the right spots and Cameron cried out as her orgasm took over, causing her to bury
her hands in House’s hair as her whole body tensed and relaxed. Blood rushed through her veins and
her heart raced as House released her and began his slow trail of kisses up her body until his mouth
found hers again.
She could just barely taste herself on his tongue but it wasn’t unpleasant like she thought. She was
still coming down from her climax but that was quickly shattered when he slid into her wet core and
immediately began thrusting deeply.
“Yes!” she cried out again and placed her hands on his chest, her nails raking over his nipples.
House groaned as she lifted her head and kissed the base of his throat, discovering yet another one of
his erogenous zones. She smiled against his skin as her mouth and hands continued to explore
anywhere they could.
“Cameron….”
“Allison,” she corrected as she raised her hips to meet his thrusts each time. “When it’s just us...like
this....I want you to call me Allison…..”
He merely nodded, unable to form any coherent words himself as his mouth made its way across her
throat and began nipping at her neck.
“Allison…..”
She turned her head and captured his lips with hers. “Take me...so close....”
He wrapped his arms around her and they held on to each other while their climaxes overpowered
them.
Cameron’s body shivered as the last of the orgasmic ripples washed over her and they lay together in
a tangled heap, bathed in sweat.
“Well if that’s not a killer housewarming, I don’t know what is,” he mumbled as he kissed her ear.
“Mhm,” she giggled and untangled herself from him. “And just think of all the other rooms we have
to christen.”
“I am. I’ve got plans.”
She giggled again and stretched luxuriously as House watched her. He let his hand slide over her
breast and she sighed. “I don’t know about you, but I’m starving. I’m thinking there must be a place to have breakfast around here.”
“We’ll find it. Get dressed and we’ll go. When we get back, we’ll start on the christenings.”
She laughed and gave him a quick kiss. “Sounds like a plan.”
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

The views expressed in this chapter are not views either of us endorse or condone. But, we love us some angst!!

October 29, 2007

Greyson’s trial finally started and more charges were added to his case, including three counts of conspiracy to commit murder, and two counts of attempted murder.

House, Cameron, Wilson and Cuddy all sat behind the long table with their lawyers as they waited for Greyson to be brought into the courtroom. To their right sat the twelve jurors. Seven men and five women of varying ages and races sat in the jury box and looked around the courtroom.

When a door opened and Greyson entered flanked by two prison guards everyone turned to look at him, except House. He kept his eye on the jury. One young woman’s lip curled in disgust at the sight of him. House bit back a smile. She was obviously chosen by their lawyers.

The orange jumpsuit and slip on shoes Greyson was forced to wear were not flattering. He looked like an orange fire plug. He was also wearing shackles and leg irons as the officers led him to the opposite table and shoved him down onto the hard plastic chair.

Greyson looked over at Cameron and gave her a wicked grin. She opened her mouth to say something but House placed his hand on hers. “Don’t,” he said softly. “Don’t look at him. Just look straight ahead...or at me,” he added with a wicked grin of his own.

She smiled at him, leaned over and kissed his cheek.

“All rise. The Honorable Justice Katherine McDonald Glore, presiding,” the Bailiff announced as the door to the Judge’s chambers opened and an older woman with short dark curls and smooth fair skin took her seat on the bench.

“You may be seated,” she said, in a very serious tone, and House could tell she was going to be one tough judge. He settled back in his chair and reached out for Cameron’s hand. She interlaced her fingers with his and gripped his hand tightly.

The judge looked at Greyson her grey-blue eyes sharp. “Let’s hear opening statements,” she said. The lawyers spent the next two hours presenting their cases. Greyson’s lawyer was as slick and smarmy as he was and House could see the jury’s growing dislike for him as he preened and paraded in front of them.

When they finished, Judge Glore called for a one hour recess, tapped her gavel and exited the courtroom. The jury was led out a separate door and Greyson was taken out the door he arrived in. He glanced over his shoulder and winked at Cameron just as the door closed.

“What now?” Cameron asked Alan, their lawyer.

“Now, we go to lunch. But it’s not looking good for your friend, Greyson. Judge Glore is one tough cookie. She likes to set an example and child porn and murder are two things she is very serious about, especially in situations such as this. He’s not going to get a slap on the wrist like he hopes. I’ve seen her give concurrent life sentences for cases like this.”

House’s eyes went wide and he grinned at Cameron. “Come on, let’s eat lunch.” He glanced at Cuddy. “Coming?”

She shook her head. “No thank-you. I’m not hungry. I’ll see you later.”

They watched as she got up and walked out of the room.

“Do you think she’s okay” Cameron inquired.
House shrugged. “Don’t know, don’t care. Let’s go. There’s a cafe across the street.”
The foursome ordered lunch but it was a relatively quiet lunch. Hilary was the only one who actually ate anything. Her appetite was quite ravenous. As the morning sickness subsided, she began to crave anything and everything.
“I have a question that’s been bothering me for a while,” she commented as she put down her fork. She looked at the three of them to make sure she had their attention. “How could Doctor Cuddy survive being stabbed five times and kill Ricky Allthorpe? I looked in James’ medical books and tried to research it online but I didn’t really find an answer that made sense.”
House looked at her with a slight smile. “Adrenaline. In a situation like that, the limbic system takes over and the prefrontal cortex basically shuts down.”
“Okay, that’s what the books and the internet said,” she told him leaning forward. “I understand how those parts of the brain function but not how she could be stabbed and overpower him and kill him.”
“Think of it like a seesaw. The limbic system is the emotional side of the seesaw and the prefrontal cortex, which governs our logical and reasoned thinking is the other side. The logical side went down and the emotional side went up. It happens when you get angry or annoyed with Wilson when he’s acting like a girl.” Hilary bit her lip to hide a smile. Wilson shook his head. “Basically, she went into fight or flight mode. With Cuddy, it was fight and kill mode. Most people get shot or stabbed and don’t even feel it until later. The brain and body are amazing things. Especially the brain. It’s good at protecting us from trauma. Just can’t protect us from idiots who think they know everything.”
Cameron sighed. “We should head back. I just want this to be over with.”
They headed back to the courtroom and waited for the judge and jury to return. Greyson sat shackled at the table with his lawyer. He kept looking at Cameron trying to catch her eye. She ignored him and talked quietly with House. Finally, the jury filed in and sat down. A moment later, the bailiff called for them to rise. Judge Glore entered the room and Greyson’s trial began.
Over the next three days, Greyson's lawyer called in witnesses who attested to his strength of character and his commitment to the community. The other lawyers cross examined them all and one by one they all admitted to being promised payment from Greyson in return for their testimony. House watched with amusement as Greyson grew angrier and angrier. Then their lawyers brought their witnesses to the stand. Jeffrey Sparkman told the jury how Greyson paid him fifty thousand dollars to drug Cuddy. Two doctors from PPTH testified to finding heroin and benzodiazepine in Cuddy’s system and the extent of her injuries after the attack by Richard Allthorpe. The officers who were assigned to protect House and Cameron testified about the wreck and the sabotage to GG’s sedan. Then Cuddy testified and House watched Greyson’s face turn purple with rage. His lawyer kept a grip on his arm and whispered urgently to him. When Wilson took the stand, Greyson shot up out of his seat. The prison guards moved forward but Judge Glore held her hand up.
“Sit down, Mister Rockland,” she said sternly.
“No!” Greyson shouted his face twisted in rage. “He wasn’t supposed to be in the car! House and his bitch were! I told that asshole, Allthorpe, to get rid of them! He couldn’t even kill that useless bitch, Lisa Cuddy!! She killed him! Why isn’t she on trial?? He was supposed to kill those three!! Do you know how much money I spent trying to get rid of them?? It’s not my fault that their stupid friend got in the car instead! It’s not my fault Allthorpe couldn’t kill them like I told him to!! Do you know how hard it was to dose that Cuddy bitch? I had to carry a syringe around with me! I need MONEY!! I haven’t done anything wrong! I had to get Allison’s money! Why can’t you see that I’m the one who was wronged here?? Allison was supposed to marry me! Instead she married that old gimp! I had to get her money—”
Judge Glore banged her gavel and nodded to the prison guards who grabbed Greyson.
“Mister Rockland,” she said as she looked at him, “stop!”
Greyson bared his teeth but stopped shouting. His lawyer jumped up.
“Your Honor, I call for a mistrial,” he said as he wiped away the sweat pouring down his face.
“Why, Mister Rutenbar?” the judge asked. “Because your client just confessed to nearly all his crimes in open court? Nice try.” She looked at the jury. “You are all dismissed. The court thanks you for your time.”

The bailiff led the jury out of the room and all the spectators were led out as well.

Judge Glore looked at Greyson. “Are you done?”

Rutenbar threw up his hands and sat down when Greyson looked the judge up and down with derision.

“The child porn is a simple fetish,” he told her. “Everyone has a fetish. Allison has a thing for old, dried up cripples but she isn’t on trial. Lisa Cuddy likes to fuck guys in sports cars but she isn’t on trial.” Suddenly he smiled. “Really, what have I done that’s so wrong? I needed money and I tried to get it. That’s all.”

Judge Glore peered at him over her glasses and frowned. “Plotting to kill your ex girlfriend? Really, Mr. Rockland? Oh, and her husband, and Doctor Lisa Cuddy. Nearly killing Dr. James Wilson in your plot to kill Doctors Allison and Gregory House? You really don’t think you did anything wrong?”

“NO!! WHY CAN’T YOU GET THAT THROUGH YOUR THICK SKULL, YOU IGNORANT BITCH??” Greyson roared.

Rutenbar slumped down in his chair and covered his face. “Shut up, you idiot,” he muttered.

Judge Glore suddenly smiled. “Well, you have just made my job so much easier,” she said pleasantly. “Greyson Rockland, you have confessed to all of the charges against you. As a result, I find you guilty on all counts and I sentence you to life in prison with no chance of parole for each count. That’s a total of eight consecutive life sentences. You will serve out these sentences at New Jersey State Prison. Court is adjourned.” She tapped her gavel and the bailiff instructed them all to rise as she left the courtroom. Greyson struggled and continued to scream obscenities as he was pulled from the courtroom.

House looked at Cameron and smiled. “Well, that’s over. Let’s go home.”

“Just let me go talk to Cuddy first,” she told him. She walked over to her former boss who was gathering up her things.

“Hey,” Cameron said softly.

Cuddy looked up at her and for the first time, Cameron saw a thin, dark red scar just below Cuddy’s left collarbone.

“Hey,” Cuddy responded. Tears filled her eyes. Cameron hugged her. Cuddy hugged her tightly and then stepped back.

“I feel like such an idiot,” she told Cameron. “I let myself get dosed. I let myself get ambushed by that idiotic hitman. I suppose House told you I was stabbed?”

Cameron nodded her head. “He did.”

“He slashed at me a few times and then stabbed me in the stomach. I didn’t even feel it at the time. I just fought back until I killed him. I don’t remember doing it. I don’t even remember calling 911. But I did. I killed someone.” Her lip trembled and tears slid down her cheeks. “I’m terrified to go out but I have to work. Whenever someone comes up behind me, I freak out. I always feel like I’m on high alert. I’m having night terrors when I do manage to sleep. I don’t know what to do.”

Cameron took her hands and looked into her eyes. “Have you thought about seeing a therapist? Wilson has PTSD. It sounds like you do, too. His is relatively mild but I think yours is pretty severe.”

Cuddy pulled her hands free and wiped her eyes. “Post traumatic stress disorder, huh? The board members suggested a therapist and agreed to let me take some time off. I think I need to do that.” She looked at Cameron. “House looks happy. So do you. I’m glad. You really are the only woman who can put up with him.”

Cameron shrugged. “I love him.”

Cuddy nodded. “I’m going home. I have to call the therapist and the board. Good luck, Allison.” They hugged again.

“Good luck, Lisa,” Cameron whispered.
House sat on the rowing machine and watched as Wilson worked with his physical therapist. The hospital opened over a month earlier and House was hiding out from one of his team members. “She’s off,” he told Wilson. “She keeps telling me to call her Jo instead of Manning. She brings me lunch. Healthy shit I’d never eat. She stares at me. It’s creepy.”
Doctor Josephine Manning was one of the last members of House’s team to be hired and the oldest. Her reputation at her former hospital spoke volumes and she had the knowledge and experience to back up her nearly twenty year career in medicine as an Internist. Like all the other members of the team, she was board certified and came highly recommended. Doctor Lawrence Kutner followed him around and hung on his every word like an eager puppy but it didn’t grate on his nerves the way it did when Manning did it. The other two members of the team, Doctor Nina Adkins and Doctor Bradley Snyder, also listened to him and did as he told them which he liked. Adkins, though, would often challenge him or Cameron in a respectful way that he found refreshing. Snyder occasionally did the same but House got the feeling he was testing the waters. He had a feeling Snyder would get comfortable and really push the boundaries. House hoped it would happen soon because he liked the young man and saw a great deal of potential in him. He saw potential for greatness in all of them but Manning was getting starry eyed over him and he knew that could be trouble. He complained endlessly to Cameron but she saw nothing wrong with the way Manning acted and reminded him she once had a huge crush on him. To his mind that was different because he fell in love with Cameron the moment he hired her. He found the love of his life and it wasn’t Manning. If he were completely honest, Manning made him deeply uncomfortable. There was something about her that put him on high alert.

“Do we have to do this now?” Wilson puffed as he pushed his feet against the therapist’s hands. “I’m kind of trying to get mobile again.”
House stared off into space. “I can’t report her to HR. I can’t fire her. Maybe I can switch her to another department. She’s internal medicine so she could work in most departments.”
Wilson sighed loudly. “Have you tried talking to her? She’s coming off a bad divorce. Maybe she just wants validation. Though why she’d look to you for it is beyond me.”
House began to row slowly while staring at his friend with narrowed eyes. “You’re very hurtful sometimes. It’s a very unattractive quality. Do you say mean things like that to Hilary?”
“No, just you because you’re so special.”
“Allison doesn’t even notice how creepy Manning can be.”
“Could that be because Cameron is focused on her job rather than your paranoia?”
House got up and looked down his nose at Wilson. “I do have other friends, you know. They’re more sympathetic.”
“No you don’t which is why you’re here. Go talk to Brooks about her.”
House stared hard at Wilson. “He’s my friend.”
“He’s our boss,” Wilson replied as he got off the table and used his cane to slowly follow the PT to the massage room. “Go talk to him.”
“Mundell’s my friend!”
“He’s your father-in-law! It’s his job to be nice to you!”
The PT shut the door and House looked around at the other patients. “He is my friend,” he told them before stalking off.

Nicholas Brooks looked up when House entered his office. He’d been handpicked by the hiring committee to run Langston Memorial. He knew House was part of the hiring committee but he didn’t meet him until after he was hired. He quickly learned why. House had no boundaries when it came
to procedures or Brooks. House never knocked, he often interrupted meetings to ask for insane tests, destroyed equipment running the tests, offended patients, other doctors and nurses, plus he refused to wear a lab coat. In spite of all that, Brooks liked him and respected him.

House sat down in front of Brooks’ desk and put his feet up on it.

“Got a problem,” he said as he folded his hands behind his head.

Brooks leaned back in his chair and waited. He was what House called a pencil pusher. He wore a suit and tie each day. His blonde hair was neatly combed. His blue eyes were shrewd but his smile was genuine. When House found out Brooks once headed one of the busiest and most successful ERs in the country, he showed him respect. A House style respect but respect none the less.

“Mannings is all over me like a cheap hooker,” House told him.

“In what way?”

“She stares at me. Brings me lunch. Wants me to call her Jo. Follows me around.”

“Sounds like she’s trying to be friends which is admittedly not something you should encourage. Have you talked to Allison about this?”

House looked at Brooks like he was insane. “Of course I talked to my wife about this. I talked to Wilson. Hell, I even told Jeeves. They all tell me the same thing. She’s gone through a tough divorce, she had to give up her share in her practice, her husband cheated on her and got to keep everything including their rug rats. Is it my fault she had a horrible lawyer and the judge just went through a nasty divorce of his own?”

“No,” Brooks told him. “But she is trying to adjust. Would you like me to talk to her?”

House sighed and shook his head.

“No. But when you find my body in her basement, remember this conversation.”

Brooks bit back a laugh.

“Okay. Do you need anything else?”

House swung his legs to the floor and stood up. “Yeah. Allison and I are going to that damn medical conference.”

Brooks nodded and managed to hide his delight. Getting House to agree to go was a major coup for the hospital.

“Good.”

“You ever tried to tell your partner no?” House asked.

“Does he trick you into doing things you’d never do?”

“All the time. Love is a very tricky thing.”

“Allison is a very tricky thing,” House said and left.

***

That night, House stood in the kitchen cooking dinner. Cameron moved around gathering the things he requested.

“Manning wants me to join her for dinner,” he told her.

Cameron frowned. “She didn’t say anything to me.”

“Because she isn’t stalking you,” he told her. “I need the sherry. And not that crap you bought but the good stuff from the liquor cabinet.”

“It’s cooking sherry,” she remarked as she left the room. She returned with a bottle of Joseph Filippi NV Oloroso Library Reserve Sherry which she handed to him.

“It’s sludge.”

She leaned against the counter and watched as he combined the sherry with finely chopped shallots and garlic. The tantalizing smell tickled her nose and she breathed deeply.

“Did Dad and Blythe say why they’re coming for dinner?” she asked.

“Cream,” he said. She got the cream from the refrigerator and handed it to him. He slowly stirred it into the sherry mixture. “And no. Mundell just said they had two things to tell us. Turn the chicken.”

Cameron grabbed the tongs and turned the four chicken breasts browning in another pan. “I think they might be planning to tell us that Dad asked your mom to move in.”

She wrinkled her nose. “They’re our parents.”

“Check the brussel sprouts,” he told her. “That doesn’t mean they can’t have relations, too. It
Cameron straightened up from the oven. “Yes, you are very good at that.”

“Now I just need to manage to keep Manning off my jock.”

“I saw a picture of her ex-husband and you look a little like him.”

House slowly poured the cream and sherry mixture over the chicken breasts and covered the pan with a lid. “Then she should hate me, not be following me around like a little duckling,” he said. “I think she still loves him. She said she didn’t want a divorce. Maybe she’s just projecting on to you.”

“Well, she needs to stop. It’s getting creepy.”

The doorbell rang and Cameron went to answer it. House opened a bottle of wine and poured four glasses. His mother entered the kitchen and hugged him.

“Hi, Mom,” he said with a slight smile.


“And roasted brussel sprouts with pancetta along with rice pilaf.”

“Then she should hate me, not be following me around like a little duckling,” he said. “I think she still loves him. She said she didn’t want a divorce. Maybe she’s just projecting on to you.”

“How are they handling this?” Cameron asked.

Mundell shook his head. “I don’t think so. They’re putting on a brave face. It’s got to be hard, though. In a sense, they’ve lost him twice. They’re moving to California.” He looked at Blythe who nodded. “In happier news, Blythe has agreed to move here and live with me. Hopefully, Millicent won’t cause any problems.”

“Welcome to the family,” House commented. “Release it and she’ll slink away.”

Mundell smiled slightly. “We found a house not far from here. I hope you won’t mind having us so close. We promise to call before we come over and you’re both welcome any time.”

“Then you can tell us your news.”

Once they were settled, Mundell took a sip of his wine. “Well, Walter Rockland called me today. Greyson is dead. He was raped, tortured and killed. They’re letting the prison cremate him. Apparently, men who dabble in child porn are not looked upon favorably in jail.”

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jeans and pushed them and his boxer shorts down. Leaning forward, she cupped his balls in one hand, gently massaging them. He still held her head and his fingers curled into her scalp. She licked the tip again and then blew a warm puff of air over it.

“Oh, sweet Jesus, what are you doing to me, woman??” he groaned.

She looked up at him and he looked down at her. Sweat shone on his face and his eyes were dark with desire. Holding his gaze, she took him into her mouth again and began to suck him hard. Her teeth lightly grazed his length and his mouth opened as his breathing quickened. She squeezed his balls and sucked harder. Throwing his head back, he shouted and she felt his cock pulse in her mouth. Then he came down her throat and she swallowed several times. When he went soft and relaxed, she released him and stood up. She kissed him allowing him to taste him on her tongue.

“You are amazing,” he whispered against her mouth. Then he kissed her again. Stepping out of his jeans and boxer shorts, he picked her up and carried her to their bedroom where they made love until the early hours of the morning.
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

We do not share or condone the views expressed by a character in this chapter. We also don't own House.

November 13, 2007

The next morning, Manning sat with the other members of the team as they ate breakfast and waited for House and his wife. She stirred her yogurt and watched the door. Kutner and Snyder laughed about something ridiculous they did the night before and Adkins read a medical journal as she ate. Mannings glanced at her watch. They were late and they were never late. She finished her yogurt and pushed the empty container to one side. The need to see House gnawed at her. She knew if he would just give her a chance she could make him much happier than his wife did. Why he was so enamoured of the young blonde was a mystery to her. He didn’t even call her by her name half the time, often referring to her as Cameron. All she could think was that Langston’s money held a tremendous appeal for him. To Manning, she wasn’t all that pretty, she was too thin, and she wasn’t particularly smart. Oh, she came up with a diagnosis pretty consistently but Manning believed House told her what to say so she appeared smarter than she actually was. Then there was the age difference. House needed a woman with experience and maturity not some young trophy to hang on his arm. That’s what Nathan, her ex-husband, decided he needed. Some young, blonde bimbo without a brain in her head. Now that little bitch was raising her daughters. She brainwashed both girls so they never called or emailed her. Manning knew if she married House he would help her get her girls back and destroy Nathan and that little slut he married.

The door to the conference room swung open and House’s wife entered. Manning waited for House to appear and sagged slightly when his wife closed the door. Her eyes narrowed when she saw the slight flush to the younger woman’s skin and the sleepy look in her eyes. Manning recognized that look. She’d seen it often enough when her ex-husband came home late or from some bogus medical conference. House’s wife looked like she just had sex; very good, very satisfying sex. Manning looked away.

“Good morning,” his wife chirped cheerfully.

“Where’s House?” Manning asked trying to keep the contempt out of her voice.

House’s wife looked at her strangely. “He’s checking in with Doctor Wilson,” she replied. “We have a new patient who is in remission from renal cancer. He collapsed at his son’s soccer match yesterday. The ER did a whole body scan last—”

“House hates whole body scans,” Manning interrupted. “We’ll have to rule out all sorts of crap now.”

“Night to rule out cancer,” House’s wife continued smoothly as if Manning hadn’t spoken. “And, yes, we’ll have to rule out any abnormalities on the scan but that’s what we’re here to do.”

Manning folded her arms. The door opened again and House strode in. He immediately looked at his wife and a look passed between them. It was a look they shared often as if they were somehow communicating. Manning smiled brightly at him but he ignored her. Instead, he focused on his wife who smiled at him.

“New patient,” he said as he handed his backpack to his wife. “Brown will be up with the files once she finishes copying them. I love having a hot assistant.”

His wife grinned at him. “Yes, I know. Luckily she is also incredibly smart and organized.”

Manning frowned. How could his wife be so comfortable with House referring to Diana Brown,
their assistant, as hot? She truly was an idiot. Once she married House, she’d fire everyone in the department. The last thing she needed was another husband leaving her for a younger woman.

Brown entered the room with six patient files. She was tall and willowy with auburn hair hanging like a silk curtain down her back. She was dressed in a figure hugging black sheath dress with black suede pumps and a ruby pendant on a black velvet cord around her neck. She wore three earrings in both ears and a fourth in the top of her right one. As she passed out the files, Manning could see part of a tattoo on her left shoulder. When she handed a file to Manning, she smiled showing her perfect white teeth and a sparkle in her cat-like green eyes.

“Do you want me to recycle this for you?” Brown asked holding up the empty yogurt cup.

“Sure.”

Manning watched as she sashayed around the table picking up the other team members’ breakfast containers and greeting each of them. She noticed the way Snyder and Kutner watched her like adoring fans. They practically drooled over her. Then Kutner turned and smiled with all his teeth at Adkins who dipped her head and smiled back.

Manning resisted the urge to roll her eyes. Even though his last name was Kutner, he was obviously an Indian. He had smooth brown skin, shiny black hair and wide brown eyes. He was never cross or mean spirited but Manning disliked him simply because of his heritage. She had no use for foreigners, especially those who took jobs from Americans who needed them. She felt the same about Snyder. His skin was shiny and black, he also had a mouthful of gleaming white teeth and eyes so dark they made her nervous. Even his hair, though it was cropped close to his head, disturbed her. It reminded her of black nubby wool. Both his and Kutner’s positions should have been filled by young, hard working white men. It was one thing she and her ex agreed about. They only hired “whites” to work at their clinic. Suddenly Adkins asked a question and Manning looked over at her. *Even she shouldn’t be here,* she thought. To Manning she was the worst of the bunch.

She was a mulatto, a mixed breed, a mutt. Her skin was a smooth shade of gold, she had clear hazel eyes and curly light brown hair. How House could hire someone like her was unthinkable. The only logical explanation was that his left-wing liberal wife made him hire all of them.

She knew he hand-picked her, though. She made a point to have her picture on her resume. She liked potential employers to see that she was white. She knew it gave her an edge. So, she knew House saw her picture and felt something. Even though she was in her late forties, she worked out to keep her body slim and firm. She wore makeup to enhance her pale skin and blue eyes. Her colorist made sure her hair looked naturally blonde and her stylist cut it in a style that made her look ten years younger. She glanced up at House and smiled. One way or another, he would realize she was perfect for him. She would do anything to be with him. Anything.

***

The sun was setting over the mountains in a fiery display of golds, oranges, deep pinks, and yellows. House ignored the resplendent sunset and stared at the array of symptoms on the Smartboard. He used a green tipped stylus to circle three symptoms: cardiac arrest, difficulty breathing, seizure.

“These are the only three that don’t change,” he mused. “He doesn’t have cancer. His kidneys are functioning now that we’ve stopped the methicillin that Kutner put him on for the infection he didn’t have.”

Kutner folded his arms. “He displayed all the symptoms—”

“And yet, he didn’t have an infection,” House interrupted.

“What about lupus?” Manning asked. “We haven’t tested—”

“Because it’s never lupus,” House growled in frustration. “My wife can tell you how many times it’s never been lupus.”

“Even the one time I was absolutely convinced it was,” she replied and they looked at each other. House smiled slightly and his eyes softened as he looked at Cameron.

“You defied me,” he said with a smirk. “You never defied me. I liked it.”

“But in the end, you came up with the right diagnosis,” she smiled.

“Ah, yes, naphthalene poisoning. I solved that one after dissecting a dead cat while detoxing.”
“Seriously?” Kutner asked with wide eyed wonder.
“Yes, I am just that good. But that doesn’t help this guy.” He tossed the stylus down and stretched.
“Manning and Snyder stay and monitor Kidney Guy. The wife and I have to go over to Wilson’s for dinner. We’ll have our phones so please call for even the tiniest little thing.”
Cameron laughed. “Call us only if there is a true emergency,” she told them. She shook her head and walked over to House. “You know you want to know the gender of the baby.”
“They could text us that,” he responded, trailing a finger down her arm. He looked over her shoulder to see Manning staring at them with undisguised venom. When she realized he saw her, her face relaxed and she smiled coyly. He narrowed his eyes and then looked back at Cameron. “Fine, let’s go see what brand of rug rat your sister and Wilson have created.”
November 13, 2007

House and Cameron arrived at Wilson and Hilary’s home in Asheville after stopping to pick up some chocolates for Hilary and premium Scotch for Wilson. “Wanna make a bet?” House asked as they parked in the driveway.


“A full body massage with a happy ending.”

She giggled. “I could use one of those. And the same goes for you if you win.”

“You’re on, baby. What do you think?”

“I think it’s going to be a girl. Wilson will be so out of his element it’ll be hilarious.”

“I think you may be right but I’m going to go with a boy.”

Wilson opened the door and ushered them inside. “Dinner’s almost ready. Hilary is just a little excited.”

Cameron went to the kitchen to see her sister while House handed the Scotch to his friend. “You’re gonna need this.”

“Wow, very nice. Thanks. I’m sure when she’s able, Hilary will enjoy it too.”

House definitely sensed Wilson’s nervousness. More so than usual. There was some excitement, of course, but he seemed to be on edge. “Maybe you should have some now.”

“Maybe after dinner.”

The four of them sat down to eat and after a few bites, House was impressed and kept eating like he hadn’t been fed in years. After having seconds, he declared himself as “full.”

“I guess you don’t want dessert then?” Hilary asked him knowingly.

“ nåtte you don’t want dessert then?” Hilary asked him knowingly.

“There’s always room for dessert. Don’t be holding out on me, woman. Whatcha got?”

She shook her head and laughed as she got up and went to the kitchen with Cameron in tow. They both came out carrying dishes of chocolate mousse covered in whipped cream and topped with a cherry.

“Niiice,” House said and immediately began to eat his. “So what’s the word? I know Cameron is going to lose her mind if you don’t tell her the sex of the baby.”

Wilson and Hilary exchanged a look. He nodded slightly and Hilary smiled at them.

“Since I’m over thirty-five, I had to have an amnio,” she told them. “Luckily, there are no abnormalities in either baby.”

Cameron choked on her wine and House stared at them in shock.

“We’re having twins,” Wilson smiled. “Girls.”


Cameron smiled but it was strained. “That’s wonderful news,” she told them.

Hilary looked at her and stood. “Come help me in the kitchen, Alliecat.”

Cameron nodded and followed her sister. Once in the kitchen, Hilary pulled her to one side.

“What’s going on with you?” she whispered. “I’m having twins and you give me some half-assed reply with a weird look on your face. What’s up with you?”

“It’s complicated.”

“Tell me.”

Cameron leaned back against the wall and looked down at her hands. “Before my first husband passed, we froze some of his sperm. I didn’t think I’d marry again but I knew I wanted a baby.”

“And when were you planning on telling me this?” House asked. He stood in the middle of the kitchen holding the empty dessert glasses. He slammed them down on the counter. “What were you going to do? Have him cloned like a sheep? Use a turkey baster to knock yourself up with one of his little swimmers?” Anger radiated off him in waves. “My boys not good enough for you?”

“Greg-” Cameron began.

“No, I get it,” he shrugged. “You want a normal kid not some messed up potential junkie.” He
turned and stomped out of the room. “Wow,” Hilary said shock tinging her voice. “At least when he kept something from you, it was a good secret. Why do you still have… it? Doesn’t it go bad or something?”

“It’s frozen so it will last indefinitely. I’m not going to use it. I just… have it.”

Hilary shuddered. “It’s kind of creepy that you still have it. Why not donate it to a sperm bank or something? Or better yet, get rid of it. He did die of cancer. Any kid you get from it could get cancer, too.”

Before Cameron could reply, Wilson entered the kitchen. “House told me and then he left. Do you want me to drive you home?”

“No!” Hilary snapped. “She’s going to call the sperm freezer place and tell them to get rid of that sperm!”

“That is not your decision to make!” Cameron shouted back.

“You’re married now! You don’t need it anymore!”

“Shut up! You can’t tell me what to do!”

Wilson moved forward and stood between them. “Hilary, you need to calm down. Cameron, you need to talk to House. So, I’m taking you home. End of discussion.”

House was already in bed by the time Cameron came home, which was odd because it wasn’t even ten P.M.

This is bad, she thought to herself. I have to make it right. So she went upstairs and got ready for bed. House was on his side sleeping, or rather, pretending to be. She could tell he was still awake because he looked tense, and not relaxed the way he usually was when asleep.

She climbed into bed and let out a long sigh. “I don’t know why I kept his sperm all these years. I guess I just wanted to hang onto the last little piece of him I had left, even if I never intended to do anything with them. I did love him, Greg.”

There was silence, and she wondered if he really was asleep and was about to admit defeat and go to sleep herself. But then he spoke.

“If you wanted a piece of him, why not just put his ashes in an urn and set it on the mantle like regular people?”

“I gave his ashes to his parents.” She rolled over and wrapped her arm across his waist. “I love you, Greg. I love you so much. I’ve always wanted kids and I guess that’s why I kept Jason’s sperm all these years, just in case time started running out. I would’ve had his baby if I stayed single. And now, with Hilary expecting, it made me think of that. I guess I just wanted to hang onto the last little piece of him I had left, even if I never intended to do anything with them. I did love him, Greg.”

“I didn’t have much of a role model growing up.”

“I know. But I also know that you’d never treat your own kids that way, and I wouldn’t stand for it, either. You’re great with kids. I’ve seen you, and they like you, because you don’t treat them like kids.”

“I’m too old to be anyone’s father.”

“I don’t think so. I understand you not wanting kids, but will you at least consider it?”

“No promises.”

“Fair enough,” she said and kissed the shell of his ear. He rolled over onto his back and smiled up at her as she leaned over him.

“Is this the part where we kiss and make-up?” House asked, looking hopeful.

“God, I hope so,” she giggled and leaned over to meet his lips.

“Is Wilson pissed that I stormed off and stranded you?”

“A little, but he’ll get over it.”

“I don’t know why I did that.”

“It doesn’t matter now,” she whispered between kisses. “What does matter is that we discussed it and it’s done. Let’s just move on. Okay?”

He nodded and then flipped her onto her back with a playful growl. “Such a bad girl…”

“I am, aren’t I? I think I need to be punished.”

“Oh, you need to be punished severely.”
She giggled and wrapped her arms around his neck to pull him down for a long kiss. “Do as you will.”
And he did, twice.

***

**November 26, 2007**

It was Cameron’s birthday and House wanted to get her something special but he was at a loss for what she would like. Then he remembered something she’d said a while back and went online to research.

“Another motorcycle, House? Seriously?” Wilson asked as he peered over House’s shoulder at the open laptop.

House smirked. “It’s not for me. Cameron mentioned she loves the mountains and scenery and how being on my bike feels so freeing. Why not get her her own bike?”

“Doesn’t she need a license? Lessons?”

“Yeah and she’ll get that. It doesn’t take long. But I figure it’s better to do it now while we still have pretty decent weather and then she’ll be set for next spring when it’s time to start riding.”

“Wow, you two really are a matched set, aren’t you?”

“I couldn’t think of anything else and I think she’d enjoy it.”

“Manning will just love that.”

House shivered at the thought. “She’s getting worse. I don’t know what to do with her anymore except ignore her, and that only seems to make her try harder to get my attention.”

“Is she any good, at least? I mean, does she come up with good ideas for the cases or solutions?”

House grinned. “Cameron or the others usually beat her to it. It’s like she second guesses herself because she doesn’t want to be wrong, but she’s constantly trying to show up Adkins and Cameron just because she can, but she fails there too. She’s no match for either of them.”

“Then why keep her?”

“Because once in awhile she actually has a good idea and I don’t have the time to wade through hundreds of resumes to find a replacement. And she’s good with the patients. If I need to break the news, I get her to do it and since she’s more than willing to do anything I tell her, it’s one less thing for me to deal with.”

“Just be careful, House. I know it may be flattering to have an admirer but you’re allowing her to inflate your already huge ego by giving her attention.”

“Really, Wilson? All people have to do is look at Cameron to realize what I have at home is so much better than Manning could ever aspire to. She can follow me around like a lost puppy all she wants. It’s not going to get her anywhere.”

Wilson chuckled. “Didn’t you say the same thing about Cameron once?”

“Probably, but Cameron wasn’t creepy about it.”

“Good point. So you’re looking at cruisers, huh? Good choice.”

“Yeah I think it’ll be more comfortable for her than something like mine. She said leaning over so much bothers her back after longer rides.”

“Go for the black one,” Wilson said, pointing over House’s shoulder. “Oh wait...there’s one with flames. Get that one. She used to like your flame cane so it’s kind of like an homage, of sorts.”

House chuckled and nodded. Wilson was right. It would be fun and she’d look badass riding it. “I’ll go after work and check it out. It looks like they have one in stock at the dealership in Asheville. You and Hilary going to come over on the weekend while I present it to her?”

“Absolutely. I can’t wait to see the look on her face.”
November 26, 2007
Cameron couldn’t help but wonder what House was up to. He’d been acting strange all day and while it amused her, she couldn’t help but be a little suspicious.

“Oh, I forgot to tell you, Wilson and Hilary are coming over for birthday cake,” he said as he tipped his chair back and put his feet on his desk in their office at the hospital. It was a signature move that told her he was planning something.

Her eyes widened. “And when were you planning to tell me? There’s nothing to make… I’ll have to go to the store and get stuff…”

“Allison, relax. Dinner’s covered, and we have plenty of wine or whatever else. It’s your birthday, let me take care of you this time. Okay?”

She looked into those blue eyes and nodded. He clearly had something up his sleeve, and she was more than curious to find out what that was.

“All right.”

He knew Manning was watching them from the other room so he reached for Cameron and pulled her close. “And I will take care of you, Allison,” he leered. “In more ways than one.”

His husky tone of voice sent shivers through her body straight to her core and as they kissed, she sensed they weren’t alone. That was confirmed when the sound of someone clearing their throat caused them to break apart very slowly.

“What?” House demanded as he glared at Manning.

“I need her to sign off on these,” she said and dropped the folders on Cameron’s desk none too gently.

“Her?” House asked, arching his eyebrow at the woman.

“House,” Cameron sighed, not wanting to start anything, but he ignored her and directed his venom at Manning.

“She has a name, so if you have something for her, it would be polite to give it to her.”

Manning immediately back-pedaled. “I’m sorry. I meant no disrespect…”

“The hell you didn’t. I’m getting sick of your constant looks of contempt towards Dr. House.”

Manning blushed and held up her hands in surrender. “I never meant to…”

“I’m not done yet,” House said, holding up his hand. “When you’re in the presence of my wife you’ll treat her with the same respect you give me. While she may be “just a co-head” of this department, she’s been at diagnostics a hell of a lot longer than you and deserves that respect. And yes, I know you’ve said derogatory things about her behind her back. Nothing gets past me, Dr. Manning. You might want to remember that in the future and consider this to be a firm warning. Disrespect toward anyone else in this department will also not be tolerated. Now get out of my sight and find us a patient.”

She turned on her heel and stormed out.

“Wow, House,” Cameron said softly as she took a seat at her desk. “That was harsh, even for you.”

“She had it coming, Allison. My hands are kind of tied as to how to deal with her or I would’ve fired her on the spot.”

“Well, with that warning you just gave her, one could consider that probation. If she does something like that again, it can be labeled as insubordination and cause for dismissal.”

“Someone’s been reading the fine print of the contract,” he chuckled. “I love you.”

She smiled sweetly back at him. “I love you, too.”

Since Manning couldn’t find a patient, House and Cameron decided to bail out early and left the team to their own devices. They stopped at their favorite restaurant for dinner and then headed home. As they pulled in their driveway, Wilson and Hilary drove up behind them and parked. The four got out of their cars and Hilary rushed up to hug Cameron while Wilson came to stand next to House. He smiled at Cameron and wished her a happy birthday. Cameron walked over to House and took
“Dinner was amazing, Greg. Thank you,” Cameron said and gave him a kiss.
“I can top that,” House said as he clicked the garage door remote and opened the garage door to reveal a shiny black motorcycle with flames, topped with a big red bow.
“What….” Cameron said as she turned around and saw the bike in all its glory.
“Do you like it?” House asked, a little worried at her reaction. She didn’t seem to understand what the bike was doing there.
She turned to him. “This is mine?”
“Yeah. I thought you might enjoy actually riding one than being a passenger on my crotch rocket.”
“But I don’t have a license.”
“We’ll get you one, and lessons from a good place. I booked you into a 3 day course this weekend and you’ll have your license to ride on Sunday.”
She threw her arms around House’s neck and peppered his face with kisses. “You are the most amazing man…”
Wilson and Hilary both watched them. Hilary in adoration, and Wilson in awe, still not used to seeing his best friend so happy.
“Umm…we brought a cake,” Wilson said, now looking away from the happy couple as they continued to kiss each other.
House slowly released Cameron, sucking her bottom lip as he usually did before ending a kiss, and smiled at Wilson. “Well why didn’t you say so? Let’s go.”
“I can’t wait to ride it,” she whispered as they walked into the house.
“Me neither….oh wait, you meant the bike, didn’t you?”
Cameron playfully nudged him. “Pervert.”
“I didn’t hear you complaining last night.”
“Enough already!” Wilson groaned as he set the cake on the kitchen counter while Hilary grabbed a knife to cut it with and handed it to Cameron.
She cut everyone a decent size piece while House set about making coffee to go with it. He then went to the refrigerator, pulled out the milk and poured a large glass for Hilary. Once everyone was settled in the living with their cake and drinks, they chatted about the week and Hilary’s textbook pregnancy. Her stomach jutted out and she said she couldn’t see her feet but she was more than happy with that.
Sensing that House wanted some alone time with the birthday girl, Wilson and Hilary left shortly after finishing their cake.
“I thought they’d never leave,” House groaned as he leaned against the door.
Cameron laughed. “It’s still light out, let’s take the bike, test it out.”
“I haven’t given you your other present yet,” he said and went into the other room. He came back out with two gift wrapped boxes.
“There’s more? House…”
“Just open them.”
Laughing, she opened the smaller box to reveal a leather jacket that was similar to his and a pair of gloves. The leather was soft to the touch but protective enough for a motorcycle ride. In the other box was a shiny black helmet with flames that resembled those on her bike.
“I love it. Thank you,” she said and leaned over to give him a long appreciative kiss. “And I love you.”
“I know. Try ‘em on and we’ll go for a quick ride.”
House took her to a place where they could see the full moon glowing in the inky sky. Stars were strewn across it like diamonds on dark velvet. It was more of a lookout spot not too far from their house, but still on the outskirts of town. House was surprised there was nobody else around, since it would’ve been a prime place for a Lover’s Lane.
“Wow, that was incredible,” Cameron said as she climbed off the bike and took off her helmet, giving her head a shake.
“It’s a pretty smooth ride. I might have to get one for myself.”
“Mmm, that would be fun,” she said as she wrapped her arms around his neck. There was a bench nearby so they went and sat down to watch the moon as it rose over the mountains casting a silvery light over everything.

“That’s pretty cool,” House said as he wrapped his arm around Cameron’s shoulders.

“Yeah. I’ve never seen the moon like that in Princeton. There’s not really any place like this there.”

“Well, there was from the roof of the hospital,” he told her with a slight grin.

He turned to look at her and she looked back at him. Then she ran her fingers along his stubbled jaw.

“It was a good day. Thanks.”

“What do you mean?”

“Were you spoiled enough?”

She laughed. “Yes, more than enough.”

“Then my job is done.”

“Oh, I think there’s still one more thing you have to do,” she whispered before claiming his lips in a long kiss.

“Mmm well...yeah, that goes without saying,” he murmured against her lips. After a few more deep kisses, he nudged her. “Come on, time to head back and go to bed. And by bed I mean sex.”

“Sounds like a perfect way to end the day. Although there is one thing I’d like before that happens.”

“Name it.”

“I want you to play the piano for me.”

“I take it you have something in mind?”

“The Pearl Harbor theme song. I love how you play it, and it brings back nice memories.”

He nodded. “I can do that. The birthday girl always gets what she wants.”

“Does she?”

“Yep.”

He got them back to the house in record time and as she climbed off the bike, she smiled at him.

“Sometimes I still can’t believe that this beautiful house is ours.”

“Well it is. And we have yet to christen all the rooms,” he leered at her as they entered.

“Haven’t we?” she asked as she removed her coat and hung it with her helmet on the coat rack beside the door. House handed her his coat and helmet.

“Living room still remains untouched. Conveniently, the piano is also in there so we can kill two birds with one stone.”

Cameron laughed. “You want to have sex on your piano? Somehow I find that hard to believe.”

“Let’s just see what happens. Go slip into something sexy and I’ll get us a drink.”

She chuckled and shook her head but went to their bedroom anyway while he poured them a snifter of Brandy to share as they sometimes did before bed.

She came down wearing a red satin robe which showed a hint of a matching nightie underneath.

“Wow,” he whispered as he wrapped his arms around her and kissed her. “Now that’s what I’m talking about.”

“Glad you approve. Now, to the piano.”

Taking her hand, he led her to the piano. Gently, he pushed her down on the bench and then sat next to her. Through the French doors, they could see the moon over the mountains. Cameron sighed and rested her head on his shoulder as he began to play. She let the music wash over her and slid her hand up his leg. She could feel the muscles shift beneath his jeans as he pressed the pedals. Her hand slid up higher causing him to suck in his breath and miss several notes. Tilting her head, she kissed the warm skin beneath his ear. As she kissed her way down his neck, she unbuckled his belt and slid the zipper down on his jeans.

“Okay,” he breathed.

“Enough music.”

He slid his jeans and boxer shorts down his legs and turned his head. His mouth captured hers in a searing kiss. Sliding her robe off, he dropped it on the floor. She grasped his erection and he moaned. His hands glided under her nightgown up and he pulled back with a smirk.

“No panties. Me likee,” he whispered against her mouth.

“Then you should really like this,” she told him. “I read about it.”

She stood and pulled her gown over her head. He reached out and traced the firm swell of each
breast. She kissed him and then turned away. His breath left him as she tilted her hips back and slid down on him. He ran his hand down her back and kissed her shoulder as she began to move on him. Reaching around her, his hands kneaded her breasts. He gently squeezed one nipple as his hand slipped between her legs. She was wet and his fingers slid against her clit as he began to rub her. He licked the sweat that ran down her spine. Fire began to course through his veins as she moved faster. He pressed hard against her nub and she cried out as her orgasm throbbed through her. He pulled her back against him and thrust up into her. Within seconds, he shuddered as his own powerful orgasm thundered over him. She gripped his legs and panted.

“Best birthday ever,” she gasped as he nipped at her neck.

He grinned and helped her stand up. He kicked off his shoes, jeans and boxers leaving them in a pile beneath the piano. His shirt followed and then he picked her up.

“Living room is christened,” he said as he kissed her. “Now, let’s continue this in the bedroom.”

“Me likee,” she purred as he carried her upstairs.
November 27, 2007
The next morning, House and Cameron pulled into her spot on her motorcycle just as Manning was getting out of her car. She watched the two of them take off their helmets and whisper to each other. “New bike, Dr. House?” Manning asked him.
“No, this belongs to my better half,” he said as he pointed to Cameron.
“Then why were you riding it?”
“I wanted to show her its true potential. At least until she gets her license next week.”
“How nice. You two can ride together.”
“That’s the plan.”
“You should get one like hers,” Manning said to him. “After all, yours has a huge scrape on it, and isn’t really made for cruising.”
“You’re right. I might have to consider that. Maybe next year,” he replied as he wrapped his arm around Cameron and walked to the elevator with her, leaving Manning behind.
“I can’t wait to see you riding that,” he murmured in her ear. “Although I can’t say I don’t enjoy feeling you wrapped around me.”
“The feeling is mutual, Dr. House,” she purred. “I love being wrapped around you. Vroooom!” His cock twitched and he shoved her against the wall of the elevator, kissing her feverishly until they arrived at their floor. “We’ll continue this later,” he murmured against her lips.
“Yes, we will.”
***
This constant eye-fucking is getting ridiculous, Manning thought to herself as she watched House and Cameron. They couldn’t take their eyes off each other. Was their honeymoon phase ever going to end? She didn’t know how long they’d been married, but according to the rumors, it wasn’t long. The day was only half over and she was waiting for them to lock their office door and just get it over with. Then maybe they could get some actual work done. She’d never seen such unprofessionalism. Sure, there were couples at every hospital, but they didn’t act like these two, and the man was never as hot as Dr. Gregory House. She hated to admit that she enjoyed watching House kiss his wife. He had to be a good kisser and was no doubt an exceptional lover as well. Otherwise, why would she stay with him? Well, sex wasn’t enough to build a marriage on. I should know, after all. She would give House everything and then some so his wife would not even be able to compete with her. After all, trash could not compete with class. Then it hit her. The perfect way to let him know that she was so much more perfect for him than that scrawny blonde. A slow smile curved her lips. Oh, yes. He would see just how well she knew him and before long he would be hers.
***
That evening, Manning sat in her car and watched House kiss his wife before buckling her helmet under her chin. A light snow fell and she felt her stomach clench. What if he had an accident? The last thing she wanted was for him to be hurt but it might be a good way to get rid of that idiot stick figure he married. Normally, Manning would never wish anyone harm but that woman was in the way. She needed House more than that skanky little bottled blonde. Manning’s eyes narrowed as they mounted the bike and House pulled his wife’s arms around his waist. She saw him do that more
than once. It proved just how stupid the little bitch was. He had to help her do something as simple as hold on to him.

When they rode out of the parking lot with a wave to the guard in the booth, Manning started her car. She ignored the security guard in his booth and drove to the nearest Harley Davidson dealership. She parked and entered the showroom. An older man with muscles to spare ambled over to her.

“Evening, ma’am,” he drawled in a thick North Carolina accent. “Name’s Josiah. What can I help you with?” His long silver-streaked blonde hair was pulled back in a ponytail and his blue eyes sparkled. He smiled, displaying white, even teeth.

“I need a bike as a present for my husband,” she told him sweetly.

“Well, ain’t you just the sweetest little thing,” Josiah said and winked.

“I try,” she said as she looked around the room. All the bikes shone brightly under the bright fluorescent lights. Then she saw it. It was the perfect bike for House and best of all the seat was designed for one rider. There was no way his wife could squeeze her ass on that bike. Manning turned to Josiah and smiled brightly.

“I want to look at that one,” she told him pointing to a black XL883 Sportster.

“Shore thing, ma’am,” Josiah smiled and led her over to it.

“What comes with it?”

He grinned and led her to a small, glassed in office. An hour later, she sat back and smiled at Josiah. House was going to love his fully loaded new Harley. Manning would have to make payments on the bike and they would be steep but she could cancel her cable and get rid of her landline.

After she signed all the paperwork and cleaned out her savings account for the down payment, he leaned back in his chair.

“You cain’t have the bike tomorrow since you ordered some of the newer options,” he told her. “But you’ll definitely have it in time for Christmas.”

Manning frowned. She wanted it delivered the next day. “Don’t you have one here?” she asked with a saccharine sweet smile.

“Oh, no ma’am. Your husband’s bike has to be assembled and sent here. But we’ll let you know when we deliver it to the hospital where he works. If you don’t mind me askin’, ma’am, what does he do there?”

“Um, he’s in research.” she said quickly. “I’ve been saving up for a long time for this present.”

“You’re husband’s a lucky man. My partner bought me a Harley for my birthday.”

Manning’s smile faded a bit. “She did? What kind?”

“He got me a Screamin’ Eagle. Been drooling over one for a long time. I was real pleased when Stewart got it for me. Got it all decked out, too. Even got my name on it. He did real good considerin’ he’s from England. We go ridin’ on the Blue Ridge on my days off.”

Manning stood up. Josiah stood and held out his hand. “Been a pleasure doin’ bizness with you, ma’am. And don’t worry, I’ll personally make sure that red bow you wanted is on the bike.”

Manning swallowed. She put the tips of her fingers in his and then pulled away. Learning he was gay turned her stomach. All she wanted to do was get home and scrub herself down in a hot shower. Without another word, she practically ran out of the dealership. As she got into her car, she shuddered in revulsion. House better appreciate the bike since she had to deal with that deviant to get it.

***

The next morning House sat at the breakfast bar and looked out at the snow covering the ground. The sun shone brightly and the sky was a brilliant shade of blue.

“It’s the color of your eyes,” Cameron commented as she sipped her coffee.

“What is?”

“The sky,” she smiled.

He stretched and then leaned his arms on the counter top. “Let’s be really late for work and go car shopping. We’ll trade in your car and get two really sweet rides.”

Cameron raised an eyebrow then smiled. “Seriously?”

“Seriously. We’re on the board and run a department. We need to look the part.”
She nodded and smiled again. “Let’s go.”

***

Two hours later, House and Cameron arrived at the hospital. House’s sleek silver Aston Martin DBS would arrive in two weeks while Cameron’s red Corvette would be delivered by the end of the week. The dealership loaned them a white Toyota Camry in the meantime.

As he got out of the car, House sang Little Red Corvette which made Cameron laugh.

“Is that why you insisted I get a red one?” she giggled.

House nodded his head and took her gloved hand in his. “Little red Corvette. Baby you’re much too fast. Little red Corvette. You need a love that’s gonna last,” he sang as they walked toward the entrance of the hospital. They entered the lobby to find Manning pacing back and forth. She stopped and gave Cameron a scathing look. Cameron narrowed her eyes.

“Where the hell have you been?” Manning demanded looking at House. “I was worried sick! I thought you’d gotten in an accident!”

House rolled his eyes and continued on to the bank of elevators with Manning close on their heels. “As you can see, we’re both fine,” he told her flatly.

They stepped into the elevator car and Manning jumped in with them.

“Why are you late?” she demanded never taking her eyes off House.

Suddenly everything clicked into place for Cameron. House was right. Manning was acting like a jealous wife and it made her angry. Her days of defending this woman were over.

“We are under no obligation to tell you anything,” Cameron informed her coldly. “I hope you have a very good reason for lying in wait for us in the lobby. You were incredibly unprofessional when we arrived.”

“I’m not talking to you,” Manning snarled. “You’re probably the reason he was late.”

Cameron reached out and hit the stop button on the elevator. She turned on Manning. House stepped back with wide eyes.

“In case it’s escaped your notice again,” Cameron said in a dangerously soft voice. “I am your boss and I can fire you.”

Manning blinked and swallowed. “I...I...I was worried,” she gulped. “The snow....”

“We’ve driven in snow before,” Cameron commented coldly as she started the elevator moving again. “We’re from New Jersey, after all. Oh, and I’ll be sending a formal reprimand to HR about your behavior in the lobby. Two more and you’re gone with no recommendation.”

The doors parted and Cameron stalked out toward their offices. House looked at Manning as he passed her. “She can be a real hard ass,” he grinned. “Very sexy.” He walked on leaving Manning on her own.
“Oh, House, it’s perfect!” Cameron squealed when she saw the Corvette. House made sure it was delivered to the hospital at the end of the day so she could drive it home. “I can’t believe it’s really here.” It sat in all its shiny red glory with the top down, seemingly waiting patiently for her to take the wheel.

“Get in,” he said as he opened the driver’s side door for her. “It’s yours. You can drive us home.”

“What about the Camry?”

“It can stay here overnight.” He got into the passenger side and handed her the keys. “Start ‘er up.” The engine roared to life and she grinned. “Wow. Purrs like a kitten.”

“Sexy, isn’t it?” he asked as he leaned over and kissed her. “Speaking of sexy, the sun will be setting soon. Let’s go.”

She didn’t need convincing. She put the car in gear and peeled out of the parking lot, unaware that they were being followed.

She drove to their usual place which they referred to as their “spot” and parked underneath the weeping willows. “I love this car,” she sighed, caressing the steering wheel.

“It suits you. I hope you’ll let me drive it sometimes.”

“Only if you’ll let me drive your Bond car.”

“Only if you put out.”

“I think I might make that a condition for driving this car, too. So get over here and put out!”

“Yes, ma’am!” he chuckled and then made the seat go back as far as it would go and reclined it a little before he patted his lap. “Might be more conducive if you came over here. Then I won’t get stuck with the gear shift up my ass.”

“Well, that’s a lovely image,” she muttered but climbed into his lap. His arms went around her and she gyrated against the growing bulge in his jeans. “God…yes…”

“Greg,” he corrected, and then chuckled. “Not that I mind the mix-up.”

“Your ego is certainly big enough,” she teased, but then gasped when he unzipped her pants and slid his hand inside, stroking her.

“You were saying?”

Once he had her wet enough for his liking, he unzipped his own jeans, pulled himself out and positioned her over him, the tip of his cock teasing her entrance.

“House….fuck me…” she groaned and tried to take him inside but he held off, laughing when she groaned in frustration. But then he pulled her down onto him in one quick movement and she cried out. “Yes!”

Her fingers buried in his hair as she slowly moved up and down his length, slowly at first, driving him crazy. Each time he’d try to get her to move faster, she’d stop moving.

“You little vixen,” he murmured against her lips. “You're gonna pay for that.”

“Oh yeah?” she giggled as his whiskers tickled her neck as he kissed and nuzzled.

“Yeah,” he said as he reached down where their bodies joined and strummed her to the point of no return and she began to gyrate against his fingers.

“Yesssss,” she hissed and crashed her lips against his as they both reached the climaxes they’d been craving. His arms went around her and pulled her firmly against him as they let the sensations roll through them like rippling waves.

***

Manning sat in her car watching House and Cameron have sex in that brand new Corvette. Shameless slut, she thought. She could understand House doing something like that. Men needed sex more than women did. However, once she and House were married, they would have sex in bed with the lights out the way God intended. She’d submit to him as often as he wanted but only in the privacy of their bedroom.
When House maneuvered Cameron onto his lap, she shuddered in disgust and started her car. She turned around and headed home. The last thing she wanted to see was that little hussy actually having sex with House. Anger coursed through her veins like molten lava. Somehow she had to get House and it seemed like the only way to do would be to get rid of his wife. Manning began to plot as she drove. It would have to look like an accident, of course. Once his wife was gone, though, Manning planned to be there for the rest. Then he’d realize just how perfect they were for each other. Once he did, he would help her ruin her ex-husband and get her girls back. Then her life would be perfect again. She would have her children and a strong man to take care of her again. If that meant Langston had to die, so be it.

***

Cameron lay in bed, staring up at the ceiling. She was tired and her stomach was queasy. It had been a week since she woke up feeling like hell, and then the symptoms would pass by mid-morning. Something was definitely going on and while she tried not to fear the worst, she couldn’t help herself. She had a UTI a month ago which was quickly taken care of with antibiotics but…

Her eyes flipped open and she groaned. Oh God! She sat up and got out of bed. House had already gone into work, assisting the surgery on their current patient and she was grateful because he’d pick up on her anxiety and run with it, and she did not need that now. Her mind raced as she drove to the local drug store. It couldn’t be possible. Could it? They’d used condoms while she was taking the antibiotics since the pill would lose its effectiveness.

Then, as she sat on the side of the tub and stared at the bold plus sign on the digital read out, she felt deflated. She would definitely need confirmation. These tests had been known to be wrong, after all. With that, she got back in the car and drove to work, making her first stop the lab where she drew her own blood.

When she arrived at her office, House was still not back from surgery but Manning was standing at the coffee machine.

“Tea?” she inquired as she held up House’s red mug.

“Please, although my mug is the black one.”

“Of course,” Manning said in a too-sweet voice. “You’re starting late today.”

“House said there was no point in coming in so early. When he gives me a chance to sleep in, I’m going to take it.”

Manning handed her the mug. “Isn’t that what weekends are for?”

Cameron’s eyes narrowed at the woman. “It is the weekend. Speaking of which, why are you here?”

“Since Brown’s been off sick, the paperwork needs to be done so I volunteered. I would’ve thought you’d do it, though, honestly. Didn’t you used to do his charting when you were his fellow?”

Cameron heard the dig but chose to ignore it. She didn’t have the strength to start anything.

“I did. But since you volunteered, it’s your job now. I need to get to the lab.”

Before Manning could ask why, Cameron was gone, so she followed, staying out of sight. Even though it was the weekend, the place was busy so it was easy to go undetected.

She watched Cameron sit at the computer and then bury her face in her hands for a moment before getting up and quickly leaving the desk. Once she left, Manning took her seat, hacked into her profile, and read the results.

“No, no, no, no…she’s pregnant?? Shit,” she muttered as she shut down the computer and returned to the conference room. She needed to do something. If House’s wife had his baby then she’d never have a chance to be with him.
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

Some of the views expressed in this chapter are not views either of us endorse or condone.

December 18, 2007
The week before Christmas, House stood at the Smart Board looking at an MRI. The others sat at the table reading the patient’s file. A knock sounded on the door and Manning got up. She smiled slightly when she saw the delivery man. Standing back, she let him enter.
“I’ve got a delivery for a Dr. Gregory House,” the young man said as he held out his electronic device for a signature.

Everyone looked over at him from the conference table, and Cameron looked curious.

“What is it?”

“From whom?”

“I’ve been told to inform you that it’s a surprise and that it’s outside.”

Manning walked over to the delivery man, excitement showing on her face. “I wonder what it is?”

“I guess we’ll find out,” Cameron said with a shrug.

They all went down to the parkade where a brand new black Harley Davidson XL883 Sportster sat with a big red bow. Manning watched House’s expression, and then looked over at Cameron, who seemed confused.

Cameron stared at the bike. It wasn’t the one she ordered for him as a Christmas present over a week ago. It wasn’t even the right brand! And why was it delivered to the hospital? She arranged for it to be delivered to their house. What the hell was going on?

“Wow!” was all House managed to say. The bike was nice, but it was nothing close to what he’d choose for himself. If Cameron did indeed buy it, why would select something that only allowed for one rider?

“Do you really like it?” Manning asked, looking both proud and hopeful. “I thought you seemed like a Harley guy and since your wife hadn’t already gotten you a bike to match hers, I thought someone should. Besides, your Repsol has a huge scrape on it.”

House was floored to say the least. And then anger took over surprise, but he kept it in check.

“You shouldn’t have…” he said as he turned to her.

“I wanted to. You’re the best boss I’ve ever worked for and…”

“No, I mean you really shouldn’t have. I can’t accept this.”

“I insist. I don’t have anyone to buy for. I wanted to do this for you,” Manning said, her words coming out in one big gush.

As he was about to say something more, his pager went off, along with the rest of the team’s. “Gotta go, new patient,” he said and started walking back toward the hospital. Manning watched House as he strode away with Cameron at his side. What just happened? He was supposed to be overjoyed and very, very grateful. Yet, both he and his wife seemed angry.

“Coming?” Snyder asked Manning as he held the door open.

She begrudgingly followed him inside.

“It was going to be a surprise but I did buy you a bike,” Cameron said softly as they got into their own elevator car.

He looked at her in surprise and first, and then it dawned on him. “That’s why you looked
“To say the least.” She placed her hand on his arm. “I’m scared, House. I think she’s...I don’t know, but something’s not right with her. Nobody in their right mind buys their boss a gift like that.”

“It doesn’t matter, Cameron. I don’t want it. I don’t want anything from her and if I accepted it, it would only encourage her.”

At the end of the day, House, Cameron and Snyder came down to the parkade to go home. House noticed Snyder looking at the Harley with adoration.

“You ride?” House asked him.

“I used to.”

House tossed him the keys. “Here. Merry Christmas.”

Snyder stared at him in open-mouthed amazement. But after staring wistfully at the bike he finally found his voice.

“I can’t. I can’t just take it…”

House shrugged. “Then buy it from me. Either way, I’m not accepting it. You’ll be doing me a favor.”

“If you’re sure…”

“I am. Go on,” House said. “She’s all yours.”

Not needing to be asked twice, Snyder climbed on and started it up. With one last smile, he rode away.

“I hope he has a helmet at home somewhere,” Cameron said as they got into House’s car.

“Annnnd there’s my Compassionate Cameron, always on the lookout,” House chuckled. When she didn’t laugh, he glanced over at her. “You okay?”

“Yeah, why?”

“You seem...distracted lately.”

“I’m just fighting something off. I’ve been feeling like crap for days,” she said nonchalantly, hoping that would be enough to make him drop it. By her calculations, she’d only be about four weeks along. Too soon to tell him. Besides, he’d been pretty adamant about not wanting children and they hadn’t discussed it further. Anything could happen so early in the game. There was no point telling him only to miscarry.

Luckily for her, he did let it drop as he pulled into the garage and turned off the engine. “No secrets, right? That goes for you, too, you know.”

She shrugged. “I know. I’ll be fine. I’ll see my GP tomorrow and get to the bottom of it.”

“I am a doctor, you know,” he glared at her as they went into the house.

“Yeah and a very good one, but so is my GP. I like her. So keep in mind that we don’t have to know everything. I wouldn’t presume to ask to look at your hemorrhoids, if you had them, just because I’m your wife. I’d tell you to see a doctor.”

“Is that so?”

“Yeah, that’s so,” she said as she went to the fridge to see what there was for dinner.

“Seems awfully convenient,” he commented as he reached past her to grab a beer.

“Because you have a suspicious mind. Let’s order in. I don’t feel like cooking. Do you?”

House popped the top off his beer and took a long swig. “Not after today. Chinese okay?”

The thought of Chinese food made her stomach churn. “Umm, just some Egg Drop soup for me.”

His eyes narrowed as he looked at her but he stayed silent. He pulled a Chinese take-out menu from the fridge and grabbed the phone.

***
The next morning, Manning sat in her car waiting for House to arrive. When she came down the night before, the bike was gone. That had to mean he decided to take it, after all. That gave her some hope. Even though that wife of his was pregnant, that didn’t mean it was actually House’s baby. She would suggest a paternity test when the time came. Unless…she shook her head. The idea came to her last night but she wasn’t sure she could do it. If she did, it wouldn’t really hurt his slutty wife but she would have a miscarriage. Then Manning could comfort House and he’d see how perfect she was for him. The sound of a motorcycle roaring into the parking lot distracted her. She smiled when she saw House on the bike she got him. He pulled into Snyder’s parking space which confused her. Why wouldn’t he park in his own spot? She watched as he got off the bike and pulled off his helmet. Snyder! Rage surged through her and she burst out of her car and stomped over to Snyder. “What are you doing with House’s bike??” she raged as she descended on him. “You stole it! You people are always stealing things!!” Snyder looked at her and his eyes narrowed. “No, unh uh. I know you did not just say that.” “You stole it, you worthless ni-” “Bitch, you finish that sentence and you’ll see just what people like me can do. I bought this bike from House. Now step back,” he growled towering over her. “You’re lying! He’d never sell it!” “What’s going on??” House asked as he and Cameron approached. “He stole your bike!” Manning shouted pointing at Snyder. “No, he sold it to Brad,” Cameron told her. “What?? No! It was my gift to you. No,” she repeated. House rolled his eyes and shook his head. “Yes,” he said. “What you did was totally inappropriate. Besides, Cameron bought me a bike for Christmas. It was supposed to be a surprise so thanks so much for spoiling that. Now get inside and check on the damn patient before I fire your psychotic ass.” He took Cameron’s hand and they walked away. Manning watched them and decided she would start dosing Cameron’s tea with Warfarin. She had to get things back on track and that was the only way. Snyder snapped his fingers in front of her face. “Massa say run,” he told her sarcasm dripping from each word. She tossed her hair and walked into the hospital. Snyder watched her and shook his head. “Crazy ass white woman,” he muttered as he followed her.

***

A week later, Cameron sipped her tea and picked at her bagel. The morning sickness was much worse. At least House was down in Wilson’s office. Lately he’d been watching her like a hawk and she knew she’d have to tell him about the baby soon. She gave up on the bagel and took another sip of tea. They didn’t have a patient and Brown, Snyder and Kutner were laughing. Adler sat next to Cameron eating her breakfast but she smiled slightly as she listened. “So, I was drunk,” Brown began. “Girl!” Snyder laughed. “All your best stories start that way!” “He’s right!” Kutner said nodding his head and smiling broadly. “You three are so unprofessional,” Manning sneered. “Always talking about being drunk and having sex in public places. You’re all disgusting.” “At least we ain’t crazy,” Snyder muttered. “What??” Cameron opened her mouth to speak but an excruciating cramp made her grip the edge of the table and gasp. Another followed, worse than the first. Pain rolled over her and she tried to stand. Kutner was at her side in an instant. “Go get House!” Brown ran to find House and Snyder helped Kutner get Cameron up and moving toward the door. She felt blood slide down her leg. “Call a code!” Snyder shouted at Manning. Manning sat and folded her arms across her chest.
“I’ll do it!” Adler said as she ran from the room. A moment later, a woman’s voice could be heard over the intercom calling for House and rapid response to their floor. Snyder picked Cameron up. “Get her mug,” he said to Kutner. Kutner nodded and grabbed the mug. Manning jumped up and tried to take it from him but he pushed her back and she landed on her ass. He turned and ran after Snyder.

Manning sat on the floor and tried to think. If they tested the tea, they’d find the Warfarin. They couldn’t tie it to her unless they found the syringes she used to dose Cameron. She shook her head. She had to get rid of them. She’d have to dump them somewhere no one would find them. Anywhere in the woods would do. Her fingerprints weren’t on the mug so she was safe there. Manning slowly got to her feet. As she approached the coat stand where her purse hung, Wilson appeared in the doorway. Two security guards came running up behind him. “Why?” Wilson asked as he took her bag and handed it to the security guards. “That’s my purse!” she shrieked. “It’s my personal property! Give it back.” “The police are on their way. They already searched your apartment and they’ll take your purse. House reported you and the police have been watching you. Cameron is too high profile for them to ignore a threat against her. So, why?” Manning walked over to the Smart Board and folded her arms. She stared at him with a mixture of defiance and pain. Wilson shook his head. The elevator doors parted and two uniformed police officers stepped out. He met them halfway and led them to the security guards. “She’s in here and they have her purse,” he told them, indicating the guards. There was a sudden cold breeze and then the sounds of people yelling and screaming. Wilson ran into the room followed by the police and guards. One of the windows was open. He stopped next to the Smart Board and read the message Manning scrawled on it.

I can’t go to jail. I can’t live without my children any longer. Tell House I did it because I love him.

Wilson swallowed and slowly walked over to the window. Looking down, he saw Manning’s body lying broken and bleeding on the sidewalk. Medical personnel swarmed around her body. “Damn,” one of the police officers said. “Guess that saves us some paperwork.” Wilson turned on him. “She was a human being.” “Sorry, Doc, but we deal with this sort of thing all the time.” He looked at his partner. “Better call the ME.” They left along with the security guards. Wilson walked back to the Smart Board. He stared at the message for a long time before erasing it.

***

House sat in a chair next to Cameron’s bed in the ICU. Her doctor ordered Vitamin K, frozen fresh plasma and Prothrombin Complex Concentrate to stop the bleeding. After examining her, she quietly informed him of the miscarriage. Now he knew what she’d been hiding but he was too worried about her to care. She looked frail and tiny in the bed with all the tubes and IV’s hooked up to her. Wilson stopped in the day before and told him about Manning dosing Cameron with Warfarin and her subsequent suicide. House didn’t acknowledge Wilson’s presence but he heard him. He was glad that nutty bitch killed herself. He could lose Cameron because of her; he had lost his child. He didn’t even think he wanted one until he lost it. He gripped Cameron’s hand and watched her closely. “I got the bike,” he whispered. “When you get out of here, we’ll go riding together. Remember that time we took my bike to that patient’s apartment? You wanted to take your car but I told you the bike would be faster. I really just wanted you to press your breasts against me.” “I knew it,” Cameron whispered hoarsely. “You called her OTB babe. And I was right about her having Munchausen’s.” Her eyes fluttered open and she looked over at him. “Manning killed our baby, didn’t she?” House nodded. “She dosed you with Warfarin. She took the coward’s way out. Jumped out the window.” Tears flooded Cameron’s eyes and slid down her cheeks. “I was going to tell you.” “Don’t try to talk,” House whispered. “Just rest.”
“I’m sorry.”
He blinked back tears. “You didn’t do anything wrong.”
“I should have listened to you about Manning.”
He kissed her hand. “Just rest.”
“Don’t leave me.”
“They’ll have to drag me out.”
Her eyes slid closed and he lay his head on her hip.
“How is she?” Mundell asked from the doorway.
House didn’t lift his head. “She woke up for a couple minutes. They’ll be in soon to check her protimex. We’ll know more after that.”
“What’s protime?”
“It’s a simple test. Checks how fast her blood clots.”
“Is she still bleeding?” Mundell asked.
“Yeah. Not as badly, though. The medications and plasma are starting to work. She had a lot of Warfarin in her system. They hope she won’t have to undergo a hysterectomy.”
“If that woman weren’t already dead, I’d kill her myself,” Mundell growled.
“You’d have to get in line.”
“The police found that woman’s diary. She wanted to get rid of Allison so you two could get married. She wanted you to take care of her and get her children back from her ex-husband.”
House exhaled slowly to keep from screaming. “I don’t want to talk about her,” he said. “In fact, don’t ever mention her again.”
Mundell stepped into the room and stood on the other side of the bed. He looked down at his daughter. “She looks a little better.” He leaned down and kissed her on the forehead. “I’ll check in tomorrow.”
Blythe stood at the window and looked in at her son. Mundell came out and she took his hand.
“How are they?” she asked.
“They’ll know more later. Allison is sleeping but still bleeding. I’m worried about House.”
She looked at her son again. “I’ll be back in a few minutes.”
He nodded and she entered Cameron’s room. Walking over to her son, she put her hand on his head and stroked his hair.
“She’s lucky to have you,” she said softly.
“She was pregnant.”
“And you didn’t know. I’m sorry, Greg. But, I know Allison. She was going to tell you. She probably wanted to wait until she was a little farther along. It’s what I did. I didn’t want to get John’s hopes up if I miscarried.”
House breathed out a laugh. “Except he wasn’t my father.”
“No, he wasn’t. And what he did to you is unforgivable. What I did to you is unforgivable. I should have taken you and left him.”
“Why didn’t you?”
She pulled a chair up and sat down next to him. “I don’t know. I was scared, I suppose. Scared I wouldn’t be able to take care of you.”
“For her,” Cameron whispered. “Say you forgive her.”
“You’re supposed to be sleeping.” House grumbled.
“For her.”
“You mean forgive you,” he sighed.
“No, forgive your mother. She did the best she could in a terrible situation. We’ll have it out when I’m better.”
House sat up and looked as his mother, then back at Cameron. “Damn right we’ll have it out. You’ve got a lot of ‘splainin’ to do.”
Cameron smiled slightly. “And I will, but now’s not the time. I could really use a glass of water though.”
“I’ll be right back,” Blythe said and quickly left the room to refill the pitcher, but not before giving
her son a stern look which told him he’d best keep quiet.
“Someone’s gonna get it,” Cameron sing songed, her voice weak.
“So are you when you’re not all hooked up to tubes,” he smirked.
Blythe returned with the water and poured some into a cup for Cameron. House watched as his mother helped his wife sip the water.
When his mother stood up, he touched her shoulder. He leaned in. “I forgive you,” he whispered in her ear, looking at Cameron. Blythe hugged him tightly. House returned the hug a bit awkwardly and crossed his fingers behind his back. Cameron sighed and went back to sleep. Blythe kissed his cheek and left. House looked at Cameron again, saw that she was sleeping and uncrossed his fingers. He sat down and took her hand.
“I know you want me to forgive her,” he breathed. “But I can’t.”
Cameron continued to sleep.
Two weeks passed since the Warfarin Incident, as Cameron called it, and things between her and House had been on shaky ground ever since. If he wasn’t avoiding her, he was snapping at her, both at home, and during the DDX’s until she couldn’t stand it anymore. By Friday afternoon, she’d had enough and decided to leave work early.

Less than ten minutes after she got home, she heard the garage door open and knew he followed her. Well, good! she thought to herself as she stormed upstairs to their bedroom. She was ready to have it out with him once and for all, and she would make him understand.

“Luceeeee!” she heard him call from the kitchen, and then heard his footsteps come up the stairs, no doubt taking two at a time now that he could. He burst into the bedroom, glared at her, pointed his finger and said, “You got a lot of splainin’ to do.”

“Oh, I don’t know. It seems rather straight-forward to me. I was pregnant, I wanted to wait before I told you because, you know, anything can happen that early on.”

“Something happened, alright,” he muttered under his breath. “How do you suppose she, who shall not be named, found out you were knocked-up before she saw fit to poison you?”

“I hate that term! Married women do not get themselves knocked-up, as you put it. And I didn’t make that baby on my own. You were there too!”

“You were on the pill!”

“Yeah, and they’re not 100% effective when taken with antibiotics.”

House blinked in surprise. “What? When did you take antibiotics?”

“When I had that UTI about two months ago. So much for you being so observant!”

“And you didn’t think of a back-up method? How long did you work in the PPTH clinic? Didn’t you learn anything? And my psycho stalker was kinda making it hard to focus!”

“It was just the one time, during what would normally be the least fertile time in my cycle. I figured we’d be fine. Especially since I never forget to take my pill. I guess I should have slapped a condom on you!”

“Well, it only takes once without protection.”

“Clearly. But I didn’t think you had any swimmers left in you.”

“Cheap shot, Cameron.”

“I call em like I see em. You’re not exactly in the prime of your youth. And besides, you gave me the fucking UTI!!”

House lowered his head and glared at her. “So, that’s how you want to play it, huh?” he growled softly.

She folded her arms and glared back. “It is. You’re constantly telling me I can do better than an old cripple like you.”

He slowly advanced on her until they stood, their bodies barely touching. “I’m not a cripple anymore,” he reminded her.

“You’re still old,” she shot back, angry color flooding her face. “And it’s not like you didn’t lie to me and keep important stuff from me, too!”

“I did that for both of us!!”

“So did I!” she shot back. “And I forgave you! Why can’t you forgive me?”

“Because it’s my fault our baby is dead!! I didn’t do more to protect you. If I’d known you were pregnant, I could have saved you from that psycho bitch!!”

“Well, it’s your fault for being so damn sexy and irresistible! Brown has a crush on you and so do our nurses! Hell, half the women and some of the men in that hospital want a go at Little Greg!!” she shouted in his face.

“Keep it up and Little Greg won’t let you near him!” he shouted back his breathing increasing and color flooding his face.
“Oh, please,” she sneered. “All I have to do is flash Thelma and Louise at him and he stands at attention!” She pulled her blouse off, unhooked her bra and tossed them both on the floor. Then she wiggled her shoulders causing her breasts to sway slightly. House’s eyes dilated and his cock sprang up against his jeans. Cameron unzipped them, reached in and pulled his long, hard erection out. “See?”

“Yeah?” he growled. He unzipped her pants and tugged them down with her panties. Cameron reached between her legs and cupped her. Her breathing quickened and her lids lowered. He slid a finger between her folds and held it up for her to see. It glistened with her juices. Slowly, she reached out and took his hand. He ran a finger over her lips and brought them to his mouth. He sucked them softly and she moaned into his hand. He shuddered inside her and she moaned as her muscles clamped down on his cock, pulsing as her orgasm shook her, causing him to come hard. He slid out of her and leaned against her, panting heavily.

“See?” she asked, smiling. He nodded and gripped the sheets. “I’m sorry I didn’t tell you. I’m sorry I said all those things to you,” she said looking into his eyes. “I’m sorry I didn’t fire that crazy bitch. I feel so damn guilty,” he responded, resting his forehead against hers. “You feel guilty?” she breathed. “I feel guilty. I should have listened to you when you first told me something was off with her. I should have told you I was pregnant.”

Looking around, he saw their clothes scattered all over the floor. He wasn’t sure when they stripped the rest of their clothes off but he saw her shiver slightly. Picking her up, he carried her to the bed. Once they were settled beneath the covers, her muscles clamped down on his cock, pulsing as her orgasm shook her, causing him to come hard. He slid out of her and leaned against her, panting heavily. Slowly, their breathing returned to normal and he looked at her. She looked up at him with desire darkened eyes, parted lips and flushed cheeks.

“I’m sorry I didn’t tell you. I’m sorry I said all those things to you,” she said looking into his eyes. “I’m sorry I didn’t fire that crazy bitch. I feel so damn guilty,” he responded, resting his forehead against hers.

“You feel guilty?” she breathed. “I feel guilty. I should have listened to you when you first told me something was off with her. I should have told you I was pregnant.”

Looking around, he saw their clothes scattered all over the floor. He wasn’t sure when they stripped the rest of their clothes off but he saw her shiver slightly. Picking her up, he carried her to the bed. Once they were settled beneath the covers, he took her in his arms.

“Sorry we both feel guilty, we’re both sorry, and we forgive each other. And we had some damn hot sex. I’d say we’re good now.”

“Oh, you saucy wench,” he laughed. “I like it.”

He reached out and grabbed the phone. Turning to Cameron, he raised an eyebrow and looked at her. “Who answers the door?” he asked.

Her hand snaked down his body and grasped him. “Well…”

He swallowed and nodded. He tossed the phone on the floor. “I’m up, I guess.”

“Yes you are,” she grinned and then disappeared beneath the covers. House growled low in his throat and gripped the sheets.

“I hope I can walk when you’re done!” he gasped.

***

House stood on a stepladder holding the end of a banner that read Happy Birthday, Mom!. Cameron stood in the middle of the living room with her head tilted to one side and one eye closed as she looked at it. “Maybe up about half an inch,” she told him.

House sighed in exasperation and moved the edge of the banner up. “Well??” he asked irritation edging his voice.

Cameron looked at him with wide eyes. “It’s for your mother’s surprise party. Don’t you want it to be perfect?”

“No, what I wanted to do was take her out to dinner not have a horde of idiots descend on our house and annoy the fuck out of me!”

He stuck a pin in the edge of the banner and jumped off the ladder. “It’s perfect,” he told her with a warning look in his eyes.

She smiled broadly. “Yes, it is.”

He folded up the ladder and started for the kitchen. Stopping, he narrowed his eyes and looked at her
suspiciously. “You aren’t planning to go behind my back and move it, are you?”
She laughed. “No. It’s fine.” She sauntered over to him, stood on tiptoe and kissed his cheek. “I love
the way it looks. Of course, if there were balloons….”
“No, no, no! No balloons. No ice sculpture. No quartet. Just lots of booze and food served by hot
women. You promised. Don’t make me punish you, woman!”
He continued on toward the kitchen with Cameron at his heels.
“They’re arriving with the cake at four. I thought it would look really nice on the dining room table.
Except no one could see it unless they went into the dining room,” she said.
House put the ladder away in the broom closet and banged his head on the door.
Taking a deep
breath, he walked over to the phone.
“Who are you calling? It better not be a divorce lawyer,” she told him as she hopped up on the
counter beside him.
“Nope. 1-800-Dial-A-Wilson,” he replied. He looked at her as he waited for Wilson to answer. She
leaned in and placed a kiss at the base of his throat.
“Wilson,” he said. “Get your ass over here. We gotta move the dining room table.” He was silent for
a few moments. “So people can see the damn cake.” He hung up and looked at his wife. “Happy?”
“Always,” she grinned before hopping down and walking off.
“Hey!” he called out after her. “What about that neck action? Is that all I’m getting?
Allison?” When she didn’t answer, he went into the living room, sat down on the couch and turned on the
television. He looked at his watch. He had time to watch some wrestling before Wilson came.
***
By seven that night, everyone except Blythe and Mundell had arrived. House ran his finger along the
edge of his collar.
“I can’t believe you made me wear a suit,” he complained softly.
Cameron smiled and grasped his hand, intertwining her fingers with his. “You look incredibly sexy
in it and besides, it’s a special occasion. If it helps any, I have plans for you and that tie later.”
Sucking in his breath, he looked down at her. “Oh, yeah, that helps.”
The doorbell rang and Cameron released his hand. “They’re here. Come on!” she called out.
Everyone followed her to the door. She swung it open and everyone shouted Surprise! which caused
Blythe to press her hand to her chest.
Tears gathered in her eyes as she looked at all her friends and
family members. She released Mundell’s hand and walked over to House. Looking up at him, she
smiled.
“You married a marvelous woman,” she told him and then hugged him.
“I did,” he agreed. “Happy birthday, Mom.”
“Thank you, Greg.” She released him and moved through the crowd hugging everyone.
Mundell stopped House and pulled him to one side. “I need to speak to you privately for a moment,”
he said.
“Let’s go into my office,” House told him.
Once House closed the door to his den, Mundell pulled a ring box out of his pocket.
“Oh, well, this is unexpected,” House grinned. “But, you’ll have to wait until I divorce your
daughter.”
“Oh, aren’t you the funny one,” Mundell smirked. “I want to ask your mother to marry me. My
divorce will be final by the end of the month. Your father is dragging his feet. I was hoping you
could talk to him.”
House shook his head and stuffed his hands in his pockets. “No,” he said shaking his head. “He
won’t listen to me. You two should just live together.”
“You’re his son-”
“No. It’s all too complicated and I don’t want to talk to him. And, like I said, he won’t listen to me
anyway.”
Mundell looked down at the floor. “Blythe won’t let me hire an attorney to help her.”
“Let’s see the ring,” House told him. “Then I’ll talk to Mom.”
Smiling, Mundell opened the box to reveal a large square cut diamond flanked by two smaller square
diamonds set in a platinum band.

“Nice,” House commented. “She’ll love it.”

“Thank you. So, you’ll talk to her about the attorney?”

“Yeah. Ask her to marry you first. She’ll be more receptive that way. Makes things easier for me.”

“I planned to ask her tonight after she opened all her presents.”

“Well, then let’s get out there and mingle before my mother and Allison come looking for us.”

***

Blythe smiled at everyone. “This has been the most wonderful day. I’m a little overwhelmed.”

Mundell stood and cleared his throat. “I have something I’d like to ask you,” he said to her. He pulled out the ring box and slowly got down on one knee. Everyone gasped.

“Will you marry me?” he asked, looking both hopeful and terrified at the same time.

“Say yes!” Hilary called out.

Blythe nodded and pulled him in for a long, passionate kiss.

“Oh, welcome to hell,” House groaned after a about a minute. “Your dad is slipping my mom the tongue.”

Mundell and Blythe broke away and Mundell lifted her left hand, sliding the ring on her finger. Everyone applauded and crowded around the happy couple.

Cameron sidled over to House.

“I helped him pick out the ring. He wanted you to talk to your dad but I told him not to mention it to you. I figure you told him no when he asked.”

“I told him I would talk to Mom after he asked her to marry him. It’s a nice ring. I’ve never seen her this happy.”

She sighed. “They’re both just so happy.”

“But we’re a better couple.”

“Oh, absolutely,” she agreed. “No one can compare to us.”

Wilson walked past with his head down and left.

“Hilary again?” House asked.

Cameron nodded. “She’s really miserable. So, she’s making poor Wilson miserable, too.”

“Is that why you wanted the dining room table moved? To get him away from her for a while? We both nearly broke our backs lifting that damn thing,” he told her. “Did Wilson complain to you? He usually just bitches and moans to me.”

“No, I talked to her when they came to the hospital for her check up. She said she wants the babies out now because one’s sitting on her bladder and the other one is hanging from her ribs. She looked miserable. He had ice cream and he didn’t look happy, either. Knowing Bunny, she’s making him jump like a puppet.”

“When you get pregnant, are you going to make me jump like a puppet?” he asked taking a small step away from her and widening his eyes.

She blinked in surprise. “Wait, you want a baby?”

House shrugged. “Someone’s going to need to keep Wilson’s kids from getting their asses handed to them at recess.”

“So, should I stop taking my pills?”

He shrugged. “If you want to. Sure.” He looked around at the guests. “Let’s get rid of them so you can show me what you plan to do with my tie. Which, by the way, is actually Wilson’s.”

Twenty minutes later the house was empty and Cameron led House upstairs to their bedroom.

“You made quick work of that, didn’t you?” he chuckled as he followed her into their room and loosened his tie.

“It’s late and people were starting to leave anyway. I just helped them leave sooner by putting some of the food away before it spoils,” she said with a shrug. “I guess they took the hint.”

“You did good,” he said as he took off his jacket and rolled up the sleeves of his shirt. “Now what am I supposed to do with this tie?” he asked her as he held it up.

She bit her lower lip and smiled at him. “Well, I thought you could use it on me as a blindfold.”

“Go on…”

“And then do with me as you wish.”
“Oh, I wish to do plenty,” he growled and then chased her across the room, climbing over the bed to get to her faster. Once he had her in his arms, he brought his mouth hungrily down on hers. She literally went limp and moaned into the kiss, wrapping her arms around his neck as they tumbled onto the bed together. She unbuttoned his shirt and shoved it off his shoulders as he unzipped her dress, careful not to damage it in his haste to get it off of her. “Wait here,” he said as he got up to grab the tie off the floor. Then he quickly wrapped it around her head and secured it like a blindfold. “All good? Nice and dark?” “Yeah, it’s fine.” “Good.” He looked her over as she lay on their bed wearing just her lacy lingerie. She wore his favorite, and it took every ounce of control he had not to simply make love to her right then and there. “I’ll be right back.” He was gone for at least five minutes, and she thought it sounded like he went downstairs but she couldn’t be sure. But then she heard him come back into the room and set something down on the side table. “Where did you go?” “Shh, no talking unless I ask you a question.” “Oooo getting serious, are we? Okay, I’ll play along,” she said and leaned against the pillows. He sat down next to her with a piece of leftover birthday cake which he covered with whip cream and topped with a cherry. “Open your mouth,” he whispered, and after smiling at him, she did and he gave her a bite of the chocolate mousse cake. “Mmm…” “Want more?” “Yes please.” He fed her a few more bites, and then it was all gone, save for the cherry. “Here comes the best part…” When she felt the cherry on her tongue with the whip cream, it was truly one of the best things she’d ever tasted. “Mmmm…” He smiled and gently brushed his lips against hers, tasting the remnants of the cherry and the whip cream on her tongue. “Nummy. I’m not done with you yet though,” he said and grabbed the can of whip cream that he brought with him. “Lie down.” Once she was on her back, he unclasped her bra at the front and then sprayed whip cream onto each nipple, making her gasp. He slowly ran his tongue across her nipple, lapping up the whip cream, giving a small nibble here and there. Then he sprayed a tiny bit over her belly button and proceeded to lick that off as well. When he got to the waistline of her panties, she was breathing heavily and he could tell she was fully aroused at that point. “Want these off?” “Yes!” she said, nodding her head quickly. He chuckled, but slid them slowly down her legs. She heard him shake the can of whip cream again and moaned softly. “Greg…” “Mhm?” “What are you…” She didn’t get to finish her sentence because he’d put whip cream over her mound and was greedily feasting on her. “Oh...my...God....Greg!” she cried out. The sensations from what he was doing to her were overwhelming. The vibration of the cream hitting her sensitive spots, the coolness of the whip cream, the warmth of his tongue. It was all too much and she let go, allowing the sweet release to course through her body. House gripped her hips and pulled her even closer to his mouth as he continued devouring her until she was spent. He tore the makeshift blindfold off and smiled at her. She looked like an angel lying there, her damp hair sticking to her face as she panted, eyes still closed.
Finally, she opened one eye, and then the other. A large smile spread across her face. “That was….I can’t even put into words how incredible that was.”

“Good. Then my job here is done,” he said and proceeded to get up but she turned the tables and flipped him on his back, much to his surprise.

“Oh, we’re not even close to being done yet,” she laughed as she reached for the tie. “I believe it’s only fair that I return the favor.”

His cock immediately sprang to attention at the very idea. “Who am I to argue?” he said with a grin as he let her wrap the tie around his eyes.

“You can’t argue. Just let me give as good as I got. Have you ever had anyone do this to you?” she asked as she placed kisses at the base of his throat and began kissing her way down his chest.

“No...I can’t say that I have.”

“Well I’m just going to have to fix that, aren’t I?” she said as she continued to kiss lower. His cock was so hard it hurt, and when she released him from the confines of his pants, it was as hard as blue steel.

“Mmm...Allison....”

“Shhh, no talking unless I ask you a question,” she mimicked his earlier words and he chuckled.

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Good boy,” she whispered as she teached for the can of whip cream and shook it up. She sprayed a generous dollop on the tip of his cock and he hissed.

“Holy crap...”

“Feels good, huh?”

“Yes,” he groaned. It really did, and he wondered if it felt as good when he did it to her. But as soon as she took him in her warm mouth, her tongue swirling over the tip and gently sucking the whip cream off, he thought he would lose his mind. “God....Allison...” he groaned as he gripped a handful of her hair and began thrusting into her mouth.

In order to maintain some control, she released him. “Do that again, and it stops right here. Is that understood, Greg?” she asked, her voice stern.

All he could do was nod, unable to form words. Satisfied for the time being, she put more whip cream on him and went about licking and sucking him like a lollipop until he couldn’t take it anymore.

“So close...” he groaned as his head thrashed from side to side and he gripped the sheets once again. Eventually he hit his own explosive finish and saw fireworks behind his eyelids as his whole body convulsed and shuddered in response.

“God...what you do to me, woman,” he groaned as his body finally relaxed and he lay sprawled on top of the sheets.

“I could say the same,” she giggled as she removed the tie and snuggled up next to him. “You don’t think I enjoy doing that for you? Giving you the same pleasure that you’re capable of giving me?”

He smiled and finally opened one eye to glance at her. “You do, huh?”

“Yes. See for yourself,” she said as she took his hand and guided it to her very wet core.

“Mmm I’ll take care of that...just give me a bit to recover. You’re so insatiable.”

Cameron giggled as she threw the covers over them. “Takes one to know one.”
April 3, 2008

“One more push, Hilary, and baby number one will be out. You can do it....” her doctor told her as she sat at the foot of the bed.
“It...can’t,” Hilary panted. “So tired....”
“You can sleep all you want when you’re done,” Wilson said, and earned a sharp glare from her.
“Don’t you fucking lie to me! You know damn well that’s not true! I’ll never sleep again! This is all your fault! You did this to me!”
Wilson resisted the urge to roll his eyes and then winced when she squeezed his fingers as another contraction ripped through her.
“This is the one....come on...push!”
Hilary let out a loud, feral groan as she braced herself and pushed with all the energy she could muster.
“The head is out! Suction!” The doctor suctioned out the baby’s tiny nostrils and mouth as another contraction started. “One more push and you’ll have your baby.”
“That’s what you said the last time!” Hilary screamed at her, but the doctor didn’t seem bothered by it at all.
“One more push, Hilary...here she comes....”
After one final push, the first baby was out.
“That’s our daughter” Wilson said, tears running down his face.
The doctor placed her on Hilary’s stomach right away so she could see her. She was so fragile looking, with a lot of brown hair on her little head.
“Oh my God...James...she’s so beautiful!”
“Yes she is....” Wilson sniffed.
The nurse took her away to get her cleaned up.
Hilary almost forgot about the other twin until another contraction hit and she groaned. “Oh God...I think....she’s coming....right now!”
The doctor had barely enough time to take her seat before the baby began to crown. “Impatient little thing,” she chuckled as she put on clean gloves. “Okay, one big push and she’ll be out, Hilary. On three. One....two...three!”
She pushed hard with a loud scream as their second daughter slid out in one quick motion. She was smaller than her sister but not by very much and was already screaming.
“Oh! Well this is a surprise,” the doctor chuckled.
“What? What’s going on?”
“Looks like they’re mirror twins. And this little girl’s lungs are as strong as her sister’s.”
“What are mirror twins?” Hilary asked in alarm. “Is that bad?”
Wilson leaned down and stroked her hair. “No,” he whispered. “It’s rare but all it means is they are like mirror images of each other. We’ll be able to tell them apart because one will be left-handed and the other will be right-handed.”
“Like us,” Hilary smiled.
Wilson nodded and kissed her. “Like us.”
Once both babies were cleaned up and examined, they were given to a very nervous and emotional Wilson to hold while Hilary was tended to.
“They’re so beautiful,” he sniffed as he looked at each baby, now already asleep. “I have to call House and Cameron,” he said, but the door opened and the couple in question walked in carrying flowers and balloons.
Cameron immediately went and hugged her sister while House looked down at the brown haired sleeping twins.
“They’ve got your hair. Let’s hope they don’t end up with your eyebrows.”
“They’re going to be beautiful,” Cameron replied with a warning glance at House.
“Yeah, now you need to knock her up one more time to get a boy,” House chuckled. “Then you guys are done.”
“Shhh,” Cameron hissed at him as she took one of the babies. “Have you decided on names?”
“Well, I wanted one of them to have the name Grace,” Hilary said taking the other baby from Wilson. “Beyond that, we couldn’t agree on names. I do like the name Samantha—”
“No!” House and Wilson said together.
Hilary chuckled. “Okay, okay. No Samantha.”
Wilson rubbed the back of his head and looked visibly relieved while House snickered.
“So what’s little Gregoria’s middle name going to be?” he asked, earning another warning glare.
“Hey! He’s my bestie. Of course they’re gonna name one after me.”
“The names I like, James doesn’t.”
“Doesn’t matter what it is as long as it goes with Gregoria,” House said with a proud grin.
“We aren’t naming one of our daughters Gregoria!” Wilson snapped at him.
“You never said you weren’t.”
“It doesn’t matter what they name them,” Cameron interjected. “Whatever they choose will be perfect.”
“I think Gregoria Grace has a nice ring to it,” House muttered.
“You would,” Wilson sneered.
A nurse came in and announced she was there to show Hilary how to breastfeed the babies. House's eyes widened comically.
“It’ll be like a floor show at a strip club,” he said.
Cameron gave Hilary the other baby, kissed all three of them and then hugged Wilson. “We’ll leave you and your family in peace,” she smiled.
“Visiting hours aren’t over yet,” House said plaintively.
Cameron grabbed his arm and pulled him toward the door. “They are for you.”

***

May 30, 2008
House sat with Wilson in a small room at Alpine Community Church. They had the babies and House stared at them in their carriers. They stared back with round brown eyes fringed by long black lashes.
“How old are Gregoria and her sister now?” he asked suppressing a grin. He knew exactly how old they were but loved to torment Wilson about their names.
Wilson sighed long and loud. “Really? You’re going to do this today of all days?”
House shrugged. “Sure. Humor me. My mom is marrying Cameron’s dad today.”
“Tatiana and Katya are almost two months old as you very well know. And stop calling Katya Gregoria. You’ll just confuse her.”
Wilson started to answer but snapped his mouth closed and smiled when Mundell entered.
“You and the old ball and chain were the ones who chose Russian names for your rug rats. Gregoria is Russian.”
Wilson started to answer but snapped his mouth closed and smiled when Mundell entered.
“Are you nervous?” he asked Mundell.
Mundell shook his head. “Strangely, I’m not. I was terrified when I married Millicent but now, I feel very certain I’m doing the right thing.”
Both babies cooed when Mundell bent over them.
“Well,” House commented with a slight grin. “Seems Gregoria and her sister think so, too.”
Wilson groaned and shook his head.

***
It seemed like the whole town of Alpine showed up for Blythe and Mundell’s wedding. What they hoped would be a small intimate gathering turned out to be much more grand, but House had never seen his mother so happy.
With Bennings as Mundell’s best man and House as another groomsman, Cameron’s mouth watered seeing him in his light grey suit. She stood next to Blythe, holding her bouquet while the ceremony
began.
“If anyone knows why these two should not be wed, speak now, or forever hold your peace.”
The chapel was quiet, save for the twins’ soft gurglings as Hilary and Wilson sat in the front row, holding them. They were not only identical, but one had a mole near her left eye, and the other one had one next to her right eye. They both had a dimple on opposite cheeks.
The minister was about to continue when the chapel doors slammed open and Bitty came sauntering in. Everyone turned to look at her and she preened at the attention. Her platinum blonde hair was teased so high it looked like she stuck her finger in a light socket. Heavy makeup made her look older and she wore a skin tight white sequined dress and six inch lucite heels. Long, rhinestone earrings hung from her ears and she wore a matching necklace that got lost in her cleavage.
“I’m here! Seems someone forgot to send me an invitation.”
“You didn’t get one because you weren’t invited,” House told her.
She laughed like it was the most ridiculous thing she’d ever heard. “Oh dear. What an awkward situation. I hoped it was mainly due to some oversight. Mundell never was good at planning these kinds of things, were you, dear?”
“Not an oversight. It was intentional,” House said as he took his phone out of his pocket and began to dial. “Now get the hell out of here before I call the cops and have them drag you out of here.”
“Wow, you didn’t wait long to get married again, did you?” she hissed at Mundell. “The ink is barely dry on our divorce papers and you’re already marrying this old hag?”
House stepped forward but Bennings held him back. “You’ll want to watch what you say about my Mother,” House warned her, his eyes were full of fury.
Bitty laughed again. “Well, my, my, my. Chummy little group.”
The twins started wailing and brought Bitty’s attention to them. When she saw Hilary and Wilson with the twins, she placed her hand over her heart. “You’ve got two bloody brats already? Wow. How the mighty have fallen. But you never could keep your legs closed after the death of that soldier you married.”
Hilary passed Tatiana to Wilson and stood up. “Don’t you dare come near our girls! And how dare you say that to me! These are your grandchildren and you will never see them. Now get out!”
“Oh please! This relationship won’t last! No man is going to want to be with a widowed single mother who’s nothing but a trollop!”
There was a gasp from the crowd as Hilary slapped her mother across the face. Then she slapped her mother’s other cheek. “That was from the girls! Thankfully they’ll never remember any of this, or you. Now get out!”
The chapel doors opened and two cops entered. “We got some calls about a disturbance.”
House pointed at Bitty. “She wasn’t invited and needs to be escorted out of here.”
“Of course.” The cop approached Bitty and took her by the arm.
“Unhand me! Do you know who I am?” she asked imperiously.
“I don’t care if you’re Hillary Clinton. You’re trespassing. Let’s go, Ma’am.”
“This is an outrage! Since when is it trespassing in a chapel?! I’ll have your jobs!”
“Whatever,” the cop said as the other one slapped the cuffs on her.
“You’re under arrest for disturbing the peace. I suggest you use your right to remain silent if you don’t want anymore charges brought against you.”
The crowd watched them march Bitty down the aisle and the female cop smiled at them.
“Congratulations. Carry on,” she said, and closed the big wooden doors behind her.
The minister cleared his throat and looked a tad uncomfortable, but Mundell was too busy looking at Blythe to notice.
“Are you alright, Blythe? We can do this again another time….”
Blythe shook her head. “No, it’s fine. I want to marry you today, Mundell.”
“Very well then,” the minister said and continued with the ceremony. Five minutes later, Blythe and Mundell were declared husband and wife and the reception began in the hall next door.
At the end of the day, once the happy couple had left for their honeymoon, House and Cameron remained on the dance floor, swaying back and forth.
“Despite Bitty’s surprise visit, it turned out to be a pretty decent day,” House said.
“Mhm,” she nodded. “I’ll bet I could make it even better.”
“With mind-blowing sex?” he asked, his eyes wide with excitement.
Cameron laughed. “Well, that’s definitely a possibility. But I have a surprise of my own.”
“Oh yeah? And are you going to share, or do I have to drag it out of you?”
She began kissing the base of his throat, swirling her tongue over his skin which she knew drove him crazy. “You know, usually I’d call you impossible, but I think I’ll just call you Daddy, instead.”
He paused and looked down at her. Her eyes were glistening as she beamed up at him. “Really?”
She nodded.
“Since when?”
“Since six weeks ago. We’ve been so busy that I didn’t even have time to notice that I was late. I had it confirmed yesterday. I thought my not having any champagne at dinner tonight might’ve tipped you off but you were too busy drinking my share to notice,” she giggled.
With that, House literally lifted her off her feet and kissed her as Wilson and Hilary looked on in amusement.
“I wonder what that’s about,” Wilson said, as he gestured to House and Cameron.
“Hey Wilson!” House called out to his friend.
“What?” Wilson called back.
“I’m gonna be a father!”
Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

Thank you to all who read this. We truly appreciate you all.

May 30, 2008
Cameron was glad they no longer lived in an apartment, or her father’s house, because the way the headboard continued to smack against the wall, she knew there would be some pretty pissed off people. Then House began to massage her swollen nub and all coherent thought fled. All she could think about was the feel of his skin against hers and the hard length of him sliding in and out of her. Soon she was screaming his name as he brought her to a mind shattering release. Moments later, as she began to relax, he shouted her name and collapsed on top of her.

As House lay panting beside her and the sweat cooled on her body, she thought back to earlier that evening, how there were hugs all around when they told Wilson and Hilary about her pregnancy. She’d tell her father and Blythe when they came back to town. She then thought about how House practically dragged her home from the reception and ravaged her in the foyer before swinging her over his shoulder and sprinting up the stairs to their bedroom where they’d been for the last hour. House glanced over at her and brushed a damp lock of hair from her face.

“You seem...distracted,” he said, looking amused.

“Do I?”

“Mhm.”

“Well could that be because you just thoroughly fucked me six ways from Sunday for the last hour and it was amazing?”

House shook his head. “No that’s not it. Everything okay?” he asked. He slid his hand over her smooth, flat stomach, knowing it would soon swell with their baby, and he still couldn’t believe it.

“Just thinking about today,” she said. “Mom and Dad are going to be very happy to have more grandchildren.”

He smiled and pulled her into his arms.

“I thought it was nice of my mom to tell you to call her Mom. Though it might confuse our kid. Wouldn’t want Gregory or Gregoria to think we’re siblings.”

“What is with you and the name Gregoria?” she asked in amusement.

He kissed her temple and smiled into her eyes.

“Dunno. I started it to taunt Wilson and it’s kind of grown on me.”

“Like some weird mold,” Cameron laughed. “If we have a boy, we can name him after you.”

House leaned back for a moment and then shot up. “NO! They might call him Little Greg!”

Cameron bit her lip. “They could do the same with Gregoria,” she told him.

House squeezed his eyes closed and shook his head. Then he lifted the sheet and spoke to his soft cock. “Don’t worry, Little Greg. No one is stealing your name.”

Cameron sat up and took Little Greg in her hand.

“Well, now he wants to get at Little Allison again.”

Cameron laughed and began to stroke him. House closed his eyes and his breath shuddered out of him as her hand moved up and down until his cock was rock hard. She released him and pushed him onto his back. She straddled him and leaned down to kiss him. He twined his fingers in her long blonde hair and returned her kiss with passion. He felt wetness on his stomach as she slid down to lie on top of him. They continued to kiss and explore each other’s bodies, taking their time. Their soft moans and sighs floated on the air. Finally, Cameron straddled him again, this time sliding down on
him as she took his stiff cock into her body. He gripped her thighs as she began to move slowly on him. Leaning back, she braced her hands on his thighs and thrust against him. Heat coiled outward from his stomach and burned through him. Sweat ran in rivulets down her body as she continued her slow movements. He released one thigh, slid his fingers between her wet folds and pressed on her clit. She gasped and then moaned his name. She began to move a little faster and then he watched as her orgasm shuddered through her. Her skin was flushed with color and he removed his hands as she rested her hands on his stomach and increased her pace. The sight, smell and feel of her as she moved pushed him over the edge and he groaned her name. She lay back down on him once his orgasm flowed out of him. He rubbed her back and closed his eyes.

“This is one of the best days ever,” he sighed.

Cameron laughed and rolled to lie beside him. He pulled the sheet over them and pulled her close. Within minutes, they were both sound asleep.

***

September 5, 2016

House flipped a burger on the grill and looked out across the backyard. Children’s laughter mingled with the sizzling sound of the meat on the grill. Tatiana bounded up the stairs and looked around.

“How’s Daddy?” she asked.

House jerked his head toward the inside of the house. “Getting all the vegetables you and the other rugrats are going to eat while the adults eat all the delicious hamburgers and hot dogs,” he told her. She came to stand next to him and wrapped her arms around his waist. “Nuh un, Uncle Greg,” she said looking up at him with her enormous brown eyes. “Daddy’s probably getting you a beer.”

“Daddy’s bringing healthy veggies,” Wilson said as he walked out carrying a large sheet tray covered in sliced vegetables. He had one hand behind his back.

“You’ve got beer behind your back,” she said.

Katya raced up the stairs and stopped at the sight of all the vegetables. She wrinkled her nose. “It’s Labor Day! We can’t eat veggies on Labor Day!”

Wilson placed the tray on a table next to the grill and held out a beer to House. “Oh, yes, you can,” he told his daughters. “And you will.”

“So, why are you two up here anyway?” House asked as he flipped another burger and rearranged several of the hotdogs.

“Mommy and Aunt Allie want some iced tea,” both girls said in unison.

“I will never get used to them doing that,” House said.

“It’s a twin thing,” Wilson told him. He looked at his girls. “What about Grammie and Grampa?”

Katya rolled her eyes. “They’re still not here. They’re always late.”

Wilson glanced at House with a mischievous glint in his eyes.

“Don’t,” House grimaced. He looked down at the twins. “Shoo! Tell your mothers we’re about ready to eat.”

They clattered down the stairs and raced across the lawn to where Hilary and Allison sat. “It’s been over eight years,” House said as he removed all the meat and put the vegetables on the grill. “You’d think after eight years they’d be tired. Cameron and I have been married for nine years and we’ve slowed it down to once, occasionally twice, a day.”

“They don’t have three kids,” Wilson commented. “You do.”

“You still have me beat with five. Who knew twins ran in your family and Hilary’s?” House grinned.

“At least the second set of twins are fraternal,” Wilson sighed as he looked out at Hilary and their children. Both she and Cameron came toward the deck with babies balanced on their hips. The other children swarmed around them.

“Did you ever think this is how we’d end up?” Wilson asked him.

“Honestly? No. I figured Cameron would quit, end up marrying Chase and I’d probably hook up with Cuddy only to have it blow up spectacularly.”

“You and Cuddy would have been like a nuclear explosion,” Cameron commented as she walked over to him. Their daughter stretched chubby arms out to him and he took her from his wife.
“Mommy is right, Grace,” he told her. She stared at him with wide blue eyes. He looked at Cameron over Grace’s blonde curls. “I am much better off with her.”
“Aunt Allie!” Tatiana yelled. “Henry has a frog! He says he’s going to put it in my bed!”
Cameron turned and looked at her son. “Henry Gregory House!”
“Aww, man!” Henry groaned and pulled the frog out of his pocket.
Cameron looked at him and he stomped down the stairs. “Girls are stupid,” he grumbled.
“Your brother is in trouble,” House commented to Grace. Grace laughed and grabbed the collar of his t-shirt.
Wilson took the BBQ tongs from House and began turning the vegetables.
A loud squeal caused both men to turn. Mundell and Blythe walked onto the patio and the children converged on them.
Hilary clapped her hands. “Roll call!”
The children came to stand in front of her. Henry raced back up the stairs and stood next to his twin sister.
“All House children on the right and all Wilson children on the left,” she told them. There was a mad scramble as the children got in place. “When I call your name, raise your hand. Henry House?”
Henry raised his hand. “Lilly Beth House?” She held up her hand. “Tatiana and Katya Wilson?” The girls held up their hands. “Tyler and Chris Wilson?” Her sons held up their hands. Hilary looked at her son as he rested his head on her shoulder. “And that just leaves Danny Wilson and Grace House.” The rest of the children raced to sit on benches at a small picnic table.
“Now that Grammy and Grampa have arrived, we can eat,” Wilson said as he carried a plate of grilled vegetables to the main table.

***
The sun was beginning to set over the mountains and the air turned cold. Hilary leaned against the deck railing and looked out at the bright display of reds, oranges, vivid pinks and pale blues. Wilson walked up and put his arms around her.
“Have you thought about what I asked you this morning?” he whispered, his breath stirring her hair and causing her to lean back against him.
“Yes,” she told him. “But I have some conditions.”
“Let’s have them.”
“You get a vasectomy. My stomach looks like a half filled sack of mush.”
“I think your stomach is perfect, but okay. Next?”
“No cheating. If you get bored with me, you tell me.”
Wilson sighed. “You do realize my other wives were jealous because I spent so much time coddling House, right?”
“Well, I’m not, but if I marry you and you cheat on me….”
He turned her to face him. “We’ve got five children and we’ve been together for over nine years. I think it’s safe to say that I’m not going anywhere.”
“Okay,” she said dipping her head. “I’ll marry you. After you get the vasectomy.”
Wilson looked over his shoulder. “She said yes!”
Mundell, Blythe and most of the children came rushing out of the house to hug them. House and Cameron stood in the doorway holding Danny and Grace.
“Who would have thought that we’d all end up here like this?” House asked.
“I did,” Cameron told him with a smile.

The End

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