

Summary:

Dealing with a great burden, Chase goes through the five stages.

Categories: [House](#), [Television](#) Characters: Dr. Gregory House, Dr. James Wilson, Dr. Robert Chase

Genres: Slash

Warnings: Abortion, Adult Situations, Angst, Complete, Dark Themes, Hermaphrodite, Language, m/m

Challenges: None

Series: International Misconceptions.

Chapters: 1 Completed: Yes Word count: 5125 Read: 453 Published: 02/16/2011 Updated: 02/16/2011

Story Notes:

Sequel to 'Scientific Method'.

1. [Story](#) by lopaka tanu

Story by lopaka tanu

Title: Grieving

Author: Lopaka Tanu

Disclaimer: I do not own House MD.

Characters: Chase, House, Wilson, Foreman, Cameron, Cuddy, Stacy.

Words: 5172

Prompt: Sequel to 'Scientific Method'

Fandom: House MD

Pairing: Chase/Wilson

Rating: Adult

Warnings: Language, Mpreg

Summary: Dealing with a great burden, Chase goes through the five stages.

Author's Note: For TK, who wanted me to continue the fic.

Stage 1: Denial

It was a common reaction. When he told anyone about what he really was, no one could quite believe it. There were usually all sorts of questions ranging from annoying to plain old absurd. The key to dealing with this was patience and a healthy dose of alcohol, for the person he told. Chase never touched the shit and considering his current condition, it was beyond stupid now.

Unfortunately, disbelief was not the reaction this time. He was dealing with a group of fellow doctors who dealt with the unusual on a daily basis. This was one of the three times in his life he was tempted to ask for something mood altering. Again, life made that impossible.

Figuring to deal with the easiest first, Chase faced Cuddy. She, Foreman, Cameron, and surprisingly, House's ex, Stacy, were currently sitting across from him, House, and a slightly inebriated Wilson. If House wasn't separating them, Chase would be currently stomping him under the table.

For her part, Cuddy kept staring at him and blinking. "Let me get this straight, you are sexually female and are currently pregnant?"

"I am sexually hermaphroditic. I prefer the male gender in reference." Ignoring the gasp from

Cameron, Chase forced his gaze to remain solely on Dr. Cuddy. He knew she had just figured out something that House was going to tease them on unmercifully. "Technically, I am referred to as a True Hermaphrodite."

"You'd have to be given the fact you slept with both..." Snickering, Foreman trailed off as Cameron turned bright red. He leaned back in his chair, trailing his fingers over the outline of his goatee. The look he kept sending both her and Chase said House wasn't going to be the only one.

"All right, we're informed. What exactly are you asking for? I'm assuming you will be wanting maternity leave. Which brings up the question of how to break this to the board. Or if you want to. I can keep it secret, unless an official inquiry is made. All of this will come out if someone in charge wants an accounting." Cuddy paused long enough to take a breath, her eyes wide and unblinking. "I'm trying to keep talking because if I don't stop then I won't have to officially deal with this."

"You can stop." Standing up from the table, Chase suddenly shut off his expression. "I'm not certain I can bring it to term. Even if I can, do I want to? What are the health risks? I've been taking artificial testosterone for twenty years, I'm not certain what that means." Clearing his throat, he finally looked at Cameron.

She was still sitting there, looking dazed.

Taking a calming breath, Chase tugged on his jacket. "Dr. Wilson and I haven't discussed this. The only reason you know at this point is because it has begun to effect our working relationship."

Having heard his name, Wilson stirred long enough to see he was being watched. He frowned a bit before turning to look at Chase. The cold look on the younger man's face hinted at a brewing fight. Not caring, he stood up and walked out, a slight sway in his step.

Chase snorted. Some how he didn't believe that would be the last time Wilson walked out on something important.

"All right." The display finally snapping her back to attention, Cuddy rose from her seat. Tugging on her pink blouse, she took a moment to fix her somewhat ragged appearance. Being woken at four in the morning by a drunk dialing James Wilson was taxing to say the least. "Here's what we're going to do. Until we know the full effects of Dr. Chase's condition, he's on lite duty. No clinic hours, no surgery, no lab testing, nothing that depends upon a medical opinion of any kind."

She silenced the others with a look. "Unless absolutely necessary, Chase is to remain here or in Doctor Wilson's office while on Hospital premisses. I'm sorry, but I'm not taking any chances." Cuddy gave Chase a sympathetic look before turning the full force of her, by now, considerable anger on House. "You! If I didn't need you... If this hospital... If this was the first bone headed, completely brain dead thing you ever did..." With a groan of disgust, she started for the door. "Fix this, House. You will obey Stacy, and I don't give a damn what it takes. Just, fix it!"

As the doors closed behind Cuddy, Stacy, who had been nearly forgotten in all this, rose to her feet. Crossing to stand next to Chase, she placed a hand on his arm. "I'm going to draw up some briefs, when they're ready to be signed, I'll call."

"Thank you." Nodding, Chase looked away from her. The woman sent a vague chill down his spine with her almost lizard like nuances.

Stacy gave his arm a gentle squeeze before glaring at House and walking out.

When the door had closed firmly behind Stacy, House started to bounce his cane. He took a moment to examine the grip before growling in the quiet. "So, you slept with Chase." Turning to Cameron, House pretended to be completely serious. "Was this your first lesbian experience, or is this your new thing? Inquiring minds want to know."

Dropping her head to the table, a loud sniff could be heard from Cameron.

Stage 2: Anger

It shouldn't have been a big thing. They were never meant to be together like this. Both had an understanding of what to expect when they got in to their relationship, mainly the fact there wasn't one. That had been the main benefit of sleeping with a co-worker, there was nothing unexpected. This shouldn't have happened.

And if House hadn't fucked with him, it wouldn't have.

Legs crossed, Chase gripped the arm rests of Wilson's chair and twisted it from side to side. He had been watching his lover toss back finger after finger of whatever he had in the crystal decanter for the past twenty minutes. Chase had come to talk, not expecting Wilson to open up immediately. Still, this was a more than a little ridiculous. "Are you drunk enough yet?"

"Not hardly. If my life is going to hell, I think it should be by my choosing." Tossing back the rest of his glass, Wilson grimaced. It was the last from that particular bottle and he wasn't entirely happy about that either. He had spent a good amount on it, now it was wasted in his need to get hammered. "Between you, House, Julie, and the other two damned blood suckers, I've got nothing left."

"I never asked for your help. I can take care of myself, thank you." Stopping his chair, Chase forced himself to remain calm. Yelling at Wilson was counter productive for both of them.

"Oh, give it a few months, you'll have your hand out just like the rest." His laugh mirthless, Wilson tried to stand up, but found his balance too shaky. Lowering himself on to the couch, he sat back and dropped his head. He groaned loud enough to echo in the office. "What am I going to do? I've already tripled my patient list just to make ends meet. I don't think I..."

"I'm having the abortion." Chase's words had the desired effect.

Wilson's head shot up immediately, staring at his lover. The stare quickly resolved in to a frown. "I thought we were waiting until we talked about this to make any decisions."

"Can you give me one good reason in sound judgment why I should go ahead with this pregnancy? I've been going over this in my head since I found out a week ago and I still can't find one single justification. There are no good reasons to keep this thing!" Despite his earlier attempts, Chase found himself losing control of his anger. Now that it was free, it was growing out of control. "This little parasite is feeding off my body! You have no idea how horrifying it is to awake in the middle of the night and realize there is something growing inside you."

Blinking, Wilson tried to clear his vision. The alcohol was having a major effect and he was finding it difficult. "What are you talking about?" Wilson rubbed at his eyes, blinking away the watery build up.

"I am pregnant, James. Not us, not someone, me." His anger quickly took a turn towards panic and Chase found himself gasping. Closing his eyes, he twisted his face and bit his lip. He forced

air in to his lungs, taking his time until the gasps were once again normal breaths. "I had a dream last night, a night mare to be exact. When I woke up, you weren't there, and finally, I realized I was alone. Normally, that would be okay, I would just calm down and go back to sleep."

"You want me to move in? Is that it? I got the hotel room because I thought we agreed there wasn't a relationship." Despite how hard it was to keep from slurring his speech, Wilson made an effort. Even if it was futile, he wanted to prove he could keep a modicum of control.

"I lied." He didn't want to stand up, the chair felt as if it were the only support he had keeping him from drifting off. Still, Chase needed to be closer to Wilson to make his point. Crossing the room, he sat down beside the frowning Oncologist. "I can't do this alone, on top of that, I don't want to. It's bloody difficult raising a child with two people, but on my own, I can't do that. My career, my life is just starting, a baby would ruin that."

For a time, Wilson sat there unable to come up with anything comforting to say. If for nothing else, those had been the same thoughts he had gone over in his mind since he found out. Looking down, he finally settled on grasping Chase's hand in his own. "That's probably for the best."

Nodding, Chase watched their hands for a while. His was smaller, more refined looking due to his well kept nails. Focusing on Wilson's hand brought back sense memories of their feel on his body. It was in shock that he realized he wanted that again. No matter how fucked up their situation, he wanted Wilson, craved his touch.

He glanced over at the older doctor to gage his reaction, but found his eyes closed. A soft snore echoed in the silent office. Chase leaned in to press his lips against Wilson's cheek. The sight of his lover made his chest feel weak. Rising from the couch, he traced his thumb over Wilson's lips and released his hand. His touch lingered for a moment more before he stepped back and faced the door.

Wiping his own face, Chase took a stabilizing breath. He pulled Wilson's office key from his pocket. Walking out with a quick turn of the dead bolt, he locked the door behind him.

~~~~~

### Stage 3: Bargaining

"I've made up my mind. I want an abortion." Standing before the men's room mirror, Chase tugged on his tie. "Wilson and I have talked about it and we both agree this is the best course of action. Having a child at this time is just something neither of us are prepared to handle. Our careers have to come first, that's all there is to it."

"Sounds very logical." Startling Chase, House pushed his way through the bathroom door. Limping his way over to the urinals, he made a great show of unzipping his pants. "It also sounds like a load of crap. If your career is the only reason you're having an abortion, I'll gladly pay for it myself. But we both know that's a minor consideration."

"Don't you think you've caused enough trouble?" Having recovered from the surprise interruption, Chase turned to face his troublesome boss' back. Crossing his arms, he leaned against the sink basin. "Any decision I make involving my body is none of your concern."

"So long as you're my employee, technically, it is." Happily chasing the remains of the urinal cake across the bottom of the trough, House chose a hands free method. He swayed a little to the left before using his hands to correct his balance against the wall. "I've been thinking."

"I don't care. My mind is made up, end of discussion." Pushing off the sink, Chase started for the door.

"How much do you really want to keep your parasite?" With a flush, House limped around over to the sinks. Much as he expected, Chase was waiting at the door. "You don't seem surprised I know."

"I saw you on the stoop through the curtains. There's no such thing as a three legged, six foot tall plant stand." He wasn't going to look this time. If House wanted to be his usual abrasive self, he was going to have to do it to his back.

"Good, then we can skip the whole act about how I pretend to be psychic with apocalyptic visions. Though, that one might be worth the trade mark lawsuit." After washing his hands, House crossed the two steps to wipe them on the back of Chase's lab coat. "Sorry, there aren't any towels."

Chase just sighed. Some things never seemed to change. The fact he was standing next to a full dispenser didn't go unnoticed though. "Aside from my biology, why are you even bothering with this?"

"You managed to drive Wilson to drinking during work hours. That takes a great deal of talent. Not even his first wife was that successful." Taking the lead, House limped out of the restroom and down the hall towards his office. He knew that Chase didn't want to face people, but that was just tough. "What really interests me, though, is the fact you lied to Wilson about wanting to give up this little bundle of misery."

"I didn't lie." Not technically, anyways. House was all about skirting the issue when it suited him. This time, it made him angry and Chase knew that best of all. "There are many compelling reasons to get rid of it."

"Yes, but are any of them really swaying your judgement in favor of an abortion?" The silence from his fellow told him he had scored a direct hit. House pushed the door open to his conference room, letting it swing back to hit Chase. "Good news, Angels, we have a new case. Caucasian, age thirty, complaining of unusual growths in its abdomen. Differential Diagnosis isn't necessary, we already know the affliction. The root cause being a protein injection given by our good friend Dr. Wilson. What I want to know are the complications, what symptoms can we expect. Removal, at this point, is not an option."

Checking his 'borrowed' watch, House limped passed Foreman and Cameron. "You've got ten minutes. Chase, get me a coffee, extra sugar. None for yourself, given the fact your little bun in the oven wouldn't appreciate being prematurely evicted. I want it hot, and I want it in five minutes." With a wicked grin at his employees, he limped in to his office.

Raising her head from the book she had been trying to read, Cameron peered at Chase with blood shot eyes. The tracks on her cheeks told of what she had been really doing. Adjusting her glasses, she sniffled. "What is he talking about?"

"I think he said Chase was keeping the fetus." Having actually paid attention, Foreman stood up from the table. He wasn't a bit surprised to find out Blondie Boy had gotten himself knocked up. If it could happen to anyone, it would happen to Chase. "First thing we need to do is take blood for some tests."

Chase almost flinched at the look on Foreman's face. "Fine. Then, since I can't do anything else, I have to get House his damned coffee."

Gesturing to the door, Foreman gave a slow grin. "After you."

~~~~~

Stage 2: Anger

His left arm knotted from multiple stab wounds, Chase kept his attention on the computer in front of him. His fellow doctors were in the lab running tests on his blood to determine his current status. With the file he had reluctantly handed over to House, they now had a patient history and a normal base line for comparison.

If they were thorough, two more samples would need be drawn over the next twenty four hours. That would mean he couldn't drive on his own. Since Wilson was still passed out in his office, he was stuck at the hospital. He had few clues how he was going to tell Wilson the unfortunate news.

'Guess what, I lied again. I can't go through with it and now I'm going to ruin both our lives by bringing an unwanted child in to the world. Surprise!' He some how suspected this wouldn't end well for him or Wilson. Oh well, it's not like this would be the first extremely stupid thing he ever did. No, that honor went to begging his house keeper to help him get him birth control pills.

Typing out the prescription numbers written out in Cameron's exotic scrawl gave him enough of a distraction to take his mind off the impending disaster. He had to use a magnifying glass to make out the minute shifts. Several times, he got a wrong number from the database because he mistook her writing. After a half hour of this, he was finally through and closed the file on her.

Since he couldn't do his regular work, he was basically relegated to secretarial functions. That meant making coffee, filling out forms, taking down numbers, answering the mail, responding to correspondences and requests for consultations. All of this was extremely easy as he had been doing forms of this for House since he had been hired. Unfortunately, that gave him plenty of instances to think.

Wilson was going to kill him. There was no getting out of it. He had told the man he wasn't going to be another hand in the Oncologist's pocket, and he would definitely try not to be. He wasn't a fool, he knew Wilson would pitch in no matter what because he was a nice guy. That and guilt did terrible things to his digestion. If he didn't care about the guy, that would have been the night that ended their relationship.

And that was another thing. They didn't have a relationship. Wilson simply listened to him complain about his work and then they got down to business. Usually with him bent over the Oncologist's desk. There was nothing wrong with that, it was a perfectly satisfying adult sexual relationship. They had needs that were mutually satisfied by it.

He thought he could do it. After all, the man knew his darkest secrets, things not even House had known about. That little thrill had been a great source for many hours of fun. Chase had always kept his relationships casual, when things looked like they might get deeper, he dropped them. If House hadn't changed his medicine, hell, if they had been smart enough to use protection.... If. If. If.

With a growl of frustration, Chase slammed the case file shut and sat back in his chair. Crossing his arms, he let his head droop. He wanted to get angry, yet he couldn't find any one thing that would justify the effort. There were times he wished he was more of a judgmental asshole like Foreman, that way he could rant and vent at anyone. At least then he wouldn't be in this mess, Foreman would never bottom.

He supposed it could be worse, the baby could be House's.

Chase froze. Hands sliding to cup his flat stomach, he glanced down. He was having a baby. A small part of him and a small part of Wilson was growing inside him. His vision started to blur and

he rushed for the trash can.

~~~~~

### Stage 3: Bargaining

Holding the cup of steaming off tea as he stepped off the elevator, Chase took the time to inhale deeply. The aroma alone was almost worth the price. Unfortunately, he had to go down to the Surgical On-Call just to get a glass. Since he couldn't have coffee and his tea intake was limited, he was going to get the best. That meant taking the elevator two floors down, crossing the hospital, taking another elevator a floor up, and then making sure none of the surgeons caught him.

Prying the lid off, he took a slow sip from the glass. It was completely worth the effort. The sweet pleasure filled him from the delicious brown liquid. At that moment, he would gladly kill to keep anyone from taking the glass from him. After he had taken long enough to appear a total slut for tea, Chase shoved off the wall he must have fallen against and staggered towards Diagnostics.

House had sent him out, claiming to want some room to breath. He wasn't moping or anything that dramatic, but he could understand. When anyone but House was ruminating over a serious situation, the man wanted nothing to do with them. Too hard to play the part of cold hearted bastard when you were too busy empathizing. Still, he had gone without protest.

Now, he felt refreshed enough to try tackling more of Cameron's illegible chicken scratches. Rounding the corner in to the Diagnostics' department, he saw through the glass walls that the rest of his team were already there. Pushing open the door, he smiled patronizingly for House. "I'm ready for more typing, boss."

"Sit down." House didn't look the least bit amused. His lips tight and his cheeks drawn, he pushed a blue folder over to Chase. "Your results."

Taking his seat, Chase set his styrofoam cup down. As the folder sailed over to him, he caught it easily and spun it so he could read the contents. At first, everything looked normal. His hormone levels were a little high, testosterone was extremely low, but other wise normal. It took him three read overs before it clicked.

Chase felt like the air fell out of his lungs. Staring at the numbers again, he frowned. "This can't be right. When Wilson told me, I did the blood work to confirm it myself." Glancing up at House, Chase quickly looked away to Cameron and Foreman. She wouldn't meet his gaze and Foreman actually looked sympathetic. "You ran the tests?"

"Four times on three different samples. The tests don't lie." Rather than facing Chase, Foreman got up from the table and walked out the door.

"I'm sorry." Shaking her head, Cameron started to reach out, but drew back quickly. Tugging on her lab coat, she stood up. "I have..." Without finishing, she took off after Foreman at a faster pace.

That left him alone with House. Stunned, Chase let his eyes slip closed. "Could they have made a mistake?"

"Foreman and Cameron aren't exactly the best doctors in the world, but they didn't screw up." Hand grasping his cane and then releasing it, House met his stare unflinchingly. "You're no longer pregnant. Some time in the past week, it must have self aborted. These things happen, most times, women never even knew they were pregnant. If it hadn't been for the test, you wouldn't have either."

Chase held up a hand to forestall any more words from House. "There should have been bleeding."

"There probably was, check your sheets and your underwear if you're like Foreman and haven't done your laundry yet." Rising from the table, House winced from the pain in his leg. He leaned harder on his cane than normal. As he passed Chase, he laid a hand on his shoulder. "Don't blame yourself, you didn't do anything wrong this time."

"What if my body did? What if I can't carry one to full term?" Chase's mind already supplied the answers to that. There were other options available if he wanted a child. Even if he couldn't get pregnant, he knew his body could produce ova that were viable. Biting his lip, he looked up at House. "I have to tell Wilson."

"Take the rest of the day off. If you need tomorrow, go ahead." With another pat on Chase's shoulder, House limped his way in to his office.

Left alone, Chase bit his lips until they disappeared. Refusing to stare directly at anything, he rose from the table and walked out.

~~~~~

Stage 4: Depression

By the time he let himself back in to Wilson's office, Chase was basically numb. He couldn't bring himself to react to anything at the moment. He tried acting like his world hadn't just come crashing down around him. Feelings were fleeting, he would get through this like he did everything. It was just a thing.

Unfortunately, his usual attempts at letting the emotional pain slide over him was failing spectacularly. Every time he tried thinking of something else, his mind would come back to the results of the tests. He wasn't pregnant any more. He had been, the evidence was reputed by three independent sources. It just wasn't there any more.

Once the door closed behind him and he threw the lock, he didn't have the strength to make it far. He barely made it to the couch before he collapsed. Falling back, he landed with a grunt in the spot he had been mere hours before. Wilson was still passed out in the same position he had left him in. Eyes blurry, Chase leaned in to Wilson's chest.

Disturbed, Wilson cut a snore in half, snorting twice before swallowing and blinking. Stretching out his arms, he looked around to find out what had woken him. His right arm came down around a solid mass he soon realized was Chase. Wrapping him in a one armed hug, Wilson pressed his lips to the top of his head. "What's the matter?"

The whispered words released the dam over his emotions and they came flooding out. Releasing a sob, Chase slid down until his head came to rest in Wilson's lap. Curling up on the couch, he clutched desperately to his lover's thigh.

"Robert?" At a loss, Wilson tried the only thing he knew. He slid his hand down the side of Chase's body. Unconsciously, his fingers came to rest on Chase's stomach. He jerked them back when Chase cried out. "Are you in pain? Do I need to call down to the ER?"

"No." Holding on tight, Chase felt that if he let go, he would float away. Wilson was the only thing keeping him together right now. He tried to convey that through his body.

Reluctant to touch him, Wilson continued to watch Chase for a reaction. "What do you need me

to do?"

"Just hold me." Sighing when Wilson finally put his hands on him, Chase closed his eyes and let himself drift. So long as he was there, Wilson holding him, he wouldn't go far. "Just hold me."

~~~~~

## Stage 5: Acceptance

Staring out the sliding glass door, he leaned against the sill and contemplated the balcony. If he looked up or to the side in either direction, he would find dozens of others. Wilson's room was on the tenth floor of twenty, giving him a good view of the city. His hair, still damp from the shower, blew in the cool breeze. It was a beautiful place, giving him plenty to gaze upon while he contemplated.

Behind him, he could hear the shower cut out through the bathroom door. The shirk of the curtain being pulled back sent a wonderful thrill through him. Robert shivered as he thought about turning around to watch his lover walked naked from the bathroom. Even after all this time, he still lusted after Wilson with a need that bordered on frantic.

As it was, a strong pair of arms slid around his waist from behind. Gasping, he leaned back in to the older man's arms. Wilson's whiskers tickled the skin of his shoulder as he pressed a kiss against them. Catching his breath, he gave a high pitched moan which he quickly squelched because it was highly undignified. "We don't have the time, James."

"If we don't make it to see her, we can always come again. Never mind, we can come again any time we want." Sliding his hands up Robert's sides, he tickled him gently before letting them slide down. He traced the expanse of Robert's stomach, fingers lingering on the stretch marks, needing them gently. "Oops, forgot about that. Guess seeing her is now or never."

"Not if you don't want to. I can be persuaded to do other things." Spinning in Wilson's arms, Robert let his head fall back so he could stare down his nose at the man. "Of course, it will take a monumental effort for me to skip the show. After all, we did come to Las Vegas just to see her."

"I don't know if I can do that. You were awful insistent about getting the tickets. That much effort might kill a man." Despite his words, Wilson was already peeling back the collar of Robert's bathrobe. "Come to bed, Mrs. Wilson."

"Just for that, you are never getting sex again." Chuckling, Robert pushed the towel off Wilson's hips. His laughter increased when Wilson's erection caught the towel and held it. A fluttering in the skin just over the waist line of his shorts made him clutch at his stomach. He caught his lover's hand and brought it down to rest over the movement. "Your spawn is active."

"Spawn? Who called our son my spawn?" Robert's look told him every thing he needed to know. "He is never having any contact with our son. I don't care what he tries to pull."

"Too late, House already has pictures. He made copies of the sonigram and sent them to Stacy." Humming as Wilson kissed down his throat, Robert fought to keep his mind from going south. "I think he said they were his work."

"I'm surprised she hasn't flown back just to check out who he knocked up." Nipping at Robert's collar bone, Wilson walked them over to the bed. He pushed Robert back on to the rumpled covers, enjoying the swell of his lover's body as it rose up. "Remind me to send Stacy a birthday card next month and a thank you note. It's in thanks to her we can afford to take this vacation."

"I'll keep that in mind. Now, enough talking." Sliding out of his robe, Robert raised his legs so

Wilson could pull off his shorts. As his lover climbed over him, he gave one last thought before he quit thinking. "I don't care what you say, after the ceremony, I'm not changing my last name."

"We'll see."

THE END.....

[Back to index](#)

All publicly recognizable characters and settings are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author. No money is being made from this work. No copyright infringement is intended.

This story archived at <http://www.squidge.org/mufa-mpreg/viewstory.php?sid=44>