

DESPERATE HOUSEWIVES CROSSOVER WITH DR HOUSE
Fan Fiction

(this fanfiction can also be found on the website : fanfiction.net)

Previously, in Desperate Housewives, Bree came to Mc Cluskey's house, to talk with Roy about Karen. He offered to Bree a piece of the cake that Karen had made. A few minutes later, Karen appeared in the living room and panicked when she realized that two pieces from the cake were missing. She screamed that it was her suicide cake. Then, Bree rushed out, took Mrs Mc Cluskey's car, and went to the hospital.

The sun was shining on Wisteria Lane, it was warm on this quiet day. Some people were drinking beer, others preparing a barbecue with their friends, kids were playing football, while a ginger woman entered the hospital.

"Oh God! Why are all these people waiting here? Emergencies are only for real emergencies, like mine. Not for old women with a headache, or kids with bleeding noses!" Bree complained to the nurse.

"Yes, I understand, madam, but I can't help you. You must sit and wait, like everybody else."

"Are you serious? I ate a suicide cake! I can't believe nobody cares about me. I'm in danger, so I went to the hospital, and then, I have to wait for three hours!"

Mrs. Hodge was angrier than ever. How could they make her pass after these little wounds? She was at the same time outraged, furious and panicked. Normally, Bree was a nice housewife, very appreciated by her neighbors, who lived on Wisteria Lane. Bree always cooked, and she was also a maniac with the housework, very snobbish, with many principles. However, this image of the perfect wife was in total contrast with that of the woman who collected firearms. A lot of firearms. 'Cause this beautiful Irish hid a dangerous part of herself. She was very smart, and therefore worked out numerous stratagems. She knew how to manipulate Wisteria Lane's inhabitants. And it can be very useful when you're the principal murder suspect...

But since Lynette, Gaby and Susan had dumped her, Bree's dark side had emerged and become bigger. She was also depressed. She missed her friends, even if they had disappointed her.

Bree left the ER and decided to try her chance in the private practice.

"With a little luck, I will not die yet. I can wait a few minutes... Anyway, if I stay here, it will be the same waiting time as in the emergency room" thought Bree.

She sat, and waited. She waited ten minutes... then twenty... thirty... Always thinking she was going to die. She was getting anxious. Too anxious.

She heard the nurse call:

« Mrs. Johnson, it's your turn! Room 12".

Bree got an idea, and came around the woman:

"Good evening, lady. Please, I need to see a doctor, can you give me your turn?"

"I'm sorry, darling, but my stomachache can't wait"

"God! Of course your stomachache can wait! This is not an emergency! Look, I am dying, I ate antidepressants, sleeping pills, and other craps"

"Oh, poor you! I'm sorry, but it's not my fault if you're drugged" she replied sarcastically.

"Come on! An old woman will not prevent from me from seeing a doctor. If I want your turn, I'll get it!"

Bree pushed the woman aside -who fell- and ran to room 12. Two teenagers helped Mrs. Johnson, while the evil woman entered the room.

Bree was sitting on the white chair, calming herself down.

Then, Doctor Gregory House opened the door, and happily said:

"So, how is your menopause?"

"Sorry? How do you know..." she answered, surprised.

"I'm a part-time medium, my crystal ball is in my office."

« Oh, this is so fun... You're also a clown, aren't you?"

House replied, ignoring her remark:

"Gosh! You look so young! On the file, it's written that Mrs. Johnson is 76 years old. What's your secret? Are you a vampire? Oh, I've got it: plastic surgery!"

« How dare you? A good doctor mustn't talk to his patients that way"

« And a logical and respectful person is not supposed to push old ladies in halls. Yeah, I have seen you. Do you know there are more discrete ways to steal the money of an old woman... You might have the decency to wait for her to have a heart attack or fall into a coma before acting!"

« I'm not a pickpocket, I was just in a hurry to have this appointment! Furthermore, I'm not sure that you're a doctor. Where's your badge? Your coat?"

« Oh, coats are for losers! And I think that white doesn't enhance my eyes. What do you think?"

« Could you stop your sarcasm and take a look at my problem? This is an emergency, I risk to die in a few minutes!”

« Ah! women... You’re always exaggerating things. What’s happening? You didn’t have time to clean and tidy your house and think you have swallowed a dust ball?”

« Sure, I would prefer to take care of my house rather than talking foolishly with a crazy and misanthropic man.”

House, suddenly looking serious and thoughtful interrupted:

« You’re hiding a huge secret. »

« I beg your pardon? »

« You’re very talented to mask your feelings. I've been watching you for 15 minutes, and I guess that behind your neutral face is hidden a dark secret... Your piercing look reveals your liveliness, your impeccably brushed red mane shows your order, and your impassive smile can be confusing... Why do you wear this mask? It is a way of protecting yourself, right?”

Bree, in bafflement but not showing it a bit:

« I’m sorry to disappoint you, but my behavior is natural, I’ve nothing to reproach myself with. I’m fine!... Apart from the fact that I’ll die soon because of you!”

The doctor decided to stop here, because he wondered that made this woman feel uncomfortable.

« I’m sorry, your horrible red pullover was hypnotizing me. You knit it yourself or Mrs Johnson gave it to you?”

House, having read in her like in an open book, Bree improvised an unreal calm, and tried to relax, avoiding to challenge him again.

« Fine, I’ve had enough... You’re a funny man, but with a doubtful humor, and I’m sure that you’re also an excellent and serious doctor, able to take a look at my problem”

« You’re lucky, it’s my kind day, and your flatteries go straight to my heart, he gushed. So, what happened, Mrs...?”

« Hodge. Bree Hodge. Well, about an hour ago, I was at a friend’s house. She was sleeping, so her husband let me in, and offered to me a piece of the cake that she had prepared. A delicious rhubarb cake! Then, she came into the room, screaming and shouting “What are you doing? It’s my suicide cake!” She had put sleeping pills, antidepressant and something else inside, but I don’t know what. So I went to Princeton Plainsboro, but the emergencies

were crowded. Therefore, I came to the private practice, and I shamefully stole Mrs. Johnson's turn. But she was arrogant with me, and if she had shown a little politeness, she wouldn't be lying on the floor!"

"And... That's all? You're making me have a headache just for some unfortunate pills? You're not going to die! It must have been one hour since you ingested these medicines, and apparently, you're not in a coma. You risk nothing. But you must have your stomach pumped to empty it of all toxins. And after that, you'll ask your friend who's got cancer to add the name of Gregory House at the end of her will"

« But, it was a suicide cake... It should have killed me by now!"

"It depends on the dose of medicine included in the cake. For a woman your age, and in good health, the death risk was very low"

"Phew... I'm reassured now!" She sighed.

«So, have we finished? What do we do, a football match, play ball?"

"I'll have my stomach pumped, and go home as soon as possible! So, if you're bored, I offer to you to go cure these people who are waiting in the hall. But it's only an idea..."

"Hum... Water bombs! Seeing as it's warm today, Cuddy will be happy to be a little refreshed"

Bree left the room, a polite smile on her lips. "A strange character that one!" she thought.

Bree returned to the hall. She went peacefully to the reception desk, trying to avoid the gaze of the other patients who were staring at her. Then, on her right appeared Mrs Johnson, exiting the doctor's office. Shameful, Bree turned around, and evaluated the number of meters she must walk to reach the reception desk.

"Cheer up, some twenty meters and I'll be there!"

She lowered her head and walked quickly.

« Anyway, there's no reason for her to notice me. She may have forgotten what happened before..."

Now, just ten meters were separating the beautiful ginger woman from the desk.

"Hey you!"

Bree gave a jump, stopped dead, mumbled some inaudible words and turned to the old woman who screamed. A forced smile spread on her tense face.

« So, that's alright? You're not dead, Mrs I've been drugged?"

"Indeed, thanks for your kindness, I was able to see a doctor."

“Too bad that you’re not dead. There would be a redhair less in this world”

She smirked and left the hospital.

“Racist!” screamed Bree, glaring at Mrs Johnson.

Tiffany Pascual