

Hair For A Good Time, Not A Long Time

By `tera_gram`

Rating: PG

Pairings: Shawn/Lassiter.

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Summary: A traumatic event for Shawn causes him to rethink his personal timeline.

Note: Written for round one of Last Author Standing. The prompt was Running Out Of Time.

Shawn upended a Cap'n Crunch box over Gus' desk, dumping out a sea of tiny papers.

"Are these the receipts I asked you to keep?" Gus grabbed a slip. "How is cocoa butter a business expense?"

"I'm the face of Psych," Shawn explained. "We can't have me looking flaky and not smelling of delicious cocoa butter."

"I accept that our business requires lying to the police," Gus said. "But there is no way I'm lying to the IRS. They're just itching to send people like me to prison."

"Dude, don't be my eighth grade report card. You're being paranoid."

"Am I? " Gus began to count off on his fingers, "Wesley Snipes, Method Man, Flavor Flav, Eddie Griffin..."

"Are you saying there's a conspiracy to charge black men with tax evasion?"

"I'm just saying."

"Fine. Don't claim it." Shawn waved an arm between them, erasing the conversation from his imaginary chalkboard. "It's not important. We've got a bigger crisis."

"Bigger than taxes?"

"Way bigger. I found..." Shawn lowered his voice to a whisper, "a grey hair." When Gus didn't reply Shawn gestured frantically. "On me! On my head. Just...growing there."

"It had to happen eventually," Gus said. "Deal with it."

"I can't. It's like trying to get used to the new Becky on Roseanne, or accepting that one of the two Coreys is dead. It tears at the fabric of the universe. My hair's never let me down before. Why is this happening?"

"Actually," Gus said, "hair greys because we lose catalase, the enzyme that breaks down hydrogen peroxide." He began separating Shawn's receipts into piles of legitimate, plausible and ridiculous. "In the future they might actually develop a cure for greying hair."

"A lot of good that does me now." Shawn threw himself onto the sofa. "How did you react when this happened to you?"

"Please!" Gus scoffed. "With my genes I've got another decade of dark perfection before I go grey. And even longer before I get permanent wrinkles. I've been using a sun blocking moisturizer since I was seven."

"I hate you," Shawn said.

"You know what they say, Black don't crack."

"Who says that?" Shawn demanded.

"It's common knowledge." Gus grabbed the calculator. "I think you're overreacting. It's only one hair."

"It's one now," Shawn said, "but grey hairs are like Sandpeople. They'll be back, and in stronger numbers."

"Maybe you can slide gracefully into the role of the charming older man," Gus suggested.

"I like where you're going with this." Shawn said, hopefully. "Like Blake Carrington."

"Blake Carrington was not charming," Gus said. "He raped Krystle and killed Steven's boyfriend. And that was just in Season One."

"Hmmm. Shawn's brow furrowed. "Charm works on the ladies, but men are more visual. I'd better make use of my hair's awesome power now. Get laid

while the sun shines."

"The phrase is 'make hay while the sun shines,'" Gus corrected.

"How do you even make hay?" Shawn asked. "And what would I do with it? No, it's time for Operation Lassie. Thunderbirds are go!"

"For the record," Gus said, "I object to you using a beloved Gerry Anderson show as a metaphor for your doomed attempt to seduce Detective Lassiter. It's just wrong."

"Wrong how? All the male characters on that show were gay."

"They weren't gay. They were marionettes. They just...moved that way."

"Irregardless," Shawn said. "I've built a solid foundation in Lassie's subconscious with the innuendo and the constant touching. I just need to bring that foundation to the surface so I can build my Barbie Dream Home on it."

"You know how I feel about you talking that way." Gus frowned.

"Using Barbie as a veiled sexual metaphor?"

"No. Using made-up words like 'irregardless.'"

Carlton Lassiter was staring intently at a case file. Shawn noted that while the detective's hair was peppered with grey, he was still smokin' hot. It was reassuring.

"Lassie!" Shawn smiled a greeting.

"I'm busy Spencer. " Lassiter slapped the folder onto the desk and added bitterly, "Unless you know who robbed the liquor store on Carillo and shot the clerk."

"Too busy to talk?" Shawn sat on the edge of Lassiter's desk and glanced down at the crime scene photos.

"Not your kind of talking, like why Bosom Buddies wasn't more popular, or whatever stupid conversation you were planning to have."

"That's no mystery," Shawn said. "The fun of Bosom Buddies was in their pretending to be women. They got exposed in the first episode of season

two, which pretty much killed the show. I'm here about something important."

Lassiter jabbed a finger at the case folder. "Unless two bodies are involved, it's not more important than this case."

"I love it when you unintentionally make a sexual innuendo like that," Shawn said. He ran a finger down the arm of Lassiter's jacket. "Are you saying that if this case were solved you could, say, go to lunch with me?"

Lassiter looked at Shawn with narrowed eyes. "If you know something about this homicide..."

"I don't know anything," Shawn said, waving a hand dismissively. "Except that the killer is the wine delivery guy, the murder was personal, not a robbery, and he's probably going to be within the city limits until he finishes his route."

Lassiter stood, mouth agape, for a few moments while Shawn's words sunk in.

"You'd better be right about this," he said grimly. He scooped up the folder and headed for the door.

"I'll come with!" Shawn called, running after him. "I know which winery he works for. We can go there, call in backup, and wait for him to show."

"Fine." Lassiter pointed to the Crown Vic. "Get in."

"Great!" Shawn slid into the passenger seat. "And while we're waiting we can have a talk I've been meaning to get around to."