

You've lost that Lovin' Feeling (and \$1600) By `tera_gram`

Rating: G

Pairing: Shawn, Lassiter, pre-slash

Warnings: Takes place after "Speak Now Or Forever Hold Your Piece." Spoilers for that episode.

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Summary: Lassiter gets even with Shawn for his outrageous hotel bill.

Note: Written for round two of Last Author Standing. The prompt was Get Mad, Then Get Even.

Lassiter looked at the bill clutched in his hand and realized that he was no longer angry with Shawn Spencer. True, he'd been furious when the Hotel de la Cruz had charged him \$1600 for a junior suite. But his rage had subsided, buried under the routine of work. Now, staring down at his Mastercard statement, he felt only certainty that he would even the score.

He thought of the words of Major General Joe Hooker before the Battle of Chancellorsville, "My plans are perfect, and when I start to carry them out, may God have mercy on Bobby Lee, for I shall have none." Of course Lee's Confederates had crushed Hooker's troops in that battle, despite being outnumbered five to one, because Hooker hadn't understood his enemy. Lassiter wouldn't make that mistake. Spencer was a conman. He needed to defeat him at his own game.

"Hey, Lassie. Is our cheque in yet?" As Shawn approached his desk Lassiter quickly shut his laptop.

"No. Go away Spencer, I'm busy," he said abruptly.

"Lassie, did I catch you surfing for gun porn?"

"No." He sounded guilty. "It's nothing. Just...research."

"Right." Shawn grabbed the laptop and raised the screen. "A movie prop auction site?"

"What?" Lassiter snatched the computer back. "Like you wouldn't love to own an original Maltese Falcon prop?" He smiled scornfully. "Or are the ruby red slippers from the Wizard of Oz more your style?"

Shawn laughed. "If that's meant to be a sexual innuendo, Lassie it's a little before my time." He slowly ran a hand down Lassiter's tie. "If you want a gay reference that I can follow you need to go with Top Gun, the most homoerotic movie of my generation."

"So what, you'd want an F-14?" Lassiter snorted a laugh. "Good luck finding one of those."

"No." Shawn waved a hand. "Too cumbersome. I'd have nowhere to park it and Henry would always be on my back about washing it. But I wouldn't mind wearing the flightsuit and the sunglasses as I ride my bike, looking forlorn and listening to Berlin sing Take My Breath Away."

"You'd never find a flightsuit from that movie now," Lassiter said confidently. "It's been twenty years. It's probably mouldering in Val Kilmer's basement. No chance, Spencer. Forget about it."

"Yeah. Maybe." Shawn chewed on his lower lip, thoughtful. "Call me when our cheque is ready."

Lassiter watched Shawn leave and smiled to himself. The seed was planted.

"Dude!" Shawn welcomed his business partner. "You're just in time to savour my delicious victory."

Gus's stomach dropped. Shawn had that 'I've just forged your name to a lease' look.

"What victory?" He set his briefcase on the floor. Shawn's computer screen showed a large photo of a vaguely familiar green jumpsuit.

"We got talking about movie memorabilia at the station today," Shawn explained, "and Lassie said I couldn't find an original flightsuit from Top Gun. But I check Ebay and lo and behold, not only does NeedForSpeed_1171 have one, but it's the one Iceman wore, *and* it's signed by Val Kilmer!" Shawn made some keystrokes. "And now it's mine." He drummed his hands on his desk. "The Iceman suit cometh. Allowing 6-8 weeks for delivery."

Gus's curiosity shifted to panic. "That had better not be on my credit card, Shawn."

"Of course not." Shawn laughed, as if he'd never do such a thing. "I used my paypal."

Gus's shoulders relaxed slightly. "How much was it?"

"A steal at sixteen hundred."

"Sixteen hundred dollars?" Gus's mouth fell open. "For a jumpsuit? Have you lost your damn mind?"

"It's a piece of history. Autographed by the Iceman himself."

"How do you even know it's real?" Gus asked. "I read about a guy who bought an empty box on Ebay thinking he was getting an iphone prototype. The whole thing could be a scam." Gus went back to his desk and began to open the mail. "Sixteen hundred dollars," he muttered under his breath. "I can't believe you."

Shawn didn't hear him. He was too busy thinking about the cost of the suit and room 1171 at the Hotel de la Cruz.

Lassiter looked up to see Shawn looming over his desk.

"Can I help you?" Lassiter could barely contain his joy.

"I've been the victim of a crime," Shawn said.

"You don't say?" Lassiter tried to keep his voice even, but he could feel the muscles of his cheeks twitch as he tried not to smile.

"Yeah," Shawn said. "I think I've been defrauded out of \$1600 dollars on Ebay."

"That's a lot of money." Lassiter leaned back in his chair and folded his hands behind his head. "But fraud is so tough to prove, especially online."

"My flightsuit isn't coming, is it Lassie?"

"I don't know what you're talking about." Lassiter stood and shuffled some papers on his desk.

"Just admit it," Shawn pointed a finger at him. "You're NeedForSpeed_1171."

"Of course not." Lassiter chuckled. "But now that you mention it, wasn't that the number of that suite I booked at the Hotel de la Cruz?" He paused, as if thinking. "Yes, I believe it was. That's an interesting coincidence."

"Yeah. It's like an episode of freakin' Numb3rs," Shawn grumbled. He raised his chin and glared at the detective, "I warn you, Lassie. I... I am going to give you a *very* bad seller review."

"That's fully within your rights." Lassiter clamped a hand on Shawn's shoulder and began to propel him toward the door.

"It's your loss, really," Shawn said. "I would have looked fantastic in that suit."

"I don't doubt that for a minute," Lassiter said. His smile broke out and he felt better than he had all day, with the exception of the moment he'd deposited Spencer's \$1600 into his account.