

## **Pay No Attention to That Man Behind the Plexiglass.**

### **By tera\_gram**

**Rating:** PG-13

**Pairing:** Shawn/Lassiter

**Warnings:** boykissing, implied sex.

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**Summary:** Shawn causes a distraction.

**Note:** Written for round one of Last Author Standing. The prompt was: "I don't cause commotions, I am one."

Shawn watched sixteen-year-old Wally fidget in the interrogation room. He had come to Psych claiming he was about to be charged with murdering his principal. Shawn had shrugged it off as the product of an overactive imagination until Juliet O'Hara and Carlton Lassiter had burst in with their Glocks at the ready.

Wally would confess to the whole thing, guilty or not. He was very suggestible. In the ten minutes he'd been in their office he'd admitted to eating all the red M&Ms from the dish on Gus' desk. Shawn knew that wasn't true because he had eaten them himself that morning. Substitute "bludgeoned the principal" for "ate your candy" and Wally was as good as convicted. Once a suspect confessed, courts tended to believe they were guilty. If Lassiter went in there before Gus arrived with the murder weapon then Wally would be wearing orange for three to eleven years.

Shawn needed to distract Lassiter for at least fifteen minutes—maybe twenty, depending on how quickly Gus could get into the woodshop classroom. Shawn considered lighting something on fire, but the SBPD had surprisingly few flammable items in the interrogation area. They'd probably learned the hard way. He'd have to rely on the most distracting thing he knew—himself.

Shawn ran his hands artfully through his hair, took a deep breath, then burst into the observation room where Lassiter was watching Wally stew in his own panic.

"I did it!" Shawn threw up his arms. "I killed the principal."

"Riiiiight," Lassiter smirked and folded his arms across his chest. "I'll just let our suspect go then, shall I?"

"I'm channelling the guilty conscience of the real killer," Shawn explained. He raised his

hands and looked at them in horror. "I see blood, and ...sawdust. And poorly made birdhouses and gun racks. Concentrate with me." He grabbed Lassiter's tie in both hands, and hummed, indicating psychic phenomena at work.

"Nice try, Spencer but you've picked the one person who isn't going to fall for your psychic vision malarkey," Lassiter said.

"Malarkey? That's so archaic. It's like tomfoolery. Nobody uses it anymore. However, I would have accepted shenanigans, or hijinks."

"How about bullshit? Is that current enough for you?" Lassiter pulled his tie free from Shawn's grip. "Now if you'll excuse me, I have a suspect to question."

Shawn sighed. He'd have to bring out the heavy guns. He stepped between Lassiter and the door.

"Okay! I admit it. I'm not here about Wally." He gestured at the door. "Go! Beat a confession out of him. I don't care." He moved in close to the detective. "But there's something you need to know first."

"What's that?" Lassiter squinted suspiciously at Shawn, who crooked a finger, motioning him to lean in. Lassiter moved within whisper range and hung there expectantly. Shawn glanced at Wally, and then at his watch. Gus was certainly taking his sweet time.

"Well?"

*Damn*, Shawn thought. *This was not how I hoped this would happen, but here goes.* He grabbed Lassiter's shoulders, and kissed him. He tasted like coffee, and something sweet. He'd gone back to using four sugars and three creams.

Shawn instantly remembered all the times he'd groped Lassiter during a vision. Even counting the leg fondling, the ass slapping and the lap sitting, this move had the least amount of wiggle room. It was crossing a line.

Almost as quickly as their lips had met, Lassiter bolted upright and stepped back, colliding with the wall.

"What the hell, Spencer?" He demanded, wiping his sleeve across his lips. His cheeks and ears were blushing red. It was cute, but he'd barely used up two minutes.

Shawn surged forward, pressed himself against Lassiter. The detective smelled of cologne, coffee, gun oil, and holster leather.

"Come on, Lassie. We're two great tastes that taste great together." Shawn's hands moved over the detective's chest, then worked their way south.

"Spencer," Lassiter sounded exasperated, but not disgusted. He grabbed Shawn's hands

to stop their wandering, and turned his face away, out of kissing range. Shawn ran his mouth along Lassiter's neck instead, kissing the tense muscles there.

"Cut that out," Lassiter hissed, looking anxiously at the door. Shawn pressed his thigh forward, parting Lassiter's legs. At this the detective let out a squeaky "Hey!" and pushed him backward. He pointed a finger at him warningly and said, "Stop it, Shawn. I mean it."

"Fine. I'm stopped." Shawn raised his hands in surrender and then stuffed them into his pockets. Lassiter's 'like you as a friend' talk should take at least five minutes.

Lassiter ran his handkerchief down his neck. "Ack! I should have you charged."

"With what?" Shawn asked, "Excessively wet kissing?"

"How about assaulting an officer? Or battery?" Lassiter's eyes were warily studying Shawn's face.

"Oh please! If being gay is outlawed only outlaws will be gay."

"Is that what this is? You're suddenly gay for me?" Lassiter's brows wrinkled and he frowned slightly.

"What do you mean *suddenly*?" Shawn asked. "I've been coming on to you for years. If I'd been any less subtle I'd have been Al Pacino's performance in *Oceans Thirteen*."

Lassiter's frown deepened. "Is this a joke?"

"No joke. I'm just putting it out there. You, me, dinner at Red Robin, then mattress Olympics."

Lassiter grabbed Shawn by the arms and slammed him against the door.

"Be serious for a minute, damn it." He glared at Shawn with narrow eyes.

"This is my serious face, Carlton." Shawn looked up into Lassiter's blue eyes, which were studying him carefully, looking for deceit.

"So help me, Spencer if this is a joke..." Lassiter never finished the sentence. Shawn grabbed the back of his head and kissed him again, but this time Lassiter kissed back, tentatively at first.

Twenty minutes later they emerged sheepishly, having missed Wally's release, but not their own.