

You Have The Right To Remain Silent.

By [tera_gram](#)

Rating: PG-13 for crotch touching.

Pairings: Shawn/Lassiter.

Warning: Shassie slash.

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Summary: Eighteen year old Shawn is arrested and passed off to a rookie Officer Lassiter for booking.

Note: Inspired by this Shassie video posted to youtube by [copsrhot](#), which featured the scene of Shawn's arrest from the beginning of the Ghosts episode. Henry's partner is referred to as Ray, but I had to give him a last name. Thank-you to [mr_pugh](#) who betas all my stuff.

Santa Barbara, 1995.

Shawn Spencer's Judd Nelson look was just beginning to bloom. He was rocking the white long underwear top beneath a blue short-sleeved shirt, and after weeks of itching, the piercing in his left ear had finally healed properly. His hair, though suitably floppy, was about six months short of full John Bender perfection.

And the look was working. It had gotten him into a red musclecar with a girl he was sure was going to end his highschool-long losing streak. Her crimped hair, and midriff-exposing black t-shirt were straight out of Madonna's *Like A Virgin* playbook, but if the talk around school was to be believed, she was anything but. He'd thought some of that reputation and experience might rub off on him. At least, he'd been hoping they could remove their clothes and try. Instead he'd been busted by Henry and dragged down to the police station.

Henry was ranting at him now, but Shawn was barely listening. He felt energized. It was really happening. He was being arrested, which meant the end to all the enforced police training he'd grown up with all his life. He could never be a police officer with a criminal record. Any other person might have thought that their prospects had just narrowed, but Shawn felt as if the world had opened up before him. He could do anything with his life now that cop was off the table.

Henry's partner, Ray, came up and announced that Chief Fenich wanted to see him in the office.

What a shame, thought Shawn. And in the middle of Henry's 'You've Ruined Your Life' speech, too. Luckily he had that one memorized.

Henry growled and snapped his fingers to get the attention of a nearby uniformed cop.

"You're up, Beanpole." He pointed a finger at Shawn. "Book this kid." Henry stomped off toward the Chief's office, leaving Shawn alone with the uni.

This particular cop was tall and slim, and his short-sleeved black polyester uniform was close-fitting. His nametag read Officer Lassiter. His blue eyes, with their heavy lids, were quite striking, but the ridiculous police moustache would have to go. Judging from the watch and ring on his left arm he was right handed, and married. The calluses on his hand indicated that he spent a lot of time at the gun range and had spent the past several years using a pen for hours at a time. Unless he was a sudoku or crossword addict, it was likely university notes and test-taking that had done that. He probably had a criminology degree. His hair cut was shorter than regulation—the kind of guy who did more than was required because he was just so eager to please. Shawn smiled smugly up at Officer Lassiter. This was probably exactly the kind of life Henry had had lined up for him. And he had finally dodged that bullet.

Officer Lassiter picked up Shawn's booking sheet, which Henry had filled in with Shawn's name, contact information and social security number. Lassiter didn't even remark on the fact that Shawn's address was the same as Henry's.

He doesn't recognize Henry's address, so he's not a buddy, Shawn thought. The kid-glove treatment is right out then. I've been handed off to the beat cop.

"Come on, you." Lassiter grabbed Shawn by the arm and pulled him upright.

"Aw, letting me go so soon?" Shawn whined. "But I liked it here. Don't make me go home. Please, throw me in jail."

"Are you kidding?" Lassiter asked, the crease in his forehead deepening.

"No," Shawn said, all trace of joking gone from his voice. "I'd really like to be arrested. Seriously. Charge me."

"It's your lucky night then."

"I just don't see why you can't charge me here, at this desk."

Lassiter looked in the direction Henry had gone. "No one sits at Detective Spencer's desk but Detective Spencer." Shawn detected anxiety in that wary glance down the hall. He'd probably learned not to sit at Henry's desk the hard way.

Henry's good at teaching people lessons, Shawn reflected bitterly. He's not so good at learning any.

"That's too bad." Shawn stood and followed Lassiter who seemed unsure of where he was going. "I was hoping we could do it all there, for sentimental reasons."

They had just gotten settled at a nearby desk when a Detective named Davis arrived. Shawn remembered him from his dad's poker nights, but the detective barely gave him a second glance. He didn't see the rosy-cheeked future cop he'd met at Henry's in this long-haired criminal sprawled in the seat before him.

"Move it, Rookie." Davis gestured for Lassiter to vacate his desk.

Lassiter looked around helplessly at the other desks. All, save Henry's, were currently occupied. "Detective Spencer told me to book this suspect."

"I don't give a good goddamn what you're doing," Davis said. "I'm using my desk. There are lots of flat surfaces in here, Lassiter. Find one." He passed him an empty clipboard. "Hell, use this." Lassiter grabbed the clipboard, attached the booking sheet, then dragged Shawn into an empty interrogation room.

"Sit." Lassiter pointed to one of the chairs.

"I'll stand, thanks."

"Fine. Have it your way," he said. "Plenty of time for sitting in your cell." Lassiter looked at the booking sheet. "Your name's Spencer? The detective who arrested you is named Spencer."

"Yeah, I'm his son," Shawn said sarcastically. "We have family dinners where I plan crimes and he plans to stop them. It's fun. You should come by some time."

"Yeah, right."

Shawn smiled. It was a lesson he'd learned in junior high, when he and Gus had been caught trying to climb through the suspended ceiling to retrieve Gus' science fair project from their locked classroom. The best way to make people believe something was to tell them the exact opposite in a sarcastic voice. Of course if he remembered correctly—and he did—the ceiling wasn't the only thing that was suspended that day.

Lassiter began to work his way down the checklist. "Do you have any weapons or drugs on your person?"

"Drugs aren't my thing," Shawn retorted. "But if you're looking, I could give you a number you could call. I hear he's very discreet."

"Funny," Lassiter said, his voice showing no trace of amusement. "Empty your pockets."

Shawn reached into his jeans and pulled out his wallet, three condoms, a movie stub from *Ace Ventura: When Nature Calls*, a book of matches from Kingston's, two Chuck E. Cheese arcade tokens, a set of keys, a comb, and a package of pineapple flavoured Lifesavers.

"Remove all jewellery." Lassiter was reading off the sheet.

He can't have booked very many suspects, Shawn thought.

Shawn removed his black leather wristband, took the stud from his ear and set them both on the table.

"An earring?" Lassiter looked at Shawn dubiously. In his book, real men did not wear earrings.

"In my *left* ear, dude. Why? Do you think it should have been in the right? I've been kind of wondering myself."

Lassiter handed him the clipboard. "Check the receipt, then sign to confirm that these are the items taken from you."

Shawn looked at the list. "I don't see my *joie de vivre* on here."

"What's it look like?" Lassiter began rummaging through the items on the table.

"Forget it, Lassie. It's a joke."

He gave Shawn his best icy stare. "That's Officer Lassiter to you." Shawn saw

the muscle of his jaw tighten. "Being arrested isn't funny," Lassiter said sharply. "Having a criminal record isn't the way you wanted to start your life."

"Hey—this whole thing happened because I was trying to *have* a life, okay?"

"Well now you'll have a felony conviction."

"Actually, that depends on whether or not Henry charges me with theft or joyriding. California Penal Code 499b PC. Seeing as I *intended* to return the car, I think my lawyer can make a good case for joyriding." Shawn looked at Lassiter and smiled. "You should know that, *Officer*." Shawn put as much sarcasm into the title as he could.

"I *do* know that. Why do *you* know that?"

"It's a long story. I'd tell it to you but you'd need a box of Kleenex." Shawn looked at the two-way mirror. Henry was probably out of the Chief's office by now, likely watching this whole process from the observation room. He grinned to show what a great time he was having.

"Remove your shoes and place them on the table."

Shawn watched himself remove his Converse All-Stars and place them on the table. It suddenly occurred to him that there *was* something he could think of to make Henry's night worse.

Shawn leaned against the table and smiled his friendliest smile at Officer Lassiter. "You know, this whole arrested thing really put a crimp in my plans for the evening."

Lassiter grunted, barely looking up from the clipboard. "I bet it did."

"I was kind of hoping for some sexual healing, if you get my drift." He tossed his hair back and gazed up at him from under his eyelashes.

"Not a lot of that where you'll be going," Lassiter said, his eyes on the clipboard. "Although if you stay on this path you might meet some federal inmates willing to play doctor with you."

"I don't suppose you'd be interested in sinking my battleship?"

"What?" Lassiter looked up, his brow creased in confusion.

"Sorry. Too obscure? How about Getting Scotty into my Jeffries Tube? Blowing out my Sixteen Candles? Crossing our proton pack streams? Come on!

Do you even own a television?" When Lassiter's face still showed no understanding Shawn shifted gears. "Let me be more explicit." He stepped forward and stroked a hand over the front of Lassiter's trousers.

Lassiter's eyes widened, his body went rigid, and he looked quickly at the mirrored window, behind him at the closed door, then back to Shawn. He stepped back, out of range of Shawn's hands.

"Uh, no. You've got the wrong guy."

Shawn tossed his hair back again and studied the young cop's face. That glance didn't say *your come-on repulses me*, that glance said *I hope nobody sees this*. That was a whole different ballgame. Repulsion would be hard to work around.

"Really? I didn't think so."

"Why? " Lassiter glanced over his shoulder at the door and back again. "What have you heard? Have people in the station been talking about me?" He pointed a finger at Shawn. "That incident at the softball tournament was blown way out of proportion."

"I'd love to hear about it sometime. How about helping me round the bases now? Or at least look the other way while I steal third."

"No. Definitely no." Lassiter was gripping the clipboard like it was a life raft. "I'm married for heaven's sake," he muttered, more to himself than to Shawn. Louder, he asked, "Do you have any weapons on you? Any guns, knives, razors, or needles?"

"Let's find out," Shawn said, throwing his arms wide and giving Lassiter his best come hither look.

"Enough of that. Turn around and put your palms flat on the table."

"My hands could be much more useful—I'm just saying." He turned and assumed the position. "I could show you why they call you guys 'beat cops'."

Lassiter put his left hand on Shawn's back and ran his right slowly across Shawn's shoulders and down his arms, feeling for hidden weapons or contraband. Henry had taught Shawn how to frisk when he was eight. The key was to be thorough without opening yourself to an unexpected attack. Lassiter was doing it entirely by the book, but Shawn had a few moves that weren't in the book. He arched his back and pushed his ass back against Lassiter's pants, moaning softly.

“Stop it.” Lassiter said, panic causing his voice to raise an octave. “Stop that right now.”

“Hey grabbyhands, you’re the one getting all frisky.”

“I’m *frisking* you. There’s a difference.”

“My sexual experience has been rather limited, as I mentioned. But this does seem pretty close. Come on, admit it. Isn’t it kind of homoerotic? You, running your hands all over my hot young body, me all helpless and compliant....”

“I haven’t seen a lot of compliance,” Lassiter muttered, flustered. “Stay still.” He pushed Shawn forward on the table and held him there. “Try exercising your right to remain silent.” He ran a hand across Shawn’s chest. Shawn ground against him and wiggled his hips, watching the colour creep into Lassiter’s face in the mirror.

Although his moaning had started as a joke, the pat down *had* started to feel pretty sexual. Not only was his frustration level at an all time high, but the feel of Officer Lassiter’s body pressing him against the table was more arousing than he’d expected.

As disinterested as Shawn was in actually being a cop—and he was 99% sure he’d made the right decision on that account—there was something kind of sexy about the uniform—especially the accessories, like the handcuffs and the gun. He never wanted to wear the uniform professionally, but he wouldn’t mind picking one up for...recreational purposes. Shawn found himself imagining what could happen if Officer Lassiter wasn’t such a by-the-book guy. He whimpered as the police officer ran a hand across his stomach and along the waistband of his pants.

“I told you to stop that.” Lassiter ran his hand along the outside of Shawn’s leg and then started his way up the inseam.

“A-ha!” Lassiter’s voice took on a triumphant tone. “What have we here?” Then as it dawned on him that the hard item in Shawn’s pants was not, in fact, a concealed weapon, his tone changed. “Oh. Oh God!” He pulled his hand away and stepped back, unsure whether he was supposed to continue the pat-down under the circumstances. Shawn watched his reflection with amusement; even the man’s ears were bright red.

“Aren’t you going to investigate?” Shawn turned his head and looked lasciviously over his shoulder at the flustered cop. “I could have something dangerous in there.” He wiggled his eyebrows suggestively, enjoying every moment he made him—and, he hoped, Henry—squirm.

"I think that's enough of that," Lassiter said, frowning seriously at Shawn. He pulled a latex glove from his pocket and put it on his right hand.

"I knew it," Shawn said triumphantly. "We're going all the way. Although personally, I think fisting is a little presumptuous for a first date."

"Turn around and open your mouth." Lassiter swallowed anxiously.

"Oh. I see." Shawn's eyes locked onto Lassiter's and he parted his lips as slowly and as seductively as he could.

"This isn't sexual!" Lassiter insisted. "I have to check for drugs and weapons...and stuff."

"Let's talk about what isn't in my mouth...but could be."

"Shut up, Spencer." Lassiter ran a finger along the inside of Shawn's cheeks. As he pulled the finger back Shawn's lips and tongue closed around it obscenely. "Ack!" Lassiter pulled back, looked at his glistening finger, then at Shawn, as if some explanation was expected.

"That does it," Lassiter flipped Shawn around, bent him over the table, and pulled his arms behind his back."

"Now we're talking, Lassie. Give it to me right here on the table," Shawn said, his voice slightly roughened from having the air pushed out of his lungs by the manoeuvre.

Lassiter handcuffed Shawn.

"Oooh," Shawn said. "Tall, dark, handsome, and kinky too?"

The door opened. Henry's partner, Detective Ray Webber looked in.

"If you're about done in here, Spencer wants the kid down in fingerprinting for dabs and a mug shot."

"I think," Shawn said from his prone position on the table top, "that Officer Lassiter here was just about to finish me off."

Lassiter stepped back and pulled Shawn upright. "We're done. He's all yours." Shawn was pretty sure the sigh the cop let out was one of relief.

"Did Henry enjoy the show?" Shawn asked as his father's partner led him out of the interrogation room and down the hall to the stairs.

“Sorry kid,” Ray said. “I don’t know what you’re talking about. Henry’s been in with Chief Fenich for the last half hour. He just got out now.”

Shawn sighed as he was led to the basement. *Oh well*, he thought. *Not every swing at the ball can be a home run*. At the very minimum he’d learned something curious about himself. It would make for an interesting subject of conversation when he called Gus to bail him out.