

Lois and Clark Meet Shawn and Gus

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Summary: Lois and Clark are sent to Santa Barbara to cover the story of the very successful psychic detective, Shawn Spencer and his best friend, Gus, with their agency, Psych. After arriving, they come to find that Intergang is in California due to a murder.

Hey, everyone! This is a new adventure for me. A crossover fic. I've never, ever written one before!

This is a crossover involving two of my absolute favorite shows: Lois and Clark: The New Adventures of Superman and Psych.

Disclaimers:

All characters from LnC belong to DC Comics and Warner Brothers.

All characters from Psych belong to the writers of Psych and to Universal Studios/NBC

Any characters you don't recognize obviously belong to me.

A little background: I decided to write this in the present, not the past. For the Psych side of things, it wouldn't work. This is completely an Alternate Universe, so that Superman can exist in the same world as the Psych crew. All characters will appear (Juliet, Carlton, Karen, Henry, Shawn, Gus, Buzz, and our favorite coroner, Woody!)

For all the LnC people: What this means is that Lois and Clark are married, but no kids (keeping the theme of they couldn't have any). Perry and Jimmy will be in this, as well. Can't forget the team that "Always forwarded the plot!"

Santa Barbara, CA 2011: Psych Office

Shawn sat at his desk, tossing a small basketball up in the air with gusto. He had just come off a case (where the murderer was none other than the sister of the victim) and was reveling in the fact that Lassie had actually congratulated him. The pseudo-psychic had stood for a moment in the middle of the police station with a shocked expression. He recovered quickly and left, with Gus and the check, back to the office.

Gus sat across from Shawn, looking over his pharmaceutical files for the next day. The case they had been working on had taken a little longer than usual, so Gus was behind by about a week. He knew his boss would be on him about it if he didn't catch up quick. He flipped a few pages, writing every so often in the spaces about some new rash cream that had just come in.

"Working on your new butt cream file?" Shawn asked with his childish flare. Gus glared at him.

"Shawn, this just happens to be the job that keeps Psych afloat," Gus said.

"After our *rash* of cases?" Shawn said.

Gus couldn't help but smile, but he tried to hide it. Instantly, he regretted it, knowing perfectly well that Shawn would *see* his lips curl up into a grin. He tried to look further down at his notes.

"Ha! I saw you grin! You've got to remember, Gus, you can't

get away with much around me," Shawn bragged. He tossed the basketball up again, catching it with ease as it fell back down.

"Whatever, Shawn. Why don't you go get both of us a pineapple smoothie?" Gus asked. Shawn jumped up at the mention of pineapple.

"Sounds good, Dude! Be back in a flash!" Shawn grabbed his helmet and left the office. Getting on his Norton, he started the engine and took off toward the closest Jamba Juice to retrieve the pineapple goodness that resided within the chain juice bar.

The beautiful southern California day felt warm and humid to Shawn as he rode the two miles to the juice bar. He looked around the beach town and smiled at the people who were all over the boardwalk.

'I really do love it here. Thank goodness I came back six years ago,' he thought as he pulled into the parking lot of Jamba Juice. He parked his bike near the doors and headed inside with a smile on his face.

Metropolis, USA 2011: Daily Planet Newsroom

Clark Kent looked at his desk, trying to find that elusive pen that just seemed to always disappear when he needed it most.

Looking up, he saw his wife, Lois, using said pen for writing her own notes on their latest story. Shaking his head, he walked over and tapped the black haired reporter on the shoulder.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Kent, but I believe that's my pen," he joked. She stopped writing and looked up at her *super* husband.

"Well, Mr. Kent, you're just going to have to take it back, aren't you?" she asked playfully. She pulled the pen back, away from Clark's outstretched hands. The secret superhero sighed as his wife kept pulling the pen away. Finally, he pulled his own trick, kissing her softly to make her drop it. He heard the click of the writing utensil hit the floor within seconds of meeting Lois' lips with his.

"That is so not fair! You know I can't resist your kisses," Lois said after the kiss ended. Clark chuckled as he picked up the pen and walked back to his desk. He turned to his wife with a goofy grin.

"Hey, at least I know the weakness of Mad Dog Lane," he joked, then ducked as another pen flew in his direction. Lois laughed.

"Lois! Clark! Come in here!" Perry White called from his office. The two reporters got up, grabbing hands as they strode into the Editor-in-Chief's office. Perry sat in his chair, smiling as his ace reporting team came in holding hands.

"What's up, Perry?" Lois asked. She and Clark sat down in the chairs across from the Chief's desk.

"I have one heck of an assignment for you," Perry said, passing a newspaper toward them. Clark grabbed it first as Perry continued.

"That is the Santa Barbara Times. The cover story is what I called you in here for. This Psychic Detective Shawn Spencer and his Associate Burton Guster have caused quite a stir out there in California. To date, they've solved over 100 cases under their company, Psych. Their latest case had ties to Intergang. I want you two to head to the West Coast and cover this."

"You want us to do a story on a psychic? Chief, are you all right?" Lois asked incredulously. Perry chuckled.

"I know, it's not my normal line. All this psychic mumbo jumbo never really caught my attention, except that Star that used to live by you, Lois. However, these guys have solved so many cases successfully that it's hard not to look. This Shawn is really good, I've read," Perry explained.

"Lois, I guess we're going to Santa Barbara. You'd better bring your bikini," Clark said. Lois glared at her husband.

"Nice try," she said, her glare turning into a smile. Perry shook his head at his two journalists.

"You leave in two hours. You both can go home and pack. Oh, Jimmy's going with you for the photographic aspect. I want

lots of photos, got it?” he said, adding his trademark gesture (two fingers pointing at his intended target).

“Yes, Chief,” Clark said. The couple walked out to find Jimmy packing his camera into a case. The young photojournalist looked up at Lois and Clark.

“Hey, CK. I am so glad I get to go with you two to California. The beach is calling me!” he said.

“Jimmy, we’re going there to work. Before we go, do us a favor. Look up everything you can on this Shawn Spencer, Burton Guster and Psych. We want full backgrounds on our intended subjects,” Clark said. Jimmy nodded.

“You’ve got it, CK. I’ll meet you at the airport in two hours. Our flight leaves at six fifteen,” Jimmy said as he headed off to his desk.

Santa Barbara Police Department: One hour later

Chief Karen Vick sat at her desk inside the SBPD, looking over the last case notes. Her detectives, Carlton Lassiter and Juliet O’Hara had just turned in their statements, as had Shawn Spencer and Burton Guster of Psych. She couldn’t help but smile at the small pineapple in the corner of Shawn’s statement. She looked up toward the corner of her office, where Shawn’s father, Henry, sat.

“Henry, how’s it coming with the budget plan?” she asked. Henry looked up from his forms.

“Actually, we’re still in the black, even after hiring Psych the last four times,” he said. Karen smiled.

“Chief?” came a voice. Buzz McNab, the future junior detective, stood in the doorway of his boss’ office with a file in his hand.

“Yes, McNab?” Karen asked. Buzz walked in and set the file down.

“We just got a call about a body near the outskirts of town. Suspicious circumstances,” Buzz said. Karen looked at the file.

“Call Lassiter and O’Hara in here. Looks like we’ve got another one,” she said bitterly. Even though they weren’t related, there had been a lot of murders in the area over the last few months. She took a deep breath and let it out slow as her two detectives came in.

“We’ve got another one, Detectives. Possible homicide on the outskirts of town. Go over there and assess the situation,” she told them.

Lassiter took the file and opened it, “Caucasian male, mid-thirties. Found this morning near the back of a department store dumpster,” he read aloud.

“Are we hiring Psych on this?” Juliet asked.

“Not yet, O’Hara. Check it out first and report back. Henry and I will decide if we need Psych on this,” Karen said. She looked down at the papers on her desk; which was the cue for the detectives to move out.

Lassiter walked to his desk and put on his suit jacket. His gun already in its holster, he looked over at his partner. She was getting her gun in her holster and looking around for her notepad.

“O’Hara, can I ask you something?” he asked her. She stopped and looked up at him.

“I suppose. What’s up?”

“Why did you ask if we were hiring Spencer and Guster? We don’t always need them, you know. We do real police work, while Spencer somehow comes up with wild accusations that later turn out to be right,” Carlton said. Juliet couldn’t help but roll her eyes.

“Carlton, I’ve heard this before. Shawn and Gus have helped us out of some tough jams in the past. You’ve used them before yourself. They have an uncanny ability to solve even the toughest of crimes. We should be lucky they are around,” Juliet stated.

“You’re biased. Just because your dating Spencer,” Carlton started, but stopped the minute he saw Juliet’s face. Anger clouded the blonde detective’s features. He realized he’d just

overstepped his bounds.

“I am so sorry, O’Hara. I didn’t mean that,” he said apologetically. Her face softened somewhat.

“I would hope you’d realize that I don’t let my feelings for Shawn get in the way of what we do. Let’s go check this body out,” she said shortly. Without waiting for Carlton, she walked out the doors to the blue Crown Victoria parked by the steps. Carlton followed behind, grumbling under his breath at his aforementioned goof.

Shawn and Gus sat in the Psych office with two pineapple smoothies and a couple of doughnuts each. They were snacking and playing *Whoever drops the ball buys dinner* when the Psych line rang. Shawn picked it up after a couple of rings.

“Psych! This is Shawn,” he said into the receiver.

“Mr. Shawn Spencer? This is Lois Lane. I’m...” she started.

“Lois Lane? *The* Lois Lane? As in reporter for the Daily Planet?” Shawn asked in surprise. Gus looked up at him with a *don’t mess with me* face. Shawn shook his head, telling his friend he wasn’t kidding. Gus picked up the other line to listen in.

“Yes, that’s me. My partner, Clark Kent and I have been assigned to cover you and your associate, Burton Guster on your accomplishments of solving cases,” Lois explained. Gus’ eyes widened.

“Ms. Lane? This is Burton Guster. You’re serious?” he asked.

“Yes, Mr. Guster. We were assigned the story this morning. We’ll be heading out to Santa Barbara today. Can we meet you both tomorrow at about ten in the morning at your office?” Lois asked.

“Ten sounds good. Gus and I will be ready and waiting, Ms. Lane,” Shawn said.

“We’ll see you then. Thank you and goodbye for now,” Lois said. She hung up, leaving Gus and Shawn jumping up and down with excitement.

“Oh, my goodness! We’re going to be in the Daily Planet! It’s like a dream come true!” Gus said.

“Dude! We’ll be super famous! That’s the same paper that always covers Superman’s rescues! In fact, the same reporters!” Shawn said.

The phone rang again, calming Gus down long enough to answer. He stood for a moment, listening to the person on the other line. He hung up a minute later with a smile.

“It must be our lucky day. That was the Chief; we’re being called in again. Another murder on the outskirts of town near Dalties Department Store. The manager was found this morning beside the dumpster,” Gus said.

“Man, a case to work on while we’re being interviewed by the most famous paper in the world. This has awesomeness written all over it!” Shawn said, holding out his fist.

Gus bumped his fist to Shawn’s, “You know that’s right,” he said as they headed out the door to the blue colored Echo (known to the duo as the Blueberry).

Twenty minutes later, the Psych duo were at the crime scene standing alongside Juliet and Carlton. The body still lay face down next to a dumpster with what appeared to be a gunshot wound to the back of the head.

Shawn *saw* many different details: the position of the body, the wound itself, scrapes along the face of the victim, a wedding band on his left hand and a piece of paper near the body that forensics was picking up carefully.

“I’m seeing something,” Shawn said suddenly, putting his fingers to his temple.

“Spencer,” Lassie warned, but Shawn ignored him and kept going.

“This wasn’t a normal murder! He was executed after being beaten! Uh...he...he’s married! I’m also seeing a piece of paper? Something is written on it! I can’t see what,” Shawn said as he rocked back on his heels. He opened his eyes a second later,

breathing heavy.

Juliet looked at Shawn in disbelief, but said nothing as Lassie walked over to the forensics officer and talked to him about the paper. He turned around with the evidence bag and a pair of gloves for Shawn.

“Spencer, this paper was just found at the scene. Take these gloves and see what you,” Lassiter lowered his voice, “can glean off it.”

Shawn smirked as he put on the gloves. He had just managed a small accomplishment: getting Lassie to acknowledge him as being on the case. He pulled the paper out of the evidence bag and opened it up. It had a note.

“Charles, your time is up. You have had enough chances to pay us the money you owe for your protection,” Shawn read aloud. He looked up at the detectives.

“Could be a crime ring,” Lassiter said as Shawn put the paper back in, “I’ll get the team to analyze this pronto,” he continued. The evidence bag was sealed shut and Carlton returned it to forensics.

Shawn and Gus walked away for a moment to talk to each other. When they were sure they were far enough out of earshot, Gus started.

“Shawn, this seems a little off, doesn’t it?”

“Yeah. Something’s not gelling. You know, like Jell-O when you don’t use the right mixture of water and powder? How it just stays watery,” Shawn said.

“Shawn! Focus!” Gus reprimanded.

“There’s more to this than just your average crime ring.”

Shawn glanced back at the body, then looked up at employees from the store that had gathered nearby. He looked back at Gus.

“Let’s go do a few interviews with some of the employees. Maybe one of them could tell us more about Charles, there,” Shawn continued, pointing at the body. Gus, looking appreciative for leaving the body behind, followed Shawn to the crowd that stood around outside the crime scene tape.

Shawn glanced around, *seeing* all sorts of things. His attention landed on a nametag worn by one of the women in front. Assistant Manager Kelsey. He walked over to her.

“Kelsey, my name is Shawn Spencer, psychic for the SBPD. This is my partner, Peter McPhinniganagain,” Shawn said as he pointed to Gus. His best friend’s dark face contorted into distaste for the thousandth nickname his buddy had just created.

Kelsey looked confused as she began to speak, “How’d you know my name?”

“Like I said, I’m psychic. You were the, assistant manager, correct?” Shawn asked, closing his eyes momentarily. He opened them again to see a very astonished look on her face.

“That’s right! How’d you know that?” she asked incredulously. Her brown hair blew in the sudden breeze. Shawn *saw* a hint of red on her roots.

“You dyed your hair brown a few weeks ago, didn’t you? You thought red was too wild,” he said suddenly.

Kelsey gasped, “Oh, wow! Yes!”

“I need to ask you a few questions about your boss,” Shawn announced. Kelsey nodded.

“Whatever you need, Mr. Spencer. Mr. McPhi...McPhin?” She turned toward Gus with questions in her eyes.

“McPhinniganagain,” Gus said reluctantly. He cast an angry glance at Shawn before turning back to Kelsey with his flirty grin.

The two private detectives began to ask Kelsey questions about Charles and his dealings with any crime ring. Carlton and Juliet continued going over the crime scene.

“Damn it, I hate when Spencer’s right,” Carlton said. He was looking over the body and seeing what Shawn *saw*. The wedding band, the scrapes on the face. Lassiter sighed.

“Well, you should be used to it by now. He’s constantly

right,” Juliet said a little snidely. Lassiter looked at her.

“You don’t have to be so snippy about it. How about you sh...” he started. A glare that could melt snow stopped his words from forming. Juliet always knew how to push Carlton’s buttons. The ones that silenced him.

The two SBPD detectives worked the scene in silence, which made Buzz McNab take notice. He wasn’t used to the silence between the two. The tall, gentle cop walked over to Shawn and Gus as they finished questioning Kelsey.

“Shawn, Gus? I’m not sure, but I think Juliet and Lassiter are fighting. They’re giving each other the silent treatment,” he said to the Psych team.

Shawn looked over at his girlfriend and Lassie. He couldn’t help but chuckle at their dilemma. Resigning to be the magnet that pulled them back together, he turned and thanked Kelsey, motioned for Gus to follow, and made his way to the two detectives.

“I’m sensing something is troubling you, Jules,” he said to his girlfriend. She turned to him with a small smile.

“Carlton’s been getting on my nerves, that’s all. We’ll get over it. You two can go, there’s nothing else for you to do here. We’ll see you tomorrow?”

“Tomorrow at the morgue, say eleven? Someone’s coming to our office at ten. We’ll be bringing them with us,” Shawn said cryptically.

“You’re bringing someone to the morgue? Who?” Juliet asked skeptically.

“You’ll know tomorrow. I’ll see you then,” Shawn said, giving Juliet a kiss. The two went on their way to straighten up the Psych office for their special guests. Inside the Echo, Gus asked Shawn why he didn’t tell the two detectives who was coming.

“I wanted it to be a huge surprise. Imagine Lassie’s face when Lois Lane and Clark Kent walk through the SBPD doors tomorrow,” Shawn said with a huge grin.

Gus smiled wide, “You’re right. That’ll drive him nuts to know we’re being interviewed by the one of the biggest papers in the world; and by two of the most famous reporters!”

They drove back to Psych with visions of fame and fortune in their heads. Shawn thought about a pineapple smoothie machine for the office, which Gus actually agreed on. The two friends walked back into the office a while later, still talking about the future.

Santa Barbara, CA: The Next Day

Lois, Clark and Jimmy were in the back of a cab, heading to the office of Psych. Jimmy was snapping pictures through the open window of the California coast while Lois and Clark compared notes on Shawn Spencer and Burton Guster.

“Jimmy, when the chief said take lots of pictures, I don’t think he meant of the coast and the beach bunnies,” Lois said. The two gentlemen could hear the teasing tone in her voice.

“Hey, some of these are for personal use. If this Shawn is really that good, maybe he can find me a cute girl!”

Clark rolled his eyes, “Jimmy, we’re here to work,” he said with a smile. Jimmy nodded and put his camera down.

“You’re right, CK, of course. Oh, it’s right up here, Mister!” Jimmy said to the cab driver. He acknowledged and pulled over in front of the Psych office. A blue Echo and a Norton motorcycle were parked in front of the building.

“That’ll be \$22.50, please,” the cab driver said. Lois and Jimmy looked at Clark, who resigned to pay the fare. The three got out and walked up to the door. Clark politely knocked, secretly scanning inside to see two men sitting in chairs watching the big screen TV against the far wall.

The black man who was dressed up in a nice shirt and khaki pants walked to the door and opened it. Clark pushed up his glasses as the door was opened.

“Hi, I’m Clark Kent, this is Lois Lane Kent and Jimmy Olsen. We’re from the Daily Planet,” Clark said extending his hand. Gus looked at him with wonder as he shook the reporter’s hand.

“Wow, do you work out, Mr. Kent?” Gus asked. Clark chuckled.

“Sort of, and you can call me Clark, Mr.?” he asked.

“I’m Burton Guster. You can call me Gus,” he answered as he moved aside to let the three in. Closing the door behind them, Gus followed them back into the main office. The other man who’d been sitting next to Gus stood up. His brown hair looked like he had just gotten out of bed; his jeans and shirt were both slightly wrinkled.

“Shawn Spencer, psychic detective. Hello, Mr. Kent. Mrs. Kent,” he greeted them with a handshake. He looked at the younger man standing next to Clark.

“I’m Jimmy. Jimmy Olsen, photojournalist. I’m here to take the pictures for the story,” he answered Shawn’s confused stare. The look on the pseudo-psychic’s face changed to recognition.

“Yeah! I’ve seen your picture credits on the front page, Jimmy! I can call you three by your first names, right?”

“Sure, Mr. Spencer,” Lois said.

“Shawn. Mr. Spencer is my father. You’ll get to meet him in a while. Gus and I can’t tell you how excited we are that you’re here. The best part is, you get to watch us work. Just after you called yesterday, we got a new murder case,” he said. Jimmy’s eyes lit up.

“We get to see you do your thing, huh? Awesome!” he exclaimed.

“I have to admit, I’m surprised you’re coming here to interview us. With all the Superman stories you two cover back in Metropolis, this must seem a little mundane,” Gus said.

“Gus, don’t be the Equal in someone’s tea. Sure, Superman is exciting, but he’s no psychic. Or, is he?” Shawn said.

“We know him personally. I can assure you, he’s not psychic, Shawn,” Clark announced. Gus’ mouth hung open with shock. Shawn looked amazed.

“You know him personally?” Shawn asked in awe. Clark nodded and smiled.

The two best friends stared at the three reporters in amazement. They then looked at each other with smiles.

“By the way, are you three fans of delicious flavor?” Shawn asked. Lois blinked in confusion.

“What do you mean by that, Shawn?” she asked.

“What he means is, have you ever had a pineapple smoothie? It’s kind of our thing around here,” Gus explained.

“A pineapple smoothie?” Clark said slowly.

“Yeah. What, you’ve never tried one? Gus, we have to get these three some of the best tasting smoothies in California. To Jamba Juice! Oh, you guys don’t mind coming with us to the morgue, do you?” Shawn suddenly asked. Jimmy was the only one who turned a slight shade of green.

“The morgue?” was all the photojournalist asked. Gus sympathized with him.

“I know how you feel, Jimmy. You and I can stay outside the room, if you like,” he said, patting the young man on the back.

Jimmy looked appreciative toward Gus as he answered, “Sounds good, Gus.”

“I’ll let him stand outside this time, because of you guys. I usually drag him in there and he does this,” Shawn said, then imitated Gus getting almost sick. Lois and Clark gave Shawn a funny look. Jimmy turned even greener.

“Shawn!” Gus said. Shawn stopped and smiled.

“It’s all in good fun. We’ve been best friends since we were five. Come on, off to Jamba Juice. Jimmy, you’re all right, right?”

“Yeah. I’ll be fine once we get driving. So, that’s your Norton

out there? It looks great!” Jimmy said as he admired the motorcycle through the blinds.

“Yep, grab a helmet!” Shawn said as he grabbed his. The five of them walked out to the vehicles. Lois and Clark got into the Echo, as Jimmy climbed onto the motorcycle behind Shawn. They all drove off toward Jamba Juice then to the SBPD.

The boardwalk was bustling with activity outside the Psych office. One man stood nearly motionless as the teams drove off toward the SBPD. He was watching them closely. Especially the team of Psych. His phone rang.

“Yeah,” he said gruffly.

“What’s the problem? You should’ve taken care of that psychic and his buddy this morning. What happened?” the voice on the other end asked angrily.

“They met up with some reporters,” the other guy said.

“Those reporters wouldn’t happen to be Clark Kent and Lois Lane, would they?”

“Yeah, and that nosy photographer Jimmy Olsen.”

“Take care of them all! We don’t need the Kents and that Olsen kid interfering! Do I make myself clear?”

“Yes, Ma’am,” said the guy standing on the boardwalk. He flipped his cell closed and walked off toward a waiting car.

At eleven A.M., the three reporters and the two private detectives were standing outside the doors to the morgue. Jimmy looked apprehensive about entering.

Shawn looked at the photojournalist and *saw* sweat forming on his forehead, “I can sense, Jimmy, that you’re very apprehensive about entering the morgue,” he had closed his eyes and put his fingers to his temples. Clark gave him a strange look, as if he were listening very closely to Shawn.

“Hmm, his heart rate didn’t even go up,” Clark thought. Shawn opened his eyes and smiled as Jimmy gawked.

“Yeah, I am. Wow, you really are psychic,” the young photographer said. Gus looked at Shawn.

“I’ll stay out here with Jimmy. You three go in and check out the body. Unless, Lois, you don’t want to go in there, either,” Gus said, turning to Lois.

“No, I’ve seen enough to be practically desensitized to it. Let’s get in there,” Lois said. She led the way into the morgue, where Charles’ body was laying on the metal table. Woody, the coroner, was standing right beside the table on one end. The other end was occupied with a blonde haired woman and a tall, lanky man.

“Jules, Lassie! Meet Lois Lane and Clark Kent!” Shawn said. Lassiter looked up at the names with surprise.

Juliet looked incredulously at Clark Kent. She opened and closed her mouth, as if finding the words to speak. Shawn could see that she was star struck.

“What are you two doing out here in Santa Barbara?” Lassiter asked. Clark and Lois looked at each other.

“We’re here doing a story on Psych; especially of Shawn, here. Our Editor-in-Chief, Perry White, sent us out here,” Lois said.

“Wow. Shawn, that’s amazing,” Woody said.

“All right, let’s get to work on this. How did Charles, here, die?” Lassiter asked. Woody looked down at the body and took a deep breath.

“There was a gunshot wound going down at an angle through the back of the head. He died instantly,” Woody explained.

“Execution style. Figures,” Lassiter said. Clark x-rayed the body, seeing the bullet lodged inside the man’s skull.

“May I interject a comment?” Clark asked quietly. Lassiter looked at him with a smirk.

“Look, no offense, Clark, but you aren’t a detective,” he said.

“True, but we’ve had a rash of murders in Metropolis with the same execution style shootings,” Clark stated. Lassiter and Juliet looked at him, but chose to ignore the comment. They

turned back to Woody.

“When you get that bullet out, Woody, hand it over to forensics. Hopefully we’ll match it up with a gun,” Lassiter said. The lanky detective walked out of the coroner’s office without another word to the two reporters nor Shawn. Juliet looked at Clark with questioning eyes.

“Mr. Kent,” she started.

“Clark.”

“Clark, what did you mean about the murders in Metropolis?” she asked.

“Well, we’ve had similar shootings around Hobb’s Bay. It’s rumored to be the center of Intergang activity,” Clark explained. Little did they know that he’d seen the hub of the crime first hand as Superman.

“Intergang? Aren’t they the biggest crime syndicate in Metropolis?” Shawn asked.

“Try the country,” Lois responded, “They have dealings all over the place. It could be possible they’re here in Santa Barbara. Especially if Mindy Church is still running things.”

“Mindy Church, huh? I’ll have to look that up. Clark, Lois, thank you for the information. And I apologize about my partner. He’s been in a foul mood all week,” Juliet said, giving Shawn a quick glance.

Clark was about to say something when he heard a cry for help, “Um, Lois, did we remember to tip the cleaning lady at the hotel this morning?” he asked, giving his wife the ‘I’ve got to fly’ look.

Lois knew immediately what Clark was up to, “No! Why don’t you call a cab and go back? I’ll handle the interviews with Jimmy for a while.”

“I’ll see you back here later, then,” Clark said, giving her a quick kiss and running out the door. Shawn looked at Lois with curiosity.

“Tip the cleaning lady? Really?” he asked her.

“Clark’s always been the kind of man who, um, tips. He’s very kind,” Lois stammered through an excuse. Shawn *saw* Lois’ fingers tremble a little.

‘She’s hiding something. Weird,’ he thought as they exited the morgue. With Gus and Jimmy tagging along, Shawn, Lois and Juliet walked back up to the main floor of the SBPD. There is where Lois met Chief Karen Vick for the first time.

“Chief! I want you to meet someone,” Shawn said, catching up to the blonde haired boss. She turned to look at him.

“Who? We’re rather busy with this case, Mr. Spencer,” she said.

“Hi, I’m Lois Lane, reporter for the Daily Planet,” Lois interjected. Karen gawked.

“Lois Lane? Why are you here in Santa Barbara?” she asked.

“I’m here doing a story,” Lois started.

“On us! Psych’s accomplishments and whatnot. Also, interviewing the main people of the SBPD. Like you, Chief,” Shawn said sweetly.

Karen blinked, “You want to interview us?” she asked.

“Yeah. I want the full story on Shawn Spencer and Burton Guster,” Lois said as Henry walked out of the office.

“If you want to know the full story on Shawn, Ms. Lane, you can talk to me, first. I’m Henry Spencer, Shawn’s father.”

Shawn suddenly looked pale, ‘Oh, God. If Dad tells her the truth,’ he thought. He dismissed it immediately, knowing that if his Dad told her anything, he’d be revealing he was in on the whole ‘psychic’ scam. He smiled quickly at Lois.

“Are you feeling okay, Shawn? You look a little pale,” Lois asked.

“It’s, um,” Shawn started, but was interrupted by Clark walking back into the SBPD. Chief Vick looked at the man who’d entered with recognition in her eyes.

“Clark Kent?” she asked. Clark stopped and looked up at

Chief Vick with surprise.

“Yes. Lois and I are working on this story together,” Clark said.

Shawn couldn’t help but *see* something very strange. Why it bothered him, he didn’t know, but Clark’s tie was just a bit loose. Underneath looked like a blue undershirt.

‘Why would he be wearing a blue shirt under an off white dress shirt?’ Shawn thought as both teams went into Karen’s office. He followed closely, the blue shirt staying in the back of his mind.

“Shawn, what have you gotten about this case so far?” Karen asked, snapping Shawn back to reality.

Shawn closed his eyes as he recreated the murder in his head; or at least a reasonable facsimile. He could *see* the victim being pushed to the dumpster by an unknown assailant. The victim was forced down to his knees and shot execution style.

Shawn opened his eyes and sighed, looking at the chief, “Nothing that we don’t already know, Chief. I’m a bit blocked by bad vibes today,” he explained.

“Bad vibes?” Lois asked.

Lassiter chimed in, “It’s his main excuse when he can’t perform.”

The room was silent as what Lassie said sank in. Lassiter rolled his eyes as he came to realize why they were looking at him strangely.

“I mean when he can’t contact the spirits or whatever nonsense he goes on about,” he stated harshly.

“Do we have anything concrete?” Karen asked. She wanted to push the conversation out of the uncomfortable level it had just sank into.

“Well, actually, something Clark said in the morgue sounded feasible,” Juliet said.

“What did you say, Clark?” Karen questioned.

“I was saying that we’ve had a few murders in Metropolis with the same shooting style,” he answered.

“Do you think that they could be connected?” Karen queried the reporter.

“It’s a long shot, but when our chief gave us this story assignment, he said something about the last case having ties with Intergang,” Clark said.

“Intergang? You can’t be serious?” Lassiter asked loudly.

“He’s serious, Detective Lassiter. I know that look,” Lois said. She walked over to her husband.

“What did you say the name of their leader was?” Juliet asked.

“Mindy Church,” Lois said. Jimmy suddenly starting snapping pictures, taking everyone by surprise.

“Whoa, Jimmy! Warn us about that flash, Dude!” Shawn said as the spots danced in front of his eyes.

“Jimmy, you just gave me an idea. Why don’t you start taking pictures of Shawn, Gus and the rest of these fine people for the story? Lois and I have a phone call or two to make and you can get your ‘Perry approved’ shots,” Clark said.

“Sounds good, CK. Who do you have to call?” Jimmy asked.

“Perry. We’re going to give him an update on our story,” Clark answered quickly. Lois looked at her husband.

“Right! An update! We’ll be right back,” Lois exclaimed as the reporting team walked out the door. The SBPD team looked at Jimmy.

“They do that a lot,” he explained.

Lois and Clark walked outside the station to where Gus had parked the Echo. She then turned to her husband with a look on her face.

“Superman’s about to appear, isn’t he?” she asked.

“They have to be warned that dealing with Intergang is dangerous business. Only Superman could tell them that without setting off suspicion,” Clark explained hastily.

“All right. I’ll just say you went for a walk while talking to Perry. Just be careful. I doubt anyone else noticed, but your tie was loose,” Lois stated.

Clark nodded and kissed Lois gently. He looked into her brown eyes and smiled, “I’ll be careful, I promise. I’ll see you inside.”

Looking around, Clark tried to see if anyone was watching. Spotting a few cops walking into the station, he disappeared behind a few cars to change. Lois went back inside toward the chief’s office.

“Where’s Clark?” Shawn asked as Lois entered.

“He was talking to Perry on his cell phone and decided to walk around a little. He’ll be back soon,” Lois lied.

Shawn looked at Lois, *seeing* the twitch in her fingers again. His fingers flew to his head as he spoke, “I can sense you’re lying, Lois!”

“Excuse me?” she asked in disbelief.

“The spirits tell me you’re hiding something,” Shawn said.

Lois quickly stammered through an explanation, “Okay, well, he is going to talk to Perry. He just wanted to walk around a little first. That’s all.”

Gus was about to say something to Shawn about tact when the door to Karen’s office opened wide. Standing in the doorway was none other than Superman. The Psych team and the SBPD team stood in awe. Jimmy looked surprised. Lois seemed relieved for the distraction.

“Superman? What in the world are you doing here?” Lassiter asked. Shawn, even though he was just as shocked that Superman was there, couldn’t help but chuckle at Lassie’s tone. It was almost childish.

“Clark called me up to tell me about a rash of murders in your city. He said there are rumors of them possibly being tied to Intergang,” Superman explained.

Shawn looked Superman up and down with a scrutinizing gaze. There was something about him that seemed, familiar. He looked over at his father, who was also staring at the Man of Steel in with a detective-like stare.

‘Dad must think the same thing I do. Oh, no. I’m becoming my father,’ Shawn thought. He shook the thought from his head and listened to Superman intently.

“Intergang is one of the most notorious crime syndicates we know. Metropolis happens to be its headquarters, unfortunately. I’ve tried numerous times to bring in Mindy Church for questioning, but she always slips right through my fingers,” Superman said with exasperation.

“Then we should look up all the information we can on this Mindy Church. Again, it’s a long shot, but if you think our murder cases may have ties to Metropolis and Intergang, then we’ll check them out,” Karen said. She motioned for her two detectives to get to work. Superman patted Shawn on the shoulder.

“Clark also told me about you and your friend, there. You’re a psychic, huh?” Superman asked.

“Um, yeah. This is my partner, Gus. He and I run Psych together,” Shawn said.

“Hello, Superman. It is an extreme pleasure to meet you,” Gus said kindly. Superman shook Gus’ outstretched hand.

“Um, Superman, are you going to stay for a while?” Jimmy asked. The hero looked at Jimmy with a smile.

“I wish I could, but you know that I’m always on duty,” he responded.

“Wait, could you get one picture with Gus, myself and my father? We would really love it!” Shawn asked quickly.

“How about after this ordeal is over? We all have a job to do. Lois, I know you are supposed to do a story about Psych, but it looks like you may have a bigger story on your hands,” he said.

“Superman, I think you may have something there. Clark and

I will get to work on this Psych story, but also include notes for a possible Intergang connection to these murders. Hopefully, he’s already told Perry about it,” she hinted.

Superman nodded, “I’m sure he has, Lois. I’ll be back for that picture, Shawn. Good luck to all of you,” he called. There was a sudden rush of wind as he super-spiced out the door.

“Let’s get to work, Mr. Spencer. Lois, I’m afraid our interview will have to wait until this is over,” Karen said.

“I completely understand. Come on Shawn, Gus, Henry. Let’s go back to the Psych office and see what we can find,” Lois said.

“Okay, but can we stop first and get some food? I haven’t eaten since this morning. Del Taco, anyone?” Shawn quipped.

“Shawn!” Henry said firmly.

“Dad, you know I can’t focus on an empty stomach. Gus? Del Taco?”

“You know, I could go for some Del Taco,” Jimmy said.

“That’s two votes. Come on, Gus, make it three,” Shawn said happily.

“Well, as long as Lois, Clark and Jimmy want it. Lois?” Gus asked.

“Sure, why not? We can’t write stories on an empty stomach, either,” she said. She looked up in time to see Clark walking back in.

Shawn saw him, as well. Well, actually, he *saw* Clark adjust his glasses and straighten his tie as he sauntered up to them.

“Clark, these guys want some Del Taco before we head back to their detective agency. Sound good?” Lois asked.

“Sure. Sounds good,” he answered. The team headed out to their vehicles. Shawn and Jimmy headed back to the bike, but Henry stopped them.

“Shawn, why don’t you leave that *thing* here? Ride with me,” Henry said.

“Dad, what about Jimmy?”

“He can ride with us, all right?” Henry said. Jimmy looked at Shawn, who gave him a sympathetic look.

“All right, Dad. Fine. You win, again,” Shawn said snidely. Henry’s face turned red, but he said nothing.

Jimmy silently got into Henry’s truck with Shawn right behind. Jimmy could tell there was a rift between father and son, and sympathized with them both. He thought of his own father in the NIA and smiled.

Lois and Clark climbed into the Echo with Gus. Clark re-adjusted his tie as he sat down in the back seat. He felt a little crushed, but didn’t complain. Lois sat next to Gus with a small frown.

“Um, Lois, are you all right?” Gus asked. She looked at him then at her husband.

“Well,” Lois started, turning back to Gus. “It’s about what Superman said. If Intergang was involved, then you two and the SBPD have a huge problem. Intergang doesn’t mess around.”

“Then we’ll do research,” Gus said. Lois shook her head.

“You can look until your face turns blue, you won’t find much,” she said. Gus turned to her.

“Why do people always say that?” He asked.

“Say what?” Clark queried.

“Until your face turns blue. It’s only possible if you’re cold and or dead!” Gus said excitedly.

“Do you always get worked up like this when you’re nervous?” Lois asked.

Gus fell into silence for the rest of the ride, save the Del Taco drive-thru so he could order. However, he wouldn’t let Lois or Clark eat anything in the car.

“It’s a company car,” he told them.

Jimmy, Shawn and Henry hopped out of the truck almost the second they parked in front of the Psych office a few minutes later. Gus, Lois and Clark were right behind, carrying the Del Taco bags for everyone. They all converged on the door of Psych,

but stopped short when Shawn held up his hand. He suddenly saw something out of place.

Shawn put his fingers to his temples, looking through the main Psych window into the office. Papers were scattered over the floor, both computers were gone. He turned his head and saw the TV was bashed in and tsked.

"I'm sensing we are in for a messy surprise," Shawn said, turning to the rest of them. Gus looked at him with bewilderment.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

No one saw Clark pull down his glasses and x-ray the place. He searched around then pushed his glasses back up; looking at Lois with a dissatisfied look.

Henry took the lead, motioning the rest to stay back for the moment. He motioned for Shawn to go around back, who did without hesitation. When the pseudo-psychic disappeared, Henry carefully opened the front door. He bitterly noticed Shawn hadn't locked it, seeing as it wasn't bashed in or broken.

Continuing inside, he grabbed the spare gun that he'd hidden inside just in case his son ever did get in hot water. He silently scoffed. How many times *hadn't* Shawn gotten in hot water over a case? Being kidnapped, shot, pistol whipped, etc., you'd think Shawn would've been in a mental institution.

He met Shawn's gaze, who shook his head. Henry motioned toward the closet with the gun. Shawn saw it immediately.

"A gun?" he whispered vehemently, "Where'd that come from?"

"I put it under the cabinets in case you needed it," his dad whispered back. Shawn stood, surprised.

Henry motioned again for Shawn to carefully open the closet door. Shawn acknowledged him, albeit hesitantly. Shawn's hand gripped the door knob and turned it slowly. In one swift motion, Shawn pulled the door open and Henry aimed the gun into the darkness.

"Clear," Henry said quietly. He sighed and lowered the gun, flipping the safety switch in the process.

"Dad, you put a gun in the office? If Gus found out, he'd go berserk! He hates guns, especially with what happened to me over the last couple of years," Shawn said in a normal voice.

"Well, what Gus doesn't know won't hurt him. You know how to shoot one and I feel better knowing you have one nearby," Henry said. He put the gun back where he'd hidden it, making sure Shawn saw it.

"Fine. I'd better call Lassie and Jules and tell them what happened," Shawn pulled out his iPhone and dialed the SBPD main line. Buzz picked up after two rings.

"SBPD. This is Officer McNab," his voice said happily.

"Buzz! It's me, Shawn. How are you?"

"I'm all right, Shawn. How about you?"

"Well, that's why I'm calling. Are Jules and Lassie nearby?" Shawn asked.

"No, they went off to follow a lead in another case. Why, did you get a break in that murder case?" Buzz asked excitedly.

"We got a break, all right. A break-in. The Psych office is a mess, both computers are gone," Shawn listed, but stopped and looked again. He *saw* one of the papers. It wasn't part of the files or his collection of movies he'd put in order of sweetness. On his own header, with Psych scrawled across the top in green, was a note. It was addressed to Shawn, Gus, Lois, Clark and Jimmy.

"And a note. Buzz, come down here, and contact Jules and Lassie," Shawn said.

"I'm on my way, Shawn," Buzz said and hung up. Shawn put his iPhone back in his pocket and picked up the note with a tissue from his desk. As he was reading it, the Daily Planet trio, Gus and Henry walked in.

"What've you got, Shawn?" Gus asked, walking over.

"A note to all of us, except you, Dad," Shawn stated.

"What's it say, Shawn?" Jimmy asked.

Shawn stood for a moment studying the note with his *clue face*. Clark looked at Henry with questioning eyes.

"We call that his clue face," Henry stated. Clark nodded with a small smile. He turned his attention back to the psychic.

"This isn't good. It says if we don't leave well enough along, the police won't ever find our bodies," Shawn said.

"Shawn, don't make up things," Gus assumed. Shawn handed over the note to his best friend.

"I'm not," he said seriously.

"Gus, may I?" Clark asked. Gus nodded and handed the note to Clark. Lois looked over his arm at the writing. She sighed heavily.

"I'll call Perry. Clark, why don't you get in touch with Superman? We may need him," Lois said, looking at her husband. He nodded.

"Right, I'll be back in a few minutes," Clark said as he walked outside. Shawn watched the mild-mannered reporter leave the room. He reappeared in front of the window for a few seconds. Shawn blinked and the reporter was gone.

"Wow, your husband moves quick," Shawn said to Lois.

"What do you mean?" she asked nervously.

"Shawn, focus," Henry ordered. He pointed around the room, "What can you *sense* about this mess?"

Shawn put his fingers up to his temple, looking around the room. Before he could say anything even remotely *psychic* like, the door opened to reveal a red and yellow S on a blue outfit.

"Superman?" Shawn said out of context. He dropped his hand to his side in surprise.

"I'm sorry to interrupt, but Clark told me about the break-in. If I may, I'd like to scan the place and see if the culprits left anything behind that you can't sense, Shawn," Clark said in his best Superman voice.

"Be my guest, Superman. The fact that you're even in the Psych office is just total awesomeness!" Shawn said happily. Clark smiled.

He turned to the desks that Gus and Shawn used, scanning them with his x-ray vision. In Gus' desk was a neatly stacked assortment of pharmacy magazines, some samples of medications and freeze dried pineapple pieces.

When he turned to Shawn's desk, he found a disorganized mess of papers, paper clips, pens, pencils and assorted other bits and pieces. Another drawer revealed something that resembled a leftover pineapple smoothie and some fungus on top, with papers sitting underneath the cup. He was about to turn to the TV when he saw something else.

"Uh, oh," Clark said. He walked over, his cape fluttering behind him, to Shawn's desk and opened the offending drawer. Right there inside was a small, blinking device. Clark took it in his hands and squeezed them tight together. The rest of the crowd inside the office heard a small bang then saw smoke come out of Superman's hands.

"My God, it was a bomb?" Henry asked, astonished.

"I'm afraid so," Clark said as the door opened again to reveal Buzz and a few other cops right behind. The gentle officer stopped short when he saw Superman standing there.

"Superman?" he asked in a whisper.

"Hi, there," Clark extended his hand, which was covered in black smudges. Sheepishly, he wiped his hand off and offered it again. Buzz took it with wonder.

"I'm Buzz McNab," he said.

"Hello, Buzz. I just found an incendiary device in Shawn's desk. I handled it, but it's Intergang. They were the ones who did this," Superman explained.

"You're sure, Superman?" Jimmy asked.

Clark walked over and cautiously took the note from Gus' hands. He handed it over to Buzz with a worried glance, "This is how I'm sure. Jimmy, take a picture."

Jimmy snapped a picture of the letter being held by Superman and Buzz. Henry sat down in Shawn's chair in disbelief. Shawn sat on top of his desk, while Gus sat in his chair. Lois settled on the corner of Gus' desk. All were looking at Superman.

"To the psychic and his friends, I would suggest you forget about investigating the murder of the store manager. It's none of your concern. What happened to your office is only the tip of the iceberg. Your computers are now in our hands, so we know where you live, where your families live and where your friends live. We, Intergang, suggest you stop now, or else," Superman read from the letter.

Shawn secretly thanked his dad for the gun. He knew now he was going to need it; badly.

Superman looked at Shawn with a serious look. Shawn looked down at Superman's hands, the remains of soot still lingering. He looked back up at Superman's eyes. That's when he stopped and stared. Those eyes looked very familiar.

"Weird. His eyes look somewhat like," Shawn thought, but was interrupted by a flash of Jimmy's camera. Distracted, Shawn lost his train of thought. He turned to Jimmy, who was pointing the camera at him.

"Sorry, Shawn. I saw your clue face. I had to take a picture," Jimmy apologized.

"My clue... Dad! Must you always call it my clue face?" Shawn whined. Henry looked up at him but said nothing. Lois, Superman, Jimmy and Buzz smiled.

"Spencer! What in the name of sweet Justice happened here?" Lassie asked as he walked in.

"Intergang," Superman said. Lassiter stopped suddenly at the sight of the superhero.

"Intergang? You mean the crime syndicate from Metropolis? What would they be doing out here in Santa Barbara?" Lassie asked.

"That's the main question, Detective," Lois stated.

Superman looked out the window, hearing a call for help. He turned back to the others in the room with a look on his face. Lois knew immediately what that look was.

"I have to fly," Clark said apologetically. Lois looked at him with a knowing gaze.

"I'll tell Clark what you found, Superman," she said. He nodded in response, then turned to Lassiter, Juliet (who'd just come in) and Buzz.

"Detectives, Officer McNab, I'm sure you want to write down what's missing and take these people's statements. Goodbye for now," he said.

The next thing they knew, a flurry of papers were swirling around as he sped off toward the cries. Shawn smiled as he looked at Lassiter. The child in Lassie was seen briefly by the faux psychic. It disappeared quickly when Lassie looked at Shawn and his goofy grin.

"What?" he spat.

Shawn just kept smiling, his eyes dancing. Lassiter ignored him and walked over to the less insane one of the Psych duo. Buzz followed with a notepad as Juliet started looking over the note.

"Guster, what's missing?" Carlton asked.

"Both of our computers. That's all. They didn't take anything else of value," Gus said. He watched as Buzz wrote the info down.

Twenty minutes later, the scene had been cleared. Forensics took pictures and dusted for prints. Lassiter and Juliet stayed behind as Buzz and the other uniforms went back to the station. Shawn was now standing by Gus while Lois and Clark were sitting on top of Shawn's desk. Jimmy sat in one of the leather covered seats with Henry sitting in the other.

"Okay, so Intergang has ties here. Our vic, Charles Sansui,

was originally from Metropolis. He'd been in quite a lot of trouble out there: armed robbery, assault, racketeering, and a whole slew of other crimes," Lassiter explained.

"Plus," Juliet added, "He made a phone call to Metropolis hours before his death to a Mindy Church. The one you claim is the leader of Intergang."

"Okay, now we're getting somewhere," Shawn said. Gus looked at him with a questioning look.

"Maybe we should stay off this case, Shawn. I don't want to be the next victim on Intergang's list," he said worriedly.

"Gus, don't be a low rated B movie," Shawn said.

"I'm just saying that this Intergang sounds like they don't mess around. Plus, they have our computers. Everything is on those computers, Shawn. Everything," Gus said. He was raising his eyebrows.

Shawn's eyes widened in realization. Everything meant his private log that only he and Gus knew about. He'd been writing lately about his adventures as a fake psychic and all the cases he and Gus had solved. That meant that Intergang could expose him for a fraud. The faux psychic sat down hard on the couch in between Jimmy and his dad, a look of fear on his features.

"I'm in a lot of trouble," Shawn thought.

Clark listened to Shawn's heartbeat; it was beating rapidly. He knew the psychic was nervous. He didn't blame him, either. It was Intergang, after all. Clark made a silent promise to protect them all.

The secret superhero looked around as Lassiter spoke about all the SBPD could get on Intergang and Mindy Church, which wasn't much. Clark could see Juliet looking at Shawn with love and worry. Gus was pacing back and forth, worry creasing his dark features. Lois was listening intently to Lassiter's explanation.

"So, we have very little to go on. Unless you three can give us more input," Juliet said, looking at Lois, Clark and Jimmy in order.

"Well, let me call in a favor," Jimmy said suddenly. Clark gave him a smile.

"Is he in the country?" he asked the photographer.

"Does it matter, CK? He could get information no matter where he is," Jimmy said as he pulled out his smart phone. Tapping the screen a few times, they all heard a few beeps then a ring.

"Jimmy? What's going on, Son?" his dad asked from the phone screen.

"Hey, Dad. Listen, I've got a question. Could you get some information for us?"

"Us? Who else is there, Jimbo?" Jack asked curiously. Jimmy smiled and turned the phone to face Lois and Clark.

"Hi, Jack!" Lois said. Clark waved politely.

"Lois, Clark. How are you two?"

"We're all right, Jack. Listen, we need information on Intergang. As much as possible," Lois said.

"Intergang? Having some trouble there in Metropolis?"

"We aren't in Metropolis. We're in Santa Barbara, California," Jimmy said as he turned the phone back to himself.

"Santa Barbara, huh? Are you near a computer, Jimmy?" Jack asked.

"No. We're at a private detective office. Their computers were stolen by Intergang. My phone has Internet, though," he answered.

"No good. You need a secure computer. Once you get there, call me again. I'll send all the info you need on Mindy Church and Intergang. Until then, I'll hang up. Bye, everyone," Jack said as his picture disappeared.

"How is your dad going to get information that we can't get?" Carlton asked the young man.

Jimmy stayed silent as he got up and walked toward the door.

He turned back with a question of his own.

"Where's the nearest computer?" he asked with a smile on his face.

It was an hour later back at the SBPD, where Jimmy was sitting in front of Carlton's computer. On the screen of his phone was his dad; on the screen of the computer was file upon file of Intergang's activities. Murders, robberies, racketeering and so on. Carlton stood in awe of all the information that Jimmy's dad had gotten.

"How did he get all this?" Lassie asked.

"Go ahead and tell them, Jimmy. I'm not Clandestine anymore," Jack said over the phone.

"All right," Jimmy said, turning to the detectives, "my dad is in the NIA. He's been an agent for almost 25 years."

"The NIA? He's an agent?" Shawn asked. He'd been gleaning information from the screen the whole time, but was caught off guard.

"Yes, that's correct, Mr. Spencer," Jack said. Jimmy held up the phone for Shawn to look at.

"Dad, thanks for all this info. This should be enough to help the SBPD and Psych with their case," Jimmy said, turning the phone back to him. His dad smiled.

"No problem, Jim. I might be in Metropolis soon. I'll call you," Jack said. He disappeared off screen and the phone went black.

"Not one for gushy goodbyes, huh?" Henry asked.

"He never was, Mr. Spencer," Jimmy said as he clicked on another document. Shawn kept gleaning more and more. There was so much information that it was actually giving Shawn a headache.

"Wow, I'm not sure if it's all the excitement, or what, but I'm getting one major headache," he said; his hand to his temple.

"Wait!" Clark said. He pointed to a particular passage about Santa Barbara being within Intergang's boundaries, "There's part of our answer."

"Santa Barbara, being a West Coast region, is perfect for smuggling weapons according to an inside informant. Intergang, on several occasions, has hijacked ships off shore containing weaponry ranging from AK-47s to RPGs," Gus read from the screen.

"What's that got to do with the murder of Charles Sansui?" Juliet asked.

"There," Lois pointed, "Charles Sansui was a sergeant for the Metropolis Police Department a few years ago. He was tried and convicted for racketeering and spent three years in prison for it. After he was released, he moved to Santa Barbara to start over. Unfortunately," she looked at the rest of them, "when you're in Intergang, the only way out is death."

"Looks like someone decided he wasn't useful anymore," Lassiter said.

"Now we just need the Who," Henry said.

"What does the band have to do with this case, Dad? Albeit a good band, no, a great band. Gus, can you get tickets to that tribute concert?" Shawn asked.

"He means the person who actually murdered our victim," Gus stated, annoyance in his voice.

"Right. I knew that. All right, then, let's start looking for who did it," Shawn stammered.

"I'll be right back. I just have to, um, use the facilities," Clark said suddenly. Lois could see the look in his eyes, telling her he had to fly.

"Down the hall, down the stairs and to the left," Juliet said.

"Thank you, Detective O'Hara," Clark said as he rushed down the hall. Shawn kept a close eye on him. Something just didn't seem to set right with the faux psychic about this Clark. Something was off. Way off.

He saw Clark disappear around the corner near the holding

cells. Looking back at the detectives, he didn't see Clark sneak back up and out the door.

Where was Clark heading? According to the files, a small shipping port about five miles away had been a hub, at one point, of smuggling activity. He wanted to check out if maybe, just maybe, Intergang was still there.

"Maybe Mindy's running things from Metropolis, but she's bound to have a commander here in Santa Barbara," Clark thought as he spun into his Superman costume. He took off toward the west and the port.

Landing near the warehouse that resided near the port, he carefully snuck around as Clark. He knew if anyone was there and saw Superman, they'd run; letting the Metropolis chapter know that Superman wasn't in the city. All hell would break loose.

Around a corner, Clark scanned the site. Right in front of him, a smuggling operation was underway. A closer view (thanks to his telescopic vision) showed drugs. Cocaine, at that. Clark x-rayed inside and saw possibly two, three tons of the white powder. Well over 10 million dollars-worth.

"Don't move," came a voice. Clark could feel cold metal touch the back of his head. A gun. He turned slowly to see a scruffy man with a five day shadow on his face. Clark's hands went up quietly.

"Come on, we're going to take a tour of our facilities. You'll get to meet our boss," the man said. He nudged Clark along with the gun.

Clark knew that if he timed it just right, he could run and disappear. They wouldn't find him until the SBPD had arrived. When they walked inside the building, however, Clark felt pain. Sudden, gut wrenching pain.

"Kryptonite?" he thought.

"Clark Kent? What are you doing here in Santa Barbara?" came a young woman's voice. Clark struggled slightly to look up and see none other than Mindy Church walk out of a makeshift office.

"Mindy Church. I'm here on a story," Clark said. The Kryptonite was affecting him just enough to inhibit his powers.

"A story? Well, Mr. Clark Kent, I have a kind of a thought. You should become the story. Tie him up near the Kryptonite. Wherever Clark Kent is, Superman isn't far behind," Mindy said.

Clark was pushed over to the main storage of his home planet. That's when he felt a shock to his system as the butt of the man's gun whipped him across the back of his head. Clark went down easy; blackness filling his eyesight.

"Good night, Mr. Kent," Mindy said to the quiet male frame on the floor. The other man picked up the limp body and tied the secret hero up to a chair. The Kryptonite nearby glowed bright green, but the man and Mindy paid no attention.

"Boss, whadda we do with him?" the man asked.

"Leave him. Superman will eventually show up to save his reporter friend. In the mean time, get those boys out there to move faster. Then head back to that Psych office place and take care of that psychic and his family and friends. Got it?" Mindy spat.

"Yes, Ma'am, Mrs. Church," he said. He then ran out to get the crew to work faster.

Back at the SBPD, the team sat in the conference room, going over the files that they could print out. Jimmy had a few files in his hand, sighing as he looked at the others.

"There's just so much here. It would take years to sort all this information out," he said as he put down those few files and picked up another.

"Maybe we should stop looking at papers and actually go search for them. We have a few locations among these papers. We should check those out," Shawn said.

Henry looked at his son, but another question entered his

mind. He looked at Lois, “Where’s that husband of yours? He should’ve been back by now, I’d imagine.”

“I’m sure he’s all right. He probably went to call Perry about all this. Shawn’s right, though. We should be out there, not in here,” she answered.

“No offense, Mrs. Kent, but you aren’t a police officer. You and Jimmy stay here while we go look. Spencer, Guster, you ride with O’Hara and McNab. Henry, you’re riding with me,” Lassiter said as he stood up.

“Excuse me, Detective Lassiter, but I know I’m not a cop. I happen to be an investigative reporter on assignment here. Now, I would demand a little respect from you. Also, you have no right to call me Mrs. Kent! I am Ms. Lane to you. Is that clear, detective?” Lois suddenly stated.

Lassiter was taken aback at the boldness of the ace reporter. He merely nodded.

Karen walked out of the conference room ahead of the pack. She walked over to Officer Buzz McNab, who was sitting at his desk writing furiously.

“McNab, you’re coming with us,” she said.

Buzz looked up at his name, “Me? I get to go?”

“Yes, McNab. You passed the exam, so it’s time for you to get the experience of being a detective,” Carlton looked at the goofy grin that was now plastered on Buzz’s face, “and wipe that grin off your face! Rule number one, you don’t smile like a little kid. Keep a serious face at all times.”

Buzz’s smile melted immediately as he stood up, “Yes, Sir. What’s Rule number 2?”

“Never ask. I’ll tell you along the way,” the head detective said as he walked out the door. Juliet tapped Buzz on the shoulder.

“Buzz, don’t listen to his ridiculous rules. Just be yourself and you’ll be a great detective. Shawn, Gus, Henry, let’s go. Lois, Jimmy, please stay here,” she said.

Shawn jumped up, but glanced over at Lois. He *saw* the nervous twitch again in Lois’ fingers, plus the worry that was creasing her features.

“Wonder what she’s worried about?” he thought to himself as he walked out of the station behind the detectives, his dad and Gus. As he climbed into the squad car that Buzz was driving, he wondered what had happened to Clark. His mind flashed back to when Clark had excused himself and *saw* what was on the screen.

“Jules, Buzz, wait! Go on without me. I’ve got to get something back at that Psych office,” Shawn lied.

“Shawn, the Psych office is trashed. What could you possibly need from there?” Gus asked.

“Dude, I need some pineapple. We still never ate. Don’t worry, I’ll be fine!” Shawn said as he got out of the car. He watched as Buzz drove off behind Lassie and his dad. He grabbed his helmet, jumped on his bike and drove off toward the ports near the edge of town. He knew where to look first.

Clark woke up, realizing he was stilled tied up. With the Kryptonite nearby, Clark’s super powers weren’t going to return easily. He tried to pull on the rope, but it only tightened around his wrists, nearly cutting off his circulation.

He looked around, seeing only darkness minus the green glow of Kryptonite. Sighing, he tried to see into the darkness. He saw an outline of a female figure walking toward him.

“Lois?” he asked weakly. A laugh followed, signaling to Clark it wasn’t his wife.

“No, I’m afraid I’m not your precious wifey, Mr. Kent. I’m rather surprised that Superman hasn’t come to save you yet,” Mindy said as she walked out of the shadows.

“I haven’t called for him. He won’t come if I don’t call. No matter what you do,” Clark said bravely. Mindy laughed again.

“You mean to tell me that you’re not going to call on Big Boy Blue? Oh, that’s just a shame. Things don’t look good for you,

Mr. Kent,” she said creepily. Clark shivered visibly.

“Are you cold, Clark?” Mindy asked.

Clark said nothing as pain rushed through his head. Mindy hit him with the butt of a pistol to his right temple. Something trickled down his cheek; blood. Mindy laughed as she walked away.

‘Great, now I’m bleeding,’ Clark thought bitterly. He looked around, checking out what surrounded him. Besides the green glowing rocks, there were cases marked with shipping codes. He gathered they were to be sent to the Middle East; and he sighed.

Two miles away from the port, Shawn had stopped at a red light, looking around at the store fronts for the beach. His mind wandered for a minute, wondering what Lois and Clark were hiding. The weird exits, the blue undershirt, the way Lois twitched when Clark would disappear. It just didn’t make sense.

A car horn beeped behind Shawn, signaling the light had changed. The Norton roared as he drove down the road toward the address he *saw* on Lassie’s screen. It was just up ahead, where there seemed to be no activity. He hoped he wasn’t too late.

Stopping a few hundred yards away, he shut his cycle off. He wanted to have the element of surprise just in case there were people in the warehouse that sat on the edge of the shore. It was a boating warehouse; one that had been used for shipping car parts in the 60s, but now sat abandoned.

Sneaking around the corner, Shawn stopped when he saw a tall, blonde woman in a red dress and red heels talking to a few guys near shipping crates. He *saw* the codes, knowing immediately they were to be shipped out to the Middle Eastern countries.

‘Weapons,’ he thought as he walked around another corner.

He continued on, carefully checking before making a mad dash to the open garage type door in the front of the warehouse. The men and the lady were busy looking out to the ocean, where a ship was slowly coming into port. He gathered that he probably only had about ten minutes to find Clark, rescue him, call for Superman, then get the hell out.

Shawn snuck around the office, gathering evidence with his memory to *divine* later on. He snuck around the corner and stopped at what he saw. Clark was tied to a chair, blood on his cheek and surrounded by glowing green rocks. He ran over to the reporter; quickly trying to untie the knots that held Clark steadfast.

“Shawn? Is that you?” Clark asked weakly.

“Yeah, Clark. What is all this?” Shawn asked of the rocks.

“Kryptonite. It’s meant for Superman,” Clark answered.

Shawn stopped and faced Clark with a shocked expression.

“Kryptonite? Can’t that stuff kill him?”

“Yes, if he’s exposed long enough. Help me get out of here so we can warn the others,” Clark said. Shawn continued to pry the rope off Clark’s hands.

Resorting to last minute thoughts, Shawn pulled out his trusty Swiss and began to cut the rope. Afterward, he went to move Clark and accidentally cut two buttons off his shirt. The off white panel opened in front of Shawn’s eyes. The big red and yellow S shield stood out before him.

“Oh, my God. That’s why it’s a blue undershirt! You wear Superman pajamas!” Shawn stated. Clark stopped short, giving Shawn a strange look.

“Um, no. Shawn, listen, we have to get out of here. I’ll explain later, but right now, I have to get away from that Kryptonite,” Clark said. The reporter took off his glasses and ran behind some lead crates (that happened to be conveniently nearby). There, he sat and took a few deep breaths as Shawn took in what he saw.

“You’re, you’re him, aren’t you? You’re Superman. I, I don’t believe it. A mild mannered reporter is really a superhero? This is just awesomeness!” Shawn exclaimed quietly.

"It won't be awesome until I recover from the radiation. That Kryptonite is powerful stuff. Shawn, you can't tell anyone, you know that, right?"

"What about Gus? I don't keep secrets from him. We made that promise a few years ago," Shawn said.

"Does he know you're not a real psychic?" Clark announced.

"What are you talking about?" Shawn asked, flabbergasted.

"I could tell by your heart rate. I've met a real psychic before, and every time she'd get a vision, her heart rate would speed up. Yours remains steady," Clark explained.

Shawn's face fell slightly at the catch, "All right, you win. You're right, I'm not. I'm hyper observant. My father taught me when I was young," he admitted.

"I can feel my powers coming back. Let's get out of here," Clark said as he stood up. He spun to reveal the entire suit and the slicked back hair that was now as famous as the shield. Shawn stood in awe once again.

"Dude, you've got great hair. Almost as good as mine," Shawn said with a smirk.

"We can talk about hair later. Come on, I'll fly you out and we'll find the detectives. Where are Lois and Jimmy?"

"Back at the station. At least, I think they are," Shawn said as he felt himself being lifted into the sky by strong arms. Sufficed to say, it felt a little strange to be carried by Superman.

"Knowing Lois, they aren't sitting where you left them. They probably left right after the lot of you did."

They flew back to the station, where they landed behind the building. Superman became Clark once again after spinning in front of Shawn. That's when he stopped the fake psychic.

"Shawn, I am serious about this. You can't tell anyone. The less people who know, the better," he said.

"Again, I can't keep secrets from Gus. Lassiter, Jules and the Chief, I can. My dad is a different matter. He's probably already figured it out himself," Shawn stated.

"You think so?" Clark asked.

"Hey, he taught me how to be observant. He's the same. I'd be surprised if he hasn't yet," Shawn said as he walked into the station.

"Somehow, I'm hoping you're wrong. Your dad is a little scary."

"You don't know the half of it," Shawn said as they made their way to the conference room. Inside sat Jimmy, but no Lois.

Clark walked in, the blood still on his face, yet dry. Jimmy saw it immediately.

"CK! Are you all right?" he asked.

"Jimmy, where's Lois?" Clark asked. The look in Jimmy's eyes said it all. She'd gone off by herself again.

"Where'd she go, Jimmy?" Shawn questioned the photojournalist.

Lassie, Jules, Henry, Gus and Buzz were walking back to their cars after discovering another dead end near the warehouse district. Lassiter looked at the list with a scowl. He knew this all was a long shot. When his cell rang, Carlton groaned as he looked at the caller ID.

"Spencer," he grumbled as he flipped it open, "What?" he spat.

"Lassie, is that any way to talk to your favorite psychic?" Shawn asked.

"Spencer, what do you want? We're busy trying to find Mr. Kent and a possible smuggling operation while you're getting a snack!"

"Actually, I never did eat. Clark is right here with me, but we have two problems. One, you are no where near the smuggling operations, and two, Mrs. Kent wouldn't be with you, would she?"

"No, of course not! We wouldn't bring a civilian along with us!" Lassie said.

"Then she's missing. She left after we did, heading toward where I found Clark about twenty minutes ago. The former shipping warehouse near 5th and Main is where the Intergang activity is. A weapons smuggling operation," Shawn said.

"How do you know all that?" Lassie asked. He could hear Shawn on the other end sighing.

"Lassie-face, do you have to ask me that? I think you know how. Listen, Mr. Kent can get in touch with Superman, we may need him," Shawn said, looking at Clark. Jimmy looked up at the both of them, his eyes full of worry for Lois.

Lassiter sighed, but nodded, "All right, Spencer. Tell Mr. Kent to do so. We'll head to... wait, what's the address of this warehouse?"

Shawn closed his eyes, recalling the picture of the computer screen, "Uh, 56543 5th Street," he said as he opened his eyes.

"Right, we're on our way. Tell Clark to tell Superman to meet us there," Lassie said, then hung up without so much as a thank you.

Clark looked at Shawn and nodded, knowing he had to leave. He turned to Jimmy and smiled, "Jimmy, it's not your fault. You know how Lois is. I'm going to contact Superman and have him meet the others. Why don't you go with Shawn?"

"Sounds like a plan to me. You'll get some juicy pictures for your stories. I'm taking a psychic stab at this, but I believe your boss will be pleased as pie for two stories," Shawn said.

"Isn't it pleased as punch?" Jimmy asked.

"I've heard it both ways," Shawn answered. He received a confused look from the young photojournalist.

"I'll meet you both out there," Clark said. He walked out with Shawn right behind. Jimmy lagged back to gather his camera equipment.

"Clark, be careful around all that Kryptonite," Shawn warned.

"It's Kryptonite, Shawn, and I will. Thanks," Clark said, rushing down the hall toward the doors. After a few seconds, Shawn heard a faint Whoosh as the Man of Steel took off into the blue haven above.

Meanwhile, inside the warehouse, Lois sat in the same chair her husband had been in less than forty minutes earlier. Her hands were tied behind her back, her feet tied together and she was gagged with duct tape. Mindy Church stood nearby with a wicked smile on her red lipstick mouth.

"I'm not sure how your husband escaped, Ms. Lane, but I'm sure you won't. I really hope Superman shows to save you. I've got one heck of a present waiting for him," she gestured toward the Kryptonite that lay nearby.

"Mmmm mmm, hmm, hmmm mmm," Lois mumbled. Mindy looked as confused as ever.

"I don't know what you just said, but it doesn't really matter. I win. Time to get those crates loaded. Goodbye, Ms. Lane," she said as she pushed a few buttons nearby. That's when Lois heard the faint beeping sound of a bomb. Despite herself, she gulped and squeaked in the chair.

"Every time I get myself into this mess. If that bomb goes off, not only will I be killed, but that Kryptonite will go everywhere. Clark won't know what hit him," she thought to herself bitterly.

Mindy walked outside, pleased with herself at the way things were going. Yes, she'd lost Clark Kent, somehow, but now that Lois was in her clutches, she was positive that Superman would show to save her.

Clark landed carefully near the warehouse, this time scanning it from the outside. There was Lois inside, right by the Kryptonite. His super hearing picked up a beeping sound, which made him shift his focus toward a small box sitting on top of a crate near his wife.

"Great, a bomb," Clark said quietly. Sighing, Clark walked steadily forward, keeping his body shielded with the lead crates

that were in between him and the green rocks. He turned when he heard a few cars pull up behind him. There were the police, Gus and a taxi cab right behind them.

As stealthily as a cat, Lassiter and Juliet ran up behind Superman with guns drawn. Henry and Gus lagged back a bit, but Jimmy and Shawn were right behind the two detectives.

Lassiter's face remained like stone as he nodded to Superman.

"Superman, what's going on around here?" he asked.

"Lois is inside, tied up. Unfortunately, there are two problems. One is there is a bomb ticking away near her, the other is that she's surrounded by Kryptonite. Mindy Church is near the dock directing her men to load crates onto that ship," Superman explained.

"All right. We'll contact the bomb squad. O'Hara, go around the other side, just in case there are more Intergang members hiding somewhere. Be careful," Lassie ordered.

Juliet nodded and walked off, her gun held out in front of her like she'd learned so long ago at the academy. She didn't let it show, but she was nervous.

"Superman, is there any way you can get to those lead crates inside?" Shawn asked. The hero turned to him.

"Yeah. I already know what you're thinking, Shawn. Problem is, I don't know what those crates contain. They could be full of Kryptonite. Unless," Superman's voice went silent as he slowly walked around the corner. Lassiter, Shawn and Jimmy followed close behind.

"Shawn! Stay here!" Henry called out. His son ignored him and went on. Without another word, Henry pulled his gun he was carrying in his jeans. Motioning to Gus to stay back, he walked behind the others as stealthily as he had when he was still a cop.

Gus stood for a moment by his Echo, thinking about the situation. He looked around, seeing Juliet in the distance sneaking around the other side of the warehouse opposite Lassiter and the others. Without analyzing what he should do and what he shouldn't, Gus walked toward the rest of the group in 'Jackal' mode; stealthy and slow.

Clark stopped just outside the warehouse door; just enough distance away from the Kryptonite not to feel it's effects. He turned to Carlton with a look of concern.

"Detective, you're going to have to rescue Lois. I'll try and diffuse the bomb from here. Did you call for backup?"

"Yes. They're on their way along with the bomb squad and SWAT. They should be here momentarily," Lassiter said.

"Lassiter, take this. You'll be able to cut through the ropes quicker," Henry said as he handed his Swiss to the detective.

"Thanks, Henry. Spencer, this goes against every bone in my body, but here," Lassiter took out his other gun and handed it to the faux psychic, "take this gun. I want you and your dad to go around the other side and assist O'Hara while Superman and I take care of the situation in here."

Shawn stood speechless for a moment, but recovered quickly when his dad pulled him along. As quickly and quietly as his father, Shawn moved over the cement like he'd been doing it for years. Lassiter, although he'd never admit it, was actually impressed with Shawn's moves.

Juliet was in one spot, watching Mindy Church direct her peons to move faster. The tension the female detective felt could've been cut with a knife. She heard a whispered voice behind her. Her breath caught in her throat.

"Jules, it's me," came Shawn's voice, a little louder. Juliet breathed out slowly as relief washed over her.

"Shawn, what are you doing over here? You should be by the cars," she whispered back, turning at the same time. She was met with the sight of not only her boyfriend, but his father standing right next to them. Both had guns.

"Where'd you get a gun?" she asked the pseudo-psychic.

"Lassiter," his dad answered.

Her eyes got wide with shock, "Carlton gave you a gun? How'd you manage that?"

"He just handed it over," Shawn whispered back.

"Get back!" Henry whispered, pulling his son back, who, in turn, pulled Juliet back.

"What was that for?" Shawn whispered vehemently.

"Because that Mindy was looking this way. Come on, we have to check on Lassiter and Superman," Henry said, subconsciously taking the lead.

On the other side, Superman was trying to burn the wires that were connected to the bomb, while Carlton was cutting the ropes that held Lois. He'd already removed the duct tape, so Lois was giving him the run down on the situation.

"Weapons smuggling. They're sending everything to the Middle East in those unassuming crates," Lois said.

Lassiter said nothing as the last strand of rope was severed. He carefully grabbed Lois by the arm and escorted her out the door. Superman stood nearby, his face screwed up in concentration as he focused on the bomb. It now had thirty seconds left.

"We've got to get away from this building. Superman, if that thing explodes, that Kryptonite will be blown right along with it. You'll be exposed to thousands of pieces at once, like when you were hit with that nuclear bomb," Lois said. Carlton wasn't sure, but he swore he heard a loving sound in the female reporter's voice.

"Right. You and I will fly back to the SBPD. Detective, I would suggest you," Superman started, but was stopped not only by the bomb squad moving in, but another sight nearby. Mindy Church was standing by the opposite corner. A gun was in her hand, pointing to the head of Shawn's partner, Gus.

"Hello, Superman. Looks like I've got a better hostage. I recognize this man from the papers. A psychic detective," Mindy said, gesturing toward Gus.

"I'm not a psychic, just a private detective," Gus said in fear.

"Oh, well, that doesn't matter. You're good enough for a hostage. Bet you can't save him, Superman. Not with that bomb about to go off."

"Mindy, let him go," Superman tried to reason with the evil blonde.

"Ha! I'm not going to listen to some fly boy with big muscles. This dark brown man is coming with me. Don't try to stop me," Mindy said, turning to walk away. Everyone suddenly heard a shot and watched as Mindy dropped her gun in pain. Shawn came out of nowhere, gun pointed at Mindy. He'd hit her hand with pinpoint accuracy. Gus ran back to Lassie, then past to a garbage can nearby.

"Spencer? How'd you hit her without hitting Guster?" Lassie asked with surprise.

"I could sense that Gus needed help, so I asked the spirits to guide the bullet to her hand," Shawn answered. Lassiter could almost hear a mocking tone behind it, but chose to ignore it.

Juliet came from the corner with Henry. She picked up Mindy and cuffed her hands together with a smile. She looked at Shawn with a smile.

"Good shot, Shawn," she awarded. Henry smiled a half smile at his son, but let it disappear before it was noticed by anyone else.

"Bomb's clear!" came a voice from inside. A tall, gentle man walked out with a smile.

"Buzz? Where were you?" Shawn asked as he handed the gun back to Lassiter. The detective took it back gingerly, feeling the heat from the freshly fired weapon.

"I ran back to the car to radio the bomb squad and backup. Oh, and I also arrested about five guys who were loading the crates after that woman walked away," Buzz said, pointing to Mindy.

“Where are they now?” Carlton asked. Buzz turned toward the five squad cars that had somehow appeared silently during the whole ordeal.

“Over there with a few of the other officers. We’re gathering the rest, but I came in here to assist the bomb squad. Chief’s orders.”

“I think we should all go back to the station. This has been one long day,” Lois said. She looked up hopefully at Superman, who nodded.

“Right, Lois. I’ll take you back there so you can find Clark and give your statement. Thank you all for all you did today,” he said, looking at Shawn especially. The faux psychic nodded with a small smile.

Jimmy walked out behind Buzz, his camera capturing the moments instantaneously. He dropped the camera to his chest and smiled wide. Lois, Clark and Shawn knew he had lots of pictures to offer Perry for both stories. Shawn walked up to Superman and stuck out his hand.

“Superman, thank you for the experience. You do still owe us a picture, however,” he reminded the Man of Steel. Superman laughed.

“That I do. I’ll meet you tomorrow morning at your office. By the way, is Gus all right?” Clark said with sudden concern as he watched Gus walk back to the Echo. Shawn chuckled.

“He’ll be fine. His anxiety gets the best of him when he’s been taken hostage,” Shawn partially joked.

“I take it this has happened before?” Lois asked.

“Yeah, by a bank robber who wasn’t really a bank robber, a fake private eye, a,” Shawn listed.

“Okay, I think I get it. See you back at the station, Shawn. Detectives,” Lois said politely. She then turned to Jimmy, “Jimmy, ride back with the detectives. We’ll go over the pictures tonight at the hotel.”

Jimmy nodded, “Right, Lois. I’m hoping CK is back at the station,” he said.

“I’m sure he is, Jimmy,” Shawn said.

Back at the SBPD the next morning, the Psych team, the Daily Planet trio and the SBPD team stood in the conference room. Shawn motioned for Clark to follow him, then walked out toward the parking lot. Clark was behind him within seconds. When they reached the outside, Shawn turned to the undercover superhero.

“Clark, I know you’ve said that I can’t tell anyone. I understand that request, but I don’t know if I can keep something this big from Gus,” he said.

“I understand that. Do you think Gus could handle it?” Clark asked in defeat. He knew that Shawn would tell Gus, even if he’d told the faux psychic not to.

“Yeah. He knows about me and he’s kept it quiet. It’ll take him a couple of days to get used to it, but afterward, he’ll be fine,” Shawn assured Clark. The Man of Steel nodded.

“All right, but, let me tell him,” Clark said. Shawn laughed lightly, agreeing with Clark. Gus would so be ecstatic!

The aforementioned man walked out of the station at that moment with a small smile on his face. Gus walked to the Echo, then turned toward Shawn and Clark. Lois had walked out right after him, heading toward her husband. She turned to Shawn with a knowing grin.

Shawn looked back at Gus, who was getting into the Blueberry. He turned back to Clark and Lois.

“You know, don’t you, Lois? I guess it should be obvious, but,” Shawn started.

“Yes, Shawn. Clark told me last night you figured it out. Um, you don’t think you’re dad knows, do you?”

“Knows what?” came Henry’s voice. He walked up behind the couple with a slight grin. Shawn thought of something on the spot.

“Knows that we are running late for pancakes. Anyone? Pancakes?” Shawn asked. Clark chuckled at Shawn’s distraction.

“We’ll meet you two at the Psych office. Our flight leaves tomorrow morning, and I know there are some things we need to finish. Like your interviews!” Clark said.

“See you soon! Wait, what about the Chief, Dad, Lassie and Jules? What about their interviews?” Shawn asked.

“Before you and Gus came in at about noon, we’d already taken care of the interviews. We just have you and Gus to go. Plus, we have enough for two stories, three parts each,” Lois stated.

Shawn looked at his father, who was still standing behind the Daily Planet duo. Henry’s face said it all. He knew. Shawn shook his head. He’d never admit it out loud, but his dad was really good. Really, really good. Really, really, really...okay, he was just great.

Clark, Lois, Gus, Shawn, Jimmy and Henry went back to the Psych office to finish up the last minute interviews and pictures for the paper. It was when Clark excused himself to make a phone call that Shawn pulled his dad to the side, away from Gus’ and Jimmy’s ears.

“You know, don’t you?” he asked behind the closed wall by the kitchen of the office. His dad looked at him knowingly.

“Of course I do. A mild mannered reporter moonlights in tights. I figured it out the first time he disappeared two days ago. His blue undershirt gave him away,” Henry said matter-of-factly.

“Well, I’ll be sure to tighten my tie better, Mr. Spencer,” came a whispering voice. Shawn turned to see Superman behind him. He smiled at the Man of Steel.

Jimmy walked in before another word was spoken. Seeing the superhero, he grinned widely.

“Superman, how about that picture with Shawn and Gus?” he asked.

“I did promise that, didn’t I?” Clark said in his best superhero voice.

“You sure did, Superman. Come on, let’s go outside in front of the Psych window. It’ll be dope!” Shawn said.

“Dope? Isn’t that a term from the 80s?” Jimmy asked.

“Dude, aren’t you from the 80s?” Shawn queried.

“Well, yeah, but I don’t use 80s terms anymore. I’ve kind of gotten into the computer age,” Jimmy answered.

“Computers are way too advanced for me. I only use them for email, internet searches and occasionally a paperweight on a windy day,” Shawn said.

“Shawn!” Gus said. He and Superman were standing by the door.

“Oh, right. Superman, after you,” Shawn said as he gestured out the door. The Man of Steel led the way, with Shawn, Gus, then Jimmy following behind. Lois and Henry stayed inside the office.

“Henry, you know about my husband, don’t you?” Lois asked suddenly as Shawn and Gus posed beside Superman.

“Yep. I have to admit, he puts on a good act,” the former detective admitted.

“So does your son. This “psychic” thing seems to be working for him,” Lois said, using air quotes around psychic.

Henry looked at Lois with a worried glance, “Look, I know that him saying he’s a psychic probably wasn’t the best of ideas in the first place, but,” he lowered his voice, “he’s damn good at it. You aren’t going to print anything, are you? About him not being psychic, I mean.”

“If we did, it would give you guys reason to reveal Clark’s secret. I think we can write the story without exposing Shawn. He’s good at what he does. So are you. You trained him well,” Lois said as Shawn leapt into Superman’s arms like he’d just been rescued. Jimmy’s face lit up with a wide goofy grin as he snapped another few pictures. She turned back to Henry.

“Don’t worry, Lois. Your secret is safe with me. That is a guarantee,” he said honestly.

The boys walked in at that moment, letting the promise hang in the air like a sweet smelling air freshener. Shawn shook Superman’s hand, then turned to Jimmy.

“Jimmy, why don’t you and I take a quick ride on my bike once more before you leave? I have to show you the beach,” Shawn said.

“Sure! That is, if I can?” Jimmy looked at Lois with a puppy dog look.

Lois laughed at the photographer’s methods and nodded, “Sure, why not? Just be careful! Perry would kill us if something happened to you,” she said.

Shawn and Jimmy left with their helmets and Jimmy’s camera, while Gus stayed behind to finish things up. He opened his new laptop, silently thanking himself for setting up a real insurance policy, and sat down in his seat. Henry left the two reporters and Gus alone, heading home to get some sleep.

“Gus? Listen, we have something to tell you,” Superman said. Gus looked up with a curious look.

“What’s that, Superman?” he asked. Clark took a deep breath and began to tell his story. By the end, Gus was in on the secret, and super shocked. He also promised he wouldn’t say anything except to Shawn about the whole conversation.

Clark and Lois left a little later with Jimmy right behind. Shawn sat down in his chair with a huge grin.

“Well, what’d you think about Clark?” he asked.

“I think he’s...super,” Gus said.

“Yeah, Man. He’s definitely a super person. A super reporter. A super husband,” Shawn started.

“Shawn!” Gus warned. Shawn stopped talking and began typing on his new net book. He looked up at Gus a few minutes later and smiled. This was possibly the most awesomest week of their lives!

Epilogue

Shawn and Gus were at the Psych office after another murder case had been solved by the entire team. Juliet sat right by Shawn, eating a piece of pineapple upside down cake; giving her boyfriend looks of happiness. Secretly, she was thankful that this cake had been bought at a store, not made in the Easy Bake Oven Shawn had bought online for 300 smackers.

The door opened and closed in the waiting room, making the three look up at the doorway. A courier came waltzing in with a package and a clipboard. He turned to Gus with a fake smile.

“Hello, Sir. I have a package for Burton Guster and Shawn Spencer?” he asked politely. Gus nodded.

“I’m Burton Guster. Who’s the package from?”

“Um,” the young man read the address, “Metropolis. The Daily Planet, actually,” he said.

“I’ll sign for it, my good man,” Shawn said in a fake British accent. The man gave Shawn the clipboard, who signed it with a Psych pen. He then handed the board, and the pen, back to the courier.

“Keep the pen,” Shawn said.

“Thanks. Here,” the man said, shoving the envelope in Shawn’s hands then practically tripping over himself to leave. Shawn shrugged it off and tore open the package. Inside were photos.

“Gus, it’s our pictures with Superman!” Shawn said excitedly. Gus and Juliet jumped up to look at them. Shawn also pulled out a couple of newspaper clippings. One was the story on Psych and how he and Gus helped the SBPD solve over 100 cases; the other was about Intergang’s involvement in a gun smuggling ring out in Santa Barbara. Shawn sat down at his computer, opened a new message and began typing.

Twenty minutes later, in Metropolis, Clark heard a faint ping, telling him Lois had gotten an email. She was sitting at her desk

typing up a story about a drug lord when it showed up on her screen. Seeing the sender, she motioned for Clark to come over to her desk.

“Dear Lois and Clark,

Thank you for the pictures you sent us. We just received them, and they look awesome! I hope that someday soon, we’ll see Superman again. You two, and Jimmy, are welcome anytime back here in Santa Barbara. Oh, Gus wants to say something,” the email said. There was some scrambled letters in the middle of the message. Clark assumed it was the best friends fighting over the keyboard.

“Lois and Clark,

Hi, it’s me, Gus. Thank you for all your help in solving the murder/smuggling/racketeering case while you were here. You three were indeed a great help in the mystery. I wanted to thank you myself for the pictures and the newspaper clippings about the stories. I do hope you three win Pulitzer Prizes for outstanding reporting. Shawn wants his computer back, so I’ll say goodbye!

Burton Guster.”

The couple giggled as more scrambled letters appeared underneath. Shawn’s email went on about how he was grateful that other things weren’t disclosed in front of Lassie and Jules, or that he was trusted with a huge you-know-what. He thanked them again, then closed the email with an obscure 80s movie reference, “You built a TIME MACHINE, out of a Delorian?”

The picture resided on Shawn’s desk after that. A picture of Shawn, Gus and Superman in front of the Psych window became epic in the lives of the two famous detectives. Shawn, the psychic, Spencer, and Burton, the Pharmaceutical Rep, Guster.

THE END