

**Author's Note:** Originally written for the [IMPROMPTU CHALLENGE: SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY](#) on the [LIVEJOURNAL SECTION VII](#) community.



Let every eye negotiate for itself

*William Shakespeare*  
**MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING**

## **AFFINITIES**

BY [LAH](#)

### **Autumn 1971**

Ilya Kuryakin listened covertly to the conversation of three coeds who had just exited a philosophy class being taught by his undercover partner at this upscale women's university.

"All I know," forwarded a pert brunette, "is that he surely doesn't look like any college professor I've ever encountered."

"He's a dreamboat all right," agreed one of her companions with a vigorous nod of her head.

“Come on, gals,” quickly put in the third of the group. “No matter what he looks like, he’s an egghead for sure! Didn’t you notice how easily he was able to come up with quotes to illustrate his points regarding the texts? Shakespeare quotes all, I might add.”

The second coed again nodded vigorously.

“You’re right of course, Elsie,” the brunette, with a little sigh, now also agreed with the assessment of the third coed. “It just is so much sweet fodder for the imagination picturing him as more exciting than a bookworm with arbitrarily killer looks.”

“Probably never dated a woman in his entire nerdy life,” emphasized Elsie disappointedly. “What a cosmic waste of the universe’s limited supply of incredibly handsome genes!”

Illya let a little half-smile play just at the corners of his mouth. Sometimes Napoleon’s affinity for the Great English Bard really was an unexpected asset. Yet if these gals knew the truth about his partner’s equal affinity for romancing the fairer sex... Well, that might not prove much of an asset during this mission ...though even he had to admit it sometimes had in the past.

**—THE END—**

