

**Author's Note:** Written for the [LIFECYCLE: Companionship Challenge](#) on [LIVEJOURNAL's Section VII](#) community.



There is not enough celebration of companionship. Relationships aren't just about eroticism and sexuality.

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## FRENEMIES

BY [LAH](#)

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It was true their relationship was something other than conventional, but because of that it was also anything other than predictable. And that aspect of their connection was especially pleasing to her for predictability was one thing she never wanted from any liaison, no matter the type. Though predictability might make for a surer existence, it also made for a more boring one, and boredom was particularly anathema to her.

All her life she had craved and sought excitement, diversion, chance. Risk was an essential element in her very blood. She had no time for the ordinary, and this man and the bond they shared was indisputably very distant from that.

She knew others didn't understand the chemistry between them, and certainly she had no sensible way to explain it. The motivations of their separate souls were dynamically opposed: he with his Arthurian penchant to selflessly better the world and she with her Mordredic desire to selfishly control it. To be sure they did indeed have those points of their personalities that mirrored one another. Both were thrill-seekers, no question. Neither wanted to simply be. They each needed to create situations where they felt a positive surge of power. Whether that power was to promote lofty ideals or more strictly personal paradigms mattered little in terms of the actual fact of seeking such satisfaction.

Most people tended to focus on the sexual side of their connection. And of course it was absolutely without doubt that particular aspect of what transpired between them was part and parcel of what made it all so stimulating (to pull something of a pun). Yet it was far more than such physicality, however pleasant, which bound them.

Perhaps it was the reality of them both working "under the radar", as it were. Their efforts to achieve their goals were unknown to the public at large. All covert operatives, no matter their perspectives, shared a commonality of understanding that was distinctly different from the everyday worldview. Yet she also had absolutely no doubt such was only a tiny fragment of what lay between them.

His partner was of the opinion that she would kill him without a qualm, if required to do so. And there was some truth to that. But then again perhaps her willingness to even try to achieve that end was tempered by her expectations that he would always find a way to thwart any such plans on her part. He was savvy and ingenious, with a keen sense of how to best utilize all his resources. She had a healthy respect for that ability in him, even if those resources did often include the suspicions of his contrary partner.

All in all, their union of being was not something to be treated lightly, was nothing at which to casually scoff. It kept them on their toes, kept them sharp with regard to the perils of what they did, and in some ways it even kept them sane. For in actuality it was much more salubrious to teasingly play at the mind games of cat-and-mouse than to let such mental competitions tyrannically rule your soul.

At this precise moment they stood facing each other once more, weapons drawn and at the ready.

"We find ourselves at odds yet again, Angelique," he stated with a shrewd smile.

"Indeed we do, Napoleon," she answered with a cunning smile of her own.

Frenemies: there was an unsuspected essence of companionship in such a state between a being such as he and a being such as she.

—THE END—

