

Two to beam up!

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Two to beam up!

by [TeaandBanjo](#)

Summary

Jaime goes to a science fiction convention. Someone talked him into dressing up as Captain Kirk.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Jaime

Tyrion and Tysha's suite looked like it had been tossed by a particularly energetic burglar. Jaime was not surprised that Tysha had set up a portable sewing machine on the small hotel desk, but the chaos was surprising, even for this event.

"You look great, Jamie." Tyrion tugged on his waistcoat to settle it. "You are at a con. Go wander around and look hot, surely someone will want to bag a Captain Kirk."

"What is your costume from?" He wondered if there was some sci-fi television he'd missed. His brother was dressed in a Tyrion-sized version of some sort of fictional military uniform. It was brown and gray, with a whole bunch of braid trim.

Tyrion grinned wickedly and settled the matching peaked cap on his close-cut hair. "Miles Vorkosigan. I'm a huge fan!"

"Oh," said Jaime.

"You're all set," said Tysha. "Both of you look hot!"

She maneuvered a lap full of blue velvet onto the desk behind the sewing machine, and pulled one edge flat. "His highness thought the cloak was not sufficiently regal, so I'm adding more shiny bits." She rolled her eyes, and the sewing machine hummed.

...

Jaime glanced at his watch. Catlyn Stark was still discussing her research for a paper: "The Depiction of Non-Binary Genders in Science Fiction Television: An Evolutionary Perspective," and he wasn't sure he was allowed to have an opinion. He also wasn't sure he was allowed to walk away. It seemed that everyone with a scholarly vocabulary and an opinion on the subject had gravitated to this corner of the room, and he was trapped.

Catlyn's phone beeped, and she reached into the pocket of her fur-trimmed gown. A swipe of her thumb across the screen let her read whatever it was. "Old gods give me patience!" she muttered.

Catlyn stood on her toes and looked around the crowded room. Her eyes lit with recognition. "Brienne!" she shouted, and waved wildly.

"What's wrong?" asked the dark-haired woman who might possibly have begun the discussion of Science Fiction Genders.

“Family stuff,” muttered Catlyn. “Go on.”

“Why did you choose to limit the scope to exclude the fantasy genre?”

“Well,” explained Catlyn, “the emphasis on pseudo-traditionalist family structures in fantasy means that all the non-binary stuff is usually coded rather than explicit in the text.”

Jaime let the returning hum of socio-political technical jargon wash over him. He’d missed his opportunity for escape, and was still trapped in the corner of the room. Maybe if he got his back against the striped wallpaper and slid sideways...

A rather tall Mr. Spock shouldered his way through the crowd. Jaime appreciated the costume details...pointed ears, the immaculately fitted blue tunic with two gold stripes on the sleeves, and a really convincing tricorder prop on a leather shoulder strap. Mr. Spock also featured a somewhat disappointing black wig.

Mr. Spock placed a hand on Catlyn’s shoulder.

“Catlyn,” said a woman with a lovely voice. “Is something wrong?”

“Ned can’t find Sansa or Arya,” said Catlyn, looking up at Mr. Spock.

“It’s alright,” said the woman’s voice. “I’m sure they are in the hotel somewhere. I’ll find them.”

Jaime felt his brain grind to a halt. The voice ought to belong to a young woman, and was coming from the direction of Mr. Spock. Well, to be fair, he considered, examining the fit of the black uniform trousers...

“I thought you were a man,” exclaimed Jaime.

Mr. Spock turned to face Jaime, and raised one eyebrow. His/her (?) eyes were amazingly blue, not the brown of the television actor. None of the rest of their (???) features matched the real Mr. Spock, either. That nose was crooked, and that jaw was too square.

“I’ll take that as a complement to my costuming skills,” Spock said, with a hint of doubt showing.

“The girls are supposed to text Ned about where they are in the con,” explained Catlyn. “He hasn’t heard from either one for hours.”

“How much trouble can they be in? It’s only ten in the morning?” Spock’s eyes rolled.

“This is Arya we are talking about!” Catlyn wrinkled her nose.

“Right,” Spock’s laugh was like bells ringing. “I’ll find them. I swear!”

“I’ll help you,” said Jaime. Perhaps this is how he could leave this corner and this awkwardly technical conversation?

“Mr. Spock” shrugged. The corners of her mouth turned down, and creases formed between her painted-on eyebrows.

The sea of literary critics parted, Jaime was freed, and they left Catlyn behind.

Keeping pace with Spock was somewhat challenging, although the view was excellent, and her stride was unquestionably female. ...except for the lingering questions left by listening to Catlyn Stark parsing the categories of sex, gender, and social roles.

“Now what?” demanded Jaime. (Did a female bone structure imply an actual woman?)

Spock glanced over her shoulder, then turned back to dodge someone wearing butterfly wings. “I know where Arya will be in an hour. Let’s see if we can find Sansa first.”

“Right.” Jaime knew he needed to keep the Joffery thing to himself. “Any ideas?”

“None. Just that she’s somewhere in the hotel. It’s not that big.”

The woman stopped suddenly, and Jaime bounced off her blue-clad shoulder.

He was going to make some sort of comment, but he had to look up to catch her frown. Obviously not the time to inquire about someone’s gym routine.

“Why are you still here? Would you know Sansa if you saw her?”

“Red hair, about so tall...I met her at a family dinner.” Don’t mention Joeffry. “I said I would help, so here I am.”

Mr. Spock shrugged, and turned back to the posted map of the hotel, which had apparently been what she was looking for.

“Hi,” he said, “I’m Jaime.” He held out a hand.

“I’m Brienne.” She did not look in his direction. “I don’t need your help.”

Jaime looked at the map. This wing of the hotel consisted of large rooms for various sorts of functions. The small ones were conference-room sized, and a couple were big enough for banquets or wedding receptions. For some reason, they were all named for small villages in the Riverlands.

...

One of the largest spaces was devoted to vendors of all kinds. Tables and temporary shelves carried every sort of legal merchandise with a remotely plausible tie-in to either science fiction or fantasy. It was almost like a market scene in a movie, except for the hotel wallpaper as a backdrop, and the complicated hotel carpet instead of dirt or mud.

Brienne grabbed Jaime's arm as he slowed to examine a table with a lot of dragon-related board games. "Sansa isn't a gamer!"

Their destination was apparently in the corner of the room. Rolling garment racks were crowded with dresses of every color and material. A manikin displayed a red leather doublet. Jaime wondered if it was his size...

"Margie, have you seen Sansa Stark this morning?"

"Bri! I thought I saw her with one of those Baratheon kids. The blond one who is always sneering. He's wearing a crown today." Margie came up to Brienne's shoulder.

"Right." Brienne's voice was sharp. "If you see her, please let her know her mother is looking for her."

"Not a problem!" The petite woman smiled up at Brienne.

Margie eyed Jaime as if to size up his physique and credit score. "'Would you like to try that one, Ser? That color would suit you perfectly!'"

Brienne snorted, and turned away.

"I'll be back for that," lied Jaime. "Thanks, got to go."

Mr. Spock was not going to leave Captain Kirk in the dust. He sprinted to catch up.

...

The two of them peeked in on three writers and a well-known fan having a panel discussion about "The unwritten history of the knight's quest in Westrosi Fantasy literature."

Jaime shot a text to his brother. "Whr Joffery"

...

The next room held some musicians.

They listened to "The Queen took off her sandal" (accompanied by one guitar and too many drums). ...just long enough to determine that there were no red-haired Stark girls in the

audience.

Jaime's phone buzzed. Tyrion had replied "IDK WTF?"

...

The next conference room contained two very fit actors teasing each other about possible plot details for the next season of an extremely popular and extremely violent fantasy drama. No one noticed that the two fans in Trek uniforms were hovering near the door.

"U in the room?" typed Jaime while Brienne was scratching one pointed ear and scanning the rows of fans filling the seats and leaning along the walls.

She shook her head, and the two of them oozed back into the hall and let the door close.

Jaime's phone buzzed, he looked down to see "N" on the screen. Brienne was already halfway to the hotel lobby.

Fuck. He needed to stop running for a damn minute. "Mr. Spock! Halt! About face!" He was unreasonably pleased when Breinne turned around and returned with an expression that promised murder.

He leaned casually against the wall with his phone, listening to the ring as he waited for his brother to pick up.

Brienne was close now. "Who the fuck do you think you are?"

"Jaime?" asked the voice on the phone.

"I need you and Bronn to meet me at your suite."

"...because?" Tyrion sounded more suspicious than usual.

"Your nephew is incapable of gentlemanly behavior, and I think he's got a guest."

"He's your nephew also. I'll be right there."

Brienne had made the decision to run up eight flights of stairs instead of waiting for the elevator, so of course he chased her. Jaime was breathing heavily by the time she shouldered open the fire door at the top of the stairs. He was not sure whether to claim he was out of shape, or admit that the woman's arse looked very nice from that angle.

The door into the suite was open, and the argument had clearly already begun.

“...the point is, Joffrey, your mother is running for office.” Tyrion waved his cell phone. “Mrs. Baratheon’s son, caught drinking with an underage girl...Who knows what the voters would think about that?”

Brienne slipped past Jaime and crossed the room to stand by Sansa Stark. The girl was clearly uncomfortable with Lannister family drama. Brienne whispered something in her ear.

Joffrey’s head sunk even lower, and he shrugged under his velvet cape. “Why should I care about a bunch of voters?”

“Because that’s how elections work,” Jaime pointed out. He hadn’t managed to avoid the sarcasm. “Your mother has enough problems running as a woman. If she can’t keep her teenage son behaving like a good citizen, how is that going to look?”

“Our ancestors would have taken them all out and shot them.” The boy held his head up and glared at Jaime.

“Beheaded,” interjected Brienne, as she followed Sansa into the hall. “The historical record is quite clear on that.”

Tyrion sighed. “Pack your things. Bronn is going to drive you home. If you figure out an apology, and promise not to screw up again, your mother probably won’t have YOU taken out and shot.”

Tyrion and Bronn would handle that part of the problem, so Jaime left before Joffrey could come up with a reply.

It was quite clear that Brienne didn’t need or probably even want Jaime’s help, but he was committed. Maybe he could manage to make her laugh at something that wasn’t him?

The Science officer and the historical lady were either in deep conversation, or waiting for the elevator. Brienne was frowning, and glanced at him as he approached.

“Mr. Lannister,” said Sansa, “nothing happened, Joffrey and I were just going to share a bottle of wine.”

“He shouldn’t have offered,” sighed Jaime. “May I join you and Brienne for the rest of the quest?”

“Quest?” Sansa wrinkled her nose.

“We need to find Arya,” Brienne explained as the elevator doors slid open.

Arya

“Pod!” yelled Arya, as she knocked his staff away again. “It’s a quarter staff, not some sort of axe.”

The grass here on the far side of the parking lot was immaculately mowed, and had been decorated with tents and heraldic banners. It was almost like a war camp, if you ignored the cars and the giant monolith of the hotel.

“Right, watch where I put my hands.” Podric wiped his face with one red shirtsleeve. “I’ll get it this time.”

“I’m not going to go easy on you.” She looked away across the parking lot. A couple more costumed science fiction fans were heading this way to completely spoil the atmosphere.

“Who ordered an Enterprise away team?” asked Podric, following her gaze.

Arya frowned. The girl with the red braid and gray dress was familiar, the two Star Trek uniforms were not. “My sister, apparently.”

The Trekkie in the blue tunic was suddenly in a hurry. Long legs and a rapid gait brought him close enough that Arya could see the eyebrows.

She felt threatened, and positioned herself to block an attack. “Aren’t Vulcans supposed to be peaceful?” she yelled.

The officer skidded to a stop at the end of Arya’s staff.

“Aren’t you supposed to be responding when your mother texts you?”

“Bri?” She lowered the staff, and pulled her phone out of the bag on her belt. “Uh...I think I had it turned off.”

“It’s alright, but we need to let her know where you are.” Bri sounded worried.

“Whatever” Arya grunted. “I’m busy.”

“This will just take a minute. I want to send your mum a pic of you and your sister.” Brienne opened the back of her silly tricorder and took out her cell phone.

She shrugged. Sansa and the Captain Kirk impersonator arrived. The man was objectively gorgeous, although something about him made Arya want to find a mud puddle to push him into.

“C’mon,” said Brienne, interrupting her thoughts. “The three of us can stand over here in front of the direwolf banner, and Jaime will take our picture.”

"Fine!" Arya watched as Captain Kirk slid his fingers along Brienne's wrist before taking the phone out of her hand. Wasn't that interesting?

"What's with the weapon?" demanded Sansa. "Can't you be a lady for once?"

"Never mind that, stand over here!" Bri pushed the two of them next to each other, in front of the direwolf banner, which was flapping in the breeze.

Arya realized she was downwind of her sister. She sniffed again to make sure. "A lady who gets into the wine before lunch?"

"Don't!" said Sansa. "This is all embarrassing enough. Just put down the stick already."

Arya refused to put down the staff, and Jaime took the picture anyway.

Jaime, again

Jaime stood in the shade of one of the armorer's tents while Brienne/Spock chatted with Catlyn and the girls in their historical costuming. The three Stark ladies wandered away, and Brienne turned back in his direction.

She took a position next to him, and fidgeted with one of the guy ropes. The tent canvas shifted and fluttered.

"Thank you for helping me find Sansa, Jaime." Her eyes were downcast, and he couldn't help noticing how pale her eyelashes were, compared to the black wig. "I wouldn't have known where to look."

"It's been my pleasure." He could hear the clash of blunt swords against wooden shields -- the fighting demonstration was starting.

"I hope you didn't miss anything exciting while I've been dragging you all over the con." The tent fluttered a bit more, as she twisted the rope.

"I didn't miss anything." Jaime smiled. "This is the most fun I have ever had at a science fiction convention, even though you make a lousy Spock."

Brienne glared at him, and pushed out her lower lip. "Not everyone can look as hot as you in a Starfleet uniform, Jaime." The corners of her mouth turned down, and he was staring at the tallest sad-eyed waif in Westros. (He squashed the urge to hug her.)

Jaime wondered: if he were so hot, why did he keep getting rejected?

"The uniform is fine, Brienne." He brushed his fingers across the gold braid on her sleeve. "The likeness is great. However, you clearly aren't a Vulcan. ...and when you forget to walk like the actor, it's distracting."

She sighed and closed her eyes. "I guess I'm not very good at the all logic and no emotion thing."

"No one is, that's why there is only ever one of those characters per show." He shrugged.

"That's a surprisingly logical statement from you, Jaime." Brienne's smile formed slowly, and somehow completely erased the insult he felt sure she intended.

"I have my moments." He grinned back. "We're at a science fiction convention. Let's go do something irrational."

"Can we watch the sword fighting?" Brienne tipped her head a little, and finally relaxed her grip on the rope.

"I was hoping you would say that!"

There were only half a dozen armored knights, but the fighting was intense, and Mr. Spock jumped up and down and cheered. It was ridiculous in the best way.

Jaime wondered where all the warm and happy feelings were coming from.

...

The two of them sat in uncomfortable chairs and watched an artist paint a replica shield (already green with an unblemished coat of paint) with a five-petaled golden rose. Jaime's mind wandered. He knew he would recognize her without the makeup and uniform, but the rest of her life was an unknown.

"Mine is blue and pink." She leaned closer so she could speak softly.

"You have a shield?" Jaime tried to imagine Mr. Spock bearing historic arms, but he could believe that someone with Breinne's shoulders would have a hobby like that.

"Hanging on the wall in dad's garage."

Someone nearby shushed them.

Jaime managed to stay quiet until the painting was complete.

What would happen if he tried to get a phone number? What if he tried to get closer? Would she abandon him to the boredom of a con with no one to talk to?

...

"...it used to be in my bedroom," she explained as they joined the crush of fans in the hallway. "Then it pulled down a big chunk of the plaster, and dad insisted that the garage was the closest thing there was to an armory in a normal house. And he made me fix the wall."

Was he even her type? Maybe he could see who she watched.

...

Tyrion was part of the panel for the discussion "A legal history of the Duel in Westros."

The small conference room was filled with people who probably wanted to fantasize about sticking a knife in someone. Most of the chatter was a variant of "Is it still legal?", and Jaime

was pleased that there were scantily clad fans of a couple different genders and body types. It would be a great place for his experiment.

The two of them found chairs against the back wall.

Rob Stark introduced himself and the other panelists, and Tyrion shifted into the necessary disclaimer that none of this should be taken as legal advice, and there were a few giggles in the crowd. Jaime had heard most of it before, but Breinne hadn't.

He leaned back and closed his eyes. In a few minutes he'd look over and see who Brienne was watching. He was certain she'd need to distract herself from the tedium of legal precedent relating to how to properly call someone out for a bit of light stabbing.

He opened his eyes.

Breinne was looking at him.

"Are you alright?" she asked.

"Fine," he muttered. "It's just a dry subject." *Well crap, that didn't work.*

"I'm not planning on dueling anyone," she said, low and quiet. "...although, right now, I'd kill for a sandwich."

...

Brienne led the way to a small place that she described as "...has the most amazing desserts ever." It was full of fans in various kinds of bizarre t-shirts, floor length historical garb, or perfectly ordinary clothing paired with a propeller beanie.

The only table left was small, with just enough room for Brienne's steak sandwich with melted cheese, his plate, and Brienne's cheesecake drizzled with red sauce and decorative curls of chocolate.

(Jaime had decided that a sandwich with turkey, ham, and sliced cheese was unlikely to end up leaving spots on his Starfleet uniform.)

Their conversation lagged a little. They quickly agreed that "Spock's Brain" was the stupidest episode of TOS (The Original Series), but Jaime couldn't move the conversation along because she would nod in agreement to whatever he said, and then take another bite.

He decided his wisest action would be to shut up and eat. The sandwich was very nice for a ham and turkey sandwich, but he wondered if one of the other choices would have been even better.

When he looked up from his plate, he found that Brienne had started on dessert.

Mr. Spock was licking her fork. Why did a glimpse of her tongue seem like such an intimate thing?

“How is it?” he asked, and immediately scolded himself for asking the stupidest question possible.

“Amazing.” Her grin showed all the teeth for a moment, and she reached for another bite.

“Is that raspberry or strawberry?” he wondered, out loud.

He swiped a finger through a stray blob of sauce near the edge of her plate. It was, in fact, raspberry sauce, and it was delicious.

Brienne made a strange choking noise, and turned bright red.

“I’m sorry,” said Jaime, considering the list of etiquette violations he’d just committed. “My sister always told me that I was raised by direwolves, that I was the stupidest, and I would never be anywhere near as hot as she was...” He decided that Brienne didn’t need to hear all the poisonous things that teenage Cersei Lannister had said, before she learned to pretend to be kind and thoughtful. In fact, the concentrated bitchyness that was Cersei had put him off girls for a little bit, until he figured out it was just her...

“Enterprise to Captain Kirk!” Brienne winked at him. “I don’t believe any of that, except the bit about being raised by direwolves.”

Which meant that she didn’t think he was stupid, and didn’t agree that he was “not hot?”

“I’m hot?”

“Yes.” Brienne glared at him. “And don’t make offers you aren’t going to follow through on!”

“Excuse me?”

“Two can play that game.” She stuck her thumb into the red puddle on the dessert plate.

She looked straight at him, as if daring him to look away. She brought her thumb up to her mouth, sucked sticky sauce off it, then licked it for good measure. He saw there was a smear of red left on her lower lip, and watched, fascinated, as her tongue curled out to wipe it away.

Jaime spread his palms flat on the table, and counted backwards from ten. There was no way that she wanted him to think those exact thoughts.

“What kind of game is that?” he wheezed. “Do you actually want me to throw you down right here?”

“You can’t.” She reached out to grip his right wrist, and pressed his forearm against the table. She leaned a little bit forward, and he watched muscles bunch in her shoulder as she transferred a little bit more of her weight.

He tensed the muscles in his arm, but couldn't figure out a way to fight back without either prying off her hand, or probably turning over the table. "I'm strong enough."

Jaime was suddenly reminded of a past embarrassment. Bryndan Tully had been the hottest of the senior black belts. In retrospect, Jaime was grateful that Tully had spared him a lot of embarrassment by ignoring skinny, baby-faced, seventeen year old Jaime's lame attempts at flirtation.

Brienne squeezed tighter, and Jaime couldn't figure out what or how he could possibly win. He slapped the table with his free hand.

She opened her hand and settled back into her chair, red-faced and breathing hard.

Her forehead creased with worry.

"Did I hurt you?" She carefully pushed his sleeve up his forearm, and examined his skin.

"Truce?" Jaime asked. "Let's try not to break any furniture at the hotel."

Brienne nodded. "You don't say anything that sounds like a rape threat, I won't break anything?"

"It's a deal."

They shook on it.

Also, Brienne let him eat the rest of her dessert, with the condition he used a fork.

....

"Costuming for Beginners" turned out to involve a room full of cloaks and hats to try on.

Brienne refused all hat suggestions. "They won't work with the ears."

She did let him talk her into trying on a giant fur-trimmed cloak.

She looked amazing.

Brienne

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Brienne checked her phone, discovered that it was only 8:30 in the evening, and stowed it back in the secret compartment in the tricorder. Considering the prop didn't have to do anything useful, just make noises when she fiddled with the knobs, it was mostly empty space.

Only eight thirty on Saturday, and this had already become the strangest con ever. She was used to being sent on errands, that was no surprise. (alright, TWO missing girls was unusual) Discussions of television shows, fantasy novels, and ancient history were also no surprise. Those were why she went to this kind of convention, after all.

The “weird bit” was the beautiful man wearing a gold Starfleet uniform with three gold stripes on the sleeve. Either he had been deliberately following her around for almost twelve hours now, or they were coincidentally interested in exactly the same things. (Neither of which explained the feelings that rampaged through her when she watched him casually sample her dessert and lick his finger. Those feelings could be examined later, much later.)

“Cmon,” said Jaime, tugging on her blue uniform sleeve. “Time to explore strange new worlds, seek out new civilizations. Boldly go...”

“Piss off!” She lifted one eyebrow. “I’m here to get one drink, then go back and take off this stupid itchy uniform, and unglue these stupid ears so I can sleep!” The ridiculous bra choice that let her look like a 1960s male actor was also uncomfortable, but she wasn’t going to share that information.

“I can help with the ears.” Jaime’s smirk was appealing, but no. His hair had become increasingly disheveled since this morning, and she wanted to run her fingers through it. Also no.

The sign on the open door announced “Ten Forward”, and there was a large man with ginger hair, a lot of plaid fabric wrapped as a kilt, and fur leggings. “Badges, gents!” His badge said “Bear”.

Brienne shrugged, pulled her con badge out of the secret pocket in her uniform trousers, and showed him where it said “Brienne”.

The man looked her up and down a little more carefully. “I like tall girls,” he said. “I can show you how much later!”

“No, thank you.” She was slightly disappointed that dressing as male hadn’t actually discouraged everyone from trying to get in her pants.

Jaime bent down and slid his con badge out of the top of his boot. (How did he look sexy in skin-tight pants, and she looked like the side of a panel van?)

The general costuming theme for the evening seemed to be “sparkly”. After all, if someone went to all the trouble to sew something ridiculous and fancy, why not show it off? There were also thrift store tuxedo jackets, second-hand prom dresses worn with home-made crowns, and lots of fans who couldn’t be bothered, and were still wearing jeans and T-shirts with pictures of mythical animals.

She examined a table that clearly used to have snacks. The cheese plate was empty, there were three broken pretzels in the bottom of a bowl, but there were lots of very boring crackers.

Bits of conversation reached her.

“...No one knows when the next book will come out. I can’t wait!...”

“...shot first! The new release makes no sense, and who wanted all those animated sand critters anyway?”

“I’m going to order a new corset. I want to get the girls pushed up so I can put a teacup on ‘em..” The woman was plump, short, and plain, but her pink gown displayed her assets. (Breinne had a hate/hate relationship with pink. Bright pink made her look ghost-pale, light pink blended with her skin and tended to make her look naked.)

“Oooh!” A girl’s voice cut through the low muttering of the massed fans. “Captain Kirk! Can I get your picture? The chair is in there.”

“What?” Jaime was clearly too surprised to come up with a Captain Kirk quote.

“The Captain’s chair! Look!”

Brienne followed, snagging a bottle of water on her way.

Sure enough, someone had not only crafted a replica of the silver-colored Captain’s chair, they had transported it here to a hotel, and set it up to add atmosphere for a party.

Jaime immediately sprawled (elegantly) on the black vinyl seat cushions, and pretended to push buttons on the armrest.

He looked up at her and grinned. “Mr. Spock, report to the bridge!”

Over the next fifteen minutes, many phones were pulled from pockets, and many photos were posed. Some had Brienne standing behind the chair looking serious. A very lovely woman in Lt. Uhura’s red tunic joined before her boyfriend whispered something in her ear. A few different aliens joined for a few pictures, but then everyone lost interest.

(The silliest picture was of two Mr. Spocks, herself and a plump, cheerful man named Sam Tarly.)

Jaime stood up, and tugged his tunic down over the top of his trousers. “Mr. Spock, you have the con! I’ll get you a thematically appropriate drink!”

“Aye, Captain,” she mumbled, and sank into the cushions. The chair seemed remarkably sturdy for something that was probably made from cardboard and duct tape.

...

There was the woman in the pink dress, again. She seemed to have attracted the attention of a very tall man, mostly distinguished by the shiny purple tophat that seemed to be his approach to “formal.”

“I’m Bronn. Would you like to hear the worst pickup line ever?” asked the man, smiling down at her cleavage.

“Lollys.” The woman looked him up and down, and seemed to like what she saw. She frowned. “Was that your line? It sucked. I guess you can pick me up anyway.”

Bronn grinned back. “You are a woman of taste! Let’s go make some bad decisions.”

“What kind?” asked Lollys. She hooked her arm around the man’s. “Booze or sex?”

“Lady’s choice.” The pair of them wandered away.

“That was simple and direct,” muttered Brienne. “No games, no horse shit.”

Brienne wondered what games she was playing. She wasn’t Mr. Spock, and Jaime wasn’t Captain Kirk, and this wasn’t the bridge of the Enterprise.

She ran her fingers over the switches and little colored plastic domed lights. It was all very convincingly done. It felt real.

She flipped one of the switches, and a light came on.

...

Brienne spotted Jaime’s disheveled curls as he crossed the room. He was carrying half-melted martini glasses, or something. His eyes met hers. He smiled, all green eyes and cheekbones and perfect teeth. It was warm in here.

Jaime handed her one of the glasses. The contents were blue. She made sure to touch his fingers.

“Please tell me this isn’t some sort of powdered drink mix.” Maybe she could distract herself from the hormonal equivalent of a warp core breach?

He sipped his. “Pretty sure it isn’t.”

“I’m spilling it on your costume if it is.” She tasted. It wasn’t.

“I wasn’t kidding about helping you unglue the ears.” His knees brushed against hers. The room was getting crowded, which would probably explain the lack of distance.

“You don’t need to.” Brienne could hear her own heartbeat.

“I want to!” He sat across her lap, heavy, and far warmer than she expected. “I’ve been watching you switch back and forth between ‘Mr. Spock’ and the way you move when you aren’t trying to be someone else.”

“You don’t stay in character for very long either.” Brienne put her hand on his knee and hoped he wasn’t going to fall off.

“I can’t even think when you laugh.” He grinned like he just won the boss-fight. (In her head, she could hear Mr. Scott. “Shields are down, Cap’n.”)

Brienne giggled. It was either the booze or... the blond god facing her. Someone needed to be direct. “What do you want, Jaime?”

Jaime lifted the glass out of her hand, and leaned over the side of the chair to set it on the floor. How could this man be so ridiculous and so elegant? “I want to meet the real Brienne, Brienne without the uniform, Brienne on shore leave.” The thought of Jaime without a uniform made her tighten her fingers on his leg.

He slowly curled his body against her and whispered in her ear. “I’ve been waiting to kiss you all evening.”

Fingers brushed against her cheek, and his thumb traced her lower lip. She sighed and pulled him even closer...

...and there is the prompt! Bluecarrot (forpeaches) requested “I’ve been waiting to kiss you all evening.”

Daenerys

Daenerys adjusted the plush dragon that she had pinned to her dress. The silly thing had enough weight to pull the whole outfit sideways, even though it looked cool in the mirror. Maybe if she put her phone in the other pocket she could balance it out?

The “10 Forward” party was quite crowded with a mixture of fans in various show-themed T-shirts, and fans who had actually attempted fashion.

A tall man leaned a little bit closer. “Lovely dragon! They just brought out the fancy snacks.” He held up a paper plate with several pink-frosted petit-fours and gestured towards the other room.

Danerys checked out the man’s dramatic beard, the paint stripes across his shoulders, and the leather wrapping his body. She smiled and licked her lips. “Thanks!”

It took her a few minutes of dodging hoop skirts and dramatic cloaks, but she got through the door, made a careful circuit around several young ladies hugging each other, and there it was...

Daenerys had heard about the Enterprise Captain’s chair replica. A metal artist had made a careful study of all the Star Trek Original Series bridge footage, and created a replica out of brushed aluminum and exotic materials. It was legendary, and there were rumors that the actual actors had sat in the thing at some point.

The chair was occupied.

...by Kirk and Spock.

Daenerys fumbled for her phone. The composition was perfect. Kirk’s hands were cupped gently around Spock’s face, but without obscuring the pointy ears. Spock’s eyes were closed, one arm wrapped tightly around Kirk’s waist, and fingers gripping the other man’s thigh.

She checked to make sure the flash was off...it would be rude to interrupt.

A few minutes later she had a dozen shots to pick from. She decided to leave well enough alone, and also Spock’s hand had moved to Kirk’s arse, and the two were now clearly involving tongues.

“Pictures, or it didn’t happen?” she typed. “#Kirk/Spock confirmed!”

@3DragnGrrrl was going to break Ravengram.

Brienne, more.

Jaime put a little bit of space between their faces, and Brienne slowly became aware of what was going on around them. People were looking at them. People were looking at her!

He must have seen her expression change, because his green eyes went suddenly hard. “We need to get out of here before they start chanting ‘Bonk! Bonk!’”

“I’d rather fight bears,” whispered Brienne.

“Well, the obvious thing to do is just go somewhere else. Who’s going to stop us?” He smirked and winked.

Brienne nodded.

Jaime slowly climbed off her lap, and pulled her to her feet.

Lollys mouthed “You go, girl!” as Brienne passed her on the way to the door.

Brienne’s hotel room was only two floors up from the “10 Forward” party, so that was their chosen destination.

“C’mon, you always wanted to have drunken sex in a stairwell,” he teased.

“I’m not that drunk, and no, not one of my life goals.” She paused, with both feet on the landing. “Jaime? How drunk are you?”

He looked around at the concrete steps. “Honestly, not drunk enough for that!”

Brienne spun him around to face up the stairs, and pushed him. “My room is that way!”

...

“How are you even sure I’m female?” demanded Brienne as she unlocked her door

He crowded in behind her, and the door closed with a crash. She ended up against the wall, pinned by Jaime’s enthusiasm and her own probably foolish hope that he wasn’t going to change his mind.

“Sweetling, I’ve been following you around all day. I know how you laugh, I know you will run up eight flights of stairs to save a friend’s kid. I got to watch your thighs move while you did that.”

Brienne did not make a coherent reply, because Jaime's mouth moved from her ear down her neck.

"I know how you taste now, and by the way you smell delicious."

"So do you," she mumbled, muffled by his hair.

"Just to complete the necessary social formalities, I identify as male." He looked up, and pressed his hips against hers. His enthusiasm was obvious. "I'll let you check that out however you want to."

Brienne laughed, and Jaime backed off enough so she could see a tiny bit of embarrassment. "That's a very male way to get someone's hands on your crotch," she admitted.

"Maybe?" He bit his lower lip.

She managed to catch her breath. "Alright, the formalities." She combed her fingers through his short curls. "I use she/her, no matter what various arseholes imply."

"Fuck 'em, but only metaphorically."

"Yeah. I like being female, even though I never feel like I'm doing it right." Jaime was sliding up the hem of her uniform tunic, and had reached her skin. "If you keep doing that, there is no way I'm going to keep the calm Mr. Spock demeanor."

"I refuse to discuss Vulcan gender roles right now!" he panted. "but if you want to talk about it over breakfast, I'm game."

"Just shut up, already." Brienne pushed him away. "I need to get rid of about four hundred hairpins that are keeping this stupid wig on, and wash off the makeup before you end up with Spock's eyebrows."

"I'll help!"

Brienne let him.

...

Brienne woke up to the sound of slow breathing against her ear, and the weight of someone's arm across her chest.

Jaime must have noticed her stir, because his eyes opened. He blinked a couple of times. He looked sleepy, and happy, and absolutely gorgeous.

“Ugh,” said Brienne. She ran her fingers through her hair. It was probably all sticking up on one side. “I need a shower before I’m fit for human company.”

“Do you need help?” That was a predator’s smile if she’d ever seen one.

“Piss off!” She couldn’t help laughing as she stumbled, naked, into the bathroom.

...

In the mirror, her hair was wet and sticking to her head, but that was a big improvement from before the shower. She tucked the towel around herself a little bit tighter.

“Brienne.” Jaime was sitting on her bed, and holding his phone.

“Yeah?” She flipped open her suitcase and started hunting for clean underwear.

“Have you ever wanted to be internet famous?”

“No, not likely to be a problem, is it?” She shrugged, and checked that her towel was not sliding down.

He slid the phone over to her.

The screen was on someone’s RavenGram post. She needed coffee, soon.

It was a con photo. Breakfast would be nice.

Someone took pictures of some Trekkies. She blinked.

Gold uniform tunic, golden hair, and a nice arse held her attention.

She blinked again. That was Jaime? On someone’s lap?

Elf ears, dark hair, and two gold stripes on a blue Starfleet uniform.

“Fuck.” She dropped the phone. “Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck!”

Jaime’s arms were around her. “Don’t freak out, don’t freak out, it’s alright.”

She was freaking out. She spread her palms against Jaime’s chest. He was large, and solid, and still naked.

“Why is this a big deal?” He rocked her, gently. “It’s a picture of two people kissing, at a party.”

“Everyone will think...” a small sob worked its way out of her chest. “...that I’m ugly, and desperate, and I’ve found some guy who was drunk enough to be fooled.”

“Everyone will think that *you* have excellent taste!” said Jaime, as if it were a fact, rather than Brienne’s opinion.

“Yeah, you're hot and humble too!” A little flash of anger pushed aside some of the tension in her shoulders. She shifted her hands around to his hip bones. Did she want him closer, or further away?

“I don’t actually care what anyone thinks about me. What do you want to do?”

“I don’t know.” She linked her fingers together at the base of his spine.

“Well, if you want to stay here and be comfortably naked until lunchtime, I’ll help.” He traced the top of her towel with a thumb.

“I need food. And coffee.”

He just held her for a minute, scratchy chin against the side of her neck.

“That’s an excellent costume, you know. Your real hair is very different, the eyebrows distract from the lines of your face, and the uniform isn’t at all like real clothing.”

“What are you saying?”

“If you walk out of this room wearing a short skirt and a T-shirt, no one will have any clue that you were Mr. Spock last night.”

“Really?”

“Really.” Jaime smiled. “Put on some clothes, we get breakfast. Lets discuss where you want to go for our second date?”

End Notes

Lois McMaster Bujold has written a lot of great science fiction! Lots of those books include Lord Miles Vorkosigan. However, if you are looking for gender related social issues, find a copy of “Ethan of Athos,” which takes place on a planet populated entirely by men.

I'd like to thank my beta reader, who helped me sort out a bunch of things in this plot!

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