

Thirsty

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Thirsty

by [winterkill](#)

Summary

“Brienne,” Jaime whispers, “Why does kissing you feel like I’ve downed five shots of tequila and immediately followed-up by riding a tilt-a-whirl?”

The odd expression on Brienne’s face shifts, somewhat, to a familiar bashfulness. ”I--that’s my fault.”

Notes

This started as a tumblr ask about a fic where Brienne is a magical creature. I posited that it would be interesting if she were something that's usually beautiful and seductive. EyriScrye encouraged me, and Brienne the succubus was born!

This is *absolutely* a silly fic. I cobbled together some succubus lore and omitted what didn't suit my aims. Don't look too hard, or it'll fall apart. There's also some slapdash urban fantasy worldbuilding sprinkled throughout. The goal was really to make Brienne the most uncomfortable and principled succubus and have Jaime be massively into her in a way that has *nothing* to do with her ability to seduce men. Then some kinda magicky smut.

It's complete, and I'll post the next part in a day or two! Anyway, I hope you enjoy it.

I & II

Chapter Notes

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

I.

Margaery has an electric pink martini in her hand and is giggling in Brienne's ear.

"This place is a *feast*," she says, holding her drink aloft in a solitary toast, "Sometimes, just this *once*, the internet didn't lie to us."

Brienne sighs, "It's *very* noisy."

"And very, *very* filled with sexually frustrated humans." Margaery thinks she's whispering, but the words are nearly shouted in Brienne's ear. She sways a bit, causing Brienne to slide to the left in their booth to avoid potentially being covered in booze. "The air is *electric* with it. Can you *feel* it, Brienne?"

"You know I can."

It's a war of attrition with no victor; she's both factions, and a push in either direction results in a loss. Brienne has become quite adept at walking on a razor's edge--never satisfied, but never ravenous.

She isn't like Margaery, who *enjoys* playing the game.

"Why do you sound pissed off?"

They've had this conversation before; inebriated, Margaery forgets.

"Because I don't *like* this," Brienne replies, "Another martini and you'll be sticking your tongue down some guy's throat and dragging him into a back alley."

"I'm scoping out women tonight, actually."

That's no better. "Great, you can take her to the restroom without getting in trouble."

Margaery giggles and sips her drink. Brienne picks up her own rum and cola and sips along. Another lime wedge would've been nice.

"Brienne," Margaery rests her cheek against Brienne's solid shoulder, "Why do you give yourself so much shit over this? It's not like we're vampires, leaving bloodless corpses in alleys in Flea Bottom. That was *all* over social media this morning."

"I saw," Brienne replies dryly. The vampire clans were always scuffling with one another, and innocent bystanders got caught in the crossfire.

“So what’s the big deal? It’s just a kiss or some heavy petting. Humans are lusty animals, and feeding on dreams *has* to get old.” Brienne feels her shrug. “Even if I take someone home, as long as I go easy, they’ll sleep an extra hour and just think they have a little hangover.”

“It’s...dishonest.”

Margaery laughed at Brienne, good-naturedly, the first time they met and called Brienne the most principled succubus she’d ever met. Brienne had just moved to King’s Landing and was *shocked* at the number of magic users and non-humans and in the city. Hedgewitches peddled their potions at farmer’s markets, and there seemed to be a community meet-up group for every magical being she could think of. She met Margaery at one such meet-up; she was not only Brienne’s first friend in King’s Landing, she was the first person Brienne met who was *like her*.

Now, over a year later, they were the most unlikely of roommates.

“It’s not like back in the dark ages where we were hunted, or that awful period where non-humans had to carry around special identification. You *look* human; you act human. How is skimming a little energy off the top dishonest?”

“Because you’re taking something from them.”

“It’s a trade; you’re giving them pleasure, and they’re giving you energy.”

The truth was more complicated, but it was hard to tell someone as beautiful as Margaery. Brienne was shy and tall and not terribly beautiful--she was the exact *opposite* of every description of a succubus. As a girl, when Brienne came to understand her nature, she asked her father if a curse had been placed on her. Her father seemed to have a new girlfriend every season, even if Brienne rarely met them. Perhaps one was a jilted sorceress?

But, no--Brienne’s mother was beautiful, seduced her father, and fell deeply in love instead. From the stories her father told, Brienne knew she’d never find that; she wasn’t *meant* to.

Margaery is already scanning the crowd; there’s a pretty girl with long auburn hair, dancing to the electric beat of some pop song, arms in the air. Her dress is rose pink and flares when she spins. The group around her must be her friends; they seem a bit younger than Brienne, closer to Margaery’s age.

“Go on,” Brienne nods in the direction of the group, “I’ll be fine.”

“Brienne, come with me.” Margaery peels her hand off the table and tugs. “It’ll be fun; there’s no reason to sit here alone. You have *options*.”

Not like you do.

“I’m fine, really.”

The girl with the auburn hair might kiss Margaery, might call a rideshare and take her home. They might wake up, limbs entangled, and Margaery will feel that sated, complete feeling

that Brienne finds so elusive. It's a feeling more heady than the alcohol running through her veins. It's a feeling Brienne could get addicted to--a feeling she *should* find irresistible.

Margaery looks skeptical. "If I text you at three in the morning, will I find you in some twenty-four hour diner choosing drunken, lonely people to send dirty dreams?"

Brienne smiles, but there's an edge of self-deprecation to it, "A girl's gotta eat."

"*Seven hells*, Brienne, there's better food than that."

Margaery knows Brienne well because those strange, interminable hours before dawn find her doing just that. The diner is on the Street of Flour, just a few blocks from her apartment, and is run by a guy everyone just calls Hot Pie. Brienne doesn't know his real name; she's not sure anyone does.

The pancakes are *amazing*. Brienne always half-wonders if Hot Pie enchants them; she knew a baker who did that back on Tarth. The woman did *something* to the bread to make it extra delicious and everyone would queue up on Saturdays to buy it.

"You're here again," Hot Pie says when he comes to her booth. He doesn't bring a menu.

"I am."

"Pancakes and sausage?"

Brienne just nods.

There's a few other patrons scattered in booths. Margaery prefers the hectic milieu of bars and nightclubs, but Brienne's always been introverted. The heart of the issue isn't her appearance--there's men *and* women who would be into her if she presented herself the right way. It's more that she's *painfully* shy and can't do what is needed.

Anonymity is *so* much simpler.

The neighborhood is asleep around her; their dreams, and their desires, tug at her mind like dozens of little strings. It's a hunting instinct, one ingrained in her. Her mother felt it, as her mother before that. She's meant to choose a person, entrap them in a snare they mistake for a dream, and drain them. It's less obvious if done over a number of nights, but she's heard stories of succubi going overboard and killing their prey. It's hard to assign blame since the person *usually* dies in their sleep. There was a famous case, once, of a succubus who killed her husband in a bout of hedonism because she wanted his fortune. Instead, she'd gone to prison for murder.

Brienne used to resent her needs, wishing to be anything else but as she was, but she's discovered an enjoyment for giving people pleasurable dreams. It's a craft that Brienne has a knack for, and sometimes it helps a person work through something. Margaery solicited Brienne's help when her brother Loras was *convinced* Renly wasn't interested in him.

“I’m *shit* at the dream thing,” Margaery had pleaded, “and Loras is my *brother*. I don’t want to make Renly dream about banging him. I mean, I *want* them to bang because *seven hells*, Brienne, *the pining*, but I don’t want to orchestrate it. ”

“So you want *me* to?”

“Your dreams are so good,” Margaery replied, “and *scorching*. Feel free to take a big drink, too. If Renly’s zapped in the morning, it’s his punishment for jerking Loras around.”

It wasn’t *quite* like that. Brienne had known her own crush on Renly was fruitless the moment she made him dream of Loras. Renly loved Loras; he just hadn’t been ready to admit his feelings. They were together, and the sight made Brienne happy.

Brienne eats her pancakes and sausage and lets her mind wander, following the threads where they take her. A few dreams will be enough for a week or so. She’ll be a little tired, still, but she’ll manage, and the dreamers won’t be affected.

King’s Landing is filled with lonely people; Brienne tries to forget that she is among them, and that no one is dreaming of *her*.

The redhead from the bar is named Sansa Stark. Margaery asks if she can bring Sansa to lunch and shopping with them next week, and Brienne has no reason to refuse.

You’ll like her, Margaery texts her, *And she already knows the truth!*

You told her? Brienne texts back. Margaery *never* told her flings the truth of her nature. She also wasn’t inclined to visit the same source twice, until now, apparently.

Nah, Sansa could just tell.

Sansa is as charming as she is lovely. Brienne isn’t much for shopping, but she enjoys the company and holds all Sansa and Margaery’s bags as they move their way through the outdoor mall near the boardwalk. The two of them walk arm-in-arm, and Brienne can’t help but smile. She doesn’t even feel like a third wheel.

“Are you not going to buy anything?” Sansa asks her.

“I don’t need anything,” Brienne replies, “All I really do is go to school, study, and get dragged around by Margaery.”

Sansa giggles, “What are you studying?”

“Oh, um, I’m getting my master’s in physical therapy.” Something where she can help people but doesn’t involve peering into their heads too much.

Sansa convinces Brienne to buy some bath soap she never splurges on, and the retail therapy *does* boost her spirits. They eat lunch at a place overlooking Blackwater Bay that serves a fusion of Essosi cuisine.

“So,” Sansa leans into Brienne while they wait for their orders, “You’re like Margaery.”

Everyone knew *someone* who wasn’t human or had magic of some sort. Brienne doesn’t necessarily *mind* people knowing she’s a succubus, but she’d prefer to tell them herself. None of her cohort at school knew, but it just hadn’t come up.

“How can you tell?”

“I’m kinda like a…” Sansa scrunches her nose, and Margaery coos at her, “a magic detector, I guess. I can sense that you’re not human.”

“Sansa told me she knew before we even left the bar,” Margaery adds. “It was pretty refreshing, actually.”

“King’s Landing must overwhelm you,” Brienne says.

“Nah,” Sansa replies, “I have two brothers and a sister who are wargs, so I’m used to being around stuff like that. My little brother’s vague prophecies are more disturbing, honestly.”

“I’d never considered telling someone,” Margaery lowers her voice, “but Sansa didn’t mind at all.”

Sansa’s cheeks turn a bit pink, “You’re no different from me. Well, aside from the fact that if you get overzealous I’ll end up feeling like an empty toothpaste tube.”

Margaery’s smile is an affectionate, abashed one Brienne’s never seen. “I was worried,” she admits, “Brienne was the last person who told someone, and it didn’t go well.”

“What happened?” Sansa asks.

Hyle. Brienne decided to be upfront on their fourth or fifth date. “He told me there was no way someone who looked like me could be a succubus.”

Margaery rolls her eyes, “They didn’t go out again, obviously,”

Sansa gives Brienne a sympathetic look, “I’m sorry.”

“He was an utter *prick*, ” Margaery continues, “Who says we all look a certain way? That’s bullshit.”

Brienne smiles against the rim of her water glass. “It’s no loss. He wasn’t very good anyway.”

II.

“You have to put yourself out there, Jaime. You haven’t been on a date in *two years*.”

“There’s a reason for that, Tyrion,” Jaime replies, “and the reason is *I don’t want to.*”

He’d given Tyrion better, more detailed explanations over the past few months. *I’m taking some time for myself*, and *It’s not a good idea to jump back into a relationship so quickly*. Jaime’s last one ended in a rather spectacular dumpster fire. His brother, much like their sister and father, didn’t easily accept answers they disagreed with.

Tyrion was the only member of his family who Jaime liked and who was supportive, even in his own overbearing way. It makes Jaime more tolerant.

“You look,” Tyrion gestures at Jaime’s entirety with a wave of his hand, “like *that*, and you waste it. If I looked like a statue of the Warrior, I’d fuck so many women I’d need one of those vigor potions the Red Priestesses sell in Flea Bottom.”

“Yeah?” Jaime arches his brows, “Then you’d end up their thrall and forced to sire demon shadow babies. Or you’d get cursed and turned into an ass. Or your cock would stay hard for a week, and you’d make a *very* awkward trip to the hospital.”

Tyrion laughs, “I don’t know, I could work with that last one.”

“You seem to manage fine enough with the assets you have.”

“Gold dragons work wonders,” his brother replies, “*and* I’m funny.”

There’d been a brief period a few years ago, when Jaime first stopped working for his father, where he’d been Tyrion’s roommate. The parade of women, human and magical, coming through his brother’s door had Jaime looking for his own place as soon as he could. Tyrion’s thirtieth birthday party and the vampire orgy had been the last straw.

“You’re certainly *something*,” Jaime replies.

Tyrion’s sigh is heavy, like Jaime has given him the greatest disappointment. Then, he takes a drink of his vodka martini. It has a blue cheese-stuffed olive inside, and Jaime has never seen the appeal. “There’s a group of women at the bar over there. Go introduce yourself.”

They’re on a rooftop bar with sleek patio furniture where the drinks are up-charged for the atmosphere. Twinkle lights stretch from one side of the space to the other, but they don’t provide much illumination. Beyond the bar, the highrises of King’s Landing stretch into the night sky.

The group Tyrion’s referring to have their backs to him, so all Jaime can see are the tops of their heads--auburn, brown, and a blonde so pale it looks white in the lights. The blonde on the end is an entire head taller than the other two.

“Why?”

“Because they look young and easy to get into bed,” Tyrin grins. “*Thirsty*, right? ”

Tyrion likes to have a good time, and to him that means drinking.

In the spirit of it, Jaime orders a pint of saison from a brewery in Oldtown. It tastes like coriander and orange zest and quenches his thirst on the warm summer evening. He orders a second pint. Beer gets to him quicker than hard liquor and being nearly forty hasn't helped his tolerance. Tyrion keeps telling him he needs to drink more, but last time his brother made that claim, he rang Jaime's doorbell holding a bottle of barely-legal, electric green liqueur from Asshai that made Jaime hallucinate dragons in his living room.

There was *a lot* of weird shit in King's Landing, but there's definitely no dragons in his living room, or anywhere else. Jaime saw dragon eggs as a boy in Lannisport, but they had to be some knock-off the fortune teller was trying to pass off as authentic.

Anyway, *that* was his brother's idea of a good time.

Once the second pint is half-gone, Jaime is buzzed enough to consider his brother's suggestion. All three of the women are still seated in a line at the bar. Two of them giggle frequently, an airy and feminine sound that echoes in the night. The taller woman laughs less frequently, but it's a much lower, richer sound. Jaime finds the more he drinks, the more he wants to hear it. She turns her head, sometimes, and he catches glimpses of her in profile.

Tyrion leans in, "Which one are you gawking at?"

"None of them," Jaime replies.

"*Bullshit*. It is the brunette in the middle? Is she your type?"

Instead of answering the question, he blurts, "I'm gonna do it."

"Shit, really?" His brother claps him on the back. "Go get 'em, tiger. Or maybe 'lion' would be more appropriate? Anyway, you'll nail it."

What Tyrion never seems to realize is that Jaime is a *disaster* at flirting. If the woman doesn't fall for his looks, he's utterly fucked. Nevertheless, he slides onto the stool next to the brunette and orders two fingers of a whiskey he likes that's made near Winterfell. The first touch of it on his tongue is a delightful burn.

Liquid courage.

The brunette and the redhead look in his direction, while the blonde stares at her drink, features hidden behind the fall of her hair.

"Did you come over here to hit on us?" the brunette asks. She's objectively stunning--soft brown eyes and a grin that, for some reason, makes the hair on Jaime's arms bristle. It feels a bit like staring into the enclosure of a predator at the zoo.

"My brother back there," Jaime gestures with his thumb over his shoulder, "is trying to get me 'back in the game.' Feel free to roast me; I only came over to shut him up."

It's *nearly* the truth. It's also freeing to throw the game on the first pass.

“That’s an oddly endearing pick-up line,” she holds out her hand, and Jaime shakes it. “I’m Margaery, and that’s Sansa. We’re dating, so your brother chose poorly.”

“I’d relay that, but he’d ask you for a threesome. You don’t want to hear that.”

Sansa makes a dramatic gagging noise, but Margaery smirks, “It’s like a two-for-one sale. Too bad I’m stuffed.”

Jaime looks down the bar; the blonde is still as a statue. Margaery glances to her, then back to Jaime, and her grin turns predatory. “You should talk to Brienne; she’s single, *and* I have it on good authority that she’s thirsty.”

Brienne turns her head and says, “*Margaery.*”

“What?” Margaery snaps back, “You won’t do it yourself; I’m just trying to help you.”

Sansa pats Margaery’s arm, “You wanna dance before we head out?”

“Of course,” she waves, “Have fun, Brienne!”

When they’re gone, Jaime moves two stools closer. He can *feel* Tyrion’s eyes boring into the back of his head.

“You’re the tallest woman I’ve ever seen.”

“Thanks, I never noticed.”

“Stand up; we should compare heights.”

“You know, I’d like to drink in peace,” Brienne sighs heavily, “so you don’t have to sit here.”

“Don’t condemn me back to my brother just yet. I’m Jaime.”

Jaime holds out his hand, but Brienne doesn’t hold out her hers. “Please ignore Margaery. She means well, but it’s…”

“Overbearing?” Jaime finishes.

She nods, “Yeah.”

“I know the type.”

He sips his drink; Brienne watches him closely. It feels like he’s being studied. Jaime isn’t shy, so he looks back. He wouldn’t call Brienne beautiful; her cheeks are broad and covered with freckles, and her lips are too full to be called pouty. Her nose has definitely been broken at least once. Regardless, her astonishingly blue eyes paint over everything. There’s a gravity to her gaze--like Jaime is a moon caught in her orbit; he can’t look away.

“You’re staring at me,” she mumbles, breaking eye contact. A red flush rises from her chest, visible from the scooped neck of her tank top, until it reaches her cheeks.

“You were staring right back,” Jaime counters.

“Well,” Brienne turns her head further away, “n-now I’m not.”

Jaime laughs, “Let’s call it a draw.”

When Brienne looks back, her brows are scrunched in a stubborn line. “Fine.”

“Two of the three women my brother goaded me to hit on are dating. Let me guess; you’re married?”

She snorts, “No.”

“Studying to be septa?”

Now, she outright laughs, “*Gods* no, that would be--they’d never take me.”

“Are you particularly sinful, my lady?”

Brienne only smiles this time. “Maybe that’s it.”

“Murderer, then?”

“No,” she glances away, “I’m too careful for that.”

The statement perplexes Jaime, but he doesn’t pry. After all, he doesn’t know Brienne. He sort of wants to fix that. “Bothering three random women who *clearly* weren’t here looking to pick up guys *should* backfire. My brother doesn’t need his behavior enabled.”

“Probably not, no.”

“Nevertheless, would it be inappropriate if I asked you to get coffee with me?”

“N-no, it wouldn’t be.” Brienne looks to where Margaery and Sansa are twirling one another. He swears a look of sadness flickers in her eyes “Not now, though; I always make sure they get home safely.”

“Ah, you’re *that* friend. Me too.”

Jaime holds up his drink, and Brienne taps hers against it.

It takes over a week for their schedules to align.

Jaime and Brienne text back and forth. It’s nothing too deep, just small talk about food and movies and King’s Landing. He learns scattered facts--Brienne grew up on Tarth, she’s in grad school, she wants a pet but got a plant instead and learned she can’t keep green things alive.

The texting occurs enough that it gives Tyrion ample time to roast Jaime over the fact that he, allegedly, grins like a man half-crazed at his smartphone.

Tyrion's laughing when he asks, "Did she slip a love potion into your drink?"

"Don't be rude to her."

"I wasn't," Tyrion waves his hands in surrender, "It's just that you spoke to her for ten minutes, haven't met her since, and look like you're about to shop for a damned engagement ring."

"No, I fucking don't," Jaime snaps.

"Whatever you say, brother dearest. When are you meeting this literal mountain of a woman?"

"Saturday at two."

Tyrion cocks his head, "That's an unsexy time for a date. Are you doing to fuck her in the park while people walk their dogs?"

"What? *No*. I--I'm not--afternoon coffee is neutral. I don't want her to think I'm trying to get into her pants."

"You are, though."

"I'm not."

"The end goal of dating is fucking. You may not be thinking of it now, but you *will* be."

The remaining days until Saturday crawl by, and Jaime is decidedly *not* thinking about it.

Jaime lets Brienne choose the venue. He's really, *really* not trying to appear creepy. He's already half-afraid he'll seem too excited to see her again, and Brienne will think he's clingy.

Brienne chooses a cafe on a ramshackle street of shops mostly catering to magical things. The storefront is a quaint house that looks like it was whisked away from some pastoral village.

Much stranger things have happened.

The interior is equally charming, with its mismatched furniture and stained glass table lamps. Shelves line the walls, covered in magical knickknacks for sale. Jaime spies three dragon eggs on one shelf; they remind him of the ones he saw as a child.

A girl with cropped, silver hair who can't be any older than eighteen sits behind the counter. When she sees Brienne, she rises from her stool. "Brienne, I haven't seen you in *weeks*."

Sheepishly, Brienne replies, "I got busy with school."

“I told you that you would.”

“Dany, that’s *not* divination; that’s just obvious.”

The girl, Dany, laughs, “It’s a fortune telling joke. You’re supposed to find it funny. Who’s your friend?”

“That’s Jaime.” His name comes out in an odd tone.

Dany holds out her hand, and Jaime shakes it. “I’m Daenerys. This was my mother’s shop, but now I do my best to keep it running. If you buy a dozen cookies, I’ll read your fortune for free.”

“Can’t beat that deal.”

“She’s goodl,” Brienne says, “Tea leaves, palm-readings, prophetic dreams.”

“It runs in the family.” Now that Dany is closer, Jaime sees her violet eyes. People of Valyrian descent made the best mages and soothsayers.

Brienne orders lattes and pound cake with berries and cream, chatting with Dany while she rings the order up. She seems quite different in this atmosphere; her laugh has the same low timbre he found so enthralling at the bar, but now Brienne seems relaxed and more verbose.

Jaime doesn’t particularly care about the fortune telling, but he *does* order a dozen oatmeal raisin cookies. He’ll eat them in front of Tyrion because his brother hates raisins and will make a stink about their inclusion in cookies.

“Those are the best ones,” Brienne says.

They talk the entire afternoon, long after the pound cake and a second round of lattes are gone. They talk until Jaime wants to reach across the table and take Brienne’s hand. They talk until Brienne’s expressions, the way she tucks her hair behind her ears and chews on her lip when she’s thinking, are burned into Jaime’s mind.

They talk until Jaime knows, with absolute certainty, that he wants to kiss Brienne.

Jaime won’t do it--not yet, not until he knows he won’t fuck it up, not until he thinks he’s earned the chance.

The cafe gets busier, but Dany’s gaze flickers to Brienne and him more than once throughout the afternoon. Once, she raises her pale brows at Jaime like she thinks he can up his game. Jaime knows he *looks* like a man who can, but it’s all an illusion.

“I had fun,” Brienne says when they’ve lingered overlong, “I haven’t...I haven’t talked that much in a long time.”

“Do Margaery and Sansa not let you get a word in edgewise?”

Brienne smiles, “Something like that, yeah.”

“We could, um,” Jaime stumbles, scratching the hair at the back of his neck while he thinks, “We could go to dinner next time. Or lunch. Or this again.”

“I’d like dinner. Somewhere quiet. I don’t like bars.”

“Me either,” Jaime replies, “Dinner it is, then.”

They’re nearly to the door when Dany calls out and moves from behind the counter. “Wait! Your cookies and your fortune.”

“Thanks,” Jaime takes the brown box; it’s tied with a lavender ribbon. “I don’t need the fortune, though.”

“It’s part of the deal. Hold out your hand.”

Jaime can’t help but obey. He expects Dany to read his palm, but she simply holds his hand and closes her eyes. When she speaks, it’s quiet enough that only Jaime will hear.

“Soon, a dream will come to you.”

“That’s *quite* a generic fortune.”

“Shut up; I’m not through.” Dany opens her eyes, and her purple-eyed glare is withering.

“When it does, you should tell Brienne about it. You’ll be embarrassed, but do it anyway. It’s important.”

“....Okay.”

Dany’s next words are even quieter, “There’s something Brienne doesn’t say, even though she’ll very much want you to know.”

“Is that part of the fortune?”

“No,” she replies, “that’s me being a meddling friend.”

Some nights later, Daenerys’s fortune comes to pass, and Jaime dreams.

Chapter End Notes

Next time, Jaime and Brienne go on another date, and Jaime gets a contact high!

Leave a comment and find me on tumblr @kurikaesu-haru.

III & IV

Chapter Summary

Over the next two weeks, Margaery sends Brienne a series of texts.

You like him.

When Brienne doesn't respond appropriately, Margaery tries again: *You want to get in his pants.*

Chapter Notes

Thank you for such a lovely and enthusiastic response to the first chapter! I hope you enjoy the second installment.

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

III.

Over the next two weeks, Margaery sends Brienne a series of texts.

You like him.

When Brienne doesn't respond appropriately, Margaery tries again: *You want to get in his pants.*

That earns her no response at all, so her next attempt is more measured: *He's a snack, and he seems really sweet. What's the big deal?*

Everything, Brienne replies, *I'm not like you.*

Jaime and she go on...well, Brienne hesitates to call them *dates*. They eat at decidedly unromantic restaurants. They go to a museum exhibit on magical artifacts from north of the ruins of the Wall. They walk in King's Landing Central Park and feed ducks. Jaime doesn't name them dates, so Brienne tries to banish the term from her mind. It's too intimate, too dangerous. Jaime already lives, rent free, in her mind at all hours of the day. Adding romance to it will only make the pain worse in the end.

When another Friday night rolls around, Margaery is sprawled artfully across their couch. Brienne sits in the adjacent chair. She managed to convince Margaery to stay in--a strong batch of sangria and Dornish takeout were part of the negotiations. Margaery having a

dedicated energy source might also play a part. Sansa is supposed to swing by after having dinner with her siblings. Brienne tries not to be envious of how close Margaery and Sansa have grown over the past few weeks.

Margaery would just tell her *you could have it, too, if you wanted*.

It was naive of Brienne to think Jaime *wouldn't* be a topic of conversation.

“So, Jaime Lannister.”

“What about him?” Out of sheer spite, she nearly tells Margaery she’s never met a person by that name.

“What do you mean *what about him?*”

Brienne doesn’t think Margaery’s impression of her is very flattering or accurate. “We’re just friends. It can’t be more than that.”

“He’s interested in you, Brienne,” Margaery says, “I can do one better: Jaime is *attracted* to you.”

“Did you peak inside his head?” The concept sits, cold, in Brienne’s stomach.

Margaery chuckles, “Possessive already. Don’t worry, I won’t touch your prey.”

“*Don't* call Jaime that.”

Margaery thinks Brienne is no fun, and her long-suffering sigh proves it. “I’m not you, Brienne; I don’t need to know what’s in a man’s head to see what he wants. Half the time, I’d prefer *not* to know.”

Brienne can’t resist replying, “That’s because you choose men who have the depth of a puddle on the sidewalk.”

“I’m not usually going for scintillating conversation; they know *exactly* what they’re getting.” She sips her sangria; an orange wedge bumps against her nose. “Jaime has *all* the physiological signs--dilated pupils, mirroring your body language. Brienne, you *literally* make him sweat.”

“*I know*,” Brienne buries her face in her hands. In Dany’s cafe, Jaime looked at her overlong and leaned in when she spoke. They’re signs she can’t help but notice, made all the more acute by the fact that they’re directed at *her*. “What do I do?”

“Fuck him,” Margaery grins wickedly, “An orgasm or two will keep you going *much* longer than a dream.”

“I can’t just... *do* that.” Brienne curses the disparity between her personality and her nature. If she were confident *or* beautiful, she’d be a better succubus. Brienne isn’t greedy; she wouldn’t even need both. “Jaime’s not a hook-up.”

“If you’re delicate about it, he won’t be able to tell.”

“I *know*,” she doesn’t mean to snap at Margaery.

Margaery’s expression softens, “You like him, and you’re scared.”

“I’m not-- *fine*, yeah. I am.”

Brienne stares at her lap, and a glass of the sangria appears under her nose; she takes it and drinks.

“Sansa’s the first person I’ve been with who knows. I *like* her, a lot, and I lucked out by not having to tell her. I would’ve, though, and I think it would’ve been hard.”

“What if Jaime thinks he’s only feeling what he’s feeling because of *me*?”

Margaery puts her hand on Brienne’s shoulder, “You know a succubus doesn’t *create* desire; we just know how to capitalize on it. Jaime likes hanging out with you, and that’s *all* Brienne Tarth.”

“I don’t understand why he would.”

“Brienne; you’re caring and kind and *stubborn*. You stand up for what’s right, and you’re always trying to help,” Margaery replies, “And you could bench press a man, then crush him between your thighs. That’s *sexy*.”

The blush that covers her skin is brighter than the sun; Brienne would bury her face in her hands again if the sangria wasn’t integral to her mental state. “Margaery--”

“Sex is nice with someone you care about; I never thought that mattered much before Sansa.”

“Do you...” Brienne struggles to find the right words, “Is Sansa affected by...well, you know.”

Margaery’s lips quirk upward, “The first night we went a little crazy; Sansa slept until two the next afternoon and ate enough brunch to feed a two-hundred-and-fifty pound Dothraki.”

“...*Oh*, and she...doesn’t mind?”

“Being a charging station?” Brienne cringes at the description, but that’s just Margaery’s way. “Not to boast, but I’m pretty good. What’s needing a nap in exchange for multiple orgasms?”

Is it really so simple? Margaery makes everything look easy. “What if Jaime...doesn’t want that?”

“If he doesn’t accept what you are, then he’s not right for you. Wouldn’t you prefer to know that now?”

When Brienne was in high school, Ronnet Connington broke into the faculty office and took the files of all the non-human and magical students, photocopied them, and spread them

around the school.

Ronnet got in trouble, but the damage was already done. Tarth was a small island filled with nosy neighbors; soon, everyone knew that Selwyn Tarth's tall, ungainly daughter was a succubus. Many remembered how beautiful Brienne's mother was and wondered how Brienne could be the same and be *so* unfortunate. Brienne couldn't remember her mother, but she kept a picture of her on her dresser; the only feature they shared were ocean-blue eyes.

The gossip died down, eventually, but Brienne carried the weight of how she wasn't suited to be what she was ever since.

Jaime might reject her, but Margaery is right; it would be better to know before she grows more attached. He deserves the chance to back away, too. Brienne spends more time than she's willing to admit drafting her text message; Jaime's always the one inviting her places.

There's a night market on Fridays I've been meaning to to check out.

Her phone chimes before Brienne can place it back on the sofa. Jaime's name flashes on the screen. *Are you asking me out? That's quite forward of you, my lady.* The message ends with a winking emoji.

"Insufferable," Brienne mumbles to her phone as she begins typing. *I'm asking if you want to go, yes.* As usual, she pointedly avoids referring to it as a date.

I'll meet you after work. The message ends with a stream of thumbs ups.

Brienne spends the rest of the week mired somewhere between excitement and dread.

Jaime loops his arms through hers as they navigate the crowd milling about. The gesture could be romantic, practical, or both. Either way, the bare skin of Jaime's arm brushing against hers feels like the air before a thunderstorm when lightning is about to strike. Jaime has the sleeves of his button down rolled to the elbow, and Brienne opted to wear a blue dress that Margaery *and* Sansa insisted was flattering. When she looked in her bathroom mirror, Brienne hadn't hated her reflection.

When Jaime saw her, he smiled, and the desire behind it nearly knocked Brienne over. Brienne would think it was a lie if not for the fact that she *knows* it isn't. Of all the more useful things she *can't* read in others, what they long for tugs at her incessantly. She's followed the feeling countless times, to people and things that *weren't* her.

If she gave Jaime a dream of what he wanted, *she'd* be in it; Brienne doesn't know if she'll be able to resist such a temptation. Then, she'll take from Jaime. She'll take too much, and--

His arm brushes hers again, and Brienne curses the dress's short sleeves that aid in the contact. She tries not to appear so tightly wound. Jaime chatters in her ear about booths they pass. He seems particularly enamoured with a collection of miniature replicas of dragons that have been enchanted to fly.

"I bet one of those would drive my cat batshit," he chuckles.

"You have a cat?"

"I never mentioned him? He's orange and dumb as a brick."

"Maybe he's magic, and you just haven't discovered it yet."

"Unless his power is tripping me and screaming for food in the middle of the night, I doubt it," Jaime says, "I named him Arthur, but I think a pigeon would best him in a fight, so it's mostly ironic."

"...After Arthur Dayne, like from the old legend?"

"Yeah," Jaime gives her that bashful smile, like he thinks he's said something stupid. It wrecks her almost more than his intense stare. "I always liked that one as a kid."

"I assume you watched the cartoon?"

"And had a sizable action figure collection."

Brienne smiles, "Me too. I had the nice one with the cloth cape--"

"--And the badass sword, painted *way* better than the others," Jaime finishes. "Brienne, you're younger--"

"I'm twenty-five," she replies. "My Dad liked collecting figures, but I wanted to play with them, so he opened the boxes and made them worthless."

"*Gods*, you're practically an infant, and I'm the forty-year-old man who hit on you at a bar. *Why* did you agree to go out with me?"

"I'm not an infant." To be called young feels strange: Brienne's lived with her secret for so long that she feels ancient. "And I'm older than Margaery *or* Sansa."

Jaime scrunches his nose in distaste, "My brother would've gone for all three of you, in one night, if you'd let him."

Brienne's only met Tyrion once since that night at the bar. He was entertaining, if a bit skeezy. His relationship with Jaime seemed good, though.

"Margaery is like that." Brienne thinks of Sansa. "Well, she *was*, until Sansa."

"They seem like they're in that phase where they fuck like rabbits."

"They are." Jaime even *saying* the word 'fuck' makes her stomach take an uncomfortable tumble. "Your brother chose poorly--two women who are dating, and... *me*."

They walk through another row of stalls. Brienne's stomach grumbles, but Jaime slides his hand into hers, and suddenly, food isn't what she wants.

"Tyrion has some fucking *terrible* ideas, but that was a good one."

The pizza is that flat kind with weird toppings like mascarpone and arugula. The side of the food truck uses the words *artisanal* and *wood-fired*. Jaime carries it to the table they poached from a family who were getting ready to leave. He drinks a beer, and Brienne has a lavender lemonade.

Alcohol won't help matters at the moment.

Beating the shit out of a punching bag might help. So might forgetting the pizza entirely and dragging Jaime over the table. Brienne doesn't think she's ever felt so acutely attracted to another person. She wants to bury her fingers in the unruly mop of golden curls at the top of Jaime's head. She wants to know what his two-day shadow of stubble would feel like scraping against---well, anywhere Jaime might dare to try it. She wants to feel him move inside her, over and over, until he comes apart.

It would be amazing. Perfect. *Delicious*.

Brienne wants it so badly she's ashamed to meet Jaime's eyes. She'll want too much and won't know when to stop. She'll take what Jaime offers and more, and he'll grow to resent her. It's safer to choose someone less appealing. It's what Brienne knows she can get, and it's *safe*. It's why she slept with Hyle and Tormund before that.

The lemonade is sweet and tart on her tongue; Jaime is watching her. Brienne likes his eyes, but she's not going to say that aloud.

Jaime taps her bare leg with the toe of his sneaker. Brienne jumps like he shocked her, and he starts laughing. "You're blushing like a tomato at your pizza. Is it giving you sinful thoughts?"

"No."

"Hey," Jaime continues, "your friend Dany from the other week--how accurate are her fortunes?"

"Perfectly, in my experience."

"She told me it was important to tell you something, but I might be embarrassed." Jaime scrubs his hand over his face; he's *definitely* blushing. "I didn't get what she meant until the other night. I dreamed about you, and it was, um, *explicit*."

IV.

It's not like Jaime's never dreamed about sex.

He's forty, and while his days of waking up with sticky boxers are behind him, Tyrion would say he's in a "dry spell." To Jaime, that implies he *can't* get laid, which isn't the case. It's just

been a couple years since Jaime met someone he wanted to be with. He's not going to fuck someone just to scratch the itch. If he's not going to *feel* it, he might as well masturbate. Tyrion doesn't get it, just like he doesn't get why Jaime doesn't want to hit on women at bars. The best thing they can do is not discuss women, which is something his brother doesn't make easy.

So, sure, Jaime dreams about sex, but it's usually an abstraction, the product of some vague frustration. This dream was decidedly *not* that.

This dream...this dream was *Brienne*. This dream was so explicit that when Jaime awoke, he was startled to find that she wasn't in the bed next to him, naked and sated. Dream Brienne had straddled him with her unbelievably strong thighs and ridden him until he was incoherent from pleasure. Dream Brienne begged him to keep his face buried between her thighs until she came, over and over. Jaime has never touched Brienne aside from the occasional brush of her shoulder or hand against his. Alone in his bed, hand slipping under his sweatpants to stroke his cock, Jaime remembered the softness of Brienne's skin, the solid strength of her, and the heat of her cunt.

The next morning, Jaime is nearly late for work. The vividness of dream sticks with him all day and leads to some uncomfortable, yet delightfully stimulating, mental rabbit holes. They are infinitely better than the bullshit paperwork that comes across his desk. He does feel a *bit* of guilt because Brienne certainly didn't ask to be the feature of his fantasies, but Jaime supposes he shouldn't berate his subconscious too much.

Jaime has it, really, *really* bad. It's not just physical, either (although, it definitely is that, too); he admires Brienne's kindness and her dedication to the things she values. She's funny, too, but it's a dry sort of humor.

Mid-afternoon, Jaime remembers Daenerys's fortune. *Soon, a dream will come to you.* He's supposed to *tell* Brienne that he dreamed about fucking her. Jaime hasn't been much for prophecies since his sister went through a period of obsession over a fortune she heard when they were children. Daenaerys wasn't like the fortune teller in Lannisport, something about the touch of her hand and the sincerity in her eyes. Jaime could feel that she spoke the truth.

Suddenly, his office seems uncomfortably warm. He loosens his tie, but it doesn't help. *This is gonna be one hell of a conversation.*

Brienne's eyes are bigger than the half-demolished pizza on the table between them. The lemonade is frozen in her hand, halfway between the table and her mouth.

Well, I fucked that up.

Daenerys must've meant some *other* dream, or maybe Jaime's long and firmly held belief that fortune telling was bullshit was correct all along. What could the stars, or tea leaves, or the lines on his hand, or dreams tell anyone about the future? Life was chaos; there was no order or reason to it.

All Jaime accomplished was making the woman he's interested in think he's a fucking lecher.

“I...shouldn’t have told you that,” Jaime blurts, “It’s kinda...objectifying. And creepy.” He’s blushing again. He’s *actually fucking blushing* like a godsdamned teenager.

She puts the lemonade back on the table. When Brienne speaks, the words seem deliberately slow. “Dany...she *told* you to tell me this?”

Jaime nods and tries to speak past the lump in his throat, “Dany told me there was something you would want to tell me, but she didn’t think you would.”

“Did she tell you what the dream would be about?” Brienne’s brows are furrowed in confusion, but there’s a touch of awe in her voice. “That it would be...sexual.”

“No.” He sort of wishes he’d chosen another venue for this conversation, one that wasn’t so public. No one is listening, but Jaime feels exposed, nevertheless. “I was really fucking confused, actually, but fortune telling is *always* oblique like that.”

“It’s not a science, no.”

“Brienne, you don’t seem as disgusted as I expected.”

“Disgusted?” She shakes her head, “N-No, your subconscious is beyond your control. Does it...does it bother you, what you dreamed of?”

“*Gods*, no. It was a *great* dream. I’m ridiculously into you.”

Her shy smiles always hit Jaime like a suckerpunch, and this one is no exception. Brienne averts her gaze before she speaks. “There is...there’s *something* I need to tell you. If it’s a dealbreaker, I’ll understand, but I hope...I hope it won’t be.”

Dealbreaker? Unless Brienne tells him she’s secretly a serial killer, Jaime can’t think of anything that would diminish his feelings. “You can trust me.”

Brienne’s watching him, blue eyes serious. Then, she moves to the empty chair next to Jaime. “It might be easier to show you.”

Jaime has no idea what’s going on, but Brienne takes his chin between her fingers and holds him in place. His heart starts to pound, strange and more intense than the gesture warrants. Brienne is close enough that he can feel her body heat and smell the floral scent of her shampoo.

“I’m going to kiss you; is that alright?”

What an odd question. Jaime’s never had anyone *ask* to kiss him.

“Of course it is.”

Kissing is an underrated activity.

Once, probably nearly a decade ago, Jaime got into a heated debate with Tyrion about this. A lot of alcohol was involved. His brother insisted, in an increasingly loud voice, that kissing what was you did so the woman would let you fuck her. If she lingered too long on it, it was a sign that you weren't going to get laid.

Jaime thought, and still does think, that statement is *preposterous*. He could spend an hour kissing the right person.

Brienne is *definitely* the right person.

She doesn't touch him except for her fingers gripping his chin. Jaime can tell, immediately, from the trepidation of Brienne's movements that she's fighting through a case of nerves. The fact that she *asked*, and yet is so hesitant intrigues Jaime. Their noses bump when Jaime tilts his head seeking a better angle. He's glanced at Brienne's lips countless times over the last few weeks, thinking they'd be *perfect* for kissing. When the barest hint of her tongue brushes against his lips, Jaime seizes the invitation.

This is the part of kissing that's worth lingering on. Brienne's tongue sliding against his teaches Jaime things. He learns that she sighs when he tugs her bottom lip between his teeth. He learns there's an undercurrent of assertiveness to Brienne when she tightens her grip on his chin and licks into his mouth. It matches his damned dream, where she sat astride him, thighs locked around him, and kissed him *hard*.

Jaime doesn't know much time passes or if people around them have begun staring. What he *does* know is that he starts to feel like the ground is sliding out from under him, like the planet is tilting on its axis. It's a strange, heady rush, like jumping off a swing set or spinning around while staring at the sky. Jaime grabs Brienne's knee to steady himself and breaks the kiss; he must've forgotten to breathe.

He opens his eyes to find Brienne staring at him, pupils wide. Her cheeks are flushed, and she looks more out of breath than he feels. Jaime can't find a better descriptor than *hungry*. She inhales deeply, but it's shaky. Jaime couldn't name the feeling if asked, but it's almost as though there's a peculiar buildup of energy. It reminds him of the static on his clothes when he forgets to use a dryer sheet, and they cling to one another and shock him.

Even after three deep breaths, Jaime is *still* reeling.

"Brienne," Jaime whispers, "Why does kissing you feel like I've downed five shots of tequila and immediately followed-up by riding a tilt-a-whirl?"

The odd expression on Brienne's face shifts, somewhat, to a familiar bashfulness. "I--that's my fault."

Jaime's head *still* hasn't righted itself. "I've kissed my fair share of people, but *that--*"

She scrunches her eyes shut, "I need to tell you something."

"Seven be damned, Brienne, did you use a love potion on me? I swear you didn't need to." The idea seems absurd, but the spinning feeling in his head is making Jaime jump to

unfounded conclusions.

"A *love potion*?" Brienne rests her elbows on her knees and buries her face in her hands. "I-I'd *never*."

It might explain the fucking dream and the punch drunk feeling he has now. "Then what's making me loopy?"

"It's just *me*." Brienne clearly laments whatever she means by that. "I...I'm not human."

"Not human." He parrots the words, but they don't really sink in. He repeats them two more times.

"Don't keep saying it." Her voice is much quieter than before. "I didn't mean to mislead you. You can just lose my number--"

Jaime grabs her hands so she won't run; there's still *something* between them, a fizzler lingering from the kiss. "Brienne, you can't just drop that on me and bolt, especially after a kiss like that. You wanted me to know, so tell me."

"I'm a succubus."

"Like...a sex demon? You don't *look* like a sex demon."

Brienne tries to yank her hands back, but Jaime doesn't let her. "Because I'm not attractive? Because I don't look sexy like Margaery, who has no trouble *at all* finding--"

That's new information about Margaery that Jaime tables for a later moment. "You're *plenty* sexy. You're like...engineered to send me to an early grave." If the old stories about succubi are accurate, that statement suddenly has the potential to be much *more* literal. "I meant you don't look like a scaly demon. Are you hiding a tail? Bat wings? Talons?"

"You don't have to sound so... *medieval* about it. We're not like the ancient illuminated manuscripts the Citadel used to print--not only are they inaccurate, they're discriminatory."

Brienne sounds so offended that Jaime can't help but smile. "Okay. What's it like, then?"

"You...you *felt* it, didn't you?"

"I sure as hell felt *something*."

Brienne looks around as though she expects people to eavesdrop on their conversation; the throngs in the market are all still minding their own business.

"A succubus feeds off of human desire. It's not the *only* thing--you've seen me eat, obviously, but it's...part of me, and I can't change it."

"So," Jaime tries to find a delicate way to phrase what's coming next and gives up, "If we fuck, I'll be like a cell phone charger for you? No, wait--more like a wall outlet?"

“Gods, you sound like Margaery.” She looks like she wants to cover her face again.

“So, Margaery’s also a--wait, is *that* what the three of you were doing at the bar the night we met? *Hunting*? Is Sansa part of this, too?”

“No,” Brienne shakes her head rapidly, “Although, that *is* what Margaery used to do, before Sansa. I--I don’t...do that.”

Jaime grins, “Don’t want to go plugging into wall outlets all over town?” Instead of the indignant sputtering Jaime expects, Brienne looks almost comically forlorn. “Shit, I didn’t mean it like that.”

“Anyone Margaery picks up at a bar would be *thrilled* for a night with her. She’s desired enough that it sustains her, and her partners never know what she is. I’m...not so fortunate.”

Some of Brienne’s hair shifted when she shook her head, so Jaime reaches up to tuck it behind her ear. He can’t help but tarry, fingertips brushing the freckles on her cheek. “Then what *do* you do?”

“Um, dreams, usually. I can tell what people want, and I have a good imagination.”

A good imagination. A succubus with a filthy mind who blushes like a maiden of yore and could toss Jaime onto the bed and have her way with him. In his dream, Brienne *certainly* had. Jaime doesn’t need her kisses for his mind to be sent reeling.

“Dirty dreams. Was mine your doing?”

“If it was, I didn’t do it consciously,” Brienne sighs, “It’s not...it’s not *me* in the dreams.”

“Well *that*,” Jaime leans forward and brushes their lips together, “seems like something we need to rectify.”

Jaime dropped Brienne off at her building before, but he’s never been in her apartment. The decor is an odd mishmash of Brienne’s consignment finds and what Jaime assumes is Margaery’s expensive upbringing. It looks like what he observed of their friendship over the last month--on paper, it made no sense, but when they were beside one another, it was obvious.

Of course, this was *before* Jaime knew they shared a secret.

Margaery is sitting on the couch with Sansa. Surprisingly, they’re side-by-side with a bowl of popcorn between them. He’s never seen them looking so domestic and chaste.

“Hi, Brienne,” Sansa waves. “Hi, Jaime.”

When Brienne drops her keys on the counter and toes off her shoes, Margaery turns to her and stage whispers, “*You brought Jaime home with you?!*”

“And she didn’t even have to tie me up to get me here,” Jaime replies, “Although, I’m not opposed.”

Margaery and Sansa both giggle.

“Brienne,” Margaery pauses the movie they’d been watching and beckons her over. Then, much quieter, she says, “Did you *listen* to me?”

“Don’t make it sound so rare.”

Jaime’s starting to really enjoy it when Brienne sounds *faintly* irritated.

“It *is* rare,” Margaery’s grin turns devious, “And the two of you *probably* want to be left alone. Sansa and I can finish the movie in my room.”

“You don’t have to--” she starts, but Margaery is already collecting the popcorn grinning over her shoulder as she goes to her room. Brienne rushes to the kitchen and starts doing some task that Jaime guesses is busywork to calm her nerves.

Sansa touches Jaime’s arm as she passes, and their eyes meet. She’s young enough to be his daughter, and now they’re about to have this uniquely specific thing in common.

“I don’t know either of you that well yet, but I’m glad Brienne confided in you.” Sansa glances to Margaery’s bedroom door. “They need us, and I don’t mean--”

--as deliciously lustful batteries?”

“Exactly,” she giggles.

“Youthful vigor is on your side, but do you have advice for an old man’s first rodeo?”

Sansa laughs even harder, “No matter how ravenous you feel in the morning, *do not* eat five waffles. You’ll regret it.”

Chapter End Notes

You can probably guess what happens next time. ☹

V & VI

Chapter Summary

Jaime's practically at her heels when Brienne flips the switch connected to her bedside lamp. It illuminates the space just enough for her to think *my room isn't clean enough*.

Chapter Notes

I enjoyed reading all your comments! Thank you all so much for being interested in this weird premise.

Enjoy the climax of the narrative, if you will... ☺

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

V.

Jaime's practically at her heels when Brienne flips the switch connected to her bedside lamp. It illuminates the space just enough for her to think *my room isn't clean enough*.

Objectively, it's a stupid thought after the events of the evening. To divulge her most closely held secret--what does the hamper of clean laundry matter? Or the fact that her desk is piled with textbooks and papers?

Nevertheless, Brienne tucks the hamper beside her dresser and tries to make the mess on the desk form neat piles. Jaime certainly isn't thinking about the state of her desk, but it's something she can control. It's a part of her life that's hers to master.

"Brienne, I don't give a shit about your desk."

She places the textbook back down atop the pile and turns. The kiss was over an hour ago, but Brienne *swears* she can still feel him, the echo of a touch humming against her skin. "R-Right. I do that...when I'm nervous."

"Clean?"

"...Yeah."

Jaime smiles, "Shouldn't I be the nervous one?"

He's right. Jaime, who learned her secret and still came home with her. Jaime, who *dreamed* of her. "You *should* be nervous."

"I *did* mean to ask if you're lethal."

"I could be." Brienne hates that it's true. "It would take *a lot* . "

"What a way to meet the Stranger." He chuckles and shakes his head. "Fucked to death. I can think of shittier ends."

"It's not funny."

"No, it's not. I joke when I'm nervous."

Brienne takes a deep breath and shuts her eyes, "Would you be nervous right now if I hadn't told you?"

"I've been afraid of fucking up since I walked up to you at the bar. So, yeah, nervous either way."

A commonplace case of butterflies in her stomach over an offensively handsome man who asked her for coffee. A date that went well enough to lead her to bring the man home.

"That's so...normal." Brienne exhales and feels lighter for it. "Can this just...be normal?"

Jaime is smiling when he comes to her and cradles her jaw in his left hand; his touch is much firmer than it was during dinner when he brushed her cheek. He slides his other hand to the small of her back, where it feels like it burns straight through her dress. They're pressed together, and Brienne is forced to reckon with all the signs of Jaime's desire for her up close. His pulse pounds like a drumbeat in her ears. His pupils are wide. His breathing is rapid. He's warm and close, and Brienne's almost frightened by how intensely she wants him.

"Now," Jaime whispers, "It's my turn to kiss you."

Despite being a succubus, despite all the kisses she dreamed for others, Brienne feels terribly awkward when it comes to *actually* kissing someone. It's intoxicating to be wanted, to let Jaime pour his feelings into the way his lips and tongue slide against her own. To feel him clutch the fabric of her dress or slide his hand down to her ass to haul her closer. Jaime sucks at her bottom lip and groans when she yields to him, but other times he stills completely and lets Brienne lead.

The kiss goes on for an age. The contact is a dizzying array of sensations that Brienne wants to indulge in endlessly. Kissing Jaime feels like the peak of hedonism, but perhaps it's only that she denied herself for so, *so* long. Jaime is like cool water when her throat is parched and dry.

Eventually, Jaime twists his fingers into her hair and tugs. It doesn't hurt, but it makes her whimper, and Jaime chuckles. He urges her to tilt her head to the side, exposing her neck to him. His tongue is hot against the sensitive skin under her jaw, and she squirms in his arms.

“You’re making me dizzy again,” he murmurs against her skin, “I want you to feel me, too.”

“I do.”

Jaime scraps his teeth against her neck, not quite biting, and Brienne’s glad she’s hanging onto his shoulders. The next time, Jaime *does* bite down, and Brienne swears the heat between her thighs doubles in intensity from the gesture alone. He keeps going until her knees are shaking, and Brienne is *certain* her neck will bear the signs of Jaime’s teeth and the stubble on his jaw.

He tugs on her dress hard enough that Brienne expects the fabric to tear. It doesn’t, but it prompts her to back away enough for Jaime to divest her of the garment more sensibly. There’s nothing exciting about her practical beige bra and blue panties. Brienne thought the panties wouldn’t show under the dress, and she barely needs the bra.

Jaime’s gaze rakes over her, and Brienne has never felt the rush of someone looking at her with such intensity. It feels like she could have Jaime at her mercy; she could hunt him down and get what she needs from him. It feels like he would ask her to do it, like he might *beg* for it.

Is this how Margaery feels?

“Brienne,” Jaime’s voice sounds oddly creaky, “you’re, um--

Brienne glances down; despite Jaime’s intensity, she’s the same as always--muscular and freckled and not at all sensuous. She’s come to respect her body for the strength it has; it’s been a long time since she was fifteen and cried herself to sleep. Still, she’s seen Margaery in the lacy bra and panty sets she’s so fond of.

“I know,” Brienne tries to play it for a laugh, “the irony of a succubus with *this* body. I’m shy, too, so I think the gods hate me.”

“I...I was only going to say.” *Now*, Jaime is sweating; he wipes his palms on the front of his jeans. “...That I have a *shit* imagination. This is way, way better than my dream.”

Jaime rips three buttons off his shirt in his haste to disrobe; they go flying onto Brienne’s carpet as he starts laughing. Brienne finds two of them easily, but the third eludes her.

“It’s fine, Brienne; they’re just buttons.” Jaime has perched himself at the edge of her bed. Brienne looks over and finds he’s popped the top button on his jeans. “Although, if you feel like crawling around on the floor much longer, I’ll need to take matters into my own hands.”

“I’m trying to help.”

“Your *legs*, Brienne,” Jaime says, “You’re not just trying to wind up your poor, unsuspecting dinner, are you?”

Spitefully, Brienne crawls to the bed and scowls up at him; Jaime inhales sharply. “I have a sewing kit; I’ll fix the buttons in the morning.”

Jaime drags down the zipper of his jeans and rises enough to pull them down. Her bedside lamp does *sinful* things to Jaime. His hair and his skin are golden, and there's just enough interplay of light and shadow. He has that hungry look in his eyes that makes Brienne's stomach somersault. *He should be the one tempting people, not me.*

Brienne flings any guilt she feels at being so thirsty to the edge of her mind. There's no shame in needing something. Their eyes meet for a long, heated moment where Brienne feels Jaime's desire drawing her in. She glances away, down over the rest of him as Jaime kicks his jeans off his ankles.

Then, *then--*

"Do your boxers have Arthur Dayne's sword on them?" Brienne looks again, and there's no mistaking the cartoon shape of Dawn. She watched reruns of *Sword of the Morning* every weekend as a kid.

All tension between them shattered, Jaime scratches the back of his head sheepishly. "They were a gag gift from Tyrion, and they're comfortable."

Brienne starts giggling, "I don't want to hear *anything* about my undergarments."

"I'd never because you'll be out of them momentarily." Jaime flops back onto her bed, spreads his arms wide, and grins. "Now, come here and drain me dry. Will I look like one of those cicada husks you find in the summer?"

Jaime doesn't seem to be in a hurry. He stretches out beside Brienne on the bed and touches her, fingertips skimming over her ribs and stomach. The lazy patterns leave a tingling in their wake. Alone, they aren't significant, but they morph, collectively, into a sweet ache. Brienne doesn't think Jaime's doing intentionally, but he's forcing her to pace herself.

At least until he unclasps the front closure of her bra and starts teasing her nipples, delicate pinches that ricochet through her. When Jaime nudges her knees apart and tangles their legs together, Brienne resists the urge to slide his leg higher and grind against his thigh. Instead, she trails her fingers over Jaime's chest and arms and listens to his contented sigh.

"These dreams," he whispers, "that you craft. What are they like? People have some *unique* kinks."

"I usually pick lonely people," Brienne lets her eyes fall shut, "King's Landing is full of them; they just want intimacy, which isn't hard to imagine." She knows the feeling well, after all.

"You're telling me you've *never* pried into someone's head and backed out?"

"Well, there was a guy once who got off on being urinated on--no judgment, but I'm not the right succubus for that fantasy."

Jaime starts chuckling, “You don’t have to worry about *that* kink. Do you watch the dreams? Do you touch yourself after?”

“S-Sometimes, but a lot of the time I’m not even interested. As long as *they* are--”

Jaime leans forward to kiss her, much more languidly than before. Brienne’s defenses are lowered, and she’s never had someone so close and willing. She drinks Jaime in through the kiss, through every place where they’re touching. It’s like taking a nap in the sun, golden and restorative. When he pulls back, Brienne’s head is swimming like she stood up too quickly.

“The tequila tilt-a-whirl feeling is back.” He shakes his head, and the golden curls at the crown of his head bounce against her pillow.

“Sorry.”

“Don’t be,” Jaime opens his eyes, pupils wide and unfocused. “It’s good. Besides, I feel like you’ll take care of me.”

“That...might be my fault, too,” Brienne turns her face into the pillow to hide her blush. “It’s so you won’t notice--”

“Ah,” Jaime laughs, “Keeps the prey calm and unsuspecting. Good hunting tactic.”

“I will, though--take care of you, I mean.” A connection is developing between them, hearts beating in tandem. “I’m just not used to it like this.”

“I wouldn’t have offered if I didn’t trust you.” Jaimes slides his fingers under the waistband of her panties. “Tell me how it feels.”

For Jaime’s trust, Brienne will try, even as he drives her to distraction by parting the folds of her cunt and dipping a finger into her. “It’s like...it’s like it’s a hot day, and someone hands you water--a sip isn’t enough, and you want to down the whole glass at once...”

Jaime circles her clit, and Brienne finally gives into the urge to drag his thigh close so she can rock against him. It helps a little.

“Are the dreams like sips?”

Brienne nods.

“So you’re a *little* thirsty all the time?”

“Y-Yeah.”

“And I’m like...jumping into a lake?”

“*Mhm.*”

The pressure of his fingers against her clit and the friction of the grinding *might* be enough to--

“You know,” Jaime rests his forehead against hers; his skin is damp with sweat, “that’s actually *really* hot. And I don’t think it’s your weird succubus magic making me say so.”

Being called *weird*, in any other setting, might rankle her. It *is* weird, though, and Jaime is still here for it. “I can’t make a feeling, but it might be more--”

“Concentrated, maybe?” Jaime’s stops the delightfully frustrating progression of his fingers. “Hey, there was something you *really* liked in my dream.”

Brienne never lamented the height of her headboard until this *exact* moment. If it were a few inches higher, she’d have something, *anything*, to grab onto for purchase. Instead, she keeps her palms flat against the wall and tries to avoid collapsing on top of Jaime as he fucks her with his tongue. She’s never thought much of her previous partners’ graceless attempts at eating her out, but Jaime’s enthusiasm has Brienne rethinking it.

Jaime murmurs *something*, but it’s just a pleasant vibration. When she tries to give him room to speak, he grabs her ass and yanks her back. The fact that Jaime needs oxygen flies from her mind when Jaime flicks his tongue against her clit in such rapid succession she *does* scream.

“*Fuck you,*” Brienne gasps, resting her forehead against the wall.

“Some gratitude wouldn’t go amiss.” He kisses her inner thigh and tickles his fingers over her skin. “...Or some reciprocity.”

When Brienne glances down, Jaime looks pretty wrecked. His expression is even more dazed than before, and now his face is a mess, too.

“I want...” she starts, “...More. We could...do it together?”

Jaime licks his lips in a way that’s somehow more obscene than having his face buried between her thighs. “*Fuck yes.* Keep the good ideas coming.”

It takes a significant amount of fumbling to configure themselves in a way that’s functional. Brienne nearly knees Jaime in the face, and he ends up putting an extra pillow under his head so he’s propped against her headboard. She *finally* rids Jaime of the Arthur Dayne boxers; he flails a bit trying to kick them off his legs.

“Thank the Seven those are gone,” Brienne mumbles. Thinking about Jaime’s dorky boxers is much better than staring at his cock. Although, it’s in her face, so she can’t really *not* stare. “You’re lucky I didn’t throw you out.”

“*Please,*” Jaime loops his arms around her thighs, bringing her closer. His breath makes her squirm; Jaime licks her cunt with the flat of his tongue. “I can get away with tacky underwear.”

“Yeah...yeah you can.” Feeding his ego isn’t so bad, not when the enthusiasm pouring out of Jaime makes Brienne feel better than she has in months. It’s laced with affection, too, and the

combination is particularly heady.

Not wanting to be put at a disadvantage, Brienne circles the base of Jaime's cock and angles him so she can take it into her mouth. Within a couple strokes and a swirl of her tongue, Jaime jerks his hips upward, and his groan is muffled into her. Jaime's pleasure seems to make him competitive, and soon they're trying to out-do each other.

"Brienne," Jaime trades his tongue for his fingers, "Feeling better yet?"

"Definitely."

VI.

It turns out that an orgasm from a succubus feels like getting hit by a train. Only, it's a *good* train because as soon as Jaime can muster himself, he'll happily fling himself, bodily, onto the tracks for an encore performance. If kissing Brienne felt like a tipsy carnival ride, having his cock in her mouth was like bungee jumping after downing a bottle of Tyrion's green shit from Asshai.

Sex would be-- *will be*-- like getting shot into space on a rocket. Or something. Jaime's not quite awake yet, and he's losing track of his analogy.

Brienne, Seven bless her strength, maneuvered him under her blankets at some point. Jaime doesn't remember much after coming, except that he didn't leave Brienne hanging before he passed out. He'll be smug about that one for a bit--that, despite a climax that felt like it cleaved the heavens in two, Brienne came *twice* before Jaime lost his shit.

Then, he slept.

Jaime is spooned up against Brienne as consciousness returns to him. Brienne's hand is splayed on his stomach, just low enough to be tempting. He feels like he could be tempted again soon enough. What Jaime *really* likes is the way Brienne's front is pressed against his back--she's warm and solid and her breath tickles his nape.

"You're awake," Brienne shifts a bit so she's peering over him.

"How long was I out?"

She reaches over him and picks up her phone, "A little over an hour. It's almost midnight."

"I need to text Tyrion." Jaime's phone is in his jeans, and he can stretch just far enough to reach where they're crumpled on the floor.

"To tell him about--?"

"Gods, no." Jaime taps the fingerprint reader and begins typing, "I was hoping he could go feed Arthur. The bastard is probably screaming at the ceiling by now."

“Tyrion or Arthur?”

“Both, but for different reasons. I don’t *ever* want to think about my brother and sex, but *especially* not now.”

Brienne takes her hand off his stomach, “It’s late. If you need to go--”

“No no no,” Jaime misses Brienne’s touch already, “Tyrion lives in my building. I probably just interrupted his orgy or something. It’ll be good for him to take a break.”

Of all the things, Brienne’s cheeks color at the word *orgy*. “O-Okay. I don’t want you to go.”

“That’s good because I’m not sure I can make it to the door. My legs feel like noodles.”

Jaime’s phone dings, and Tyrion’s name pops up the screen. The text reads *Is my brother...with a woman?! Where should I send the flowers and the balloons? Do you need condoms? I think there’s a delivery app.*

None of your damned business. Since you’re obviously awake, go feed Arthur.

Brienne chuckles over his shoulder, “The two of you seem close.”

“United against the rest of the Lannister empire,” Jaime answers, “Tyrion’s a prick, though.” His phone dings again; the text reads *Fine, but I expect details as payment*. Jaime tosses his phone back on his pile of clothes and falls back into the nest of blankets. “Enough of him.”

“Jaime, are you...alright?”

“*Mhm.*”

“I...I’m sorry if I--do you need anything? Margaery joked once about keeping protein bars in her nightstand for Sansa. I’m not sure she’s serious.”

Jaime reaches up and tucks Brienne’s hair back behind her ears. “I’m a little thirsty.”

A smile ghosts across her lips, “I thought that was me.”

“*Very* funny.”

“I’ll get you a glass of water.”

Not only does Jaime get a glass of water, he gets to watch Brienne walk naked across her room to the bathroom. Then, he gets to watch every freckled inch of her return to him. He knows the feel of her, the taste of her, and he already wants more.

The water is cool, and Jaime drains the glass in one long gulp. Brienne sits on the edge of the bed and watches him the entire time.

“If you keep doting on me like this, I’ll be in your hair forever.”

“I wasn’t trying to be rid of you.” Brienne’s smile is sweet and a bit shy, “Not when you’re so--”

“*Please* tell me you were going to call me delicious.”

Her flaming cheeks tell Jaime he *might* be correct.

“Hey.”

Jaime’s head is on Brienne’s shoulder this time, but he hasn’t so much as dozed. His limbs feel a bit heavy, and the odd current between them where they touch is still present. Mostly, Jaime wants more of Brienne, the limits of his body be damned.

“*Hmm?*” Brienne is the one who sounds drowsy this time.

“I think my feeble mortal vessel can survive another round.”

There’s quite a lengthy silence where Brienne must be processing his words. “...You’re sure?” A note of excitement comes through in her tone; Jaime imagines she tried to stifle it.

“We didn’t *technically* fuck.”

“That’s okay,” she replies, “I mean, I *want* to, but--”

“*Good.*”

Jaime tilts his head up enough for Brienne to meet him in a kiss. The angle is awkward until she pulls him on top of her. “Better,” she mumbles, but kisses him again before Jaime can reply. She slides one arm down Jaime’s back and buries the other in his hair. There’s a possessiveness to her hold that Jaime’s cock finds *very* interesting. He can’t tell if the impulse is his own or one Brienne’s engendered in him, but it doesn’t matter. Brienne’s naked body is pressed against his is the only truth that matters.

“I can--” She’s touching other places, now--tugging at his earlobe with her teeth, kissing his cheek, sliding her hand between their bodies to touch his nipples. No one’s ever really done that before, and from the way his hips jerk against Brienne’s, it’s worth repeating. “I can be on top,” she finishes, “since it’s my fault you’re wiped.”

“That’s how we fucked in my dream.” The memory of it is nearly tactile, but it’s nothing compared to the *actual* Brienne.

“Was it good?”

“*Obviously*, but let me pull my weight this time.”

Brienne looks a bit skeptical, but she nods. “There’s condoms in the nightstand.”

“You’re always so prepared.”

Now, she scowls, “Maybe I just...use them a lot.”

Jaime laughs, kisses her, and starts rifling through her nightstand. “*Oh*, there’s more than just condoms in here. Before tonight, I wouldn’t have expected Brienne Tarth to have a *drawer*. ”

“*Shut up*, or I’ll--”

“You’ll what? Turn me into a raisin?”

Brienne sighs, “No, I’ll be careful.”

“I really, *really* don’t mind the variety of ways you can knock me out,” Jaime says, “In fact, I’m actively seeking them.”

Teasing Brienne is delightful, but Jaime isn’t worried. Brienne seems concerned enough for the both of them. There’s something sweet and intimate about being something she needs. No one’s ever confided in him the way Brienne did tonight. Jaime doesn’t think she lets people this close.

It’s a bit ungainly to put a condom on under blankets. Brienne rolls off him, and Jaime kicks the blankets aside long enough to situate himself. Brienne nestles herself among her pillows and stares at him. Her need isn’t thinly veiled any longer, blue eyes revealing all. Jaime may not have her ability to read desire, but it’s impossible to miss when she’s this loud.

Jaime doesn’t need anymore of an invitation to position himself above her. Brienne reaches past him and tugs the blankets up over them. He takes his cock in hand and rubs the head against her cunt a few times. The squirm Brienne makes is quite gratifying.

“If you looked at me like that in public,” he tells her, “I think I’d just *explode*. ”

“You...you have to know you’re *beautiful*. ”

“Flattery,” Jaime pushes into her cunt in one, smooth stroke, “will get you...pretty much whatever you want, actually.”

Brienne means to scoff, but it doesn’t come out quite as effectively when she’s gripping Jaime’s arms as he retreats and rushes forward to fill her again. Her grip tightens incrementally with each thrust until Jaime wonders if he’ll feel it in the morning. She’s gone a bit tense underneath him, so Jaime kisses her in an attempt to get her to relax. It’s a messy kiss, punctuated by thrusts that reverberate through Jaime’s entire body. Brienne hums her appreciation, low in the back of her throat. Then, she releases her death grip and runs her fingers over Jaime’s back like an apology.

Jaime moves his lips close to her ear, “Am I good?”

She nods.

“Then I’m not going to hold back, and I don’t want you to, either.”

“But--”

“I’m strong enough.”

It’s like they’re of one mind, and maybe they are. Maybe Brienne’s instincts are just that attuned to him already, or maybe the two of them are just *that* compatible. The reason doesn’t matter. What matters is that Brienne wraps her legs around him and locks her ankles at his back. She buries her fingers in his hair and holds him in place until he nearly whines from the intensity of the sensations. Brienne’s around him in every way Jaime can conceive and probably some that are just beyond him. That push, that desire to go *just* past the boundary of what he knows is the force behind each drive of his cock into her.

Jaime *swears* he can feel the moment Brienne untethers herself. She cries out, strangled and needy, and her grip becomes near-painful again. Brienne digs her heels into his back and buries her face against his neck. The intoxicated, breathless feeling she gives him returns, all the more intense for her cunt tightening around his cock and drawing him deeper. He tries to suck enough air into his lungs to compensate, but quickly gives up.

Brienne clings to him like she’ll break apart if he stops fucking her.

“I need--I need,” she stammers, hands slipping over Jaime’s sweat-damp back.

“Tell me.” He doesn’t know how the wherewithal to utter a demand comes to him. “What do you need?”

“*Harder*,” Brienne gasps.

Jaime stops moving completely, just to take Brienne in. Tendrils of hair stick to her forehead, and she’s flushed down to where their chests are pressed together. She’s breathing just as hard as Jaime is. The connection between them still feels foreign--objectively, Brienne is weakening him, but it’s such a rush that Jaime craves it.

That, and Brienne feels like she’s practically radiant with energy.

“Can you,” he takes another deep breath, “be more specific, *sweetling*?”

Clearly annoyed, Brienne knocks her heels against his back and sucks in a breath through her nose. “I want you to fuck me harder.” She scrunches her eyes shut in embarrassment. “And don’t call me *sweetling*. I have a name.”

“*Brienne*.”

His next thrust has such force behind it that Jaime feels like his bones rattle when their hips crash together. It makes him see stars. Brienne moves her legs up his back as much as she can and practically screams from the altered angle when Jaime plunges into her again and again. There’s such a frenzy building between them that he can’t string a thought together.

“J-Jaime,” she gasps his name, and there must be *some* magic behind it because it’s like there’s electricity dancing along his skin. Brienne keeps going, but the words are fragments. “I’ve never felt--this is--it’s too--”

“*Shhh*,” Jaime kisses Brienne’s face in a series of uncoordinated gestures. *Everything* feels too much, and he can’t keep up. “I’m gonna come for you, alright?”

“*Yes.*”

He wants to tell Brienne how fucking amazing she feels, but Jaime can’t muster his words when his orgasm hits. The high of it lasts much longer than usual, even longer than earlier when he came with his cock in Brienne’s mouth. Jaime groans *something* into her ear--her name, an expletive, a fervent prayer--the contents don’t matter. All that matters is that Brienne comes after him, shaking around him. She bites his shoulder, presumably to quiet herself, but Jaime doesn’t even feel it.

Jaime’s last thought before he passes out on top of her is that he *really* wanted to hear Brienne scream his name again.

Sansa’s warning about wanting five waffles and Margaery’s joke about protein bars seemed like hyperbole the night before, but when Jaime finally wakes, mid-morning, he seriously thinks he could demolish an *entire* breakfast buffet.

In fact, the roaring of his stomach is what wakes Brienne.

When Brienne rouses enough that she turns over under his arm and they’re nose-to-nose, Jaime says, “I thought this would be more like when they give you cookies and orange juice after getting blood drawn.”

She narrows her eyes; any stern effect is ruined by the mussed state of her hair. Jaime can just make out the marks on her neck left by his mouth. The sight makes a flood of possessive heat rush through him. He wonders about the traces of Brienne left on him.

“...Maybe Margaery’s snacks aren’t an exaggeration.”

Jaime laughs at the image of a section of Brienne’s bedside drawer taken up with granola bars and almonds. “With some organizing, you can probably make space in that drawer of yours next to the vibrators--”

Brienne smacks her hand over his mouth, “*Enough.*”

He takes her hand away from his mouth but doesn’t release it, “There *is* one tiny problem.”

“...What?” She sounds a bit wary.

“Last night was...” Jaime can’t summon a word to describe it, “It was *fucking awesome.*”

“And that’s a...problem?”

“I think I’m addicted to you already,” Jaime makes sure to sigh extra dramatically, “So much so that I might be *utterly* ruined for any other lover.”

“It’s *supposed* to be good, so you’ll keep coming back for more.” She sounds almost sad.

Jaime wants to prove it's because Brienne is *Brienne* . He flings himself into her arms so he's half on top of her. "Wasn't it so fantastic because we know each other?"

He can't see Brienne's expression, but her whole posture softens. "It was, and you...you *offered*. Margaery was right; it's *so* much better than anything else."

"That thing you do, Brienne-- *whew*. Sign me up for that forever." Jaime presses his cheek against hers and nuzzles his nose into her hair. "I'm yours, if you're mine."

Brienne tilts her head and kisses him; it lands somewhere in his hair, "I'm yours."

His stomach growls again; it makes Brienne giggle. "Do you have anything for breakfast? Perhaps...several things?"

"I can make waffles. And eggs. And...bacon. We might have hashbrowns in the freezer, too?"

"Yes to all of that."

Less than an hour later, hair wet from the shower, Jaime sits at Brienne's table wearing a pair of her sweatpants and a t-shirt. He loves that they fit him and that she offered them to him. What he loves a little less is Sansa's knowing smile when she joins them at the table and starts filling a plate for herself. Jaime can't help but notice she only takes one waffle. Jaime has three waffles on his plate and is starting to regret it.

"I *told* you that you'd regret that many."

"You did," Jaime agrees and proceeds to take two more off the stack.

Chapter End Notes

Oh boy, I'd love to hear your thoughts!

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