

Shirt Happens

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/28454544) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/28454544>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Game of Thrones (TV)
Relationship:	Jaime Lannister/Brienne of Tarth
Characters:	Jaime Lannister , Brienne of Tarth , Varys (ASoIaF)
Additional Tags:	more money than sense , cuff links
Language:	English
Collections:	JB Festive Festival Exchange 2020
Stats:	Published: 2020-12-31 Words: 2,780 Chapters: 2/2

Shirt Happens

by [TeaandBanjo](#)

Summary

A Lannister knows a properly fitted shirt when he sees one. Brienne's white button-down dress shirt ... is lacking.

Chapter 1

Jaime leaned against the brickwork at the front of the gym, and pretended to be fascinated by his phone. He really was not good at waiting, and it was terribly unfair of Brienne to make him wait. Except, of course, he hadn't told her he was waiting. (he had a sneaking suspicion that sometimes she went out of her way to avoid him.)

There she was, only seventeen minutes late! The wind was pushing her blond hair around, and she clicked across the pavement on short heels. Her sleek, dark skirt and white shirt were a bit more formal than he was used to seeing her, but the beat-up pink gym bag was her usual.

"Jaime?" She frowned at him. "Were you waiting for me?"

"No, no." He shrugged. "I was just checking my messages."

"The project wrap-up meeting went over." She made a fist. "I'm tired of talking, I want to hit something."

Jaime couldn't take his eyes off the pale, freckled skin below her cuff. The sleeve was pulling it up and away, exposing the shape of the bones in her wrist.

Brienne shouldered her way through the door, and Jaime wondered how unfair it was that she worked hard on her own fitness, but all the shops in Kings' Landing couldn't find her a shirt that fit. Even Tyrion owned shirts that fit him.

Then Jaime remembered where his brother shopped.

Brienne was banging cupboard doors in the kitchen. All those bags of healthy groceries needed to get put away right now, obviously.

Jaime knew he had a few minutes, but only a few minutes. He ducked into her bedroom, and flung open the wardrobe. He slid hangers along the bar until he found it...that one button-down white shirt, all the way on the far right. Soon it was rolled into a tight bundle, and hidden in the bottom of his shopping bag, under the emergency coffee for Jaime's kitchen.

Jaime felt vaguely guilty about stealing Brienne's one nice shirt that mostly fitted her, but he had a plan.

The tailor's shop opened at 8:00 the next morning, and he was there with the pilfered shirt. The brick storefront was the most traditional on a street of very traditional and old-fashioned shops. Gold script on the window proclaimed:

Varys and Varys Tailoring

Fine Custom Shirts

...for anyone who couldn't figure out that the three manikins in the window were wearing very fine shirts indeed.

Jaime grasped the polished brass handle and opened the dark, heavy wooden door. The inside was decorated with scenes of nature and horsemanship, and more shirt-wearing manikins. As usual, the owner lurked behind the dark wooden counter.

"Mr. Lannister! How can I help you?" (Mr. Varys made a point of greeting all his customers by name, and Jaime had ordered some very fancy dress shirts a couple of months ago.)

"I have a rush order for you." Jaime shook out the crumpled shirt and presented it to the tailor. "I need a shirt like this, only with an extra 4 cm of sleeve length."

"The fit will be best if I measure you, sir." Mr. Varys' thick fingers mounted a pre-printed order form on a clipboard.

"It's not for me. I -uh- borrowed a friend's shirt." Jaime wondered if Varys would remember this story for the rest of Jaime's life.

There was a short pause, while the shopkeeper glanced at the label and rubbed a fold of the material between his fingers. The man blinked, as if he were considering a large lizard blocking a sidewalk. Perhaps he did not approve? (Where did Brienne shop, anyway?)

"Certainly, sir. I can take the measurements from the garment." There was a long pause, as Mr. Varys pressed his palms together. "However, we will get a better fit if we can measure the person. How tall is your friend?"

"Taller than me." Jaime set his phone down, and scrolled through for a photo. The screen lit with a sculpture of a giant bear on its hind legs. Brienne, in shorts and a tank top, reached up to pat the bear's nose.

"Bear Pit, right?" The tailor squinted through his reading glasses, and made a few notes on the order form. "I'm going to suggest making the body of the shirt longer as well, to make sure it stays tucked in."

"She thought the giant, snarling animal was cute." Jaime realized he was smiling to himself, and also getting off the subject. He put the phone back in his pocket.

Mr. Varys blinked, several times. "Now, about the garment." The man lifted a heavy binder, and opened it to show squares of fabric, pasted onto thick pages. "What collar style did you have in mind, and what material?"

"Blue," said Jaime. He brushed his fingers across the pale, smooth, luxurious fabric samples.

There were a lot of different shades of blue. The fabrics ranged from slightly textured weaves in solids or stripes, to smooth, glossy fabrics in rich shades. Then he turned another page, and got distracted by the plaids.

“What about the collar shapes?” The tailor opened another book. “Ladies are less tied to the traditional ones, and someone with her strong features could wear something very dramatic.”

There were a lot of different collar choices. How was he supposed to choose just one?

...and then there was the question of cuffs. Narrow cuffs, wide cuffs with lots of buttons, French cuffs... at which point, Mr. Varys pulled out boxes of buttons -- bone, plastic, real shell, or smooth metal.

Two hours later, Mr. Varys collected a pile of paper with scribbled notes. Jaime slid his credit card across the counter, listened to the electronic noises of the card scanner, and returned the plastic to his wallet along with the receipt.

“Thank you for your business, Mr. Lannister. We will have that ready for pickup on Friday.” The man's head gleamed benevolently in the light.

Jaime was back out the door with a smile on his face. His tailor was absolutely the best, no question about it.

Chapter 2

Brienne parked her car in the usual spot. (The back of the lot was perfect, she got more steps, and she left the close spots for the elderly and people who had to somehow get multiple children to all go in the same direction.)

She lifted her gym bag off the passenger seat. Gym had been strangely quiet without Lannister, today. Just Brienne running on the treadmill, and her and the weights. Weird. Well, he was probably out partying with friends.

Her mental list of weekend housekeeping chores was interrupted when she got to her front door.

There was Jaime, still in his Friday business-casual polo and perfectly fitted jeans. He was sitting on the top step, and had a stack of flat boxes next to him.

“Hi!” said Brienne. She wanted to tell him she missed him at the gym, but it seemed a bit too familiar. “Shopping instead of cardio? It’s not like *you* are short of clothes.”

“This was important.” He smirked, and got to his feet. “Aren’t you going to invite me in?”

“Sure, whatever.” Breinne felt sweaty, and her leggings were more sticky and uncomfortable than usual.

Once in the door, she made a turn to drop her gym bag on top of the washer with a thump, and she closed the door to hide the laundry room chaos. (One more thing for the weekend.)

Lannister was now smirking from her couch. “I brought you something.” Smirking seemed to suit his sharp, well defined features. That was probably why he did it so often.

Brienne didn’t recognize the gray and white striped boxes. Rectangular, flat... “Only you would bring doughnuts after a workout?” she guessed.

“Not telling.” He pushed one of the boxes across her coffee table. “Open it.”

The top of the box slid up smoothly, and there was tissue paper. She pushed it aside to reveal...a blue shirt. It looked perfectly ordinary, with a row of smooth white buttons in the center, and two small buttons holding down the collar points.

“Why are you picking out clothing for me?” This was weird and strange, even for Jaime.

“Try it on.” He lifted the shirt out of the box. “Please.”

“Sure,” Brienne gripped the luxurious fabric, and considered how long she’d need to spend in the shower. “Fifteen minutes. I just got done at the gym, remember?”

It was actually ten minutes. She combed out her damp hair, and it stuck stubbornly against her scalp. At least she didn’t smell like Gym Brienne anymore. She toweled herself off

enough that her underwear didn't stick, and took her nicest dark jeans out of the drawer. Office wear deserved a bra, though.

She had spread the shirt out on her bed so it would not get wrinkled, and it now dominated the view every time she looked in that direction. It looked like the blue of sky overhead, late Summer when the storm has blown through, but the heat hasn't arrived yet.

She undid the buttons, and slid the sleeve up her arm. The sky blue fabric was smooth and a little bit stiff, and she held the collar against her neck while she fumbled to find the other sleeve opening.

The shirt settled easily over her shoulders, and she relaxed a little. At least it wasn't too small. She tugged the front bands together, and did up the buttons with no pulling. (The collar button lined up, but she decided to leave it open.) A long sigh escaped from her chest.. She wouldn't have to explain to Jaime that once again someone had underestimated just how big a girl she was.

Brienne tugged the cuffs down so she'd be able to button them at her wrists. (Nothing was ever long enough, ever. Not since she was eleven.) She was used to pulling things into place before pictures, and used to rolling up sleeves if she could get away with it. These buttons went smoothly through the buttonholes, and so did the tiny buttons of the sleeve placket.

The mirrored door of her wardrobe reflected Brienne with her shirt tails hanging over her jeans. She tucked in the shirt and looked at the whole image. Nothing tugged uncomfortably, nothing wrinkled, and the sleeves hung smoothly to the cuffs, which covered the awkward bones of her wrists.

She bent her arms experimentally, and the cuff shifted just a little.

Her reflection looked elegantly androgynous, which was a weird feeling for Brienne, who was expecting awkwardly mannish.

The sleeves are long enough, she realized, and she raced though the bedroom door and back in the living room.

Jaime stared at her from his place on the couch.

"Where the hells do you shop?" she demanded, a little bit louder than she'd meant to.

His forehead creased a little. "Is it alright?" he asked, getting to his feet.

"Jaime, you found the only dress shirt in Kings Landing that fits my neck, my shoulders, and has sleeves the same length as my arms! Where did you get it?"

He dodged the coffee table and put a hand on her arm. "Hold still for just a minute. Let me see how they did."

(Alright she might have been yelling.) Regular exercise was supposed to help her be more calm, but somehow, things didn't always go as expected with Jaime around. Brienne took a deep breath and let it out slowly.

“Looks good, Bri.” He brushed fingers down her shoulders, and adjusted the collar. “Varys Tailoring always does good work. Why don’t you open the other boxes?”

She couldn’t refuse those green eyes, and that smile.

The next box was the same shirt in a darker blue, without the buttons at the collar points.. The one after that was a small blue and pink check, with a band collar. Then she unwrapped a blouse in the darkest possible navy, with a fluffy bow tied at the bottom of the v-shaped neckline. The following box held a tuxedo shirt (with a pleated front) in the palest possible blue. The box on the bottom contained a vintage-looking blue and white striped shirt, with a white collar and cuffs. The collar ends were rounded instead of pointed.

“Why did you buy me all these shirts?” demanded Brienne, as she surveyed the tissue-paper and cardboard wreckage that was invading her living room.

“I wasn’t sure what kind you liked,” Jaime shrugged, as if the idea of half-a dozen Brienne-sized dress shirts wasn’t on level with some sort of religious miracle.

“There are six different blue shirts here, Jaime.” She petted the striped fabric, which was very smooth. “This one has French cuffs, and I don’t even own cufflinks.”

“About that...” Jaime shoved his hands in his pockets. “Go try it on.”

Two minutes later she found herself back in the living room, with Jaime’s hands turning her cuffs back. The cuff links were little squares of lapis, set into a silver frame.

“You bought me jewelry?”

“It’s just cufflinks.”

Brienne gripped his shoulders, and tried to decide if she wanted to back him off or bring him closer. He smelled good. “Why are you like this, Jaime? Normal people just tell me my clothes don’t fit, and I should pick nicer things.”

Jaime put his hands over hers. “I hate that things aren’t ever enough for you, Bri! You deserve shirts with sleeves that are long enough.”

“What I deserve isn’t even a thing.” Brienne knew that from her long history of disappointment in clothing and fashion. Her eyes pricked obnoxiously, and she tried to blink away the feeling.

“I won’t even get into your boyfriends. Hyle Hunt was not enough of a man for you.”

“Gods, Jaime. Leave poor ex-boyfriend Hyle alone.”

“I’ll leave him alone if he never even looks in your direction again.”

“Wait, what are we even talking about here?” Brienne wanted to catch her breath. He was very close. She slid a stray, golden lock of his hair sideways.

His mouth moved, as if he were trying words on for size. (What possible topic would leave Lannister with nothing to say?)

“Jaime!” She wondered if her neck was blushing. “Are you jealous?”

“I’m not enough for you.” Jaime’s fingers brushed the back of her hands.

Maybe it was time to admit it. Brienne’s body was humming with the desire to kiss her beautiful friend.

“Do not,” she said softly “even think that.” She leaned down just a bit, and pressed her lips against the corner of his mouth. Maybe that wouldn’t be too much?

His eyes were very dark, and his breath was warm against her cheek.

Jaime rose on his toes, and returned the small kiss with a more intense pressure. He hummed softly, and her face smiled without any input from her brain.

She slid her hands around to his back, and pulled him closer. His reply involved an open mouth, and a tongue. The small remaining part of her brain that was capable of reflection realized that Jaime was very very good at this kissing thing.

“Fuck,” she muttered, as his palms slid down her back to settle at her waist. “You’re going to wrinkle my new shirt.”

“Yes!” Jaime’s smile had a hungry look, more intense than she’d ever seen before. (It sort of resembled his expression when she caught him watching her lift, actually. Brienne decided she would ask about that later) “Why don’t you take it off then?”

With a very strong feeling that things might be getting out of hand, she peeled off his polo shirt, and dropped it on the floor so she could get both hands on bare skin.

“Help me with the cufflinks.” she demanded.

“Easier to do if you take your hands off my ass,” he whispered.

Brienne hoped that Jaime did not find blushing to be a huge turn-off, because her face felt very warm.

Much later, Jaime was sprawled, motionless, on her bed. The covers and their clothes were somewhere else, but Brienne could not bring herself to care. Also, her bedroom now smelled like sex, and she was definitely alright with that.

Brienne lifted her head off the man’s warm shoulder. “Jaime?”

“MMmm?” Green eyes flicked open, and he rolled his head towards her on the pillow.
“Can’t move.”

“You are too much.” Breinne's grin felt like it was going to crack her face. She shifted a little to get closer, and hooked her knee over his bare thigh.

“Is that good, or bad?” His voice was soft, warm, and sinful. Fingers traced little circles on her back.

“It’s good. Really, really good.”

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!