A Kind of Magic

by imagineagreatadventure

Summary

Brienne of Tarth, suspected Squib, is at once delighted, surprised, and terrified when she receives her letter from Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

Jaime Lannister and his sister, on the other hand, are completely unsurprised. They are Purebloods, after all, and are quite sure of their place in life. After all they're twins who are always together.

At least until Hogwarts.

~

Was prompted with three different Harry Potter JxB promptfills, so I aimed to please and somehow developed an entire Harry Potter JxB universe.... so this is happening.

Notes

Concerning the sorting situation, your mileage may totally vary, however, Jaime is a total Gryffindor to me and Brienne is, to me, split between Gryffindor and Hufflepuff but I chose, in this story, to place her in Gryffindor.

Anyways enjoy! I have a lot written for this already but it's also not done but I felt so bad that I was taking so long that I wanted to put out *something*.
When Brienne Tarth turned eleven years old, everyone she knew was surprised to see her receive her letter from Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

It had been suspected, practically since her birth, that Brienne, like her unfortunate great-uncle on her mother’s side, was a Squib. After all, she had never even shown the slightest inclination towards magic - even when placed into danger her first reaction was to survive the way a muggle would.

Or so her nanny Miss Roelle sniffed when asked or, truly, when she was trying to fill the air with gossip.

But that wasn’t the truth. Brienne had performed magic before, the young girl just didn’t realize it was magic. When she ran, she ran faster than anyone, zipping along the beach so quickly that she even accidentally walked on a water a few times. Brienne didn’t realize that was unusual — she had grown up with magic after all and had seen much more spectacular things than something as simple as that.

So when the owl dropped the letter into her hand on the day of her birth, Brienne stood still, unable to open it. Her elder brother Galladon (fifth year, now a Prefect of Hufflepuff according to his own letter) had to steal the letter from her and rip it open, hooting, “Brienne’s not a Squib!”

Owls were quickly sent by her Father to everyone he knew, proclaiming that he always knew Brienne would do great things.

Brienne, who had finally felt settled into her role as the family Squib, was suddenly off-footed.

“You better be in Hufflepuff with me!” Galladon told Brienne after she had come back from her trip to Diagon Alley. “Father was in Gryffindor, but come on, I’m better than Father.”

Brienne only nodded, still unable to truly understand that she was a witch.

“It’s ok though, just don’t be a Slytherin,” Galladon said. “Although, not all of them are a bad lot… just most of them — but hey it’s all right, if you are one, I know people.”

Brienne couldn’t even think of the houses now. “Thank you,” she muttered, “I think I’ll go for a walk.”

“Don’t forget your wand,” Galladon said, handing it to her with a careless air. It had been sitting between the two of them. “You can’t use it yet, but you should practice keeping it on you.”

Brienne touched her wand. Thirteen inches made up of cedar wood with unicorn hair… it was beautiful to Brienne. It would not be a hard job to keep hold of it. She loved it — after all, the wand was proof that she was a witch… and not a Squib.

Miles and miles away, another little girl was receiving her own letter, her own brother beside her, a twin, grinning wildly as he stole it away and opened both his own and his sister’s at once.

“Give me it!” she demanded, shaking her golden hair out of her way.
As undecided as Brienne’s family was regarding her magical capability, the Lannister family was decidedly not about the Lannister children. They were of the most pure blood, rivaling any pureblood family due to intermarriage.

“Calm yourself, Cersei,” the boy, Cersei’s twin said, his grin unceasing, “We’re both in. It’s just talking about the rules.”

“Oh of course we are, Jaime!” Cersei said, her lips curling. “We are Lannisters.”

Jaime rolled his eyes good-naturedly and handed his sister back her letter. She read it greedily although Jaime wasn’t sure why she did so. They had known the exact words that it would say for years and years.

“We can bring cats,” she said enthusiastically.

“You don’t like animals,” Jaime replied, “And I’m bringing an owl. So I can write to everyone about the adventures we’ll have.”

Cersei beamed.

“Cersei, Jaime,” their father called from below the stairs. He did not yell, Tywin Lannister had no need of yelling. Or smiling, or laughing. But truly no need of yelling when he could amplify his voice magically. “Come down.”

The twins looked at each other, almost afraid, and quickly followed their father’s voice down to the first level. Their home was not much of a house but a mansion, full of secret rooms and strange staircases that twirled and spun around. Portraits of their ancestors ruled the halls. Jaime had been frightened by them as a boy, but he was a young man now, a wizard who was going to Hogwarts, and had no need to fear anything.

Except, perhaps, his father.

Tywin Lannister stared down at his children as they entered the study. His eyes were piercing. “You received your letters then?”

“Yes, Father!” Cersei said eagerly, pulling out hers behind her back.

Their father did not react. “Good. Your Uncle Kevan shall take you to Diagon Alley on the morrow. You will receive all that you need.”

“Can Tyrion come?” Jaime asked.

“No. I shall not have that… creature about in public.”

“What about when he gets his letter?”

“He won’t go,” Tywin Lannister said in a tone that Jaime knew he could not argue with. “Now if that is all…”

“It is, Father,” Cersei said quickly, beaming. She hated Tyrion, Jaime knew, but he still thought it wasn’t fair. Tyrion already knew more about magic than anyone else.

“Jaime,” his father said as Cersei headed out. “Stay a moment.”

Jaime could sense his sister turning her head back in horror. She hated being left out of things. “Yes, Father,” Jaime said, coming to stand by the desk.
“Leave, Cersei,” his father ordered, before staring down at Jaime. Jaime could hear the oak door slam and winced. Cersei would not be happy later.

“I do not care a whit which house your sister and you are in,” Tywin said, his eyes piercing. “I care only for your marks and magical ability. If you do not do well, then you will be punished. Is that understood?”

“What if Cersei doesn’t do well?” Jaime asked.

“Her grades do not matter as much as yours, her mission is to find a pureblood to marry. She knows this.”

And hates it.

“How’s that all?” Jaime asked dully.

His father looked over at him carefully. “Don’t make friends with mudbloods. We do have our reputation to consider.”

Brienne watched the countryside roll by, trying to ignore her reflection in the window as she did so. Several witches and wizards had already mistaken her to be a fifth year boy like her brother, since she was as tall as he was, and so she hid away.

It wasn’t fair that she wasn’t pretty and that she towered over almost all the students. Brienne would have thought that her long hair would have indicated that she was, indeed, a witch, but it seemed as if long hair was the new trend for wizards. She gripped her wand tightly, watching sparks fly off it, and released it, not eager to accidentally set her robe on fire.

“Come on,” she heard someone outside the compartment say, “let’s try in here.”

Brienne wished there were locks on the doors on the Hogwarts Express.

Two blonde children stumbled into the compartment, both beautiful, with cherub cheeks and sparkling green eyes. They were twins, Brienne could see. If it weren’t for their hair and clothes, she wouldn’t have been able to tell them apart.

“Oh, sorry,” the boy said, “Can we sit in here?”

“Jaime,” the girl said, clearly annoyed. “Let’s find an actual empty compartment… or at least one with first-years in it.”

“I am a first year,” Brienne said, hoping that she wasn’t stumbling over her words. “I’m just tall,” she added lamely.

The boy, Jaime, grinned at her. His whole smile sparked and it made Brienne want to smile too. “I wish I was that tall. Would come in handy, I bet.”

“What’s your name?” the girl asked, ignoring her brother’s comments.

“Brienne Tarth,” Brienne said, ill at ease from the girl’s expression. She felt like a criminal being charged for something. “What’s yours?” she made herself ask them both.

“You don’t know of us?” the girl said, arching her eyebrow. She looked like a Queen, Brienne thought.
Jaime laughed, “Why would she? I’m Jaime Lannister,” he told Brienne, reaching out his hand to shake hers, “And this is my sister Cersei.”

Brienne shook his hand and quickly tore her hand back, feeling odd. “Oh, I’ve heard of Lannisters… your dad, I think.” Her father didn’t think much of Tywin Lannister, she knew, since he didn’t do anything to help either side during the War with Voldemort. Not until the end.

But the Lannisters were an old, pure house, almost as pure as the Blacks were once, which made her nanny Miss Roelle sigh. Miss Roelle was a half-blood, but the side of her that was all magic was as pure as it could be, she told Brienne daily with no shortage of bitterness.

Brienne didn’t really think any of it mattered. Especially not after what happened with Voldemort. But she supposed she was considered a pureblood, although she knew that of at least two different family members who were muggles. They were very old, but also very nice, giving Brienne sweets on the holidays.

But it seemed Cersei Lannister did not agree with Brienne. “So, who are your parents?”

“Selwyn Tarth is my father, he works in the Department of Magical Games and Sports,” Brienne said, not entirely sure what her father actually did. He seemed to just talk a lot about Quidditch to a lot of people.

“The Selwyn Tarth!” Jaime’s eyes widened. “Wasn’t he the Chaser during the World Cup battle with Swaziland? Didn’t he help England win the Cup!”

“Oh yeah, I forgot about that,” Brienne said. Her father didn’t talk about those days very much.

Jaime started pacing around in circles, while his sister rolled her eyes and sat down across from Brienne, primly taking out a book and reading it. Brienne couldn’t read the cover, not with Jaime blocking her view every few seconds.

“He’s the best Chaser in the world!” Jaime announced to them both, his voice booming.

When Brienne didn’t respond, Jaime slouched down next to her. Cersei looked up from her book then, eyeing them both with disdain. “Oh, Jaime, calm yourself, it’s just Quidditch.”

“Can I touch you?” he asked Brienne.

“What?”

“You came from your Dad, one of the best Quidditch players in the world!”

“So?”

“SO!” Jaime sputtered.

“Jaime, do shut up,” Cersei said, flipping her blonde hair over her shoulder for dramatic effect.

This did not quiet her twin. “Please be our friend,” he said to Brienne. “I have to be friends with the daughter of Selwyn Tarth.”

“Jaime!” Cersei glared. “Lannisters do not beg for anything. Especially not friendship with—with some girl.”

Brienne looked between them both, alarmed at how things were going. “Why don’t we just see what happens?” she asked Jaime weakly, trying to ignore how his face fell into something hard and cruel...
That moment set something into place between Jaime Lannister and Brienne Tarth. Her outright refusal to be his friend made him irrationally mad, glaring at her throughout the ride, and talking about people and things she didn’t know about to his sister, who talked to Jaime eagerly about all of it.

Jaime had been excited to make a friend that didn’t belong to his family, but she, an ugly, giant of a witch, refused his friendship.

He deliberately ignored the fact that it was Cersei’s withering glances at Brienne that caused Brienne to tremble and refuse his offer, because Cersei was just Cersei — she wasn’t frightening.

When the Sorting Hat placed him in Gryffindor, separating him from his beloved twin, he was miserable. Gryffindors and Slytherins were not known to get along, after all. When the hat placed Brienne into Gryffindor, all of his misery turned into anger, because she, a stupid, mean-spirited witch, had to be placed into his house while Cersei wasn’t.

Brienne tried to apologize to him, but it was too late, he had decided that she was his enemy.

But she was the only first year in his house that was his enemy. By the end of September, Jaime quickly became the most popular boy in Gryffindor, even charming the pants off the older students, including a few second-year girls who’d bat their eyes at him.

Brienne, however, had the opposite problem. She sat alone, or as alone as she could sit in the crowded table at the Great Hall, hiding in the library for hours. None of the other first year girls in Gryffindor liked her much, calling her slow, ugly, and sullen (one mean-spirited first year called Brienne a relative of a troll). The professors didn’t seem to expect much of her either after the first week since every time she was called on unexpectedly, she seemed to take ten minutes to create a suitable answer to the question.

Yet, she beat everyone on the actual examinations, even Jaime, who was remarkably a quick study (which suited him well since he rarely studied at all) and when she quietly corrected Jaime’s wand grip when they were partnered in Transfiguration, Jaime couldn’t take it any longer.

“Why do you act so stupid when you’re actually smart?” he asked Brienne. Irritably, he corrected his grip to match Brienne’s demonstration.

She stiffened. “I don’t know what you mean,” she said, her face set in a stubborn, ugly expression.

Jaime rolled his eyes. “Fine, then, have it your way. Be friendless forever.”

“It’s your fault I don’t have any friends,” Brienne hissed, sparks flying off her wand. She quickly doused them with her robe, blushing.

Jaime almost grinned. He had never seen Brienne angry before. It was delightful. “And how is that?”

“Everyone likes you,” she grumbled. “And since you don’t like me, no one else does.”

“Or it’s because you don’t talk. And, on the rare occasions when you do, all you’re doing is lecturing people on how to grip their wands and reminding us that we shouldn’t break the rules.”

“It will cost Gryffindor points if we break rules! It’s not fair to the rest of the house.”

“Fair? Who cares if it’s fair? Everyone breaks the rules sometimes.”
Brienne glared. “You’re impossible.”

“And you’re annoying.”

The two first-years exchanged such heated looks that it cemented a hatred that had only been known by few others.

It would take years until their relationship defrosted.

And it was all thanks to the girl who started their dislike in the first place.

Chapter End Notes

It was so weird writing them as eleven year olds. I cannot express how weird it is. But I hope I captured their pre-adolescent selves all right. The next chapter they'll be a few years older.
Chapter Summary

Cersei demands a party and Jaime and Brienne accidentally develop a friendship.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When Cersei turned fourteen she demanded a party at the Lannister family mansion. Tywin, to Jaime’s surprise, agreed to her demands.

The Lannister twins were ecstatic, writing a massive amount of letters to send out into the magical world with little care for the weight the owls had to bear. Jaime wrote out invitations to all the friends in his year as well as his Quidditch friends, even inviting the terrible Brienne since she made the team a chaser the year before (but that didn’t matter, Jaime was better than she was, or so all of his friends said). Cersei, meanwhile, only invited the friends that she believed would help her in the coming years. Or that she liked very much. The Kettleblack brothers (Jaime thought they were both awful), some Slytherin girl named Taena, some distant Lannister cousins — her crowd was much smaller than Jaime’s but that didn’t matter.

Everyone was coming.

Or almost everyone, Jaime realized not long after he wrote out his invitations after he went downstairs a few days before the party. His father was staring up at him, Cersei beside him. “What’s the matter?” he asked them, trying to keep his smile from falling.

“Young sister has informed me that you have chosen to invite… children who have no magical parentage?”

Jaime thought of Addam Marbrand, his best friend in the whole world, and Arthur Dayne, the captain of the Gryffindor Quidditch team (and who was probably in the running for next year’s Head Boy). They were just two of the many friends of his that were Muggle-born. Jaime didn’t even know how many Muggle-born friends he had. He didn’t think about it much. Or care.

But he knew he was stupid to forget that his father did care — that Tywin cared very, very much.

“Yes,” Jaime answered, raising his chin up. “I did.”

Tywin Lannister still towered over Jaime, but they both knew it wasn’t much longer before they would be at matching heights — only a year or so.

“Mudbloods are not welcome here,” Jaime’s father said, his eyes sharp. He did not need to reach for his wand.

The threat was there.

“They’re already invited,” Jaime lied.

“Jaime,” Cersei said. She grew more beautiful every day, Jaime knew. Every boy in his year drooled
over her when they thought he wasn’t looking. But they wouldn’t drool over her, if they heard what came out of her mouth next. “They’re just mudbloods.”

Jaime finally realized the truth of his family. He ignored the comments before, about mudbloods and purebloods, not truly understanding the poisonous nature of it all, and not truly caring either. Now it was all too clear.

“I’m not uninviting them. That’s rude,” Jaime declared as if he had actually invited them already, grabbing the hilt of his wand. He’d be expelled or worse for using his wand, especially against his own father, but —

He was terrified of what Tywin would do to a disobedient son. He had seen his father punish people before.

Tywin was on the Wizengamot for a reason. And that reason was because he was very good at punishments.

“I already did,” Tywin said. “Your guests have been limited to a particular group of twenty-five.”

“That’s more than half of my friends gone from the list!” Jaime shouted. He almost dropped his wand in his anger.

“Yes, that is correct.” Tywin looked at his son in a way that made Jamie grip his wand tighter. “Don’t let it happen again,” Tywin warned. With those foreboding words, Tywin Lannister swept away, his black, pillowing robes flowing behind him. Cersei followed, only looking back at her brother once, a strange look on her face.

Jaime almost hated her.

But couldn’t manage it. She just wanted to be like their Father. And he loved her too much to hate her something like that.

The night of the party arrived swiftly, much to Jaime’s horror. Cersei looked stunning in sparkling red dress robes, made up of the softest silk. Lancel, their second-year cousin, hung off her arm. They were so attached it was almost as if Lancel was Cersei’s wand. Or as if someone placed a Sticky Charm on Cersei’s ass, the way Lancel was kissing up to it.

Metaphorically, of course.

Jaime, in a way to punish his father, chose to wear a t-shirt and jeans to his own party. Muggle clothes always seemed to bother Tywin when other witches and wizards chose to wear it, Tywin believed it was another way Muggle-borns were attempting to ruin magical heritage.

However, Tywin didn’t raise an eyebrow at his son’s attempt at open rebellion.

Almost none of Jaime’s friends came, the rumor being that his father was a tyrant, and no one wanted to party with a tyrant. Or so Oberyn Martell informed Jaime right before leering at Cersei, who was now surrounded by a group of purebloods. All of her friends came, they wanted to only associate with purebloods.

“When are you here then?” Jaime asked Oberyn. “I thought you and your family hated pureblood sentiment. Aren't the Martells called blood traitors for a reason?”

Oberyn waved his hand. “I’m here because of your lovely invitation. I thought you never even liked me, yet here was this handwritten invitation hanging from the claw a beautiful owl.”
“Oh shut up, Martell.”

Oberyn smirked. “Plus, your sister is here.”

Jaime scowled. “I don’t know if you’ll pass her test of purity, being a blood traitor after all.”

“Oh, I expect I can convince her.” Oberyn winked. It was the sort of wink that made Jaime want to hex someone. “And don’t be so harsh. She’s just learning from your Father. I am quite sure I can persuade her otherwise.”

If only the idiot could, Jaime thought before drowning his sorrows in a punchbowl filled with golden butterbeer.

He wished it was filled with Firewhiskey.

Brienne pulled at the pink dress robe that Miss Roelle put her in. It was an ugly shade of pink, looking almost like vomit rather than the color of the sunrise that was promised by the shopkeep in Diagon Alley.

Galladon was supposed to take her to the Lannister’s by side-apparation, now that he was an adult wizard he could do that, but sidled out of it at the last minute. “Got a date with a muggle girl. She thinks I’m just absolutely dreamy,” he winked at Brienne.

So instead of being whisked away by her cool older brother, Brienne was forced to ride the Knight Bus with Miss Roelle. “I wish corsets were still in style,” Miss Roelle said, scowling at Brienne’s flat chest. “You have absolutely no waist or breasts, how are you ever going to find a pureblooded boy to marry?”

“What if I fall in love with a muggle?” Brienne asked, almost hoping she would to spite Miss Roelle. “Galladon is on a date with one right now.”

Miss Roelle only sniffed, showing her opinion of Galladon’s date without saying a word.

When the Knight Bus jolted to a stop, the back of Brienne’s head almost hitting the window, Miss Roelle shooed Brienne off. “Don’t embarrass the Tarth name,” she warned Brienne, sniffing the air as if she could smell the richness of the food that awaited the teenager. Her nostrils were wide and dark and Brienne wondered if Miss Roelle had ever accidentally inhaled a fly.

But she knew better than to ask. “I won’t. I promise.”

This was a lie. Not that Brienne wanted it to be a lie. She was just quite sure that wearing this outfit at Jaime Lannister’s party was the stupidest idea. He’d be cruel to her the moment she’d walk in and she’d desperately want to clutch at her wand and hex him but she wouldn’t be able to. Not in his own home.

Well, also because she was still underage and the Ministry would remove her from Hogwarts if they suspected underage age magic outside of Hogwarts property.

Which wasn’t fair really! How was she supposed to practice incantations and charms if she wasn’t allowed to use magic in the summer! She ought to write a letter to the Ministry… but why would they listen to her? She wasn’t smart or charismatic. She was boring and stupid.

Or so all of her classmates said.
Why was she going to this party again?

Brienne blocked out those thoughts as she was welcomed into the Lannister house by a stout blond man with a close-shaved beard. He had kind eyes although they also looked rather weary, and when he introduced himself as Jaime’s uncle, she understood why. She’d be weary too if her nephew was Jaime Lannister.

(And if her niece was Cersei.)

“Down the hall and to your left is the ballroom,” he said, guiding her past moving portraits of Lannister ancestors, who seemed to sneer at her appearance. Brienne only swallowed. A ballroom? Who on earth needed a ballroom? Or had one?

“Thank you,” Brienne replied, unsure of what else to do.

“it is no trouble,” Jaime’s uncle said unsmiling. “Just open the door and you’ll see all your friends.”

It was nice to think, that at least to Jaime’s uncle, Brienne seemed like the type of person who would have friends.

Too bad she didn’t have any.

This feeling of loneliness was never more present than when Brienne walked into the Lannister’s ballroom. While it was less crowded than Brienne had imagined it would be, considering Jaime’s large group of friends at Hogwarts, it was still full of people that Brienne had never dared to speak to. Beautiful witches and wizards who looked more like the posters of teenagers that muggles stuck onto the side of stone buildings in London than real teenagers.

Everyone looked better than she did, which wasn’t a surprise, but it was a wonder to look at. Golden dress robes gleamed in the light of the chandelier that hung above them, while characters in portraits lingered above, watching the spectacle with worn eyes.

Or at least that’s what Brienne imagined they were doing. The portraits were hung well above where Brienne could see. There was no way on earth for her to see exactly what the portraits were up to — at least not without a wave of her wand.

“Brienne,” someone said, causing Brienne to turn right into the person she feared seeing most.

Cersei Lannister.

“Happy Birthday,” Brienne said automatically, politeness overcoming her fear. She reached into her dress robes for the present she was ordered to purchase by Miss Roelle.

It was a set of small ruby earrings. Brienne had picked it out knowing how much Cersei enjoyed the color red, despite being a Slytherin, an enemy of Gryffindor house. Cersei seemed to wear red whenever she had the chance to do so.

Cersei opened the box without a curl of her lips. “Very nice,” was all she said before she called out a strange name. Brienne winced at the sound. “Fetch Tyrion,” she told the house-elf that suddenly appeared with a pop beside her. “Make him put these away.”

“I could do that for you, Mistress —“ the house-elf said, with a strange sort of longing in his voice that made Brienne want to look away from the sight. But Cersei only laughed at his suggestion.

A hard laugh. “Tyrion can do a nice favor for his sister on her birthday, can’t he? Fetch the little
imp."

With another pop, the house-elf disappeared.

“Thank you for inviting me,” Brienne said, after a few moments of Cersei staring up at her.

“You have my Father to thank for this… pleasure. Now leave my sight, I’d rather not be staring at a
troll on my day.”

Brienne could feel her shoulders slump, but kept her face neutral as Cersei whisked herself away, the
ends of her scarlet dress robe caressing Brienne’s knees. Brienne stood there for another moment,
unsure of what she should do, as she watched the rest of her classmates laugh and drink butterbeer
together.

She was so rarely invited to parties that she forgot how terrible they were.

Not that she had high hopes for this one, but… perhaps she did actually. Perhaps in the back of her
mind, hope that someone would, at least, talk to her without making her feel… small.

When Jaime saw that the troll had arrived at his party, his temper slightly lifted. After all, it was hard
to feel glum in comparison to Brienne Tarth.

She was just so sallow and gigantic — it made him feel as if his problems were miniscule. At least he
didn’t have to go around looking and acting like that. At least people didn’t assume he was stupid in
addition to ugly.

Cersei went up to Brienne and he watched, with amusement, Brienne’s face turn from the color of
parchment to the color of a quaffle. He supposed if he were a better person he would have pitied
Brienne, but in reality, it only made his night a little brighter to see someone more miserable than
himself.

He walked over to her in almost a jaunty way, the urge to whistle an old Weird Sisters’ tune almost

“Happy Birthday,” she mumbled, reaching into her robes. For a moment, Jaime thought she was
holding onto her wand, but instead, it was a small golden lion perched upon a platform. He was
about to grab it when the lion moved, twisting his skull to look right into Jaime’s eyes and roared.

The breath from the roar felt a little like one of those miniature fans muggles carried around on hot
summer days. Jaime had used one once when Arthur Dayne and he had been practicing for a
particularly tough upcoming Quidditch match.

The lion stopped roaring and peered at Jaime instead, his emerald eyes looking more alive than dead.

“What is this?” Jaime asked, trying not to sound too awed.

“I found it at a vendor in Diagon Alley, one of the new ones that cropped up last year,” Brienne said,
her hand still outstretched. Jaime took the lion from her, accidentally touching her hand in the
process.

It was a very sweaty hand. Was she really that nervous?

The lion yawned in Jaime’s hand and curled up like a cat laying about in the afternoon sun. “What’s
its purpose?” Jaime asked, feeling quite unsure of what to do with the little lion in his hand.
“To look nice, I suppose? Or perhaps it could be used as a letter weight?” Brienne paled. He wondered if she thought through the gift at all.

“Thanks, I guess,” he said, before whistling.

“I just thought — “ she started to say until Jaime raised his eyebrows.

“Well?” he asked.

Brienne straightened her shoulders and looked Jaime in the eye.

She had beautiful eyes, Jaime was startled to realize while she spoke in a measured voice. “You’re a Gryffindor and your family sigil is a lion. I thought it was the perfect gift for a Gryffindor Lannister.”

He almost smiled a real smile at her, but folded it away before it could appear. “Have you had any butterbeer yet?”

She shook her head no and he sighed. “Well, let me have this lion put away and then we’ll go get some.”

“Why are you being nice to me?” she asked, almost too quietly for Jaime to hear while he called for Freckles, his favorite house-elf.

Freckles appeared beside him too quickly for Jamie to answer Brienne’s strange question, but he wasn’t alone. Tyrion was beside him, looking almost… happy.

“Cersei wanted me to help!” Tyrion said in a way that made Jaime want to shield Tyrion from Brienne. Or rather, from everyone in the room.

“With what?” Jaime asked instead, forcing a smile at his little brother, hoping, praying, that their father did not catch Tyrion out of his room.

But Tyrion didn’t answer, he was too busy gawking at Brienne who was very politely trying not to gawk back. “Who are you?”

“Brienne Tarth… I go to Hogwarts with your brother and sister.”

Freckles coughed, “What did you need, Master Jaime?”

Jaime realized he was still holding his lion. “Oh take this please, put it on my desk in my room.”

“Right away, Master Jaime!” Freckles said, before popping away. Brienne winced at the noise and Jaime wondered if she had ever even seen a house-elf before today.

“Ah, there’s Tyrion,” Cersei said, sliding next to Jaime.

“You needed help?” Tyrion asked, his mismatched eyes wide.

“Cersei,” Jaime warned, but Cersei only smirked.

“Come, Tyrion wear these for me,” Cersei said, holding out a small pair of ruby earrings. “I need to see how they’ll look on ears before I dare to put them on mine.”

Brienne’s jaw dropped as quickly as Tyrion’s smile disappeared. “What are you doing?” Jaime hissed, grabbing Cersei’s arm hard. “Leave him alone.”
“These are a trashy pair of earrings and only trash deserves to wear them,” she snapped back, loud enough for Brienne to hear. Jaime glanced back, ashamed of his sister’s comments. He expected Brienne to cower as she typically did when Cersei was involved, but instead, a fire was lit in her blue eyes. He couldn’t stop staring at her. She looked like a warrior — an auror — a fearsome sort of witch.

It was captivating.

“He is your brother. Not trash.” Brienne’s lip trembled with righteous anger. “You’re the one who is cruel and petty.”

Jaime was just glad their father wasn’t in here at this moment, especially as Tyrion was now looking at Brienne with awe. He could only imagine what Tywin would say in regards to that.

Cersei only smiled poisonously. “Do you always have to be such a troll?”

Brienne’s jaw twitched. “I may look like a troll but you act like one.”

With that thunderous statement, which was greeted with hushed laughter on the other side of the ballroom, Jaime knew he had to get in the middle of them if he wanted to prevent any bloodshed. Cersei looked likely to rip Brienne’s hair off. “Stop,” he ordered, using the most commanding, Tywin-like voice he could muster. “Cersei, just put away your earrings or give them back to Brienne if you hate them.”

Cersei glared at him, threw the earrings to the ground, and then swiftly walked away from them. “Cersei!” he called after her, but she ignored him, walking into one of the antechambers adjacent to the ballroom.

“I’m sorry,” Brienne said, “I shouldn’t have lost my temper.”

Jaime looked at her and laughed. “You don’t look sorry.”

She flushed. “Well, she deserved it.”

Tyrion bent over and picked up the earrings. “Do you want them back?” he asked, almost gently, as if he felt sorry for Brienne.

Brienne shook her head, “I don’t wear jewelry. Keep them. Maybe one day you’ll meet a nice witch who will like them, Tyrion.”

Tyrion grinned, “I hope I meet several nice witches.”

Brienne’s eyes grew wide and Jaime couldn’t help but laugh.

“*There are some things you can’t share without ending up liking each other, and knocking out a twelve-foot mountain troll is one of them.*” — **J.K. Rowling, Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone**

Chapter End Notes

I'm the worst because not only did this take me forever, I still haven't reached the part of
the story where any of the three original prompts could be filled! However, the next chapter will be filling one of the prompts!

Also, literally the only house-elf name i could come up with was Freckles for some reason. I don't even know.

Anyways sorry that I'm the worst and am taking forever to write this! But I hope you enjoyed this chapter!
The Visit to the Library

Chapter Summary

Adolescent feelings start showing up for a certain Mr. Jaime Lannister.

Chapter Notes

One of the original prompts finally gets filled: "for J/B from the HP aus: "we’re partners for an essay project in history of magic and we need to get a book from the restricted section, but i’m not sure how the books are organized in this section, and you won’t stop trying to find weird sex books, like, no i don’t think they keep the wizard’s kama sutra in the restricted section, what is wrong with you?" (because come ooon that's so them)"

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Although Jaime and Brienne had become friends, it was a fragile sort of relationship. Easily breakable and insecure, they tried to maintain cordiality with each other, although this was changed by Christmas.

At Christmas, it was revealed that a new pro-pureblood plot had begun to infiltrate the wizarding world.

And many suspected Tywin Lannister to be its ringleader.

This was due to the Daily Prophet’s sly remarks on the subject, one particular journalist, the older brother of Oberyn Martell, Doran Martell, was out for blood regarding Mr. Lannister and his associates. Jaime tried not to pay attention to it, but as the rumors grew, so did his anger.

Jaime didn’t doubt that his father was for purebloods over Muggleborns, he knew this first-hand that this was true, but he also knew his father wasn’t stupid enough to get his hands dirty like most of the other pro-pureblood houses. Tywin Lannister did not settle battles with a wand, but with a quill. He was a Ravenclaw after all.

So when the news of the arrest came, Jaime had no idea what to think or what to do.

The Daily Prophet did not answer any questions Jaime had about why his father had been arrested, his father was only included in a list of names amongst a few others Jaime faintly recognized. Gregor Clegane was on there as was Amory Lorch, two men Jaime had never liked. He always left to go fly on his broomstick when they were visiting the manor. Their horrible faces and gruesome manners made even Cersei wince, although she typically stayed and listened in on the meetings when allowed.

He wondered if she knew anything.

Bogged down with his troubles at home, Jaime became a recluse at Hogwarts. People he thought would be his friends forever called him terrible names to his face or whispered about him behind his
back. Only a few stood by him. Brienne was one of the few, although she was not quite so close to him. She was more like a shadow that attempted to hide amongst the small crowd that supported Jaime. A very large shadow.

But others were not so kind. Former friends of Jaime’s sneered at him and he sneered back, unwilling to admit that the arrest of his Father was probably justified. Most of his real friends understood Jaime’s unwillingness, but many did not.

“Death Eater,” a Hufflepuff spat - the liquid landing on Jaime’s sneakers.

Muggle-made sneakers.

Jaime whirled at the instigator and revealed his wand, and within moments, a duel was taking place.

“What are you doing?!” a voice demanded.

It was Brienne, looking down at them all with disgust and, for a moment, Jaime was ashamed. But it was for only a moment because while his back was turned, the Hufflepuff cast a Jelly-Leg jinx and suddenly Jaime fell to the stone floor, almost cracking his head.

“Expelliarmus!” Brienne shouted, and the Hufflepuff’s wand flew down the corridor.

“How dare you—“

“Silencio!” Brienne said and suddenly the Hufflepuff shut up.

Jaime grinned, although his legs were still quite wobbly. “Thanks for that,” he said cheerfully to Brienne.

She helped him up while rolling her eyes. “Why were you even dueling? It’s not allowed.”

“Such a goody-goody,” he muttered.

She only stared at him, a frown beginning to develop on her face. Her eyes were puffy, he realized, as if she had been crying recently. “Hey, what’s the matter?”

“Nothing.” she said shortly, “And we better leave before your friend there fetches his wand and learns how to speak.” She walked away without looking back and he followed her.

“Isn’t Silencio a fifth year Charm? How’d you already learn it? That’s a whole year ahead of us.” he asked, trying to keep up. Her long legs allowed her to be faster than him and this annoyed Jaime.

“I— I have a lot of free time,” she said, slowing down as if she just noticed he was behind her. “So I study.”

Jaime grinned. “You need a life.”

He regretted saying this immediately.

“If you think, Jaime Lannister, that I saved your — your ASS, just to be insulted by your stupid face then I —“

As she spoke, his mind flew away and he suddenly imagined kissing her. This daydream was abruptly interrupted by the realization that kissing her was the strangest idea he had ever had.

“Are you even listening to me?” Brienne demanded, her face red. She was so unattractive, Jaime
mused, yet…

“I am,” he lied.

Brienne stared at him. “You’re a terrible liar,” she informed him, flatly.

“Possibly,” he agreed, “but I’m still better than most. Now, should we go to the common room or adjourn somewhere even more cozy.”

Brienne’s blue eyes widened. “Excuse me?”

This was too much fun, Jaime decided. “I just mean that now that you saved me, I can assure you that everyone will know that you saved me within the hour, so you’re now going to be labeled either my girlfriend,” Brienne blanched at this and Jaime tried not to feel offended, “or a pureblood sympathizer. AKA a Death Eater.”

“I’m neither of those things,” she stated with a stubborn look on her face. “And no one would believe either. I’m too ugly to be the first and too… not death eater-y to be the second.”

He decided it was safer to leave her first statement alone so he only touched the second. “I didn’t know being not death eater-y was a thing,” Jaime said, amused by the idea.

“Now that that is settled,” Brienne said, returning to her normally stubborn expression, “I’m going to my room.”

“I’d go with you but the last time I tried to go to the girl’s side, the stairs turned into a slide. Very inconvenient.”

She turned red again, “I don’t want you to go with me!”

“Cleaning your wand then?” he asked with a lascivious wink.

As Jaime sat in the Hospital Wing, with Madame Pomfrey fussing over his temporarily paralyzed body, he realized he probably deserved the Full Body-Bind curse that Brienne sent at him.

It was almost worth it, seeing her eyes that blue and angry.

“I can’t believe we finally get to go to the Restricted Section for our project,” Brienne said to Jaime, her voice low and hushed, as they passed by the librarian. It had been weeks since the duel and although she had performed a curse on Jaime, it only seemed to make Jaime like her more. When she came to visit him at the Hospital Wing during the Christmas feast to apologize with a basket filled with chocolate frogs, he only smiled at her and said not to bother. And then thanked her for visiting him, trying not to laugh at her look of astonishment. Brienne had been the only one to visit him, after all (not even Cersei showed up, apparently his injuries weren’t terrible enough for her to visit… even during Christmas) although he decided not to reveal that tidbit to Brienne.

It wouldn’t do to have her pitying him, after all. She was the one who deserved pity, this friendless girl who lumbered around after him, with a face that would scare off trolls.

Or so he told himself.

Jaime rolled his eyes. “It’s just books,” he replied, trying not to laugh at her enthusiasm.

“Restricted books,” Brienne corrected.
“Maybe you should have been in Ravenclaw,” Jaime teased, although it came out half-hearted due to his sudden yawn which was loud enough to make another student glare at them. He glared back.

“Shh!” Brienne admonished.

Jaime rolled his eyes at her reprimand. “I can’t believe we have to go in here for History of Magic of all things. And how did you even manage to get him to sign the permission slip? He’s a ghost!”

“I made him come with me to tell the librarian yesterday that you and I needed to use books that were in the Restricted Section.”

Jaime stopped in his tracks. “You made Professor Binns do something?”

Brienne kept walking. “No, I didn’t make him.”

“No, you had to, he doesn’t DO anything,” Jaime said, in awe. He quickly caught up with her as she entered the Restricted Section.

The Restricted Section had never held much interest for Jaime, although he knew when Tyrion came to Hogwarts (Don’t you mean if? A voice that sounded like Cersei’s taunted him) he would be climbing over the barriers to read all of it. His little brother was a Ravenclaw through and through. Much like their Father as much as Tywin would hate to admit it.

“Jaime?” Brienne said, crinkling her nose. “Do you think this is what we need?”

Jaime laughed outright when he saw the book in Brienne’s hands. It was a book he had once peeked at in his Uncle Gerion’s flat. “That’s not the book we need. Unless you’d like to learn how witches and wizards used witch burnings to make themselves orgasm.”

Brienne kept a steady expression as she put it down. “I thought they used a tickling spell, to make themselves laugh,” she only said, almost too quietly for Jaime to hear.

“Most did,” Jaime grinned. “But you know there’s always someone who wants to go further than that.”

“Disgusting,” Brienne muttered, her face turning red.

She looked horrible, Jaime decided, her face all blotchy, but still enjoyed looking at her. “And this book here,” he said, pointing to another he had definitely seen in his Uncle Gerion’s hands although his uncle had tried to hide it, “is all about how to use wands as ——”

“Don’t you dare say another word, Jaime Lannister,” Brienne glowered.

Jaime grinned cheekily back at her. She blushed again although this time it seemed different to Jaime, although he couldn’t say why that would be. Brienne was often quite unfathomable to him.

“Just please help me look for the books,” Brienne pleaded.

Although he wanted to push her farther, to see what she would do, if her blue eyes would flash at him again, he sensed this was not the time. “Fine,” he sighed. “If only to get this stupid project done. The captain will kill us if we have to miss another Quidditch practice.”

“Arthur will only kill you,” Brienne corrected smugly, taking out another book, this one, unfortunately, related to their actual project topic. “I haven’t missed any.”
Jaime flushed. This was true. Jaime had received quite a few detentions since news of his father’s arrest broken out. Arthur Dayne had looked so disappointed in him the last time Jaime had to inform him of his detention.

“Jaime,” Arthur had sighed, “If you miss another one, I’ll have to remove you from the team.”

Jaime’s jaw had dropped. “But it’s the middle of the season and we’re playing Hufflepuff next! With Renly Baratheon as seeker! Gryffindor will lose if you remove me!”

“We’ll lose if you keep missing practice,” Arthur had answered, his eyes weary. “It’s not fair that you’re putting me in this position. The team comes first. Your wounded pride doesn’t matter here.”

And it was true, Jaime realized. The team had to come first.

“How do you think we’ll do against Baratheon?” Jaime asked Brienne.

Brienne dropped the book she had been examining and fell to the floor on her knees immediately to find it. “Oh, um, I don’t know,” she said, her voice wavering.

“Do you need help down there?”

“No, I’m fine,” she said, popping back up, her face red.

Jaime put two and two together. “You like that idiot,” he said, a laugh bubbling out of his chest.

“I do not,” she growled and pushed past him, almost tripping over her robe as she did. She straightened herself out and then glared at Jaime as if it was his fault that she tripped. And then, with her head held high, left the Restricted Section.

With a weary sigh, one that made him sound a bit too much like Arthur Dayne, Jaime followed her out.

Chapter End Notes

I actually have had this written for two weeks but was attempting to add a Quidditch match in there. But, like JK, I find them horribly hard to write, so we’ll see if that ends up happening next chapter or not.

And I tried to end it better but nothing was working so I apologize for that! I hope you enjoyed the chapter anyhow!
The Quidditch Match

Chapter Summary

Some misadventures but mostly just a very disappointing quidditch game.

Chapter Notes

No Jaime POV this chapter, it's all Brienne!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“This is the most important match of our lives!” Arthur Dayne said, brandishing his broomstick like a wand for dramatic effect, the bristly end almost hitting Loras Tyrell in the face, who swatted it away much better than he had ever swatted away bludgers.

Brienne bit her bottom lip to hold back a snort at her captain’s words. Arthur Dayne said the same exact speech about every Quidditch match and only Jaime seemed to take his lectures seriously. Although… even Jaime looked close to rolling his eyes this time.

Arthur continued on, unaware that very few of his teammates were paying attention. “We have to face the best seeker Hogwarts has ever seen since Harry Potter!” He suddenly stopped and blushed. “No offense meant to Addam.”

Addam Marbrand only shrugged. “He’s better than me. And, cheer up, captain, at least it’s not raining.”

Brienne privately thought the clouds overhead looked rather dark and stormy, but decided it was best to not say anything.

Second year Ygritte evidently disagreed with Brienne’s thought for she spoke up. “It’s not raining yet,” she corrected Addam, her brow furrowed. “And Renly’s overrated. He’s all showy southern nonsense. Not that Addam isn’t either,” Ygritte grinned, “but we’ve taught him some actual skills.”

“Thanks, Ygritte,” Addam said wryly, while Loras glared at the Northerner, silently fuming. He looked like a tomato.

“The other Baratheons were better,” Ygritte continued, oblivious of (or pretending to be) Loras’ glare. “Robert Baratheon, for one. He was of our own from years ago and I heard enough about him to know he knew what he was doing.”

Jaime snorted but said nothing. Brienne remembered that Jaime never got on with Robert Baratheon, even when the rest of the second years idolized their Quidditch captain at the time. Jaime just didn’t like Robert and Brienne had never figured out why that was the case.

“And last year, Stannis was the reason we didn’t even make it to the finals! Or don’t you remember how well he defended the goals?” Ygritte demanded, her broom almost falling out of her grip as she
placed her hands on her hips in a defiant position. Brienne admired the fiery Northerner, but sometimes she spoke too plainly. No one on the team had any love for Stannis, especially not Brienne.

He blocked every one of her shots at goal last year, which wasn’t a good experience, but the worst insult came when she heard him lambast his own brother, Renly, right to his face. Renly, one of the only wizards in the entirety of Hogwarts to offer a kind word to Brienne, didn’t deserve that, especially from his own family. Renly, the handsomest of his brothers, Renly, the most wonderful boy in all of existence, didn’t deserve anything but love and kindness — especially from his family.

Brienne flushed as she remembered what she had recently seen, and put a hand to her cheek, hoping no one would notice. Jaime would notice, she suspected because he always seemed to notice, but she was praying that he wouldn’t.

But it was hard not to blush, remembering the sight she had found in the hall weeks ago, only a half-hour before she found Jaime fighting that other boy… and then just minutes later she cursed Jaime to oblivion. (He deserved it.)

Renly Baratheon and Loras Tyrell locked into a passionate embrace in a dark, shadowy corner near the kitchens. It was horrifically embarrassing to spot them together when… when she had entertained daydreams of being locked into a passionate embrace with Renly Baratheon! It was just too awful and the only good thing about it was that she had no close friends so no one knew.

Well, Jaime suspected, but he had no confirmation. And Brienne intended to keep it that way.

For as long as possible.

The match was a disaster.

First… the rain fell down from the black sky, harder and faster than any bludger. Then, Jaime almost slid off his broom, when Renly zipped past him, chasing the snitch, right as Brienne was passing. To top it all off, Renly grabbed the snitch right in front of Addam who had been looking everywhere for the golden ball, everywhere but right in front of him, that was.

Jaime was irate. “What were you doing out there?”

Addam threw him a glance, his eyes sharp. “More than what you were doing. Perhaps if you used your broomstick to get in Renly’s way rather than falling on your ass we would have won.” Brienne gave Addam a double take. Addam was a friend of Jaime’s so it was weird to hear him sound so harsh. Perhaps it was Jaime’s father’s fall that had Addam sour — not Jaime’s.

“He didn’t actually fall,” Ygritte pointed out rightfully as she bit into a chicken leg. At least she wasn’t letting their defeat get her spirits down, Brienne thought before sighing. Only Arthur looked over when she did, smiling. He was able to read her thoughts almost as well as Jaime at times, much to Brienne’s dismay.

“I think that’s enough game analysis,” Arthur said. “We have another chance to win the whole thing, depending on who wins the next match.”

“You mean if Ravenclaw beats Hufflepuff?” Loras asked.

Arthur nodded and then smiled as he got up from his seat. “I’m going to shower now, I suggest you all do the same.”
Brienne kept sitting at the table, hoping that the rest of her teammates would leave her be and she could finally eat. Most of them did, which Brienne was grateful for. It was hard to eat when everyone was so tense, she half-suspected that Loras and Jaime would duel each other if they could. They were now staring at each other so intensely that she was sure there was fire and steam blowing out of their ears. She wished they would both just leave instead of glaring at each other. Instead, of course, they began to bicker. Brienne sighed. She would never be free of it.

Or so she thought until Renly saved her — as Renly always saved her, with a smile. “Oh, Loras, good game,” he said as he passed by their table, grinning mischievously. “And you too, Brienne,” he added, pointedly ignoring Jaime.

Jaime rolled his eyes but said nothing. But Loras looked up at Renly adoringly. “Are you going to the library?”

Renly’s smile grew, although Brienne wasn’t sure how that was possible. It was already enormously wide and charming. “Why, yes, I am.”

“I’ll join you!” Loras announced, leaping out of his seat to follow Renly out. The two boys chattered so quickly and wildly as they left that Brienne could not understand a word of what they were saying. Remembering what she had seen the other day, she was suddenly grateful she couldn’t. It would just be embarrassing.

Highly embarrassing.

Jaime watched them leave with a devilish expression that Brienne did not like. It was too knowing. And the way he looked back at her did not help her feelings. Only Addam’s yelp as Ygritte attempted to accio a chicken leg separated her from Jaime’s gaze.

“Why’d you do that, Ygritte?” Addam asked, rubbing his chin and grimacing. There was sauce on his face so Brienne handed him a napkin.

He took it gratefully and then returned to glaring at Ygritte who was happily munching on her chicken leg. “Don’t know,” she said briefly before devouring the rest of her meal.

Jaime laughed but then his attention was on Brienne once again. She tried to ignore him, hoping that by staring at her food he’d leave her be, but, instead, he spoke up. “You did good out there, wench.”

She met his eyes and was annoyed to find laughter in them. “What did you call me?”

“What did you call me?” he said cheerfully. “You looked like a wench out there today and so that’s what you will be called from now on.”

“She doesn’t look like a wench to me,” Ygritte said. Addam nodded in agreement but Jaime ignored them.

“No, she’s a wench.”

Brienne clenched her jaw. It would only take a moment to curse him to oblivion, but she decided against it. She wanted to be prefect next year and if she kept cursing Jaime, they’d never allow it.

“I’m not a wench.”

Jaime removed himself from his seat, grinning all the while. “I’ll see you later, wench,” he said, as if she had not spoken at all. He then left the Great Hall, whistling loudly and it was the whistle that made Brienne leave Ygritte and Addam behind.
She chased after Jaime, feeling a strong desire to yell at him or kick him or something, but his stride was becoming longer than hers. They were of the same height now, which Jaime was entirely too pleased about, although Brienne suspected she wasn’t yet done growing. Then again, mostly likely neither was Jaime.

“Jaime!” she yelled out as she followed him up one of the moving staircases. It wasn’t taking them anywhere familiar but she tried not to worry. “Where are you going?”

He grinned at her when she finally caught up. “You’ll see.”

And with that he chattered about nonsense (“Did you do the Herbology paper yet? I’ve only written about an inch — which you know is how long Renly’s-“ “STOP!”) and eventually lead her to the seventh floor corridor.

“We should be showering off,” Brienne frowned.

“Are you inviting me to shower with you?” Jaime asked. She just glared in reply.

He shook his head. “But, anyway... Brienne, look, think of what you need.”

“I need a break from you,” she said.


Brienne blinked. “Wait a moment... is this the Room of Requirement?”

Jaime’s face fell. He looked quite crestfallen. He almost looked more upset about this than his father’s recent imprisonment, she thought. “How did you know about that?”

“I spent the first three years at Hogwarts in the library,” she reminded him. “I read a lot so I know a lot.”

His gaze bore into hers then. “Well, uh,” he said, “how do you know about it, I guess? What book?”

“One of the ones about the second war with Voldemort,” she said. “They talked about how it was suspected the room was destroyed but it hid a lot of people — a lot of students.”

“Ghastly stuff.”

She stared at the stone that hid the secret room. Would she had done what those students did? Deceiving Death Eaters and rebelling against evil? Standing up for muggleborns?

She hoped she would.

“Well, it works now,” Jaime said. “I don’t know how, you know I’m rubbish at Charms, but it does.”

“This might be more Transfiguration than Charms,” Brienne said, but tried to think of something she needed.

She needed a rest really. She was tired and missed her house by the sea, where the waves hit the sand and the air tasted like salt.

“Brienne, there’s a door,” Jaime said, his voice hushed. He was right. There was a door there now. A door that had not been there moments ago. Brienne was suddenly grateful that the corridor was empty. “What did you ask for?”
She rolled her eyes, “It’s not Santa Claus. I didn’t ask for anything.”

“What did you think of?”

“Home.” Brienne blinked — she had not meant to be so candid. But Jaime looked so earnest and sincere that she couldn’t help it. “You?”

He grinned. “A hot bath.”

“Jaime,” she said, resisting a strong urge to sigh.

“What? Captain said we should clean up.”

She ignored that. “I suppose we should see what’s inside.”

“I suppose,” he grinned, before running up to the door and grabbing the handle. She rolled her eyes but hurriedly joined him in the doorway.

He waited to open the door until she was there and then he pushed the door in.

And it was perfect.

Chapter End Notes

I gave up on trying to write a quidditch match which is honestly why this took me so long to write. Sorry about the cliffhanger but it felt too perfect (heh) not to do! Hope you enjoyed and I’ll try to get the next chapter out much, much sooner!
Jaime watched Brienne as she took her first steps into the room. She was so quiet and steady. It was almost as if she was approaching a hippogriff rather than a hot sauna. The sound of waves pounding the sand somehow penetrated the room and Brienne smiled. “Did you really want a bath?”

“Look around. It seems that I told you the truth for once,” he winked, hoping to make her smile.

She didn’t. She rolled her eyes instead but kept looking around with amazement. He would consider that a win. “There’s seashells everywhere…”

There were. They crisscrossed the ceiling and walls - blue, white, and green seashells almost covered the Room of Requirement. “I think it’s supposed to be like we’re at a beach.”

“Tarth,” Brienne whispered.

“That’s your name.”

“It’s also the cottage where I live. By the sea.”

“You named your cottage after your last name?”

She turned red. “I didn’t! Someone else did that. Long ago. Before — even — my grandparent’s time.”

“How old is your cottage then?” Jaime asked her as he took off his shoes. She eyed him with disdain.

“What are you doing?” she demanded.

“I asked first.”

“I don’t know how old it is, so what are you doing?”

“I told you, I’m going to take a bath,” he removed another shoe and smiled cheekily at her. She was blushing now.

“You’re being ridiculous.”

“I’m being ridiculous? You’re being ridiculous. Hah, I get it now. Riddikulus. As if the boggart was ridiculous!”

“You just got that?” Brienne stared. “How by Merlin’s saggy left — “
“Cursing? I drove you to cursing that quickly? That must be a new record.”

“Urgh.” She threw her hands up which amused Jaime. He loved seeing her ruffled. Which is why he started to pull at his shirt. “What are you doing?” Brienne asked, redder than she was moments ago.

“You’ve seen me shirtless at practice,” Jaime reminded her with a smile.
She looked annoyed. “I told you to put it back on then too!”

“Isn’t there a muggle saying about protesting too much? Because I’d like to use it now.”

“I’m not in Muggle Studies! I wouldn’t know.”

Jaime laughed as he threw his shirt to the floor. “I’m surprised about that, to be frank with you. You always seemed like a muggle lover.”

“Excuse me?” Brienne wasn’t red any longer. She looked upset in a different way now which Jaime didn’t understand. “Muggle lover? Am I talking to your sister or you?”

Now he understood. “I’m not my family,” he said, beginning to remove his pants. He didn’t want to get them wet, but seeing Brienne look away, embarrassed, was another plus. “I like muggles.”

“Do you?” Brienne asked. “Have you talked to one?”

“Have you?” he shot back before finally sticking his feet into the tub of swirling water. It felt nice even if arguing with Brienne felt awful. “Don’t act as if you’re better than me in that regard.”

“I’ve spoken to some!” she said, finally looking back at him, although she was staring at his face with a strange sort of concentration. “Some of my relatives are muggles!”

Jaime didn’t know that. “Really? What are they like?” he asked, curious about this part of her life. “What is it like to have muggle relatives?”

“They’re nice to me,” Brienne said. “Kinder than many witches and wizards I know. I don’t really understand why we hide from them —“

“Watch their news for two-seconds and then you’ll know,” Jaime said, remembering how his father would always make sure to be apprised of muggle politics. “They always make a muck of things.”

“Look at our Ministry! We do too! It’s human nature, not muggle or magical nature.”

“And it’s better to keep us separate —“

“We can’t keep being separate forever! It won’t work forever. People will fall in love with muggles more often now than they did before —“

Jaime laughed. “Half-bloods aren’t a new thing, Brienne. They’ve always been around.”

She huffed. “I’m not stupid, Jaime.”

He smiled then. “I know. I told you that,” he said, remembering one of their conversations as first years. She had been angry then too. Righteous anger was Brienne’s go to.

She looked away again, although it didn’t seem like it was from embarrassment this time. “I should go.”
Jaime was surprised. “Why?”

“You just make me so mad. I don’t talk like this to anyone else. It’s not right. I shouldn’t speak like this. It’s not ladylike — a good witch wouldn’t say things like this.”

Jaime scoffed. “Have you heard what comes out of Cersei’s mouth?”

Brienne looked up briefly, her blue eyes flashing. He couldn’t help but stare into them as she said, “Is she really a good witch, Jaime?”

Jaime opened his mouth to argue about that but then closed it.

Cersei wasn’t a good witch.

She wasn’t even a good person.

Brienne shook her head. “See? I need to go — to take my own bath. Enjoy yours now that I’m gone.”

He gaped at her as she fled, calling out “Wait” after she was already gone.

Why did he somehow always ruin everything?

He wanted to blame his family for always putting stupid words and phrases in his mouth, but he knew better than that. He had muggleborn friends for Merlin’s sake — he had to do better.

Removing his boxers now he sunk into the hot bath, grateful that it wasn’t scalding although he assumed it wouldn’t be.

It was a magic bath after all.

Chapter End Notes

Apologize for the seriously short chapter but that’s all this chapter wanted to be! Hoping that the next few will be longer!
The Muggle Girl

Chapter Summary

Two years pass and quite a bit changes.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It took two years for Jaime’s father to reappear in his life. One moment he was gone for good and the next, there he was sitting behind the desk in his study as if he never left.

Jaime had not expected to see his father again after the first year. He couldn’t bear the thought of knowing his father was imprisoned. Azkaban may not have dementors any longer but still the idea of Tywin Lannister behind bars was something Jaime could not imagine.

Nor was he truly allowed to imagine it.

Uncle Kevan forbade any talk of Azkaban in the house during the summer. Even Tyrion knew better than to say anything about their father. Cersei was the one most likely to break the rule, defiantly shouting at Uncle Kevan and Lancel and whoever else she could yell at that it was her house and not theirs and she could speak about what she pleased.

Jaime felt similarly but spent his time at Addam’s when he could, sometimes taking Tyrion along with him. The one good thing that happened during their father’s two year absence... was that Uncle Kevan allowed Tyrion to go to Hogwarts.

“Your mother would want it,” he said to Jaime privately one night before Jaime left for his sixth year. “And if your father would want this too, if he thought about it logically,” Uncle Kevan sighed. “Your mother’s death ruined him.”

It was this conversation Jaime thought of when he stared at his father at Christmastime during his sixth year, their eyes meeting each other’s easily due to their matching heights. “Father,” he greeted as calmly as he could manage.

His father was gray all over — Tywin Lannister, one of the most fearsome wizards of the age, rather now looked as if a strong wind might blow him over.

If the death of Joanna Lannister ruined Tywin, Jaime thought, then what did prison do? Break him?

Jaime certainly hoped not.

That could only mean terrible things for everyone else.

Galladon had disappeared into the night. He was marrying a muggle and despite all words to the contrary, apparently bloodlines did matter to Brienne’s father.

“He’s marrying someone with no magic at all! She won’t understand!” her father thundered at her when Brienne pointed out how ridiculous everyone was acting. Galladon was an adult wizard who
could technically do as he pleased. Her father didn’t agree. “She will drown him with her ignorance,” he wrote to Brienne later while she was at Hogwarts, confiding his true fears.

Brienne did think that Galladon was acting rashly in marrying this muggle. He had only dated her for a few months and he was only twenty years old himself. It wasn’t as if there was a war going on, so Brienne didn’t understand the rush.

Until Galladon came back home, a few months later at Christmastime, holding his wife’s hand tightly. “This is Pia,” he said, although everyone already knew that.

What they didn’t know was that Pia was heavily pregnant.

“Hi,” the woman who was now Brienne’s sister said shyly. “I know about the magic.”

Miss Roelle fainted.

Brienne was glad when Jaime appeared at her doorstep on Boxing Day, eager to find an excuse to get out of her house.

Although she was rather confused about why he was there especially as he didn’t explain himself. She decided against asking as he threw rocks into the sea, laughing about nonsense, complaining about the essays they had been assigned over break.

“Well, we are preparing for our N.E.W.T.s,” she said, defending their Charms professor. She wrapped her arms around herself, wishing she wore a nicer jumper. This one had too many holes in it and the sea air was violently cold and windy.

“Which are a year away. We finally escaped the dreaded O.W.L.s! Why do we have more work to do?” he complained.

“Because it’s school? We’re supposed to work.”

Jaime didn’t reply, dropping the rock he held into the cold sand. “We’re going to be adults soon,” he said.

“Next year,” Brienne corrected.

“A few months,” Jaime countered.

“Your point being?”

“My point being…” Jaime sighed. “We could leave Hogwarts. Go to the continent or America or Asia —“

Brienne was baffled. “Why?”

“Why do you think?” Jaime spat.

Brienne had no idea. “Because you don’t want to take the N.E.W.T.s?”

Jaime glared at her and she was frightened by how much hatred there was in it. Is this directed at me? What did I do? “Jaime, what is the matter?”

“You really haven’t heard?”
“Heard what?” she asked. “I haven’t seen a newspaper since I got back. And I haven’t talked to you in about two weeks, I’ve been living in the library as you know!”

He should know, she thought, because according to one of her roommates (Asha Greyjoy) he kept trying to break into the dormitory despite the fact he knew the stairs turned into a slide! Asha had fun teasing Brienne about it, trying to make her turn red. Almost every one of Brienne’s roommates thought Jaime was her boyfriend or beau or something despite Brienne’s fervent denials. Jaime almost always asked about her — even Jaime’s best friend Addam Marbrand was giving Brienne looks now!

“My father is back.”

The cold winter winds that flew across the sea were nothing compared to the metaphorical ice slipping down Brienne’s back. She shivered. The thought of Tywin Lannister out of prison frightened her.

Jaime glare lessened despite the obvious grimace on her face. “He’s not the same as he was…”

Good, Brienne thought, but said nothing. Jaime continued, turning away from her, somehow knowing that if he looked at her face, he would be disappointed by her reaction. “He hasn’t even fought Uncle Kevan about Tyrion attending Hogwarts. He didn’t even react to Tyrion proudly telling him that he was a Ravenclaw.”

Brienne remembered Tyrion’s sorting. She thought Ravenclaw house fit the boy well. “That’s your father’s house, right?”

“Yes,” Jaime said. “Houses have never mattered to him, but if he was in his right mind I believe he would have had some sort of reaction to Tyrion being in his house.”

Brienne privately agreed.

“I don’t know whether I’m sad or glad or angry about it. He was… not the easiest father to have, but he was my father and now it’s almost as if he doesn’t exist at all,” Jaime said. “He didn’t even blink when I hopped on my broom and headed over here on Boxing Day!”

“My father didn’t care that I left the house either,” Brienne pointed out.

Jaime tore his eyes away from the sea to stare back at her. “I guess.”

“Well,” Brienne coughed. “Do you want to meet my muggle sister in law?”

Jaime’s mouth curled. “I remember you told me Galladon got married to a muggle but…”

“You’ll see why soon enough.”

“She’s pregnant,” Jaime said and laughed when Brienne spun back to look at him, stunned. “It’s obvious what happened. Your brother is the proper sort. He was a prefect.”

“We’re prefects,” Brienne reminded him. She still wasn’t sure how Jaime managed that one.

“Your point being?” Jaime asked, walking beside her as they headed back to the cottage.

“I don’t know! What was your point in pointing out that he was a prefect?”

“He was not only a prefect but a Hufflepuff prefect. He was always going to do the right thing and stand by his girl. Especially a muggle girl! Can you imagine her reaction when her half-blood baby
starts shooting out sparks.’’

“I’m sure she’d be fine. Parents of muggleborn children have to do that all of the time,’’ Brienne reminded him, kicking up sand as she walked.

He said nothing to that and Brienne stole a glance at him to see why. His gaze was drifting away from her to the cottage and she almost couldn’t hear him say, “It must be nice to be muggleborn.”

She knew she should respond to that, should ask him if he was all right with his father at home, or if he needed to stay here the rest of the Christmas holiday, or even the rest of forever. But she couldn’t open her mouth to say anything at all, it was as if she was a first year again, unable to speak her mind, unable to even say even the simplest of things.

She didn’t want to think of why she couldn’t. It was Jaime she was looking at — not Renly. Her crush on Renly had ceased after her discovery of him and Loras together, but still nothing had come close to that. But now Jaime was looking at her home with such love and longing that she wondered what it’d be like for him to look at her with such love and longing.

It was only the calling shriek of a seagull that awoke her from these thoughts. “Well,” she gruffly said, “Come along. Father will wonder where I’ve gone.”

“Not Miss Roelle?”

Brienne bit her lip to hide a grin. “She’s indisposed.”

Jaime laughed. “She didn’t take it well then?”

“Does she take anything different well?”

Chapter End Notes

So sorry for the delay on this chapter! Ah it’s been so long since I’ve updated, I am really sorry about that. Last year was an awful personal and writing year for me and I’ve been trying to catch up since.

I’m also sorry for the shortness of the chapter but the next one (which might be the last one - but I think there’ll be two more) should be much longer.

Hope you enjoyed it!
Different people loitered the halls of the Lannister mansion, people Jaime had never seen before, people who demanded Tywin Lannister’s imprisonment, people who wrote Op-Eds in the Daily Prophet claiming Tywin Lannister’s innocence.

_They were all wrong_, Jaime thought, _and now they were all here, celebrating the death of a wizard_.

“I am so sorry for your loss,” one witch said to him, dabbing her eyes with a bright pink handkerchief. Her whole ensemble was a mess of pink and black and white — it was a horrifying mixture that reminded Jaime of the dress robe Brienne wore to his birthday party years ago. Tywin Lannister would have never settled for it. He would have stared the witch down and raised an eyebrow.

So that is what Jaime did.

The witch with no name didn’t seem perturbed — she was too busy patting her eyes and blowing her nose in grief. Jaime left her then, allowing his uncle to deal with the tragic woman. He decided to look for a mourner he actually knew in this sea of black robes and pointy hats. At least most wore _traditional robes_, Jaime thought, _for Tywin Lannister would have never stood for anything else_.

“It is good that he was declared innocent of the charges,” Jaime heard one wizard say to another.

“Too bad it cost him his life.”

_“He was guilty of some things though, things that he wasn’t charged with, I’m sure of it —“_  

Jaime ran out the door before the crowd saw him, heaving. He wished he could hop on his broom and take off for lands unknown, he wished he took Brienne that Boxing Day months ago, he wished he left it all behind. He turned left and hid by the side of his home, knowing no one could see him under the shade of the tree. Leaning on the cold stone, he felt relief from the heat. It was hotter than usual, hot enough for Jaime to wish he was wearing Muggle shorts under his robe. But he couldn’t do that.

_Not today._

He slid down and sat in the wet grass, trying not to think of the dead body that lay within the mansion. Instead, he thought of Hogwarts.

One year left and there was even a rumor that he might be the Head Boy. That was a laugh to Jaime. Who would pick him? He broke the rules as it pleased him much to Brienne’s frustration.

Now if Brienne wasn’t picked as Head Girl, then Jaime would have a fit. There was no one with better marks or a better sense of the rules. Her perfectionism was exasperating to Jaime — sometimes if he tried to skim on some essays by making his lettering extra-large, Brienne would call him out and make him redo the paper completely. The witch was aggravating and perfect.

He wondered if she was here now with her father. Her brother surely wouldn’t come, his baby was still new to this world and his muggle wife surely needed his help. Maybe Brienne was there, helping them.
He’d rather her be there than here...

Cersei was the first to find him. Her head was held up high as he looked her over and her green eyes flashed. “Why are you hiding out here?”

“Why are you?” he asked.

“I’m looking for you,” she responded with a sniff, shaking her golden mane. “The mourners are expecting us to greet them.”

“No.”

“What do you mean no?” Cersei truly seemed surprised. “We have to do it.”

“Screw them, Cersei. There is nothing to live up to anymore. Father is gone because of them.”

She said nothing, only watched him.

“What is it?” he asked her wearily.

“I don’t want to do it either, you know,” she hissed. “I hate them as much as you do, but still I am doing what we must. They tried to bring down our name and I won’t let them succeed, even if that means I have to drag you in with magic.”

Her threat wasn’t idle, Jaime noticed, as she fiddled with her wand. “Fine,” he responded, not eager to see Cersei go to jail for Crucio-ing him. “I’ll go back inside.”

“Good,” she said and after a moment added, “Tyrion won’t be standing with us.”

“Cersei, for Merlin’s sake!”

“Father wouldn’t want him to.”

“And Father is gone!”

“Oh, Jaime,” she said. “How little you know.”

“What in the hell does that mean?”

“Whatever you want it to,” she responded, smiling oddly. Jaime felt uneasy.

“He is dead?”

“Yes,” she said and Jaime could tell she wasn’t lying. “That isn’t what I meant at all, of course he’s dead.” It was then that Jaime heard the grief in her voice and wondered how he missed it. Her eyes might have flashed, but her makeup was smudged.

“I’m sorry,” Jaime said, quite genuinely.

“It’s fine,” she said in a way that meant it wasn’t.

His twin, who he had once felt closer to than any other human in the world, was now a girl he didn't know. “Tyrion needs to be standing with us, Cersei,” he said, changing the subject. “They would speak of his absence more than Father’s death.”

Cersei glared but her shoulders fell. “I know you’re right,” she confessed. “But to see him with us
would horrify Father.”

“We were all disappointments to him in the end, Cersei.”

Her eyes flashed again. “You may have been, but I never was.”

Jaime swallowed his thought. “Of course.”

She stared at him for another moment. She looked almost lost. “Let us go inside before you speak anymore nonsense.”

“No, we are not attending the funeral of that man,” Selwyn Tarth told his daughter before she could ask.

“Jaime will need me!” she had protested, but her father sighed.

“Are you his girlfriend?”

Brienne was stunned and so blushed. “No! Of course not!” Had the rumors hit her own home?

“Then why would he need you there?”

“He’s my friend!”

“You can console him afterwards,” Selwyn Tarth said, flipping the pages of the Daily Prophet with a concerned expression. “Hm, seems as though the Auror Department is having some changes. Looks like Weasley left to work with his brother…”

Brienne only huffed and left the table, annoyed at her father. She even thought of disobeying him and going to the funeral anyhow but… the thought of disappointing her father disappointed her.

It made little sense, she knew, and sometimes she wondered if the Sorting Hat made a mistake. *Maybe I should have been a Hufflepuff like my brother.*

On the day of the funeral, Brienne sat by the sea, thinking of Hogwarts. Jaime was convinced she’d make Head Girl but she wasn’t as convinced. There were much better candidates — Jaime’s own twin sister was a strong one. Cersei had never been caught breaking the rules, at least as far as Brienne knew, and she was a favorite amongst Slytherins save a few of the younger ones. Brienne wasn’t close to a favorite amongst the Gryffindor girls. Ygritte liked her but…

The sound of the waves crashing distracted Brienne from her melancholy.

It seemed a storm was coming.

And so was an owl.

Brienne watched the owl fly hard into the winds, desperately trying to reach her cottage. Brienne’s hair flapped into her face obliterating her vision and when she pushed it aside, she couldn’t see the owl any longer.

Did it make it?

She got up and ran to find out, hoping that the owl was ok.

When she got through the door, Miss Roelle was already opening the letter while the owl hooted.
“Is that mine?” Brienne asked, noticing the Hogwarts crest.

Miss Roelle didn’t answer, not until her eyes gleamed. “You’re the Head Girl,” Miss Roelle said, almost reverently.

Brienne had never heard Miss Roelle address anyone like that before. “Pardon me?”

“You’re the Head Girl!”

“I am?” Brienne asked, feeling as if someone sent a Stupefy curse at her. “Are you sure?”

Miss Roelle threw the letter at Brienne and she caught it. She scanned it quickly as she could and — Miss Roelle wasn’t lying.

She, Brienne Tarth, was Head Girl.

“Who is Head Boy, I wonder,” Brienne said, trying to sift through her feelings. It’d be difficult to do the job as Head Girl if the Head Boy was an idiot.

“Who cares?” Miss Roelle said, with refreshing happiness. “This will please your father tremendously! Your brother Galladon never achieved something like this.”

“But he got better marks,” Brienne murmured, but Miss Roelle was already gone, looking for Brienne’s father in his study.

Head Girl meant more responsibilities. It meant more… everything.

She gripped the letter tightly, knowing she had to do the right thing now. The letter was proof. The letter was everything she needed.

“Good thing I’m seventeen,” she whispered to herself, leaving the letter on the table to grab her traditional black robe and hat. She wished she didn’t have to wear the stupid hat, but Jaime’s family was about tradition. It would be rude to appear without a traditional witch’s hat… especially at a Lannister funeral.

The funeral service was long and quiet despite the numerous amounts of witches and wizards in the crowd. No one seemed to be crying which Brienne thought was strange but she supposed the eerie quiet was suited for Tywin Lannister.

She was hoping to find Jaime alone after the service, but found him with his siblings and cousins instead. His Uncle Kevan was muttering something to the teenagers and children beside him, something that caused Cersei to flush. It was strange to see Cersei so distraught, Brienne thought, for Cersei often times seemed like an impenetrable castle. Tyrion didn’t seem nearly as upset although he did seem confused — Brienne supposed he was wondering why he wasn’t so upset about the death of his father. She hoped someone would comfort him soon.

Jaime had no expression on his face and if Brienne had not known him so well she would have thought he was bored. But she knew him quite too well and knew that his expression was hiding his buried feelings — ones that were close to surfacing and exploding on everyone around him.

She stepped in front of the lot of them and braced herself for the explosion. “I’m so sorry for your loss,” she said as well as she could. She was not sad that Tywin Lannister was dead — he caused so much misery for his children and muggleborns that she couldn’t in good conscience feel sorry for it. But she did feel sorry that they lost their father.
That they were orphans.

Tyrion reached out to touch her hand with a charming smile, “Thank you for coming,” he told her, craning his neck to keep eye contact. “We appreciate it.”

“Where is your father?” Cersei sneered.

Brienne blinked. “He is helping my brother out with his newborn.”

Cersei could say nothing to that, although she somehow looked angrier.

Jaime, however, was staring at Brienne in a way she did not understand. “Thank you,” he finally said, when his sister finished glowering, a small smile appearing on his face. “I’m glad you’re here.”

Brienne nodded, unsure of what else there was to say, and spoke her condolences to the rest of the Lannister line, where Lancel turned pink at her apologies and his brothers shied away from her speech and their father, Jaime’s Uncle Kevan, patted her hand and thanked her with the most sincere voice.

It is odd to see what an emptiness does to a family, Brienne thought as she left. Death is more than a normal hole — it was a black hole, a vanishing cabinet with nothing (or perhaps, everything) at the other end. Emptiness could not describe the sorrow she felt amongst the Lannisters… nor could it describe what she felt every time she found a picture of her mother, as she moved and waved and laughed in a photograph for eternity.

Did Tywin Lannister ever laugh? Would Jaime find a picture of his father smiling one day and be able to know that his father could love and laugh and rejoice? Would he know that his father wasn’t Voldemort reincarnated?

Brienne hoped Jaime knew that. Whether she liked Tywin or hated him mattered little... she just hoped Jaime knew that his father was human.

Chapter End Notes

So one more chapter to go I believe? Maybe two if I decide to do an epilogue? Also, next chapter will be much lighter.
The Last Ride to Hogwarts

Chapter Summary

Brienne does her duty while Jaime does not tolerate rudeness.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The very last first day of Hogwarts was approaching and Jaime looked towards it with a strange sort of apathy, one that he could never find the words to describe.

Tyrion was excited, however, and that made Jaime smile even as it made Cersei frown. She still wasn’t pleased that she was passed over for Brienne for Head Girl position — and when Jaime found his letter telling him that he was Head Boy she grew even angrier.

“YOU DON’T EVEN WANT TO BE HEAD BOY!” she shouted, awakening some of their long dead relatives who had been napping in their portraits. They peered at the twins with annoyed looks, although the lone redhead Lannister witch seemed to smile at Jaime. He tried to remember her name, but he had always ignored his father’s commentary about their bloodline, annoyed that it mattered so much to Tywin.

Now, however, he almost wished he listened just so he could know which portrait was on his side.

Cersei glowered at him for the rest of the summer, often going out with one of the Kettleblacks or Taena in an effort to feel greater than Jaime — although how she was feeling greater than him by going out with Kettleblacks of all people was a mystery to Jaime.

Their uncle drove them all to the train station with heavy sighs just as he had done the last few years. Jaime offered to do it himself, he and Brienne had practiced all summer in an empty Muggle parking lot, but his uncle said he wanted to see them all off himself.

He helped the younger boys go first, Tyrion always had trouble going through the Platform, and ignored Cersei as she leapt through to the platform with ease. Jaime readied himself but was stopped by his uncle’s hand on his shoulder.

When Jaime looked, he found his uncle holding a watch.

Kevan Lannister handed the watch over to Jaime with the sort of care reserved for his son Lancel. “Your father would have wanted you to have this… now that you’re of age.”

Jaime took it, unsure of whether he should hug his uncle or not. Lannisters weren’t exactly the hugging types. “What about Cersei? Shouldn’t she get a watch too?”

His uncle almost smiled. “No, Jaime, this is more of a male tradition.”

Cersei and Brienne would hate that. “Should I give this to Tyrion when he turns seventeen?”

“You should know better than to ask questions like that,” Kevan said, although there was no spite in it. Instead, he looked rather tired almost like an old wizard from the Muggle storybooks.
Jaime put the watch on, ignoring how cold the metal felt on his wrist, and went into the magical world with his uncle right behind him.

Brienne found Jaime in the Head Girl and Head Boy compartment, looking tired. “Ready to do rounds and talk to the prefects?” she asked.

He groaned. “Why do you always have to be so responsible?”

“It’s our duty,” she reminded him.

Jaime fiddled with something on his wrist. “Duty is for the dogs,” he retorted.

Brienne ignored whatever that was supposed to mean. “And now it’s for you. Come along, Jaime.”

He made a few more protestations but then pulled himself together. She was unsurprised to find that she still towered over him… she had wondered if he’d have one last growth spurt, but it did not seem that he would.

She wasn’t sure if she was disappointed about this or not.

They lectured the prefects together (rather she was lecturing while Jaime was pantomiming behind her back) and then walked the corridors of the Hogwarts Express together. Jaime said nothing, only fiddling with his robes, and laughing when one compartment was found with unauthorized Weasley gags.

“Weasley Wizard Whiz-bangs are not allowed here!” she warned the second year students, confiscating them while Jaime only watched with amusement.

The Ravenclaw students made faces at her, but one of them said something she had not heard since she was near their age. “Troll!” he shouted. “You’re just an ugly, old troll who doesn’t like fun.”

The insult stung less than it had before. When she was a child, it felt more like the Cruciatus Curse and now… it felt more like a Jelly-Legs Jinx.

So she ignored it.

Jaime could not.

“What did you say to your Head Girl?” he demanded. His amused expression had disappeared, replaced by a cold sneer that looked better suited on Cersei’s face than Jaime’s.

The child who had insulted her shrunk back. “A troll,” he muttered.

“You have detention,” Jaime announced. “Three weeks of it — I’ll ask your Head of House what work you’d be best suited to. Because you sorely need some work if you think that’s how you speak to a powerful witch.”

The boy turned red — from anger or embarrassment Brienne couldn’t tell. “Yes, sir;” he said, glumly.

Jaime’s face was frightening. “I’d dock you points too but I’ll let your Head of House take care of that, I’m not sure if I’d be very fair right now.”
Brienne found her voice. “Let’s go, Jaime.”

He was still staring down at the little boy with so much anger that he didn’t hear her. He finally moved when she pulled on his robe and it was only then that he followed her out.

“What was that about?” she asked, wishing she had someplace to put all the damnable Weasley fireworks. “You didn’t need to give him three weeks for something like that!”

“Yes I did,” Jaime said. “He insulted you.”

“Everyone insults me,” she said, as matter-of-fact as she could. “It’s nothing new, Jaime.”

“But now we have the power to stop it.”

“I can’t concern myself with their opinion, especially if I want to do my job.”

Jaime, who looked ready to argue, stopped to stare at her instead. His eyes danced across her face and she resisted an urge to look away. “What on earth is it now?” Brienne snapped.

He surprised her with “My uncle gave me my father’s watch.”

“My father did that for Galladon,” she said. “I didn’t get anything other than the usual.”

Jaime was quiet for a moment and then said, “I don’t think I want the damn thing.”

“Why?”

“The moment I put it on, it felt as if my father was beside me, judging me. I had enough of that when he was alive and well. I don’t need it now that he’s gone.”

Brienne looked down at him, her arms straining from carrying the Weasley Wizard Whiz-bangs. “Jaime, help me with these and then I’ll help you with that.”

He looked surprised at her offer but grinned when he realized her dilemma. “Of course I’ll help you, fair wench.”

“I will punch you,” she warned.

They sat at the end of the train, practicing incantations. “Wingardium Leviosa,” Jaime murmured, watching the gold watch fly up into the air. It held itself aloft against the wind and he wondered if he could really do this.

It seemed that Brienne wondered too. “Are you sure you want to do this?” she asked for the fifth time in ten minutes.

“I do,” he said for the first time. Before, he hadn’t answered but now… now he was ready. He released it from his spell and watched as the air took it from him.

They watched it together silently, both of their hands gripping the end rail tightly. “Perhaps I should have given it to Cersei or Tyrion instead.”

“Maybe,” Brienne agreed, her voice warm. He resisted glancing at her, he didn’t want to see her profile in the setting sun. He knew if he did, he would place his hand on hers and he suspected she wasn’t ready for that yet.
“I think it was more satisfying throwing it off the back of a train though,” he said, to make her laugh.

She sighed instead.

He liked that nearly as much as her laugh. “Brienne, what are you going to do after this year is over?”

“Become an auror, I think.”

“Me too,” he said, “if my marks are good enough.”

He could feel her gaze and looked back at her, startled by her blue eyes. “They will be,” she promised. “Even if I have to make you rewrite all your essays.”

He thought about laughing, but decided to kiss her instead. It was most likely a bad move, he thought as he placed his left hand on her neck to bring her closer, but he had to try.

She didn’t move towards or away from him, when he let her go, she mostly looked a strange combination of surprised and hurt. “Why?” Brienne asked.

“Because I love you,” Jaime said, surprised by his own admission. “And if you don’t want to do this, I understand, I come from the worst family possible — save the Malfoys — but I need you to know that I like you. You’re everything a Gryffindor should be. You’re everything everyone should be, muggle or magic. Without you…”

She interrupted him. “But I’m—“

“You have beautiful eyes,” he said, wondering if he’d ever be able to just kiss her again.

Brienne turned red making her beautiful eyes even more stunning. “Everyone always made jokes about us — I thought you had heard or something…”

Jaime had suspected this. “Brienne, kiss me.”

She looked upset and then, right when Jaime was about to admit defeat and leave her (wondering if they’d ever be able to talk again), she put her hands on the side of his face and kissed him.

Kissing Jaime was unlike anything else Brienne had experienced.

It was… magical.

He kissed her back fervently, clutching her shoulders — then her waist — then her hips — until she moved away, unable to breathe.

“It’s getting dark,” she said, knowing what that meant. Hogwarts was near. Their last year was approaching faster than light disappeared from the autumn sky.

“It is,” Jaime agreed, his voice strangled. His lips were red and it was with dismay and wonder that Brienne realized she was the cause of it.

“We should get ready… the prefects will need help with the first years.”

“They will.”

“Jaime,” she said, annoyed but pleased at how he wasn’t listening at all. He was too busy watching
her. “We’re in charge.”

“Which means they can wait another moment,” he said, drawing her close and kissing her again — and Brienne really didn’t have a good counter-argument to that.

Chapter End Notes

Only the epilogue is left :)

The epilogue is more silly than serious and it will probably be the most mature thing in this AU.
The Epilogue

Chapter Notes

Originally this was going to be smutty but it didn't want to be smutty - it wanted to be fluffy! So sorry about that - and sorry that it took me so long to write this very short epilogue. Life got in the way!

Seven years later…

“I am not doing this.”

“Why not?”

“This highly… ridiculous.”

“It’s just a bit of roleplay,” Jaime said, leaning back on their bed. His grin was boyish and almost made Brienne forget about what they were discussing. But then he ruined it by speaking, “C’mon you never wanted to shag the Head Boy in a classroom?”

“Consider you were the Head Boy and we were dating — of course I did,” she said, feeling annoyed at the question. “But to pretend we’re seventeen again — why would I ever want to be seventeen again?”

“We were young and in love!” Jaime protested.

“We’re still young and, unless you keep this up, still in love.”

He groaned. “Come on, just put on the school uniform and come to bed. I want to tell you all the things I used to want to do to you in those classrooms. And then I want to do them to you.”

Brienne blushed and she sensed that he knew she was weakening. “Please, Brienne,” he said, almost purring. “We only have so much time before we have to go back to reality.”

This was true. She had a court case in the morning she had to attend as a witness — her Auror expertise was needed according to the head counsel. And Jaime had to finish helping train the newest batch of Auror recruits, something she was hoping to help with in the afternoon. But she had a feeling the court case would last forever.

“I shouldn’t have reminded you of reality,” Jaime suddenly said. “You’re thinking about it instead of me now.”

“Jaime,” she protested, but he moved up from the bed to kiss her lips in a way that made her moan his name instead.

“Please put on the uniform?” he asked.

“Only if you do it as well,” she said, hoping he’d back off but instead his eyes lit up.
He grabbed his wand, murmured a spell she couldn’t hear, and soon enough he was encased in his old Head Boy uniform.

“You wanted this the whole time!” she said, not sure whether to be annoyed or not. He did look… 

**good.**

“Of course I did!” Jaime laughed, kissing her again. “Now it’s your turn, Head Girl. Before the professor catches us.”

The thought of one of their professors catching them in bed only made Brienne laugh now although it would have horrified her younger self. “If you say so, Head Boy,” she replied, watching Jaime’s grin. The flash of his teeth made her sigh before he kissed her again and again and again.

Soon they both had forgotten that she still wasn’t wearing her uniform because it didn’t matter — neither of them were wearing any clothes at all.

*All was more than well.*

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