**In Brienne's Pants**

*Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at [http://archiveofourown.org/works/7409692](http://archiveofourown.org/works/7409692).*

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**Rating:** Explicit  
**Archive Warning:** No Archive Warnings Apply  
**Category:** F/M  
**Fandom:** *A Song of Ice and Fire - George R. R. Martin*, *A Song of Ice and Fire & Related Fandoms*, *Game of Thrones (TV)*  
**Relationship:** Jaime Lannister/Brienne of Tarth  
**Character:** Jaime Lannister, Brienne of Tarth  
**Additional Tags:** Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, First Time, Lucky Pineapple Pants  
**Collections:** The JBO Smut Roster - Summer of '16  
**Stats:** Published: 2016-07-06 Words: 2398

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**In Brienne's Pants**

by *JustAGirl24*

**Summary**

As annoying as Jaime Lannister could be while sober, Brienne decided, he was infinitely worse while drunk. And tonight, the night of his cousin Daven’s unofficial engagement party, he was also handsy.

**Notes**

So Quinn put together this awesome smut roster and a bunch of excellent people have signed up to participate. Consider this the kickoff.

Inspired by Quinn’s ruminations about Jaime trying to get into Brienne’s pants while wearing Brienne's pants. I ran with it.

See the end of the work for more notes

As annoying as Jaime Lannister could be while sober, Brienne decided, he was infinitely worse while drunk.

And tonight, the night of his cousin Daven’s unofficial engagement party, he was also handsy.

Jaime had promised her tonight would be different than the usual Lannister functions to which he dragged her. It would be casual, at a bar, with no Tywin or Cersei in sight. Jaime was right about that
She’d worn a blue shirt and her best pair of black slacks. Jaime had commented that they made her legs look like they went on for miles. But then Daven, a blustery bearded man who was completely in love with his fiancée, Desmera, had drunkenly sung an Ode to Freckles. Jaime had then declared he had to dance with the freckliest wench that ever was, which was how Brienne found herself swaying on the dance floor with the drunken idiot. It had been easier to give in than fight.

Brienne sighed heavily, pulling his hand from where it was drifting towards her backside—*again*—and placing it firmly on her waist. She dug her fingers into Jaime’s hip, pulling him closer as he swayed on his feet. His body was loose and heavy against hers, his head resting on her shoulder for a brief moment. His breath was warm against her neck, and Brienne suppressed a shiver. “I like your pants,” he mumbled, fingering the belt loops.

“I idiot,” she grunted as he lurched again, nearly throwing her off balance as well, and that was her cue that it was time to go. With a quick goodbye to Daven and Desmera, they were off. A colorful string of insults passed through Brienne’s mind as they struggled to her car, where she managed to wrestle him into the passenger seat.

She closed his door, more forcefully than she intended. As she’d heard Tyrion’s driver, Bronn, say more than once, Jaime *fookin’* Lannister. And Tyrion, too, who’d left the party early, leaving her to deal with drunk Jaime. She sighed again, rounding the car to get in her own seat.

Jaime was fumbling with his seatbelt when she climbed in, seemingly unable to get the buckle to latch. With a growl, she leaned over and yanked it from his hands, buckling it with ease, ignoring how close they were. “Idiot,” she hissed, straightening up and turning the key in the ignition. She was so ready for this night to be over.

“But I’m your favorite idiot,” he said, words slurring only a bit. He gave her a sinful smile, biting into his bottom lip. His eyes were glassy, cheekbones flushed from alcohol, hair mussed—and he was still gorgeous. The few times she’d been drunk, she’d been flushed an ugly red, sweat plastering her hair to her head. Brienne sniffed. Sometimes, life really wasn’t fair at all. He probably wouldn’t even have a hangover in the morning.

Brienne carefully pulled out into the street, fighting to remain calm on the outside, even though she was railing on the inside. Jaime had spent the entire evening getting progressively more drunk and obnoxious, and she was reaching her limit.

“Briennnne,” Jaime crooned, his hand coming to rest warmly on her knee, stroking the material of her trousers. Brienne gritted her teeth, fighting against the desire to leave his hand where it was—*or higher, move it higher,* her traitorous brain prodded, reminding Brienne of his fingers drifting to her backside earlier, his breath on her neck. She picked his arm up by the wrist and dropped it back in his lap. “Oh, wench,” he chuckled, shaking his head.

*It’s Brienne,* she wanted to snarl, but knew that reaction would only encourage him. She tightened her grip on the steering wheel, knuckles turning white. *Gods,* she was glad he lived nearby.

“Oh!” Jaime exclaimed at the next red light, sitting up straight. “Tyrion’s having *company* tonight,” he said, accompanied by air quotes. “That’s why he bailed out.”

Brienne stared at him, hoping her rising horror wasn’t showing on her face. What she needed tonight was time away from Jaime, to collect herself and erase the memory of his overly familiar touches from her skin. But Jaime had been living with his playboy brother for almost a year now, and she knew what the next words out of his mouth would be before he even said them.
That sinful smile was back, perfect white teeth sinking into a slightly fuller lower lip. “Take me home with you, Brienne?” he purred, green eyes gleaming in the dim glow of the streetlights.

*Does he even know what he’s doing to me?* Brienne wondered, half-desperately. *Of course he does,* she answered herself bitterly. Jaime was irascible when drunk, teasing and flirting, though he’d definitely stepped it up tonight. *Probably bored.*

A horn honked behind them, breaking Brienne from her thoughts. She pulled her gaze away from Jaime’s and back to the road, pushing down on the gas. “You’re sleeping on the couch,” she warned. She couldn’t handle him in her bed. Not tonight. Not the way they’d slept on and off since that night after she’d been mugged and he’d saved her, the night two years ago when they went from being enemies to friends.

Jaime gasped in mock concern. “What if you get cold, though?”

Brienne rolled her eyes. “That’s what blankets are for. Idiot.” She muttered the last part under her breath, but Jaime must have heard. He was still snickering when she pulled into her driveway, and then as she helped him inside, though she suspected he didn’t truly need the assistance anymore. Jaime could go from happy drunk to stone cold sober in an instant, when he wanted.

Jaime fell heavily on her well-worn couch, gazing up at Brienne with an amused smile as she inspected him critically. Jaime would look like half a god in a burlap sack, but tonight he’d shown up in a subtly expensive white t-shirt which clung to his shoulders, along with a pair of dark, snug-fitting jeans.

He looked so handsome. Brienne had struggled to keep her eyes off him the whole night. But he definitely wouldn’t be comfortable sleeping in that.

“I’ll be right back,” she said, heading towards her bedroom. The sweatpants Jaime usually slept in when he stayed over were dirty, an accident involving sprayable cheese and a chocolate milkshake. Brienne opened her drawer. She had to find him something to wear. She grabbed the first pair of pajama pants she found, pale blue with little yellow pineapples. *Even Jaime would look ridiculous in these,* Brienne thought, and tried not to feel a petty sense of satisfaction as she walked back out to the living room and dropped them in his lap.

Jaime looked at the pajamas for a moment, then back up at Brienne with a raised eyebrow. “I know I’ve been trying to get into your pants for a while now, wench, but I didn’t expect you to take me quite so literally.”

He was grinning, probably expecting her to laugh along, but Brienne felt his words settle in her gut like a hot, leaden ball. She was so tired of being a joke. “Not interested,” she sighed, heading back to her room. Her favorite pajamas and a good night’s sleep, and she’d feel better in the morning.

Brienne had just finished pulling her shirt and bra off, studiously keeping her back to the mirror hanging on the back of her door, when she felt a prickling on the nape of her neck. She slowly looked over her shoulder, dreading what—who—she’d find.

*Jaime.* Standing in her doorway, eyes dark, wearing nothing but the pajama pants she’d given him—*wrong, wrong,* she’d been so wrong, they didn’t look ridiculous on him at all, of course they didn’t—and miles of bare, smooth, golden skin. She watched the tendons in his neck flex as he swallowed, his gaze flicking over her wide shoulders and broad back and lower, before rising once more to meet her eyes.

She should say something, tell him to leave, demand to know what he was doing, but she couldn’t
find her voice. And the way he was looking at her…

Brienne swallowed hard against a suddenly dry throat, turning away from Jaime, her arms crossing over her chest. And she waited, hoping for him to leave, to come closer.

He didn’t leave. After an agonizingly long moment, she heard the rustle of fabric as he took one step, two steps closer, nearly jumped when she felt him trail a finger from the nape of her neck and down, leaving goosebumps in his wake. She couldn’t help a little shiver when he reached the dip of her spine, her nipples tightening against her forearm. Her heart was pounding with nerves, with arousal.

“Maybe I’m not very good at this, wench,” Jaime finally spoke, his voice little more than a husky whisper as he drew patterns on her lower back, “but I am very, very interested, and I’ve been trying to show you for a while now.”

Brienne turned in surprise, still clutching her arms to her chest. “You’re what?” she asked, trying to quell the tremor in her voice.

“Interested,” Jaime whispered, seemingly mesmerized by the sight of his finger trailing over the arm currently shielding her from his gaze. His eyes darted up to meet hers once more, tongue wetting his lower lip, and she unconsciously mimicked the action.

“Very.”

There was a moment where she felt as though she was holding her breath, waiting for something, and then he was kissing her, long, wet, lush kisses that curled her toes and left her gasping for air. She moaned and clutched at his shoulders mindlessly, overwhelmed by sensation: his chest hair scraping over the tips of her breasts, the stubble on his jaw causing a delightful friction as he sucked a mark behind her ear, the sounds of their harsh, ragged breathing ringing in her ears.

“Jaime,” she whimpered, and she barely recognized her own voice. He pulled back to look at her, and Brienne felt herself clench at the look in his eyes, dark and hungry. His lips were swollen, and she could feel a tenderness on her neck where his mouth had been.

“Okay?” he rumbled, and Brienne could only nod. More than okay. Then he was kissing her again, tongue sliding into her mouth as he slid one thigh between hers, pressing up against her. She moaned and rocked against him shamelessly, nearly sobbing at the delicious friction between her legs, the moisture pooling there.

And then his hands moved up from her hips and over her breasts, squeezing gently, clever fingers rolling her nipples as her hips rolled, grinding harder against his thigh.

“Oh gods, oh gods,” Brienne whimpered when his lips returned to her neck. Oh, she was burning up, everywhere he touched her, her breaths coming shorter and shorter. She’d never felt anything like this, never, never—

And then she was calling his name, *Jaime Jaime Jaime*, her core throbbing and clenching as she came undone.

He barely gave her a chance to breathe, let alone think, before she was being lowered to the bed, the mattress cool against her burning skin. *Fuck that was hot,* he breathed out, coming to rest between her widespread thighs—and that was when Brienne realized they were both naked, their pants in a puddle on the floor, his cock pressing thick and hard against the inside of her thigh. “Want you,” he rasped, before his mouth found hers once more, and Brienne shuddered. He ducked his head, pulling one tight nipple into his mouth, the movement causing his cock to slide between her folds, rolling against her over-sensitive clit.
"Yes," Brienne mewled out, back arching, wanting him again, still, now, yes. She reached out blindly, fumbling in her bedside drawer, but distracted by Jaime’s mouth and his hands and his everything. With a little growl, she finally opened her eyes and pushed back at Jaime’s shoulders just enough to reach the drawer, pulling out one of the square foil packets Margaery had insisted she have on hand, ‘just in case’.

“Oh thank fuck,” Jaime growled before ripping the condom open and rolling it over his cock with a sigh of relief.

Brienne couldn’t help but watch, shy and curious, before running hesitant fingers over the length of him. It wasn’t more than a moment, though, before he was brushing her hands away. “Sorry,” he gasped out, before she had more than a moment to feel self-conscious, “don’t want this to be over too soon.” He kissed her again, then, sucking her bottom lip as his hand came to rest between her legs. He teased lightly at her folds before brushing over her clit, circling and stroking as she squirmed, until two fingers slid down and inside, curling against a spot that made her see stars. She didn’t know whether she wanted to scream or cry, it was too much and not enough, but soon enough his fingers were gone, and she moaned at the loss.

But then his cock was there between her legs, the thick, blunt head poised at her entrance, and he was rocking his hips, pushing inside, slow and steady. It felt like she couldn’t take a deep enough breath, like there were sparks under her skin, like she was being pulled apart and put back together again. That feeling from before was building again, but better and different and more more more...

She couldn’t stop the noises spilling from her mouth, just a series of moans and his name, over and over. Jaime was groaning words of love against her neck, his cock twitching inside her for several long, endless moments, before finally collapsing next to her.

“I meant that,” Jaime panted, lifting his head from the pillow to capture Brienne’s gaze with his own.

“Did you?” she whispered, trying not to let her voice waver, not quite sure of what he meant.

“Gods, yes,” he groaned, letting his head fall back. “I’ve been in love with you for ages.”

“Me, too,” she admitted quietly, a warm glow filling her at Jaime’s answering grin.

“Good,” he answered, snuggling into her side. “I plan to spend every night here with you. And I’m never giving those lucky pineapple pants back, either.”

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End Notes

This would have turned out okay without ikkiM, but not anywhere near as good as it did. Thanks, babycakes. :D

Now tell me how pretty I am.

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