
ASoIaF vs. GoT,
Eleventh: Bathtime
at Harrenhal

CITATIONS BY ALYSON MIERS





Provoking Reactions

“You figure to row all the way to King’s Landing, wench?”

“You will call me Brienne. Not *wench*.”

“My name is Ser Jaime. Not Kingslayer.”

“Do you deny that you slew a king?”

“No. Do you deny your sex? If so, unlace those breeches and show me.” He gave her an innocent smile. “I’d ask you to open your bodice, but from the look of you that wouldn’t prove much.”

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). *A Storm of Swords* (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3) (p. 19). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

Jaime sat against the bole of an oak and wondered what Cersei and Tyrion were doing just now. “Do you have any siblings, my lady?” he asked.

Brienne squinted at him suspiciously. “No. I was my father’s only s-- child.”

Jaime chuckled. “*Son*, you meant to say. Does he think of you as a son? You make a queer sort of daughter, to be sure.”

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). *A Storm of Swords* (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3) (p. 155). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

“You’ve harmed others. Those you were sworn to protect. The weak, the innocent ...”

“... the king?” It always came back to Aerys. “Don’t presume to judge what you do not understand, wench.”

“My name is--”

“-- Brienne, yes. Has anyone ever told you that you’re as tedious as you are ugly?”

“You will not provoke me to anger, Kingslayer.”

“Oh, I might, if I cared enough to try.”

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). *A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3)* (p. 155). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

“Not bad at all,” he said when he paused for a second to catch his breath, circling to her right.

“For a wench?”

“For a squire, say. A green one.” He laughed a ragged, breathless laugh. “Come on, come on, my sweetling, the music’s still playing. Might I have this dance, my lady?”

Grunting, she came at him, blade whirling, and suddenly it was Jaime struggling to keep steel from skin.

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). *A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3)* (p. 290). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

“Lord Bolton insists I sup with him, but he neglected to invite my fleas.” Jaime tugged at his guard with his left hand. “Help me out of these stinking rags.” One-handed, he could not so much as unlace his breeches. The man obeyed grudgingly, but he obeyed. “Now leave us,” Jaime said when his clothes lay in a pile on the wet stone floor. “My lady of Tarth doesn’t want the likes of you scum gaping

at her teats.” He pointed his stump at the hatchet-faced woman attending Brienne. “You too. Wait without. There’s only the one door, and the wench is too big to try and shinny up a chimney.”

The habit of obedience went deep. The woman followed his guard out, leaving the bathhouse to the two of them. The tubs were large enough to hold six or seven, after the fashion of the Free Cities, so Jaime climbed in with the wench, awkward and slow. Both his eyes were open, though the right remained somewhat swollen, despite Qyburn’s leeches. Jaime felt a hundred and nine years old, which was a deal better than he had been feeling when he came to Harrenhal.

Brienne shrunk away from him. “There are other tubs.”

“This one suits me well enough.” Gingerly, he immersed himself up to the chin in the steaming water. “Have no fear, wench. Your thighs are purple and green, and I’m not interested in what you’ve got between them.”

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). *A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3)* (p. 504). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

Still, the water darkened as the caked dirt dissolved off his skin. The wench kept her back to him, the muscles in her great shoulders hunched and hard.

“Does the sight of my stump distress you so?” Jaime asked. “You ought to be pleased. I’ve lost the hand I killed the king with. The hand that flung the Stark boy from that tower. The hand I’d slide between my sister’s thighs to make her wet.” He thrust his stump at her face. “No wonder Renly died, with you guarding him.”

She jerked to her feet as if he’d struck her, sending a wash of hot water across the tub.

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). *A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3)* (p. 504). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.



Caregiver Role

Their capture by the Brave Companions, and Jaime's loss of his hand, causes Brienne to change her role from Jaime's captor to his caregiver.

After the second time he fell from the saddle, they bound him tight to Brienne of Tarth and made them share a horse again. One day, instead of back to front, they bound them face-to-face.

“The lovers,” Shagwell sighed loudly, “and what a lovely sight they are. ’Twould be cruel to separate the good knight and his lady.” Then he laughed that high shrill laugh of his, and said, “Ah, but which one is the knight and which one is the lady?”

If I had my hand, you'd learn that soon enough, Jaime thought. His arms ached and his legs were numb from the ropes, but after a while none of that mattered. His world shrunk to the throb of agony that was his phantom hand, and Brienne pressed against him. *She's warm, at least,* he consoled himself, though the wench's breath was as foul as his own.

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). *A Storm of Swords* (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3) (pp. 413-414). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

His throat was so raw that he could not eat, but he drank wine when they gave it to him, and water when that was all they offered. Once they handed him a cup

and he quaffed it straight away, trembling, and the Brave Companions burst into laughter so loud and harsh it hurt his ears. “That’s horse piss you’re drinking, Kingslayer,” Rorge told him. Jaime was so thirsty he drank it anyway, but afterward he retched it all back up. They made Brienne wash the vomit out of his beard, just as they made her clean him up when he soiled himself in the saddle.

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). *A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3)* (p. 414). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

“*My lords!*” Brienne wrenched herself free and pushed forward. “I saw your banners. Hear me for your oath!”

“Who speaks?” demanded Ser Aenys Frey.

“Lannither’th wet nurth.”

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). *A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3)* (p. 420). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

“The heat of the tubs will do it,” Maester Qyburn was telling them. *No, he’s not a maester, they took his chain.* “There’s still poison in his blood as well, and he’s malnourished. What have you been feeding him?”

“Worms and piss and grey vomit,” offered Jaime.

“Hardbread and water and oat porridge,” insisted the guard. “He don’t hardly eat it, though. What should we do with him?”

“Scrub him and dress him and carry him to Kingspyre, if need be,” Qyburn said. “Lord Bolton insists he will sup with him tonight. The time is growing short.”

“Bring me clean garb for him,” Brienne said, “I’ll see that he’s washed and dressed.”

The others were all too glad to give her the task. They lifted him to his feet and sat him on a stone bench by the wall. Brienne went away to retrieve her towel, and returned with a stiff brush to finish scrubbing him. One of the guards gave her a

razor to trim his beard. Qyburn returned with roughspun smallclothes, clean black woolen breeches, a loose green tunic, and a leather jerkin that laced up the front. Jaime was feeling less dizzy by then, though no less clumsy. With the wench's help he managed to dress himself.

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). *A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3)* (pp. 508-509). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

Qyburn had brought a flask as well.

“What is it?” Jaime demanded when the chainless maester pressed him to drink.

“Licorice steeped in vinegar, with honey and cloves. It will give you some strength and clear your head.”

“Bring me the potion that grows new hands,” said Jaime. “That’s the one I want.”

“Drink it,” Brienne said, unsmiling, and he did.

It was half an hour before he felt strong enough to stand. After the dim wet warmth of the bathhouse, the air outside was a slap across the face. “M’lord will be looking for him by now,” a guard told Qyburn. “Her too. Do I need to carry him?”

“I can still walk. Brienne, give me your arm.”

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). *A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3)* (p. 509). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.



Brienne's Modesty

Harrenhal's bathhouse was a dim, steamy, low-ceilinged room filled with great stone tubs. When they led Jaime in, they found Brienne seated in one of them, scrubbing her arm almost angrily.

"Not so hard, wench," he called. "You'll scrub the skin off." She dropped her brush and covered her teats with hands as big as Gregor Clegane's. The pointy little buds she was so intent on hiding would have looked more natural on some ten-year-old than they did on her thick muscular chest.

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). *A Storm of Swords* (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3) (p. 503). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

The water had grown cool. When Jaime opened his eyes, he found himself staring at the stump of his sword hand. The hand that made me Kingslayer. The goat had robbed him of his glory and his shame, both at once. *Leaving what? Who am I now?*

The wench looked ridiculous, clutching her towel to her meager teats with her thick white legs sticking out beneath. "Has my tale turned you speechless? Come, curse me or kiss me or call me a liar. Something."

"If this is true, how is it no one knows?"

"The knights of the Kingsguard are sworn to keep the king's secrets. Would you have me break my oath?" Jaime laughed. "Do you think the noble Lord of Winterfell wanted to hear my feeble explanations? Such an honorable man. He

only had to look at me to judge me guilty.” Jaime lurched to his feet, the water running cold down his chest. “By what right does the wolf judge the lion? *By what right?*” A violent shiver took him, and he smashed his stump against the rim of the tub as he tried to climb out.

Pain shuddered through him ... and suddenly the bathhouse was spinning. Brienne caught him before he could fall. Her arm was all gooseflesh, clammy and chilled, but she was strong, and gentler than he would have thought. *Gentler than Cersei*, he thought as she helped him from the tub, his legs wobbly as a limp cock. “*Guards!*” he heard the wench shout. “The Kingslayer!”

Jaime, he thought, *my name is Jaime*. The next he knew, he was lying on the damp floor with the guards and the wench and Qyburn all standing over him looking concerned. Brienne was naked, but she seemed to have forgotten that for the moment.

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). *A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3)* (p. 508). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.



Jaime Compares Brienne to Cersei

“Quiet,” the wench grumbled, scowling. Scowls suited her broad homely face better than a smile. Not that Jaime had ever seen her smiling. He amused himself by picturing her in one of Cersei’s silken gowns in place of her studded leather jerkin. *As well dress a cow in silk as this one.*

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3) (p. 18). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

“Unchain my hands and I’ll play mute all the way to King’s Landing. What could be fairer than that, wench?”

“*Brienne!* My name is Brienne!” Three crows went flapping into the air, startled at the sound.

“Care for a bath, Brienne?” He laughed. “You’re a maiden and there’s the pool. I’ll wash your back.” He used to scrub Cersei’s back, when they were children together at Casterly Rock.

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3) (p. 286). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

She jerked to her feet as if he’d struck her, sending a wash of hot water across the tub. Jaime caught a glimpse of the thick blonde bush at the juncture of her thighs as she climbed out. She was much hairier than his sister. Absurdly, he felt his cock stir beneath the bathwater. *Now I know I have been too long away from Cersei.*

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3) (pp. 504-505). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

Pain shuddered through him ... and suddenly the bathhouse was spinning. Brienne caught him before he could fall. Her arm was all gooseflesh, clammy and chilled, but she was strong, and gentler than he would have thought. *Gentler than Cersei*, he thought as she helped him from the tub, his legs wobbly as a limp cock.

Martin, George R.R. (2003-03-04). A Storm of Swords (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 3) (p. 508). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.



Brienne Recalls

At Harrenhal the tubs had been huge, and made of stone. The bathhouse had been thick with the steam rising off the water, and Jaime had come walking through that mist naked as his name day, looking half a corpse and half a god. *He climbed into the tub with me*, she remembered, blushing.

Martin, George R.R. (2005-11-08). A Feast for Crows (A Song of Ice and Fire, Book 4) (pp. 149-150). Random House Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

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