

**Disclaimer: I don't own HP, GOT, or ASOIAF. Would have finished the last two properly if I had.
Edited by Bub3loka**

What is Breaker's Tale?

It's tossing a very old and jaded Harry Potter from a broken world into the body of a freshly dead Jon Snow in a mixed setting of book and show.

Does it make sense? Probably not.

Did I enjoy writing and rewriting it? Hell yes.

For those who have not read it, it's a Gary-Stu story with a serious spin. The HP elements are very subtle. It also mixes the ASOIAF and GOT timelines, in a hodgepodge that should not have worked but somehow did. In hindsight, I'm very surprised the og story came out half as interesting or as popular as it did.

Anyway, I wrote it. If you feel like reading, don't think too hard, strap in and enjoy the ride.

That being said, this has been a far greater endeavour than I first thought, and I'm definitely not going to rewrite things from scratch ever again. This is the first and the last time.

Year 2319. The Ruins of London.

The once great city of London had been reduced to ruin. Building grasping for the sky had been shattered as if a giant hammer had smashed them. Whole districts had been flattened, and only craters filled with noxious fumes remained of the flats and houses that dotted the city's neighbourhoods. The city had become one giant graveyard. It was as quiet as a grave, too.

A cloaked figure sat in reminiscence atop a pile of rubble, looking more like a statue than a living being.

Everything had begun unravelling in the summer after Harry's fifth year. Two weeks after Sirius's demise, Hermione and her parents had been slain in her home by a pair of purebloods. They had not even been Death Eaters, but some supposed shop clerks from Diagon under the Imperius Curse. The Ministry of Magic, Dumbledore, and the Order of the Phoenix were helpless. They didn't even know where to begin to look for the culprit, and thus, the victims found no justice.

How much woe could a young soul bear?

A second loss too soon broke Harry Potter. Hermione's death was the straw that broke the camel's back. After Sirius's demise, Harry had almost crumbled. At least he could blame his foolishness for his godfather's death. But a thing like this so soon? Something that made him feel helpless and stupid?

This shattered him.

It wasn't torture or hardship that broke the Boy Who Lived, but loss and senseless murder. Yet Harry was too stubborn to quit or roll over and die. After a week of mourning and wallowing in his misery, when all his tears had dried out, the reality finally sank in. Nobody cared for another Muggle-born, no matter how tragic, as the war had started in earnest, and many were killed or missing.

It wasn't just some schoolyard adventure or a small spat between the rivalling houses.

It was war, and Harry Potter was at the centre of it. No matter how much he wanted justice, he saw no way to achieve it. Should he go after the shopkeepers who were victims of this, as Hermione was? Should he go after Voldemort? The Death Eaters?

Harry Potter never felt more lost.

The school year was even worse, and even right and wrong lost meaning when Ginny was killed by a cursed medallion and Ron by a poisoned mead within three months. There was no justice again, and the perpetrator had supposedly slipped away without any trace. Yet it finally opened Harry Potter's eyes—justice was worthless if you did not have the strength to grasp it with your own hands. No, forget justice; he needed strength merely to pursue answers and the truth.

He started preparing, studying, and training harder than ever, not for school but to fight against the Death Eaters and even Voldemort.

They wanted war?

They would get it.

The childish notion of just apprehending criminals had died with his last friend. Why would Harry show any mercy to those who were bereft of it? The headmaster had perished at the end of the sixth year, but not before leaving Harry with a nearly impossible quest and some useful gifts.

Outnumbered and alone, he took a page from the enemy's book.

After three years spent on ambushes, murder, and deception, the Death Eaters had been bested. It would have been far harder without Dumbledore's Elder Wand and notes on magic or the Potter family cloak. Even the Horcruxes were hunted down with much destruction, and Harry Potter perished to the Dark Lord's Killing Curse, only to rise again and kill Voldemort while he was gloating.

His fate was his own; Harry had won, but it was a Pyrrhic victory. Everyone he cherished was dead, and he had left a trail of devastation in his wake. It made him feel empty, hollow, and confused.

The figure shook its head and sighed. Things were far too easy and simple back then.

Humans, both magical and Muggle, were foolish creatures. The Third Great War covered the whole planet, and everyone fought in it—Muggle against Muggle, wizard against wizard, Muggle against wizard and *more*. Nuclear weapons were one of the lesser problems. The real trouble started with the demonic fiends, which some ambitious imbecile with too much power and too little sense had dared to summon at the cost of not only his life but tens of thousands more.

Harry chuckled. It was a dry, raspy thing that gurgled out of his throat like a goblin-wrought silver scraping against rusty metal, a befitting sound coming from someone who had not spoken for decades.

Mind adrift, he looked at the destruction that lay all around him.

Cracks, broken bones, charred patches, and rubble covered the ground. Twisted vehicle frames, rusty and broken beyond repair, adorned the landscape. Craters the size of a Quidditch pitch and crumbling dotted the ruined cityscape in every direction, and the sky was unnaturally crimson. The air was deathly still and filled with the sickening stench of death and decay.

Everything was dead; it had been so for a long time now.

Everything aside from himself.

Finally reaching a decision, Harry stood up. He inhaled deeply and disappeared in a flash of lightning, tearing the grave silence apart with a loud thunderclap.

A large, rectangular room lay deep under the ruins, untouched by the destruction above. A crumbling stone archway stood in a pit in the centre, surrounded by ascending stone benches towards the walls. The room was surprisingly lit, although the dim lights flickered violently. With a flash of lightning, a cloaked figure appeared in the pit in front of the archway. The following thunderclap caused all the dust inside the chamber to rise, but the cloaked figure subtly waved his hand, vanishing it.

Harry looked at the Veil intently. The space between the stone arch was rippling.

He had been here once before, three centuries prior, when he had been still young and foolish, and had no idea what this was. Today, he could now understand the runes inscribed on the archway. While the exact meaning evaded Harry, he could feel the magic within and how it reached out to some place far away. The arch was a queer form of teleportation.

The destination wasn't the afterlife. However, he could see why it was called the Veil of Death; even inactive, the gaping wound in space would be lethal for anyone who stepped through, shredding your body, soul, and magic in the chaotic space between worlds.

Yet Harry Potter had nothing left to lose; he was the last living person on a dead Earth.

He gently touched what felt like a power rune on the left side and poured his magic into the crumbling stone arch. The ancient archway seemed a bottomless pit, devouring even his seemingly endless power without much change. Yet Harry wasn't discouraged. Soon, it awoke with a dull groan, and the ripples between the archway slowly began to twist and rotate.

Slowly, one by one, the runes lit up in a soft blue colour, and the air began to hum with power. He kept pouring all of his magic relentlessly, and he barely managed to light up all the runes before going dry.

As soon as the last rune lit up, the hum disappeared. The only sound was the ominous swirl of the vortex between the stone columns of the arch. Drained of magic, his body felt incredibly heavy and barely responsive. Exhausting his power until he had a sliver left made him feel like a baby struggling to lift a finger. Anyone else would have long faded in the embrace of Morpheus, but Harry managed to hold on to his consciousness by a bare thread. Yet he could only lean slightly forward and fall directly into the portal just before the runes faded.

The crumbling arch cracked when he disappeared into the Veil, and the flickering lights went dark.

28th Day of the 2nd Moon, Year 303 After Aegon's Conquest

Sansa Stark, Near Castle Black

How much pain and grief could one bear before they shatter like a vase against the cold, hard world?

Her fingers were cold despite her leather gloves, her thighs were rubbed raw from the saddle, her wounds sent slivers of pain across her body, and she felt stiff.

The road was much more daunting than anything she was used to. The Vale's rocky high road and the southern parts of the kingsroad were pleasant in comparison. Sansa had travelled little in the North itself, and it had been in the comfortable safety of a wheelhouse.

Without the protection of Winterfell's warm walls or a wheelhouse, the northern wilderness gnawed at her like a hungry dog would gnaw a bone.

My skin has turned to porcelain, to ivory, to steel.

But the steel had grown brittle in the cold, yet she persisted.

The truth was that she had no choice but to continue heading north. Sansa had to reach Castle Black or die trying. The alternative was returning to Ramsay and facing his wrath.

She would rather die.

Even if Sansa somehow avoided her husband and his men, she had only more enemies further south. Braving the cutting northern wind, her group continued to make their way slowly through the snow. At least they were lucky; it hadn't snowed enough to make the road unpassable.

Sansa winced. The cuts all over her body were throbbing again. Riding a horse did not help alleviate the ache between her legs. Her moonblood came a little less than a sennight after escaping the clutches of Ramsay Bolton. It only added to her growing pains, but it was a sign that she was not carrying the child of that monster. Sansa had been in pain for so long that she had forgotten how it felt when nothing hurt.

In the distance loomed an impossibly tall structure hewn entirely out of ice. A few rays of sunlight speared through the cloudy sky and illuminated the icy wall, giving it a dirty grey shine.

Soon, they approached the few motley structures nestled at the base of the Wall. Sansa just hoped her bastard brother would not turn her away, despite their distance in their childhood.

Bastards can rise high in the world.

The voice of Ramsay rang in her head, and her wounds flared up painfully once again. While she couldn't help but feel joyful at Jon's ascendancy into the position of Lord Commander of the Night's Watch, her half-brother's next move baffled her greatly.

The wildlings, who were as hated as the Lannisters, if not more, were allowed to pass the Wall under his orders. Sansa shook her head; she would soon find out the truth for herself.

Slowly but surely, they neared the seat of the Night's Watch, now no longer a dark smudge at the base of the Wall in the distance.

Castle Black couldn't be called much of a castle; it was just a dilapidated mash-up of weathered stone towers and timber keeps. There were no curtain walls, but the towers and keeps were positioned so that there was only one entrance: a giant wooden stairway adorned with a small, shabby gate. The whole fortress, if it could even be called that, looked incredibly bleak and without a hint of liveliness.

When they arrived at the 'gate' of Castle Black, she noticed that it was gravely quiet. No noise of the servants and men-at-arms going about their day, of the horses braying in the stables, or the quiet hum of people talking in the distance. The deafening silence reminded her of Winterfell's crypts. As they crossed the gate, a greybeard clad in black spotted them from the wooden keep adjacent to the stairway.

"What do ya want?" His tired, hoarse voice broke the deathly stillness.

Brienne came to the front and answered, "We are here to speak with the Lord Commander."

The man furrowed his eyebrows before sighing. He warily appraised Brienne for a few heartbeats before nodding. "Open the gate!"

Within a few minutes, the makeshift gates slid open with a pained groan, and they met the black brother, sporting a dour expression on his weather-worn face.

"Yer looking for Lord Commander Snow?" Brienne nodded, steadying her horse. "Then I regret to inform ya that the Lord Commander has passed."

Her strength left her.

Sansa swayed and almost fell off her steed, barely managing to stay on her saddle. She was used to grief and tragedy, but this was it. Now, she had finally lost everything. Her last remaining family member was gone, and Sansa Stark was alone, and not even hope was left.

Her stomach twisted into a painful knot, and she felt her insides turn to ice. She wanted to scream, but her throat tightened instead, and all she could let out was a strangled sob.

"This is Lady Sansa Stark. She is the Lord Commander's sister," Brienne clarified. The man's eyes widened, and he bowed his head at her.

"I am sorry for yer loss, m'lady. We're now preparing for his funeral. I can lead ye to his chambers if you want to say yer goodbyes."

Sansa nodded wordlessly, dismounted her horse, and handed the reins to Podrick. Everything felt numb as she followed the man into one of the stone keeps, ignoring the slivers of pain running beneath her flesh. Brienne followed while her squire remained to take care of their horses.

The greybeard led them up the most imposing keep towards the commander's solar, a room far smaller than expected. But it was to be expected; this was not one of the Great Seats like the Eyrie, Winterfell, or the Red Keep.

There, on a table in the middle of the room, was her last brother. Theon claimed he hadn't killed Bran and Rickon, but even if Sansa trusted him, which she didn't, that would mean they were stuck in the wilderness on their own. And after having a taste of it herself, she doubted that a young child and a cripple with no help or supplies had a good chance of survival.

After all, hope was a fool's dream.

Jon looked so peaceful that she would have thought he was sleeping if he wasn't deathly still and if there weren't jagged, bloody holes in his black clothing. Next to the table, Ghost was lying on the ground, whimpering quietly. This was the first time she had heard the white direwolf make a sound, and it only brought tears to her eyes.

"Pardon me, m'lady." Sansa jumped at the young, soft voice. She had been so distracted by Jon's body that she did not see a young man sitting on a chair near the wall. "Are you the Lord Commander's sister?"

Sansa couldn't bring herself to speak, so she simply nodded while trying to wipe away her tears. An uncomfortable silence settled in the air until she could muster some strength. "How..." Her voice was quivering, but she braved on. "How did he die?"

The young man's face twisted into a grim scowl. "He was betrayed. Some men were unhappy that the Lord Commander had allowed the wildlings to pass the Wall or support the Stag King. And after the news of Stannis' defeat came, they lured him out at night and stabbed him to death. But Edd, one of the leal watchmen, went to call the wildlings for aid. We caught the traitors and threw them in the ice cells. They are to hang on the morrow."

His words chilled her further. She thought it was cold before, but now she couldn't suppress her shivers. Jon had been betrayed, just like her father, brothers, uncle Brandon, and the grandfather she never knew. Was that to be the fate of all the men of House Stark?

While Sansa lamented, a group of people poured into the room.

Two women looked completely out of place in the bleakness of Castle Black. The first was tall with long red hair and garbed in a thin red gown. She seemed completely unaffected by the cold and wore a choker on her neck adorned with a red ruby. Sansa had never seen her before, but something about her seemed familiar. A moment later, she realised what it was; the lady fit the description of Stannis' infamous Red Witch—Melisandre of Asshai.

The other maiden was undoubtedly a wildling with the long bone knife strapped to her belt. With her high, sharp cheekbones and proud blue eyes, one could mistake her for a noble lady, for her beauty easily rivalled that of Cersei Lannister. Tall and buxom, she was clad in white leathers and furs, with dark honey-coloured hair flowing towards her waist.

They were followed by the dour watchman who opened the gate for them, an old man with thinning grey hair missing the fingers of his left hand. Last entered a burly wildling clad in fur, red hair streaked with grey.

"M'lady." The old man nodded politely to Sansa before turning to the red woman. "Can't you do something? Anything?"

These words finally snapped Sansa out of her grief. What could they even do for her brother? He was already dead. Were they going to try a crazy ritual or a magic spell to bring Jon back?

The priestess stared at her brother's body before murmuring, "I don't know, Ser Davos. But I will try. Someone fetch me hot water and a clean rag."

The dour watchman simply muttered an agreement and left. Then the red witch slowly walked over to Jon and beckoned the young man to join her. They started undressing Jon's body. Sansa averted her gaze, respecting her brother's privacy. However, she noticed that the blonde wildling beauty was looking with keen interest instead.

After some time, the shuffling of clothes finally stopped, and Sansa dared to look to see if they were finished. Jon's body was naked, and only his modesty was covered by a small cloth. His chest and belly were littered with holes. Ugly purple stab wounds adorned his torso, and the cruellest one was over his heart. It was like someone had twisted the knife after sticking it in. Sansa once again could feel her tears threatening to spill from her eyes and barely managed to hold them back.

Finally, the dour watchman arrived with a wooden basin. The young man and the priestess carefully dipped the rag into the water and cleaned his body of blood, and the Red Woman shooed them away from Jon's corpse.

The air grew heavy. Melisandre kneeled in front of the table, bowed her head, and began to chant words in an unknown tongue. The sound was jarring and sharp, making Sansa's skin crawl.

She had long stopped believing in gods, children's tales, and songs. But Sansa had also heard in whispers about some of the impossible feats that the priestess had done. A small ember of hope bloomed within her; maybe the red woman would succeed.

The incantation felt like it dragged on forever and was slowly growing louder. The only thing left in her was a tiny spark of hope that whatever sorcery they were doing would bring Jon back, and she would not be alone. Sansa stood there, staring as the woman chanted, reaching a crescendo and abruptly halted. Melisandre of Asshai leaned forward, planting her lips across Jon's mouth before cautiously moving away.

The following silence was deafening.

It was all for nought, for Jon Snow was still unmoving.

Alas, it was not meant to be. The seconds painfully dragged on after the priestess had stopped, yet nothing happened. Soon, even Melisandre's head dipped in defeat, and she left wordlessly; everyone slowly slipped out of the chamber except for Sansa and the young man.

She could barely look at him from the tears pooling in her eyes.

"M'lady, we should prepare him for the funeral now."

"What's your name?" Sansa managed to croak out.

"Satin, I am... *was* the Lord Commander's steward," his reply was quiet and heartbreaking.

"Satin, could you—" her throat constricted, choking any further words out.

The young man gave her a sad, understanding smile and nodded. "I'll be back soon with some clean garments to send him off properly."

She stood still until he left. As soon as the door closed, Sansa couldn't hold herself back anymore and broke out in sobs. Tears flowing freely, she closed the distance between herself and Jon and simply buried her face in the nook of his neck and cried.

Her half-brother had always been good and kind to her, even if she acted distantly.

Half-brother was what she had called him—never brother or Jon.

But he had been the last thing Sansa had. And now he was gone. Oh, how those words burned in her mind now. Her heart was laden with regret. Bastardry was harsh, and she tasted the bitter side of the coin after her jaunt as Alayne Stone in the Vale.

But it was simply one more regret, one more sorrow in the long, painful string of griefs.

Time had lost meaning, but as she heard the door open again, Sansa reluctantly tore herself from Jon and let Satin do his work. Soon, her brother was carefully garbed in a clean black tunic and breeches.

Then, two solemn watchmen entered and carried Jon's body outside to the courtyard; she trailed after them numbly.

The wooden pyre was right in the middle of the yard, and her brother's body was gently placed next to another one belonging to a very, very old man, decrepit and shrivelled, wearing a simple black robe. Sansa's gaze moved to the three round stones, all dull. She had never seen their like before—one red and gold, the second purple and bronze, and the last deep blue with dark swirls arranged in a perfect triangle around the bodies.

Brienne and Podrick were waiting outside among the other Night's Watchmen and wildlings. Sansa could even spot a few men wearing Baratheon heraldry in the crowd. However, nobody was paying attention to her or the other newcomers.

Barely suppressing the overwhelming despair, Sansa slowly walked to the forefront, where Sansa stood sorrowfully.

Carefully nudging his shoulder, she whispered, "Who is the old man? And why are there stones on the pyre?"

"Maester Aemon. He could barely get out of bed for moons; the other brothers say he has been here since Maekar's rule." The young steward shook his head sadly. "The stones were his only effects—he wanted them to burn with him."

Something large and warm moved next to her. Sansa craned her neck and saw Ghost, his ears drooping low and tail hanging down in defeat. She hadn't noticed his enormous size before; her thoughts were with her brother, and the direwolf was deceptively sprawled on the floor, but Ghost had gotten unbelievably big. He was easily as tall as her, and Sansa wasn't short.

Ironically, all the direwolves of her trueborn siblings were dead, and only her half-brother had managed to keep his alive. Yet it was meaningless in the end...

Ghost gazed at her face and gave her a sad, silent whine. Sansa's limbs felt shaky as if they would give out any moment, and she leaned onto her brother's direwolf.

Her attention returned to the pyre as two watchmen poured oil over the logs. Another thin man with grey hair and a dour face lit a torch and threw it at the pyre. The fire bloomed like a flower, her brother's body disappearing amidst the dancing orange flames.

The man sighed and spoke up solemnly, "They came to us from Winterfell and King's Landing. North and South. They fought and died protecting men, women, and children who will never know their names. It is for us to remember our brothers. We shall never see their like again. Now their watch is ended."

Snow softly began to fall from the grey skies.

Sansa tried to hold her tears, but couldn't. They started small, but the sobs grew and grew. She didn't care that everyone would see. She missed her family, and most of all, she missed Jon right now. The regret returned with a vengeance; it felt as if someone had struck her with a hammer in the chest.

She was alone now.

On the way here, Sansa had hoped to reunite with her brother, someone who would not sell her away or manipulate her for his ends and needs.

A treacherous thought wormed itself into her grief-stricken mind.

Sansa could still reunite with her brother.

She could see all of her family. Sansa was strong; she could easily squash this thought. Despite all the tragedy and suffering so far, she clung to life.

But was it worth it?

She hadn't thought of the future on her way to Castle Black aside from finally meeting someone from her family again. All she could think about was her now dead last brother.

Yes, Sansa could continue trudging along. But she was valuable and would never be left alone. The future seemed grimmer with each passing moment. Deep inside, she knew what followed—running from her family's enemies. But how far could she run? This was the end of the world already....

Sansa wasn't a fighter, so all she could do to get revenge was to scheme. She felt smaller and smaller, while the Boltons and Lannisters only loomed larger and larger, like a pair of unbeatable giants in her mind. Her numerous wounds all across her body ached painfully. Few of them have had the time to heal properly. Some were probably festering.

At that moment, Sansa Stark felt incredibly tired. Her hopes were all dashed, and her heart was shattered again. One might say that she was the least impulsive of her family. But the wolfsblood was shown true as she reached a decision. Her soft blue eyes hardened into chips of ice as she took a deep, shuddering breath to gather the last vestiges of her strength and resolve.

Just as everyone had bowed their heads in a silent show of respect, Sansa Stark rushed forward and leapt into the burning pyre, hoping to join her family in the afterlife.

Author's Endnote: I was heavily inspired by many other works, but the main one was Naerys Blackfyre's 'Father of Dragons'. I recommend you read it if you like the Jon/Sa pairing and villain! Dany. You can probably recognise the second scene from one of Naerys' works; after a twist/rework, I have used it with their permission.

After much contemplation, I have decided to keep the fic a mix of the show and the books. Everyone is at their book age, but more time has passed than book canon due to the mergers and people not teleporting. Some of the (relevant) jarring differences will be reconciled throughout the story. Thus, the story begins in early 303 AC, rather than late 300 AC, as per the books. Respectively, the ages of the characters at the beginning are:

**Aegon Targaryen 21; Sansa Stark 16; Jon Snow 19; Shireen Baratheon 14; Arya Stark 14; Daenerys Targaryen 18; Brienne of Tarth 23; Myrcella Baratheon/Waters 14, Tommen Baratheon/Waters 11
Arianne Martell 27; Rickon Stark 8**