

Ending Maker: Fate Wizardry

Chapter Intro:

*This fic's premise is inspired by the webtoon titled **Ending Maker**/엔딩메이커 by **Chwiryong** and their illustrator **chyan**. Please check them out.*

Story Starts

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Ch. 4.2 - The Professors' Visit is Staffed with Some Difficulties (2 out of 4)

October 5, 2019 - 4:00 a.m.

I woke up staring at the white ceiling.

“Hmm... Still feels wrong,” I muttered, my voice hoarse, mouth dry.

Every morning, I half-expected the shed ceiling instead—crooked planks, spider webs, the smell of damp wood, and grass seeping through the cracks. It wasn't pleasant, but it was familiar.

In one smooth move, I swung my legs out of bed and sat up.

I stretched, yawned—pandiculated, as Rin would smugly say back when we were drilling English in preparation for the Clock Tower.

We'd spent a week breaking the day into pieces, narrating what we did, what we saw, and what we felt in English. It made the basics stick... and threw up nonsense like Rin's 'favourite' word.

Arturia pitched in too—of course she did. When you're Grail-blessed to speak every modern language, teaching us English was hardly a challenge. But looking back... Arturia might speak every tongue on modern-day Earth, and yet she's still the once and future King of Britain. Her idea of 'casual'—and I mean this with no small amount of affection—was the sort that made you half-expect a knight to kneel halfway through small talk.

I stood up and, with one sharp jerk, I felt the last bit of sleep crackle out of my joints as I walked over to the desk.

A pitcher of water and a glass were waiting on a tray—Cuspey's doing. The Tonks' family house-elf, she was once Andromeda's personal house-elf back when she was a Black.

Malenia, Andromeda's grandmother, was able to arrange her return, amongst other things, as a sort of olive branch months after Andromeda was blasted off the Black family's tapestry and disowned.

I poured myself a glass and drank the first cool sips of the day, letting the water cut through the dryness of my throat.

I scratched idly at my stomach beneath my shirt and headed for the fresher. No more waiting for Aunt Petunia to unlock the back door so I could start their breakfast.

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After taking care of business and splashing water over my face to chase off the morning gunk, I got on with my morning routine.

As I opened up my circuits—my body heating up—I started my morning stretches. At the same time, I began *structural analysis* of everything in the room, a habit I'd picked up ever since unlocking some of my memories.

Starting with the basic structure of the object: the object's structure, its constituent parts, the materials used, every flaw, and all its accumulated history.

This was the guest room—and when I perform *structural analysis*, I empathise with the object's impression of how it interacts with the world. Unfortunately, through that, let's just say that there are things better left unseen.

The youngest Tonks has had her 'friends' sleep over, and has left...impressions. Of activities. Of 'experiments'. Of very thorough 'examina—right, that thought ends here.

Thankfully, Andy and Ted—who've asked me to call them that— never 'used' this room. If they had, I'd never be able to look them in the eye.

I'd put in a request with Cuspey to replace the bed and chair. Paid for them out of pocket, naturally, ensuring they were exact duplicates. Didn't want to impose on my current benefactors.

With the room's analysis done and my body limbered up—as impressions of sweaty writhing limber bod—

“!!!”

I smacked my face with both my hands, desperately trying to overwrite the mental image with Kiritsugu's burnt dishes. And Rin's Hot Mapo To—no, no, no, back to Kiritsugu's kitchen incident—as I dropped into squats

The familiar hum of my circuits helped as a distraction while I traced blades. I started with the mundane—simple knives and swords—and applied *alteration* to slim them into pseudo-arrows.

Then I raised the difficulty. One of the few Mystic Codes in my arsenal—an Azoth dagger—materialised in my hand. I ran the same *alteration* through it before moving on to Noble Phantasms.

All of it—every traced blade, every step—drawn from what I’d ‘inherited’ from my cursed alternate self, and from the things I’d seen from that golden bastard when his ‘Gate’ fully opened near the end of our fight within my inner world.

After completing most of my exercise, I capped it off with burpees before moving into cooldown stretches, still *tracing* and *altering* low-ranked Noble Phantasms as I went.

Now that I’ve had all my memories unlocked, courtesy of Rin—or rather Hermione—doing psychic damage on me as she reminded me of that dumb thing I said—ONCE!—in the heat of the moment.

“I sometimes wish she hadn’t.” I muttered, trailing off.

I shook my head, feeling my cheeks heat up in embarrassment as the memory blindsided me with a fresh wave of second-hand shame.

Snapping myself out of it—anyway, it’s odd. In this body, I can trace Noble Phantasms far more easily.

I don’t know if it’s the new body—with the extra magic core—the planet not rejecting my traced work as much, or just something weird in how this body’s built.

Take Prototype Gae Dearg, for example. That’s something that would typically demand the complete opening of all my circuits and a great deal of focus to

reproduce, but I'd pulled it off easily—even launched it—while goblins dog-piled me within Gringotts.

Well, maybe it's a mix of all that—or something I haven't figured out yet. I stood, grabbed a face towel, wiped off the sweat, and headed for the shower, ready to start the day.

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October 5, 2019 - 5:30 a.m.

“Good morning, Harry.”

The smell of coffee, heated pastries, and, from what I could see, a full English spread the moment I stepped in.

“Good morning, Ted and Andy, Moody.” The grizzled Auror—who, like a cartoon character, could bark out ‘constant vigilance!’ at any moment—grunted in reply.

He had an open invitation to the Tonks household for breakfast ever since he took the youngest Tonks on as his protégé, and he'd often drop by before his shift.

Moody just grunted in return as he sipped on a cup of coffee while reading the day's Daily Prophet—the front page depicting a dark-item raid in one of the establishments in Knockturn Alley.

“Here's being Master Harry's grapefruit juice,” Cuspey said, popping in just long enough to set the cup on the table before vanishing again.

I still called out to the space, knowing she'd hear it. “Thank you, Cuspey, the breakfast looks delicious as always.”

As I started loading my plate, I couldn't help thinking a full English breakfast would probably go well with rice.

"So Harry, what are your plans today?" Andromeda asked, cutting into a Cumberland sausage, forking up bread, beans, and sausage in one bite before dabbing her lips with a napkin.

"Hmm... Today's the day that one of the Hogwarts staff is visiting Hermione."

The Auror let out a low, disapproving noise—half grunt, half growl.

"Moody." Andromeda lightly warned Moody.

During our meeting, when the topic of Hogwarts came up, Hermione had already received her Hogwarts letter and had requested that someone brief her about the school.

This was mainly for Hermione's parents, and we didn't think that we'd immediately be in contact with potential allies within the Wizarding community.

In the end, we decided I wouldn't be there; it would be better not to tip Dumbledore off about how much I already knew about the wizarding world. Of course, after learning about the potential future—and still sceptical—Moody wanted to bring him in.

"So, I take it you're free most of the day?"

I peeked at Moody, catching the tight set of his jaw as he frowned at Andy's warning.

The reason for this was Hermione wouldn't budge on not bringing Dumbledore—my so-called magical guardian, for reasons we'd known from the start—into the fold.

Moody grumbled too—mostly about how we couldn't tell him everything thanks to a 'serious'—Sirius matter, and how he'd just have to wait until mid-December before we could bring him properly into the fold.

Andromeda didn't exactly help Moody's mood—she backed us completely, and she clearly had a few bones of her own to grind with the Supreme Mugwump once she heard what I'd endured under the Dursleys' 'loving' care.

I, for one, didn't care for how they treated me, as I had hardly anything to complain about, right?

I had a roof over my head—sure, they lauded this fact over me at all times.

I had three complete meals a day—sure, they angrily berated me that I shouldn't be eating that much and banned me from half of them.

But there was this niggling reminder in my head, and I would just stoically reply: 'Hunger is the enemy', before scarfing down whatever was left, and how could they ban me when I'm the one preparing the meals?

And sure, they did try to assault me once—but they're the ones who ended up in the hos... pi... tal...

“ ... ”

“...!” I jolted, my head snapping up as the realisation hit me.

“Umm... Harry, what's wrong?” The Tonks matriarch asked, tilting her head, while Ted and Moody lowered their newspaper to stare at me, too.

“I just had an epiphany,” I declared matter-of-factly.

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

They continued staring at me Moody raising an eyebrow, Ted tilting his head, while Andy gave me a look to continue.

“The Dursleys were indeed assholes.”

“*Snort*”

“*Snort*”

Both men made a noise of disbelief, then went back to their papers. Andy just shook her head, amused, as Cuspey poured tea for her and me before vanishing again.

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October 5, 2019 - 10:00 a.m.

After breakfast, everyone dispersed to their respective day-to-day tasks. Both Andromeda and Moody have their respective shifts at work, while Ted has some paperwork to finish. Opting just to finish it at home, as he retreated to his study.

I flicked off the belt grinder, sipped my coffee, then ran my thumb across a knife's edge. The burr felt even, so I switched to the leather strop, working the blade back and forth to clean it up and polish the edge.

Luckily, the blacksmith for whom I am apprenticing was quite understanding that I missed going to the shop on Thursday and Friday, as he is still across the pond visiting his daughter. He'll be staying there for about a month before returning.

In the meantime, most of our other services, including custom orders and the odd repair—were on hold. I'd been tasked with keeping up the sharpening for our local regulars: mostly butchers and restaurants, too swamped to maintain

their own blades, from kitchen knives to blades for their food processors and meat mincers, and even the occasional bone saw.

Today, the owner of one of the local pubs had me collect his entire set for servicing. We keep a stash of loaner blades so his kitchen isn't stuck waiting while I work.

I packed everything into the roll-up knife bag and gave the workshop a once-over to make sure I hadn't forgotten anything. The forge barely needed any looking after—it hasn't been lit once since the owner flew across the pond.

I drained the rest of my coffee, grabbed the broom, and did one last sweep of the floor.

I made sure nothing was left plugged in, flicked off the workshop lights, and slung the knife bag over my shoulder. Locking up behind me, I set off for the pub.

With one of my three errands done, I headed into town. The weather was its usual dull grey as I walked the cobbled streets of Guildford, Surrey.

I count myself lucky to have found an apprenticeship this close to Privet Drive—just a few bus stops away—even though I'm staying at the Tonks' place in Alton, which isn't far either. The pub I'm delivering these knives to even tosses me the odd shift, which helps, since the pay from the apprenticeship barely counts as pocket change.

I knocked on the pub's back door, glancing at my watch—just past a quarter-past-ten.

"Oi, that was quick, laddie. Come—had anything yet? We're pretty much done with prep." The owner waved me in, steering me toward one of the

stainless-steel tables and pointing at a monobloc chair. I sat while he went to one of the food warmers and, with a mittened hand, pulled out a pie.

“Oi Anne! Yer boi Harry is here—grab us half a pint, will you?”

A clatter of stainless steel hit the floor, followed by frantic shuffling and a muttered curse or two, while the owner—Thomas Perks who was now guffawing in laughter—set the pie down in front of me.

“Here.” The gruff but friendly man said. Normally, I’d protest, but we’ve done this song and dance enough times that I just thanked him and handed over the bundle of knives.

Thomas took the bundle without a word—after laying down a set of cutlery and giving me a hearty thump on the back—before heading off to swap them for our loaner set.

I glanced at the wall clock above the door to the main pub area. Plenty of time. Hermione and her parents wouldn’t probably be finished with their ‘intro’ to the wizarding world until mid-afternoon.

Once they’re finished, Hermione and I had requested the goblins to connect us with an agent to help scout a few flats within walking distance of the Leaky Cauldron. After that, there’d be experiments waiting for us deep in Gringotts.

A half-pint of lager appeared beside the steak and kidney pie I’d been eating. I was still a few months shy of being legal, but refusing would only annoy the owner—so really, I didn’t have a choice, plus it had a pleasant, bittersweet taste.

“Hullo! Harry, how’s it going? You haven’t picked up a shift lately.”

Sally-Anne—the pub owner’s pretty blonde daughter, named so because her mother wanted ‘Sally’ and her father insisted on ‘Anne,’ so they

compromised—cheerily said as she pulled up a chair, sitting down beside, facing me.

Something nagged at the edge of my thoughts as I looked at the grinning girl, her elbow planted on the table, head tipped into her hand, the scent of her perfume permeating my nostrils.

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END

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