

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. 4.1 - The Professors' Visit is Staffed with Some Difficulties (1 out of 4)

September 30, 2019

“Grgh,” I grumbled, brushing soot off my uniform. The last shelf I’d cleaned—buried in what had to be the library’s forgotten corner—was blanketed in years of dust.

The only action this dusty little corner ever saw was probably from frisky students looking for a place to snog and have a fumble under the shelves. I turned to my right, snatching a stack of books from my fellow detainee as I shelved them in Dewey Decimal fashion.

I was probably pulling a face as I skimmed the titles: *Bibliography of Agricultural Yield Metrics in Pre-Industrial Societies*, *A Comparative Bibliography of Medieval Timekeeping Devices and Horological Treatises*, and the ever-so-thrilling *Bibliography of Obsolete Measurement Systems in Pre-Metric Europe*.

I stifled a yawn, grumbling as I grabbed the rag resting on the empty shelf, giving the ‘page-turner’ a half-hearted wipe. Then I turned again, yanking out

my right earbud—distorted guitars and someone screaming ‘I’m not okay’ bleeding into the stale library air. I glared at the prick.

Tall. Blonde. Admittedly handsome—though not as tall or fit as Harry, if I do say so myself. And he’s been trying to flirt with me for the entirety of this bloody detention.

“Could you at least wipe the books before handing them over?” I snapped at the smug git. He just swept back his fringe and smirked.

“I could—but only if you agree to grabbing coffee with me.”

I narrowed my eyes at the offending prick, then glanced at our so-called supervisor—the youngest librarian on staff, from the looks of it. She sat stoically on a stool, dressed in the usual button-down and blazer, her short pencil skirt and black stockings making her look more like a catalogue model’s version of a disciplinarian. Her legs were crossed and swept to one side, the stool clearly short for her.

She was reading *The Golden Bough*, her delicate fingers bracing either side of the book as her eyes glided across the page. Sensing my stare, she tilted her head quizzically and popped out one of her earbuds. I gestured toward the prick incredulously, but he only shrugged innocently in her direction.

Before I could air out my complaints, she returned her earbud and went back to her reading, dismissing us.

The little prick just grinned as he turned back at me. “You’re quite the feisty little spitfire, are you? I like that! None of the guys here are brave enough to approach you, but I’m not scared.”

“Why don’t you give me a chance to show you a good time?” He asked, swaggering over with another batch of books—drier than the Sahara and just like before, still not wiped and dusted.

I pinched the bridge of my nose as a headache started to form, mentally counting backwards from ten. Harry's comment about my propensity to *gandr* first, ask questions later, echoed in my ears.

"Patience. Must not kill or maim your classmate," I muttered to myself, turning away as I grabbed another stack of books and arranged them properly.

"Wha—what?!" He suddenly nervously asked. My reputation still preceded me, shutting up the confident jerk with just a hint of threatened violence.

With the upper hand now mine, I crooked my finger at him. The once-confident guy leaned in, confused. I bent closer, lips nearly to his ear.

"Now listen here, you little piss-stain. First, I've got a boyfriend, and he'll fold you in half if he hears about you propositioning me," I whispered.

Of course, he didn't know that Shirou—or rather, Harry—was basically a teddy bear, unless he was actually provoked.

"And one more thing—if the next batch of books isn't wiped, I'll make what I did to what's-her-name's boyfriend look like a love tap."

I leaned back as he shivered, though his eyes were glazed. I followed his gaze—

"Ahem."

I coughed deliberately as he realised he'd been ogling my chest. Then I saw it, he was pitching a tent.

"Good god—don't point that at me. What the fuck are you, a masochist? Did you get turned on by my threat?" I looked down on him in utter disgust as he covered his shame.

“Now get to work, I’ve got a date tonight.”

The now red-faced jerk ducked down and finally started dusting the books.

The librarian remained perched off to the side, still reading, blissfully unaware of the threats I’d just made.

I popped my earphones back in and hummed along to my playlist, content as I shelved another book.

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September 30, 2019, A few hours later.

I tugged out one of my earbuds as the tannoy system crackled overhead, then popped it back in once the announcement finished. I was about seven stations away from Charing Cross station, as I’ll be meeting Harry at the Leaky Cauldron. He’ll be renting a private room while waiting.

Quite honestly, I’m still surprised we haven’t had the full ‘*Bless my soul, it’s Harry Potter!*’ scene yet. Especially since Harry always rocks his full chav getup—head-to-toe black, with a face mask covering half his face.

It also helps that Andromeda charmed his glasses and mask with a subtle misdirection spell, making it harder for anyone to clock who he is.

People still notice him, but they don’t really look. The trick is, the less invasive the spell is on someone’s senses, the easier it is to fool them.

Redirecting attention from just his glasses and mask is far less intrusive than veiling his whole body—trying that would tip off anyone with the slightest bit of magical sensitivity that something’s off.

“...!”

My magic suddenly fluctuated, focusing as I tuned into the phenomenon. This, then, was the *magic gate dampeners*.

It wasn't always called this, Nymphadora—or rather, she-who-still-must-be-referred-as-Tonks-despite-being-in-the-same-room-as-o-ther-Tonks—had mentioned the name in passing as she was revising for her O.W.L.s.

I think it was previously called something like *Claustrum Vinculi Aracani Frangens*, or something like that, basically just '*shattering the secret communion*', or something equally dramatic.

That archaic mouthful, now confined to historical textbooks, torturing student testers, eventually faded from common use.

However, in a 1970s interview, the frontman of a globally popular band, known as '*The Witching Hour*', referred to it as a *magic gate dampener*, and the name simply stuck across all magical societies.

Of course, nobody caught on that he was comparing it to a Muggle invention called a noise gate, which only allows specific frequencies through while suppressing and cutting off the rest.

By the time wizarding societies caught on—and no matter how the purebloods and traditionalists protested—the name was already widespread.

When the noise gate concept was explained, the frontman was lauded and awarded an honorary master's title in Arithmancy. The idea of describing magic as frequencies was unique at that time, as it had previously been described as a sort of '*communion*' with magic, being semi-sentient to an extent.

Further research on the nationwide wards' array lent greater credence to this concept. Accidental magic has three elements: it's uncontrolled, emotionally

driven, and crucially, immature. This combination creates a distinct frequency within a specific range, which is then quashed and absorbed by the ward, enriching the country's ley lines.

Of course, there are exceptions to the rules, especially when it comes to magic. I'd pointed out that I'd lately been experiencing accidental magic, and upon Andromeda's inspection—she works at St. Mungo's Hospital—she couldn't detect any overflow from my core that wasn't being absorbed by the ward.

It took a bit more grumbling before we showed them our magic circuits, which was quite curious from their point of view. It's not exactly common that you get '*mutations*'—well, at least that's what she called it—in magical pathways like this, and it's even more curious to find it in us both.

She described it as a magical pathway that doubles as a focus; many wandless practitioners develop these kinds of pathways, but they are presented differently—a way to process and refine magic before actualisation.

However, whenever we deactivated our circuits, she found that unrefined magic would overflow and leak through our inactive circuits, bypassing the nationwide ward.

In the end, it wasn't normal, but it wasn't too egregious to warrant further inspection. It might settle once we gain additional control over our cores.

We were initially hesitant to share this for fear of experimentation, but at least our doubts were assuaged; she says this is how family magic starts, and warned us about sharing it with others.

She assured us that our secrets are safe with her and that we'd probably need a focus soon, so we can explain it away as just being advanced.

I moved towards the carriage doors as the tannoy announced our approach to Charing Cross, double-checking everything to ensure nothing was forgotten, missing, or had been stolen.

I grabbed at the bar beside me as the train slowed to a stop. Alighting from the train, I checked my phone for the time: 17:17, turning it off before entering a magically saturated area, and started heading towards the wizarding pub.

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“Oh, done paying your dues to society, are you?” Tonks drawled from where she was sprawled across the sofa, feet on Harry’s lap, as I stepped into the private room booked under her family name.

“I still have thirteen more days of detention, Nymphadora.” I deadpanned.

A dull thump rang out as a spell smacked into the wall beside me—Harry had casually flicked it off course, sending the hex sizzling into the plaster instead.

Tonks and I, naturally, resorted to the absolute pinnacle of maturity, flipping each other off and sticking our tongues out, squabbling like schoolkids. While Harry, who was silently munching on a bowl of chips, wasn’t interrupting—cause that’s hell he’d be walking into—though he occasionally diverted unwarranted spells and blocked the stray gandr with a *traced* blade.

A pop was suddenly heard amidst the ever-escalating banter.

“Mistress Dory be wantin’ to go back to Hogwarts now?” The Tonks family’s house-elf, Cuspey, apparated in, reminding Tonks that she needed to return to the castle.

It only came to us near the end of our meeting with the goblins, Moody, and the Tonks family that Hogwarts had already started its school year. Due to the

government cuts under the Fudge administration, the D.M.L.E. had been operating at a reduced budget ever since Voldemort was vanquished.

Much to Fudge's—and probably Lucius'—consternation, Amelia Bones was able to get certain light-aligned and neutral-aligned families to sponsor an Auror Trainee program for students interested in entering the field or even something related like being a Hit-Wizard or entering the duelling circuit—Moody though vehemently argued against the latter but the Lady Bones did what must be done to secure her department's funds.

There had been several instances where they tried to nail her with some form of corruption or embezzlement of funds, but so far, she has persevered.

Students under this program are given special privileges, allowing them to leave the castle to shadow their trainer and have been granted considerable leeway when returning.

Of course, if abused, grades plummet, or classes are missed, some, if not all, of these privileges shall be revoked. This is why Tonks was here, as she had some free time and opted to return in the evening. Of course, they cannot apparate or floo to the castle, but they did leave several Thestral-drawn carriages just outside The Three Broomsticks.

“Oh yeah, forgot that for a second there.”

Tonks, dressed down in casual clothes, unashamedly changed into her uniform in front of us—Cuspey popping it in for her—giving us a saucy wink as she leaned over to yank her skirt up around her waist.

Harry just averted his eyes, while I just shook my head in exasperation at the Metamorph's antics, especially as she tipped over while pulling up her skirt.

I just plopped down into the couch right beside Harry as I spread my arms out at the frame of the couch, releasing a loud sigh.

“How was your day?” Harry asked as he offered me the bowl of chips. Popping one into my mouth as I moaned at the salty taste, the crispy outer shell and a fluffy interior.

“Wow, these are good!” I declared.

“Yeah, Tom or whoever is cooking knew what they were doing. They probably boiled them first and then cooled them before deep frying.” Harry scooted closer. “You see those scraggly bits at the outer side, which form if you put a bit of baking soda in hot water and rough up the potatoes before cooling them.”

While Shirou has always been a gourmet in the kitchen, he took the extra step after the Holy Grail War to elevate his cooking, as he enjoyed it when others liked his cooking, especially the expressions and reactions he got from Arturia, the cute, petite glutton that she was.

“When cooled, those roughed up parts crystallised—”

“Blegh,” Tonks said, interrupting us, “You guys are as sickeningly sweet as ever. Later, Hermione.” She then stood serious, centring herself as she started “Oi, Harry, bruv—don’t be doin’ nuffin’ I wouldn’t, yeah? Keep it peng and no funny business, fam!” gesticulating wildly.

The witch vanished with a pop before anyone of us could replied. Harry and I shared a long-suffering glance, then sighed in unison for what felt like the nth time at the crazy Metamorph’s antics.

“One day, that’s going to be one of Wizarding Britain’s finest.”

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

Another chorus of sighs escaped us.

“So what’s the plan for tonight?”

“Like me you’ve probably been craving Japanese food, right? Now that I’ve finally got access to my trust fund, I booked us a place that does proper *kaiseki-ryōri*.”

Director Ragnok had finally provided Harry with a key to his trust at the close of our meeting, charging him in typical goblin fashion.

“Oh, your Japanese accent’s improved,” I noted. Though we had all our memories from our past life, our bodies hadn’t inherited any of the neural pathways we’d developed.

My Bajiquan hadn’t been particularly sharp the first time I used it on those bullies, for instance. We still needed to train to develop that muscle memory.

“Nice, shouldn’t we start heading there?” I swung my foot as I stood up in one go, swaying my arms to balance myself.

“Oh yeah,” I stretched out my hand palms up. Harry confusedly reached towards it, and I lightly slapped it away. Harry looked up at me, askance.

“Allowance.” I unabashedly requested as he raised an eyebrow.

“Don’t you have one from your par—”

“Shhhhh,” I placed a finger on his lips. “Mama needs to afford the jewels she needs for her magecraft.”

“I think Mama needs to put a ring on it first.” Harry flatly replied.

“Oooh are you offering?”

He just raised hand and wiggled his ring finger at me I, of course, blew him a raspberry.

“Speaking of which, here, I think I found something we could use for the Sirius situation,” he said, fishing out a vial and throwing it in my direction.

I fumbled, finally caught the little vial, and held it up to the light. A dark-red liquid swirled inside.

“Dragon’s blood,” he helpfully supplied. “Go on—and analyse it.”

Opening my circuits as I muttered “*Strukturanalyse*.”

As I sifted through the properties of dragon’s blood, Harry asked—completely out of nowhere:

“Hey, Hermione, do I really look like a chav?”

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