

Ending Maker: Fate Wizardry

Chapter Intro:

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

Story Starts

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Ch. 3.2 - Charming Moms and Defense Against the Dad Arts (2 out of ?)

A quick rhythmic tapping, the sizzling of meat being seared, the crunchy sound and the quick-sharp thuds of veggies being quickly diced, the noisy whine of the extractor hood, and the dull hum of the air conditioning unit are all heard amidst this loud silence.

Fidgeting with the neckline of my shirt as I tug at it, feeling an odd tightness from it. Still wearing only a loose shirt and my underwear underneath, as everything else was either in the washer or dryer, staring solely at the marbled kitchen island in front of me.

Taking a quick peek towards my father at my right, I inwardly winced as his previously defeated visage upon entering the house was now replaced with an intense glare directed towards Shirou—no, Harry's—back, his face supported by his fisted left hand as he taps away impatiently on the marbled surface with his right.

As if sensing the killing intent emanating from my dad, Harry's back was rigid and straight; his moves were mechanical yet still precise and fluid as he pressed on the four sizzling pork chop cuts with his index finger.

Wiping his hands on a tea towel, he threw it onto his shoulder. He then slid the cast iron pan into the oven, removing the oven mitt on his right— something he'd quickly put on before touching the pan—before continuing with his chopping. The previously burnt pork chop, now neatly trimmed and sliced into small cubes, lay beside the other diced veggies from the pantry.

My head still faced forward, glued to Harry's back, I hesitantly and slowly checked my left periphery, turning my head slightly as my mother couldn't quite enter my field of vision. So, I slowly turned my head, visibly flinching as I saw my mother, arms crossed, staring at me with a blank face.

I could only offer my mother an awkward smile.

"So—how was the convention? How's Budapest this time of year?" Again, wincing a bit as I joined them for a long weekend last year during my birthday in their yearly trip to a dentists' convention. For the past two years, it has been held in Budapest, which was considered the 'dental capital of Europe'—according to them.

My mother just sighed and amusedly raised her eyebrow at me, and just gestured her head towards my dad, still probably trying to kill Harry with his mind.

"Umm— daddy?"

"Yes, daughter?" he said neutrally, his face still on his fist, not looking at me.

I sighed. Even Harry hunched over a little more in shame at my father's tone. He was now tossing the fried rice he was making, utilising the previously burnt pork chops so as not to waste them. There were also some leftover veggies and a small pot of rice from Sunday in the fridge.

"Did you even go to school this week?"

“There was some—”

I immediately looked down as he angrily turned his gaze on me.

“Sorry..” I meekly said.

“Apologies for interrupting—” I looked up to see Harry laying out some plates and cutlery in front of us. He then placed a platter of pork chops, with some charred green beans in vinaigrette, oven-baked crispy potatoes, and a large serving bowl of fried rice.

“It was my fault for asking Hermione for help due to my complex family situation. I also apologise for the state you’ve seen us in; I was really overwhelmed by a lot of emotions, and at the same time, very thankful for the amazing support Hermione has given me for all the years I’ve known her.”

He then did another 45-degree bow—his second one within 24 hours, the first having been when he pushed those heavy goblin doors, using his application of reinforcement.

“I understand that is the last thing a father would want to see in his home and would understand if you never see me in a positive light, but your daughter is one amazing, supportive, beautiful, talented, and smart—”

A large blush started forming as my face heated up, while he continued to apologise while holding his bowed position. But then he started complimenting me to my dad.

“Stop that, stupid!” I mounted the kitchen island, with my knee over the counter and my other leg braced against the stool, reached over and slammed his already lowered head on the marbled surface.

“Hermione!”

“Hermione!”

Both my parents then suddenly stood up, my dad pulling me away from Harry, while my mum checked Harry's forehead.

Huh— was what I thought. The mood shifts as my mother takes the tea towel from Harry's shoulder and takes some ice from the icebox, placing it within the towel and holding it against Harry's forehead. Harry is now placating my mother as he explains that he's used to my antics, much to my growing horror, while my dad is now berating me on how I'm always quick to violence.

—eh?!?! As a high-pitched jingle permeates the house, indicating that my clothes have already dried -eh??!

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Hmph— I angrily stabbed at a piece of sliced pork chop, brought it to my mouth, and kept a frosty glare fixed on Harry, my eyes like daggers boring holes into his head. It was a stare I hadn't broken since coming back dressed in fresh clothes: baggy pants and a white shirt emblazoned on the front with 'A floss a day, keeps the drill sergeant away,' a souvenir Mum and Dad had bought for me last year when I joined them in their convention.

I was planning on surprising him with a treat. I'd secretly bought a pair of thigh-high stockings and a miniskirt – something my parents would definitely object to – while we were shopping for his disguise before going into Diagon Alley.

I'd previously found out that he had a thing for zettai ryouiki; he especially enjoyed it that one night when I convinced Arturia to match me as everything but the stockings and skirt was removed that night— the pervert that he is! But noooo, he had to open his mouth and imply that I'm always violent – and to my parents no less! HMPH! THE NERVE!

As I exhaled loudly through my nose.

My mother, who was currently asking about Harry's recipe for his cilantro-lime vinaigrette, seemed quite entertained by him. Harry, meanwhile, confusedly cycled between meeting my frosty gaze with worry and earnestly trying to make a good impression on my mum.

My father now looked a bit put off as he quietly ate his meal, adding another helping of fried rice to his plate—his third one this meal.

I sighed as I gulped down my glass of water, wedging my knife between the prongs of my fork—indicating that I was finished with my meal—as I crossed my arms and legs, still huffing about everything.

“Now, now, Hermione—” My mother, reaching out to my elbow as she tries to placate me “, I'm sure your boyfriend didn't mean to imply that you are always violent.”

Two stomps echoed, one after the other, as my father suddenly flared in anger when my mother mentioned the word ‘boyfriend’. At the same time, I angrily uncrossed my legs and stomped on the floor, still furious that the statement implied that I'm sometimes violent.

My father, now finished with his fourth and last helping of fried rice—having devoured more than half of what Harry made—mirroring my actions as he set aside his cutlery, wiping his mouth with a towel and bunching it up in frustration before tossing it into his dish.

“Dan—”

My mother warned, as he again involuntarily mirrored my action, crossed both his arms and legs—placing his right ankle on his left knee—as he leaned back against his seat, tapping his right index on his arm frantically.

“Do you not have your A-level classes as well? I’m assuming both of you are classmates?” Dan dismissively waved his left hand at Harry’s face before tucking it back into its previous folded position.

“My apologies, sir, I’m currently in an apprenticeship program with a blacksmith—”

“Blacksmith?” My father raised his right brow as he skeptically looked at me. Normally, my parents do not have any compunctions against people who choose to work with their hands rather than pursue a higher education.

Groaning at the unasked question.

“Dad, I’m sorry, but please don’t—”

“Fine!!!” My father exasperatedly exclaimed again, waving his hands dismissively as he uncrossed his legs, leaning forward, elbows on the counter, chin propped on his clasped hands.

“Pleeeaaase—explain to me,” my father sarcastically drawled “, why my warrior princess and her trusty blacksmith would play truant for two days and not just delay this till the weekend. What was so important about your problems with your family that this should be settled soon?”

He asked, shifting his head back and forth to give us both a scrutinising gaze.

“R–Hermione,” Harry quickly corrected himself as he began emphatically “, you have to tell them.” He said, giving me an insistent look.

“What?! Don’t tell me you’re pregnant?!!”

“Are you FUCKING PREGNANT!?”

We both heard shrills from both sides of our ears as our parents jumped to conclusions.

Our eyes met for a split-second as Harry's face suddenly turned beet red, my face probably mirroring his as I stood up in a panic, my high stool loudly clattering on the floor as a chorus of denials came from both of us.

I got angry as I babbled on about the accusations, how they were jumping to conclusions, how that was my one and only first kiss—adding since this birth and for now in my mind—and that I couldn't do that since Harry was still a minor.

“A minor!”

“Minor”

Again, two loud shrieks echoed as I blundered my fleeting high horse.

“AHEM!”

“A-HEM!” Harry, enunciating the sound, interrupted everyone.

“Ma'am, Sir, apologies, but could everyone calm down?”

A quick, fleeting silence permeated the room, but my dad immediately came back from the interruption.

“Now you see here—”

“Regarding my being a minor, I am 17 and about ten months younger than Hermione. We are at the same school level, so I don't think there's anything troubling about us dating.”

Harry, or rather Shirou, while usually going with the flow on a lot of things, can still assert himself on rare occasions where he deems it right for him to do so. He can actually be stubborn about this and can rarely be argued against when he is in this mood.

“Hermione,” He said, looking at me seriously “, before anything else, I’m sorry for what I implied a while ago.”

He then raised both his hands, palms up, elbows tucked, and traced two floating letter openers; both spinning on an axis, both still floating as he blatantly revealed magic, or rather Magecraft, in this case, to my parents.

My parents were initially shocked at the display, but then furrowed their brows in confusion.

Not giving them time to interject, Harry let the letter openers fall into his hands as he presented one to each of my parents, dispelling both items into motes of light.

“I promise to make it up to you, but I think it’s better that you explain everything to your parents from the start.” He said, giving me that stare he used when leaving everything up to me—it made sense, I supposed; I had been the one who'd made up that convoluted story for Andromeda and the others.

“Why don’t you and your parents discuss it in the living room, while I do the washing up. I’ll catch up with some tea in a bit.”

Sighing as I picked up the chair and placed it back in position.

“Mum and Dad, let’s go. Oh, and here.” I, too, projected something—two tiny temporary gems, to be exact.

During our sabbatical, Shirou was able to teach me his own particular brand of projection, which he calls tracing. This went beyond simple replication. In tandem with his structural analysis, he could delve into a sword's very essence, gaining intimate knowledge of its physical structure, materials, entire history, accumulated experiences, and even the skills and intentions of both the wielder and their smith.

He could also do this to a higher degree with swords or other bladed weapons due to his unique elemental and origin alignment.

I was able to adapt this skill, to a certain extent, into my repertoire of Magecraft, where I could construct a temporary jewel, charge it, and actualise low-level jewel-based mysteries.

I grabbed both my parents' wrists and placed both gems on their palms, letting them inspect them for a bit before dispersing them as well into motes of light.

“Let’s reconvene to the living room, shall we?”

My shocked and stupefied parents could only dumbly nod as we headed towards the living area. My parents followed me, still processing everything.

“Hermione, maybe you should also show them the letter!”

Harry called out as he cleared the table.

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END

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