

## Ending Maker: Fate Wizardry

Chapter Intro: Join Harry and Hermione or Shirou and Rin, as they visit the premier wizarding shopping district.

*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. 1 Hi, name's Lee, Diagonal Lee [Part 1 of 1]

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#### **Ch. 1 Hi, name's Lee, Diagonal Lee**

I sighed as I spy Hermione watching the video of Piers and Dudley vomiting for the nth time ever since we boarded the train to Charing Cross. I could see her shoulders visibly shake as she laughed inwardly.

"You know it's not only bad enough that you sucker punched both of them but I could smell that you also shot your gandr at them point blank."

"You worry too much, Harry, the curse will probably wear off in an hour."

"You were always too liberal with your use of gandr." I chastised her as she looked at me with narrowed eyes, affronted by my declaration.

"I do not!" She stubbornly declares.

"That incident between you and me at school, the time I woke you in the afternoon after a night of drinking, the time when Saber and I went on a date while you were on your..."

"Stop it!" Rin blushed as she forcibly covered my mouth with her hand.

"Fine, fine, fine, you made your point."

Averting her eyes, "Next time I'll wait for them to act first before I gandr them to pieces." muttered with her sarcastic voice.

"You know you're breaking my immersion of what I pictured, Hermione."

“Are you sure you’re complaining about what you pictured or are you disappointed that I don’t look like that Emma actress?” Crossing her arms under bust as she pouted.

Looking at Hermione with her long slightly curly hair, her long eyelashes, almond shaped hazel eyes, her slim body while still showing a good amount of curves, and I still remember the feeling of her toned legs when I massaged her.

“Well I think you’re objectively prettier.”

Still pouting you can see a blush colouring her face at my compliment.

“Fine, you’re off the hook, but tell me one thing, which do you find more attractive, this new body of mine or my previous one?”

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Dread, the all encompassing feeling of dread permeated throughout my body as Hermione asked me that question.

The warning signs of a trap being set are currently buzzing in my brain as I try to think of a distraction.

Hermione, now having the upperhand in our conversation is now raising her eyebrow, smirking at me, knowing that she has me trapped.

“So?” Leaning forward as she stays the course.

“Um.. well both look good, you can’t really compare them both as both of your bodies were beautiful all on their own.” I stammered a non-answer and hoped this would placate her.

“Oh really, then tell me one thing that’s better about this body when you compare it to my previous one.” She took one more step closer as she locked eyes with me.

Unfortunately, my eyes then drifted downwards as she followed the trajectory of my sight as my eyes landed on her much more significant chest, well at least if you compare it from before. It’s not back achingly large but it’s quite a pleasing thing to ogle at.

You can see her eyes cloud over as her fists visibly shake.

My vision suddenly darkens, as air suddenly escapes my lungs; squatting as I hold my pained stomach after Hermione punches me, feeling like it was reinforced, as the tannoy system announces our arrival at Charing Cross Station.

“Hmph.” Hermione flips her hair as she alighted from the train while I, eyes still watering from the pain, followed her out.

Wincing as I unfortunately stepped on that particular sensitive landmine, Saber and Rin were a little insecure about their breasts as it can only be matched by Saber's magic resistance and Rin's quality circuits.

Rubbing the pain away I caught up to Hermione who was still pouting. I gently nudged her with my side as she forcibly turned her head in the opposite direction.

Inwardly sighing as I swallowed my pride, adapting a soft guilty voice, I nudged her again. "Rin, c'mon now I'm sorry." Giving her my best puppy dog eyes as she growls, ruffles her hair, and frustratingly says fine.

Grabbing my elbow as she pulled me away from Charing Cross.

"Hey, where are we going?"

"Well we do not want to be mobbed right? I don't need to hear the 'Bless my soul, it's Harry Potter' line. Plus, at this point you are supposed to be ignorant of the Wizarding World. We need to buy you something inconspicuous." Hermione explained while dragging by the elbow as we took a left at Bedford street.

"Say, Harry, did you mentally compare my previous cup size to my magic circuits' quality again?"

What the— my brain short circuits. 'Can she now hear my thoughts as well? Shirou to Rin, Shirou to Rin, can you hear me?'

We stopped as I tried to look innocent. Shaking her head at me, "And now you're trying to see if I can hear your thoughts. Sword Brain!"

Smacking me at the back of my head, this type without any reinforcement applied, as our bickering continues.

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Smiling at Ri- Hermione, I really need to stop addressing her as Rin even in my head, as she test's out the magic around the Leaky Cauldron. Currently she is shifting her head and eyes away from the establishment and slowly turning back to face it.

She did this several more times before she became satisfied.

"So?"

"Well it probably works on perception and active awareness. You can still see the pub as long as it's still peripherally in vision and even if you look away for as long as you keep the pub in mind it still stays rooted, but once you distract yourself it disappears from sight and only comes back once you acknowledge it again."

"That seems rather convoluted. Why not just whitelist anyone who has magic?"

R- Hermione putting her hand on her waist as she starts entering the establishment lectured me on her theories why you can't just let anything that has magic to see the pub.

"Well off the top of my head would be magicals who are born from normals that reject the offered magical education, or who don't complete their O.W.L.S., they probably would get their memories obliviated, but they'll still have their magic. That would be problematic, don't you think?"

"Can't they just seal the person's magic?"

We sat at a table with a direct view of the brick wall leading to Diagon Alley, we unfortunately don't know the code and we do not have any magical focus on us. We also weren't sure if you can just channel your magic at the correct bricks.

We aren't really planning on testing that soon as we are trying to be inconspicuous. Right now I'm sporting a wind breaker that partially covers my lower face while a black cap conceals my forehead and eyes.

"Well I'm not too sure about magic here, but I would rather think that sealing someone's magic would take at least active magic equal to the magic you are sealing. Wouldn't that be expensive and impractical? And to make that device and its power source portable? At that point the Mage Association's way would be the practical action instead, so this type of convoluted, conceptual, intent based wards are actually quite smart."

I nodded my head showing my assent to her point. That makes sense; it's a better system than the Mage Association's protocols of erase, expunge, wipeout; then take into custody those you can experiment on.

"Excuse me, are you gonna order anything?" A hunched bald old man suddenly asked us.

"I'm sorry, that's the entrance to Diagon Alley, right? We just came in from America and we need to convert some of our money to galleons, sickles, and knuts. Would you be able to assist us?" Hermione suddenly adapting an American accent.

"Me and my boyfriend here—" she said as she hugged my arm "-would like to check out Britain's premiere magical district but unfortunately don't know how to enter the alley."

With a huff the hunched man told us to follow him. "Here, tap this brick 3 times. It's the one three up and two across." He said as he used a pink umbrella sitting at a stand beside the brick wall.

What greeted us was something the movies nor our imaginations represented that well. A bustling street filled with witches and wizards in robes.

Parents out with their children as they play with small animated toy dragons and gryffins.

A man in front of his stall with floating samplers of ice cream around him.

A teen on his broom zipping along the alley throwing out flyers as the paper automatically folded into folded airplanes and flew into the hands of their intended targets.

Turning towards the gruff man, I said my thanks and promised to eat at his establishment before we leave.

The hunchman just grunted in acknowledgement as he turned his back at us already halfway towards his bar.

"I think we should head straight to the bank, less chance of being discovered by anyone who could recognize me."

Gently holding on to Hermione's shoulders I redirect her longing attention at what looks like a shop that sells jewels pointing her towards a tall establishment white and imposing in its splendor.

"Come, maybe there's some rocks in my trust that I can give you for study."

Hermione, clearly irritated at me calling her precious mediums as rocks, acquiesced

*'Enter, stranger, but take heed  
Of what awaits the sin of greed  
For those who take, but do not earn,  
Must pay most dearly in their turn.  
So if you seek beneath our floors  
A treasure that was never yours.  
Thief, you have been warned, beware  
Of finding more than treasure there.'*

I can feel the the enchantment suddenly take hold, I began cycling my Od—

"Shirou, don't!" That's the second time today she called me that name.

Turning my head at her questioningly as I raised my eyebrow at her.

The goblin guards standing outside their imposing large iron doors, turned their attention to us.

"It's just a subtle tracking enchantment." Hermione whispered at me as we went through Gringott's iron doors. "We don't want to seem suspicious."

Looking at the queue of witches and wizards, any Brit would find proud and bemoan about, and above the grumpy looking goblin teller is a sign that read "Withdrawals/Deposits".

To its left has another goblin teller with a significantly shorter queue above it reads "Money Conversion".

To the right of the “Withdrawals/Deposits” is another teller with an empty queue with the sign “Inheritance” above it.

I stopped Hermione as she started heading towards the direction of the inheritance queue. Re-directing her attention with an open palm towards the direction of a series of desks manned by goblins.

Most of them are for opening a bank account but flanking them are two desks with information written on the sign on their desk.

“We should probably inquire here first, my magical guardian might be handling my trust and we might want to ease in our inquiries.”

Heading towards the goblin who’s keeping busy; we sat on the two chairs in front of the desk. We patiently sat in front of the goblin as he continued on with his work, not forgetting to remove my hat and loosening the collar of my windbreaker covering my face.

From what I remember from the books, goblin and wizarding relations aren’t the best, so waiting patiently before being addressed might grant me some courtesy. Well at least I’m hoping it would, it might not matter in the end, either way my Japanese sensibilities dictate that I should wait.

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The goblin, Gorkk according to his name tag, neatly arranged his paperwork to his left, removing his tiny glasses from his face, he then sighs.

“What?!” The goblin irritatingly asked as if he had better things to do.

“Good afternoon, Goblin Gorkk, my name is Harry James Potter.” Fishing out my CitizenCard with PASS written on it, holding it with both my hands I turned towards the goblin and placed it on the counter right side up facing the goblin.

The goblin still unimpressed raised their eyebrow at me showing their impatience.

“I’ve been living with my non-magical relatives, and just recently found out about my heritage from a conversation I overheard from my aunt and uncle. I’m here to inquire about any information I can gather about my family estate, and what I can particularly access.”

Rin, beside me patiently listens to our one sided conversation as the goblin puts on his glasses to inspect the CitizenCard I provided. The goblin then opens up his drawer and fishes out a blank piece of parchment.

“And why couldn’t Mr. Potter just ask his muggle or magical guardian and not waste my time?” Dipping a quill into an ink pot he wrote something in a written language I couldn’t decipher.

After what I assume was his signature the paper, like the flyers we saw outside, folded itself into a paper airplane and flew away from us heading into a deeper part of the bank.

With a stoic face, "My relations with my muggle, is that the term for non-magicals?--" I asked, trying to sell my ignorance of the wizarding world.

The goblin raised one of his eyebrows at me and just gave me one firm nod.

"Thank you, my relations with my muggle relatives aren't the best and as for my magical guardian, this is the first time I heard that I have one."

"That actually gives further importance to my inquiries, while I do not want to start rocking any boat, like my muggle relatives I have no reason to trust my absentee magical guardian. I think information from a neutral party would benefit me, so I could better protect myself."

The goblin just grunted in reply. I could see the quirk in Hermione's smile but till now she's keeping quiet.

"Who's the witch?"

"Her name is Hermione Granger, she's a friend who serendipitously found out she was a witch around the same time I found out I was a wizard, she's here as support and I trust her intellect so I might refer to her during this inquiry."

Hermione presented her CitizenCard as well as the goblin sent another letter.

This action confused us a bit as we tilt our head in askance but typical of goblin attitude he just kept ignoring us.

After a few more minutes another goblin pushing a cart passed by, depositing two bluish silver opaque orbs resting on top of a circular base, near the foot of the base you can clearly see an opening with what looks like ink, or at least some liquid that's black in colour.

The goblin teller then partially unrolled two parchments, placing both orbs and their stand on top of each parchment. The goblin then reached into his waist and brought out quite an ornate looking dagger.

"You two, bleed into the respective orbs in front of you."

My structural analysis immediately triggers, hmmm— goblin wrought silver, it'll imbibe only that which strengthens it while rejecting everything else. I do not know how that would interact with my blood.

"I have my own knife, would it be okay if I use that instead?"

Since we currently do not have any magical focus yet, using our own brand of magecraft might direct unwanted attention upon us if we get into an altercation. So as a precaution I've projected several knives, just in case.

As the goblin didn't react or objected, I immediately brought out my knife and slashed across my left palm without hesitation, I then held my hand over the orb as the parchment began to fill up with writing, the same writing system the goblin used a while ago.

Wrapping my palm with a handkerchief knowing it'll probably be already healed by the time we exit the bank.

Momentarily, the goblin looked impressed by my action but quickly masked his face into his normal stoic and indifferent countenance.

"A small prick would have sufficed."

Hermione having no compunctions against using the goblin made dagger easily pricked her left index, letting a drop of blood hit her respective orb, setting the dagger back down on the table.

The goblin, grabbing the dagger, pricked the tip of his middle, index and pinky fingers as I felt the mana in front me coalesced, vanishing the parchments into the void or someplace else.

Fishing out another parchment it folded into another plane. Not wasting a beat he threw the plane as it circled around our heads.

"Follow the plane." The goblin ordered us as he set aside the orbs, hitting a call bell, and bringing out another stack of papers, as he started with his paper work again, now ignoring us.

"I apologize for the interruption, as I am trying to be inconspicuous. Would it be rude if I wore my cap and obscured my face with my jacket?"

Again as he didn't object to my question, I assumed it was fine. Standing up, I bowed slightly as the paper airplane flew around our heads.

"Thank you for your time, Goblin Gorkk."

Rin too, copied my actions.

As the goblin just shoed us away with his free hand, while still not looking at us.

Sensing our intention to leave the airplane circled us one more time and zipped towards the direction of a hall right behind the inheritance teller.

Not wasting any time we followed the flying object as it returned, zipped around us then shot back into the direction of the hall, herding us.



Within the large grand hall you can see bloody and graphic depictions of fights between goblins and humans.

“They’re a fun bunch.” Rin– Hermione, breaking the silence between us. “What do you think was that blood letting all about? If it was just to confirm who you are, why did they ask me to do the same process as well?”

“Hmm..” Acknowledging her wondering as I have no answers to that question as well. Removing my hat and loosening my collar again as there’s nobody else in the hallway.

Our paper escort brought us in front of another large iron door about 15 meters in height, as the plane just zipped left and right in front of the door, implying that we should probably enter.

Without any hesitation I reinforced my body, as I pushed on the heavy set of doors slowly exposing the room behind.

Looking around I spy a series of smaller wooden doors lining the wall, at the center is a large ornate ivory desk filled with just stacks upon stacks of paper, on the desk I spy another name plate, as it read Director Ragnok.

Flanking each door are a pair of goblin guards equipped with either an axe or a polearm; and each of those axes and polearms are now pointing at us.

Filled with confusion I cast upon my gaze towards the shocked faces of all the goblins within the room.

I hear Hermione beside me let out a familiar exasperated noise.

“There was a smaller door, idiot!”

Turning my gaze to the sight of Hermione pinching the bridge of her nose, as I looked toward the left door I was pushing, there was indeed a smaller door within it. Huh, I did briefly wonder how normal wizards would have entered this area.

In the end all I could do was a ninety degree bow.

“I apologize for my rude intrusion, I didn’t see the smaller door.” I loudly exclaimed into the room as I held my right-angle position.

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END

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