

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

October 5, 2019 - 17:37

I sat tapping at my elbow waiting for R—Hermione. At least I wasn't calling her Rin out loud anymore; even in my head, I'd forced myself to correct the slip

Knock knock!

I uncrossed my legs as the door opened and in came Tom, the Leaky Cauldron's owner and ever-present barman, pushing in a wagon filled with food. I thanked him as he set down chips, two layered platters of sandwiches—clubhouse, smoked salmon, egg, chicken, cucumber, and ham.

I'd ordered the spread; Hermione was turning up with the two Hogwarts staff that visited—Professor McGonagall and Professor Flitwick—along with her parents. Apparently, the meeting hadn't gone perfectly, and somehow my 'situation' had slipped out. Which is how I found myself on the professors' appointment list.

I even had to cancel my session with the viciously cunning and cunningly vicious—Gorkk and Morkk.

“Excuse me,” the hunched pub owner said, pulling me out of my thoughts. I turned to him just as I popped one of their divine chips into my mouth.

“Yes, Mr Tom?” I managed, hand over my mouth while I chewed.

“I don’t mean to cause trouble, but... are you Harry Potter?” the barman asked, hands clasped, hopeful.

I winced. So much for keeping a low profile. But if anyone was going to figure it out, I would probably be the owner of the place I’d been visiting almost as often as Gringotts.

The old man looked a bit dejected at my reaction, so I quickly reassured him.

“Sorry. Yes, I am Harry Potter—”

“Bless my soul, looks like Harry Potter was found out.” Hermione cut in as the door to the private room swung open. She swept inside, her parents and—presumably—the Hogwarts professors behind her, throwing out an over-the-top ‘Ohohoho!’ and laughing into the back of her hand tilting her head to look down on me with every mocking syllable of her irritating laugh.

A tick throbbed on my forehead; my brow twitched.

“Would you kindly please just get in the bloody room first?”

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We’d settled around the table, each with a sandwich and a drink—Mcgonagall with a cup of Earl Grey, everyone else with butterbeer. In all the time we’d visited this bustling wizarding pub, we’d never thought to order this popular drink.

I'd half-expected Tonks—the energetic metamorph—to be the one nudging us toward it, but oddly enough it was Flitwick who urged us to try the frothy drink.

He cradled a tankard almost comically big for his frame, washing down quarter-slices of the clubhouse sandwich between sips.

The beverage was creamy and pleasantly fizzy, with a flavour akin to butterscotch—though sweeter than I'd prefer. Maybe a squeeze of lemon would balance it out.

I observed Hermione's parents cringe at the taste, quickly masking it so as not to offend the half-goblin professor. I probably wouldn't order it again either—though Hermione seemed to like it, already halfway through her tankard.

We'd apologised to the barman for our deception, explaining that I wanted to lie low until maybe the start of the school year, and asked for the pub owner's discretion—which he readily agreed to.

At some point he still said the 'bless my soul' line, even with Hermione pre-empting it. I told him plainly that any gratitude should go to my deceased parents—without their sacrifice, Voldemort wouldn't have been vanquished. I'd just happened to survive by chance.

While his mood dimmed a bit at my rebuff, he still promised that there'd always be a private room waiting. I told him that wasn't necessary. I also made Ri—Hermione apologise for the fake American accent she'd used on our first visit—and the fact she kept it up with Tom ever since.

Sniff... sniff.

"No cheating allowed without my permission."

“*Eh?*” The sudden question in Japanese was whispered in my ear as she sniffed me one last time, raising an eyebrow at me.

I tugged my shirt’s collar to my nose—there was a faint trace of perfume on it.

“*No! No! No! One of my colleagues where I work part-time—*”

“Ahem.” Hermione’s mum cut across my rushed Japanese excuses, motioning toward the professors like to say ‘now is not the time’.

Hermione just stuck her tongue out at me, winking like she hadn’t just caused trouble. Flitwick chuckled quietly while McGonagall, ever the picture of restraint, set her teacup down and dabbed at her lips with a napkin.

“Greetings Mr Potter, I’ve already had an enlightening conversation with Ms Granger here,” McGonagall said, her stern gaze locking on me. Her expression was as severe as ever, though I thought I glimpsed the smallest trace of worry—at least, I think that’s what it was.

“I would like to hear it from your point of view,” McGonagall requested.

“Hmm...” I considered how to present it, then settled on explaining things plainly, from the start and without embellishment. I didn’t think much about how the Dursleys treated me—aside from this morning’s epiphany.

I talked about where I’d slept for most of my childhood and early teens—the cupboard under the stairs. How I was put to cooking, cleaning, laundry, and gardening—while their son was spoiled rotten.

This wasn’t really new to me since Kiritsugu did die early leaving me in a vast empty estate. But Hermione explained that there’s a difference between being orphaned and taking up responsibilities and being forced to do things.

Which was, in hindsight, understandable—so I then mentioned school: no real friends, plenty of bullying, fights, and Dudley’s gang turning things physical whenever they felt like it.

I laid it all out flat. Like I’d said this morning, I didn’t think much of my ‘family’. I had a roof over my head, schooling, and three meals a day—even if they sometimes tried to forbid me from eating.

Hermione smacked me on the head when my only answer to Flitwick’s question—how I ate when they tried to forbid it—was, ‘Hunger is the enemy’.

I chuckled and explained the obvious: it’s hard to keep someone from eating when they’re the one making the meals. I also got used to eating fast—because if I didn’t Vernon or Dudley would slap the plate away, make a mess, and waste food. And I hated wasting food.

I told them about discovering magic early on, and how I’d just practiced using structural analysis so much that I no longer need an aria for it. The same went for my nightly practice of reinforcement and projection—or in my case, tracing.

Of course, they asked for a demonstration of tracing and reinforcement. So I copied McGonagall’s tea cup without a second thought, without even an aria. My circuits opened with a mutter, “Trace on.”

I channelled reinforcement into it, filling every flaw and imperfection until the cup felt dense and firm in my grip. Then, without warning, I hurled it at the wall. It slammed into the stone and rebounded—just as I caught it and set it calmly down on a traced saucer.

Hermione told me she’d already shown off tracing, but even so, they were impressed by the reinforcement—pointing out how it didn’t behave anything like a typical unbreakable charm.

Reinforcement wasn't invincibility—hit something hard enough, and it still breaks.

I didn't expand on it. Reinforcement, after all, doesn't just enhance the inherent qualities of an object but also its conceptual properties as well—properties like durability, sharpness, or weight.

I could technically enhance the sharpness of the teacup's surface without altering its form.

Hermione's parents sat quietly off to the side, their expressions sombre. They already knew some of what I'd been through with the Dursleys, so they stayed silent.

But the mood shifted when I brought up the moment Vernon tried to punch and kick a body made entirely of blades.

Shock registered on both their faces when I explained I could transform my skin into a mesh of blades.

Without missing a beat, McGonagall began a stern lecture on the perils of self-transfiguration, stressing how one slip could lead to permanent consequences. She rightly assumed it was painful—turning skin into blades meant the flesh underneath was getting sliced too.

Of course, I couldn't explain how familiar I was with pain. Back in my previous body—before Rin became important to me—I used to convert my nerves into pseudo-circuits. The sensation? Like ramming a molten steel rod straight up your spine

I finished the tale, complete with the fabricated bit about meeting Hermione thanks to my so-called 'extra-sensory' nose.

Flitwick said nothing, his fingers idly tracing the rim of his empty butterbeer tankard. While the Deputy Headmistress, on the other hand, looked thoroughly frustrated.

“I did say they were the absolute worst,” McGonagall muttered under her breath.

“Well, regardless—he is still your magical guardian,” Flitwick offered, a note of caution on his voice.

“Legally or not, that still makes him responsible for Harry,” Hermione said coolly. “And I’m curious—what happened to that responsibility?”

Seeing Hermione was about to go off, I cut in. “Look, I’m living with the Tonkses now, and I like it. It’s the first real freedom I’ve had. I might not have hated the Dursleys—but I’m not going back. Not just because my absentee ‘guardian’ remembers—or rather is reminded—I exist.”

“I have never considered the Dursleys my home,” I said— and oddly enough, something heavy inside me lightened the moment I admitted it.

“We’re not asking for dishonesty,” Hermione said. “Only discretion. If he asks you outright, by all means tell the truth.”

“Oh, the Potter boy, always locking lips with some brilliant, sultry minx of a—hey, ouch!” I pinched Hermione and slapped a hand over her mouth before she could finish that sentence. I gave the professors a sheepish glance. The Grangers, meanwhile, just sighed like this was a normal Tuesday.

“Please, professors. Just this once, turn a blind eye,” I said, doing my best impression of Arturia’s ‘please-sir-may-I-have-sevenths’ face.

“Is that meant to be Saber’s begging face? You look like you’re holding in a fart,” Hermione quipped in Japanese.

Tick. The muscle above my eye twitched.

The two professors let out twin sighs, exchanged a silent conversation with their eyes, and then McGonagall nodded. “Fine. But we’ll need to speak with Andromeda first.”

“I’ve already sent an owl to her—she said she’ll stop by after work,” I replied.

“While we wait, Hermione and I were thinking of taking A-levels online—or something equivalent that’s low-contact. Tonks said there’s a midweek Hogsmeade day, plus weekends are open. Is that right?”

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“I have never considered the Dursleys my home.”

In a lofty tower overlooking the vast black lake,
Within a room lined with shelves of ancient books,
Eccentric instruments ticked and hummed in chorused asynchrony.

Amongst them sat a small glass top, gently spinning atop its pedestal.
Inside, a flame danced—its colours shifting through sunset hues.

And with that quiet resolute declaration, back with intent—
the top stilled.

Its flame fluttered once...
dimming, before its final flicker.

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