

## Ending Maker: Fate Wizardry

Chapter Intro: Preparing for their new lives studying at the Clock Tower, Rin and Shirou took a sabbatical while working on their English, with Saber as a tag-along. One day they woke up in a body not their own, in a story both favored and familiar, to a situation that seems quite not right. See them forge their own path, their own route, their own ending.

*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 -=&<o>&=- Ch 0.1 Prologue A Little Whinging Does Not Help Our Predicament [Part 1 of 2]

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September 26, 2017

Stepping off the train at Bookham station as I walk towards the bus stop at Maddox Lane.

'A rare sunny day.' Was what I thought as I surveyed and appreciated the quiet rural town for what it is. Before I get distracted with my fleeting thoughts, as I step off the pavement towards the green to give way to a passing office worker in business attire sporting quite a dower look, I reassess my current situation.

When I woke up into this body at the age of 4, into this new reality, I always knew I was someone else previously. It took years, memories of my previous life slowly being unlocked, for me to truly realise who I currently am.

Waking up to my 4 year old self as I looked around; a disconnect, that's what I felt that moment as the face of my smiling parents holding out a cake with a lit candle in the shape of the number four.

I knew they're names, I also knew mine, but at the same time I knew it was wrong. A sister, missing in what was supposed to be a family celebration. At the same time I knew she couldn't be here.

She's probably far away at a mansion at the opposite side of the world, not in a two storey suburban home at Heathgate, London. Either way as a different set of memories are within me I smiled and blew at the candle, thanking my loving parents as they handed me a slice.

I tried hard to hide my grimace as I bit into a dense cake which somehow sucked all of the moisture out of my mouth. Sugarless, remembering how my parents aren't fans of sugary treats as it is the anathema of their chosen profession.

Stepping into the bus heading towards Guildford as I tapped my oyster card on the device, looking at quite the empty bus as I chose a window seat near the back. A sigh escaped my mouth as I leaned my forehead against the side window.

While growing up it felt as if I was experiencing 2 lives, my normal everyday life with my supportive parents who are dentists but unfortunately I feel that this life of mine isn't mine it felt fake—; it felt like I was living a life not of my own.

During the evenings I dreamt lucidly, living a life which I knew was real. Again that feeling of disconnect persisted all throughout my formative years. Until that night when I turned 7 where a lot of things clicked, not everything, I knew there were still missing memories but during that night I remembered my sister being given away to that family whom I knew were wretched.

I didn't really know why I felt that way about a family which I knew were close partners to my previous ones. All I knew is that my life as Rin Tohsaka changed during that age. After a week of moping as I remembered that tragic year, I psyched myself up to make do with what I have.

After all this could be a second chance for me, a normal life with a loving family without much pressure or expectations. Of course, I didn't just coast by, I am, or rather I was Rin Tohsaka. I did my best at everything.

Though schools in Britain were a lot different compared to what I experienced back in Japan. There were a lot of attempts at bullying but when you experienced the life of a magus and the fact that I have experience from another life, dealing with children trying to intimidate you was a tad bit amusing; so I usually scoffed and ignored most of them.

With that I was labelled the cool aloof girl at school, instead of my previous school idol title. I heard my smart phone ping that my bus was already approaching the stop where I needed to disembark. Pressing the button to indicate my intention to alight at the next stop, I stood up as I walked toward the bus' exit.

Stepping off into a bus stop beside a petrol station, I checked my phone as it read 12:37, swiping up to look for a nearby diner as I'm already feeling a bit peckish. As there's one, just up the road, well it isn't a diner but a Greggs.

Heading towards my new destination, I thought of the day where I unknowingly used magecraft. There was this group of popular kids who ganged up on me one day, this was due to the queen bee of their clique sicking her group at me.

I didn't really listen to what her problem was about, I think it was due to me always taking top place in school while she always was 2nd place and I think there was something she said about her daddy; didn't really care as I did my usual shrug, said my condolences, as I tried to

walk away. Unfortunately, before I could leave I was grabbed by the shoulder and was shoved and stumbled back to my previous position, though this time I was on my bottom.

I think that was one of the first times I cursed out loud in public, as the queen bee, their cliques' leader, and all around snooty bitch, I think her name was Olivia, approached me along with her boyfriend while their group blocked all my avenues of exit. I tried standing up but the bitch kept shoving me down.

Feeling frustrated I swept her feet with a kick, unfortunately, or rather fortunately for her she was caught by her boyfriend.

Standing up as I prepared myself to push my way towards the exit, but suddenly her boyfriend angrily attacked me in retaliation. I groaned in protest as I tried to defend myself pushing my body hard into remembering actions it isn't used to making; my body's muscles having no memory of how to generate force from your feet, up your legs, through your hips, up your body, and translating all that into a palm strike.

Ba Ji Quan, an eastern martial art taught to me by that fake priest. A martial art centered around the concept of "Fa Jing", an explosive release of power; achieved through coordinated, precise, trained actions.

Luckily, I was able to hit him squarely on the jaw with my right forearm, I then followed this up with a left palm strike to his ear, and finished it off with a kick on his shin.

At this point with what I lacked for muscle memory in practiced movements I made up with Od. Od, that I just realized is cycling around my body reinforcing my actions. Generating power when my incoordination couldn't.

As soon as I heard a snap and Olivia's arm accessory cried out in agony; with heavy intensive breaths; with my body slightly steaming due to the heat my body is generating through reinforcement; I resolved myself to get back into shape and look into this phenomena flowing through me.

At least, despite this unfortunate incident, I confirmed that the memories I was slowly assimilating were actually real. Well, I always thought they were real as it felt real to me but there was still that niggling feeling and doubt that I might be experiencing some form of psychosis or mental breakdown.

That was the main reason why I didn't just tell my parents, as I was scared of what they would think of me, I was scared that, maybe, like my sister in my memories, I might be cast aside. Admittedly it was irrational, but hey, I can't help but feel that way.

Looking around me, at the scared hesitant faces of those who are currently surrounding me. The soft sobs of the guy whose leg is now bent at a weird angle while he's being cradled on the bitch's bosom.

I slowly locked eyes with everyone else in the room, daring them to resume things, and when it looks like no one's going to start something back up, I left.

This incident concluded with a months-long suspension, due to my reinforced limbs doing actual damage on Olivia's boyfriend; still haven't found out what his actual name is. A ruptured eardrum, fractured jaw, and a broken shin bone.

My parents were livid at first but when I explained the circumstance of how I defended myself, they quickly changed tunes and demanded the school to punish those who bullied me.

Most of the people in the clique got a week worth of detention while the boyfriend got a months-long suspension as well; however queen bee only got a weeks worth due to her father's connections.

As I reached Greggs, I proceeded to walk towards the end of the queue while I resumed my previous thoughts.

Taking advantage of my suspension I began to test my minecraft, quite frankly I was surprised to see that I still have my previous life's number of circuits including my family crest and on top of that there's another source within me.

A magical core centered within my chest, unfortunately I can't seem to tap into this new source. There were some incidents I noticed where strange phenomena occur randomly around me. Like things appearing and disappearing from places I could have sworn were placed some place else, a dropped dish not breaking, random flickering electronics, etc.

After analyzing these things, I could feel traces of mana around most of the phenomenon I was experiencing, and when I compared that to my circuits no leaks were found. Chalking it up to the peculiarities of a magic core, despite still not being able to intentionally access it, I still proceeded with my renewed interest in minecraft.

My parents took turns checking on me during their lunch break as they brought home food they purchased along the way. We really did bond during this time, I guess they felt bad for me as I no longer am eligible to become valedictorian despite being top student.

I did assure them that I didn't really care; they did double down though, we had a camping trip one weekend, they also bought me my first laptop. My dad helped me set it up and taught me how to use it.

It's somewhat funny that in my previous life I was so technologically inept that my close friend, I can't seem to remember him at the moment, had to always supervise me when it comes to technology.

That friend of mine, I can see him at the periphery of a memory; red haired, quite tall, a pushover, and tons of affection. Those were the feelings emanating from blurred memories of him, I also vaguely remember a blond girl as well.

Anyway, midway through my month of suspension I had a breakthrough with my core. I find that I could somewhat access it by feeding it processed mana from my circuits, but beyond

that I haven't really found any use other than as another source of Od to be processed for my magecraft.

I also bought books on relativistic physics, quantum mechanics, higher level maths, and even geology. I understand having an interest in geology but I had this panging longing for science involving parallel dimensions as if I missed my calling.

Of course at that time I was currently near the end of my secondary education and even the memories I have unlocked from my previous life couldn't help me with understanding these higher level maths and sciences.

By the point I was allowed to return to school I have established a rhythm, studying for my normal classwork, searching the internet for references so I can further my science education, training my magecraft, spending time with my family, I even started cooking for them as I have some memories of preparing chinese dishes. Though we wouldn't be repeating the mapo tofu incident anytime soon.

The group of people who accosted me a month ago were clearly avoiding me as they pushed queen bee's boyfriend around on a wheelchair and assisted him with the stairs. Of course that incident has further isolated me from everyone, which was just water off a duck's back. *'Did I use that idiom correctly?'*

Anyway, snapping myself out of my thoughts as the irritated looking clerk called me out a second time. I apologized, ordering a ham and cheese toastie, some salt and vinegar crisps, tomato soup, a green tea, and a steak bake.

Found myself a high counter with a free stool as I sat everything down on the counter. Taking a sip of the tea as I opened up my packet of crisps and putting a handful into my toastie; dunking the sandwich into tomato soup as I savoured this caloric indulgence.

Recently I also have been picking up part-time work at the local library and diner, in which I have directed some of the funds towards cheap precious stones, an amusing oxymoron.

Standing up as I wiped the crumbs of my skirt that reached just below my knee. I folded the parchment paper that previously held my toastie and proceeded to throw my trash.

Checking the time and my options towards my destination. Google says that it'll take about 10-15 minutes if I order a taxi, while it'll take 30-45 minutes if I walk. Grabbing the steak bake I shrugged and decided to take a walk.

Before that I head to the loo, checking myself as I tie a part of my hair into twin-tails letting the majority of them just flow down. After fixing my coat and straightening the wrinkles on my skirt, I resumed my trek towards Little Whinging.

It was last week Tuesday where everything was put into context and I gained all of my previous memories. It was the afternoon of my 18th birthday, as I just came back from school.

I fished up a bunch of letters from the mailbox as I proceeded to enter my home.

Riffling around the letters as I kept the ones addressed to me, as some of my older relatives seem to have sent their greetings through telegram. Pausing as my phone vibrated, taking all my letters I proceeded to head towards my room.

*"Happy Birthday sweetie, we'll be picking you up around 6:30pm so we can celebrate your 18th. Wear something proper as we have booked a table at your favourite restaurant. See you later, Love you lots!"*

Checking the wall clock as I still have almost 2 hours to prepare. Turning towards the pile of letters laying on my bed, an envelope that looks coffee stained with a red wax seal caught my attention.

Shaking my hands as I picked the letter up. The wax was marked with a fancy looking letter H and on top of that seal was a red, green, blue, and yellow crest with different animals on each quadrant, like the seal it too had the letter H at the center of the crest.

Beneath the crest, "draco dormiens nunquam titillandus". After a quick google translate, the phrase pretty much translates to, "never tickle a sleeping dragon".

Opening the letter as my eyes directly went to the line, *"We are pleased to inform you that you have a place at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry."*

Just as I read that line a myriad of memories assaulted my mind as everything was laid bare. The complete cluster fuck of the Holy Grail, my promise to Archer, our discovery about the Matous, the offer to become Zelretch's apprentice, Saber's acceptance to stay, our journey to find about Shirou's past, and finally our english studies for when we enter the clocktower.

Walking along the pavement, passing by a park, I spy the numbered cookie-cutter houses along the street of Privet Drive. Heading my way towards the 2nd house on the right side of the road I spy someone working hard on their lawn.

Yes, that day when I remembered everything one thing really stuck out, it wasn't the fact that a true magician has offered me apprenticeship, it wasn't the fact that we later found Shirou's previous family's estate at the boundary of the Fuyuki fire, it wasn't the fact that Shirou was actually from a long line of magi who lived unnoticed in my family's territory, nor was the fact that Zouken was a piece of shit creature that deserved being erased from the face of the Earth—

Standing right in front of #4 Privet Drive, right in front of a hedge of roses, where a teen seems to be crouching behind it as I hear the sound of stalks being snipped.

Squaring my shoulders, widening my stance a bit, a hand on my hip, and coughing at my closed fist.

"Ahem, people die when they are killed."

Silence was what followed as the person behind the bush froze for a minute. Straightening up as his head poke upward behind the rose hedge but in view. Messy hair, green eyes, a boyishly handsome face, for some reason he doesn't have glasses.

"R-Ri-Rin?" He asked in a disbelieving voice.

"Yes, but it's Hermione now." I said as I flipped one of my twin tails back. "Shirou, right?"

"Yes, but it's Harry now." As if on queue his body went rigid, as slowly dawning realizations are shown as his face shifted between confusion, understanding, back to confusion, acceptance, and finally frustration.

"I'm Harry Fucking Potter!" He declared.

-Yes, the thing that stuck out when I assimilated all my previous life's memories was that I was reborn in our favourite story. A story that we read several times, watched, and used as our number one reference when studying English.

Yes, I was reborn as one of the main characters in Harry Potter by J.K. Rolling and it looks like Shirou was reborn here as well, as the title character himself.

"Fuck." He succinctly summarized.

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END

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