

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

==&<o>&=-

Ch. 4.3 - The Professors' Visit is Staffed with Some Difficulties (3 out of 4)

October 5, 2019 - 9:56 a.m.

I checked the mirror, dabbing on the last touch of makeup and fussing with my half-up twin tails until they sat just right.

Doing one last once-over as I wore what could be described as Sunday best: a knee-length navy dress with a fitted waist, a cream cardigan draped neatly over my shoulders, and a pair of polished black flats—practical, yet classically stylish.

I turned towards my parents and asked, “How do I look?”

“You look lovely, dear.” My mother said kindly, while Dad lowered his newspaper just long enough to add, “Looks good.”

I rolled my eyes—he could flip-flop between doting and cool at the drop of a hat.

“Now, just one last reminder—”

“Yeah, yeah, don’t talk about the Potter boy, and if it slips out, don’t talk about meeting goblin Ragnok or his new living arrangements with the Tonkses.” Dad loudly exclaimed, waving dismissively.

Ding-dong!

I glanced at the clock—right on the dot. Crossing the foyer, I took hold of the double doors and pulled them open.

“...!”

“Good morning, Ms. Granger, I assume?” A tall, thin woman, in an emerald-green cloak, her posture straight and her stern gaze hidden behind a pair of square spectacles. However, you could still feel warmth from the strict-looking woman, as I could see a faint smile tugging at her lips.

I gave both of them a nod, just as the short, stout figure beside her—whom I assumed was Professor Flitwick—offered his own good morning. The diminutive professor, barely reaching her waist, wore his robes a touch too long in the sleeves. A neatly trimmed beard framed his round face, and there was a spark of quiet mischief in his eyes.

“Good morning. You must be from Hogwarts?” I asked politely, layering on just enough wide-eyed ignorance to sell the part.

Both professors exchanged a glance, an amused quirk of the brow passing between them before one offered a quiet confirmation.

“I thank you for acquiescing to our request for a visit and a demonstration,” I continued smoothly. “Allow me to take your cloaks, and I’ll lead you to the living room.”

I led both professors to where my parents were waiting, and we settled them on the side-by-side couches. Mum offered tea while I hung their cloaks on the rack before returning to my couch at the side of the coffee table.

“Professor Minerva McGonagall,” the stern witch began, inclining her head graciously as she accepted her teacup. “Deputy Headmistress of Hogwarts, I teach Transfiguration to all year groups and serve as Head of Gryffindor House.”

While Mum offered the cups, the smaller wizard hopped down from the couch to take his tea with both hands. He gave a polished little bow before speaking. “Filius Flitwick, Charms Professor for all years and Head of Ravenclaw House. A pleasure, Mrs Granger.”

“My name is Emma, and this is my husband, Dan,” she then gestured towards me. “You’ve already met my daughter, Hermione.”

“My, my,” Mum remarked, eyebrows lifting. “You both teach all levels—and you’re also Deputy Headmistress, Professor McGonagall? Isn’t that rather a lot for one person? And what exactly is a ‘Gryffin’ and ‘Raven’ House?”

“The work is demanding, aye—a few of these wrinkles and the odd grey hair are well-earned thanks to my pupils.” There was the faintest glimmer of humour in her eyes as she sipped her tea. “Yet teaching the next generation is its own reward.”—her mouth curved ever so slightly—“I daresay I’ve another fifty, perhaps seventy-five years of teaching in me yet.

“And to answer your other question—Gryffindor and Ravenclaw are two of the four houses, all named after Hogwarts’ founders. The remaining two are Hufflepuff and Slytherin.”

Her expression sharpened as she took one last sip, setting the cup and saucer neatly on the side.

“Now, before we begin—what’s this about Mr Potter and his... new living arrangements with the Tonkses?”

Everyone visibly winced at the question. Did they have a listening spell before coming in?

Seeing our startled expressions, the Deputy Headmistress inclined her head slightly. “While eavesdropping was not our intent, I possess the ability to transform into my inner animal—a cat.” To illustrate, she smoothly shifted into a silver-and-black tabby before just as swiftly returning to her human form.

“A side-effect of such magic is that certain traits pass over—and one of them is a cat’s hearing sensitivity.” Her brow arched. “And it did not help that the remark was, shall we say, rather loudly exclaimed.”

My Dad winced again at that explanation, as I just sighed.

“Indeed—and yes, I am half-goblin,” the diminutive professor added, still holding on to his teacup. “Our folk often work in the deep vaults and forges—places where sound carries differently. Keen hearing is something of a racial trait.” His eyes twinkled, sharp and inquisitive beneath his genial expression. “Which is why I am rather curious about this mention of Gringotts’ branch director.”

Both parents now looked at me to take the lead, as they knew some of what we’d discussed with them was... sensitive.

I braced myself for another round of bullshitting.

--&<o>&--

“So let me get this straight,” said Professor McGonagal, her stern face set as she crossed her arms and legs. A fresh wave of déjà vu just washed over me, goosebumps prickling at the familiar scene.

This time, we—or, instead, I—kept the story simple: just our knowledge of magic, how Harry and I supposedly met, and the trip to Charing Cross—Harry ‘supposedly’ using his ‘extra-sensory nose’ to sniff out the Leaky Cauldron after overhearing the Dursleys muttering about his parents’ heritage.

I then discussed Gringotts, outlining my lost magical heritage while omitting the messy violence in between. This led to a meeting with Ted Tonks—hired by the gobs—followed by a meeting with the rest of his family later on.

“You met Mr Potter a few years ago while experi—”

“Practising,” I cut in.

“Hermione.”

My parents chorused together, warning me of my impertinence, in which I just crossed my arms, leaned back and pouted.

“Experimenting with magic,” McGonagal finished, one brow arched. The half-goblin beside her just gave a soft chuckle.

I sighed as I put on an apologetic face.

“Yes, I’m sorry for the snark. I already had the lecture about the dangers of experimenting with wandless magic from Andromeda Tonks.”

“While I am curious about Mr Potter’s extra-sensory nose ability, and yes, I would also think that wizarding bastions like the Leaky Cauldron and Diagon Alley would probably be like a lighthouse to Mr Potter’s senses, I do want to see a demonstration.” The diminutive professor eagerly leaned in.

“Hmm...”

I wondered what to demonstrate, as I primed my circuits, picturing a light switch flicked on while I mentally recited, 'kidou kaishi'. Heat built under my skin as a faint tingling spread, my circuits giving that familiar humming feel—as Od began its cycle, resonating rhythmically.

“*Strukturalanalyse*,” I muttered, directing my gaze at my teacup before me.

Let's keep it simple.

Judging the concept of creation. A vessel designed to hold hot liquid. Functional first, but deliberately ornate. Primary purpose: a focal point for socialising.

Hypothesising the basic structure. A mental schematic locks into place: a shallow bowl with a thin, feeble handle, a flared rim, and a supporting ring base.

Duplicating the composition material. Weight: 217 grams. Composition: porcelain—kaolin, feldspar, quartz, minor impurities.

Imitating the skill of its making. Clay, shaped on a wheel, trimmed, glazed, and fired. Finally, painted by hand.

Sympathising with the experience of its growth. From moulding to firing, from shop shelf to kitchen cupboard—its impressions linger. Purchased by Elizabeth Granger, it has passed a multitude of lips in its lifetime before Dan Granger inherited it. A faint chip on its ring base, a trace fracture within its structure.

As prana coalesced, I extended my upturned palms, the pattern resolving into a teacup, a mirror of the set in use.

“May I?” McGonagall held out her hand. I took the *traced* object by the handle and deposited it on the professor's palm.

Both professors watched intently—McGonagall waved her hand over the traced cup, while Flitwick gestured toward my own. Probably picking up on the fact that this was the cup I'd concentrated on when tracing the object.

I drained what was left of the now-cool tea before passing the cup across, while Flitwick traced his fingers around its body. After his first look, he requested the Deputy Headmistress for the *traced* copy, then repeated the process.

My parents exchanged confused glances as they watched the professors silently.

"Interesting," murmured the Charm's professor.

"It's not a perfect duplicate," said the transfiguration professor as she waved her wand over my cup, conjuring a duplicate of her own. I quirked my eyebrow at the ease with which they were able to produce a copy.

"But considering it was wandless and you only uttered one incantation—the German word for structural analysis, right?"

I nodded at the half-goblin's inquiry.

"It was hard sympathising with the history of a teacup's growth, so reproducing its accumulated years was rather difficult for me. Sharry would probably do a better job—he's the one who stumbled upon this process in the first place."

I stumbled over Harry's name since we were talking about his tracing ability, but I managed to make it sound like a slip of the tongue.

Both professors turned sharply towards me as their expressions shifted from surprise to intrigue.

“So do you mean you were performing all of the shaping of your magic?” Professor McGonagall asked.

“Is that problematic, Professor McGonagall?” My mother asked, worried.

In response, the professor just frowned. “Not really—quite frankly, it’s remarkable they managed it unsupervised.” Deputy Headmistress said as she readjusted her spectacles, and with a wave of her wand, vanished the cup she just conjured.

“With the duplicating charm, you hold a clear picture of the object in mind and guide magic toward that intent.” She continued as I poked at my traced copy, unravelling the mystery as it coalesced into motes of light. That, again, drew curious gazes.

“There are two general types of wielding magic. The first would be guiding magic towards your intended purpose. Before this was termed communing with magic, recently it has been changed to matching the frequency of magic to its intended purpose.” Flitwick interjected as his gaze followed the motes of light before they dissipated; my parents both fascinated by the display and lecture.

Apart from being dentists, my parents were intellectuals at heart; many of their interests lay in science, so discovering something beyond reason and logic would indeed fascinate them.

“Would you please humour me and tell me the steps of how you achieved your conjuration?” the short professor asked politely, his tone genuinely curious.

I then provided a breakdown of Shirou’s seven steps of tracing, as it essentially combines structural analysis and an elevated projection mystery into one.

But Shirou's ability to trace Noble Phantasms is something borderline, not following any magical laws on equivalence. Shirou explained this once—back in our days of studying English—Kanshou and Bakuya, for example; they are not just sharp swords forged from a meteorite with anti-monster properties that are enchanted with a magnetic mystery.

They are a pair of swords elevated by legend, imbued with the concept of Gan Jiang and Mo Ye's eternal longing to be together.

"I see," Flitwick said as he rubbed at his thin, waspy white beard. "Then my assumptions are correct, and that's more in line with the second way to wield magic. It is generally accepted by most, if not all, of the magicals and magical races that magic is semi-sentient to a degree."

"And with the first way, we guide magic into achieving our intentions. Hmm... I think this would be better presented this way."

With a wave of his hand, Flitwick conjured two similarly sized tuning forks. "In other cultures, they have a different name for magical energies and magic in general. Let's use the term mana as the energies and simply magic for the semi-sentient entity."

Flitwick then leapt off the couch. "This is your mana and your intent." Flitwick lightly tapped the tuning fork on the table, letting a high-pitched yet warm ringing tone linger in the room.

"And this—" he raised the other fork—"is magic." He inched them closer together, his eyes glinting as the other tuning fork began resonating in sympathy. "To achieve a magical reaction, your mana and intent must resonate with a specific frequency for magic to respond."

As both tuning forks rang, he brought them side by side. "And once they resonate, magic will then take the mana and actualise it towards your intended purpose."

“And how does Hermione do it, then?” Mum asked, Dad nodding along beside her.

“Mrs Granger, your daughter bypasses the usual step of resonating with magic and simply bends mana to her will—and she understands the process remarkably well.”

“So, does this mean my daughter doesn’t need to go to that school of yours?” my father asked, finally speaking up.

“I think your daughter would be able to answer that herself. Are you able to do this?” Flitwick then tapped his wand on his teacup—it sprouted tiny arms, and began to dance around its saucer, moving to the rhythm of the professor’s wand as if the Charms professor were a conductor.

“No, most of what Harry and I can do through magic is achievable by nonmagicals. We are just using the mana to actualise mysteries and enact miracles, which bypass certain things like time, labour, and even resources.”

The stern professor who was letting Flitwick take the lead interjected, “Ah, looks like you even developed your own vernaculars. What so far are your current principles...”

And with that, our discussion shifted to various topics, ranging from fundamental theories to more advanced ones. It included inquiries about the need for focus, as well as conversations about magical animals and the different sentient magical races.

My mother, at several points, refreshed the tea and brought out snacks, chiming in with questions whenever a topic veered into the abstract—like how viciousness affects Transfiguration, or how an inanimate object can hold and ‘impression’ of reality without a conscience—when I discussed *structural analysis*.

Though there was something constantly nagging at the back of my head while I listened to Professor McGonagall's theories behind where mass comes and goes when transfiguring an object from large to small, and vice versa, I pushed it aside for now.

“Ahem.” My dad suddenly interrupted, his arms crossed, legs open wide, as he looked quizzically at everyone.

“First, isn’t this meeting supposed to be about Hogwarts, and weren’t you inquiring about the Potter bra—I meant boy?” he immediately corrected himself under both our looks—and especially Mum’s sharp glare.

As I glanced at the wall clock.

“Fuck!”

“Language!”

“Language, Hermione!”

“Hermione!”

I shot to my feet and bolted for the kitchen island, where I left my phone on silent, seeing 29 missed calls.

“I was supposed to meet Harry at 3 pm; we were supposed to meet a real estate agent to purchase or lease a flat.”

“ ... ”

“You bloody what?” my father demanded.

Followed by a chorus of ‘Language!’—from me and Mum this time.

END

 [Story Tracker|Story ETAs](#) 

**Follow me on my other socials
and stack additional voting
points on the story of your
choosing.**

[XTwitterX](#)

 [XTwitterX](#) 

[t Tumblr t](#)

 [Discord](#) 

 [BlueSky](#) 