

Ending Maker : Fate Wizardry

Chapter Intro: We have Hermione and Shirou or Rin and Harry going into the deep-end, navigating goblin relations.

*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. 2.2 - Flashing my grin, gots lots of gold now!.. Or not. (2 out of ?)

"So do you have a plan?" I said quickly in Japanese, well that's what I thought was said in Japanese, putting my back against R-Hermione's, placing myself in between Rin-Hermione and the goblin guard as I slapped the flat side of the polearm's blade with a reinforced palm.

Hermione behind me giggled as I just basically said, keikkaku ha with questioning tone, pronouncing the word with a double-k and verbally saying ha instead of wa; on top of that I said it with a really distinct RP British accent.

Not expecting the amount of force I could generate, the goblin suddenly stumbled into his axe-equipped partner, their armor suddenly getting caught in one another.

'Hey, did you just forget that I pushed your heavy iron doors a few hours ago?' Admonishing them mentally while I raised a brow at them.

Rin giggled behind me as she told me in perfect and well practised Japanese, "Your mind and body has not made any neural pathways for Japanese, so despite you technically knowing it your body still needs to get used to it. Found that out when I first tried beating-up a schoolmate for their poor attempt at bullying me."

Just grunting at her in reply as I got the general gist of what she said as she sidestepped my question, trying my best attempt at an Alan Rickman impersonation I threw an, "Insufferable know-it-all at her."

Picking both the poleaxe and the axe, trying to hand the longer weapon to her; which she immediately rejected as she took a martial arts stance.

Not wanting to fight with a polearm while back-to-back with someone, I reinforced the spearhead of the polearm and expertly threw it towards a wall embedding the blade into the part of the wall that's high up and close to the ceiling.

Still in Japanese, "Before they get up, you, tie-up the guards and seal the—"

"BANG!"

I hear her utter expletives in Japanese, Mandarin, and English as several dozen armored goblins rush in, flanked by several heavily armored trolls, while the branch director barks orders in their native tongue.

"Seal the doors!" Hermione shouted in Japanese.

As I already planned that, I traced two reinforced chinese guns, commonly known as a bo staff, perpendicular to the opened doors and applied vectors on it.

I launched the staff midair, which forced the doors to close. At the same time, I traced three unwieldy broadswords, taller than the doors themselves, and embedded them, barricading the exit.

The assembled company of goblins stood menacingly before us, a momentary silence enveloping the room.

"Wait we can still salv—" I hear Edward Tonks behind me declare as Morkk gave a warcry and leapt at Hermione with a dagger.

"Wait, no!!" Already knowing what'll happen I crouched down letting Ri-Hermione bodily throw Morkk into the platoon of goblins who are now rushing at us as the branch director pointed at us and screamed in goblin-tongue; probably ordering a charge.

"Hermione, plan?!" I shouted the phrase in Japanese, kicking the previously downed goblin in the head. Swinging my axe back, I caught the downed goblin's partner with its blunt side just as I met the rushing horde, momentarily stunned by Hermione's flying Morkk.

"Can't really say it now, just use reinforcement, blunt the weapons, and beat them with martial prowess for now. No killing and maiming."

I side-eyed her implications as she drop-kicked a goblin's head, giving another a momentary gift of flight. She landed on all fours, swept her leg through a group of three, and leveraged her position to charge the goblins with her elbow, scattering them.

Enlarging the blade on my axe while dulling its edge, I performed an extreme wide swing pushing back a group into their platoon as my extra-sensory nose picked up something zipping towards my back.

Not wasting any movements, I charged forward performing an underhew at a charging goblin lifting its body with my blade as I pivoted towards Tonks and launched the goblin through an incoming red spell and into the wizarding lawyer.

Rin, who also didn't miss the spell throttling towards her, blocked it with the body of a goblin she just rammed with her shoulder.

"Does the lawyer have the trace?" Hermione asked me while she kicked a troll in the shin.

As if to answer us, the doors began to bang.

"Argh, fuck it! Harry, switch!" She ordered as she winced slightly while backing towards my direction; the troll chasing after her.

Rushing towards her, I leapt at the head of a giant warhammer which was narrowly dodged by Hermione.

Not missing a beat, I travelled up the warhammer's shaft, lunging forward as I knelt the troll on the face. I then hooked the inside curve of my blunted axe against its neck using my lunges' moment to drag the troll down to the floor.

Hoping that this wouldn't kill the beast I held the axe with both my hands and slammed its head with the flat side of the axe.

"Harry—"

"Oof.." The air in my lungs was forcefully ejected as another troll came at me from the side with a large swing of its club.

Clutching at my side as I reoriented myself mid flight, rolling my body against the floor to bleed off some of the force I received. I then quickly tucked my legs in and leapt back into the fray.

Now weaponless and not seeing the need to further hide my tracing abilities, I brought forth something that'll probably still give me nightmares, Berserker Heracles' stone sword.

"I'm sorry for this." Still taking note to blunt the edges, I ploughed into the troll, bashing the sword-axe against its body and making sure to angle the attack so the troll's limp body knocked into a group of goblins harassing Hermione.

Not waiting for my next opponent, I quickly surveyed the room. Seeing Hermione engaged with the branch director, I gripped my axe-sword with both arms and hurled it at another troll that was attempting to third-party the director and Hermione's fight.

I saw the last group of goblins and two trolls attempting to remove my sword barricade. Meanwhile, the goblins on the other side, having successfully removed the door, are now trying to break a portion of the wall directly to its right.

"I'm not fucking paying for any damage done to your bank by your employees or anything we do as you were the aggressors here." Hermione shouted as she slammed a forearm right at the director's jaw, following it up with a push to create distance.

"Nor will I!" I declared while I briefly pondered whether the goblins were the actual aggressors in this case.

Seeing the cracks now forming on the wall as two trolls from both sides are now battering the wall with their warhammers.

Tracing and blunting both Kanshou and Bakuya, I charged at the last group of goblins.

Parrying a poleaxe thrust, I pushed forth while hitting a goblin on their orbital bone with the butt of my blade, narrowly dodging a club slam from the previously idle troll.

Pivoting my body with force I slammed Kanshou on the troll's thumb, the blunt edge applying concentrated force on the small appendage breaking skin and spurting blood.

The troll, now on its knees and wailing in agony, mistakenly elbowed an unsuspecting goblin as I ignored them and tried to charge through to interrupt the troll that's currently hammering at the bank's wall.

Unfortunately, I didn't notice the troll's quick recovery as it grabbed my leg and slammed me into the ground. Turning my body slightly, I threw Bakuya at the troll, the blunted buzzsaw horizontally slamming both eye sockets.

Not waiting for me to recover the goblins dogpiled me, as I thrashed about trying to dislodge some of them as the sharp edges of their armor were digging into my flesh.

"Harry, patronus!"

Through the haze of goblin bodies, I spied Rin. She was still grappling with the director, now sporting a bloodied lip and some scratches. She pointed at something to my left, and I gave her an incredulous stare. I was still trapped between the goblins trying to hold me down, rolling about to dodge the now-recovered troll's club bashes.

Growling loudly as I received a snarl in return, I traced Prototype Gae Dearg, one of the myriad weapons I got from Gilgamesh's Gate of Babylon. Gilgamesh, at one point, had his gate fully opened within my Reality Marble, granting my world a significant boon.

Prototype Gae Dearg has the distinct ability to sever magical ties, making it a very helpful anti-magic weapon. Looking at the silvery light bear construct I shot the crimson spear towards the spell.

"You missed, you never miss!"

"Oh piss off! I'm fucking busy here."

Making matters worse, the wall was breached and a chorused battlecry followed it.

Upping the ante I declared, "I am the bone of my sword.". The sudden magical pressure as I partially deployed my Reality Marble gave every goblin and troll a sudden pause.

Whenever I chant parts of my aria, reality is already being partially overwritten to impose onto it my distorted view, as each line decreases the cost of my tracing ability until it eventually is just me summoning the blades within my soul.

Reinforcing my body further, I flexed my whole body and leapt up from my prone position successfully dislodging some of the goblins pinning me down, cutting the troll's club with a sharpened Kanshou.

Tracing another Bakuya and blunting both blades, I preempted the incoming violence with my initiative, tracing countless blunt swords in the air and raining them down upon my enemies.

Seeing my charge as they were being battered by the rain of steel, the new platoon of goblins and trolls clenched their jaws, weathered the onslaught, and prepared to receive my direct charge.

As I introduced my heel to a goblin's face and my blade to its brethren, two flashes of green lit up into my periphery. The hue of the flash made my body involuntarily flinch as for the second time today, my body was bashed by another troll's club, but this time my reinforced body was able to brace itself in time.

"BANG BANG BANG!"

"What is the meaning of this? Seize this at once."

The distraction directed everyone's gaze towards a fireplace where you see a troubled looking Edward Tonks standing together with a young lady, probably in her mid twenties, her hair brightly coloured flashing a myriad of colours with her mouth agape in shock.

Directly to her side is a grizzled old man, body scarred by experience, wearing a long trench coat and a prosthetic eye and leg, with his wand pointed towards the ceiling.

All our attention was directed again as we heard a loud battlecry, courtesy of Hermione, who took hold of the director's armored head and slammed her head into the crown of the helmet, stupefying the goblin leader. With that action, the violence resumed.

With our skirmish resumed, the new visitors tried and failed to regain our attention and assert their authority as they repeatedly shot out magically loud blasts at the ceiling.

"My name is Senior Auror Alastor Moody with the DMLE, I demand that you seize all violence this moment otherwise—"

"HAHAHAHAHA!"

“GREAHAHHAHE!”

A loud laughter gave everyone pause, as we saw both Hermione and the Director with each other's forearms clasped together, exchanging feral grins, and sardonic tittering filled the now silenced room.

All of the goblins and trolls around me suddenly disengaged and loudly cheered after their director barked something in their language.

“Harry, the director and I just came into an understanding so you can now relax. HAHAAHAHA!” Hermione explained to me as the pair continued their insane hysterics.

After hearing the director's order, Edward Tonks began placating the increasingly agitated veteran auror.

“CAN SOMEONE PLEASE FUCKING EXPLAIN TO ME WHAT THE FUCK IS HAPPENING?!”

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END

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