

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. 3.1 - Charming Moms and Defense Against the Dad Arts (1 out of ?)

“♪ Flyin’ off from a cliff ♪”

The irritating rhythmic tapping of an empty plate against the bars of the cell right beside grates on the senses as the cold dread of the creature passing by fills my every being.

“♪ Na na na ma ma ny na na ny na ♪”

I shovel the last morsel of gruel on the plate with my dirtied hand, then down a large cup of water, making sure to get every last drop, as I then hurried towards the bars of my jail-cell. Pushing the left side of my face against the grates as I checked if the guards on patrol had left.

“♪ Swooping down to the ground ♪”

They always are in a rush to leave this area, as this area has one of the highest concentrations of dread projected by those demonic creatures of fear we call dementors.

“♪ Na na na ma ma ny na na ny na ♪”

Seeing the coast is clear on that side, I then squish my right side of the face against the bars of my jail cel.

“♪ Wheel around and around and around and around ♪”

The coast is clear save for a thin feminine arm holding a warped metal plate slamming away at the bars to the beat of her grating singing voice.

“Bellatrix you hag, will you bloody shut it with that racket?!” I said, shouting at my deranged, murderous, cousin.

Her singing stopped for a second, but was suddenly replaced by frantic banging of her metal plate against the bars of the prison as the racket intensified.

“Ohhhh— isn’t wittle itty bitty Siri, tired of my wuwwabies?” Her mocking baby voice echoed around the mostly empty floor, filled only by the inmates and the odd dementor passing by.

Her voice started small but began to enter the realm of shrieking as she manically sang my name in a way reminiscent of how she sung the Hogwarts’ school song.

“♪ Siri, Sirius, Si, Si, Siri, Sirius ♪ ”

“Shink”

“♪ Siri, Sirius, Si, Si, Siri, Sir— ♪ ” I didn’t notice Bellatrix’s mocking suddenly stopping nor did I hear the sound of bodies slumping onto the floor of their respective cells; the sudden sharp sound behind me attracted my attention as I turned around to see a long metal object embedded on the floor of my cell.

Said object looked like a long spiralled-bladed object, with a handle at the end; around the handle was a paper tied around with a note saying, “Read me!”.

“Fuck!” As I was untying and unfurling the note, the edge caught my finger unexpectedly and left a papercut.

“Move towards the front of the cell, against the bars, and brace yourself.

P.S. Apologies in advance.”

My brain just stopped working for some reason, as it is still trying to rationalise why there is a long metal object embedded at the center of my high-security prison cell with a note attached.

“Bang! Bang! Bang!”

I feel the prison shake as the wall of my cell facing the outside is currently being battered by something, making me involuntarily step back, my back now against the bars of my prison.

“.....”

Suddenly, my vision blurs as all I hear is ringing in my ears and the increased rhythmic thumping of my heartbeat. My slightly tilted vision takes in the now blown up wall, sees the debris scattered within the cell, and feels the strong winds batter my body.

Trudging forward, I rubbed my eyes, trying to remove the blur on my vision as I first saw a perfect unobstructed view of the outside for the first time in what feels like 16 or 17 years.

The bright full moon lit up the island's cliffs while the strong winds buffeted the seas as you heard the roaring sounds of waves crashing into the island.

Steadying myself, I braced myself against the unbroken wall to my left. Suddenly I caught a small glint near the horizon.

Clutching my head in pain as I saw the glint again, but this time it was closer—

—closer, and closer, the glint flew closer and closer, when suddenly I felt sudden wetness on my body and face, and a stinging sensation in my right eye as all I saw from it was a tint of red.

Suddenly, my breathing started to become rapid, and I felt a lot colder than before, but despite that, my skin felt very clammy as I suddenly became sweaty.

I felt numb and sudden confusion when another long metal rod appeared. Instead of being embedded in the ground, it pierced through my right inner thigh, as a copious amount of blood spurted out of the semi-plugged hole, forming a pool of blood around me, and the rest spurted diagonally away from me to the outside.

My vision darkened as I didn't even feel myself touch the ground before I passed out.

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“Splash!”

I woke up to a coughing fit, as I received a large blast of water directed to my face.

“Hey, stop that! Sirius is still recovering!”

My vision focused towards a familiar face: her rectangular-shaped face framed by wavy black locks, her high regal cheekbones, slightly pointed nose, and full lip. She was currently arguing with another person in the room, whose voice was rough, old, and vaguely familiar.

“Andy?” I manage to say despite the hoarseness of my voice.

“You are safe now.” She said as she gave me a reassuring smile.

Reaching behind her, she brought out a small glass vial and removed the stopper. Gently holding onto my chin, she began to tilt it into my mouth.

“Here, drink this; you still aren’t a hundred percent, and there’s a lot of things that need to be fixed due to your prolonged exposure to dementors, not to mention the severe trauma and blood loss you received from having your femoral artery severed.”

I drank the offered potion; the bitter-tasting liquid immediately started taking effect, and it soothed the aches of my body.

My eyelids now became heavier as darkness consumed me again.

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“Is the defendant awake and ready?” Was the first thing I heard as I again was brought to consciousness. For the past several days I had several instances where I was awakened.

There were the usual medical check-ups; sometimes I got Andy, sometimes I got several accented individuals from different countries. All of them fed me several concoctions of potions while taking health-related measurements with probing spells, as they asked me questions.

Most of the time I would get interviewed through mind probes by mind healers, as we did Occlumency exercises to repair my mental psyche. According to the healer, I'd never be actually back to 100%, or at least my mind and body would never really match a healthy wizard of the same age nor any healthy wizard within at least a 10-15-year gap.

They said it was my transforming into my dog form that actually mitigated a lot of the damage done by the vile creatures, and that they started doing research on the resistance of Animagus forms to psychic attacks.

The other times I got interviewed through a mental probe were with the authorities. Like my several healers, a lot of their English is accented; even through interviews done through Legilimency, their accent comes through.

As I was coming to, I could see the outline of several men and women seated at a panel around me.

"Is the defendant awake and aware?" was asked by the same heavily accented French voice I heard just as I woke up.

Looking to my side, I saw one of my usual healers beside me put a hand on my wrist as they flashed a Lumos light at my eyes, and the bright light made me flinch back.

"Do you feel anything untoward? Are you confused?" The doctor asked me as she probed me with the usual spells.

Glancing around and hearing the word defendant uttered twice already, I could probably guess what this situation was.

"No, I feel fine. This is a trial, right?" I asked groggily, my voice still hoarse as my vocal cords didn't get much use during my recovery. According to them, they were prioritizing any direct mental damage done by the Dementors and it would take about three months of rehabilitation before we start with any physical rehabilitation.

In the meantime, I actually was put on a very strict nutrient regimen to prepare my body for my physical rehabilitation in three months' time.

So far, the only people that are familiar that I saw were my cousin Andromeda Tonks and my grandfather and current head of house Arcturus Black.

Said grandfather was the one who first woke me after that ordeal at Azkaban. He was, of course, severely chastised by Andromeda for his less than ideal way of waking up someone who just came from a harrowing ordeal.

I've already asked several times how they managed to remove me from that island and how they were able to intercept that attempt on my life, but I was just rebuffed and said that everything shall be explained eventually and that I should first concentrate on recovery.

I did ask about my godson and was assured of his safety and that I'll probably meet him soon before he starts school at Hogwarts.

I also hesitantly asked for Remus Lupin. I do have some mixed feelings for my fellow marauder as I never once got a visit or any indication of whether or not he believed my guilt.

Though, to be fair, James and I initially and unfairly suspected Remus as the mole or at the very least he was suspected to unintentionally leak information about the Order during his werewolf infiltration missions.

Of course, I asked about the final member of our band of school pranksters, the betrayer, Peter Pettigrew. I figured that since they were currently healing me and not just sending me back to the DMLE, certain key information may have come to light.

Though, as with my inquiries about my escape, I was summarily rebuffed on that topic and told that I'll learn about it in due time.

Now, back to my present situation, as the doctor has confirmed my lucidity.

"Bang bang!"

The sound of the gavel echoed around the room as proceedings commenced.

"Sirius Orion Black, this is an ad hoc council of chosen representatives of the International Confederation of Wizards, as requested by Warlock Arcturus Black III. Everything starting from the next banging of my gavel is merely a formality." The ICW representative with the French accent stated.

"From this point forward Sirius Orion Black shall be henceforth known as Defendant 117,562. This alias has been summarily approved by everyone on this ad hoc committee bar none as there are other ongoing investigations that are of the sensitive nature tied to the defendant."

"Bang bang!"

"Start the recording. It is currently 1:30 pm, Saturday May 13, 2018. This special hearing of the Ad Hoc Committee on Defendant 117,562 is now called to order.

My name is Jean Paul Delacour, and I will be serving as the judge of this special hearing and representative of the International Confederation of Wizards' Department of Justice and Hit-Wizards."

“My name is Hiroki Sajyou and I serve as...”

I listened to the proceedings as my situation had finally sunk in, after 16 years of hell I may actually be a free man by the end of this trial.

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Present, September 27, 2017

Looking around me at the quaint kitchen the mix of old and modern as I prepared a large meal for around ten people (or one Saber), though I’m not really cooking everything at the moment.

For example, the crispy potatoes have already been boiled and cooled. All I need to do is to add some hearty herbs, garlic, salt, pepper, and olive oil after I bake them.

Right now I’m only preparing for two as I am waiting on Hermione who is currently in the shower.

We originally just were planning on just passing by to pick up some clothes but unfortunately Hermione forgot to put her washing in the dryer. So she had to redo the washing before placing it back in the dryer.

Originally, I suggested that we could just pack it and let Mrs.Tonks' house-elves use magic to clean it up, but Hermione wanted to have some alone time.

Well— just as I was repeating that thought in my mind, it does sound like Hermione was inviting me for something more; but she just wanted a simple date. In fairness it was just yesterday when we got reunited after 17-18 years.

Despite not remembering each other for most of those years, once every memory came rushing back in, all of those years of separation were actually felt. So I can’t really blame Rin, or rather Hermione, for wanting to spend more alone time together. After all, in our previous life it was just our little trio.

“Huhhh— I wonder what happened to Arturia.”

“Yeah, I wish she was here too, maybe we can try searching for her within the available minor characters.”

I flipped both of our thick-cut pork chops over sprigs of thyme and rosemary, adding a bit of butter and olive oil to prevent the butter from burning.

I turned around and froze to the sight of Hermione wearing fluffy slippers. Her legs were bare as the sun gently cast its light against her oversized white shirt, which provided a silhouette of her body as it currently shows pretty much exposing everything underneath.

Well, almost everything, as she was still wearing underwear. I then saw her shift her body as she placed her hands on her hip.

I sharply looked up to see her smug face, as she probably knew how I'd react to what she's currently wearing.

Well I just sighed and raised an eyebrow at her in return.

"Well, I thought that since I'm redoing all the washing and we're waiting, I might as well add what I was wearing into the laundry, don't you like it?" She said as she did a twirl.

I felt a blush creeping up my face as I did an about-face and checked on my charred string beans. I then transferred them to a plate, squeezed half a lemon on the charred vegetables, sprinkled some toasted nuts on them, and added some more salt and pepper.

I felt Hermione hug me from behind.

"I'm glad you're here. We'll try to find Arturia— I hope she's here as well. But you don't know how relieved I felt when I found out you were here."

I felt a bit of wetness on my back as I turned off the burner and laid the dish on the counter.

I turned around to give her a hug, enveloping her within my arms as she sniffled quietly. She suddenly reached up towards my head and dragged me down to kiss me.

Our lips smashed together as our tongues danced against each other. We broke off for a second to stare at each other's eyes as she pulled me around the counter.

I quickly looked at the wall clock to check how much time had passed since I placed my pork chops in the oven. Seeing as there was still time, I let her drag me towards one of the high stools situated around the kitchen island. Her oversized shirt rode up to show her plain white panties and part of her toned stomach.

As she saw the difference in our height, she quickly moved over to the kitchen island, pulling me towards her. She wrapped both her legs and arms around her as we continued our passionate embrace.

My hands glided at her side as my left settled on her hip while my other hand rested on her back just at the base of her nape.

We separated again from each other, our heated gazes met as we caught our breaths.

“Shirou—”

“Rin—”

“Ahhhhhhhhhh— HONEY!”

We quickly turned our heads towards the foyer, my right and Hermione’s left, to see a man kneeling on the floor with a shocked expression. To his right was a large travel suitcase lying on the floor, and to his left was a lady with features distinctly similar to Hermione’s, fussing over the man who had suddenly fallen to the floor in shock.

The lady then turned towards us as her face morphed into a state of shock up until it shifted to anger.

“HERMIONE JANE GRANGER!”

I looked down towards our still conjoined body, her arms and legs still wrapped around me as her exposed panties were basically grinding against me. I could still see a small thin trail of saliva connecting both our mouths.

I quickly snapped to my senses as I forced Hermione to let go. Hermione quickly jumped down and straightened out her oversized shirt as she awkwardly smiled.

“Hey mum, you’re back early. This is my boyfriend, Harry Potter! He also prepared a meal. Do you want some?”

I stared at her deadpan as the scent of burning suddenly filled the kitchen.

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END

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