

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. 2.1 - Flashing my grin, gets lots of gold now!.. Or not. (1 out of ?)

After much shouting, apologies, and two squads of goblins and a troll bodyguard suddenly appearing behind us, we are currently seated right in front of the British Isles' Director of Gringotts, cuffed.

I currently have my legs crossed as I am leaning to my left, wrist bound, irritatingly tapping "stupid Shirou" in morse code on the chair's arm over-and-over again, while giving Shirou a cross look.

Beside me Shirou, or rather Harry, sat straight looking forward with arms cuffed behind his back, his torso and his ankles bound in chains with heavy metal balls attached to them, looking really guilty.

'SLAM. SLAM!'

The director, who's currently busy with all his paperwork, slams his stamp over two documents, completely ignoring us.

Harry, not paying attention despite only staring forward, didn't notice what's in front of him and jolted in surprise, wincing again as I renewed my tapping.

Apparently, casting unauthorized magic within goblin territory is prohibited and the tracking enchantment that was applied on us upon reading the warning outside immediately alerted security when Harry reinforced his body to push the gigantic set of doors.

After trying to placate the goblins we willingly surrendered ourselves to the visibly pissed magical creatures.

Harry, who at that time was lying face down and bound, was frantically explaining that he honestly didn't see the smaller door and the use of magic was just a reflex he didn't think through.

After a few minutes of arguing between the goblins, they acquiesced that there weren't any ill intentions made by us and that we also didn't mean to offend.

Unfortunately, they currently don't have any keys to release us from our shackles as they didn't see any point in releasing their enemies.

While sporting quite a sadistic grin Director Ragnok, asked us to wait patiently as they need to fashion up a key. Offering us his most insincere sounding apology and that they shall immediately get to the problem at hand, as the goblins surrounding us barked in laughter.

That was four hours ago, or at least it looks like it was four hours ago as I only noticed that there was a clock behind us, and it's almost half past four in the afternoon.

Suddenly, we hear the door behind us open as we hear shuffling footsteps walking towards us.

A familiar looking irritated goblin, which at this point is considered a tautology, stepped to our sides as he tapped both our shackles with a large old fashioned key releasing us from our hours-long captivity.

"Thank you Goblin Gorkk" Shirou who identified the goblin as the one assisting us in the lobby, quickly apologised upon reading his name tag which says Morkk.

The goblin who was just stoically staring at us didn't dain Shirou with a reply as we worked on the kinks off our body.

"Follow Morkk into room 7." Director Ragnok ordered us.

Like how we did with Gorkk, we sat quietly across Morkk, as he reviewed certain documents before arranging it into separate piles.

"Knock.. Knock"

A goblin guard, standing sentry by the door, opened it in response, to reveal a man dressed in a professional looking attire. Giving the goblin a thanks, the man standing just above 6 feet, probably in his late 30s or early 40s, hair starting to bald, has developed a bit of a gut, moved over towards the side of Morkk, extending his arm out for a handshake.

Much to our surprise the stoic irritable looking goblin returned the gesture. After which the goblin just returned back to his task of arranging the paperwork, every now and then he'll make some notes on the side of each document then like clockwork setting it at a certain pile.

The man turned towards us as he extended his arm at us with quite a disarming smile.

“Greetings, name’s Edward Tonks, I’m senior partner at the Oracle, a magical law firm.”

The both of us stood up at his greeting and promptly shook his hand as we respectively introduced ourselves.

“Hermione Jane Granger.”

“Harry James Potter.”

The man smiled warmly at Harry.

“Yes, Mr. Potter, I actually personally knew your parents, they used to come over for dinner while my daughter played with you back when you were about six months old.”

Edward Tonks— Edward Tonks— was there a character like that in the book?

“Her name is Nymphadora” As Edward showed Harry a picture of his daughter who was smiling while her hair wildly changed in colour.

That’s when it clicked, Edward— Ed— Ted Tonks!!

Suddenly thumping the bottom of my fist on my left palm, the two turned their attention towards me.

Immediately feeling embarrassed. “Sorry, I just remembered something. Anyway, are we already starting?”

Shifting gears he now is sporting a professional demeanor as he brought out a pair of glasses, wearing them as he surveyed the documents at hand.

“Let’s start with Mr. Potter as I have already read your files.”

“Ahem..”

Everyone turned towards Morkk, as he slammed a stack of documents towards Edward driving his index finger on the stack for emphasis.

“But I already read Mr. Potter’s file.”

Grunting as he, again, drove his finger twice on the stack of documents, while he was reading a different one.

“Fine!” Edward Tonks shuffled his seat away from the desk as he made more space and stood up.

Reaching into his coat he fished out what looked like a packet of cigarettes.

Presenting it to us, "Do you mind?"

As we were previously Japanese, where you have restaurants with open indoor smoking areas*, so we just waved off his concern.

Offering one to Morkk, he then tapped his wand over the stack of documents, the stack floating in front of him as he lit the cigarette on his lip, taking a drag.

He casually swiped in front of the stack of documents then the front page smoothly flew around the stack and settled at the pack of the pile, while he was doing this he offered the light to Morkk, in which he was just casually waved off.

Morkk, still doing busy work, removed the mantle of a lamp beside him, shoved the tip of the cigarette into the fire till the embers started to form, then took a drag for himself. His shoulders visibly relax as the effects of what I assume is nicotine entering his bloodstream.

"Ms. Granger."

Giving Mr. Tonks my full attention I acknowledge him in return.

"Do you mind if Mr. Potter hears anything related to your family? We can ask for a private room instead."

"My family?"

"Yes, you are the first magical Granger in a few centuries to be able to claim lineage with the Magical Granger family."

Ted paused for a bit as he took a drag and another swipe on the floating stack of documents. Raising his finger to indicate that he needs a moment.

After three more pages of swiping.

"You are muggle born and raised right?"

"Umm, I'm not actually sure what the term muggle means, Sh- Harry here asked Gorkk a while ago but it wasn't really actually confirmed; does it mean normal or non-magical?"

Trying to keep the facade that we are ignorant of this world.

Mr. Tonks chuckled for a bit, "Yeah Gorkk and Morkk, are goblins of very few words. Hence why I'm hired as a retainer for all their clientele."

"Yes, muggle means non-magical, which leads me to the reason why I'm asking if you want to talk about the topic of your magical lineage in private."

“Also, I’m assuming Ha– I meant Mr.Potter here was the one who introduced you to this place, right?”

Exchanging glances with Harry as he just shrugged, indicating that he’ll let me take the lead.

“In a way, yes–” In which Mr. Tonks just gave me a quirk of his eyebrow. Ignoring that, “--but with regards to using a private booth I have no problem with Harry hearing my family history.”

Shrugging a bit. “Plus, if there was anything bad about it; why would I care, when I nor my immediate family were involved?”

“Okay just to give you some background, when a family line dies out or rather when a magical family runs out of official magical members and no other bloodline relative that isn’t a member of the main or branch house of another magical family doesn’t claim the family within two decades all family assets are seized by the government, dissolving said bloodline.”

Pausing as he checked on us if we are still following his explanation. After glancing at Sh-Harry, I just nodded my head and waved my hand.

“That normally happens unless a member of an ancient and noble family helps preserve your family legacy.”

Now pacing back and forth as he vanished his now finished cigarette, replacing it with a new one.

“Back in the late 14th century Hector-Dagworth Granger, who’s major contribution to wizarding study was his studies on the topic of love with relations to potions and alchemy; he was also the founder of the Most Extraordinary Society of Potioneer, a potions guild that’s still prevalent up until this day.”

“As his accolades grew, with not just his research but with his potions inventions and patents, his ambition shifted towards family status.”

“He wanted the Grangers to eventually be part of the families that govern Britain and eventually gain the title of Most Ancient and Most Noble.”

Pausing for effect and with another hit.

“The first step would be to get the Noble title, and to get this you need proof of several centuries of blood purity and an achievement worthy of the title; on top of that at least an Ancient and Noble family needs to sponsor your ascension.”

“Hector-Dagworth Granger was smart about it as he didn’t have any leverage to get any sponsor from any of the current Ancient and Noble families; what he did was he partnered with the Greengrass family who has their own sponsor and is aiming to get the Ancient and Noble title.”

“The Greengrass family was a family whose business lies with supplying raw magical flora, they got their elevation in status when they were noticed by the Shafiqs who had a large trading company.”

“Hector-Dagworth Granger, offered the current head of house at that time a partnership in his apothecaries, which in turn expanded the Greengrass’ contribution to the Shafiqs.”

“It was a win-win for everyone, and after several years of this the Greengrass Family got their Ancient and Noble title then a few years later the Greengrass Family granted Hector’s family their noble title.”

“Even in death Hector made it a family mission to gain the Most Ancient and Most Noble title and their family has followed this order with obsessive fervor.”

“While maintaining a long-lasting and strong partnership with the Greengrass House, the problem was during 17th-18th century wizarding Britain was suffering from the plagues and wars, amongst other things.”

“Wanting to protect their own the Granger family has become isolationists, still maintaining their close ties with the Greengrass House, but they were so scared that their family would be wiped out especially by the new wizarding plague they limited their interactions with just the head of the Greengrass family.”

“Grrgh”

Our attention was suddenly taken by a guttural noise courtesy of Morkk, grumpily pointing at the clock urging Mr. Tonks to start wrapping it up.

“Ahem—” You could see a faint blush on the visage of Mr. Tonks as he suddenly felt embarrassed. “My apologies while I myself am muggle-born, my wife really got me interested in to Wizarding family history, specifically British wizarding family history.”

“To summarize a lot of in-breeding happened during the Granger’s isolation and Britain’s Wizarding pureblood community wasn’t even that genetically diverse to begin with, so this eventually lead to a lot of still-births and squibs.”

Impatient tapping was heard from Morkk, as Mr. Tonks threw him an irritated glare.

“In the end the Noble House of Granger ended with the Interim Head Matriarch Eleanor-Beatrice Granger who was still betrothed to George Geoffrey Greengrass, the current head of the Most Noble and Ancient House of Greengrass at the time.”

“Luckily, the House of Granger could be revived due to two reasons. First, was on her deathbed—”

At this point I felt extremely guarded, crossing my arms. I frowned as I glanced at Shirou, not Harry but Shirou this time, he too was frowning and gave me a skeptical brow raise.

“Let me guess—” I interrupted him now with a colder voice, “She requested the Greengrass head to preserve her legacy and I am luckily a descendant of disowned squib.”

Mr. Tonks suddenly was caught off guard by my tone. “No— uh.”

“What exactly is this? We came here to talk about this—” Pointing a thumb at Harry “--guys inheritance; we have been kind, patient, and understanding; yes— Harry made a mistake with the door but it was such an inoffensive thing that I hardly think that even if goblins are genetically born to be rude and petty we would be subjected to power play, after power play, after power play.”

Morkk, who at this point stopped his paperwork and is now blankly staring at us while his human colleague stutters with his denials and attempts to placate us.

“Now we are being fed this bull where the amazingly generous, loving, and kind furballs that the goblins are, would freely give me gold, me who is just a barely legal teen who just so happens to be a long-lost daughter of some dumb inbred fuckwits?”

“So now tell me—, tell us what the fucking catch is? What is the reason you made us stay back until after your banking hours? Is this just some scheme to entrap unsuspecting teens, and we’re just—”

I was suddenly poked by something sharp at my back and I could see an axe head at the side of Harry’s neck.

“No, if you could just calm down.” Mr. Tonks serious now that weapons are drawn, I could see him tightening his grip on his wand as he doesn’t move from his position.

Relaxing a bit, while I leaned back as the tip of the tip further dug into my skin; not piercing it, crossing my legs, left elbow on the arm of the chair, with my jaw resting on my fist, giving Morkk and Mr. Tonks a sardonic smile, as I openly taunt them.

“Harry, did you break it?”

“Just as I cancelled my reinforcement. You?”

“Just as you opened the door with reinforcement.”

Both of us took a deep breath and at the same time exhaled loudly.

“Don’t ever say that I’m liberal with my Gandr again.”

...and bedlam broke out.

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END

*Back in the 90s there were a lot of indoor areas in Japan where you could smoke. Even in family restaurants where children are easily exposed to second-hand smoke.

I have a dumb system that when I mistakenly type Shirou or Rin, it is them making the mistake in the story as they aren't used to each other's name, despite looking far different from their original form.

I think the chapter puns aren't sustainable, I was already so close to making a deez nutz chapter name the problem is it's hard to dedicate a chapter related to goblin deez nuts. lol

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