

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 **Chwiryeong** and their illustrator **chyan**. Please check them out.*

Story Starts

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Ch. 2.3 - Flashing my grin, gots lots of gold now!.. Or not. (3 out of ?)

Admittedly I may have overreacted and looking back I think we were the aggressor?

Hmm, I don't really know. I distinctly remember being poked at the back by something sharp and they held an axe right at Harry's neck.

Fuck it, why the hell are we in this predicament? Why couldn't we have gained our memories just as we arrived at Hogwarts? It would have been much simpler

I grappled with the machete-wielding director, already having been nicked at least twice.

Well, no matter what, my temper did get the better of me, but everything has been suspect right from the get-go. Consider their overreaction to Harry's usage of reinforcement, and the long wait where they deliberately forced us to stay up until the end of banking hours.

I don't picture these goblins willingly serving wizards and witches more than they have to, so there's something that they need, and they either plan to get it through intimidation or from me owing them—or both.

But I don't get what Edward Tonk's role in this was, was it all a setup from the start and everything was all an act?

"So what is Gringotts or your merry band of goblins planning?"

I asked just as I pushed him, not giving him the optimal distance to wield the machete, grabbing the wrist of the hand wielding the machete.

Ragnok, the branch director, just snarled at me in return as he tried to shoulder-check me, clearly a skilled martial artist and given the fact that a weapon is a force multiplier in combat. The clearly pissed goblin is still holding back to a certain extent.

Well both sides are holding significantly back, at least that's from my estimation of their side. They just probably do not know how to handle Shirou or rather Harry's unique magical propensity for combat.

"That may be it." I try to absorb the director's shoulder check by bleeding off the momentum as I pivot away from the attack, still taking control of his weaponed arm. My height and reinforcement give me a bit of an edge at this moment.

The director narrowed his eyes at my declaration.

"You guys just panicked at Harry's presence, you need something from the Granger family and originally you were supposed to trap me in a situation where I have no choice but to acquiesce to any of your demands."

To give me more time to voice out my deductions, I quickly chopped at his neck with an open palm, twisted his armed hand, and struck the goblin's armored sternum with my elbow.

The series of moves proved effective as I am now holding the goblin's machete and the director is now lying flat on his back.

"Before you get up," I started, as I threatened the director with the machete. "I have a wager that you wouldn't want to refuse."

I then applied a small cut on my index finger holding it aloft to my side as I let the several drops of my blood hit the floor, coalescing into a formal craft circle with very thin, barely visible, lines made of my blood. The circle glowed for a second and settled, then vanished.

I now held the machete at my side, gesturing for the branch director to stand up, as he is visibly wary of my offer and previous action.

"Just a simple bounded-field to ward off any attention." I explained placating the irritated goblin head.

I quickly checked on Harry's situation as he is currently tussling with a group of goblins and a troll, while a second troll and a third troll from the opposite side are now trying to break the wall.

"If Harry and I lose this skirmish of ours, then I'll follow all your demands without any complaints even if I need to give up all inherited assets to Gringotts or to whomever; quite frankly I don't really care; I'll even sweeten the pot cause I'm assuming Harry at least has a trust vault, I can convince him to give up half of that if you win." I said as I dropped the machete to the floor and kicked it over towards the now frowning goblin.

"And if we win, we shall have an equal partnership, I can still give up whatever it is you particularly need from the magical Granger families but there needs to be some equivalence. Quite frankly all I care about is my magical research but there are certain things that need to be taken care of before I can just peacefully do my research and live the rest of my life. That or if I can manage to convince you of the equal partnership before we inevitably win."

I shrugged carelessly while he looked at me, clearly skeptical at my confidence as he looked at the progress of the breaching of the wall.

"I've noticed your writing system it's basically an offshoot of Elder Futhark right? So you can correctly interpret this geas." As I dove deep into my Tohsaka Crest, biting at my previously bleeding finger, letting another drop fall from my index, the drop of blood stopped mid-fall, caught fire and amalgamated into another formal craft circle.

The previously raging fire settled into readable runes layered amongst various shapes within a floating circle.

"All I need is any of your bodily fluid to accept, blood or spit would suffice, please don't fucking cum into the geas circle."

I tried lightening the mood with a joke but my current audience is being difficult.

I hear a loud noise, as a large crack forms on the wall. The director, now sporting a feral grin, spat at the geas, executing our magical agreement, and, not wasting any time, charged at me, machete on hand and a battlecry roaring from his lungs.

Caught off foot by the sudden charge, I stumbled a bit as I got several nicks and a busted lip from the sudden attack. As his renewed offense continued to put me on my back foot, to make matters worse, I saw a silvery thing at the edges of my periphery.

Guessing what the thing is, I cancelled my previous privacy bounded-field and called out, "Harry, patronus!"

Bracing myself, I reapplied reinforcement on my body, taking the extra step to toughen my skin as I can see that the director is turning up his onslaught.

Well, two can play this game. I flicked one of my gems into the air, as this provides a speed enchantment that goes past my normal reinforcement.

Practically teleporting to Ragnok, I broke his stance with a reinforced knee to his stomach, palm striking both his shoulder and neck.

While the director is reduced to a coughing fit, I turned towards Harry who just shot a red spear, a bit different from the one that stabbed his heart.

"You missed, you never miss!" I said incredulously, from what I heard the only time he missed a shot in kyudo is when he did it intentionally to know what missing feels like.

"Oh piss off! I'm fucking busy here." Well, in his defense he actually is indisposed as every goblin is dogpiling on top of Harry while the troll plays whack-a-mole with the writhing mass of bodies, rolling on the floor.

"Well it looks like we are getting more company in a bit." I said to Ragnok as he glared at me through his hacking coughs. "Are you sure you don't want to stop and just accept our partnership?"

Suddenly the wall was finally breached.

"I am the bone of my sword."

"Looks like Harry is getting a little more serious." I said, giving the director a taunting smile as he flinched at the oppressive feeling Harry is currently projecting into the surrounding area.

A reality marble is the culmination of all of Shirou's magecraft, as most of his abilities are just basically offshoots of this sorcery-bordering magecraft. Whenever a line of his aria is chanted, reality is slowly being overwritten by Shirou, or rather in this case, Harry's demon-like perception of reality.

Just as Harry began the bombardment of traced bladed weapons, a technique he copied from his future-self and the previous King of Uruk and not wanting to be caught off guard again, I renewed my offense.

As I dodged a stab from the machete-wielding director, I simultaneously slammed both my left knee and elbow onto the wrist of the goblin, pinching it between my hinge joints, the shocking pain forcing the goblin to drop his weapon.

Moving forward with my legs sweeping his feet, I pushed him, at the same time flipping him on his back.

"BANG BANG BANG!"

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

Ignoring the sudden silence as the gruff voice demanded explanations, I shouted loudly, rushing towards Ragnok. As he tried to get up, I took hold of his armored head, reinforced my own head and neck, and slammed my forehead into the helmet-clad goblin, stupefying him.

This action of mine re-ignited the chaos as the room was filled with noise of steel against steel.

I walked over towards the dazed manager, placing a semi-precious stone that I'd been cultivating for the longest time right beside him, who's looking at it in confusion.

"Look, this is just part of my research, I can turn precious stones into a magical source, that's not its only application as you did see me applying a speed enchantment on myself a while ago. You can also see Harry's magic having quite the affinity with bladed weapons and I promise you that particular avenue is just the tip of the iceberg."

I held out my hand, as he stared at the semi-precious stone brimming with mana in wonder. He then took a hard look at the weapons in Harry's hands, crystallized legends known in my previous reality as Noble Phantasms.

Seeing as he's still not taking my hand, I picked up my mana infused gem and presented it on my open palm.

"So, Branch Director Ragnok, together with Harry, shall we enter into a partnership?" As he reached into my hand containing the gem, I clenched at his in return, pulsing the magic within the semi-precious stone to let him better feel the mana contained within.

I gave the director a toothless grin and said, "This is my longest cultivated gem, you can have this as a token of my good will, cause, I'm sure like you, I'll be taking full advantage of this partnership as we move forward."

He returned mine with a feral grin of his own, "Right you are Ms. Granger, right you are."

"HAHAHAHAHA!"

"GREAHAAHAEHE!"

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

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And so a partnership has been formed,
born from the crazed laughter of
two shrewd and calculating individuals.

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END

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