

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.*

*Please read, **When the Roses Bloom Again** by the **TheBlack'sResurgence**. It's a fucking good read, and where I based my **Arcturus Black** from.*

Story Starts

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Ch. 5.3 - Dragon this Iron Away

From Dragon's Blood

(3 out of 3)

Harry had always pictured Grimmauld Place as dark, depressing, and brooding, the way the story portrayed it when the Order of the Phoenix used it as a hideout and base of operations. Instead, he found himself at a mansion scrubbed clean, light spilling across polished floors. No doxy-ridden curtains. No dust. No worn carpets. Not even that lingering musk he half-expected.

'There'll probably be no hidden boggarts in any of the cupboards,' Harry thought. A shame, really—it might have been a good experiment to see what frightened him most.

Tonight's feast was a spread of classic British fare: three roasts—lamb, beef, and chicken—with sides of roast potatoes, Yorkshire pudding, carrots and parsnips glistening in goose fat, green beans, a celeriac-and-squash gratin, and a crisp green salad.

Harry, already knowing what Hermione preferred, plated her dinner himself: lamb with mint and jus, carrots and parsnips, a square of gratin, and a side of green salad.

Harry set the filled plate atop Hermione's charger just as a different house-elf—thankfully not the one Hermione had seized by the scruff—popped in with bowls of cream of asparagus soup and offered refreshments.

Hermione flashed him a smile, then asked the elf for red wine.

Harry took a little bit of everything, adding horseradish to the slice of rib roast. He then turned to the beady-eyed house-elf and asked for a glass of white wine—something crisp to cut through the heavy flavours. He murmured his thanks as the glass popped into place.

The measured clink of cutlery on porcelain marked the start of the meal. Harry noticed Ted Tonks casting sidelong glances, though Andromeda, Hermione and Lord Black maintained their composure, eating with deliberate poise.

Harry chose not to push the matter further. Lord Black dismissed the incident with a wave, already intent on removing Walburga's portrait—Hermione had merely hastened matters. The reaction surprised Harry, given Andromeda's description of the patriarch as a foul-mouthed, misanthropic war veteran who had washed one's hands of the family.

Harry supposed Andy's account was coloured by her own bias. He didn't dwell—he could see her point well enough, and he also saw why Lord Black had seemingly abandoned his family.

Ted and Andy had laid out Arcturus's history: a decorated veteran, ennobled across Europe—though the titles were uninheritable—and in Britain elevated to the rank of Duke by the King himself, burdened with countless more honours.

The unit—eventually led by Charlus, Harry’s grandfather, alongside Lord Black, with Dorea, his grandmother, serving as their frontline mediwitch, patching and breaking bodies in equal measure, earned renown as a key force against Grindelwald.

In the war’s final years, the unit became infamous, shattering Grindelwald’s strongholds and reclaiming lost ground. They drove the enemy back to Austria, their last bastion. At Nurmengard—where the fortress wards leeches away magic—they fought the decisive battle outside its walls, until the fortress yielded.

It fell to Arcturus and Dorea to cut down their own father, Sirius, and their brother Antares. Charlus, meanwhile, captured Cassiopeia Black even as he drove back Grindelwald, leaving the Dark Lord wounded and fleeing with a handful of followers.

Fortunately, Grindelwald and his retreating contingent were intercepted by Dumbledore, who arrived in a plume of phoenix fire and repelled them with wards. Now trapped between two powerhouses, Grindelwald and his men made a last stand.

Charlus, exhausted and outnumbered by the Dark Lord’s followers, held the line while Dumbledore battled the tired and wounded Grindelwald—until Arcturus and Dorea brought their unit to his side, swiftly cutting down the opposition.

At last, the fight was done. Charlus and his companions crushed the remnants, and Dumbledore, seizing the moment, bound the Dark Lord in chains.

To this day, Grindelwald and the remnants of his host endure their sentences within Nurmengard’s walls.

Harry was still turning the story over in his mind as he finished his plate. Andromeda, dabbing her lips with a napkin, asked, “Harry, have you concluded arrangements for the apartment?”

Harry speared the last piece of Yorkshire pudding, mopping up the plate’s jus, before replying, “We’ve not yet had a follow-up with the estate agent, though I’ve shown Hermione the choices. One of them is about twenty minutes’ walk from the Cauldron.”

Harry popped the juice-soaked pastry into his mouth as Hermione added, “Through Nymphadora, we’ve been introduced to several recent Hogwarts alumnae she met on patrol. Faced with poor career prospects in the Wizarding World, they created a programme to help witches and wizards from normal or mixed families pursue higher education in Britain’s non-magical institutions.”

A grumble echoed from the head of the table. Lord Black sat with his wine, eyes closed, as if the company itself were an effort to endure.

Andy resumed her conversation with Hermione. “Tell me, what sort of higher education were you planning for yourself on the normal side of Britain?”

“Perhaps a double major in geology and physics—condensed matter physics if I go on to a doctorate. Haven’t nailed it down yet, but I do want to keep improving my mage—my magic. What are masteries like on the wizarding side? Do they offer mixed programmes that apply modern concepts from the normal world?”

“Can we cut the shit already? Amusing as it is to hear the girl spurn the privilege of wizarding society in favour of ignorant beasts, I frankly don’t care,” Lord Black cut in, arms folded.

Hermione’s nod was all it took. Harry spoke up—they’d decided beforehand she’d get nowhere if she tried to steer this talk.

Harry drew a steadying breath, bracing himself. “Lord Black, Mrs Tonks may already have told you a story that sounds fantastical—and though they’ve helped, I imagine doubts linger over its credibility.”

“Trace on.” Warmth thrummed down his body as his circuits flared. “I am the bone of my sword, steel is my body, fire is my blood.” The aria drew every gaze in the room, Hermione’s included.

He shook his head, refocusing, and reached into his Reality Marble. To the left of his plate appeared a jagged blade—not serrated with teeth, but bent in two sharp angles, a shape like a cross between a mirrored ‘Z’ and a lightning bolt.

The first was Rule Breaker, a seemingly ornamental dagger whose edge could cut through magecraft itself—or magic, as wizards would call it. The second was a spear, its crimson shaft swathed in cloth, propped neatly against the table.

Ted and Andy’s eyes widened in recognition—the spear Harry had once fired at Ted’s Patronus, the same weapon he’d presented to the goblins when he and Hermione had worked to align their stories. The Black Patriarch merely quirked an eyebrow at the conjured blades.

“As you requested, let us cut to the chase.”

The elderly Lord Black merely maintained his gaze, salt-and-pepper brow still raised. Harry cleared his throat. “Would you be so kind as to summon... er.”

Harry glanced at Hermione, rubbing at his jaw with embarrassment. “Remind me—what was its name again?”

Hermione pinched his thigh sharply, making Harry start. “It’s Kreacher,” she said with icy precision, “you dolt.”

“Right, yes, Mist—er, Lord Black, if you’d be so kind as to summon Kreacher?”

“Kreacher,” the Lord Black intoned, as the house-elf appeared with a crack, eyes blazing as they locked on Hermione.

“Does Master be wanting Kreacher to banish, filthy little Mudblood?” Kreacher said as it rubbed its hands together in anticipation.

“Now, what do you want with this sorry excuse for a house-elf?” Arcturus said, his tone impatient and sharp.

Harry rose, carrying both dagger and spear, and circled the table toward Kreacher. The elf backed away as Harry’s looming form closed in. He crouched, locking eyes with the creature.

“I intend to see your late Master Regulus’s command fulfilled,” Harry said firmly. “I can help you destroy the locket—so will you bring it here?”

“You is lying. Filthy wizard is lying. You is lying. Filthy wizard is lying. You is lying. Filthy wizard is lying,” the crazed house-elf shrieked and babbled as it then raised its hand, a ball of condensed light forming. “Filthy wizard must be—”

“Kreacher, give him what he wants. That is an order,” Arcturus barked. The elf thrashed, stamping, head jerking as if it hit an invisible wall.

“Kreacher, now! I no longer have patience. If you don’t follow, your head will not be placed amongst your forebearers.”

With one last hateful glare at Harry, the elf vanished—then popped back, clutching a gaudy piece of jewellery: a hexagonal gold locket, its face set with a serpentine ‘S’ in glittering green stone, dangling from a golden chain.

“Lay the locket on the floor,” Harry instructed, though Kreacher strained against the command.

“Kreacher—enough,” Arcturus snapped. The elf hurled the locket to the floor before vanishing.

Harry nudged the locket further away with his foot. He didn’t know how the others might react; the more distance, the better. Hermione rose and stepped to his side, ready in case its allure proved strong.

“This,” Harry began, glancing at the tense faces of the three, still seated at the table, “is Slytherin’s locket, passed down to the Gaunts. Tom Marvolo Riddle, otherwise known as Voldemort—”

Both Andy and Ted involuntarily flinched at the word. The Dark Lord had once placed a taboo upon it, giving him the general location of anyone who dared speak it.

‘Maybe we should get used to just calling him He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named instead. In case he comes back to life and enacts the taboo again,’ Harry thought.

Harry deferred to Hermione with a nod. “As Harry and I saw in the clairvoyant event, this is the third phylactery—the vessel in which the Dark Lord bound part of his soul to anchor himself to the mortal plane.” Hermione shifted into her professorial stance, head tipped back, one hand resting on her hip while the other punctuated her words.

“While we can’t know the fraction of soul within this vessel, we can make conjectures: once a soul is shattered, does it stay shattered? Does it stitch itself back together over time? Or does it regenerate to become whole again?”

Hermione was now pacing as she made her conjectures, one arm tucked under an elbow as she held her chin.

“It is unlikely to be the last option—if souls could fully heal, he’d simply create a new vessel each time. Quite frankly, it would be common practice by now—if that’s the case. I’d want it myself, if it meant I could research magic for eternity—provided there were no—”

“Ahem... Hermione,” Harry interrupted, reminding her to stay the course.

“If the soul stitches itself back over time, this phylactery might contain but an eighth—or less. Should it remain fractured, it would be smarter to use as little of your soul as possible to be bound unto an anchor. After all, wouldn’t you want the majority of your soul kept in your body?”

“In short, the fragment inside is probably small,” Harry deadpanned.

“Ow.” Harry rubbed his shin where Hermione had kicked him.

“Frankly, we don’t care about any war of ideology,” Harry said, “but from what we saw in that clairvoyant event, I’ll get dragged in regardless and we wouldn’t want anyone suffering under such a regime.”

“All we want is to learn magic and see the world,” Hermione said. “But if we’re getting dragged in no matter what, then sod it—we’ll stack the bloody deck.”

“All we need is Lord Black’s support in freeing your framed grandson—and perhaps, later, the Black family’s help in political matters. I’d rather not depend on my absentee magical guardian,” Harry said, as he now started picturing a snake, like they did in recent practices.

“If you can cycle magical energy through your body, you’ll be able to blunt the pull of the cursed object once I open it. No doubt you can feel it—tugging at the edge of your conscience—urging you to wear it.”

And with a loud hiss, Harry said 'open' in Parseltongue.

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END

Glossary:

Charger - Basically, a plate for your plate. (It's dumb, I know.)

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