

## 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. 5.2 - Dragon this Iron Away

#### From Dragon's Blood

(2 out of ?)

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At the head of the dining table in Grimmauld Place, Arcturus Orion Black III sat—for the first time in two decades—surveying the room with languid eyes. How long ago it seemed, the age when their name commanded the pinnacle of society. Once, this table had been crowded with kin, both close and distant, while lesser families fought tooth and nail for the honour of a seat. Now, only echoes remained.

When had the decline truly begun? He wondered. Was it the moment the family threw in with the latest Dark Lord? Britain, it seemed, could not help birthing such menaces—two in half a century. And his family—fools, every one of them—had backed both.

One had swept across Europe with an ideology dangerously persuasive to far too many. Arcturus could acknowledge—though only with contempt—the allure of that vision: wizardkind at last seizing dominion over the lesser. Yet to

him, the moment had already passed. He had learned as much when he signed on for the bloody mess of his time.

Of course, he had. What else was left for a Black who still gave a damn about honour? But where he sought redemption through service, his father, brother, and sister had flaunted their shame at Grindelwald's side. He would not even grant the bastards the dignity of a name, not even in his thoughts. They'd forfeited that right. Only Dorea, his youngest sister, had stood the course with him.

Arcturus sighed, rolling the stem of his glass between long fingers, tracing circles on the scarred wood. The wine swayed in tired rhythm, as though memory itself tugged him back.

In his bid to restore family honour, he had opened his eyes to the savagery of Muggle warfare. A war where you need never see the eyes of the man you slew; where no measure of skill or cunning, no brilliance or bravery, no wand or spell, could save you from indiscriminate fire from the skies.

War changes men, grinds them down, makes equals of them in the muck. Blood, belief, creed—all stripped away. And still Arcturus held fast to one truth: his blood—and by extension his kind—was superior, and the Muggles remained beneath him, even after he'd seen their way of waging war.

Why should he? Would a Black bow to a nundu? Call a basilisk its better? Yield to a bloody manticore? Dangerous, yes—but beasts all the same.

War burns away every pretence. You're remade in mud and fire, choking on the rot, shit, and piss, ducking shells and stray spells. In that hell, bloodlines mean sod all. Muggle-born, half-blood, pure-blood, even Muggle—it makes no difference. War truly is one of the greatest equalisers, next to death, and war brings death. Lots of it.

And in that piss-stinking furnace, he'd won a second family—men and women trusted with his life. Two above all. The first was his blood sister, Dorea. She had been meant for St. Mungo's wards until she heard he'd volunteered. Then the mad cow resigned from her healer programme and stormed into the conscription office, demanding the front line.

He chuckled, dry as old parchment. The only thing that had ever bent Dorea's will was the threat of an arranged marriage, and even then, barely. Before he shipped out, he had wrung the last dregs of Black influence, twisting arms, to shove her back into the healer's track at St. Mungo's.

Weeks later, and of course—like a bad Knut—the stubborn bint turned up—volunteered as a mediwitch, miraculously attached to his very unit. Serendipity, his arse. More like some unfortunate clerk had been browbeaten into compliance.

To everyone else, she was flawless. Golden. Elegant, clever, beautiful—the professors doted, the boys drooled, the girls admired. The 'good' Black, the one people actually liked. At Hogwarts, when the houses clawed at each other, no one dared touch her. Too bloody beloved for that.

That was the side that everyone adored. The other side? A bloody menace—headstrong, stubborn, clever, sharp-tongued, and quicker with a curse than with patience. Endless barbs, a temper hot as a dragon's breath. Truly a thorny rose—or a polished turd.

Yet he could not deny her honour, nor the heart she hid beneath the swearing. The flawless Black the world saw was no falsehood, only one face of the same coin. The other side was hot-headed and prone to blunders whenever anger got the better of her.

For all the grey hairs she'd bloody given him, truth be told, he and the rest of the sorry bastards owed her their lives a dozen times over.

“Bedside manner of a bloody erumpent,” he couldn’t help but remark, eyes lost in the swirl of burgundy. Even so, she had stood at their side, foul tongue and all. A reluctant smile ghosted across his lips. She was more than his sister by birth—she’d earned her place among the brothers and sisters born in battle.

Amongst their many specialised units, Dorea, as a mediwitch, was a bloody terror—especially when she treated her oaths as little more than optional guidelines.

If she could stitch a man whole in moments, she could just as easily unmake him. Arcturus had watched her boil blood in veins, wrench bones until they snapped the wrong way, and even turn limbs inside out. And yet, a heartbeat later, she would be on her knees in the muck, crawling through blood and shit to piece a comrade back together.

That was why their unit bled less than most. Quick enough, and you could close a throat before the last breath, stitch an arm back on before the blood cooled. Facing them was like fighting the immortal—every wound undone almost as it struck. And if she couldn’t fix it outright, Dorea could still stabilise a man enough to be Portkeyed to the nearest medical centre.

*‘Truth be told, we probably bled more than most,’* he thought, remembering how often they were patched and shoved back into the fray. Years lived on a knife’s edge—high tension, nerves frayed, everyone trigger-happy, driving themselves past all sensible limits. It took Arcturus years under Melania’s care to claw back some sense of normalcy.

It had taken Charlus and Dorea years to recover. Arcturus, anchored by Melania, who had never seen the front, found his footing sooner. They had only each other, and the fighting broke them both. The fall of the Dark Lord ended the battle, but not their wounds; healing for them was a slower road by far.

By the time they regained some sense of normalcy and started a family, Arcturus and Melania already had grandchildren.

“Master?” his house-elf appeared, materialising to fill his glass. “Does Master be wanting Flipsy to set the dishes?”

He grunted. The house-elf understood well enough; it laid the feast upon the table and, with one last bow, vanished.

He sipped the red and let memory drag him under again. It happened often enough now. With Melania gone, all he had was time—and a garden he tended in her name.

*‘Hopefully, the Potter brat isn’t a disappointment like his father or godfather,’* Arcturus thought wryly. Ironic, given that two generations of his own progeny had dragged the House into ruin. Still, the name carried weight—weight that the shit-stain Malfoy had seized on, parading the last of his line. All but one—dead, disowned or in Azkaban.

Speaking of Potter brats—better to dwell on old days than this nonsense. The second standout among his war-forged family was Charlus Potter.

The Blacks and the Potters were both prominent figures in British wizarding society, yet their politics and beliefs never aligned, so they rarely moved in the same circles.

Thus it came as a surprise when, on his very first day at the front, he found himself knee-deep in the trenches alongside a bloody Potter.

Charlus hadn’t signed up for the sake of the country, nor for some righteous cause. Revenge drove him, nothing else. Arcturus had assumed they’d clash; after all, it was in one of his sister’s skirmishes that Potter’s father had been killed.

Charlus's father had nearly struck the killing blow—until Grindelwald stepped in. He tore the man in half, spine hanging like some grotesque trophy. It had been a fatal miscalculation; the Potters were cherished by wizarding society, and their martyrdom only fuelled the fire against him.

They buried him in a closed casket at Godric's Hollow—the body too mangled for display. The outrage only swelled the ranks of conscripts, while sentiment against Grindelwald hit its nadir. Sympathisers were hunted down; some fled, others were bound and dumped at the DMLE's doorstep.

When he learnt Arcturus was a Black, Charlus only raised an eyebrow and asked his reason for conscription. He'd seen the suspicious looks aimed his way, but only laughed, clapped Arcturus on the back, and welcomed him into the unit. But not before giving him a not-so-subtle warning never to betray the unit.

Arcturus couldn't make sense of the man at first, and Dorea stomping into the muck weeks later only muddied matters. Charlus took everything in stride. With the front quiet—just a few skirmishes miles off—he spent his days mild as milk: patching roofs, swapping shifts, covering for lads sneaking off for a pint or a tumble.

So for weeks—other than his strict attitude when conducting exercises and drills—he was relatively mild-mannered and quite the busybody but when Dorea's temper flared—whether from a handsy patient, some bastard jeering about their family, or sheer bad luck—Charlus always slid between her and the poor sod, exasperatedly holding her by the collar as she kicked and spat threats about anatomical impossibilities. He would smooth things over, calm her down. Well—most of the time.

The day a recruit tried forcing his way into her tent, Charlus didn't lift a finger. The man was dragged out shrieking, dangling by his balls from a charm. Their

unit, the next one over, even the enemy across the lines, all watched as Dorea beat the recruit black and blue—literally tearing him a new hole.

From then on, only the brave, the dumb, or the suicidally ignorant tested her temper. And when the fighting started, she had earned everyone's re—

“FILTHY BLOOD TRAITOR! BLOODLESS SWINE, DIRTYING MY HOME WITH YOUR FILTH. DEGENERATES, HALF-BREEDS, MONGRELS...”

Arcturus let out a long sigh as his thoughts were interrupted by that bitch of a hag his eldest married, her portrait spewing vitriol at anyone in sight. He was truly considering gutting that damnable elf who thought it prudent to apply a permanent sticking charm on—

*Blast. Thud.*

“ ... ”

“How dare you! Harm Mis—”

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

Arcturus furrowed his brow at the approaching footsteps and the sudden silence. As expected, he heard several footsteps drawing closer.

Turning the corner into the dining room came Andromeda—his wayward granddaughter, eloped, disowned. Beside her was Edward Tonks, the solicitor he'd retained for that wretched Black–goblin business.

Arcturus's grey eyes met Potter's bright green. The boy gave him a respectful nod, but his face turned exasperated. The reason stood beside him: a girl of Potter's shoulder height, hair tied in a chignon, dressed properly enough for a

formal call. In her grip dangled Walburga's wretched elf, held by the scruff, thrashing, and probably mouthing curses without a sound.

"...Hermione," Potter murmured.

"But we need him," the newly identified Hermione replied, her face schooled neutral. After their eyes locked for a pause, she shrugged, and the house-elf vanished.

Her eyes locked on his, brown against grey, tone polite and polished. "My most sincere apologies, Lord Black. I seem to have accidentally damaged one of your fixtures. I'm sure Mr Potter here would happily reimburse you for the cost of the damages."

And with that, Arcturus could see Harry's nose flare slightly as if trying to muffle an exasperated sigh. Andromeda stiffly gave the girl a pointed stare, while Tonks's hand moved by habit toward his coat, where his cigarettes waited.

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**END**

AN: Two weeks ago, after bulldozing the wordle of the day, I guessed the word on the sixth try and asked what the fuck is nadir and when would I ever use such a dumb word. Now that I've used the word 'dumb', can we get some updates and patches for the English language? Thank you!

FYI, Nadir is just basically the lowest point in either fortunes or a celestial sphere.

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