

Chapter 29 - Death (2)

Three years ago, Edward had graduated from Hogwarts for about two years. He had just stolen a bunch of books from wizard families from Egypt. And much of the knowledge he acquired was about death and the afterlife.

After studying and understanding this knowledge, Edward was curious about the afterlife. If he were to one day bring both his family and Lily Potter's back from the dead, he would need to recall their souls from the afterlife.

And from what happens to Harry Potter in the canon timeline after Voldemort killed him, Edward believed that some sort of afterlife existed in the Harry Potter World. Or, at the very least, a separate dimension where the souls of people go to rest after death.

Since he wanted to find the answer, he decided to experiment on himself. First, he brewed the Draught of the Living Dead Potion--which would place him on a death-like slumber.

Then, Edward took an Egyptian scarab--which symbolizes resurrection and was believed to be able to lead pharaohs through the afterlife. He processed the scarab by attaching his soul to it; he did not make a horcrux, but used the scarab as a way to pull his soul from the afterlife.

Then, he had his house-elf Momo stand by with an antidote as he drunk the Draught of the Living Dead.

After that, Edward found himself in a white room similar to what Harry Potter saw. However, he was not at King's Cross Station, but a place similar to his laboratory. On top of that, Dumbledore did not come to see him, but Death itself.

"Interesting wizard," said a tall, and very intimidating figure. "Are you not afraid of not being able to go back?"

"Are you Death?" asked Edward towards the tall, shadowy figure that suddenly appeared in this white space.

"That is what people often referred to me as," replied Death, as it looked up and down at Edward. "You do not seem afraid of me?"

"Should I be?" asked Edward back.

"Throughout my long years of living, many wizards have taken similar action as you; many of them have tried to find the truth about death. Or worse, try to conquer it. However, all of them become afraid after meeting me in person."

"Well, for once, I am not like ordinary wizards. Second, that's because they do not know the things that I do," replied Edward calmly.

"And what would that be?" asked Death with an intrigued voice. As for its face, it was covered by a dark cloak.

"That you are the physical manifestation of the Laws of Death in this world. As such, you cannot take action against any wizards in the real world. Your job is to only bring the soul of the departed to the afterlife, nothing more and nothing else."

Death was silent for close to a minute before speaking again:

"How do you know such a thing?"

"Well, it is obvious based on how you had to use the Deathly Hallows in order to kill the Peverell brothers, instead of just killing them on the spot. Of course, the main reason is that you just admitted it to me just now."

"You dare trick me?" roared Death with a raised voice.

"Not really," replied Edward nonchalantly. "I did not expect you to reveal such information so easily. And so what if I trick you, it's not like you can do anything about it."

"Look, I'm standing a few meters away from you, yet you did not do anything. Meaning, there are very strict rules that govern the concept of death. Even me, in this special state, is not considered truly dead, thus rendering you powerless to do anything against me."

Death stared deeply at Edward for a few seconds before saying:

"It's true that I cannot do anything to you, but I can still do something to them." Then, with a wave of its hand, two people appeared in this white room with their eyes closed; they were Edward's parents.

"As the Ruler of the Afterlife, I can determine whether your parent's lives are peaceful or very painful after their death."

Then, it snapped his finger. The white room turned into a fiery pit of hell. With a wave of Death's hand, the souls of Edward's parents floated over the fire, and they slowly started to descend.

It was only a matter of time before they touched it and burned alive; being tormented for God Knows how long, possibly for all eternity.