

After getting up from the ground, Quirrell--under Voldemort's control--removed the turban from his head. Then, the face of Voldemort on the back exchanges with Quirrell's face on the front.

"Since you have brought us here, then there must be a reason. So, what is it?"

"Tom, I am here to make a deal with you," replied Edward with a calm look on his face.

"Do not call me by that disgusting name," hissed Voldemort.

"Oh, do you think that I am not worthy to address as such, Tom? Asked Edward nonchalantly. "Forget the fact that you are far from my equal in your current state, even in your peak state, I can still confront you."

Voldemort then became quiet for a few seconds before saying; "State your intentions."

"I am here to make a deal with you." After saying that, Edward did not wait for Voldemort to say anything more. He took out a parchment from his suit and threw it at him.

Voldemort did not catch the parchment with his bare hands, but waved his hand first, attracting Quirrell's wand that he previously dropped. Then, he caught the parchment with his wand. After checking that there were no curses on it, he started to inspect the content.

The parchment had many beautiful designs all over its corner, and words were written on it. To be precise, it was a magical contract.

According to the agreement inscribed in it, Edward will tell Voldemort the obstacle that Dumbledore set to guard the Philosopher's Stone back at Hogwarts.

And in return, Voldemort will give Edward all of his magic knowledge. That includes all his magic research, his understanding, his experiment, all his skills and experience in using magic--both practice and fighting experiences.

Voldemort became very furious after reading this magic contract. "Why would I sign something like this?"

"It's not like you have a choice, do you?" Do not sign it, and I will just destroy you here and now. You may have escaped death, but you are still not a threat in your current state."

After contemplating for a while, a strange smile appeared on the Dark Lord's face.

"Edward Bones, you and I are similar in many ways; we both have an unquenched thirst for the pursuit of power. Why don't we both join hands and rule the Wizarding World together? I can share my method of immortality with you, and together, we can rule the entire world together for eternity."

Edward listened to Voldemort's speech with a calm look on his face; he was not surprised that the Dark Lord tried to recruit him. After all, he is very talented and a member of the pure blood family. He is the kind of person that Voldemort likes to recruit the most into his inner circles.

"Tom, you are right in saying that we are alike in many ways," replied Edward calmly. "However, there is one way that I am different from you, one major difference: I am way more arrogant than you.

"If you can find a way to escape death, do you think that I will not be able to do it too, and on my own?"

Voldemort was quiet after hearing these words as he realized that Edward was right. For a genius of his level, if he focused on studying death, there is a high chance that he will find a way of immortality on his own.

Voldemort then looked at the contract in his hand. If it was up to him, he would not want to sign this contract. Because doing so would result in him giving away all his magical knowledge and accomplishments--including the method of making Horcrux.

This is the biggest secret that he has never told any of his servants--even the most loyal of them like Bellatrix Lestrange. As he can only truly trust himself, he never told a second person about it.

Nevertheless, Voldemort started to ponder the alternative of not signing this contract. He knows that he will not be able to escape from here, and his chance of acquiring the Philosopher's Stone will be forever gone.

Not to mention the consequences that will follow if all the wizards in the world knew that he was alive and in such a pitiful state. He could foresee that many people who had grudges against him would go to extreme lengths to hunt him down.

As for his followers, he would not rely too much on them. Without his powerful strength to keep them in check, they would never continue to follow him.

Although Voldemort was not afraid of death, he did not want to continue to leave in such a disgusting form of nonliving and living.

After pondering for a while, an idea suddenly came to Voldemort's mind and he decided to execute it. If he succeeds, he can get all he wants without paying much.