

Chapter 79 - Insidious Death

Edward took a brief moment to scan the diary, before placing it on a bag with Extension Charm. So far, he had most of Voldemort's Horcrux, including the diary, the Ravenclaw Diadem, Hufflepuff's cup from Bellatrix, and even the Slytherin locket--which he had his house-elf Momo steals from Kreacher in the black family house.

The only one left is Harry Potter. As for Nagini, Voldemort only made this Horcrux two years later in 1994.

After doing this, Edward looked at Dobby, then waved his hand to telekinetically bring his body in front of him and started analyzing him.

"Sir, if my house-elf offends you, I will punish him without hesitation," hurried said Lucius, with his voice trembling a little.

"There is no need, I just found your house-elf special," replied Edward calmly as he took out his wand and used some sort of magic on Dobby--who had a terrified look on his face.

"Special?" asked Lucius in confusion.

"I have done a lot of research on house-elves, and I discovered something fascinating," replied Edward while still analyzing the terrified Dobby. "A powerful wizards place bloodline magic on the entire race, enslaving their bodies and minds. Hence the reason that they are so loyal to wizards; no it goes beyond this. As a result of such magic, all house-elves even love the prospect of being enslaved--except for this one.

"He has his own will, his ideas, and beliefs. At first, I thought that his bloodline was special, hence the reason that he was different. But, no. It seemed that it is his soul that is unique."

Meanwhile, Dobby was terrified as he felt that all his secrets were revealed, so he hurriedly said: "Dobby is always loyal to master Lucius."

"Were you going to tell Harry Potter to stay away from me after experiencing what you say in this meeting?" asked Edward with a smile on his face.

Becoming ever more terrified, Dobby lowered his head. As for Lucius, he was furious. If he was not in front of people, Merlin knows what he would have done to Dobby.

Edward looked at him and said: "Give him a piece of clothing."

Lucius was startled at first, but he did not say anything. Without hesitation, he took out his handkerchief and threw it at Dobby, who hurriedly caught it.

"Now, little house-elf, you are free. But, I still have to modify your memories for you not to intervene in my plans."

After hearing this, Dobby became even more frightening. With the thought that he must warn Harry Potter, he snapped his finger to try to Apparate. Unfortunately, to his horror, he discovered that his magic was invalid. So, he tried a few more times to no avail.

Meanwhile, Edward just smiled and used his wand to modify this guy's memory. Then, with another wave of his wand, the house-elf was teleported away.

One of the Death Eaters raised his hand, then remembered Edward's previous word and lowered it. He said: "Sir, do we need to free our house-elves too?"

"In the future, you will have to, but not now. The only reason I freed him was that he is useful for my plans," replied Edward. "Now, do you have anything to say? If not, this meeting will soon end."

"Sir, I have an idea for an experiment, but I do not know if it is probable," suddenly said Jamerson Greengrass.

"Oh, go ahead."

"I was wondering what would happen if I place the soul of an animal inside a wizard?" He did not say anything else besides looking at Edward and waiting for his answer.

"Huh, that's an interesting idea. From what I know, even werewolves--who are considered magical animals--have a normal human soul. In such an experiment, you can first try ordinary animal souls, follow by magical animal souls. You can try it on muggle prisoners and dark wizards."

He then looked at Jamerson, "Does your family has the fund for this experiment?"

"There should be no problem."

"In that case, after going to proper training, you can set the experiment on your own. I'm looking forward to the result."

"Training, Sir?"

"Yes. All of you have to go through training to learn about basic muggles knowledge and how to set up an experiment. I'm warning you now, this training will be very painful, and some of you might become sick for a while during the process. So, I need you all to create a schedule when appropriate for any of you. After all, we do not want the world to suddenly notice that a bunch of members of Pure-blood families all suddenly become sick at the same time."

Edward then looked at Snape; "You are in charge of creating the schedule. As for you, Bellatrix, you have your own thing to attend to. As for me, I have a meeting with Death."

A sudden flame enveloped Edward as he disappeared from the room. Meanwhile, all the Death Eaters felt relief after his departure; it was like a giant weight has been lifted off their shoulders. Then, they looked at the Alchemy Plate in front of them with delight; they could not wait to gain access to that vast library.

Unfortunately for them, a loud cough from Snape woke them up from their thoughts. Although Severus was also excited as Edward granted him access to the library. And from what he observed, he had way

more points than even the Malfoys, and he was even granted something called: "Temporary Level 3 Access," while all the other Death Eaters only had Level 1 Access.

According to Bellatrix's envious explanation, it meant that he would pay less for any knowledge, and had access to deeper secrets.

Still, since Edward placed him in charge of creating the schedule for this so-called training, he would do his best to accomplish the task.

As for Edward, he teleported to his manor on Earth, took out the Deathly Hallows, and contacted Death.

"What do you want, wizard? Do you think I have nothing better to do?" asked the tall and menacing God of Death--who looked exactly like a tall Dementor.

"I have a question I need to ask you," replied Edward with his usual calm demeanor.

"And why should I answer you? I do not owe you anything?"

Edward sighed. "Okay, how about we lay our cards on the table. Do you think that I am stupid?"

"What do you mean?"

"You have been acting suspicious for quite some time now. Do you think I would not discover your plan?"

"Once again, wizard, I do not know what you are talking about?"

Ignoring him, Edward started talking: "I first started to suspect you after you agree to make a deal with me regarding Voldemort's complete soul in exchange for knowledge regarding time, space, and dimensions. I mean, is Voldemort's soul so valuable?"

Edward looked deeply at Death--despite his face covered by a hood. "Then there is the information you gave me in 1926 about [The Cataclysm] and the fate of the other Gods of this universe. This kind of valuable information came too easily.

"With just my promise not to mess with time, you agreed so easily; there was nothing binding nor did you take any pre-inventive measures. You just believed me.

"I never once doubted your intelligence like you did mine. After all, you are a God, even if you were truly stupid, after living for so long, there is no way that you would remain that way."

"So, what exactly do you think my plan is?" asked Death with a great deal of intrigue and irritation in his voice.