

Chapter 74 - The Secret Of The Limiter

Dumbledore's owl flew to a specific destination before dropping the letter in a container, which also contained many letters. Following this, a person came to pick up the letter and dropped it in at a specific department of the Ministry of Magic.

This department was responsible for checking any mail sent to Minister Fudge and ensured that these letters were not enchanted with powerful curses. The person checking the mail was a female wizard; she would take the mail, then use a specific spell to check whether a curse was placed on the letter.

However, when she saw that it was a letter for Fudge from Dumbledore, she paused for a very quick moment, then proceeded to act normally. However, no one noticed how she actually took that specific letter and placed it in a specific compartment in her desk: then, the letter disappeared

---Scene Break---

Amelia Bones was in her office dealing with countless papers; it appeared that she was a little overwhelmed as she had so many people to communicate with--especially the past weeks.

On her desk, there was a small lamp with blue flame; this lamp appeared to be something she used to decorate her office. Suddenly, the blue flame turned green and a letter appeared on her desk. Upon noticing this, Amelia frowned a little as she took the letter.

"A letter from Dumbledore to Fudge?" she muttered to herself. Immediately afterward, Amelia took a small mirror from her desk, with a wave of her hand, the mirror suddenly expanded. A few seconds later, a disheveled person appeared in the mirror: it was Edward.

He looked like he had not slept for weeks, nor properly bathed himself.

"Are you alright?" asked Amelia with worry on her face.

"I'm fine, just too engrossed in my recent research."

"I know how you are now immortal, but please be more mindful of your body."

"I will."

Amelia nodded her head, then continued: "I will send you a letter that is magically sealed, see if you can open it."

She then used the same lamp to send Dumbledore's letter to Edward--who had a similar lamp in his room. Using his wand, he opened the letter and read it.

"Did he already notice our action?" asked Amelia.

"It appeared so," replied Edward.

"So fast?"

"The headmaster did not become the world's most powerful wizard simply because of his talent; the man is wise beyond measure."

Amelia nodded her head as she agreed with this statement. "So, do you need my help to deal with the situation?"

"There is no need. I have learned a lot of things with the muggle advisor that you acquired for me, so I can easily deal with this situation." After saying these words, Amelia sighed deeply before continuing:

"I cannot believe how complex muggle politics and strategies are. Compared to the petty squabbles going on in the Ministry of Magic..."

Edward could guess her feelings. No matter how open-minded a wizard is, deep down, all of them still have some sort of superiority to muggles--just because they can create miracles with magic, while

muggles cannot. As a result, many wizards--even the ones that do not discriminate against muggles--still believe that wizard society is more advanced than muggles in many ways.

So, his aunt Amelia had her secret pride destroyed a few weeks ago when she met with the advisors that Edward got for her to help run the world in the future.

As some of the most intelligent muggles in the world from all possible fields, these guys did not even take an hour to discover so many things wrong with the laws of the wizarding world from different countries.

According to their words, "these laws were simply barbaric and an insult to their intelligence." Although Edward did not care about these things, his aunt, however, had her worldview destroyed and rebuilt in only a single day. Luckily for Amelia, she had Edward's diadem, allowing her to learn quickly and barely able to keep up with these geniuses.

"What do you want to do with the letter?" asked Edward. Since his aunt said that she could deal with the situation, he will not do anything; he was more than happy not to have to take action and continue his research.

"Can you reseal so that Fudge cannot notice that someone tampered with it?"

"No problem," replied Edward, who proceeded to do so. Then, using the lamp, he sent the letter back to his aunt.

"There is one last thing that I need to make sure of," asked Amelia after receiving the letter. "If Dumbledore decides to use force to stop our action, can you stop him?"

"You do not need to worry about this," replied Edward nonchalantly, and Amelia was relieved by her nephew's confidence. "That's good. On another note, are you still going back to Hogwarts as a teacher in a few days?"

"Of course. Hogwarts will play a great role in our plans," replied Edward. Then, the two had a brief chat before ending their conversation.

Immediately afterward, Amelia sent Dumbledore's letter back to its original place. The woman in charge of checking the letter for curses acted as nothing happened and secretly placed the letter on the pile that was labeled "safe" so that Minister Fudge could open them without worry.

Although everything seemed normal after this event, this was not true. Soon afterward, a particular rumor soon spread throughout the entire Ministry, to the point that it even reached Fudge's ear.

--Scene Break--

Edward finished the call with his aunt, then he started thinking to himself. He took out a contract and looked at it deeply: this was the contract that he was going to use to acquire Dumbledore's knowledge and memories.

Since he already got both Grindelwald and Voldemort's memories, he did not really need Dumbledore's-
-despite considering that the latter was more powerful and skilled than the two dark wizards.

Nevertheless, Edward's greed for knowledge got the best of him, so he still wanted it. Adding to that, he spent so much effort to get that contract, of course, he was not willing to give up now.

"Unfortunately, now it is not the time," muttered Edward to himself. He had planned when his success rate would be the highest; the time when the headmaster was least likely to resist, thus not forcing him to resort to cruel means to get what he wanted.

'Alright, let's get back to my research. I think I finally found the secret of the Limiter,' thought Edward as he went back to his laboratory, leaving the political things beside and focusing on his magic research.