Summary

Death met Luffy for the first time when he was a little boy.
He looked confused, lost. That was normal. Law was used to that. People usually didn't
realise it when they were dead. It could be so sudden.
He leaned in, offered his hand to the kid and asked, trying to be gentle:
“How did you die?”
The kid looked up and said:
“I'm not dead.”

In which the One Piece universe remains the same, except that Luffy is Immortal and Law is
Death.

Notes

Things I should specify for this AU:
- Death only takes care of souls, once the body dies, to guide them. Therefore, never went to
the living world.
Death met Luffy for the first time when he was a little boy.

He looked confused, lost. That was normal. Law was used to that. People usually didn't realise it when they were dead. It could be so sudden.

He leaned in, offered his hand to the kid and asked, trying to be gentle:

“How did you die?”

That was not the first thing you should say when you were welcoming someone. He knew that. But he couldn't help it – it was his introduction.

The kid looked up and said:

“I'm not dead. I still have to beat my brothers! They left me behind but I gotta catch up on them!”

“Your brothers?” Law repeated.

“Yeah, just because I'm younger doesn't mean I'm not strong!”

Law stood up again. Another weirdo. Awesome. He had a schedule, dammit. Well, that wasn't exactly true, since time didn't exist here, but still. He wasn't good with kids, nothing new.

“I'm sorry,” he lied, “but you'll have to wait for them to come for next round.”

“To come where?” he said, before realizing the place was clearly not what he left. Everything was dark. “Where- what's this?!”

He put his straw hat back on the top of his head, and Law noticed all the little wounds on his body, and that deep scar under his left eye. Was he a street boy? Well- at least he didn't die starving according to his health- no, he might have died from drowning or something like that- he looked wet.

“Do you remember drowning maybe?”

He had to make him understand he was dead before bringing him to the Underworld, and unfortunately, it felt like it'd take forever. But again, time wasn't real, so there was no problem, right?

“I didn't die,” the kid stated.
“Did you fall, maybe?”

“I was on a wooden bridge, it wasn't very stable.”

“I guess so,” Law sighed.

“I didn't die. I'll prove you wrong, Dark-Dress-Guy.”

Law almost choked. That one, that was new.

“Dark-What?”

The boy pointed at his costume. He was wearing that scarf in dark feathers and a long cape that covered his suit under.

“That's not a dress,” he stretched his arms. “I have a normal suit under. No dress.”

The kid frowned.

“A dress'd be better.”

“You know what; my clothes aren't important. Please just take my hand okay? I'll show you your past and you'll understand.”

“My past? What's to understand?”

Law almost replied 'That you died' but stopped right in time – this kid's answers were bothering him. He showed his hand to him again, suggesting what should come next, and asked:

“What's your name?”

“Luffy.”

Law faked a smile but Luffy was busy staring at his hand.

“Your... tattoos are so cool...!”

“I.”

Luffy made a move to take his hand and check the meaning of the letters written on his fingers – but didn't seize anything. Both of them peered at what just happened in disbelief.

“What JUST HAPPENED?” Luffy yelled, half-excited half-shocked.

“It's- I-”

What? That never happened before? How come this kid's hand went through his? He was supposed to be able to grab the deceased by the hand to lead them to the Underworld!

Was there something wrong with the kid? Was there something wrong with him?


Now that brat was really pissing him off, running around, bragging about God-knew-what.

“Just- Shut up would you? It's-”
And before he could add anything else, the boy disappeared just like that.

There was nothing wrong with him. The next dead people were just fine. He'd take their hands, and show them the way to the Underworld, and everything was fine.

At first, he couldn't stop thinking about that boy – that Luffy. What the fuck had happened? To that question, it took him three human years to get the answer.

Three human years where the boy would keep coming. Over and over again. He only confirmed that idea after a while. After spending so much time with actual dead people.

Luffy was immortal. As in, Immortal.

The little guy couldn't die. Not definitely, that is.

At his second death, seeing him again made him gasp. Law never gasped. This time, he'd been eaten by a giant tiger, apparently. And this time again, he couldn't touch him, and neither could Luffy. It was as if they were made to oppose each other. And, to Law’s great displeasure, that didn't seem to bother Luffy. That brat would take advantage of that to run around and go through his body just because he could. For fun. It was unbearable.

And it wasn't like he had to undergo that just once in a while, no. That kid died so quickly. It was as if his brothers were really trying to kill him. Or whoever he was with. Well, actually they weren't trying, since they actually succeeded in doing it. But the boy just wouldn't obey Life's laws. He was supposed to end his journey here. But every time, Luffy would say no.

He had stuff to do.

As if he hadn't heard that already before.

And so he saw him grow up. Law knew, for having watched every single dead person's past life, that this situation looked more and more like a tea time party. Well of course, the first human years sounded more like baby-sitting – something he learned he despised deeply – but after a while, Luffy started to be a little bit more mature. Except they didn't have tea, and not even the ambiance that a tea party asked for – but getting exchanges like this led to this feeling. Law never had the occasion to talk with anyone so repeatedly after all. Because that wasn't supposed to happen, he repeated to himself.

Losing his brother could have 'helped' Luffy's change. When they started talking more than he, running after him, in case he'd do something wrong – who knew what he could do? Immortal kids, he didn't have a guide to say what could be consequences of such a human being.

Seeing every single dead person's memories, he'd have remembered it if he'd seen the Immortal kid in someone's head. But he hadn't. So he told him.

At first Luffy didn't get it – but when he put it into a simple sentence, something like “I never met any kid who had you as a brother in his memories” summed up by “Sabo didn't die”...
Law didn't like crying people. Not because it made him feel bad – no, for God's sake, he was Death – but because it was damn annoying. He was tired of crying people. But Luffy's cries triggered something more than tiredness, something different. He really didn't like it.

Later on, the boy told him he'd told Ace – that other brother. That he believed Sabo didn't die. And, for that, Ace punched him. Because, "Death wasn't something you could joke about around", Luffy quoted. Anybody grieving would have been hurt by such statements, Law guessed. And adding something like "No you're wrong, he's actually a nice guy" as he talked about Death – about him – obviously didn't help.

Law twitched a smile. 'Nice guy', huh?

Luffy looked so proud of himself, and Law wondered what stupidity he'd done again to be here and look so happy about it.

“What brings you here today, Luffy-ya?” he asked slowly.

“I fell into the sea,” he put his hand on the top of his hat. “My boat sank.”

“Your boat sank?” Law repeated, unsure.

“This is my turn now; I've left for adventure!”

“And you died on your first day?” he faked applauds “Congratulations.”

“Actually, no, I've out there for like a week.”

“So you survived a week on the sea without dying. That's a great beginning as a pirate!”

“That's not funny,” Luffy pouted, “And it's been a while since we saw each other!”

“Barely a human month, I'm sure,” Law objected.

“Well, I'm dead again, we can't do anything about it can we? And also—” he looked around and shook his head “you definitely gotta change the decoration of your world. We should have done that way sooner, but now is the moment! There's change in my life, so we should celebrate!”

“By changing stuff in my world?” Law asked, sceptical.

“Yeah!”

“Why, you're going to visit me more often than you already do now?”

Luffy tilted his head. “It's all dark. And you're dressed in dark. You know, you should be more open-minded to new things.”

“New things? What if I don't want to change a thing? What if I already changed 'the deco' several
times before?"

“Not since I'm here. And it's boring.”

“Now that's rude.”

“C’mon! I already die a lot so let’s at least do some fun stuff! Let's redecorate!”

“You know there's a simple way to resolve that, you could think about taking care of your own life more for starters?”

“Are you gonna visit me in my world?”

“I doubt it.”

“Then nah.”

Law rolled his eyes.

“What do you want to do?”

“We need the sea,” Luffy declared. “Because it's freedom. You know what it's like, right? You've seen it in people's head.”

Law rose his right hand, and hesitated. It's been a long time since he'd changed anything here. A very, very long time. And he never would have thought about changing things again. Darkness and void suited him so well, after a while. He was used to it. People always said it was scary, but it was comforting to him.

Who knew? Maybe it was just how Death's tastes were.

“We can't do something too nice though,” he felt the urge to say. “I don't want souls to like it too much.”

“Why,” Luffy laughed, “you're scared they might come back?”

Law glanced at him. That little fucker.

“So the sea it is,” he said, choosing to ignore him, as he shoved his hand in front of him.

And the sea appeared. Luffy's eyes widened, and even Law felt a bit impressed by his own doing. It had multiple shades of blue, and the waves – it felt like they could almost smell and hear like on an actual beach.

“Can we swim into this?!” Luffy yelled as he took off his shirt and jumped into it. Law wanted to hit his head against a wall several times – he'd seen a lot of humans do that in memories. Why bother asking if he didn't even wait for an answer?!

“Luffy-ya,” Law started. “This is an illusion. You can try to swim in it, but you're actually not doing that and-” he stopped, noticing the boy going deeper and deeper into the sea, and not looking like going up anymore. He crossed his arms and walked towards him.

“And,” he started again as he dissolved the sea around Luffy once in front of him, “therefore, you can't drown.”

Luffy stopped coughing, looked around, and frowned.
“But I was drowning!”

“No. It's only in your head. You're persuaded you can't swim so you drowned. But this is not real to start with. And, second, we're literally in the Dead World. You can't die, because you're already dead.”

“I was drowning!” Luffy objected.

“No wonder why you die so often,” Law mumbled. “You must take better care of yourself.”

The Straw Hat let out his usual 'shishishi'.

“Right now,” Luffy said more seriously, “what do you want?”

Law immediately searched for an answer – he was completely getting into his own mind when a hand waved in front – even through him, breaking his concentration.

“I asked you for what you wanted,” Luffy took a fed up look which honestly coming from him offended Law, “not to overthink. You gotta stop thinking and act.”

“Luffy-ya, I've spent eternity here.”

“You say as if it was an excuse,” Luffy said in an accusatory tone. “Just do whatever you freaking want. You're Death remember? There's no limits!”

And he disappeared. He left. Just like that. Luffy's coming backs to life were so random – Law had gotten used to them now – but he couldn't help it, it was so ridiculous.

He laughed.

A shame Luffy was already gone to see that.

A lot of souls came by before Luffy's. Law wondered if he had actually listened to him and been careful, or if it was only a period of contamination – or genocide, maybe? – which would explain all those dead people.

When Luffy finally died again, Law couldn't help but enjoy it. Not that he was encouraging Luffy to sacrifice himself for whatever reason it was, but he's been meaning to show him the changes he'd made around. Something that the souls appreciated, for some, and even gave him ideas for his new decoration. Giving Death advice for a new landscape in his world could seem odd, true. But no one ever said it was forbidden.

And so, Luffy loved it.

He'd left the beach and the sea, since it had been Luffy's idea. He'd also made a few ships based on a few souls' memories, and tried to design his own. Because he remembered Luffy's first words about the way he dressed, he changed his clothes into something more common – actually, he could almost look like a normal human being.
Except that he wasn't.

For a moment, Luffy stared at Law. Law didn't bother staring back at him. It was something he'd gotten used to, now. And if he ever did – which happened once, Luffy would take it as a staring challenge or some dumb game of this kind. Now, it was only a matter of time before he'd start talking.

“Torao,” he said. “Do you ever leave?”

Law turned to him, genuinely interested by his question.

“Leave? Where?”

“I don't know, elsewhere. Isn't it just- the same thing? Boring?”

Law blinked.

“I've never thought about that. I'm always taking care of a human's soul.”

“You've never thought about that?” Luffy mocked. “And yet I believed you were the one thinking a lot here.”

He sighed.

“Because I'm always busy, and because I have nowhere else to go. I'm here, taking people like you,” he pointed at Luffy's chest and his finger went through his body – where a deep wound was situated, cause of his last death – “to the Underworld, and that's it.”

“What's the Underworld like?”

Law sighed again. Honestly, he was surprised Luffy asked him that only now. How old was he, seventeen? When had he started dying? Never before had he asked about Death. Instead, he'd tell him about his adventures, about Shanks, Garp, Daddan, his brother, his new friends – he'd almost met that Zoro by the way – but never once he asked about his world. And it wasn't something bad – it wasn't something bad at all. It made him almost feel like he wasn't Death. Death, feared by everyone, over-represented everywhere, in art, songs, literature, and especially people's mind. With Luffy, he wasn't such a big deal.

However...

“I can't tell you that,” he stated. “No one is actually supposed to know what's going on once dead. I'm lucky no one believes – or at least not a lot of people – you on your stories about me, I'm not giving you extra-information.”

“Hey that's mean! My crew believes me!”

“It's-”

“Ok, maybe not all of them, but Chopper and Usopp do believe me!”
If there's something Law had learnt about Luffy was that he knew the boy couldn't lie. And certainly so did his crew. Maybe, he thought, they just believed him to have hallucinations during his Near Death Experiences.

“You'll have to die to know,” Law joked.

Law's jokes were always dark. Luffy pouted.

“You know I can't die.”

And this time, he grinned.

“I know.”

“But,” Luffy tried again, “technically, I'm dead? So I could take a look?”

“No.”

That was strict. Categorical. There were no argumentations whatsoever. No was no.

But Luffy was too stubborn to take no for an answer.

“You do know I can do whatever I want, right? You can't catch me.”

And before Law got enough time to react, the Straw Hat started to run towards the Underworld. Or at least, where he thought the Underworld was. Because there was nothing. He could run as fast and as much as he wanted, it seemed he couldn't get to the Underworld. It was as if he remained at the very same place.

Death – Law appeared next to him and said, looking away, as if talking to himself:

“That's a theory answered at least now.”

“What the fuck?! Bring it there, Torao!” Luffy screamed in frustration.

“It's not up to me, I don't control everything. It's not my job. And you're not dead enough to go apparently. I have to bring you there.”

“Well then, bring me there!”

“You know I can't. And if I did, that'd mean you'd be dead. You don't want to die, do you?”

“I'm not gonna die,” Luffy repeated as usual like a spell.

“I know.”

“Could I die if I do go there?”

“Why bother asking if you can't do that, anyway?”

“Could I?”

“If you're going there, there's no way back. So yes, I guess.”

“But you're coming back.”

Law looked at him as if he was stupid. Well, he was stupid sometimes. Just like now.
“I'm Death.”

“And I'm Immortal.”

“You're basically perpetual life. That makes sense you can't go there.”

“That's discrimination.”

“That's the way it is.”

“Wait- that means you never went in my world?”

“Nope.”

“Never ever?”

“Never.”

“That sucks.”

“Not really?”

Luffy scratched the back of his head.

“You're missing tons of things. And, that'd be fun to have you as nakama. Even in my crew!”

“Are you trying to recruit me, Monkey D. Luffy-ya?”

“Shishi, maybe?”

Law shook his head. That boy was unbelievable.

“So,” he said as a sofa appeared as he sat. “How did you die this time?”

“A poisoned hook went through my body.”

“Damn.”

“I actually didn't feel the pain- well, not right away- and then I was buried by the sand, so-”

“Wait, you died suffocating?”

“I don't really know? You're Death, you tell me.”

“I can only say how you died by watching your past. And I can only watch your past if I touch you. It's been years Luffy-ya, you should know that.”

The moment he finished his sentence, the boy slowly disappeared. Law rolled his eyes. It was often happening when Law reproached something to Luffy – not to listen, usually. To be honest, he was suspecting the young pirate to actually master a bit his disappearances. Or at least push it away until he didn't want to anymore – and so disappear.

He sighed.

He sighed a lot around Luffy.
“So?”

“They took my nakama.”

Luffy's look was severe, and angry. Very, very angry. The guys who did that didn't know how much they were going to regret it, obviously. His soul revealed a body covered by blood and wounds. He must have suffered a lot. He must have gone through a lot of pain, before passing out – well, actually dying, but what was the difference for Luffy now?

Law had a poor smile.

“Then get your ass back there. What are you doing here?”

“... Hi there?”

Law stretched his back – he didn't have to since he didn't actually feel tired – but this is something he'd seen so many times in humans' memories he'd started doing it without realising it. He was never against trying human things anyway, since he had all eternity why not try from time to time?

Anyways. He greeted the new guy as usual:

“How did you die?”

And the common usual answer came immediately.

“I didn't die what the fuck?”

'What the fuck' was not always in it though. Maybe implied. But yeah. Common.

Law met the guy's eyes and froze right away. That man had taken so much pain, it was barely understandable how much he'd taken before he died. He was worse than Luffy's state back in that Enies Lobby thing, when he wanted to save this Robin. He was swimming in it. He couldn't even try to guess his hair or skin colour.

And then, the soul suddenly flickered, and Law's shoulders relaxed. So he was one of those. He took a little inspiration to prepare his little explanation, but before he could even start, he heard something familiar with a voice not familiar at all.

“Torao?”

That was pretty odd to hear that from someone else than Luffy. He frowned.

“And you are?”
“Zoro.”

“Oh.”

The first nakama? What was he doing here now?

“So you got into a big fight, huh?”

“Worth it,” he replied without hesitating.

“Do you know you could have died? Do you know you can die?”

This time, Zoro frowned.

“You're Death aren't you? Not gonna try to kill me?”

“Try?” Law noted.

“Yeah, as if I'd let you. I'm not the greatest swordsman of the world yet.”

Obviously. Obviously Luffy's friend had to be as crazy as Luffy. Obviously. What was he even thinking about.

“Well, if that can reassure you, you're not dead. Your soul isn't rightly materialised. It's still holding onto your body. You're actually half here.”

“Great. How do I come back down there?”

“You don't. This is your body's job. I hope you have a very good doctor around, because that's not gonna be easy.”

The swordsman smirked.

“Alright, see you next time then.”

“Don't be in a hurry.”

“Wait, so Luffy's really immortal?”

Law smiled.

“Yeah.”

“Fuck. They'll have to believe him now when I'll tell them.”

“They could,” Law said. “But you're half here. You won't remember a thing about our conversation. And the pain's too great for you anyway – I know enough about you, humans, to tell when you've reached your limits.”

“That freaking sucks,” Zoro spat.

“Regretting life's choices?”

Zoro's smirk broadened.

“Absolutely not. I'll take his pain again without hesitation, mortal or not.”
Law didn't reply. He didn't expect this answer.

“Don't tell him I was here though,” Zoro said. “For the best. Don't.”

Law didn't like that. He never lied. But it wasn't like he had to lie, was it? Only an omission.

“If he doesn't ask, I won't.”

“Thanks.”

When he left, Law sighed. He could try, but there was always things he wouldn't be able to get. Humans were idiots. Especially those around Luffy.

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He'd seen him happy. Angry. Pissed. Tired. Bored. He'd seen Luffy in many emotions. But never before had he seen him so... sad.

He wished he could do something for him. He didn't know what had happened, but it was bad. Very bad. In years of- of what, acquaintances? F-friendship? (Luffy did say they were nakama), he was discovering a whole new Luffy.

A Luffy who didn't talk. A Luffy who was holding all the sadness in the world in his eyes. So Law didn't talk, either. He sat next to him, on that submarine sofa he'd created on his last visit, facing the sea. He made a move to touch his back, but remembered at the last minute it was useless. And the feeling of going through someone's body wasn't something he was comfortable with.

They remained here in silence for some time. Eventually, Luffy disappeared again.

Later on, he learnt about Saboody, the loss of his nakama... he saw it through new souls who'd died around first, and the on Luffy's next death. When he asked why he didn't ask about his nakama's lives – he was surprised he didn't want to know whether they were alive or not?, Luffy simply replied:

“I know, deep down, they are still somewhere around!”

That time, after Sabaody, also worried him. He'd almost lost his body and brain control on this one, against a guy controlling poison. It was important, and he had to go back quickly for his brother, apparently. He got a lot of information about that as Luffy and the other prisoners got busy sending him new souls all over again.

But still, Law didn't like it. Immortality didn't mean everlastingness of health and brain. He could easily never die and lose his mind.
“Holy fuck.”
Law stared at the guy facing him, frowning.
“What?”
“You're him.”
“I'm-?”
“You look way more serious than I thought.”
What the fuck was this guy saying? And what on Earth was that huge hole in his chest?
“I'm Ace.”
'Ace'. Oh, Law had heard about Ace enough times not to forget it. So that must be Luffy's brother, since he seemed to know who he was talking to and- holy shit.
He was dead.
Luffy'd lost his brother.
“I guess you know who I am judging your expression. Isn't Death supposed to look creepier? I mean sure, you look like you haven't slept in centuries, but I've met hundreds of guys like you. You're much more expressive than I thought. I can't believe that idiot was right. I can't believe I didn't listen to him- this dumbass can't lie and- I can't believe he was right- fuck.”
Not knowing what to say, Law naturally opted for his usual welcome.
“How did you die?” he said, stretching his hand to him.
Ace stared at his hand, but didn't take it.
“I protected my little brother.”
If Law had a heart, he could have said it dropped.
_Idiot_, he wanted to say. _Your brother is Immortal._ Which, obviously, wasn't his case... Wait, it wasn't? He hadn't touched him yet, after all.
If Law was human, he'd start sweating. One Immortal, alright, but he wasn't ready for a hundred of them. At the same time, it wasn't like he wanted Luffy's brother to die, he'd seen how dear he was to him. And he'd seen how Luffy reacted for Sabo's desperation.
“I should have known you didn't look like Luffy's drawings, but still, I'm surprised.”
'Luffy's drawings...?'
For the first time since Luffy, Law didn't feel in control of the situation. His brother was leading the conversation, doing observations and wasn't even trying to listen to him **at all**.
Ace got closer to him without blinking, not hiding he was observing him very closely now.
“Nice tattoos,” he said after a while. “You look rather young, actually. Is it like, a shape you choose or are you just like this?”
“Does it really matter?” Law replied.

“I'm just asking questions. Why is Luffy calling you Torao?”

“Can't pronounce 'Law',”

“Your name is... 'Law'? Not Death?”

“I have multiple names. Law's my own name. Are you only designed after your job?”

“I'm-... I was a pirate.”

“See,” Law confirmed, ignoring the change of tense. “People can call you Pirate, but you still have another, more private name.”

“... If you say so.”

Silence fell on them, but not for long, broken by Ace's voice:

“That makes sense though, since death is a law you can't avoid.”

Law opened his mouth, closed it. He smirked.

“That's rich coming from a pirate.”

“Touché.”

Another silence. Law never felt awkward during those – because he didn't even know what awkwardness was. But with Luffy, he'd learned a lot of new... way of feeling things. And that definitely felt awkward. He didn't like that. He didn't like that one bit.

Of course he'd have to take people close to Luffy away one day. People Luffy cared about. Actually, since the guy was Immortal, that would happen a lot. But he never thought about it, not really. And not so soon.

“So what now?”

“You're supposed to come with me to the Underworld,” Law honestly replied.

“That shit exists?”

“I guess it does if I'm taking you there.”

“So there's no way back at all, huh?”

Law stared at his hole.

“That'd be complicated to fix.”

“I know,” Ace sighed. “I was stupid.”

“A lot of people died in a stupid way I can tell you yours is rather alright.”

“No,” the man firmly said. “I was stupid.”

Law shrugged. He wasn't here to argue whether his death was stupid or not. He didn't even know how this wound happened, to be honest.
“Shall we go?”

“Wait-” he grasped Law’s hand, and unconsciously, Death immediately sighed in relief. “I’d like to know something first-”

“I can’t tell you what’s going to happen to you there,” Law warned.

“What about Sabo?”

He froze, and looked down at him. As their eyes met, Ace’s lips turned into a smile. A huge one. It actually looked like one of Luffy’s so genuine grins.

“He’s alive!Fuck, I can’t believe it-!” his face suddenly saddened and Law wanted to be anywhere but here right now, which is something he’d never experienced before. He’d never been anywhere. “I punched him in the face.”

It was a simple statement, but Law knew very well what he was referring to. Feeling guilty much?

“I think he got over it,” Law tried to joke.

Had he ever specified how bad he was with jokes?

“At least he’s not alone,” Ace twitched a smile, “they still have each other.”

So many things were wrong with those words. Sabo hadn’t reappeared since his ‘death’ so why should they have each other? Sure Luffy wasn’t alone he had his crew but what about Sabo? None of them knew anything about him. Maybe he didn’t care about them anymore and that’s why he never came back. Maybe he didn’t even remember them.

But Law put aside all those interjections. It was none of his business, and he wasn’t prepared for an argument with someone related to Luffy. No, thank you. So he just naturally tilted his head, looking away, and scratched the back of his neck.

Ace noticed it and took a deep breath. He had no choice now, had he?

He’d seen so, so many people linked to Luffy and Ace. It was a war, after all. People died, in wars. And, knowing Luffy – He’d expect it. He expected Luffy’s arrival. It was as if the guy had a subscription to death or something anyway, so he had to expect him.

Usually, when people died and he’d see Luffy in their memories, it’d make him smile. He knew he could expect his visit soon. But that time, it was different.

His brother was a human. A mortal human.

He died.

Unlike Luffy, he would not be coming back. And, knowing Luffy, he knew he’d ask for him. Just like he did for Sabo. And, just like Sabo, he wouldn’t lie.
That didn't mean he was prepared for that.  

“Torao?”

His eyes widened. *Already?*

He turned and saw him – he noticed the absence of his straw hat right away.

That wasn't good. Souls always wore important material to them *with* them. No matter where the object was. Luffy's materialisation without his hat, he deducted, was the materialisation of an incomplete soul. But, again, Luffy was not like the others. There was nothing he could do about that.

“Is he dead?”

Then, he saw his wound. On his chest. For a second, he saw Ace standing right where Luffy was now. *Fuck,* did he really have to do that? He had no idea how things worked. He had no idea how to deal with *feelings.*

“Tell me- *TELL ME! IS HE DEAD?*”

His voice kept breaking. He'd never looked so- so human to Law than now.

If he'd been able to grab him by his clothes to threaten him for an answer, Luffy would have. But he didn't, as his arms went through Law's body, as expected.

“He is,” Death whispered.

Luffy lost it. He fell on his knees.

“*You brought him there? To... to the Underworld?*”

“I did.”

He found himself unable to do complete sentences. Just quick answers. What was he supposed to do, anyway?

He was Death.

He wasn't human.

He wasn't from Luffy's world.

They weren't supposed to know each other. *Not* like that at least. They shouldn't even have developed this sort of friendship or whatever this was. He had to do it.

He was Death.

Luffy was shaking. He looked like he could kill someone – which, really, was freaking irony here.

He looked down at his hands. He looked up, at Law. Law, who was emotionless. Or seemed so.
Deep down, he wished he could touch and embrace him. It was an impulse he never had had before.

“Why did you take him?”

*He was Death.*

“I am Death.”

“Why,” Luffy took a deep breath, “did you take him?”

His words were all articulated, slowly, one by one. The Straw Hat seemed broken. Falling into pieces. Law remembered Ace's past, what he whispered to his little brother, and he closed his eyes. Luffy stood up again.

“LOOK AT ME!” he yelled.

He looked at him. So much desperation into those dark eyes. So much sadness.

So much rage.

“You killed him, Law.”

The coldness of his tone froze Law.

“You killed Ace!”

He shouldn’t be alarmed by such a statement. That was his freaking job. But, technically, yes. Yes, he did. He killed Ace.

“How COULD you?! How DARE you?! You're Death! You're literally the best person to stop that! You're the best person to decide whether you take someone away or let it go! You had a choice!”

“I didn't! You don't think I tried before? How long do you think I've been here? Nothing else than death happens! This IS death! This is the place! You're like, the only exception! You're the only exception!”

Luffy glanced at him.

“That's on you! You change things! You are the one in charge! You make your own rules! You-”

And before he could finish what he started, he disappeared.

**End Notes**

I take responsibility for everything I just made you go through. Feel free to scream in the comments, and/or send me a message on Tumblr @Plume8now! You can also ask me any questions you wish, assuming this isn't anything implying spoilers for next chapter. Also, uni starts again soon, and I don't have a computer for now, but I will try my best to keep writing as soon as possible.

Thank you for reading!
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!