

# Ex Pristine Obscurum

*by Allani*

Voldemort remembers his obsession with Minerva- he resolves to continue his hunt for her. Terror consumes her life; Severus remains her link to both Good and Evil. The Order tries to topple Voldemort; Minerva struggles in her individual battle. SSMM TRMM. Canon compliant up to OotP.

## Prologue

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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### Prologue

He had never been the type to prefer the soft scent of flowers over the ruthless mist of hexes and curses, so it had been disconcerting to meet her in the rose gardens.

With true Slytherin persuasion, he had borrowed his dress robes from some dilapidated, yet still respectable, shop. She, on the other hand, was adorned in queenly crimson, her dark hair spilling down her back. The haughty smiles on their faces matched; yet their spirits seemed syncopated.

She had been escorted to the ball by Matthews, a boy from her own year. He was now left alone on the cool floor of the Great Hall, which was buzzed with the footsteps of hundreds of dancers.

The Slytherin now stepped close to her, a child from the gutters, now a man. Her blue eyes narrowed.

"Here with a pathetic specimen, hm?" he murmured.

"Pathetic, perhaps, but at least amusing," the Gryffindor girl replied. A grim smile entangled his lips.

"No match for your wit," he jested. "Shall we forgo the party and head off to the library to delve into the Restricted Section? I found an intriguing encyclopedia of curses. Successio in Vomica: Sensus Vox. "

Her head snapped towards him. He could hear the wisps of wind gently flirting with her hair.

"I've already declined such an offer." She drew herself up, her bright eyes darkening and reflecting the deepness of the dark blue night. "I have no need for such things."

"You may soon enough." She heard the clicking of his teeth as his jaw clenched in exasperation.

"Should the time come, we will see." The breeze ruffled the taffeta of her skirts.

He slid his hands around her waist and urged her into a slow waltz. It quickly turned into a ploy for power as he twirled her around hard. She lost her measured steps and tripped.

"I won't forget."

Her blue eyes twinkled again, and she rolled onto the tips of her dancing shoes to match his height. She kissed him briefly on the lips and laughed. He glared.

"Nor will you forget my strong magic or curious mind, of course. Do try to stop ensnaring the other students into your trickery, Riddle."

She whirled away, back to social grace, as he remained brooding in his own perilous schemes.