

Daria loved to dance and to move her body to the rhythm of the music. Every different instrument seemed to bring a different part of her body to shake. She felt the thumping bass in her blood, the banging of the drums in her legs and this tingly sensation on her back from the screaming loud guitars. Dancing was like a sign language to her to express things she could not say. And now her body was screaming out loud this one and only sentence: "Look at me!"

She knew instantly that her message had been well received. She knew she was being watched, and she knew by whom.

A little smile slowly started to form around her lips. That's exactly what she wanted. She could feel his eyes on her body, how he looked at her from the top to the bottom. She didn't even have to look at him to know at what part of her body he would look the most. She could feel it. He had taken the bait and seemed very interested.

But she didn't seem to attract just him. Frank was also on it. Staggering across the dance floor he made his way to Daria, threw his arm around her, pulled her towards him and tried to dance with her. He wrapped his other arm around her neck to pull her head towards his lips and kiss her.

Daria deftly parried him, but stumbled in her high heels being not quite as sure-footed as usual.

Passio jumped straight towards them. The warrior in him suddenly awoke from his seductively induced trance. One more step and he was ready to defend his future Queen and teach her opponent a lesson he would never forget.

Everything happened so fast. Daria was sure she was going to hit the ground backwards when suddenly a massive body appeared behind her back and a strong arm wrapped around her waist. A large hand smacked Frank's arm off her hip and grabbed him by the throat, lifting him up eye to eye with the unknown saviour. A deep, angry growl vibrated behind her back and a wave of violence went over her that she had never felt before in her entire life.

"My God, the blond hulk", she thought.

Daria took all her courage in both hands and stammered: "It's ok. Nothing happened to me."

She saw Frank's eyes almost popping out of their sockets. He gasped for air while unsuccessfully trying to grab the hand that held him up.

"Let him loose", Daria pleaded.

Her voice resonated in Passio's ears, hoarse, stressed. Why? He just saved her? But then he realized, that she was just worried about this loser. Fuck. She was right. This was Earth. A different planet. Different rules. Nobody knew him here and no one knew his reputation.

"Get lost!" Passio roared and dropped the worm to the ground. Frank didn't even try to look at her or the huge blond and stumbled immediately back to the table and his friends.

Daria swallowed as she realized she was still leaning against - and in the arms of - this stranger. She felt the heat of his body on her almost bare back and the strength of his muscular arm around her waist.

She felt this tingly sensation where his arm touched her skin. She felt electrified and bit her lip to suppress a deep moan. Luckily it seemed that the violent aura overshadowing both of them had disappeared. Daria tried to pull herself together. She surely wanted to get the blond hulk's attention, but certainly not this way.

Passio couldn't believe that he now stood on the dance floor with her, just the two of them, his arm around her waist and her beautiful body leaning against his.

He felt her smooth, soft skin. Astonished and electrified by the touch of her delicate carriage, he could not resist and slid with his face through her thick hair, before he leaned over her shoulder and looked her straight in the eyes. She smelled so sweet, her own scent only emphasised by a soft and flowery perfume.

Passio was down and away and had to concentrate to be able to have a reasonable conversation, let alone to remember how important she was from a mission point of view.

"Everything ok with you?" her saviour asked and looked at her with unique eyes.

Daria was left speechless and could only nod. There was this resonating tone in his voice when he talked to her, this gentle husky growl. So seductive.

"I don't understand why they even let scum like that into the bar", he growled.

"Because their thirst is good business", Daria answered, trying to fix her slightly dishevelled top while she was still in his arms.

Passio would have loved nothing more than to keep her in his arms, but stood her up and pulled her over to the side.

"Come on. Let's go over here, so you can fix yourself properly."

Daria blushed, but followed obediently. When she was finished and looked at him, he smiled and stretched his hand out to her.

"Hi, I'm Passio."

"Daria. Hi."

He sized her up again and a little smirk hushed over his face. "What you think if we look for a place where it is not so loud? Somewhere we can talk?"

She smiled back at him. "Okay."

'Well, that was easy', he thought, as both of them made it through the crowd, Passio leading the way to a quiet corner behind the bar with Daria's hand in his.

While they were walking, he inconspicuously moved his thumb about the back of her hand. She was small boned, had long, thin fingers and again this smooth skin. She felt so good, by far too good. His desire started to burn inside him again.

Sister... sister... You need to treat her like a fucking sister!

Daria followed him, her heart thumping, astonished by his broad shoulders and long and wonderful hair. Now that she was close, she also noticed some brown and red streaks in it. A lot of women would be happy to have hair like that. 'Is it real hair or extensions?' Daria wondered. Carefully she moved her other hand over his hair and his coat. His hair was bouffant and soft and the leather of his coat smooth and warmed up from his body heat.

She moved closer to him. With the place being as packed as it was it was not noticeable that she almost pressed her face against his back. One deep breath... Daria licked her lips, riddled between surprise and interest. This guy smelled so good. Fresh and new – that must have been his clothes. On the other hand, like resin and ivy, maybe a little musky. No shampoo or aftershave that she knew of had this scent. On top of that, his raw charisma and protective behaviour was so masculine, almost animalistic.

‘Beware, beware’, she vowed. ‘This guy could be your downfall.’ Anyway, she kept breathing in his scent as long as she could until he finally turned around and smiled at her.

“Can I buy you a drink?”

“Yes. A diet coke, please.” Her heart was beating faster. Hopefully he hadn’t noticed her ‘sniffing’ him out.

He nodded and came back shortly afterwards with two glasses.

“Thank you.” Daria tried not to stare at him. Not only was he a very good looking guy, he also had this mystical aura that she was so attracted to, all of a sudden. She took a sip from the glass and examined his jewellery. How should she start the conversation? She was overwhelmed and eager to know more about him, but was reserved and a little frightened to do or say the wrong thing.

Passio’s grin widened in the meantime. He felt the vibe in the air between them and was sure that she was attracted to him. But there was more: something indescribable, a unique appearance, a special aura. Was that the Lhig in her? She was different to all females he had met before, even Queen Endla herself. He wasn’t only attracted to her physically, but also on a different level. A level that, up to this day, he hadn’t even known would exist.

“Hopefully it’s because she is a Lhig”, Passio thought, still trying to suppress his state of arousal. He certainly did not plan for this scenario. Desperately in need of talking to her, he nudged her.

“Do you always talk that much?”

“Me? Well, Yes. No, I mean... Ah, I don’t know. I think the story with this other guy is still bothering me”, she lied.

“I understand that”, Passio said and joined in on her little lie. “Do you come here regularly?” he asked.

“Yeah, I’m here almost every week, me and my friend Bella. But I haven’t seen you around here before.”

“It’s my first time.”

“Do you like it?”

Passio sized her up from head to toe. “Yes, I like it a lot.”

A shiver came over her and the next minute she started to blush. That sounded as if he was talking about her and not the place. “Oh, my God”, she gasped to herself while keeping a stiff upper lip, or so she thought.

Passio’s senses immediately noticed her heartbeat pacing faster and her body temperature rising. His body reactions intensified. What a start for first getting to

know someone. What would she think of him? He hoped fervently that she would not notice and cursed himself for his thoughts and reactions.

She is a Lhig! She is his mission. What did he want from her? She is not for him. There is a different path lying ahead for them than the one that is in his mind right now. He gritted his teeth while a question pulled him out of his state of confusion.