Camila Ruiz & Dimitri Kotova: Their Story

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by <u>lyfeoflau</u>

Summary

Just a little alternate universe where Camila and Dimitri meet for the first and hopefully something more than a friendship comes out of it.

Dimitri rarely goes out with his cousins to The Red Death, especially on a Saturday night where Nik is the center of attention, but some how Luka had convinced him that he needs to spend an actual Saturday night with them there. So, here he is at The Red Death getting yelled at about his relationship status.

"Are you single!?" yells the hostess. Of course he is, he doesn't care for relationships, or so he claims... (who knows?)

He doesn't go straight to the bar once he is handed the blue glow stick necklace since he pregamed before he met up with his cousins. He just wonders around for a little bit before something catches his eye. Another blue glow stick necklace around a girls throat is what he sees. He doesn't understand why this specific blue necklace stuck out more than others, maybe it was the person who's neck was glowing blue. Maybe it's the way her smile lights up with so much passion when talking to none other than Thora. He wonders if this is the Camila that Thora usually talks about, and from they way the talk it seems very likely.

He questions why she stood out from all the other women in the club, but either way he still heads over to her and Thora. He says his little hi to Thora, but gives Camila a glare that she returns, but with a smile plastered on her face. They keep looking at each other until Dimitri barks a laugh and says, "So, can I get a drink or what?"

She replies with a little chuckle, and says "Yup!" Camila starts making him a blowjob, one of the most disgusting cocktails ever. Once she's finished, she gives him the drink and silently waits for his reaction. He carries the shot to his lips and downs it in one gulp.

"Ugh! What the fuck was that!?" he remarks with the most revolted face ever.

Camila just laughs and with a smirk on her face says, "A blowjob."

"Why the hell would you make a drink like that?" he asks, irritated.

With a shrug and laugh playing behind her eyes, she simply says, "You look like you needed a blowjob."

He just glares at her, but before she can make walk away from him, he reaches over the bar to pull her closer to him and whispers in her ear, "When you get a break, come dance with me." Because even with that drink, she peaked his interest.

And with that, he winks at her and heads to the dance floor.

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