

# Professor's Secret Baby

## *Chapter One*

### PARTY

#### *Camilla*

"Why aren't you dressed?" Lora asked the moment I opened the door to my apartment. Unlike every other girl who lives on campus, I decided to get a small but decent apartment with my savings. Moving to London to study art hasn't been the easiest task, but I do not regret any of my actions because, I mean, this has been my dream for as long as I can remember.

"I told you, I'm not going," I groaned, and walked back into the house, leaving the door wide open for Lora and Mira.

"I heard the hottest guys in college would be there. I can't wait!" Mira squealed, and I rolled my eyes.

"I just want to stay home and curl myself up in my bed," I said with a sigh, sprawling myself on the couch. The couch wasn't of the best quality, but it was built to give you comfort and has an alluring design that always draws you to it.

"You're such a lazy ass," Lora lamented, flinging her full brown straight hair. She and Mira were the first friends I made the first day I stepped into the school, and ever since then, they have clung to my side like jam spread on bread. "You need to get up and get dressed. I mean, how wouldn't you be present for our welcome dinner?" Lora asked, sounding frustrated at my lackadaisical attitude.

It was our welcome dinner, and I should have been excited to go and explore, but somehow today I didn't feel like it, plus I couldn't figure what dress to wear.

"I do not have anything to wear," I inform the two girls standing with their hands akimbo, staring at me. Lora and Mira were amongst the attractive girls in school, and they managed to get all of the attention. Unlike me, who is plain and detests attention, at least that's what I think. "You guys look hot, by the way," I whistled, eyeing them

from their hot legs to the exposure of skin on their chests.

“Well, thank you,” Mira squealed again and then shook her head. “I don’t believe for one second that you have nothing to wear. You’re the fashion-crazed one among us. You always have something to wear,” she said with a frown on her face, obviously not believing me.

She’s right, well, not really, but to some extent; I loved clothes—bright clothes, to be exact. It gave me this elevating feeling; it calms my nerves and, at the same time, boosts my confidence, so I have a lot of clothes in my closet. If I was feeling down or needed some confidence to approach a person, the perfect choice of clothes would be the magic trick.

“You see, that’s the problem,” I said. “The fact that I have a lot of clothes in that closet makes it difficult to choose.” I know that I was just giving excuses, and even if it doesn’t make any sense, I am holding on tight to it.

“We’re not going without you. You need to get a boyfriend tonight,” Mira said with a determined expression.

“Camilla Torres, get up now and follow me!” Lora commanded and stormed away, walking into my room.

I sighed and pushed myself deeper into the couch as if that would save me, even when I knew there was no saving me.

I ended up putting on an emerald green strapless dress that stopped just on my knee and clung to my body like a second skin. White high boots, and a matching purse finished the outfit. Then I pulled my curly full red hair up to pile on my head in a bun with two strands escaping and stopping just at my cheeks. I didn’t do a lot with my makeup. Just some mascara and eye liner to highlight my eyes, a little blush, and a red lip stain on my full lips. Over all, I think I looked great.

“I told ya,” I heard Mira squeal beside me the moment we walked into the hall. She was right; the hot boys were present.

“You should get yourself a boyfriend today. I mean, you already look too hot to be ignored,” Lora said, with her eyes scanning the entire place like she was on some secret

mission.

“I only came out because you guys wouldn’t allow me to stay in, so I would rather just sip on a glass of wine and watch how the event unfolds,” I replied. I smiled at the waiter who was walking towards us with a tray of glasses and gestured to have one. I muttered ‘thank you’ the moment I picked up a glass from his tray. I wasn’t interested in dating a guy, relationships are too exhausting. I’ve had my share, and I knew I didn’t want to go down that road anymore, at least not yet.

“Whatever,” Lora said. “Oh, there he is,” she announced in a high-pitched voice, waving at someone. I turned to look in the direction she was smiling so widely at, and I sighed, “I’ll see you girls later,” she said before zooming off on her 4-inch red heels.

“Say hi to Charles,” I called after her.

“Uhm, I think you’re on your own,” Mira said beside me, gawking over the tall blonde guy that was standing not far from us. I rolled my eyes and shook my head at the same time.

“So you’re gonna ditch me for a man?” I asked in a disgusted voice.

Mira shrugged, her eyes not leaving the guy. He is hot; I’ll at least give him that. “Enjoy yourself, Mila,” she said, and walked away just like that.

Now, I had nothing to do other than walk around, or better yet, find a corner to hide myself, and sip my drink. I walked further into the room, admiring how beautifully structured the entire place was designed. Apparently, this dinner wasn’t organized by one of the social students. It was thrown by the school, so students weren’t the only one’s present, but also some teachers and professors. It is a tradition to host the newly inducted students every year, so I heard.

I see people trying to familiarize themselves with each other and sharing secrets that I didn’t know or care to know. I can feel eyes on me, and I wanted anything but a confrontation with a guy, so instead of staying in the corner, I began walking around the hall, nodding my head at the professors I could recognize and students that waved at me.

“Oh, my,” I gasped when I saw the artwork splashed on the wall. My insides melted and my heart beat raced in excitement. I know whose artwork these are, and for a second, I

realized he might be here.

“Give a round of applause as I invite the greatest artist in London and one of the most dedicated professors in this institution, Gonzalez Rodriguez!”

The whole place boomed with resounding applause, but my eyes were moving around searching for him, and when I turned, he was walking right to me. He had no smile on his face, just that dark, sexy look he always has. I have dreamt my whole life to be just like him. You could call him my idol because that’s what he was to me. My breath hitched and my palms itched. I knew everyone was waiting for him, but I just wanted to take this opportunity to introduce myself before he got to the stage. It was a stupid idea, but I couldn’t help myself.

“Hello, I am...” I stretched my right hand toward him, but he just brushed past me. My heart fell.

“Hello, damsel,” someone said, and took my hand into theirs.

“Hi,” I said, looking at the guy who held my hand. He wasn’t bad to look at, but I had zero interest in him.

“I’m, Josh....” He started to introduce himself, but I cut him short.

“Nice to meet you, Josh but I would like to have my hand back please,” I said, when he wouldn’t let my hand go.

“Oh, that, I am sorry.” He said, smiling at me in a boyish manner. “You are absolutely stunning,” he commented. If I were any other girl, maybe I would have blushed, but that boy couldn’t make me do that, because I had my attention somewhere else.

“Thank you,” I responded. “We will talk later,” I said the moment I heard Gonzalez’s voice fill up the room. I had no idea he would be presenting his art collectorate the party, I mean, I never thought he would even attend. If I had, Mira and Lora wouldn’t have had to convince me as much as they did. Heck, they wouldn’t have needed to convince me at all.

Since I started school, I haven’t had a chance to see him. We were told he wasn’t going to show up until much later. He is the reason I had to come to London, in the first place,

and why I chose to go to an art school. I was getting restless about not seeing him or being able to attend lectures by him as I intended to do.

“Uh, I didn’t get your name?” Josh said more like a question.

“Later, champ,” I said and walked away from him. I walked deeper into the crowd just to see and hear my obsession clearly. It didn’t take long to become immersed in his words; everything about him put a smile on my face. His demeanor, his looks, the way he speaks when presenting, and most importantly, his art. I couldn’t believe I was looking at him right then, I had never seen him physically, it was always on TV, or the internet, but seeing him live, gave me the chills.

There was something about him though, something dark and alluring, but then I had no business thinking that. He was going to be my professor soon enough and my mentor. He was way out of my league. Still, it doesn’t hurt to admire the sexy man that he was. I watched the way his hands caressed each piece of art, speaking softly about them, and I wondered what it would take to make such beautiful artwork, and stand before the entire world proudly. I had been painting since I was eight years old and I knew I had greatly improved since then, but I also knew that having a mentor like Gonzalez was the best thing that could happen to me.

“Someone looks like she is in love.” I heard a familiar voice whisper beside me. I turned sharply at her words, and frowned.

“In love?” I asked in disbelief. “That is so impossible.” I whispered back, shaking my head.

“Well, honey, you have been gawking over that man for the past 30 minutes now. You’ve probably thought about taking off his clothes, and taking him right there on the stage.” Lora commented with a grin.

“What?” I whispered in shock, “You’re talking trash, I would never think that about Professor Gonzalez,” I said assertively.

“Yeah, right,” she said, like she didn’t believe me.

“Seriously, Lora?” I asked, and she just shrugged.

“Whatever, you’re making me miss out on this presentation.” I looked away from her before she saw how hard I was trying not to blush. The image of seeing Gonzalez naked made me feel things I shouldn’t be feeling. I shook my head at the thought and refused to look at Lora.

“You are so smitten, Camilla,” she chuckled, and then quietly walked away from me. The moment I knew she was gone, I released my breath.

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