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Kidnapped by Love

It was sophomore year for Olora at Winchester University and everything that Olora thought she had seemed to crumble gradually down right before her. Olora's freshman year was a basket full of freshly-plucked roses and daisies. But when the beginning of sophomore year approached, an endless drought seemed to hover over Olora because those roses and daisies steadily started to wilt. Her boyfriend rarely spoke with her and her grades were dropping immensely. Her life seemed like a puzzle, and she couldn't find and fit the right pieces together.

In the meantime, Olora's psychology professor, Mr. Devicci's, current circumstances weren't all baskets of daisies either. Mr. Devicci knew he was going to have to conference with Olora, but didn't want to upset her. Mr. Devicci packed his finished graded papers, and started out the door. He contemplated his wife's reaction when he would arrive home tonight. The absence of love and the saturation of hate from his wife added up, making him more agitated about the toxic relationship he was in. Eventually he made it home. There neither was an embracing porch light, nor a welcoming doormat by the oakwood door. He sighed as he opened the door. He placed all of his school-work on the coffee table.

Next morning, Olora was an early bird, and didn't know how many times she'd have to wake up her roommate, Raena.

"Raena! Wake up, you're going to be late for Engineering 1," Olora declared.

“Okay, I’m up,” Raena said groggily, not to mention, who was still half asleep. Olora placed her phone on her desk congested with study notes. There was a framed picture of her mother which reminded her to give her a call later. Olora decided before class, she’d go to the corner store for a pack of Ibuprofen for her nagging headache. So, she went on her skateboard.

Mr. Devicci and Iris were once madly in love, college sweethearts. After getting married, he had brushed off the abusiveness and thought of it as nervousness Iris attributed because of the fresh commitment. He dismissed that reminiscence and drove to nearest corner store for a quick breakfast, since there was no pancakes and bacon downstairs, and there was definitely no wife waiting to embrace him in the morning. Donavin arrived at the store and as he was reaching for a banana in the third aisle, he had spotted Olora. To avoid any further awkwardness he walked up to her. His intention wasn’t to conduct a short, friendly conversation with his student, but conduct a plan way wilder.

Not right now, Olora thought, spotting Mr. Devicci.

Olora grinned, “Good morning”.

“What’re you doing this late in the morning, you’re going to be late for my class,” chuckled Mr. Devicci. Olora was entirely embarrassed that she was searching for medication.

“ I’m just looking for something to get me through the day,” Olora laughed nervously.

He replied, “I see.” Mr. Devicci had left before Olora, so she was sure that she was going to be late for the lecture. Olora paid for some Ibuprofen tablets and a fuji apple at the cashier. Olora was convinced that Mr. Devicci had already left, had offered to drive Olora to the campus, so she had politely accepted.

Two Months Later

Oloro could recall how Mr. Devicci stole her heart very vividly. When she had accepted his gesture, he had locked the doors which made Oloro instantly question him.

He responded, “ Just for safety that’s all, you think I’m going to kidnap you?” Oloro laughed. After ten minutes, she was definitely sure that something strange was happening, so she fingered for her phone in her pocket, then realized she had left her phone on her desk. Her heart was racing rapidly. She didn’t know what to do. Oloro, for the first time, had become completely hopeless.

“Take me home,” Oloro pleaded. She was tossed inside a trailer which smelled of putrid eggs and appeared as if it housed spirits. Oloro screamed with a boisterous voice, hoping that someone could liberate her from this hopeless situation.

“But why kidnap *me*?” Oloro demanded. Mr. Devicci described how he thought Oloro was lonely like him and needed a break from reality. He and Oloro spent the majority of the day conversing and understood each other mutually. Eventually, Mr. Devicci granted Oloro the option to leave the trailer, although he hoped that Oloro would be loath to leave.

Oloro contemplated on the grant, then decided that she should return to campus and to the ones that seemed to care for her back home. Once she arrived to a gas station, she spotted an older lady pumping gas. Suddenly, a rush of uncounted emotions veiled over Oloro which halted her tracks. At that moment, Oloro shot back to the trailer where her heart was located.

Mr. Devicci heard a knock on the door. Could it have been the police? He felt so betrayed after the feelings he exchanged with Oloro. He opened the door after a couple seconds of contemplating on whether he should or not.

“Oloro what are you doing-”, he started. Oloro’s embrace answered the question for him. They held each other’s eyes, as if they were exchanging dotting words about each other without

letting out any voice. After a minute of romantic silence, Olorá leaned into Mr. Devicci, eyeing his bluish lips. She felt the rim of his lips touching her's. They exchanged equal love and devotion. Olorá caressed his face as their lips explored one another. Olorá wasn't focused on late essays, but instead, the love traded between one another. For the first time, in a long time, Olorá's life made perfect sense. His physical features were beautiful to Olorá. Often times, she would commemorate on the life she left behind that Monday, but didn't yearn for reality. She felt so free in bondage. She was sure that she was kidnapped by love and it had enslaved her for eternity.