

## New Hell

The next 24 hours passed like a blur for Elora, each moment tinged with confusion and disbelief as she struggled to comprehend the sudden changes that had rocked her world. It felt as though someone had pulled the rug from under her feet, leaving her in a free fall with no solid ground to stand on.

As Monday morning dawned, a cold shiver ran down Elora's spine at the thought of facing school. With just two weeks left of the school year, she knew that news of her as an omega would have spread throughout the pack like wildfire. Despite her dread, she steeled herself for what lay ahead.

Dressed in a pair of black jeans and a simple white t-shirt, Elora grabbed her backpack and made her way downstairs. She greeted her parents with a forced cheerfulness, but their barely-there responses only served to deepen her sense of isolation.

As she reached for an apple to tuck into her backpack, the sound of footsteps announced Alena's arrival. Elora glanced up, her heart sinking at the sight of her sister's expression, lled with disgust and hatred.

Exiting the house, Elora's heart skipped a beat when she spotted Alex parked in front of their driveway while he was waiting for Alena. His gaze bore into her with intensity, as though he wanted to speak to her. But before she could approach him, Alena's voice cut through the air like a knife.

"Keep your eyes to yourself, omega," Alena sneered, her anger palpable. "And leave my mate alone."

Elora's chest tightened at the venom in her sister's words and knew that this was only the beginning.

As Elora approached the school, she felt the weight of judgmental stares and mocking whispers bearing down on her. She had never been popular, but at least she had been able to navigate the halls without drawing too much attention to herself. Now, however, it seemed as though she had suddenly become the focal point of everyone's attention, including the school bullies.

Upon reaching her locker, Elora's heart sank as she discovered it adorned with stickers bearing the word "omega." Opening it, she was met with the cruel sight of a small broom and dustpan nestled inside, a clear message of her newfound status within the pack hierarchy.

Gathering her books, Elora made her way to her first class, hoping to escape further humiliation. Until lunchtime, everything seemed relatively normal, with only hushed whispers and eeting glances directed her way. She allowed herself to believe that perhaps she was overthinking things, that maybe she would be left alone after all.

But as she entered the canteen, any semblance of hope was shattered when Alena's minions descended upon her with arrogance and malice.

Alena's minions, led by the arrogant Danielle, approached Elora with smirks plastered across their faces. "Well, well, well, if it isn't the famous omega herself," Danielle taunted, her voice dripping with malice.

Elora tried to ignore them, focusing on finding an empty table where she could eat in peace, but Danielle wasn't finished yet. She stepped closer, her gaze lled with disdain as she continued her tirade. "What's the matter, omega? Can't you find your own kind to eat with?" she sneered, eliciting laughter from her cronies.

Tears welled up in Elora's eyes as she fought to maintain her composure. She refused to give them the satisfaction of seeing her break, but Danielle wasn't satisfied with just words. With a malicious glint in her eye, she grabbed a glass of lemonade from a nearby table and poured it over Elora's head, the cold liquid drenching her hair and clothes.

"This is to help you keep your eyes on the ground for yourself and not looking at anyone's mate." Danielle sneered in her direction.

Gasps echoed through the canteen as Elora stood frozen, humiliation burning like fire in her chest. Danielle and her friends erupted into laughter, their taunts ringing in Elora's ears.

With tears stinging her eyes and humiliation burning in her chest, Elora fled to the bathroom to clean herself up, seeking solace in the solitude of the tiled walls.

As Elora scrubbed away the sticky residue of lemonade, a sudden sharp pain stabbed through her abdomen, causing her to release a sharp scream. Clutching her stomach, she doubled over as another wave of agony washed over her. It felt as though her heart was being torn apart from within, each pulse sending shock waves of pain through her body.

The stabbings grew more frequent and intense, causing Elora to collapse to the floor, her entire body trembling with the force of it. Tears mingled with the water as she struggled to comprehend the source of her suffering.

"What is happening, Lina?" Elora gasped; her voice strained with pain as she reached out to her wolf for answers.

But Lina whimpered in response, her own anguish mirroring Elora's. "It's our mate," she replied in a low, broken voice. "He's with someone else."

The realization hit Elora like a sledgehammer, her mind reeling with the implications. Alex, her supposed mate, was sleeping with someone else, and she was bearing the brunt of their bond's agony.

Tears streamed down Elora's cheeks as she curled into herself, the pain ripping through her with merciless intensity. At that moment of agony, she couldn't help but wonder how she would ever find the strength to endure the betrayal that threatened to shatter her world.

Exhausted from the day's pain and the relentless taunting of her classmates, Elora arrived home in the evening, her shoulders weighed down by a heavy burden of anguish. She could feel the increase in hostility from the other students, a clear sign of Alena's influence.

As she entered the house, Elora steeled herself for a confrontation with her sister, realizing that she would need to address it before it was going out of control. When Alena appeared, Elora mustered up the courage to ask her, "Alena, can we talk please?"

"I have no business with omegas," Alena spat, her voice dripping with contempt.

Elora refused to back down, confronting her sister head-on. "You've made your point today," she replied wearily. "Call your gonnies and leave me alone."

But Alena's rage only seemed to intensify. "Alex is mine," she snarled, her anger palpable. "And the fact that you even exist is a disgrace to our family. You deserve every minute of my torment and even more."

Elora felt a pang of hurt at her sister's words, but she refused to let Alena see her pain. "I have no interest in Alex," she insisted, her voice trembling with emotion. "You can keep him."

"Liar!" Alena shouted, her voice echoing through the house. "I saw the way you looked at him this morning. This is just the beginning, sister. Just the beginning, Ms. Perfect Grades."

The threat hung heavy in the air, leaving Elora's heart shattered and her spirit bruised. She realized with a sinking feeling the depths of the hell that awaited her, trapped in a cycle of torment orchestrated by her own sister.

In the coming days, the torment at school escalated to unbearable levels for Elora. Every moment felt like an eternity of suffering as she endured physical and emotional abuse from her classmates. She was pushed, slapped, insulted, and mocked relentlessly, each humiliation carving deeper wounds into her already battered soul. But perhaps the most agonizing of all were the repercussions of Alex's promiscuity, which left her broken and bruised time and time again.

In just one week, Elora became a mere shadow of her former self. As she stared at her reflection in the school bathroom mirror, she scarcely recognized the exhausted, defeated girl staring back at her. Dark circles haunted her eyes, testament to the sleepless nights spent writhing in agony. Her once pristine t-shirt was now stained with the remnants of yet another cafeteria "incident," a stark reminder of the relentless cruelty she endured.

Worst of all were the black marks that marred her abdomen, painful reminders of the physical toll resulted by Alex's actions. Each bruise served as a grim testament to the agony of their deteriorating mate bond, a bond strained to its breaking point by Alex's callous disregard for their connection.

In this chaos and despair, there was one flicker of solace: Lina, her faithful wolf companion. Though weakened by their shared suffering, Lina remained a steadfast source of comfort and support for Elora, offering what little healing she could muster in the face of such overwhelming assaults. Together, they clung to each other, their bond the only lifeline keeping Elora from drowning in a sea of despair and depression.

"Elora," Lina asked her in a small voice, "Go and speak with our mate, tell him that he is hurting us."

"Lina, we can't do this," Elora replied.

"And why not? We have nothing to lose as we are already in pain. Try! The Moon Goddess wouldn't have paired him with us if he was not a good person. Please try, Elora, for both our sakes..."

As Elora sat on the bleachers overlooking the football field, her heart pounded with a mixture of fear and determination. Following her wolf's suggestion, she knew she had to confront Alex, to make him understand the pain he was causing both her and Lina, as she knew that she could not take it for one entire month at this pace, they would perish from pain and heartbreak. As Alex's gaze swept across the field, she watched his expression shifted from joy to fury upon locking eyes with her.

After the class ended, steeling herself, Elora approached him, her heart racing with apprehension.

"What do you want?" Alex's voice was sharp, his eyes narrowed in suspicion.

Taking a deep breath, Elora spoke, her voice trembling with emotion. "I know you love my sister, but please, can you stop being so cruel to me until you reject me in three weeks' time?"

"I don't know what you are talking about; I never did anything to you," he replied, annoyed.

"I can feel it every time you're with her. You're tearing me apart," Elora cried, lifting her shirt to reveal the bruises marring her abdomen. "You're killing me and my wolf, every day. Please, just stop for these three weeks. That's all I ask."

Alex's gaze fell on her bruised abdomen in shock, guilt clouding his features. "... I didn't know," he murmured, his voice barely audible with a ash of guilt.

Tears welled in Elora's eyes as she turned away, her heart heavy with the weight of their shared pain. With one final glance at Alex, she walked away, leaving behind a whirlwind of emotion and unspoken words.

As Elora left the football field, her mind consumed with the intensity of her encounter with Alex, she remained oblivious to the fact that her interaction with Alex was witnessed by her sister. Alena's eyes narrowed as she watched Elora's retreating figure, her fists clenched tightly in fury.

"You rat," Alena muttered under her breath, her voice dripping with venom. "Despite my warnings, it seems that you don't know how to listen."

Her heart pounding with indignation, Alena realized that her previous tactics had failed to deter her sister. It was clear that Elora was not backing down and was still circling Alex.

With a determined glint in her eye, Alena made a silent vow to escalate her efforts to torment her sister, determined to maintain her hold over Alex and crush any semblance of resistance from Elora. As she plotted her next move, a sinister smile played across her lips, signaling the beginning of a new phase.