

8 8-The Stepsister I Didn't Want ³

Emmet: ¹

When I looked up again, she was gone. I had to shake my head and blink repeatedly to even comprehend what had just happened. But my mind was hazy in that moment.

"Mate?" I squinted into the distance, my steps unsteady. Did I just feel a mate bond with someone?

"No!" I frowned. "Or did I? But—I don't have a mate. I cannot have—a mate—" I was mumbling to myself when the alcohol I had consumed clouded my mind, and the next thing I knew, I was falling and sleeping peacefully on the cold ground.

"Emmet!"

"Brother, are you freaking kidding me?"

The persistent calling of someone while holding my hand indicated only one person. He was always the one who would find me and take care of me.

"Emmet, come on, get up. Let me take you to

your room," said Norman, my sweet eldest brother, who seemed to bear the world's burdens on his shoulders. Even now that we were grown up, he still looked after us.

"Erm...?" I raised my brow the moment I opened my eyes, smiling at him as I sprawled on the ground.

The look of sheer concern on his face made me feel guilty. He shouldn't have to babysit a grown adult.

"Let's go," he said, sounding tired, as he helped me up and put my arm over his shoulder.

"I should have come back home sooner. I was kind of stuck dealing with the security of the academy," he explained, letting me know why he hadn't found me sooner as he usually did.

It made sense why I had spent the entire night in the corridor outside. Usually, he finds me almost immediately and brings me back to my room. But now, morning has arrived.

"Just please take a shower and get to the breakfast table. Dad has been asking about you these past few days. You don't want his attention on you, okay?" He helped me to my bed and



gently ran his hand through my hair.

"Hmmm," I nodded, my face buried in the soft pillow.

"Now come on, get up!" I heard him say one last time before he walked out of the room. My bedroom was on the other side of the mansion, making the corridor a passageway between the mansion and my bedroom, or the one I had moved to. My official bedroom used to be on the top floor of the mansion, but it was so far from the corridor that I felt disconnected from the memories that had kept me going.

As I forced myself up, I grabbed a black suit and another white shirt before deciding to take a shower. I had been drinking for some time.

Even when I passed out from excessive drinking, I usually recovered from the hangover pretty quickly. Maybe turning 23 wasn't so bad after all. Being an adult gives you the power to choose your battles.

After showering and putting on a new suit, I stood before the mirror and ran my hand through my long, curly brown hair, styling them in a loose manbun with stray tendrils.

I had heard that some things had been happening in the mansion, but the past two days had been so rough on me that I couldn't focus on anything. I hadn't been around anyone.

Now, I was all set to leave my room to face my father, but before that, I hid a small bottle of rum in the inside pocket of my coat. 1

"Your Highness," a maid bowed and giggled even as I walked past her with my hands in my pockets.

Maintaining my casual pace as if the world around me weren't a mess, I reached the open garden. The daylight immediately struck my eyes, and I squinted slightly as my father arrived with his chosen mate. She always wore a fake smile whenever she saw us brothers, as if trying to convince us she could be a better mother to us than our own.

I leaned back in my seat, observing her arm linked with my father's. How could someone just steal someone's mate like this? 1

Norman returned to the table after ending his phone call and took his seat with an air of sophistication.

"Morning, Dad," he said, adjusting his wristwatch, nodding respectfully at our father, then casting a sidelong glance at me.

"Hello," I greeted, hoping to draw my father's attention.

"How have you been? We've missed you," my father said softly, and his mate nodded vigorously, her fake smile widening.

"I was just here, minding my own business," I replied, stretching my neck as my phone beeped for the hundredth time. Finally, I decided to answer it, eager to escape the awkward family catch-up.

"Hello," I said, excusing myself from the table as I stepped away.

"Hello, Professor Emmet," Oh Goddess, it was that annoying and clingy student again.

"Why are you calling so early in the morning, Sage?" I asked, scratching my forehead and absentmindedly kicking a small rock with my shoe.

"I was wondering if you'll be taking any classes today?" she asked, and I rolled my eyes at her attempt to sound clueless.

"The academy is closed today, I hope you know that," I said, trying not to snap. My attention was diverted as someone arrived at the table with Emma. It wasn't her daughter Charlotte.

I frowned at the sight of her; I had never seen her before, yet she seemed oddly familiar.

"Oh, I know, but I thought maybe you would take —" Sage's voice trailed off as I interrupted her.

"Sage, I have to go. Have a good day," I ended the call and returned to the table, my eyes locked on the blonde before me.

She seemed timid but had striking features. Her large blue eyes and long blonde hair made me wonder where I had seen her before and why she was joining us for breakfast.

I sat down and noticed her stealing a quick glance at me before pretending not to notice. It was then that my father decided to introduce her.

"Oh, Helanie, meet my very intelligent son, Emmet. He is the best trainer and teaches at the academy," he said proudly, making me feel guilty for spending my days drinking when I could bring him more pride.



But I quickly refocused on the girl, who shyly raised her head and made my heart skip a beat.

"And Emmet, meet Helanie—" my father paused, heightening my curiosity. Was she the daughter of a family friend?

"She is Ursula's daughter and your stepsister," he finished, causing a knot to form in my stomach.

We had a stepsister, and my dad had accepted her into our lives and our home without even consulting us?

But why did she look so familiar?

I began to ponder intensely and noticed the girl gulping nervously. She was definitely hiding something. I am not going to rest until I investigate her and find out where I have seen her before. 1

