

Toxic Family Out- Reborn in CEO's Pamper Novel

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When Names Become Stories By Naomi Ellis 1 Summary In "When Names Become Stories" by Naomi Ellis, Chapter 1 unfolds with the tragic death of Daphne Lavette, whose body is found submerged in the sea, bound by sandbags. Her spirit, however, remains tethered to the world, refusing to depart. The narrative captures a poignant moment as Elliot Beckett, her former love, arrives at the scene, desperately attempting to revive her. His anguish is palpable as he pleads for her to awaken, revealing the deep emotional connection they shared, despite their years of separation.

Elliot's frantic efforts to save her illustrate his profound despair and the raw intensity of his feelings. As Elliot struggles with the reality of Daphne's death, the story shifts to reveal the dark past that led to her demise. Three days before, Daphne was betrayed by those she trusted, sold off by the Culver family, who had commodified her existence. Her escape from a twisted captor was short-lived, culminating in her tragic end.

The chapter delves into her memories of betrayal and suffering, painting a picture of a woman who had longed for belonging, only to face the harsh truth of her reality. The tension escalates when Elliot confronts Julian Flynn and Yasmin Culver, the two individuals linked to Daphne's suffering. In a moment of vengeance, Elliot takes drastic measures, reflecting the depths of his grief and rage. The scene is charged with emotion as he enacts his revenge, symbolizing the struggle between love and loss.

The arrival of the Culver family adds to the chaos, revealing their desperation and horror as they witness the fallout of their actions. In a surreal twist, Daphne's spirit observes the unfolding drama, caught between the realms of life and death. The chapter culminates in a moment of revelation for Daphne as she finds herself awakening in a hospital, her past haunting her. The juxtaposition of her rebirth against the backdrop of her traumatic experiences underscores the themes of identity and belonging.

As she realizes the true nature of her welcome-back party, the story hints at the complexities of her relationships and the painful truths she must confront in her new reality. Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below **When Names Become Stories** **By Naomi Ellis** **To Family Out, Reborn in CEO's Pamper** **Chapter 1: He Has Lost His Mind** Daphne Lavette was gone. Her lifeless body had been cruelly tethered to sandbags, tossed into the icy embrace of the sea, left to languish beneath the waves for a haunting three days.

Perhaps her obsession with life had been too fierce; her spirit lingered, trapped in the oppressive darkness below, refusing to fade away. A sudden splash disrupted the tranquil, deep-blue surface of the water. Through a haze of confusion, Daphne's spirit sensed a dark figure slicing through the water, drawing closer. Could it be Elliot? After three long years of separation, why was he here now? The man hoisted her frozen form from the depths, his lips pressing against hers—swollen and pale—as if he could breathe life back into her.

Daphne observed the sharp contours of his jaw, rough with stubble, and the redness encircling his eyes, a testament to his despair. Elliot Beckett worked frantically to untie the sandbags, dragging her lifeless body onto the shore. With desperation in his movements, he began to compress her chest rhythmically, forcing air into her lungs with an urgency that echoed his

frantic heart. "Daphne, I won't let you die... Wake up!" he pleaded, his voice cracking under the weight of his emotions.

Water droplets mingled with his tears, cascading down his face, pooling at his nose before falling onto her chalky skin. In that moment, Daphne had never seen him so utterly broken. His assistant, eyes rimmed in red, stepped forward, attempting to intervene. "Mr. Beckett, Ms. Lavette... she's gone..." Elliot hesitated, the weight of her loss crashing down on him like a tidal wave, leaving him a shell of his former self. His long fingers trembled as he gently brushed damp strands of hair from her face, cradling her cheeks as if she were the most delicate treasure. "No.

She's not..." he whispered, his voice raw and filled with anguish. He pressed his cheek against her cold forehead, holding her close as if sheer willpower could bridge the chasm between life and death. "Daphne, remember how you never liked me touching you? If I hold you like this, you should be pushing me away." "Daphne, please open your eyes. Look at me just once. I need you alive. Even if you despise me, even if you want me gone-fine. Just be alive!

I'm begging you..." His desperate pleas echoed into the night, a prayer of a penitent soul, repeated until the sun dipped below the horizon and the waves crashed relentlessly against the shore. Then, a team of bodyguards clad in black emerged, dragging two bound figures onto the beach and forcing them to confront her still form. Daphne's spirit hovered nearby, a silent witness to the unfolding drama. One was Julian Flynn-the man she had once loved with all her heart. The other was Yasmin Culver-the woman who had taken everything from her.

****16:30 Sun, Nov 23 G** **Chapter 1: He Has Lost His Mind** **Finisher**** Her thoughts recoiled to three days earlier. After the Culver family had siphoned away every ounce of her

worth, they had sold her to a twisted man in exchange for favors. She had fought back, escaped, and sought refuge with Julian-only to find betrayal lurking in the shadows. The monster had recaptured her, subjecting her to torment and pain, stabbing her repeatedly until she bled out, succumbing to the agony.

"Daphie, let me avenge you, okay?" Elliot's voice was soft, almost tender, despite cradling a corpse in his arms. Julian's eyes widened in terror, his mouth taped shut, begging silently for mercy. He shook his head violently, pleading with an intensity that spoke of desperation. Beside him, Yasmin, clad in a white wedding gown now stained with streaks of blood, struggled to draw breath, her eyes wide with fear. Elliot placed a handgun into Daphne's near-translucent palm, leveling it at Julian with a grim determination. Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

He fired multiple shots, none fatal, each aimed to inflict the deepest wounds, a torment that echoed within him. Yet, he could not voice his pain; the silence was a torment of its own. "Bury him," he commanded, his voice steady yet filled with an underlying fury. Alive. In that moment, the Culver family stormed the shoreline, their arrival swift and laden with irony. "Yasmin, don't be afraid! We are here to save you!" they cried out, their urgency palpable. "Let my sister go!" Her two brothers lunged forward, but the trained bodyguards intercepted them with ease.

"Elliot, if anyone deserves this, it's Daphne. Why are you abducting Yasmin?" one brother demanded, anger flaring in his eyes. "Daphne, you better make Elliot release Yasmin. If anything happens to her, I swear you will regret it," the other threatened, his voice low and menacing. Even in his ruined state, Elliot's presence was more terrifying than ever, especially the void of grief reflected in his eyes. "A miserable death? She is the woman I have cherished with all my heart. How dare you threaten her?" With a swift motion, he snatched the gun and-bang!

A red crater blossomed at Yasmin's forehead. She didn't have time to blink before the world faded away. "Yasmin..." The Culvers watched in horror as their precious daughter crumpled to the ground. The mother fainted, the father's face turned ashen, veins bulging at his temple. The brothers collapsed under the weight of their grief, the cruelty of witnessing their beloved die before their eyes a punishment too severe to bear. And yet, Daphne felt a raw, brutal ache where her heart used to be.

****Sun, Nov**** ****Chapter 1: He Has Lost His Mind**** She had been the biological daughter of the Culver family, yet they had commodified her, using her as leverage before abandoning her when she was wounded, left to drown in the depths of despair. For twenty long years, she had suffered, finally discovering the family she had yearned for, only to realize it was all a grotesque farce. Her spirit laughed into the wind, a sound of anguish that dissolved into the salty air. Perhaps Elliot sensed the depth of her sorrow. He lifted her weightless body, pressing a gentle kiss to her forehead.

The wind tugged at her blood-specked white dress, one pale arm dangling limply, her head resting in the crook of his elbow, hair dancing with the breeze. His tall, dark silhouette moved deliberately, step by step, toward the surf. "Don't be afraid, Daphie. I'm going with you," he reassured her, his voice steady yet filled with a haunting finality. Daphne watched in disbelief. What is he doing? Has he truly lost his mind? Revenge had not sufficed; he intended to follow her into the depths. She screamed, begged him to stop, but she was merely a fading wisp, her pleas powerless against the tide.

Elliot, are you insane? The waves surged. Clouds obscured the full moon, plunging the sky into a dull gray. Daphne's eyes snapped open, blinding white overwhelming her vision. Her chest

heaved; each breath came in rapid, shallow gasps. The acrid sting of disinfectant burned her nostrils. Where am I? Haven't I already died? The deserted ward pulsed with the rhythmic beeping of machines-beep, beep, beep. She swung her legs over the edge of the bed, yanked the IV from her arm, and bolted toward the door. "Elliot... Elliot!" she called, her voice trembling with urgency.

She hadn't gone far when a familiar voice floated from the ward across the hall. Through the glass, she caught sight of a warm tableau. The Culver family, four anxious faces gathered around Yasmin's bed. The scene struck her like a thunderclap, memories she thought were buried surging violently, flooding her mind. Daphne pinched herself sharply, disbelief coursing through her veins. **16:31 Sun, Nov 23** **Chapter 1: He Has Lost His Mind** **I have been reborn?** Five years ago, at the age of twenty, the Culvers had discovered her. Just yesterday, they had finally held her welcome-home party.

She had been elated-until the truth revealed itself. The party had been nothing more than a publicity stunt for Yasmin's forthcoming film. From beginning to end, scarcely a word had been spoken about her. Conclusion In the depths of despair, Daphne Lavette's journey transcends the boundaries between life and death, revealing the profound complexities of love, betrayal, and the search for identity. As Elliot Beckett cradles her lifeless body, his desperate pleas echo the raw vulnerability of a man who has lost everything he holds dear.

The haunting realization of her own commodification at the hands of the Culver family serves as a catalyst for Daphne's awakening, igniting a fierce desire to reclaim her narrative. The brutal cycle of violence and vengeance culminates in a moment of clarity, as she finds herself reborn, not just as a victim but as a survivor determined to forge her own path. Emerging from the

shadows of her past, Daphne's return to consciousness symbolizes a reclamation of agency, a chance to rewrite her story beyond the confines of her tragic fate.

With Yasmin's fate hanging in the balance, Daphne will be faced with a choice: to embrace her second chance at life or to confront the ghosts of her past head-on. Elliot's desperate actions and unwavering devotion will continue to reverberate throughout the narrative, as his own journey of grief and vengeance intertwines with Daphne's. Will he be able to protect her from the very family that sought to commodify her? As the tension escalates, the stakes will rise, forcing both characters to confront their deepest fears and desires.

Expect a clash of loyalties, a battle for survival, and a quest for justice that will lead them down a dark and twisted path. With each turn of the page, the suspense will build, leaving readers eager to discover how Daphne will navigate this treacherous landscape filled with love, betrayal, and the relentless pursuit of redemption. Sara Lili Sara Lili is a daring romance writer who turns icy landscapes into scenes of fiery passion. She loves crafting hot love stories while embracing the chill of Iceland's breathtaking cold.