

# Toxic Family Out- Reborn in CEO's Pamper Novel

When Names Become Stories By Naomi Ellis `10 Summary In "When Names Become Stories," Daphine is at a grand ballroom, enjoying the delightful atmosphere and indulging in desserts. Her excitement is abruptly interrupted when she runs into Julian, a man from her past who once meant a lot to her but now regards her with disdain. Their encounter is tense, filled with Julian's harsh words and Daphine's cool indifference. As Julian berates her, Daphine's feelings of hurt and betrayal surface, revealing the emotional scars left from their previous relationship.

The confrontation escalates when Daphine, feeling empowered, retaliates by twisting Julian's finger, showcasing her newfound strength and confidence. She dismisses him with a smirk, indicating that she has moved on from the pain he once caused her. Julian, taken aback by her transformation, is left grappling with confusion and a tightening feeling in his chest as he watches her walk away, seemingly unaffected by his anger. This moment marks a significant shift in their dynamic, highlighting Daphine's growth and Julian's inability to understand her change.

As the story unfolds, Julian learns that Yasmin, the woman he is currently involved with, has fallen into a fountain, prompting a rush of concern. He quickly leaves the ballroom to assist her, demonstrating his protective instincts. Yasmin, in a state of distress and humiliation, reveals her encounter with Elliot, which has left her feeling vulnerable. Their interaction underscores the complexities of their relationships, as Yasmin's fear of losing

Julian adds an emotional layer to the situation. Meanwhile, Daphine remains unaware of the chaos she has inadvertently caused.

While hiding near a restroom, she overhears a conversation between two individuals discussing a daughter, which stirs up memories and suspicions about her own past. This moment introduces a sense of mystery and intrigue, as Daphine grapples with the implications of her overheard conversation and its connection to her identity. In the end, the chapter captures a blend of emotions-Daphine's empowerment, Julian's confusion and concern, and Yasmin's vulnerability-while hinting at deeper secrets that may intertwine their lives.

The story leaves readers with a sense of anticipation, questioning how past relationships and hidden truths will shape their futures. Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below \*\*When Names Become Stories\*\* By Naomi Ellis Downstairs in the grand ballroom, Daphine was in her element, joyfully arranging an assortment of exquisite desserts onto her plate with a delicate pair of tongs. The sweet aroma of pastries filled the air, and she couldn't help but feel a rush of excitement as her eyes landed on a particularly enticing strawberry mille-feuille.

But in her blissful distraction, she collided with a man holding a glass of red wine. The wine sloshed dangerously close to the rim, and she quickly murmured, "Sorry," her voice barely above a whisper. Yet, before she could reach for that delectable dessert that had captivated her attention, she felt a firm grip around her wrist. "Daphne! What on earth are you doing here?" The voice was unmistakable, laced with a mixture of

disbelief and disdain. She looked up, and her heart sank as she met the familiar gaze of Julian.

Once a beacon of light in her life, he now regarded her with nothing but contempt. What a stroke of bad luck. Out of all the attendees in this sprawling ballroom, she had to encounter him. "How did you even get in here? Are you following me? I've told you countless times that my heart belongs to Yasmin! I used to feel sorry for you, but now you just make me sick. Stop clinging to me!" His words were sharp, cutting deep into her pride. "Are you finished?" Daphne replied, her tone flat and devoid of emotion.

She couldn't fathom how she had ever been enamored with a man like him in her previous life. Was this truly the same person who had once come to her rescue as a child? "Don't play hard to get! Drop the act. I will never fall for you!" he spat, his irritation palpable. "Thanks for the insight. Now, could you kindly move? You're obstructing my view of the dessert," she said, her eyes not even bothering to meet his. Even if he had once been her savior, she had repaid that debt long ago in her past life. Julian was momentarily taken aback, caught off guard by her indifference.

What had happened to her today? "Daphne, are you planning to do something to Yasmin again? I'm warning you-" Before he could finish his warning, Daphne's tongs snapped around his outstretched finger, twisting it sharply backward. "Ah!" Julian hissed, pain flashing across his face as his finger turned a furious shade of purple. Daphne smirked, a glint of satisfaction in her eyes. "By the way, where's Yasmin? I haven't seen her around. Wait, don't tell me she dumped you because you couldn't win a single bid tonight!" She knew precisely how to strike at his vulnerabilities.

Julian clenched his fists, his face flushed with anger as he watched her stroll away, unbothered by his discomfort. Several young heirs, who typically clustered around Julian, were now attempting to engage him in conversation, but he barely registered their presence. Daphne, meanwhile, settled herself comfortably at a table, lazily indulging in her desserts while ignoring the curious glances from the onlookers. As she sat there, surrounded by admirers, Julian felt an inexplicable tightness in his chest. He couldn't quite understand why he felt this way.

Once upon a time, she had only had eyes for him, but tonight, there was an undeniable difference in her demeanor. Even without the glamour of a stunning gown, she exuded an effortless beauty that left him momentarily speechless. Frustrated, he tore his gaze away and scanned the room, only to realize Yasmin was nowhere to be found. Then, Daphne's earlier words echoed in his mind, a haunting reminder of his current predicament. "Mr. Flynn!" A girl rushed over, her skirt fluttering slightly as she hurried. "Mr. Flynn, you need to come quickly!

Yasmin fell into the fountain at the entrance!" "What?" Julian's brow furrowed in confusion. He cast one last glance at the relaxed Daphne, then swiftly made his way toward the hotel entrance. Outside, a crowd had gathered around the fountain, with reporters snapping photos from a distance, their flashes illuminating the scene. "Isn't that Yasmin, the daughter of the Culver family? What happened?" "No idea.

I heard a scream, and when I turned around, she was already in the water." "Did she get too drunk and fall in?" "Who knows?" Laughter and gossip rippled through the group as they watched the spectacle unfold. Julian pushed through the throng of onlookers

and spotted Yasmin floundering in the shallow fountain. The water barely reached her knees, yet she was soaked from head to toe, one hand covering her face, the other clutching her chest, desperately trying to maintain her modesty.

Every time Yasmin attempted to stand, her drenched skirt tangled around her legs, sending her tumbling back down into the water. Under the relentless flashes of cameras and the curious stares of the crowd, Julian stepped forward, his expression darkening, and pulled her from the water with a firm grip. Without uttering a single word, he carried her back inside, immediately instructing someone to ensure the reporters deleted any incriminating photos. "What happened, Yasmin?" he asked, his voice strained with concern.

Wrapped in a hotel towel, Yasmin sat there, tears streaming down her cheeks, her lips pressed tightly together in silence. She had ventured into Elliot's private room earlier, but before she could even finish her sentence, he hadn't even glanced her way. The next thing she knew, his bodyguards had unceremoniously tossed her out. She had never experienced such humiliation in her life. "Was it Daphne again?" Julian's voice was firm, tinged with certainty. Remembering the calm, almost indifferent expression on that woman's face earlier, Yasmin knew it had to be her.

Wherever Daphne appeared, it seemed calamity followed. "Wait here. I'll go teach her a lesson!" Just as he turned to leave, Yasmin grasped his hand, panic rising within her. She couldn't let him return to the ballroom. If anyone spoke out and he learned the truth, she would lose everything. "Forget it, Julian," she murmured softly, tears glistening in her eyes. "I don't want too many people to know." Though she didn't explicitly admit it

was Daphne, her tone conveyed enough of her distress. "I'm scared, Julian. Will you stay with me?" "Alright. Don't be afraid.

I'm here," he replied, trying to offer her some semblance of comfort. Meanwhile, near the hotel's rear restroom, Daphne remained blissfully unaware that she was being blamed for something she had not done. She was hidden behind a large decorative vase, her gaze fixed on two figures standing in the corridor. "Did you see our daughter? She's grown into a fine young woman. You can rest assured now," Patrick's voice carried softly. "Yeah." The woman beside him lowered her head, hugging her arms, her voice trembling with guilt.

"Back then, I didn't have the means to raise her, so I left her with you. You know I never wanted to destroy your family." From her concealed position, Daphne could only see their backs. Patrick gently placed a hand on the woman's shoulder, speaking in a low, soothing tone. "I know, but I won't let you suffer anymore. Don't worry, I'll take care of our daughter. Sooner or later, the three of us will be together again." The woman leaned against him, and together they entered the elevator, ascending into the unknown.

Daphne had merely intended to use the restroom, yet she had inadvertently stumbled upon a scene that left her bewildered. What were they discussing? Did Patrick have another daughter hidden away? As fragments of her past life replayed in her mind, Daphne's heart tightened with an uneasy suspicion, slowly taking root within her.

**Conclusion** In this chapter, Daphne's emotional journey reaches a pivotal moment as she confronts her past and the remnants of her relationship with Julian.

The once cherished connection has transformed into a painful reminder of betrayal and disdain, forcing her to reclaim her identity amidst the chaos. Her initial excitement in the ballroom quickly dissipates when Julian's contemptuous words shatter her blissful distraction, yet instead of retreating into the shadows, she finds strength in indifference. The snap of her tongs around his finger symbolizes her refusal to be a victim any longer; she is no longer the girl who clung to his approval.

Instead, she embraces her newfound confidence, relishing the attention of admirers while Julian grapples with the realization that the woman he once knew has evolved into someone unrecognizable and unapologetic. As the chaos unfolds with Yasmin's unfortunate incident, the focus shifts back to Daphne's hidden past, hinting at deeper familial connections that remain shrouded in mystery. The emotional arc culminates in a sense of ambiguity and anticipation, as Daphne stands at the precipice of understanding her true identity.

Moreover, the mysterious encounter Daphne overheard will unravel further, revealing secrets that could shatter the delicate balance of her life. Who is this woman connected to Patrick, and what does it mean for Daphne's identity? As she delves deeper into her past, the stakes will rise, and the line between friend and foe will blur. Expect intrigue and unexpected alliances as Daphne navigates the complexities of her relationships while uncovering truths that could redefine her very existence. Will she embrace her past or forge a new path, and how will Julian fit into the evolving narrative?

The answers await, shrouded in anticipation. 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.