

Toxic Family Out- Reborn in CEO's Pamper Novel

When Names Become Stories By Naomi Ellis ` 11 Summary In Chapter 11 of "When Names Become Stories," Daphne leaves a banquet feeling overwhelmed by the evening's events. As she sits in the car, her thoughts are consumed by the attention Patrick has shown Yasmin, which she realizes is a calculated move on his part. Elliot, sitting beside her, gently draws her attention with a tender gesture, prompting a moment of connection that leads to an unexpected kiss.

This kiss ignites a passionate atmosphere in the car, filled with warmth and desire, but is abruptly interrupted when Daphne accidentally drops her dessert onto Elliot's pants, leading to a mix of embarrassment and playful teasing. As the night progresses, Daphne drifts off to sleep in the car, feeling secure in Elliot's presence. When they arrive at Rosewood Manor, Elliot surprises both himself and Bernard by carrying her inside like a bride, revealing a softer side that Daphne has begun to awaken in him.

The following morning, Daphne wakes up to find Elliot beside her in bed, which fills her with a mix of confusion and warmth. Their playful banter reflects a growing intimacy, and as they navigate the morning together, the atmosphere is charged with unspoken emotions. The chapter concludes with a sense of newfound closeness between Daphne and Elliot, highlighted by Elliot's protective nature when addressing Troy, who mistakenly calls Daphne by the wrong name. This moment signifies a shift in their relationship, as Elliot's possessiveness hints at deeper feelings.

With gentle care, he guides Daphne to breakfast, treating her with a tenderness that underscores the significance of their bond, suggesting that their connection is evolving into something profound and lasting. Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below **When Names Become Stories** By Naomi Ellis **Chapter 11: Awakening Next to Him** As Daphne departed the banquet hall, she slipped into the car, yet her mind remained ensnared in the whirlwind of emotions and revelations that had just transpired.

The evening had unfolded like a complex puzzle, and now, in the quiet confines of the vehicle, she began to piece together the fragments of her thoughts. In retrospect, it was no surprise that Patrick, with his relentless focus on profit margins, would shower Yasmin with attention. The favor he showed her was simply a strategic move, one that aligned perfectly with his self-serving nature. "What's swirling in that mind of yours?" Elliot's large hand gently pressed against her temple, tilting her face towards him with a tenderness that sent a shiver down her spine.

"Nothing much," she replied, forcing a sweet smile to mask the turmoil within. She reached for the beautifully boxed desserts resting beside her and held them up with a flourish. "Want to give these a try?" Bernard, who was navigating the road with a steady hand, couldn't help but glance at them through the rearview mirror, his expression a mixture of disbelief and amusement. He had never seen anyone leave a banquet not only satisfied but also with a take-home dessert.

Elliot's gaze flitted from her delicate, pale hands cradling the green tea mousse to the vintage green dress that hugged her figure. So, she had a penchant for green, he mused, a color that seemed to resonate with her essence. Sensing his hesitation, she

leaned in slightly, her voice softening. "It's not overly sweet. You should definitely give it a taste." "I actually prefer it sweet," he replied, his eyes locking onto hers with an intensity that made her heart race. "What?" Daphne raised an eyebrow, momentarily taken aback.

She had always thought of Elliot as someone who had little interest in sweets, someone who preferred the savory over the sugary. Yet, here he was, revealing a side of himself that intrigued her. Before she could formulate a response, his large hand cradled the back of her head, and he leaned in, brushing his lips against hers with a cool gentleness that quickly ignited into something more fervent. The kiss was bold and possessive, as if he were claiming her, savoring the lingering taste of strawberry milk that danced on her tongue.

In that moment, the world outside the car faded away, leaving only the two of them in a bubble of warmth and desire. Bernard, sensing the charged atmosphere, silently raised the center partition, giving them a semblance of privacy. Heat pooled in the backseat, and Daphne felt herself melting under the weight of his kisses. They were always so insistent, a force she found impossible to resist. She felt herself weakening, unable to push him away, lost in the moment until, quite suddenly, the cake slipped from her grasp and plummeted onto his pants, breaking the spell.

Daphne stared at the fallen dessert, a wave of regret washing over her. But before she could voice her embarrassment, his hand ruffled her hair-rough, yet possessive, igniting a flicker of defiance within her. "You still dare to look at it, huh?" he teased, a smirk

playing on his lips. It was only at that moment that she fully processed where the cake had landed, and her cheeks flushed crimson. She quickly averted her gaze, focusing on the window, desperately trying to hide her embarrassment.

By the time they returned to Rosewood Manor, the night had fully enveloped the sky, stars twinkling like distant memories. ****Chapter 11: Awakening Next to Him**** Daphne drifted into a peaceful sleep in the car without even realizing it. She had always cherished sleep, especially when she felt secure and free from hunger or cold. In the embrace of safety, sleep would claim her instantly. Elliot, noticing her slumber, instinctively guided her head onto his shoulder, a gesture filled with a rare gentleness that illuminated his usually stoic demeanor.

She slept just as she had in her childhood, wrapped in dreams. When the car finally came to a halt at the gates of Rosewood Manor, Elliot stepped out, his movements deliberate as he steadied her head before it could drop. With a carefulness that surprised even him, he lifted her into his arms, cradling her like a bride. For Bernard, witnessing this softer side of his typically cold and ruthless boss was nothing short of astonishing. It was clear that Daphne held a special place in Elliot's heart, one that was reserved for few.

The following morning, Daphne awoke precisely at six o'clock, the soft light filtering through the curtains. It took her a moment to gather her thoughts, realizing that she had fallen asleep in the car the night before. It must have been Elliot who had carried her inside. Just as she prepared to rise, an arm snaked around her waist, pulling her into a warm, familiar chest. Steady breaths brushed against her ear, sending a thrill through

her. "Don't move," came his husky, drowsy voice, thick with sleep. Daphne froze, her heart racing as confusion washed over her. Why is Elliot in my bed?

Gradually, the rhythm of his breathing steadied, and she exhaled slowly, carefully turning to face him. As she looked up, her breath caught in her throat. Morning light spilled through the curtains, casting a soft glow on his chiseled features. The shadows from his lashes softened his usually sharp angles, and his tousled hair, illuminated by the sunlight, tempered his typically icy demeanor. Despite the intimacy of the moment, a serene warmth enveloped her. He was hers, after all. Sharing a bed was not an unusual occurrence.

With that realization, she allowed herself to gaze unabashedly at him. "Had your fill?" she teased lightly. Elliot didn't open his eyes but merely moved his lips, the corners of his mouth twitching into a faint smile. Startled, she jumped but quickly recovered, a playful glint in her eyes. "Not even close." A genuine smile broke across his face as he finally opened his eyes, the creases at the corners crinkling as he took her in, his gaze reflecting her entirely.

He reached out, tousling her hair in a deliberate manner, reminiscent of how one might pet a loyal dog, then leaned back, shutting his eyes once more. "I'll give you five more minutes," he murmured, his voice thick with sleep. Unnecessary, she thought, her mind racing with the day ahead. They washed up and descended the grand staircase one after the other, the air thick with unspoken words and lingering glances. Bernard awaited them in the hall, an unexpected presence in the morning light.

He was actually Troy's son, but the two men exchanged a glance that spoke volumes about the events of the previous night. "Mr. Beckett, Ms. Lavette, breakfast is ready," Troy announced, his tone professional yet slightly hesitant. "What did you just call her?" Elliot's voice sharpened, an edge of protectiveness creeping in. Troy quickly corrected himself, "Oh... Mrs. Beckett." Only then did Elliot seem satisfied, a flicker of triumph crossing his features.

Taking Daphne's hand, he guided her towards the dining room with a gentleness that belied his usual demeanor, seating her with deliberate care, as if she were the most precious thing in the world. Conclusion As the morning light streamed through the windows of Rosewood Manor, Daphne found herself enveloped in a sense of tranquility that she had long yearned for. The events of the previous night had stirred something deep within her, awakening emotions she had kept buried under layers of doubt and uncertainty.

With Elliot by her side, the boundaries of their relationship had shifted, transforming from mere acquaintances to something more profound and intimate. The playful banter they exchanged, coupled with the tenderness of his touch, illuminated the path forward, one filled with promise and the potential for love. In that moment, as she gazed into his eyes, she realized that she was ready to embrace whatever story lay ahead, one where her name would intertwine with his in a narrative of shared dreams and aspirations.

Elliot's protective instinct and the way he handled her with such care spoke volumes about the depth of his feelings. The shift from the cold, calculating man she once knew to this softer version of him ignited a flicker of hope in her heart. It was a reminder that

beneath the layers of ambition and facade, there existed a vulnerability that he had begun to reveal. As they shared breakfast, the air thick with unspoken understanding, Daphne felt the weight of their connection solidifying.

Moreover, the unexpected appearance of Bernard and Troy will introduce new layers of tension and intrigue. With the revelation of Troy's true identity, the stakes will rise, and Daphne will find herself navigating a web of family secrets and hidden agendas. As Elliot's protective instincts surface, the question looms: how far will he go to safeguard what he has begun to cherish? Prepare for a whirlwind of emotions as Daphne confronts her feelings for Elliot, and the two must decide whether to embrace the risks of love or retreat into the safety of their guarded hearts.

The unfolding drama promises to keep readers on the edge of their seats, eager to discover what choices will shape their destinies. 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.