

Toxic Family Out- Reborn in CEO's Pamper Novel

When Names Become Stories By Naomi Ellis '12 Summary In Chapter 12 of "When Names Become Stories," titled "The Fountain Scandal," Bernard is preparing to present his report during a meeting, but his attention is drawn to Daphne. She feels overshadowed by Elliot's commanding presence, which contrasts sharply with her own insecurities. Despite her discomfort, a notification on her phone brings unexpected excitement: she has enough funds to finally pursue her dream of launching a clothing brand called "DaphMuse," a chance she missed previously.

As the meeting progresses, Daphne's attention is diverted by an article about Yasmin Culver, who comically falls into a fountain. This incident provides her with a moment of levity, particularly as she imagines the Culvers' embarrassment. Elliot, however, maintains a stoic demeanor while subtly showing concern for Daphne, surprising both her and Bernard with a gentle gesture of wiping her mouth. This moment reveals a softer side of Elliot that Daphne struggles to reconcile with his usual authoritative persona.

After breakfast, Elliot prepares to leave, and he instructs Daphne to tie his tie, a skill she has never learned due to her humble upbringing. As he guides her hands, their proximity ignites a tension between them, making it difficult for both to ignore their growing attraction. When Daphne returns in a confident outfit, Elliot is visibly captivated.

Their interaction culminates in a tender kiss, marking a shift in their relationship from possessive to affectionate, filled with mutual desire and teasing banter.

However, the moment of intimacy is interrupted when Marie announces a phone call from the Culver family. Daphne's excitement quickly turns to tension as Jenna Culver accuses her of misconduct regarding Yasmin's incident at the banquet. Rather than back down, Daphne feels a surge of defiance, ready to confront the escalating drama and the challenges that lie ahead. This chapter highlights Daphne's journey of self-assertion and the complexities of her relationship with Elliot amidst external conflicts.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below ****When Names Become Stories**** ****By Naomi Ellis**** ****Chapter 12: The Fountain Scandal**** As Bernard prepared to deliver his report, his eyes drifted across the table, landing on Daphne almost instinctively. There was something magnetic about her presence that drew him in, even amidst the formalities of the meeting. "It's okay. Go ahead," Elliot interjected smoothly, lifting his coffee cup with the kind of effortless grace that suggested he had mastered the art of command.

Even a simple breakfast could not diminish the air of authority that surrounded him, as if he possessed the world in the palm of his hand. In stark contrast to Elliot's unwavering confidence, Daphne felt a familiar sense of inadequacy wash over her. Despite their history, he still kept the intricate workings of his sprawling empire shrouded in mystery. She could never hope to fully comprehend the labyrinth of decisions and strategies that defined his world.

Sitting slightly apart from the others, she picked at her food, her attention divided as she occasionally scrolled through her phone, seeking distraction from the weight of the meeting. Suddenly, a notification chimed, breaking through her half-hearted focus. As she read the alert, a wave of excitement surged through her. After earmarking a portion of her wealth for charity, she realized she still had over ten million left-enough to bring her dream of launching a boutique in a prime Denvermont district to life. This time, she was determined to create the "DaphMuse" clothing brand.

In her previous life, she had let the opportunity slip through her fingers. But not again.

This time, she would seize it. Her scrolling led her to an article that caught her eye.

"Rising Star Yasmin Culver Gets Drunk, Plunges Into Fountain." Just as she took a sip of her milk, the video clip played, showing Yasmin dramatically covering her face as she fell into a fountain, her descent almost graceful in its absurdity. The slow-motion replay exaggerated every splash, looping it three times, and Daphne nearly choked on her milk, laughter bubbling up inside her. **Fall in? Please.

She's obviously being thrown in!** The orchestrators of this spectacle deserved applause. Watching the Culvers squirm under the weight of their own humiliation was a guilty pleasure, and this was merely the beginning of their misfortunes. Across the table, Elliot, the mastermind behind it all, observed the report with a stoic expression, yet he couldn't resist the urge to reach out.

With deliberate movements, he tore off a piece of his napkin and gently wiped the corner of Daphne's mouth, a gesture that surprised both her and Bernard, who paused mid-sentence, taken aback by the almost paternal instinct Elliot exhibited. "Eat up. No

more distractions," Elliot instructed, his voice firm yet softened by an undercurrent of warmth. Daphne blinked, momentarily stunned by his concern.

Does he really think I'm a child? Bernard was still reeling from the unexpected display of affection, his mind racing as he tried to reconcile the commanding figure of Elliot with this softer side that emerged in moments like these. After breakfast, Troy approached with a black suit jacket draped over his arm, holding it open for Elliot. With a practiced ease, Elliot rose, slipped into the jacket, and adjusted the collar and cuffs. Marie Patton, the long-time housemaid, stepped forward with a matching tie, ready to fasten it around his neck.

Elliot's eyes shifted to Daphne, a silent command passing between them. "You tie it," he instructed, his tone leaving no room for argument. "Me? I don't know how!" she protested, her cheeks flushing with a mix of embarrassment and disbelief. Growing up in poverty, she had never learned the art of tying a tie, a skill that felt worlds away from her current reality. "I'll show you," Elliot said, placing the tie in her hands. He encased her fingers with his, guiding her movements with a tenderness that made her heart race.

She had to tilt her head back to meet his gaze, the height difference between them striking. As she concentrated, trying to follow his lead, Elliot felt an almost overwhelming urge to devour her with his eyes, the intensity of his gaze making it difficult to look away. But he forced himself to avert his eyes, knowing that if he didn't, leaving the house today would become an impossible task. Settling back into his wheelchair, his expression hardened into its usual icy facade, a mask he wore to shield himself from the world.

"Wait!" Daphne called out, suddenly remembering his rule from the night before. He should see every outfit first. She dashed upstairs, her heart racing as she rifled through her wardrobe. When she returned, she wore a light-brown polo-collar shirt paired with a short skirt, her long hair elegantly pinned up with pearls. The outfit radiated confidence and poise-qualities that belied her twenty years of age. "I'm wearing this outfit today. You get the first look," she announced, her voice steady despite the fluttering in her chest.

Elliot's gaze faltered, his heart racing as if it had been startled awake. The darkness in his eyes deepened, and he stared at her, captivated. She remembered his words from earlier-she wasn't just brushing him off this time. In a swift motion, he rose, his hand finding the back of her neck as he leaned down to capture her lips in a kiss. This kiss was different from the others. It was no longer possessive; instead, it held a tenderness that lingered, a deliberate connection that seemed to stretch time itself.

Daphne responded in kind, their breaths mingling as they lost themselves in the moment. Finally, he pulled back, resting his forehead against hers, his voice low and rough. "Baby girl, are you trying to seduce me?" "Mr. Beckett, you're the one seducing me. I'm merely returning the favor," she teased, a playful smile dancing on her lips. "Sharp tongue," he replied, tracing her lips with his thumb, allowing the heat in his eyes to soften as he ruffled her hair in mock punishment. Watching his chest rise and fall, Daphne couldn't help but smile, her heart swelling with affection.

Moments later, after Elliot had departed, Marie emerged from the dining room, her phone in hand. "Ms.-no, Mrs. Beckett. Your phone is ringing," she announced, her tone

brisk and businesslike. The screen flashed an unfamiliar number—the Culver family. Daphne answered, only for Jenna's furious voice to hit her like a slap, sharp and unforgiving. "Daphne! Have you lost your mind? You're getting bolder and bolder! How dare you lay hands on Yasmin at the banquet? Get back here immediately!" **Lay hands on Yasmin? Seriously?

Will she stand her ground against Jenna's fiery accusations, or will the weight of the Culvers' influence force her to reconsider her bold stance? As the stakes rise, Daphne's determination to carve out her own identity and pursue her dreams will be tested like never before. Meanwhile, Elliot's protective instincts towards Daphne will come to the forefront, revealing the complexities of their relationship.

His duality as a commanding figure and a tender mentor will be explored further, leaving readers to ponder how far he is willing to go to shield her from the fallout of the fountain scandal. As secrets unfold and alliances shift, the dynamic between Daphne and Elliot will deepen, raising questions about loyalty, ambition, and the true nature of their bond. Prepare for a chapter filled with intrigue, emotional confrontations, and unexpected twists that will keep you on the edge of your seat! 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.