

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

When Names Become Stories By Naomi Ellis `13 Summary In Chapter 13 of "When Names Become Stories," Daphne finds herself caught in a tumultuous situation filled with suspicion and blame. The chapter opens with the imposing Culver Mansion, symbolizing the weight of family reputation that Daphne feels crushing down on her. Yasmin, still reeling from a humiliating viral video, becomes a focal point of chaos, as her mother Jenna's anger turns toward Daphne, whom she blames for the family's disgrace.

Jenna's disappointment in Daphne is palpable, as she reflects on her past guilt for marrying her to a man who now seems to have brought shame upon them. Connor, desperate to mitigate the damage, suggests finding a scapegoat to take the blame for the scandal. Daphne overhears this plan and realizes the extent of her family's willingness to sacrifice her for their own interests. The tension escalates when a glass shatters at her feet, symbolizing the fragile nature of their familial bonds.

Jenna's fury is directed at Daphne, demanding that she take responsibility for Yasmin's predicament, showcasing a mother's desperation to protect her daughter, even at the cost of Daphne's dignity. As the confrontation unfolds, Daphne maintains her composure while Yasmin, caught in the middle, feigns innocence. The emotional stakes rise when Daphne confronts Yasmin about her role in the previous night's events, hinting at deeper betrayals.

Jenna's defensive stance towards Yasmin reveals her desperation to cling to her perceived family, while Daphne grapples with her own feelings of betrayal and resentment. The chapter highlights the complex dynamics of familial loyalty and the emotional scars that come from past grievances. Daphne's refusal to take the blame for Yasmin marks a turning point in her character arc. She recalls her own past sacrifices for the family, feeling the weight of their expectations and the lack of support she received in her time of need.

Her icy response to Jenna's pleas for her to clear Yasmin's name underscores her resolve to no longer be the sacrificial lamb for their mistakes. The chapter closes with a sense of foreboding as Callum confronts Daphne in anger, suggesting that the turmoil is far from over, and leaving readers eager to see how the story will unfold amidst the chaos of family loyalty and personal integrity.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below \*\*When Names Become Stories\*\* \*\*By Naomi Ellis\*\* \*\*Chapter 13: Making a Fool of Her\*\* Daphne found herself ensnared in a web of suspicion, yet the tangible proof she sought remained elusive. The grand façade of Culver Mansion rose against the dawn, casting long shadows that seemed to whisper secrets of the night before. Yasmin, still reeling from the events of the previous evening, stumbled upon the harsh reality that her video had gone viral, spreading like wildfire across social media.

Despite Julian's desperate attempts to erase all traces of it, the clip had made its way into the hands of gossip bloggers, who reveled in the scandal. In the midst of this chaos, Jenna wrapped her arms around her distraught daughter, her own anger spilling over as

she hurled venomous words at Daphne. Once, Jenna had felt a pang of guilt for marrying Daphne to the man who resided in Rosewood Manor. But now, that guilt had morphed into a bitter realization of her error. The girl she had hoped would embody grace and decorum had revealed herself to be anything but.

Instead of the well-mannered daughter she had nurtured, Daphne had become a source of disgrace, dragging the illustrious Culver name through the mud with her reckless behavior. "Honestly, this isn't difficult to resolve," Connor interjected, his voice steady, yet laced with urgency. "The face in the video isn't even recognizable. Once Skycrest Entertainment issues a statement denying it, we'll find someone to shoulder the blame, and this whole mess will fade into oblivion." Just as Daphne stepped into the room, she overheard those last words, her heart sinking at the implication.

Someone to take the blame? A cold realization washed over her-this was why Jenna had been so eager to bring her back into the fold. Suddenly, a glass shattered at her feet, the sound sharp and jarring. The expensive collagen drink, a vibrant mix of berries, splattered across the pristine marble floor, and a shard sliced her ankle, drawing bright crimson against her pale skin. "I pulled you out of a slum, not so you could make a fool of me!" Jenna's voice was a tremor of fury, each word dripping with contempt. "Mom, please don't be upset.

Your health matters most," Yasmin pleaded, her eyes glistening with concern as she looked between her mother and Daphne. Jenna, breathing heavily, pointed an accusatory finger at Daphne. "You! You need to fix this for Yasmin. Just say the girl in the fountain last night was you!" Daphne surveyed the hall, searching for Patrick, but he

was nowhere to be found. Without him, this encounter felt utterly pointless. As she turned to leave, Connor stepped into her path, blocking her exit. "Daphne, do you understand that one scandal could send Skycrest Entertainment's stock crashing?

Dad's away on business, and he hasn't heard about this yet. Take the blame for Yasmin before he finds out. We'll pretend last night never happened." Business trip? Daphne raised an eyebrow, skepticism etched across her features. "Why on earth would I need your forgiveness? Did you lose your mind along with your integrity? I've already severed ties with the Culvers. What, are we all supposed to have collective amnesia now?" "YOU!" Connor's face flushed with frustration, his fists clenched at his sides.

Daphne's gaze shifted to Yasmin, who stood there, her expression a mask of feigned innocence. Slowly, Daphne approached, her hand lifted as if to strike. Yasmin flinched, bracing herself for a blow, but she forced herself to remain still, a defiant thought racing through her mind: Go on, hit me. It will only make everyone hate you more. But instead of a slap, Daphne simply tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear, her demeanor cool and composed. "Are you absolutely certain it was me who had you thrown into that fountain?" Under Daphne's piercing gaze, Yasmin's confidence began to crumble.

She knew exactly who was responsible for the humiliation last night, yet there was no way Daphne could have known. "Daphie, I never meant to take your place," Yasmin said softly, her voice almost a whisper. "Even if you resent me, you shouldn't resort to something so cruel. It's one thing if I lose my reputation, but you're hurting the entire Culver family too." Daphne couldn't help but recall the woman she had seen in Patrick's

arms the night before. The resemblance was uncanny, and a flicker of realization ignited within her.

Before she could voice her thoughts, Jenna shoved Daphne aside, positioning herself protectively in front of Yasmin. "You keep hurting Yasmin because you blame me for losing you, don't you?" Jenna's voice rose, filled with a mix of anger and desperation. "Fine! I lost you! Hate me, not her! Even if she isn't my biological daughter, I've raised her as my own. Why take your anger out on her?" Maybe you see her as a biological daughter, Daphne mused silently, but that doesn't mean she sees you as a biological mother.

Daphne regarded Jenna with quiet pity, but the words she longed to speak remained locked within her. There was no point in trying to enlighten someone who was willfully blind. "If you're so convinced I did it," Daphne said coolly, "then call the police." "Must you make this such a spectacle?" Jenna's voice softened, turning into a plea laced with guilt. "If you still think of me as your mother-if I didn't endure the pain of childbirth for nothing-then do what your brother suggested. Clear Yasmin's name. It's not that serious." Not serious?

In her past life, she had been the stand-in for Yasmin countless times. A particular scandal flashed through her mind-when rumors had circulated about Yasmin and a film director at a hotel. They had forced Daphne to clarify it in Yasmin's stead, while she had been left to endure the fallout alone. They spoke endlessly of family, yet when she had been torn apart online, and the director's wife had thrown acid at her, not one of them had come to her defense. Instead, they had scolded her for being immature.

"If it's really nothing serious," she said, her tone icy, "then let her handle it on her own." Jenna lunged for another glass, raising it threateningly, but Daphne stood her ground, unflinching. Her eyes were clear and hollow, as if she were surveying a graveyard filled with lost souls. Jenna froze, the glass trembling in her hand. With a sense of finality, Daphne turned and walked away. She had barely reached the door when the sound of shattering glass echoed behind her. "It's all right, Yasmin. I'm here..." Jenna murmured, her voice filled with a mix of concern and desperation.

Daphne's lips curled into a faint, chilling smile as she stepped outside, feeling the cool air brush against her skin. Just as she crossed the threshold of the villa, Callum stormed up the steps, fury etched across his features. "You b\*tch! How dare you show your face here?" he snarled, his fist swinging toward her with palpable rage. Conclusion In the aftermath of the chaos, Daphne stood at the precipice of her own reckoning, the weight of her family's expectations pressing down on her like a leaden shroud.

The tumultuous confrontation with Jenna and Yasmin had stripped away the façade of loyalty and love she once clung to, revealing a harsh truth: her identity had been molded not by her own choices but by the desires and fears of those around her. The shattering glass that echoed through the mansion was not just the sound of a broken drink; it symbolized the fracture of her ties to the Culver legacy. In that moment, she understood that her worth was not defined by her ability to shield others from their mistakes or to play the role of the dutiful daughter.

Instead, she found a flicker of defiance igniting within her, a determination to carve out her own narrative, free from the entanglements of guilt and blame. As she stepped out

into the cool air, a newfound clarity enveloped her. The confrontation with Callum, though filled with venom, served as a catalyst for her transformation. No longer would she allow herself to be the scapegoat for the family's scandals or the silent witness to their betrayals.

Expect to see characters revealing their true motivations and hidden agendas, as the facade of loyalty begins to crumble under the weight of their secrets. Moreover, the arrival of Callum promises to inject an explosive element into the already charged atmosphere. His rage toward Daphne hints at unresolved issues that could threaten to unravel the fragile dynamics within the family. Will he serve as a catalyst for Daphne to reclaim her narrative, or will his fury push her further into isolation?

As the chapter unfolds, readers can anticipate a dramatic confrontation that will force all characters to confront their past choices and the consequences of their actions, setting the stage for a reckoning that could change everything. Prepare for revelations that will leave readers questioning not only the characters' loyalties but also the very essence of family itself. 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.