

Toxic Family Out- Reborn in CEO's Pamper Novel

When Names Become Stories By Naomi Ellis '14 Summary In "When Names Become Stories," Callum, a dedicated weight trainer and martial artist, faces a humiliating defeat at the hands of Daphne, who effortlessly sidesteps his attacks and knocks him down with a swift move. This encounter ignites a burning desire for revenge within Callum, who vows to make Daphne regret her actions. The emotional turmoil of humiliation and anger sets the stage for Daphne's next move, as she plots to gather information that could turn the tables.

Daphne's determination leads her to don a cleaner's disguise at the Panorama Hotel, where she hopes to uncover the truth about her suspicions involving Elliot and his family. The tension escalates as she stealthily collects hair samples from a room recently occupied by a couple, believing it could provide the evidence she needs. However, her covert operation is interrupted by an older cleaner, who hints at a mysterious man in a wheelchair, further piquing Daphne's curiosity and concern.

As Daphne navigates the hotel, she overhears a heated conversation between Marcus, Elliot's half-brother, and his subordinates. The atmosphere is thick with tension as Marcus expresses his frustration over Elliot's rise to power and his current situation. Daphne realizes that the man in the wheelchair is Elliot, who has faced significant challenges, including an assassination attempt that left him incapacitated. The complex

dynamics of the Beckett family, marked by betrayal and rivalry, unfold before her eyes, deepening her understanding of Elliot's struggles.

After completing her task, Daphne is unceremoniously pushed out of the room by bodyguards, leaving her reeling from the revelations she has just encountered. Outside, she attempts to reach Elliot but is met with silence. Meanwhile, Elliot, in a high-rise conference room, demonstrates his authority despite his frail condition, negotiating fiercely with his directors. The story intertwines themes of power, revenge, and the intricate web of familial relationships, setting the stage for further conflicts as characters grapple with their pasts and ambitions.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below ****When Names Become Stories**** By Naomi

Ellis Callum had nurtured a passion for weight training since he was a child, his physique resembling that of a formidable tank. He had also dabbled in kickboxing and martial arts, honing his skills with relentless dedication. Yet, when it came to facing Daphne, who seemed to embody the very essence of true combat, he found himself tragically outmatched. To Daphne, Callum's punch seemed to arrive in slow motion, almost comical in its execution.

With a fluid grace, she sidestepped his attack, seized his outstretched arm, and delivered a swift knee to his midsection. The impact sent the towering six-foot man crashing to the ground, the sound echoing like a thunderclap through the air. "Trash," she muttered disdainfully, her voice dripping with contempt. "Say that again! Who the hell—" Callum gasped, clutching his ribs as his face transformed into a sickly shade of

red, reminiscent of spoiled liver. This was the second time Daphne had humiliated him, and the fire of vengeance ignited within him.

He vowed silently that he would make her regret this day. After departing from the imposing Culver Mansion, Daphne pulled out her phone, her mind racing with possibilities. "Phoebe, I need you to dig up some information for me. And while you're at it, procure a master key for the Panorama Hotel," she instructed, her tone commanding. Two hours later, Daphne found herself donning a cleaner's uniform, a disguise that allowed her to blend seamlessly into the hotel environment. She slipped into the room that Patrick had occupied the previous night, her heart pounding with anticipation.

Fortune smiled upon her; the couple had checked out earlier that morning, leaving the room untouched. She hurriedly plucked a few short strands of hair from the pillowcase, sealing them inside a plastic bag along with Yasmin's locks. She had a suspicion brewing in her mind, but she needed concrete evidence to confirm it. Just as she prepared to make her exit, an older cleaner wheeled a cart into the room, her eyes narrowing as she spotted Daphne. "Isn't this room mine to clean?" the woman asked, her voice tinged with authority. "Maybe I got the wrong one.

"I think I'm supposed to clean next door," Daphne replied casually, her heart racing as she stealthily tucked the bag into her pocket. The older woman, now clad in yellow gloves, began to gather the scattered trash. "Next door's the presidential suite. Don't rush off yet—I just spotted a few people walking in," she said, her tone conspiratorial. Daphne barely registered the words, her mind racing until the woman added, "Such a

shame. The man in there was stunning-better-looking than that TV actor-but he's stuck in a wheelchair." At the mention of a wheelchair, Daphne's heart skipped a beat.

A sharp, devilish face flashed through her mind-Elliot's. "Hey, are you new? I haven't seen you around before," the woman continued, oblivious to Daphne's sudden tension. Before the conversation could unfold any further, Daphne slipped out of the room, her instincts urging her to escape. ****Chapter 14: The Man in the Wheelchair**** As she made her way past the presidential suite, the door swung open, revealing a middle-aged man who called out, "Perfect timing! Come clean this up!" The door remained ajar, and the atmosphere inside was thick with tension, a foul smell wafting into the hallway.

Several men clad in black stood in the corners, their hands clasped behind their backs like soldiers awaiting orders. The sound of glass shattering reverberated ominously off the walls. "Useless! How did Grandpa end up with a bunch of idiots like you?" the man barked, his voice laced with frustration. "Mr. Marcus, we messed up this time, but you know how your brother operates," one of the men stammered, his voice barely above a whisper. "He's not my brother! He's nothing more than an illegitimate child who should have remained hidden. Now he thinks he can walk all over me!"

I don't care how you do it-get him out of that chair," Marcus demanded, his voice dripping with venom. Daphne moved cautiously about the room, her hands deftly sweeping up shards of glass while her ears perked up to catch snippets of their conversation. Out of the corner of her eye, she caught sight of a man in a wheelchair, his black suit tailored but one pant leg hanging empty, a stark reminder of his

predicament. From the fragments of their discussion, it became clear that this man was Elliot's half-brother-Marcus Beckett.

In a previous life, she recalled Yasmin mentioning how Elliot's ascent to power had begun with the destruction of his brother. The feuds within the Beckett family were notorious for their cruelty. Their father had been a scandalous philanderer, leaving behind a trail of broken marriages and several illegitimate children. As the son of the first wife, Marcus had initially garnered support from their grandfather as the rightful heir to the family legacy.

But a year ago, Elliot had turned the tables, crippling Marcus and forcing him to relinquish his position, seizing control of the Beckett Group for himself. Not long ago, Elliot had narrowly survived an assassination attempt. When he reemerged, he was confined to a wheelchair, and rumors of his deteriorating health began to circulate, emboldening his rivals. When Daphne finished cleaning, two imposing bodyguards roughly shoved her toward the exit. Bang! The door slammed shut behind her, leaving her momentarily disoriented.

Just before the door closed completely, she thought she heard Marcus mutter, "The shipment goes through Grangewood tonight. You know what to do." Daphne's mind raced, trying to recall if anything significant had occurred around this time in her previous life. But back then, she had paid little attention to Elliot, and the details eluded her. As she exited the hotel, she attempted to call him twice on her way to Denvermont First Hospital, but each time, her calls went unanswered.

Meanwhile, in the high-rise conference room of the Beckett Group Headquarters, Elliot sat at the head of the table, reclining slightly in his wheelchair, his eyes closed as if he were lost in thought. His long fingers absentmindedly twisted the silver ring on his pinky, and every so often, he covered his mouth to stifle a cough, a sign of his fragile state. No one in the room dared to breathe too loudly, the atmosphere thick with unspoken tension. "Cut the price we discussed by another five points," he said quietly, his voice barely a whisper yet commanding attention. "Mr.

Beckett, that's already our bottom line," one branch director protested, his voice shaky. Elliot's eyes snapped open, narrowing like a predator's as a faint, sharp smile crept across his lips. "Then make it fifteen," he replied softly, his tone laced with an unsettling calm. "I believe in democracy—he gets to choose." Conclusion In the aftermath of the chaos, both Callum and Daphne find themselves at pivotal crossroads, their emotional arcs entwined with the darker threads of ambition and vengeance.

Callum, humiliated and fueled by a desire for retribution, grapples with the realization that brute strength alone cannot conquer the complexities of human conflict. His encounter with Daphne has not only exposed his physical limitations but also ignited a fierce introspection about his identity and purpose. Meanwhile, Daphne, cloaked in the guise of a cleaner, navigates the treacherous waters of the Beckett family's legacy, driven by a potent mix of curiosity and ambition.

As she uncovers secrets that could shift the power dynamics within the family, her journey becomes a quest for agency in a world where names carry weight and stories intertwine. As the chapter closes, the stakes are higher than ever, with Daphne's

discoveries hinting at a broader conspiracy that could reshape the lives of those entangled in the Beckett saga. Elliot, now confined to a wheelchair, embodies both vulnerability and resilience, his quiet authority resonating through the boardroom despite his physical limitations.

In the upcoming chapter, readers can expect to delve deeper into the intricate web of family dynamics that defines the Beckett legacy. As Daphne grapples with the shocking revelations about Elliot's half-brother Marcus, the stakes will escalate dramatically. Will she uncover the truth behind the sinister shipment mentioned in Marcus's conversation? The tension between the brothers is palpable, and Daphne's role as an unwitting observer may thrust her into the heart of a dangerous power struggle. Expect thrilling twists as her decisions could either protect or endanger those she cares about.

Moreover, Elliot's precarious health and his ruthless demeanor will come under scrutiny as he navigates the treacherous waters of corporate politics. The chapter promises to reveal more about his motivations and the lengths he is willing to go to secure his position. As the clock ticks down to the shipment's deadline, the question looms: will Daphne be able to warn Elliot in time, or will the shadows of the past consume them both? Anticipate a gripping confrontation that will challenge loyalties and test the limits of ambition, leaving readers breathless and eager for what lies ahead.

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