

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

When Names Become Stories By Naomi Ellis '17 Summary In Chapter 17 of "When Names Become Stories" by Naomi Ellis, the tension escalates as Freya stands up to defend her friend Yasmin against Daphne, who is perceived as a threat. Freya's loyalty ignites a fierce confrontation, and she accuses Daphne of trying to steal Yasmin's place in the Culver family. This moment is charged with emotions, as Yasmin feels a mix of unease and conflicted loyalty, caught between her friendship with Freya and her past with Daphne.

Freya's insults towards Daphne are harsh and mocking, emphasizing Daphne's status as the adopted daughter of the Culvers. The confrontation is filled with cruelty, as Freya demands an apology from Daphne, asserting that she belongs in a lower social class. Yasmin plays the role of the benevolent sister, feigning kindness while secretly relishing in Daphne's humiliation. The atmosphere becomes increasingly hostile as laughter erupts from their group, mocking Daphne for her perceived inferiority.

However, the dynamics shift dramatically when a waiter delivers exquisite dessert boxes to Daphne, revealing her unexpected financial independence. The shock of the moment leaves Freya and Yasmin speechless, as they grapple with the reality that Daphne is not the impoverished outcast they believed her to be. Freya's embarrassment grows, and she lashes out, demanding a refund and reinforcing her disdain for Daphne's presence in their upscale restaurant. Despite the humiliation and harsh words

thrown at her, Daphne remains composed, displaying a calm confidence that contrasts with Freya's rage.

Her subtle smile suggests a deeper understanding of the situation and a rejection of the labels imposed on her. As she walks away, the weight of the confrontation lingers, leaving both Yasmin and Freya to confront their own insecurities and biases in the wake of Daphne's quiet defiance. Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below \*\*When Names Become Stories\*\* \*\*By Naomi Ellis\*\* \*\*Chapter 17: Never Learn\*\* The atmosphere was thick with tension as Freya leaped to her feet, her loyalty to Yasmin sparking a fire in her eyes. "Yasmin, what's got you so anxious?

If she dares to mess with you, we'll make her regret it!" Her voice rang out, a battle cry from a best friend ready to defend her honor. Yasmin felt a knot of unease tighten in her stomach, yet she didn't stop Freya. Instead, she fell into step behind her and Rachel as they strode purposefully toward Daphne's table, each step echoing her conflicted feelings. Freya's gaze landed on the paper cup of water resting on the table, and a sneer twisted her lips as she looked down at Daphne. "Well, well, if it isn't the adopted daughter of the Culver family. In a rush, are we?

Didn't even bother to order anything." Daphne froze mid-step, her heart racing. Adopted daughter? The label hung in the air like a ghost from her past, a reminder she had almost managed to forget. It had been so long since she returned to the Culvers, and back then, Patrick had fretted over Yasmin feeling overshadowed by her. So, Yasmin remained the heiress, while she-the real daughter-was relegated to the role of the adopted one.

"Honestly, I don't know what kind of shady trick you pulled to wiggle your way into the Culver family, but do you really think that makes you Cinderella?" Freya's voice dripped with disdain. "You bullied Yasmin! You've got some nerve!" Freya had been itching for a chance to confront Daphne ever since the latter was expelled from the Culver family, and now that fate had delivered her right into Freya's path, there was no way she would let this opportunity slip away. "Apologize to Yasmin right now. Admit you never should've tried to steal her spot and that you'll stay where poor people belong.

Otherwise, you're not leaving this restaurant." The Zamora family owned the establishment, and Freya's fierce loyalty to her friends wouldn't allow anyone to walk in and out without making a purchase. Daphne regarded Freya and Rachel like performers in a circus, oblivious to the fact that Yasmin was orchestrating this encounter for her own benefit. Nevertheless, a question nagged at her: why did they all feel entitled to demand an apology from her? Did being weak and fragile automatically make her in the wrong? Her gaze sharpened as it landed on Yasmin.

There was a clarity in Yasmin's eyes that felt piercing, as if they could slice through the pretense surrounding them. Yasmin couldn't shake the unsettling feeling that this version of Daphne was utterly different from the girl she once knew. "Daphie, please don't be upset. Freya just has a quick tongue; she doesn't mean anything by it. Why don't you join us? Order whatever you like—it's on me," Yasmin offered, her tone dripping with forced kindness, as if she were the benevolent sister. "Yasmin, you're just too kind. Someone poor like her has no business eating here.

She'd probably faint if she saw the prices," Freya interjected, her voice laced with mockery. Laughter erupted from the group, a cruel symphony that echoed through the restaurant. "Some girls these days are so vain. If you're broke, stop dreaming about fancy places," one voice chimed in. "Exactly!" another echoed, the laughter rising like a tide. Yasmin felt a rush of satisfaction, her heart swelling as the mocking voices surrounded them. Someone like Daphne needed to learn her place. How absurd was it that a girl from the streets dared to compete with her?

She imagined the old man at Rosewood Manor must have cut Daphne off by now. Showing up here and ordering nothing but free water? How pathetic. "Daphie, why don't you take a look at the menu and see what you like? I can buy you a few things to take home," Yasmin suggested earnestly, her voice dripping with feigned concern, playing the role of the doting sister to perfection. The onlookers seemed moved by her display of kindness, but Daphne recognized the condescension in Yasmin's tone, the same tone people used to dismiss beggars.

A cold smirk curled her lips, memories of her past flooding back. Yasmin had always relished flaunting her superiority. "Yasmin, you really never learn," Daphne replied, her voice steady and laced with an edge of defiance. Just then, a waiter approached, balancing several beautifully packaged dessert boxes in his arms. "Ms. Lavette, your order is ready," he announced, his tone respectful. The air hung heavy with shock as all eyes turned to Daphne. Each dessert was a work of art, exquisite and undeniably expensive. Yasmin's expression froze, her mind racing as she struggled to find words.

The scene felt hauntingly familiar, yet entirely new. "You bought all that?" Freya's voice quivered with disbelief, her face a mask of confusion. How could a penniless woman, cast out from the Culver family, afford such luxury from her family's Michelin-starred restaurant? Those desserts cost as much as a designer handbag. Freya's cheeks burned with embarrassment, the earlier taunts now feeling like slaps against her own face. "Who gave you permission to sell to her?" she snapped, directing her frustration toward the waiter, who looked bewildered at the sudden shift in atmosphere.

The waiter, fully aware of Freya's status as the Zamora heiress, lowered his head in silence, unsure of how to respond. "Did she pay?" Freya pressed, her voice rising in indignation. "Y-Yes..." he stammered, glancing nervously between the two women. "Then refund it!" Freya erupted, her face flushed with rage and humiliation as she snatched the boxes from Daphne's hands. "Our desserts aren't for poor people like you! Selling to a lowlife like you only cheapens our restaurant." Daphne's phone buzzed with a notification of the refund, yet her expression remained calm as she turned to Freya. "What did you just say?" Freya sneered, her voice dripping with disdain. "I said nothing here is for broke nobodies. Think you belong here? Your kind sticks to street food. Stay out of our restaurant. We don't serve beggars." With that, she finished with a triumphant glare, her contempt for Daphne palpable. Daphne didn't flinch. A faint, enigmatic smile lingered on her lips, leaving her unreadable. She gave a small nod, turned on her heel, and walked out, the weight of the moment hanging in the air long after she had gone.

**Conclusion** In the aftermath of the confrontation, the air was thick with unspoken words and unresolved tensions. Freya's bravado crumbled as the realization of her actions

settled in, leaving her to grapple with the consequences of her cruelty. Yasmin, too, felt a shift within herself, a flicker of doubt that contradicted the satisfaction she had once derived from belittling Daphne. The laughter that had echoed through the restaurant now felt hollow, a stark reminder of the fragility of their social standings and the precariousness of their friendships.

The scene had transformed from a moment of triumph to a haunting reminder of the pain they inflicted on one another, revealing their own insecurities and fears. As Daphne walked away, her quiet strength resonated like a distant bell, signaling a new chapter in her life. She had emerged not as the victim they had tried to paint her as, but as someone who had reclaimed her identity and dignity. The encounter had not only exposed the fractures in Yasmin and Freya's friendship but also illuminated Daphne's resilience in the face of adversity.

Expect confrontations that will challenge loyalties and threaten friendships as Yasmin grapples with the reality that Daphne is not the fragile girl she once knew. Meanwhile, Daphne's enigmatic smile hints at a deeper story waiting to unfold. With her exit, she leaves behind not just a restaurant full of shocked onlookers, but a trail of questions that demand answers. What secrets lie in her past, and how has she managed to reclaim her place in a world that once cast her aside?