

Toxic Family Out- Reborn in CEO's Pamper Novel

When Names Become Stories By Naomi Ellis ` 18 Summary In Chapter 18 of "When Names Become Stories," titled "She Found the Answer," the story unfolds with Daphne leaving a scene in defeat, her dignity overshadowed by the exhilaration of her rivals. Rachel excuses herself for errands, while Freya and Yasmin head to the TOD Mall, eager to explore the "DaphMuse" boutique, known for its striking minimalist elegance and curated atmosphere.

The boutique is unlike any other clothing store, showcasing only three exquisite dresses that are displayed like sacred art pieces, capturing the attention of the two friends. As Freya and Yasmin admire the dresses in silence, Phoebe, the boutique's representative, approaches them with a professional demeanor. She informs them that the dresses are made to order, and production would take too long for Yasmin's needs. Disappointment washes over Yasmin when she learns the dresses are available for rent only, a concept that clashes with her desire for individuality.

Freya's skepticism about the rental process is palpable, especially when she questions why someone as wealthy as Mrs. Sullivan would choose to rent a dress instead of buying it outright. The atmosphere shifts when Mrs. Sullivan, a wealthy socialite, enters the boutique and confirms her rental of one of the dresses. This revelation ignites a sense of possibility in Yasmin, who realizes that if someone of Mrs. Sullivan's status can rent a dress, perhaps she can too.

After some contemplation, Yasmin decides to rent a stunning white lace dress that resembles one she had admired at a charity auction, signing the rental agreement with newfound determination. Meanwhile, Daphne, in the design studio above, discovers a DNA test report confirming that Yasmin is Patrick's illegitimate daughter-an answer to a question that had haunted her. As this personal revelation unfolds, a video begins circulating online, showcasing the Zamora family's restaurant and igniting public outrage.

Viewers express their disdain for the restaurant's perceived elitism and poor quality, leading to a growing movement against the establishment. The chapter ends with a sense of shifting identities and societal tensions, as personal stories intertwine with broader social issues. Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below **When Names Become Stories** By Naomi Ellis **Chapter 18: She Found the Answer** To everyone watching, Daphne had left the scene in utter defeat, her dignity trailing behind her like a shadow.

This notion ignited a surge of exhilaration among the trio, their faces glowing with the thrill of victory. As they stepped out of the restaurant, Rachel had already excused herself, citing a list of errands that awaited her. Freya, however, chose to accompany Yasmin to the bustling hub of TOD Mall, where their next adventure awaited. Nestled in a prime location within the mall was the "DaphMuse" boutique. The entrance was striking, with one door inviting passersby from the street while the other beckoned shoppers from within the mall.

Spanning approximately 1,080 square feet, the boutique was adorned with a minimalist elegance that was impossible to overlook-bold yet refined, it exuded an air of sophistication. Upon entering, it became clear that this was no ordinary clothing store. The atmosphere felt more akin to a curated gallery than a retail space. Within its walls, only three exquisite dresses were showcased-each perched gracefully on custom metal mannequins, encased in glass. The way they were displayed gave them an almost reverent quality, as if they were sacred works of art.

The DaphMuse designs were a harmonious blend of contemporary flair and polished elegance, striking a balance that felt timeless without veering into the realm of outdated fashion. Freya and Yasmin stood in silence, absorbing the beauty of the garments. Time seemed to stretch, and the stillness was palpable. No one approached them, leaving them to their thoughts. Eventually, a figure descended from the mezzanine, breaking the spell. Phoebe. She glided down with an air of calm confidence, her black dress trimmed with delicate white piping accentuating her graceful silhouette.

Her long hair was elegantly pinned up with a decorative hair stick, and her presence radiated an impeccable cleanliness and cultivation. Her complexion was so youthful and vibrant that it was nearly impossible to discern her age. "Apologies, ladies," she greeted them, her tone warm yet professional. "Our dresses are made to order. Production typically takes four to eight weeks, and unfortunately, we're fully booked through the end of the year. Is that a timeline you can accommodate?" Yasmin exchanged a glance with Freya, a wave of disappointment washing over her.

"No, that's far too long to wait," she replied, her voice tinged with frustration. Freya, ever the inquisitive one, leaned in. "What about these three dresses? I don't see any price tags." "Those three are available for rental only. They're not for sale," Phoebe clarified, her expression remaining composed. Rent? Yasmin's mind raced. How could she possibly wear something that wasn't hers? The bespoke dresses she had arranged for her birthday were a reflection of her individuality, crafted just for her. "Currently, you can only rent two of them," Phoebe continued, her tone matter-of-fact.

"The one in the center has already been reserved by Mrs. Sullivan." At the mention of the name, Yasmin's heart quickened. "Mrs. Sullivan? You mean the Sullivans-the prominent family in Denvermont?" she asked, her voice rising with disbelief. "Yes, that's correct." "Mrs. Sullivan is wealthy enough to buy a dress outright. Why would she bother renting one? If you're going to fabricate a story, at least make it plausible," Freya scoffed, crossing her arms defiantly. Her words came out sharper than intended, but they echoed the skepticism already swirling in Yasmin's mind.

"Suit yourselves," Phoebe replied coolly, her demeanor shifting as she ceased to indulge their doubts. Freya felt a surge of indignation rising within her, ready to retort, when suddenly, a poised woman descended from the second floor. "Phoebe, I'm leaving now. Don't forget to deliver that dress to my house in a few days. I've been wanting it for ages. I heard it's from the same line as the royal set in Yatesville-twenty thousand dollars a day to rent. What a steal!" Her tone was light and satisfied as she swept past them toward the exit. "It really was Mrs.

Sullivan!" Yasmin gasped, recognition dawning upon her from a charity auction they had attended. Freya hadn't seen the woman before, but Yasmin's reaction confirmed it. A flush of embarrassment crept into Freya's cheeks. Thank goodness Mrs. Sullivan hadn't overheard my earlier comments. Phoebe greeted the woman with a bright smile, watching her leave with a hint of admiration. Once they were alone, Yasmin pondered the implications of the encounter. If someone as affluent as Mrs. Sullivan could rent a dress, why couldn't she?

After all, weren't celebrity red-carpet looks often rented for events? The idea, which had initially seemed absurd, began to take root in her mind. "I want to rent this one," Yasmin declared, pointing decisively at the stunning white lace dress adorned with delicate gold accents. The neckline was embellished with creamy pearls, and most importantly, it bore a striking resemblance to the dress she had seen at the charity auction. Phoebe handed her a rental agreement with a professional air. "Please fill out your information.

No deposit is required, but if the dress is damaged, you will be responsible for the full cost." Yasmin flipped to the final page and signed with determination. Once they exited, Phoebe took the contract upstairs, where the upper level functioned as a design studio. A young woman, dressed in a classic black dress, lounged on the couch, indulging in a takeout dessert with one hand while deftly maneuvering chess pieces with the other. Her youthful face held an innocence, yet her eyes conveyed a wisdom that belied her age. "All signed.

That's taken care of," Phoebe said, her tone brisk and efficient as she handed over the contract. "Good," Daphne replied, a dessert spoon poised between her lips, her smile

radiant. On the chessboard, a pawn stood defiantly against the king. Nestled beside the board lay a DNA test report. As she had suspected, Yasmin was indeed Patrick's illegitimate daughter. The question that had haunted her in her previous life had finally found its answer. Meanwhile, a video had begun to circulate online, igniting a fervor among viewers.

The title screamed, "Heiress of the Zamora Family Mocks the Poor: 'Stick to Street Food and Stay Out of Restaurants.'" The response was immediate and explosive. Netizens quickly identified the restaurant in question, a chain owned by the Zamora family. Comments flooded in: "So it's theirs! I went once. They claimed their desserts were Michelin-level, but the cream tasted synthetic." "I found a fly in mine!" "Ridiculous prices and a fly! Lucky for me, I'm broke and never wasted my money there." "Garbage. They take our money and then mock us. This isn't just disdain; it's a blatant insult.

Let's stop eating there for good. I hope they go out of business!" Conclusion In the aftermath of the encounter at DaphMuse, Yasmin emerged from the boutique with a newfound sense of agency, her heart racing with the thrill of making a bold choice. The decision to rent the dress, once a source of hesitation, transformed into a symbol of her determination to carve out her own narrative amidst the chaos of expectations and judgments.

Meanwhile, Freya's initial skepticism faded into a quiet admiration for her friend's courage, recognizing that the act of embracing a rented piece of art was not just about the fabric, but about reclaiming a story that belonged to her. As they stepped back into the vibrant energy of the mall, the weight of their earlier doubts lifted, replaced by the

exhilarating potential of what lay ahead. Simultaneously, Daphne's revelation about Yasmin's lineage echoed through the air, intertwining their fates in unexpected ways.

The DNA test report, resting innocently beside the chessboard, signified the culmination of Daphne's journey toward self-discovery, where the threads of identity and belonging began to weave a more intricate tapestry. As the online backlash against the Zamora family's restaurant surged, it became clear that the narratives they each carried were not isolated but rather interconnected, sparking a collective awakening.

Meanwhile, the online backlash against the Zamora family intensifies, creating a ripple effect that threatens to engulf everyone associated with them. As the video goes viral, Freya and Rachel will be drawn into the chaos, forced to confront their own beliefs about privilege and responsibility. With the trio's friendship hanging in the balance, readers can expect a clash of ideals that could either strengthen their bond or shatter it irreparably. The tension is palpable, and the question looms: how will they respond to the fallout, and what sacrifices will they make to stand by each other?

She loves crafting hot love stories while embracing the chill of Iceland's breathtaking cold.