

Toxic Family Out- Reborn in CEO's Pamper Novel

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When Names Become Stories By Naomi Ellis 2 Summary In Chapter 2 of "When Names Become Stories" by Naomi Ellis, the tension between Yasmin and Daphne escalates dramatically during a seemingly innocent moment by the pool. Yasmin, seeking a private conversation with Daphne, slips and nearly falls into the water, but instinctively, she grabs Daphne's arm, leading to a chaotic scene where the Culver family rushes to Yasmin's side. Despite Daphne's competence as a swimmer, she is momentarily gripped by fear, but it is Yasmin's frantic grasp that ultimately saves her.

The family's reaction reveals their deep-seated dynamics, with Yasmin unexpectedly playing the role of the calm, reassuring figure amidst the chaos. As the family rallies around Yasmin, Daphne feels a sharp pang of longing for the protective love she never received from her own mother. The contrast between Yasmin's nurturing family and Daphne's experiences of neglect and alienation becomes painfully clear. Yasmin, despite being the victim in this situation, defends Daphne against accusations from Callum, who harshly judges her.

This moment highlights Yasmin's gentle nature and her desire to maintain harmony, even at the cost of her own feelings, while Daphne grapples with her outsider status

within the Culver family. The chapter further explores the complex relationships within the family, particularly as Callum's anger towards Daphne surfaces. Yasmin's admission of guilt, claiming she deserves the mistreatment, deepens the emotional turmoil for Daphne, who feels increasingly marginalized. Connor's tender reassurance to Yasmin contrasts sharply with the hostility Daphne faces, emphasizing her isolation.

The term "outsider" resonates painfully with Daphne, who is reminded of her two decades spent without familial love, leading her to resolve not to seek acceptance any longer. As the family gathers in the mansion, Daphne confronts the reality of her position within the Culver household. Callum's condescension and Jenna's defensive anger push her to assert herself more boldly than ever before. She challenges the family's narrative, questioning the validity of her treatment and the supposed gratitude she should feel for a life that feels more like servitude than belonging.

Yasmin's willingness to sacrifice for Daphne further complicates the situation, as Daphne struggles with feelings of resentment and betrayal over her own identity. The chapter culminates in a confrontation where Daphne's frustrations boil over, revealing her deep-seated pain and anger towards her circumstances. Patrick's disappointment in Daphne for not apologizing to Yasmin underscores the familial expectations placed upon her.

Daphne is left to grapple with the weight of her past and the unfulfilled desire for acceptance, setting the stage for a deeper exploration of identity, belonging, and the complex nature of familial love in the chapters to come. Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below **When Names Become Stories** **By Naomi Ellis** **Chapter 2: Her

Disappointment** Later that afternoon, Yasmin requested a moment alone with Daphne, her voice barely above a whisper as she beckoned her toward the shimmering pool.

The air was thick with tension, and Daphne felt a knot forming in her stomach.

Just as Yasmin began to speak, her foot slipped on the slick surface, and in a split second, she was falling. Instinct kicked in, and Yasmin's hand shot out, grasping Daphne's arm with a frantic urgency that sent them both teetering dangerously close to the water's edge. Though Daphne was a competent swimmer, she was caught off guard by Yasmin's panicked shove, and for a fleeting moment, she felt the cold grip of fear. The world around her blurred, and she found herself teetering on the precipice of a plunge into the deep end.

Yet, in that chaotic moment, it was Yasmin's desperate grasp that pulled her back from the brink, a lifeline in a sea of uncertainty. It was ironic-she had almost drowned, yet the entire Culver family rushed to Yasmin's side, their concern palpable. "Mom, Dad, I'm fine! Please, don't panic!" Yasmin's voice was soft and soothing, as if she were the one calming them rather than the other way around. "Connor, Callum, it's nothing-just a scare. The doctor said it was just a moment of fright." "Silly girl, how could we not be worried?

What were you doing near the pool anyway?" Jenna Fisher, her mother, clutched a bowl of soup like it was the most precious thing in the world, blowing gently on it as if it might burn her beloved daughter. The sight pierced through Daphne's heart like a dagger. In that moment, a wave of longing washed over her. Once upon a time, she had yearned for her mother's love to resemble that-gentle, protective, and unwavering. No matter

how well she performed or how hard she tried to earn affection, her efforts always paled in comparison to the power of a single tear from Yasmin.

Right or wrong ceased to matter in their family dynamic. If Yasmin cried, it was always Daphne's fault, and everyone would rush to shield Yasmin, just as they were doing now. "Yasmin, did Daphne push you? The hotel cameras showed it was just the two of you by the pool," Callum Culver, the second son, interjected, his tone sharp and accusatory, as if he were the judge and jury in this unfolding drama. "Don't blame Daphne. It was my fault-I wasn't being careful," Yasmin replied, her eyes shimmering with unshed tears, a picture of gentle understanding.

The more she spoke, the more the Culver family rallied around her, their perception of her as the victim solidifying. "You're far too considerate, Yasmin. That's why Daphne keeps walking all over you. Since you returned six months ago, she's caused you trouble time and again-and you still defend her!" Callum's fists were clenched, fury radiating from him like heat from a fire. Yasmin lowered her gaze, tears spilling onto the quilt beneath her. "It's my fault. Daphne is the real Culver daughter. I took her place.

Whatever she does to me, I deserve it..." Her words hung in the air, a near confession that cast a shadow over Daphne. Connor Culver, the eldest, leaned down, brushing his fingers through Yasmin's hair with a tenderness that was both familiar and comforting. "Don't say things like that, duminy. You'll always be our little princess. Don't let anyone convince you otherwise. And don't worry about what others think." Yasmin nodded, her usual confidence dimmed by worry. "How's Daphie, by the way?" "She's fine. Don't waste your sympathy on outsiders.

Seeing you like this breaks my heart," Callum said, his voice laced with concern.

Outsider. The word echoed in Daphne's mind, a bitter reminder of her place in this family. A sardonic smile tugged at her lips. To them, she truly was an outsider. Two decades spent without a family had solidified that status. No matter her efforts, she would never truly belong in this home. In this life, she had resolved not to try again. All the pain, the humiliation she had endured before, would be repaid in full-with interest.

Patrick Culver, their father, who had remained silent until now, finally exhaled a heavy sigh. "Yasmin, don't worry. I'll make this right for you." The Culver name held weight in Denvermont, primarily known for their empire, Skycrest Entertainment. The Culver Mansion was a testament to their affluence, with meticulously trimmed grass that seemed to shout wealth, and front gates that were masterfully crafted, each piece worth a small fortune. As Daphne walked the path from the gate to the mansion, a journey that felt like an eternity, she couldn't help but feel the weight of her surroundings.

Inside, the main hall dazzled with gold accents that sparkled under the light of a million-dollar crystal chandelier, which hung like a frozen star at the center of the room. The family lounged on modern couches, exuding an air of sophistication that felt foreign to her. Callum was the first to notice her at the door, his legs crossed casually, an air of arrogance about him. "Well, look who finally decided to show up. We've all been waiting. Think you're too good to arrive on time?" His words dripped with condescension.

Daphne raised her gaze, her usual soft, doe-like expression replaced by a sharp, cutting glare that she had never dared to reveal before. From the moment she had stepped into

this house, Callum had been the least welcoming of all. In her past life, she would have endured his scorn in silence, apologizing profusely, swallowing her pride with a forced smile. But after twenty years in the slums, she had learned to stand her ground. To fit in here, she had stripped herself bare, exposing every vulnerability, until they assumed she was easily manipulated. But that mistake would never be repeated.

"Do you know why I'm late?" she asked, her voice steady and unwavering. "When you all left the hospital, I was left alone to handle the discharge paperwork. Finding a cab outside took time." Her tone was neutral, devoid of anger or bitterness, yet Jenna's face flushed with shame and anger. "So now you're blaming us? Daphne, tell me-since you returned, when have we ever denied you anything? We were late once, and this is your response?" Daphne smiled, but a cold, untouchable edge glinted in her eyes. "When have you ever not denied me?"

For six months, I've been confined to a maid's room, barely a hundred square feet, while Yasmin's bathroom is larger than my entire bedroom. Is that what you call not denying me?" Jenna's throat tightened, her expression a mix of disbelief and frustration. Callum jabbed a finger at her, anger flaring in his eyes. "How about some gratitude for the place to live? It beats that decrepit fishing boat you survived on in the slums." "So, I should be grateful? Am I the Culvers' daughter or not?" "Daphie, I'm sorry," Yasmin interrupted, her voice tentative. "It's my fault. I'll swap rooms.

I'll split my allowance, buy whatever you like. It's my fault for not being considerate. Don't blame Mom and Dad." Tears brimmed in Yasmin's eyes, a sight that twisted Jenna's heart. "Daphne, you're the older sister. Can't you cut Yasmin some slack?"

She's lived here all her life. Why dwell on something so trivial?" "Mom, why waste breath on someone heartless? She inherited all the worst habits from those street thugs. Otherwise, she wouldn't have shoved Yasmin into the pool deliberately."

"Enough!" Patrick's voice cut through the tension like a knife.

He had been silent, his brows furrowed since Daphne's arrival, but now his disappointment was palpable. Turning to her, his expression was a mix of exasperation and hurt. "Daphne, Yasmin may not be our biological daughter, but she's lived here for twenty years. While you were gone, she was there for your mom and me. It's fine if you don't thank her, but how could you push her into the pool?" This was the crux of her father's argument. Is it my fault I didn't grow up by their side? I was switched at birth. And now I'm expected to be grateful to a girl who has taken twenty years of my life?

Why? "Dad, I slipped. Don't blame Daphie..." Yasmin's voice trembled, her loyalty unwavering even in the face of such accusations. Patrick exhaled slowly, torn between the girl he had raised-polite and considerate-and the other, stubborn and unyielding, lacking even a hint of remorse. "Look at Yasmin. She's still defending you, and you won't even apologize. I thought you were sensible. This is deeply disappointing."

Disappointing... The word echoed in her mind, and she could easily return the sentiment. She knew exactly what Patrick intended to say next. Calmly, she waited.

Conclusion In the aftermath of the confrontation, the weight of Daphne's unresolved feelings hung heavily in the air. The stark realization that she would never fully belong to the Culver family settled like a stone in her heart. For years, she had tried to carve a space for herself within their world, but each attempt had only deepened her sense of

alienation. As she stood there, surrounded by the opulence of the mansion and the warmth of familial bonds that seemed forever out of her reach, she felt the last vestiges of hope slip away.

The Culvers had their princess, and she was merely an outsider, a shadow in a life that would never be hers. The irony of Yasmin's gentle spirit and the love showered upon her only intensified Daphne's bitterness, as the echoes of her own childhood longing reverberated in her mind. Yet, amidst the pain, a flicker of resilience ignited within Daphne. No longer would she allow herself to be the scapegoat or the silent sufferer. The years spent in the shadows had forged a strength she had never acknowledged, and now it surged to the forefront.

Will Daphne find the strength to assert her identity in a family that has long viewed her as an outsider, or will she succumb to the pressures of guilt and expectation that weigh heavily upon her? Moreover, the dynamics between Yasmin and Daphne will deepen, revealing layers of complexity that go beyond sibling rivalry. As Yasmin grapples with her own insecurities and the burden of being the "chosen" daughter, her relationship with Daphne will take unexpected turns.

Will she continue to defend Daphne in the face of her family's growing animosity, or will she ultimately choose to protect her own place within the Culver legacy? The chapter promises to delve into the emotional turmoil of both sisters, setting the stage for a confrontation that could either heal their fractured bond or drive them further apart. Prepare for revelations, heart-wrenching decisions, and the ever-present question of

what it truly means to belong. Sara Lili Sara Lili is a daring romance writer who turns icy landscapes into scenes of fiery passion.

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