

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

When Names Become Stories By Naomi Ellis 22 Summary In Chapter 22 of "When Names Become Stories" by Naomi Ellis, the atmosphere shifts dramatically during Yasmin's birthday celebration as a video reveals a troubling secret about her involvement with Elliot. Julian, Yasmin's partner, is overwhelmed by feelings of betrayal and confusion, leading him to distance himself from her in a moment of emotional turmoil. Yasmin, desperate to explain herself, feels the widening gap between them as she attempts to reach out, but Julian's need to escape only deepens her anxiety.

The tension escalates when Callum accidentally steps on Yasmin's elegant dress, ripping it and exposing her vulnerability to the shocked onlookers. This moment of humiliation transforms the celebration into chaos, as guests react with a mix of shock and amusement. Yasmin's sense of dignity crumbles, symbolized by her tiara falling and shattering, while Patrick tries to shield her from the prying eyes with his jacket. The joyous birthday atmosphere quickly turns into a farcical disaster, leaving Yasmin feeling like the punchline of a cruel joke.

Amidst the chaos, the hotel manager confronts Patrick with an astronomical bill for the extravagant party, compounding the sense of disaster for those involved. Patrick's shock at the financial burden adds another layer of despair to the evening, and Daphne, observing from a distance, revels in the unfolding drama. Her satisfaction hints at deeper motivations and unresolved tensions between her and Yasmin, suggesting that this night is not just about the birthday celebration but also about personal rivalries.

As the chapter progresses, Daphne reflects on her own birthday, contrasting it with Yasmin's lavish affair. While Yasmin is at the center of attention, Daphne recalls her own quiet celebrations, feeling overshadowed by the spotlight on Yasmin. This juxtaposition highlights the complexities of their relationship and the emotional weight each character carries, as Daphne grapples with her role as Yasmin's older sister, a title she never desired.

Ultimately, the chapter captures a pivotal moment of public humiliation, personal rivalry, and the bittersweet nature of celebration, leaving readers to ponder the true meaning of connection and recognition in the lives of the characters. Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below \*\*When Names Become Stories\*\* \*\*By Naomi Ellis\*\* \*\*Chapter 22: Happy Birthday, Yasmin\*\* E rinisher As the video played on the big screen for all to witness, Julian felt an unsettling churn in his stomach.

There was no escaping the implications, no way to rationalize why Yasmin had found herself in Elliot's suite that fateful day. Doubt clouded his mind, like a storm gathering on the horizon, darkening the once-clear skies of their relationship. Yasmin's heart raced as she noticed the shift in Julian's expression. She could see the confusion and betrayal flickering in his eyes, and she desperately sought to bridge the widening chasm between them. "Julian, please, let me explain-" she started, her voice trembling with urgency.

But in that moment, Julian was consumed by a need to escape, to put distance between himself and the painful reality unfolding around him. "Julian..." Yasmin called after him, her voice laced with panic. He brushed her hand away as if it burned him, striding off

the stage with an intensity that sent a wave of dread crashing over Yasmin. She felt a surge of desperation and hurried after him, her heels clicking against the polished floor. Suddenly, a sharp ripping sound sliced through the already tense atmosphere of the ballroom.

Yasmin's heart dropped as she realized what had happened-Callum had inadvertently stepped on the long train of her exquisite couture dress. In a heartbeat, the fabric that had been a symbol of elegance transformed into a source of utter humiliation. The dress tore from her thigh all the way up to her armpit, leaving her exposed for all to see. The color of her underwear was now a glaring beacon of vulnerability. "Aah!" she gasped, her hands flying to cover herself as she clutched at the remnants of her dress, desperately trying to salvage what little dignity remained.

Her tiara, once a crown of celebration, toppled from her head and shattered on the floor, a cruel metaphor for her crumbling composure. The ballroom erupted into chaos. Guests gaped at her, their expressions a mix of shock and amusement. Yasmin felt like a circus performer, the center of attention for all the wrong reasons. Some guests even pulled out their phones, capturing the moment for posterity, their laughter ringing in her ears like daggers.

Patrick, ever the gentleman, quickly shrugged off his jacket and draped it over Yasmin's shoulders, an attempt to shield her from the prying eyes of the onlookers. "This birthday party is over..." he muttered, his voice low and filled with frustration. Connor wasted no time, calling for security and directing guests toward the exits in a bid to restore some

semblance of order. What was meant to be a night of celebration had devolved into a farcical disaster, leaving Yasmin feeling like the punchline of a cruel joke.

Just then, the waitstaff rolled out the extravagant eight-tiered birthday cake that had been meticulously prepared for the occasion. The words "Happy Birthday, Yasmin" adorned the top, but the sentiment felt hollow now, overshadowed by the chaos that had unfolded. The birthday song played once more, but the melody felt discordant, a cruel reminder of the joy that had been snatched away. Yasmin's heart sank deeper; it was the ultimate humiliation, a moment that felt like the universe itself was laughing at her misfortune.

On the third floor of the Panorama Hotel, Daphne sat quietly, indulging in dessert while observing the scene below. A faint, knowing smile danced on her lips as she watched the chaos unfold. "Happy birthday, Yasmin," she whispered to herself, a hint of satisfaction coloring her tone. She could see right through Yasmin's little schemes. If Yasmin thought she could encroach on her territory, she had another thing coming. Julian had rented the entire floor for Yasmin's special day, but he hadn't settled the bill yet.

As Patrick and the others attempted to leave, the hotel manager rushed after them, clutching the invoice like a lifeline. "Mr. Culver, tonight's total is 1.63 million for food and drink, 510,000 for air-shipped roses, and 8 million for the private event and service fee. That brings your total to 10.14 million," the manager announced, his voice steady but laced with authority. Patrick's face drained of color, his eyes widening in disbelief. "What?" he exclaimed, the shock of the staggering amount hitting him like a freight train.

Not only had he witnessed Yasmin's humiliation, but now he was facing financial ruin as well. Daphne's smile widened at the sight of the Culvers' dismay. This was just the beginning of her delight. Once she left the Panorama Hotel, Daphne hailed a cab and made her way to an amusement park on the west side of Denvermont. She purchased a ticket and wandered through the park, taking in the sights and sounds of the nighttime festivities. She grabbed a free balloon, nibbled on a complimentary mini cake, and relished the carefree atmosphere.

As the clock struck ten, a chorus of voices began to count down: "Three! Two! One!" The night sky erupted in a dazzling display of fireworks, vibrant colors illuminating the darkness. Daphne tilted her head back, closed her eyes, and made a wish, the brilliance of the lights casting a glow on her face. By the time she departed the amusement park, the hour was well past eleven. She stopped at a convenience store, purchasing a few cans of beer and some milk candies.

With her snacks in hand, she strolled leisurely, the sound of waves crashing in the distance guiding her closer to her destination. The road narrowed as she approached the shore, the streetlights flickering and eventually disappearing altogether. The closer she got to the water, the more pungent the smell of rotting fish became-a stench that would repel most, but to Daphne, it was a familiar scent, a reminder of home. At the end of the narrow road stood a long concrete wall, half of it crumbled and weathered by time.

Daphne climbed up and perched herself on top, gazing out at the sea, where a few dark fishing boats bobbed gently on the waves. The shoreline was lined with makeshift

homes crafted from shipping containers and tarps, resembling ruins more than residences. This was the westside slum where she had spent her childhood-a place that held both memories and ghosts. Her grandmother had often recounted how, a century ago, this area was the bustling heart of Denvermont, alive with the sounds of the docks and the energy of the city.

Yet, after a land reclamation project had transformed the landscape, it had devolved into a dumping ground for pollution. The once-vibrant community had succumbed to decay, the stench of spoiled seafood now a constant reminder of its decline. Over time, the area had become the city's most impoverished and neglected neighborhood, a stark contrast to the glittering skyscrapers that loomed just beyond. Daphne cracked open a can of beer, taking a long sip as she popped a milk candy into her mouth. "Happy birthday, Daphne!" she declared to the night sky, a bittersweet smile gracing her lips.

This was her first birthday since being found. Jenna had told her that she shared the same birthday as Yasmin, and in that moment, she had been dubbed Yasmin's "older sister." "Big sisters should take care of their little sisters!" Jenna had proclaimed, but no one ever asked Daphne if she wanted to be a caretaker. In her previous life, she had celebrated five birthdays like this, each one a quiet affair. She had been content simply knowing her true birthday, yet no one ever remembered to celebrate it.

The world seemed to revolve around Yasmin's special day, with everyone showering her with gifts and attention. After Yasmin made her wish, Daphne would sneak a small piece of cake for herself, savoring the sweetness in the shadows. Conclusion In the aftermath of the chaos, Yasmin stood amidst the remnants of her shattered celebration,

feeling as if a part of her had been irrevocably torn away. The laughter of the guests, once a chorus of joy, now echoed in her mind as a haunting reminder of her vulnerability.

Julian's absence weighed heavily on her heart, the chasm of misunderstanding stretching wider with each passing moment. The humiliation of the torn dress and the crumbling facade of her birthday party had stripped away the layers of confidence she had built, leaving her exposed not only physically but emotionally. She realized that the stories woven around her name had shifted-no longer were they tales of elegance and celebration, but rather narratives tinged with betrayal and loss. Meanwhile, Daphne found solace in the shadows, away from the glitz and glamour that enveloped Yasmin's life.

As she perched atop the crumbling wall, she embraced the bittersweet memories of her own past, recognizing that her journey was intertwined with Yasmin's in ways that were yet to be fully understood. The fireworks bursting in the night sky mirrored the tumultuous emotions within her; they were both a celebration and a reminder of the struggles that lay ahead. In that moment, Daphne made a silent vow to navigate her own path, one that would honor her past while forging a new identity separate from the shadow of Yasmin.

As the chaos of the ballroom settles, the emotional repercussions of the night will ripple through their circle of friends, revealing hidden alliances and unexpected betrayals. Will Yasmin be able to salvage her dignity and explain her side of the story, or will Julian's doubts drive a wedge between them that is impossible to mend? Meanwhile, Daphne's

storyline will take a darker turn as her past begins to intertwine with the present. With her newfound identity as Yasmin's "older sister," she will grapple with the weight of expectations and the unresolved feelings that bubble to the surface.

As she navigates her own tumultuous emotions, the reader will be drawn into her world, where the line between loyalty and revenge blurs. The chapter promises to unveil Daphne's hidden motivations and the lengths she might go to reclaim her sense of self in a world that seems to favor Yasmin. The stage is set for an explosive confrontation that will challenge the characters' loyalties and reshape their futures. Sara Lili Sara Lili is a daring romance writer who turns icy landscapes into scenes of fiery passion.

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