

Toxic Family Out- Reborn in CEO's Pamper Novel

When Names Become Stories By Naomi Ellis 24 Summary In Chapter 24 of "When Names Become Stories," the narrative centers around Elliot and his deep emotional connection to Daphne, intertwined with memories of his grandmother's sacrifices for his education. The chapter opens with a poignant reflection on his grandmother, who, despite her struggles, dedicated herself to ensuring a better future for him. Her passing leaves Elliot feeling isolated and burdened, intensifying his protective instincts towards Daphne, especially when he fears losing her.

Elliot's urgent plea for Daphne to stay alive highlights the intensity of his feelings. An unexpected confrontation occurs when he reacts strongly to her drinking, showcasing his concern and frustration. This moment escalates into a passionate kiss, where Elliot expresses his commitment to protect her, reminiscent of their childhood bond when she selflessly shared food with him. The kiss signifies a turning point in their relationship, filled with both urgency and tenderness, as they navigate the complexities of their past and present.

Daphne's initial confusion about Elliot's outburst transitions into a playful banter about their relationship status, revealing the underlying tension between their feelings and the reality of their situation. Despite the lighthearted teasing, there's a serious undertone as Elliot grapples with family issues and his responsibility to ensure Daphne's safety. Their conversation hints at deeper emotions and the future they might share, with Daphne expressing her willingness to wait for clarity in their relationship.

As they return to Rosewood Manor, the atmosphere shifts to a more domestic setting. Daphne's playful appearance in Elliot's coat contrasts with the serious undertones of their earlier conversation. Bernard's presence adds an element of curiosity, and Daphne's eagerness to shower after their eventful night signifies a desire to reset and embrace the day ahead. The chapter concludes with a sense of warmth and hope as Elliot decides to spend more time with Daphne, marking a significant shift in their relationship dynamics and suggesting a blossoming partnership.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below **When Names Become Stories** **By Naomi Ellis** **Chapter 24: Don't Die, Please** "My grandmother was a master of deception, weaving tales even when the truth was stark and unyielding. Despite her meager means, she ensured that I received an education, sacrificing her own needs for my future. I remember how, as her eyesight began to fade, she would sit at the sewing machine, stitching clothes for others just to scrape together enough money for my tuition.

She promised me she would be there to witness my growth, but life had other plans, and she left this world, leaving me utterly alone, without a trace of family." "Elliot," she whispered, her voice trembling with urgency, "promise me you'll never leave me. Please... you have to stay alive for me..." The mere thought of losing him sent a sharp pang through Elliot's chest, constricting his breath and making his heart race. "Daphne! If I ever catch you drinking again, I swear I'll break your legs!" Daphne blinked at him, her confusion palpable. What was wrong with him?

Why was he so furious so early in the day? Elliot's mind was consumed by memories-vivid snapshots that haunted him. He could never shake the image of her as a little girl, no older than four or five, scavenging through a trash can for scraps. He could see her small hands clutching a moldy piece of bread, her face determined as she tore away the rotten part and offered him the rest. "Here, it's for you," she had said, her voice filled with innocence. Suddenly, Elliot slammed on the brakes, his eyes wide with a mix of fury and desperation.

His breaths came in deep, jagged gasps, and in one swift motion, he pulled Daphne into his embrace, holding her tightly as if he feared she might vanish. Daphne was taken aback by his sudden outburst. Had she done something to upset him after her drunken night? The way he held her was almost suffocating, and she wondered if he was trying to crush the air from her lungs. "Elliot, I... I swear. I won't drink again, okay? You-mmph..." Before she could finish, he silenced her with a kiss. Daphne froze, her mind racing.

She had indulged in beer the night before and felt embarrassed about her breath, but he didn't seem to care. His kiss was fervent, urgent, as their breaths intertwined, their noses brushing against each other in an intimate dance. The car was charged with an energy that was both exhilarating and bewildering. "Back then, you shared your bread with me. Now, I will protect you for the rest of your life, ensuring you have everything you need," he murmured, his voice gravelly and low. Daphne felt a rush of warmth spread throughout her body from the intensity of his kiss.

Her ears seemed to buzz, making it hard to focus. "What? What did you say?" she asked, her heart racing. "Nothing!" Elliot replied, abruptly releasing her and straightening up as if nothing had happened. He turned the car back on, his tone shifting to a stern warning. "If you ever drink again, I will break your legs! Understood?" He sounded just like a parent chastising a child, and Daphne couldn't help but roll her eyes. Why was he repeating himself like a broken record? With a deep breath, she teased him, "Fine!

When we get married, I won't even touch the wedding toast!" The Cators had arranged for her to marry him, but they weren't legally wed yet. There was no marriage certificate, no ceremony. Was she inadvertently hinting at something? Daphne was momentarily speechless. In her previous life, she hadn't spent much time with Elliot, so she had never fully grasped the nuances of their relationship. "Just give me a little more time," she finally managed to say. Elliot had a lot on his mind-family disputes and hidden agendas swirling within the company.

He couldn't risk her safety until he was sure she would be protected. His seriousness weighed heavily on her, forcing Daphne to take his words to heart. She understood his position. Once she found her own strength, she would stand beside him as an equal partner. "I'm not in a rush... the wedding can wait." Elliot shot her a piercing look. Just the night before, she had been eager to start a family, but now she seemed indifferent. Wasn't it customary for women to seek clarity on matters like this?

"You don't want to marry me?" His voice was icy, and he pressed down on the gas pedal with determination. The engine roared to life beneath them. He looked as though

he might take her down with him if she dared to say no. "I already married you, didn't I?" she replied, half-joking, unsure if he understood that they weren't legally bound. The car finally began to slow down. Elliot's lips curled into a small, almost playful smile as he reached out to tousle her hair, which had become a wild mess. Daphne sighed softly, feeling a mixture of exasperation and affection.

This man was utterly unpredictable! By the time they returned to Rosewood Manor, the sun was blazing high in the sky, casting a warm glow over everything. Bernard was waiting in the main hall, having come early after Elliot had insisted no one follow him out the previous night. He had arrived to find the house empty and was now left wondering about the pair's whereabouts. As Daphne walked in, wearing Elliot's coat that engulfed her petite frame, she looked like a child playing dress-up. She even carried a faint scent of fish, making Bernard raise an eyebrow. Had Ms.

Lavette gone fishing in the middle of the night? "I'm going up for a shower!" she called out, her voice echoing through the hallway. When she finally returned downstairs, Bernard had already left, and Elliot was seated at the dining table, leisurely enjoying breakfast. Daphne slid into her chair across from him, diving into her sandwich with enthusiasm. After they finished their meal, she noticed he didn't seem in a hurry to leave. Curious, she asked, "Aren't you supposed to go to the office today?" "From now on, I'll be spending my weekends with you," he replied, his tone casual yet firm.

Daphne felt a flutter of surprise. That was unusual for him, but a smile crept onto her face. They had barely spent time together before, and the thought of having him around more often filled her with a sense of warmth and hope. Conclusion In the aftermath of

their emotional confrontation, Elliot and Daphne find themselves navigating the complexities of their relationship with newfound clarity. The weight of Elliot's past, marked by loss and a fierce desire to protect, collides with Daphne's innocence and burgeoning independence.

Their shared moments, from the urgency of Elliot's embrace to the playful banter over a future wedding, reveal a deepening bond that transcends their individual struggles. As they sit together at the dining table, the warmth of the sun filtering through the windows, it becomes clear that they are no longer just two people caught in a web of circumstances; they are partners embarking on a journey toward understanding and commitment. The promise of weekends spent together signals a shift in their dynamic, one that offers hope and excitement for what lies ahead.

As secrets unravel and their pasts collide, expect poignant moments that reveal the true essence of their connection, along with the challenges of navigating their complicated lives. Moreover, the dynamics within Rosewood Manor will play a significant role in the upcoming chapter. With Bernard's presence and the looming expectations of the Cators, the pressure on both Elliot and Daphne will intensify. Will they be able to carve out their own path amidst the chaos of family obligations and societal expectations?

As they navigate the intricacies of their relationship, readers will be left on the edge of their seats, eager to see if love can triumph over adversity or if the weight of their circumstances will pull them apart. Prepare for a chapter filled with unexpected revelations, heartfelt confessions, and the undeniable tension that comes with love and loyalty. Sara Lili Sara Lili is a daring romance writer who turns icy landscapes into

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