

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

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When Names Become Stories By Naomi Ellis 3 Summary In Chapter 3 of "When Names Become Stories," Daphine Culver confronts her father, Patrick, about the arranged marriage to a wealthy but disabled man at Rosewood Manor. Initially, Patrick presents the marriage as a way to secure Daphine's future, but she feels trapped and suffocated by the idea. The tension escalates when her younger brother, Calvin, protests against the arrangement, revealing his genuine concern for Daphine's well-being.

Despite the family's attempts to control her fate, Daphine's desire for freedom grows stronger, leading her to assert her independence. Daphine's internal struggle is palpable as she reflects on her past and the sacrifices she has made for the Culvers. She realizes that the family's wealth and status come at the cost of her own happiness and autonomy. In a moment of defiance, she declares her intention to sever ties with the Culvers, shocking her father and siblings. Patrick's initial surprise gives way to a hollow acceptance, as he realizes he cannot force her into a life she does not want.

This pivotal moment marks Daphine's transformation from a passive participant in her life to an empowered individual ready to take control of her destiny. As Daphine prepares to leave the Culver mansion, she feels a mix of emotions-relief, apprehension, and determination. She dons her old attire, symbolizing her desire to reclaim her identity

separate from the family that has never truly accepted her. The departure is bittersweet; while she is leaving behind a life of privilege, she is also stepping into the unknown.

Daphine's resolve is strengthened by the belief that she will not only find her own path but also hold the Culvers accountable for their actions. The chapter closes with Daphine arriving at Rosewood Manor, filled with anticipation and a sense of purpose. The juxtaposition of her past and the new life awaiting her creates a thrilling tension. As she steps into the unknown, her excitement is laced with the knowledge that she will confront the challenges ahead with resilience.

The story encapsulates themes of identity, freedom, and the struggle against societal expectations, setting the stage for Daphine's journey of self-discovery. Continue

Regular Chapter Reading Below \*\*When Names Become Stories\*\* \*\*By Naomi Ellis\*\*

\*\*Chapter 3: Severing Ties with Them\*\* Patrick's gaze shifted, his tone taking on a gentler timbre. "I understand that life has been a struggle for you all these years. The Culvers owe you a debt.

To make things right, your mother and I have arranged for you to join a respectable family-not one of those flashy, old-money types, but a family that can ensure your comfort for the rest of your life." His words landed with the weight of a coin tossed to a beggar, cold and indifferent. In a different time, when Patrick had first broached this subject, she had pleaded with him, desperation lacing her voice. She had been adamant about not wanting to rush into a marriage right after reuniting with her family.

But now, all she yearned for was to break free from this so-called "home" that felt more like a prison. "Dad, are you really considering sending Daphie to Rosewood Manor?" A

youthful voice rang out from the doorway. It was Calvin Culver, the youngest of the family, just stepping into the chaotic world of high school. Unlike the others, he had treated her with genuine kindness, as if she truly belonged. "Adults are speaking, Calvin. Children should keep their opinions to themselves," Patrick snapped, shooting a fierce glare in his direction. "I'm not a child anymore!"

Dad, Mom-are you really sending Daphie to marry that old man at Rosewood Manor? I've heard he's disabled and mentally unwell. Forcing her into that marriage would practically sentence her to a life of widowhood!" "Enough!" Patrick barked, his voice rising in authority. The air in the living room grew thick with tension. Callum, the older brother, stepped forward, wrapping an arm around Calvin's neck, his tone dripping with condescension. "Just be quiet-Mom and Dad are talking. You have no say in this." He shot Daphine a smug sideways glance, a silent message that urged her to leave quickly.

For six long months, the rich kids had mocked Calvin for associating with her, as if she were a contagion that could taint their privileged lives. Calvin opened his mouth to respond, but Callum swiftly covered it with his hand, dragging him upstairs. The younger boy was still lean and untested, easily overpowered by Callum's gym-hardened strength. Patrick no longer bothered to mask his intentions. Yasmin had been the perfect daughter he had envisioned, groomed to marry into the Flynn family to solidify a powerful alliance.

The match with Rosewood Manor had initially seemed like a trivial leftover from the old man's plans. But now, with the promise of a hundred million as a wedding gift to revive

this marriage, Patrick wasn't about to let such an opportunity slip through his fingers.

"This marriage was your grandfather's decision. Yasmin is fragile, and you are the Culvers' biological daughter. You should accept this. If you refuse-" "I'll go," Daphine interrupted, her voice tinged with uncertainty. Patrick had clearly not anticipated her compliance.

He felt a lump form in his throat, a mix of surprise and relief. "I knew you would see reason. The Culvers have changed for you; they've made sacrifices." The sudden shift in her demeanor made him blink in confusion. "I have just one request." "Speak," he replied, curiosity piqued. She maintained a faint, unreadable smile that never quite reached her eyes. "My demure marriage proposal hasn't been restored yet, has it?" "Oh, that? I'll have someone take care of it on Monday," Patrick answered, a smile creeping onto his face as he reached for her hand-but Daphine slipped away. "No need.

Today, I severed ties with the Culvers. From this moment on, I am done with this family. We are finished for good." Her words pricked at her chest like tiny needles, though she could not fully comprehend why. Whatever. True strength, she reminded herself, came when one felt nothing. Patrick's expression darkened, his previously relaxed brows knitting together in confusion. "What do you mean?" "You heard what I said," she replied firmly, her resolve strengthening. "Daphne, are you absolutely sure about this?

You would willingly give up this family's wealth and status?" Callum descended the stairs, his expression dripping with condescension. He didn't believe she had the fortitude to follow through, convinced that if she truly did, she would never have returned in the first place. "Don't act out of spite, Daphne. Once you leave the Culvers, what will

you do?" Connor interjected, worry flashing across his features for a brief moment. In her past life, she had thought Connor genuinely cared for her.

It took time for her to realize that his concern stemmed from fear-fear that she might tarnish the Culvers' pristine reputation. He and Patrick were cut from the same cloth-nothing mattered more to them than the family's image. "I lived perfectly fine without the Culvers for twenty years," she stated calmly, turning her gaze to Patrick. "Besides, after the debacle at last night's party, outsiders still don't know I'm your biological daughter. We've managed to keep it ambiguous." "Very well. Since you've made your decision, I won't force you.

You've been back for six months; we've done our utmost to ensure your comfort. As parents, that's all we can do," he replied, his words laced with a hollow sense of duty. Daphine returned to the maid's room and emerged two minutes later, clutching a black backpack that had faded at the seams. She wore light-blue jeans and a white shirt, her hair pulled back into a high ponytail-just as she had appeared six months ago. For her, it felt as though a lifetime had passed. This time, she wanted no connections to this family; she wanted Elliot and only Elliot.

"Zeke, take her to Rosewood Manor," Patrick ordered, turning to ascend the stairs.

Yasmin stood frozen in disbelief. Was it really that simple to push her out? She lifted her gaze, only to collide with Daphine's eyes. Daphine's inner eye corners dipped, while the outer corners lifted, a tiny tear mole adding to her wicked allure. Yasmin felt an unexpected flush of jealousy. Was Daphine plotting something? Had she orchestrated

this on purpose? As Daphine stepped out of the Culver Mansion, Callum's voice echoed through the hall, instructing the maid, "Finally, the house is clean!

Lina, whip up something nice tonight. Yasmin's out of the hospital-she needs to recuperate. And clear out that maid's room fast! Yasmin's poodle doesn't even have a place to stay! Disinfect twice!" The driver, Zeke Lane, grimaced at Callum's words. It was as if he was implying Daphine wasn't even worth Yasmin's poodle. "Let's go, Zeke," Daphine said, her composure unshaken. The Culvers would pay for their actions. She was certain of it. Even if she cut ties and married into the family they had arranged for her, once her husband's identity was revealed, history would repeat itself.

She was in no rush. Every humiliation would be repaid, meticulously and with precision. As night fell over Denvermont, neon lights flickered across the cityscape, casting a surreal glow. She set off toward Rosewood Manor once more, anticipation thrumming in her veins. The scenery outside the window blurred into a mix of the familiar and the strange, a kaleidoscope of memories. After what felt like an eternity, the car finally stopped before a modern, standalone villa perched halfway up the hill. Daphne's heart raced uncontrollably.

She could hardly contain her excitement to see Elliot, her nerves intertwined with memories from two lifetimes. Zeke spoke briefly with the house steward before respectfully handing her the backpack. "Ms. Lavette, this is where I leave you." "Okay, thanks," Daphine replied, taking the bag and following the steward inside, not once glancing back. Conclusion In the quiet aftermath of her decision, Daphine stepped away

from the suffocating grasp of the Culvers, a mix of liberation and trepidation coursing through her veins.

The weight of her past, once a heavy shackle, began to dissolve into the night air, replaced by a fierce determination to reclaim her identity. Leaving behind the mansion that had felt more like a gilded cage than a home, she embraced the uncertainty of her future with a newfound strength. The echoes of her family's disdain and the hollow promises of wealth faded into the background, overshadowed by the singular focus on her own desires and the longing for Elliot.

In that moment of departure, she understood that true freedom lay not in the opulence of her lineage but in the authenticity of her choices. As she approached Rosewood Manor, the anticipation of reuniting with Elliot ignited a spark of hope within her. This new chapter, fraught with challenges and the shadows of her past, held the promise of a love that transcended the superficiality of social status.

Will Daphne find solace and acceptance in this new environment, or will the shadows of her past continue to haunt her? Moreover, the dynamics within the Manor promise to be just as tumultuous as those she left behind. As Daphne encounters the enigmatic members of Elliot's family, the tension will rise, revealing hidden agendas and unspoken secrets that could threaten her newfound freedom. The stakes are higher than ever, as Daphne's determination to reclaim her identity clashes with the expectations of those around her.

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