

Toxic Family Out- Reborn in CEO's Pamper

Novel

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When Names Become Stories By Naomi Ellis 4 Summary In Chapter 4 of "When Names Become Stories" by Naomi Ellis, Troy Martin, the Innler, encounters Daphne Lavette, the biological daughter of the Culver family, who surprises him with her vibrant presence. Unlike what he expected from someone raised in the shadows, she exudes confidence and beauty, captivating Troy as he guides her to a guest room in Rosewood Manor.

Daphne's memories of her arrival and her first sight of Elliot fill her with a mix of anticipation and anxiety, but as she settles into her luxurious surroundings, she resolves not to fail him. Daphne relishes a hot bath, allowing herself to dream and plan for her future. However, her peaceful moment is interrupted by a chilling nightmare that evokes feelings of suffocation. In her dream, Elliot appears, rescuing her with a comforting embrace that feels like home. When she awakens, she is confused but grateful to a maid who informs her that she had fallen asleep in the tub.

As she prepares for breakfast, Daphne's excitement is tinged with frustration from not having seen Elliot during her week at the manor. As Daphne navigates her new life, she faces disdain from the staff, particularly from a maid named Fiona Parker, who belittles her status. Despite Fiona's malice, Daphne's resolve strengthens, leading to a confrontation where she asserts her dominance by retaliating against Fiona's taunts.

This act of defiance marks a turning point for Daphne, as she declares her position as the lady of Rosewood Manor and demonstrates her strength.

The chapter culminates in a tense moment when Elliot appears, witnessing the aftermath of Daphne's confrontation with Fiona. His commanding presence and sharp gaze create an electrifying atmosphere, leaving everyone in the room on edge. Fiona's attempt to manipulate the situation backfires, and Elliot's authoritative question about her right to mistreat anyone in the manor signifies a shift in power dynamics. The stakes are high as Daphne's journey of self-assertion and her relationship with Elliot continue to unfold amidst the challenges of her new life.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below **When Names Become Stories** **By Naomi Ellis** **Chapter 4: Who Gave You the Right?**

Troy Martin, the Innler, studied the young woman standing beside him with a mix of disbelief and intrigue. Wasn't the biological daughter of the Culver family supposed to have spent two decades lost in the shadows of the stumps? Yet here she was, exuding an effortless brightness that seemed to light up the room.

There was nothing about her demeanor that suggested timidity or defensiveness; instead, she radiated a natural audacity, a relaxed confidence that felt almost rebellious. She was strikingly beautiful, and in all honesty, she complemented Mr. Beckett in a way that was almost remarkable. As Troy led her to a guest room on the second floor, he felt a strange sense of curiosity about her. "Ms. Culver..." he began, attempting to address her with the title he thought appropriate. "My name is Daphne Lavette," she interjected, her tone firm yet not unkind.

Troy maintained a polite smile, his demeanor respectful. "Ms. Lavette, please make yourself comfortable here for the time being. Mr. Beckett seldom spends time in this part of the house." She almost forgot that the first time she had laid eyes on Elliot had been over a month after her arrival at Rosewood Manor. The memory of that moment was still fresh in her mind, a mixture of anticipation and anxiety. Her heart, once tense with uncertainty, began to ease as she nodded and stepped into the room alone.

The space was vast, the walk-in closet alone dwarfing her previous bedroom at the Culver Mansion. She felt a rush of emotions as she took in the grandeur of her surroundings. Pausing at the ornate floor-to-ceiling window, she gazed out at the city below. The lights sparkled like a terrestrial Milky Way, casting a warm glow over the courtyard. Two rows of crabapple trees swayed gently, their pale pink blossoms trembling in the evening breeze-an utterly romantic scene that tugged at her heartstrings. Seeing it again shifted her mindset.

This time, she vowed to herself, she would not fail Elliot. She sank into a steaming hot bath, the water enveloping her like a warm embrace. As she stretched comfortably in the wide tub, her mind began to methodically plan every step of the next five years, each decision a building block toward her newfound purpose. It had been far too long since she had enjoyed water this warm and soothing, and she allowed herself to revel in the sensation. As her thoughts drifted, drowsiness began to claim her. Slowly, she succumbed to sleep in the tub, the warmth wrapping around her like a cocoon.

As time passed, the water began to cool, and with it came the familiar, chilling weight of the deep sea that haunted her dreams. It felt as though the darkness was creeping in,

suffocating her. She struggled for breath, the air thinning around her. Suddenly, a dark silhouette emerged from the shadows, followed by a man's handsome face that made her heart race. Elliot... Before she could fully comprehend what was happening, he lifted her effortlessly, cradling her in a broad, comforting embrace that felt like home.

When she finally opened her eyes again, sunlight flooded the room, bright and warm. She found herself lying on a soft, generous bed, wrapped in a plush white robe. How did I end up in bed last night? The question flitted through her mind like a butterfly, light and fleeting. A gentle knock at the door interrupted her thoughts. A plump maid entered, her demeanor cheerful. "Ms. Lavette? You're finally awake. You fell asleep in the tub last night, so I carried you here." "Oh, thank you," Daphne replied, her voice still thick with sleep. "You're welcome, Ms. Lavette.

Breakfast is ready whenever you are." Daphne glanced at the clock, momentarily dismissing the incident of the previous night. She made her way downstairs, her heart racing with anticipation. She spent an entire week at Rosewood Manor without catching a glimpse of Elliot. Each day felt like an eternity, a waiting game that gnawed at her resolve. As dusk fell one evening, she jogged along the winding mountain road behind the villa, her breath coming in steady puffs. She paused to make a phone call, her heart racing with urgency. "Sell the items I left with you. Seventy-thirty split.

Wire the proceeds to my account." She needed immediate funds, the kind that would help her take control of her life. Returning for dinner, she noticed a cluster of maids huddled together, their whispers a soft murmur in the air. Daphne's cold gaze silenced them instantly-except for one girl with sharp, tilted eyes, who sneered at her with

disdain. "What are you afraid of?" the girl jeered, her voice dripping with malice. "She was married off purely for her family's benefit. Mr. Beckett hasn't even visited her.

Back in the ancient days, she wouldn't have even counted as a concubine-she isn't on our level." Daphne recognized her immediately. Fiona Parker-a petty, spiteful type who thrived on gossip and drama. Whenever Troy was absent, she lounged in the living room, watching TV as if she owned the place. "Is this for me?" Daphne asked coolly, her gaze lingering on the meager spread before her-a few cold dishes and a plate of pasta that looked as though it had been left out for hours. The pasta had puffed grotesquely, a strange film floating atop it. It was utterly revolting.

"Thought you might prefer something light since you exercise a lot," Fiona offered smugly, her tone dripping with sarcasm. Daphne's lips curled into a seemingly harmless smile. In her previous life, she had scurried back to the Culver Mansion daily, blissfully unaware of how malicious the staff could be behind closed doors. She beckoned Fiona with a crooked finger, a silent challenge in her gesture. Oblivious to the danger, Fiona strutted over, arms crossed defiantly. "What? Not to your liking? I heard you grew up in the slums. You should be grateful for any meal.

Unless-" Suddenly, a piercing, agonized scream echoed through the dining room, cutting through the tension like a knife. Daphne seized Fiona by the hair and slammed her face into the plate of pasta. "Where I come from, the strong survive," she declared, her tone calm yet laced with a fierce intensity. Her grip was merciless, a testament to her resolve. Fiona barely had time to react as the tableware clattered to the floor. "Let

go! Who do you think you are? Some heiress? Your family married you off for their own gain! You-ah-help!" The other maids froze, terror etched on their faces.

Daphne yanked Fiona by the collar and hurled her across the room, her voice steady and unwavering. "Since Mr. Beckett married me, I am the lady of Rosewood Manor." Fiona's hair was drenched in broth, pasta clinging to her face as she gasped, sputtering in disarray. Finally, she pointed a trembling finger at Daphne, her voice a hiss. "You're shameless! You're nothing but a bed warmer! Has Mr. Beckett even visited you? Lady of Rosewood Manor, huh? My-" The room fell into a stunned silence. Fiona sensed a presence behind her, and she turned slowly, dread pooling in her stomach.

Elliot was there, seated in his wheelchair, having appeared as if summoned by her darkest thoughts. His eyes were sharp and commanding, the kind that could cut through the thickest fog of uncertainty. The corners of his eyes tilted upward, giving him an air of arrogance that was both intimidating and captivating. His black shirt hung casually on his frame, two buttons undone, revealing pale, fragile collarbones that contrasted starkly with his sculpted features. In that moment, the villa seemed to hold its breath, the air thick with tension.

Fiona's gaze froze with panic, her knees wobbling beneath her. She silently prayed that Elliot hadn't heard her words. Daphne's heart ached at the sight of him. Even in a wheelchair, his posture was unyielding, a testament to his strength. In her previous life, he had knelt beside her, his back bowed, pleading for her to awaken. Recognizing that Daphne wouldn't betray her, Fiona fell to her knees, sobbing. "Mr. Beckett, it's... it's just that the food didn't suit Ms. Lavette's taste. She got upset and... and hit us. Mr.

Beckett, we're maids, but we're human!" "Who gave you the right to touch anyone in Rosewood Manor?" Elliot's voice sliced through the air, deep and velvety, yet edged with a tantalizing allure that demanded respect. Hearing him speak, Fiona jolted upright, as if someone had flipped a switch in her. I knew it! This woman is nothing more than a pawn in a wealthy marriage alliance. There's no way Mr. Beckett would allow her to run unchecked in Rosewood Manor. The tension in the room crackled like electricity, and the stakes had never felt higher.

Conclusion In this pivotal chapter, Daphne Lavette undergoes a profound transformation as she asserts her identity and takes control of her destiny. The initial uncertainty that plagued her upon arriving at Rosewood Manor gives way to a fierce resolve, ignited by her desire to prove herself not just to Elliot but to everyone around her. The confrontation with Fiona serves as a catalyst for her awakening, marking a departure from the timid girl molded by her past into a woman who recognizes her worth and power.

The act of defending herself against Fiona's taunts is not merely a display of strength; it signifies Daphne's reclamation of her narrative, transforming her name from a mere label into a story of defiance and resilience. As the chapter closes, the air is thick with tension, hinting at the complexities of her relationship with Elliot and the challenges that lie ahead. The moment when Elliot arrives, poised and commanding, underscores the stakes of Daphne's newfound assertiveness.

With Elliot Beckett's authoritative presence firmly established, the tension between Daphne and the other maids is bound to reach a boiling point. How will Elliot respond to

the chaos that has erupted, and what implications will it have for Daphne's standing in the household? With Fiona's bitter accusations lingering in the air, the stakes are set for a confrontation that could either solidify Daphne's position or unravel her carefully constructed plans.

Moreover, as Daphne grapples with her newfound identity and the challenges that come with it, her relationship with Elliot is poised for exploration. Will their shared history ignite a spark of understanding, or will the shadows of their pasts complicate their connection further? As Daphne navigates the treacherous waters of social hierarchy and personal ambition, readers will be left on the edge of their seats, eager to see how her fierce resolve will shape her destiny within the opulent yet perilous walls of Rosewood Manor.

Expect revelations, unexpected alliances, and perhaps even a twist that will change the course of Daphne's journey forever. 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.