

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

## Chapter 5

When Names Become Stories By Naomi Ellis 5 Summary In Chapter 5 of "When Names Become Stories," Fiona is overwhelmed with despair as she pleads with Mr. Beckett to protect the maids from the harsh treatment of Ms. Lavette. Her fear intensifies when Mr. Beckett, who wields significant power, coldly suggests a brutal punishment for Fiona, sending chills through her. The atmosphere in the room grows tense as Fiona's desperate cries for mercy echo, leaving the other maids paralyzed with fear at the display of authority and menace.

Meanwhile, Daphne, who has been a fierce figure moments before, finds herself confronted by Mr. Beckett's unwavering gaze. Despite the fear he instills, there is a shift in their dynamic as she challenges him, revealing a connection that transcends their past. Daphne's defiance surfaces as she questions his intentions and expresses her desire to be with him, asserting her independence and strength. Their exchange is charged with tension, hinting at a complex relationship that blends fear with attraction.

As the chapter unfolds, Daphne and Elliot engage in a battle of wills, each testing the other's boundaries. Daphne's confidence grows as she reintroduces herself to Elliot, and their banter reveals layers of their personalities. The encounter culminates in a passionate kiss that ignites a

spark between them, showcasing the intense emotions that lie at the heart of their relationship.

Despite the underlying threats and power dynamics, there is a sense of exhilaration in their connection, as they navigate the fine line between dominance and vulnerability.

The chapter concludes with Elliot's declaration that Daphne should not sell herself short, symbolizing a turning point for her character. Embracing her newfound identity and freedom, she steps into a larger world, ready to carve out her own path. The interplay of power, fear, and attraction leaves readers anticipating how their relationship will evolve amidst the challenges they face. Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below \*\*When Names Become Stories\*\* By Naomi Ellis\*\* Chapter 5: Her Gentle Touch\*\* Fiona sat there, her eyes brimming with tears, her expression one of utter despair. "Mr.

Beckett," she whimpered, her voice barely above a whisper. "Ms. Lavette never treats us maids like we're human. If we make even the slightest mistake, she punishes us. Please, you have to stand up for us!" Mr. Beckett's long, elegant fingers absentmindedly played with the signet ring on his pinky, a small, almost absent gesture that belied the weight of the moment. The wheelchair behind him loomed like a throne forged from shadows-imposing, heavy, and cold, a stark reminder of his power and the darkness that surrounded it.

From the moment he had entered the room, his gaze had been fixed on Daphne, unwavering and intense. She sat there, her nose flushed and her demeanor fragile, a striking contrast to the fierce woman she had been just moments ago. Had the sight of him truly frightened her? "Why dirty your own hands when I'm here?" he mused, the casualness of his tone sending shivers down Fiona's spine. Fiona froze, her heart racing as she struggled to comprehend his words. Surely, she must have misheard him. "Cut out her tongue.

Feed it to the fish," he declared, his voice eerily calm, as if he were merely discussing the weather. Yet, each syllable felt like a dagger, chilling her blood and freezing her in place. "Mr. Beckett! I-I was wrong... Please, spare me!" Fiona pleaded, desperation lacing her words as she clung to the hope that he might show her mercy. Bernard Martin, his assistant, exchanged a glance with the bodyguards, who wasted no time in advancing towards Fiona. They seized her arms with a force that made her gasp, dragging her away as her cries echoed in the room. "Mr. Beckett, no!

Please!" Her voice faded into an eerie silence, leaving the remaining maids pale and trembling, their faces ashen with fear. "Anyone else?" he inquired, his tone commanding, a protector safeguarding his own. Daphne's gaze swept over the young maids, their eyes wide with terror. The moment their gazes locked, their knees buckled, and they collapsed to the floor, a chorus of submission. "M-Ms. Lavette, you've got it all wrong! Fiona did everything! W-We're innocent!" "I don't need this many people fussing over me," Daphne said coolly, her voice steady as she addressed Bernard.

"Have them all dismissed." Bernard hesitated, glancing back at his employer for confirmation. Elliot lifted his chin slightly, a silent command that left no room for doubt. "Understood," Bernard replied, his voice clipped as he exited the room, leaving only two souls behind. Daphne held her ground, her eyes locked onto Elliot's, unwavering. She couldn't quite recall when he had fallen for her so deeply that it had led to his demise in her past life. Yet, she remembered how ruthless he had been back then, a figure who struck fear into her heart.

Now, though, that fear had dissipated, replaced by a strange sense of connection. "I want to be with you properly this time," she declared, her voice firm yet soft, as if she were daring him to

feel the same. "What makes you so willing to marry a cripple?" he asked, his tone inscrutable, leaving her to ponder the weight of his words. Daphne's gaze flickered to his legs, the earlier pang of pity evaporating. A cripple? What a laughable notion. In her previous life, when he had pinned her to the bed, driving her to the brink of madness, he hadn't shown any signs of weakness.

If it weren't for her rebirth, she might have fallen for his charade. "If I say I'm not willing, will you let me go?" she challenged, her heart racing, knowing full well his answer. "No," he replied instantly, without a moment's pause. Of course. A sly smile curled on Daphne's lips, a spark of mischief igniting within her. "Let me reintroduce myself. I'm Daphne Lavette, twenty years old, no bad habits to speak of. I've recently severed ties with the Culver family, so I'm on my own now." There was a brief silence before Elliot's deep voice cut through the air.

"I'm Elliot Beckett, twenty-five years old. Moody, unpredictable, and possessive-extremely so." When he spoke the word "possessive," his eyes darkened, smoldering with an intensity that felt almost primal, as if he could consume her whole with just a glance. They held each other's gaze for what felt like an eternity, a minute stretching into infinity. Finally, a small, indulgent smile broke across his lips. In all of Hastoria, no one dared to hold his gaze for that long-except for her. "Are you not afraid of me?" he asked, his voice low, curiosity lacing his tone.

Everyone knew the name "Elliot Beckett." In her past life, she had been oblivious. It was only later, through Yasmin, that she learned he was the head of Hastoria's most powerful financial conglomerate, a man who commanded the land, sea, and air, controlling nearly seventy percent of the nation's economy. With just a flick of his finger, he could send the entire city into a panic.

"Should I be?" she countered softly, her eyes sparkling with defiance. "You're my man. What's there to fear?" Her lashes framed eyes as clear and sharp as glass, steady and unwavering.

Elliot turned his palm upward, still holding her gaze, as if waiting for something to unfold. Daphne hesitated for just a heartbeat before placing her slender hand into his. His grip tightened, firm and possessive, before he released her, the warmth of his touch lingering like a promise. A teasing smirk danced on his lips, a hint of mischief that made her heart race. "Pervert," she muttered playfully, her cheeks puffing slightly in mock annoyance. "Mr. Beckett, are you really planning to stay in that wheelchair around me?" His eyes sharpened, narrowing as he studied her with a keen intensity.

"Yet you lifted me out of the tub-you moved surprisingly fast." He must have thought sending a maid afterward would deceive her, but as she leaned in closer, she caught that familiar clean, woodsy scent that lingered from that fateful night. Slowly, Elliot rose from the wheelchair, his towering figure eclipsing the light above her. At nearly six-foot-three, he loomed over her like a tempest, his presence rolling over her like a powerful wave. He had returned that night to confirm one thing-whether she was the woman he had been searching for.

His hand gently caught her chin, tilting it upward, forcing her to meet his gaze. "Aren't you afraid I'll cut your tongue out too?" "I am," she admitted, her voice steady, "but I'm more afraid that you couldn't bring yourself to do it." Daphne's defiant gaze locked onto his, even the tiny tear mole beneath her eye seemed to challenge him, testing the limits of his resolve. His fingers slid from her chin to the back of her neck, and up close, she felt like a fox in human skin-yet her wide, gleaming eyes were so pure they glistened with innocence.

Her pink lips parted, revealing a hint of white teeth-a dangerous blend of innocence and temptation. "Sharp tongue," he muttered, amusement flickering in his eyes. Then, without warning, he bent down and kissed her, claiming her mouth with an urgency that felt like a siege. The faint taste of tobacco invaded her senses, filling every breath, leaving no space untouched. When he finally released her, his thumb brushed across her flushed lips, satisfaction gleaming in his gaze. "Yeah. I can't bear to." The air between them thickened, charged with an electric heat that crackled in the silence.

"Mr. Beckett..." Bernard's voice cut in abruptly, faltering under the weight of his own mistake. Elliot's sharp gaze sliced toward him like a blade, the tension palpable. Bernard quickly lowered his head, his voice trembling. "Mr. Beckett, Old Mr. Beckett has started making moves." From where she stood, Daphne watched Elliot's chest rise and fall, a moment of stillness before his large hand landed softly on her head. "Girl, behave yourself. If you do that, I'll let you do whatever you want-even if you tear the sky apart, I'll cover for you.

But if you don't..." His tone dropped to a low growl, the air thickening with unspoken threats. He lifted her chin again, forcing her to look into his eyes. "I'll break your legs myself." Even if I have to keep a composed facade, I will make you understand. "Same to you," she whispered defiantly. "You're mine." Daphne's words drew a low, warm laugh from him, one that was both indulgent and dangerously enticing. That was his girl-bold to the core. His large hand ruffled her hair twice, rough yet affectionate, a gesture that made her heart flutter.

Finally, Elliot sank back into the wheelchair, his elegant fingers holding a sleek black card. "To be my woman," he declared, "don't sell yourself short." Daphne glanced down at her outfit, then, without hesitation, took the card, a sense of determination igniting within her. The next day, she

strode confidently into the largest mall in Denvermont, ready to embrace her newfound freedom and identity.

**Conclusion** In the aftermath of the chaos, a sense of clarity washed over Daphne as she stood beside Elliot, the weight of their shared past and the uncertainty of their future swirling in the air around them. No longer just a pawn in the game of power and fear, she had found her voice amidst the shadows that had once threatened to consume her. The defiance in her heart ignited a spark of hope, illuminating the path forward with a newfound sense of purpose. As she accepted Elliot's card, it symbolized more than just a promise of protection; it was a declaration of her own strength and agency.

With every step she took into the bustling mall, she shed the remnants of her former self, ready to carve out her own story in a world that had long sought to silence her. Elliot, too, felt the shift within him as he watched Daphne embrace her independence. The fierce connection they shared transcended the boundaries of their tumultuous past, hinting at a bond that could withstand the trials ahead. In her boldness, he found a reflection of his own desires—an unyielding spirit that challenged him to confront his own vulnerabilities.

With the weight of her past life still lingering in the shadows, she will confront the challenges that come with stepping into the world as Elliot Beckett's chosen woman. The stakes are higher than ever as she grapples with the implications of her bold declaration, "You're mine," and the fierce possessiveness that Elliot embodies. How will she balance her independence with the complexities of their relationship? As Daphne explores the vibrant world outside, the tension between her and Elliot will only intensify.

Will she find allies among those who once feared Elliot's wrath, or will her past mistakes come back to haunt her? The introduction of new characters promises to add layers of intrigue and potential conflict, stirring the pot of emotions and alliances. With each step she takes, Daphne will need to assert her strength and navigate the treacherous waters of loyalty, power, and desire. The question remains: can she truly carve out her own path without losing herself in the process?

Prepare for a whirlwind of emotions, as Daphne's journey unfolds against a backdrop of ambition, romance, and the shadows of her past. 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.