

Toxic Family Out- Reborn in CEO's Pamper Novel

When Names Become Stories By Naomi Ellis 6 Summary In Chapter 6 of "When Names Become Stories," titled "The Limited Edition Black Card," Daphne enters the luxurious Rosewood Manor boutique feeling out of place in her simple attire. The opulence around her amplifies her discomfort, as she is acutely aware of the judgmental glances from other shoppers. Despite this, she maintains her composure and determination, refusing to let their scrutiny affect her.

The boutique's manager, exuding superiority, dismisses Daphne's presence and suggests she browse the discount section, further highlighting the class divide. However, Daphne surprises everyone when she confidently requests to see the high-priced items instead. The young shop assistant, initially enthusiastic, is quickly reprimanded by the manager for suggesting an expensive dress. Daphne's calm demeanor remains intact as she boldly asks for all the non-sale pieces, revealing her true intentions.

The tension in the room escalates as she casually produces a rare black card, indicating her ability to purchase the expensive garments, leaving both the manager and the shop assistant in shock. As Daphne tries on the stunning vintage green dress, she captures the attention of everyone in the store, contrasting sharply with the disdainful Callum and Yasmin, who enter shortly after. Callum's initial awe at Daphne's beauty

quickly turns to contempt when he recognizes her, questioning her presence in such a high-end store.

Daphne stands her ground, unbothered by his insults, and asserts her right to purchase the dress, showcasing her newfound confidence and defiance against societal expectations. The chapter culminates in a moment of empowerment for Daphne as she embraces her worth in a space that initially made her feel inferior. The admiration from the salesgirl and the envy from Yasmin highlight the shift in dynamics, as Daphne transforms from an outsider to the center of attention.

This pivotal moment not only showcases her resilience but also challenges the prejudices of those around her, setting the stage for her journey of self-discovery and acceptance. Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below **When Names Become Stories** **By Naomi Ellis** **Chapter 6: The Limited Edition Black Card** As Daphne stepped into the opulent halls of Rosewood Manor, she couldn't help but notice the stark contrast between her attire and the refined elegance surrounding her.

The boutique was a realm of sophistication, where the clothes exuded a quiet luxury that resonated with Yasun's aesthetic. Yet, Daphne felt out of place in her faded jeans and slightly yellowed white shirt, a stark reminder of her more modest origins. The gleaming marble floors and the pristine glass displays seemed to mock her presence, amplifying her discomfort. Despite the curious glances from other shoppers, she held her head high and strode forward, determined not to let their scrutiny dampen her spirit.

Inside the boutique, the sales associates flitted about, attending to a myriad of customers, their voices a blend of professional charm and practiced enthusiasm. Only

the manager, a woman in her thirties with meticulously styled hair and an air of superiority, stood idle, waiting for her next opportunity to showcase her disdain.

"Welcome," she said, her tone polite but lacking warmth. The flicker of disdain in her eyes was unmistakable as she assessed Daphne, her plain attire making her appear like a broke high school student wandering into a high-end fashion sanctuary.

"Miss, the discount section is over there," the manager pointed dismissively. "The fitting room's on the right; you can try anything you like." With a subtle motion, she summoned a new salesgirl to take over, her impatience palpable. The young shop assistant rushed over, her smile bright and enthusiastic as she appraised Daphne from head to toe.

"Miss, you've got such great proportions and fair skin! You're a natural model! We just received a stunning runway piece from Prairie Fashion Week that would suit you perfectly.

Let me grab it for you!" She dashed off, returning moments later with a vintage green dress that was nothing short of breathtaking. The skirt was adorned with delicate embroidery-elegant and refined, it seemed to embody Daphne's quiet grace. Yet, that particular shade of vintage green was a bold choice, one that not everyone could carry with confidence. As the shop assistant reached for the dress, the manager's voice cut through the air like a cold wind. "Are you out of your mind? That dress costs 180,000 bucks! Do you really think she can afford it?

Just show her the discount rack and get her out of here." Daphne remained unfazed, her demeanor calm and collected. "Which ones are on sale?" she inquired, her voice steady. The manager's lips curled into a professional smile, but the mockery in her eyes

was unmistakable. "It's over here. These ones too," the shop assistant chimed in cheerfully. "These are last season's pieces-two for fifteen percent off, three for forty percent." "Get me all the other pieces that aren't on sale," Daphne replied nonchalantly, her confidence unwavering.

"I'm a size S." "Do you want to try them on?" the assistant asked, still wearing her bright smile. "That makes perfect sense," Daphne responded, her tone light. "You should always see how they fit on you." The manager shot her a glare, irritation etched across her face. "I'm sorry, but our store operates on a membership system. Only members are allowed to try on new arrivals," she explained, her voice dripping with condescension. It was clear she believed that Daphne's mere presence would tarnish the pristine garments. "No, I won't be trying them on.

I want all of them, including that entire rack, to be packed up for me," Daphne declared, her voice firm and resolute. A hush fell over the room. Customers and sales associates alike froze, their eyes wide with disbelief as they processed her words. The cheapest outfit from that selection cost five figures, yet she spoke as casually as if she were purchasing apples at a local market. "Sorry, what did you say? You're buying all of these?" the young salesgirl asked, her eyes widening in astonishment, unsure if she had misheard. Daphne didn't waste time explaining.

Instead, she produced a sleek card and handed it over with a casual grace. "Size S." Before the girl could fully comprehend the situation, the manager's eyes sparkled with a mix of surprise and greed. She stepped forward quickly, a broad grin spreading across her face. Daphne had revealed an international, limited edition black card-one of fewer

than ten in existence worldwide. Even if this was merely a secondary card, the value it held was beyond what most could ever dream of affording.

"Of course, miss, I'll get these packed right away," the manager said, her voice suddenly dripping with sweetness. Just as she reached for the card, Daphne pulled it back slightly and handed it to the stunned young salesgirl instead. "I want her to ring me up. You can bring that green dress to the fitting room." Daphne's gaze lingered on the vintage gown, the very one the manager had deemed unaffordable. A flush crept up the manager's cheeks, her smile stiffening as she fought to maintain her composure. She could only watch helplessly as a massive sale slipped through her fingers.

Moments later, Daphne disappeared into the fitting room, the door chiming softly behind her. A young man and woman entered just then, their presence commanding immediate attention. "Callum. I heard this brand just stocked a runway dress from Prairie Fashion Week. I would like to try it," the woman said sweetly, her voice laced with anticipation. "Go ahead," Callum replied, his pink suit accentuating his tanned skin, making him appear even more striking. "I'll get it for you if it fits.

You've got that charity gala with Dad tonight, so you'd better look your best," he added, a hint of teasing in his tone. "You're the best, Callum," Yasmin replied, her smile radiating warmth as her wavy hair cascaded over her shoulders. "I'd like to try on your latest runway gown, please." "I'm sorry, miss," the salesgirl responded politely, her demeanor shifting. "Someone's trying it on right now. We only have one piece." Yasmin's smile faltered, disappointment clouding her features. "Then, I'll try that one," she said, gesturing toward another dress.

"I'm really sorry," the salesgirl reiterated, her voice apologetic. "That rack and this section have all been sold. You can take a look at our discounted pieces instead."

Yasmin's expression darkened, her frustration simmering beneath the surface. Had she really been directed to the discounted items? She clenched her fists, fighting to maintain her composure, aware that losing her temper would shatter the delicate facade of her gentle image. She cast a sideways glance at Callum, her eyes pleading for support.

"What's the meaning of this?" Callum frowned, his irritation palpable.

"Why can't she try it on? Do you think we can't afford it?" "I'm terribly sorry, sir. If you'd like, you can leave your number, and we'll call you when our new arrivals come in," the salesgirl replied, her voice steady despite the tension. "She wants to try it now!" Callum snapped, frustration evident in his tone. At that moment, the fitting room door swung open, and the entire store fell silent. Every gaze turned toward the mirror, where Daphne stood, adorned in the same vintage green gown.

The deep hue accentuated her porcelain skin, tracing the lines of her perfect figure like a masterpiece on display. Under the soft lights, her pale and slender neck gleamed, and her delicate features radiated a quiet intensity—an unmistakable beauty that demanded attention. The young salesgirl, who had been about to pack the rest of the clothes, froze, utterly captivated. It took her several moments to regain her composure. "I knew it!" she exclaimed, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "I told you this dress would look amazing on you."

"You wear it better than the runway model!" Now grinning from ear to ear, she began packing the remaining items at double speed, her enthusiasm infectious. Even Yasmin

couldn't mask her surprise, her admiration quickly morphing into envy as she recognized who was wearing the dress. "Callum, isn't that Daphne?" she remarked, her voice barely above a whisper. Callum's expression darkened the instant he laid eyes on her, the brief flicker of awe in his gaze transforming into cold disdain. "Daphne? What are you doing here? Do you think you belong here?" he spat, his tone laced with contempt.

Through the mirror, Daphne caught his reflection, the vibrant pink of his suit contrasting sharply with her understated elegance. A glint flickered in her eyes, a mixture of defiance and calm. "I'll take this one," she said, her voice steady as she addressed the manager beside her. The manager hurried over, scissors in hand, ready to cut off the tag. But Callum, irritated by her nonchalance, strode forward, his voice rising in protest. "Wait a minute!" he barked. "Daphne, what do you think you're doing? How can you try on the clothes here and act like you belong?"

Don't tell me you're expecting the Culvers to pay for it!" Conclusion As Daphne stood in the mirror, adorned in the stunning vintage green gown, she felt a wave of empowerment wash over her. The initial discomfort she had felt upon entering Rosewood Manor was now replaced by a resolute confidence, a silent acknowledgment of her worth that transcended the judgments of those around her. With each glance in the mirror, she embraced not just the beauty of the dress but the strength of her own identity, one that was not defined by her past or the expectations of others.

The disdainful glances from Callum and the manager no longer held power over her; instead, they served as a reminder of how far she had come. In that moment, she

transformed from an outsider into a figure of grace and defiance, ready to reclaim her narrative. As she stepped out of the fitting room, the atmosphere shifted palpably. The whispers of disbelief and envy from the other shoppers echoed in her ears, yet they no longer mattered. Daphne had woven her own story, one that intertwined elegance with resilience, and she was determined to own it.

The stakes are high as she navigates this world of opulence that seems to both fascinate and intimidate her, and the boutique could become a battleground for their contrasting lives. Moreover, the allure of the limited edition black card hints at secrets yet to be uncovered. What does this card truly signify for Daphne, and how will it alter her standing in this elite social circle? As she embraces her unexpected power, the narrative promises to explore the repercussions of her bold choices. Will she forge alliances or create rivalries among the affluent shoppers?