

Toxic Family Out- Reborn in CEO's Pamper Novel

When Names Become Stories By Naomi Ellis 7 Summary In Chapter 7 of "When Names Become Stories," the atmosphere shifts dramatically when Yasmin suggests helping Daphne pay for a dress she believes is too expensive for her. Callum, however, is quick to mock Daphne, reminding Yasmin of her past treatment towards her. The tension escalates as Yasmin, caught between her desire to help and her loyalty to Callum, feels conflicted. Callum's condescending remarks highlight the power dynamics at play, as he relishes in Daphne's supposed embarrassment.

Daphne surprises everyone by confidently purchasing a mountain of items, leaving Callum and Yasmin in disbelief. Callum's anger boils over when he confronts Daphne about her financial means, and she retorts with a cool demeanor, suggesting Yasmin pick something from the sale rack while she had already bought everything. The humiliation of this revelation washes over Yasmin and Callum, with Callum accusing Daphne of manipulation. This confrontation reveals deep-seated emotions of resentment and defensiveness, particularly from Callum, who feels compelled to protect Yasmin.

As the situation escalates, Callum attempts to physically confront Daphne, but she skillfully deflects his attack, leaving him stunned. This moment of physicality shifts the balance of power, showcasing Daphne's strength and defiance. Yasmin, initially hoping to witness Daphne's downfall, is instead faced with the reality of her brother's defeat,

which adds to her internal conflict and embarrassment. The chapter culminates with Daphne leaving the scene with an air of confidence, while Callum and Yasmin are left reeling from the unexpected turn of events.

Outside the store, Daphne's beauty and composure draw attention as she receives a call from Elliot, who expresses his care for her. Their playful banter reveals a deeper connection, contrasting sharply with the earlier humiliation she faced. The chapter ends with Daphne's return to Rosewood Manor, where the atmosphere has shifted to one of respect, highlighting her newfound strength and status. Elliot's possessiveness hints at a complex relationship, leaving readers intrigued about Daphne's journey and the dynamics at play in her life.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below **When Names Become Stories** *By Naomi Ellis* **Chapter 7: Making a Fool of Themselves** As the manager was about to clarify that the dress had already been paid for by the young lady, Yasmin stepped forward, her demeanor shifting the atmosphere in the room. With a sweet smile, she slipped her arm through Callum's, her voice laced with a sugary tone, "Callum, the dress looks absolutely stunning on Daphne.

"Why don't we lend her a hand with the payment?" Callum's face twisted into a sneer, his eyes narrowing as he replied, "Yasmin, you're far too generous for your own good. Have you conveniently forgotten how she treated you in the past?" He leaned in closer, his voice dripping with sarcasm. "And wasn't it just yesterday that someone proclaimed with such confidence that she'd sever all ties with us? Why would she suddenly need

our assistance now?" Yasmin bit her lip, her brow furrowing with uncertainty. "But Callum, the dress she's wearing is from Prairie Fashion Week.

It must be incredibly pricey." Her expression spoke volumes, practically broadcasting to everyone present that Daphne was likely unable to afford such an extravagant purchase. "She's the one who doesn't know her place," Callum mocked, his tone condescending. "If she insists on buying something beyond her means, the only person who will end up embarrassed is her, not you. Here's a thought, Daphne.

If you beg me nicely, I might just consider buying you one of those discounted dresses." The manager shot him a bewildered glance, while the salesgirls stifled their laughter, their heads bowed as they packed Daphne's purchases. Yasmin felt a strange sensation in the air, something off-kilter, but she couldn't quite articulate what it was. All eyes turned to Daphne as she confidently took the scissors from the manager and snipped the tag off her dress with a decisive cut.

At the counter, the young salesgirl completed the transaction, handing back the black card with both hands, her voice polite yet professional. "Your items have been packed, Miss. Please provide an address, and we will arrange for delivery." Callum's eyes widened in disbelief as he glanced over, his heart racing. The racks that had once been brimming with clothing were now barren, replaced by a mountain of shopping bags stacked high on the counter. Did she really buy all of that? It seemed impossible. Where could she have found the funds?

Yasmin was equally astonished, her mind racing with confusion. The salesgirl had mentioned earlier that all the new arrivals had already sold out. There was no way

Daphne could have purchased everything, right? After providing her address, Daphne reclaimed the black card, her gaze sweeping over Callum and Yasmin with an air of calm amusement, as if she were an audience member watching a particularly entertaining circus act. Callum's face contorted with fury.

"Daphne, where on earth did you get the money for all this?" "What does it have to do with you?" she retorted coolly, her voice steady as she turned her attention to Yasmin. "Oh, right. I bought all the new pieces, so why don't you pick something from the sale rack? I'll cover it for you." The moment those words left her lips, the expressions on both siblings' faces darkened, humiliation washing over them like a cold wave. "You manipulative woman! You'd already paid, yet you still acted as if you couldn't afford it!"

You wanted to make us look like fools!" Callum's fists clenched tightly, his body tense as if ready to explode. "Did I ever claim I couldn't afford it?" Daphne replied, her amusement barely concealed. "You two were putting on such a convincing performance, and I simply didn't want to interrupt your little show." With a swift glance at the neatly packed shopping bags, she grabbed one at random and tossed a dress at Yasmin's feet with a sharp thud. "Here's a little something for your performance." Yasmin's face flushed a deep crimson; she had never felt such acute humiliation before.

Her hands balled into fists, then gradually relaxed. When she finally looked up, her eyes were glistening, red and vulnerable like a rabbit caught in the headlights. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to—" But Daphne turned away, not sparing her a second glance, and strode out of the store with a quiet confidence that left Yasmin reeling. Callum couldn't bear to see his sister in distress. Furious and protective, he bolted after her, his voice booming,

"Daphne! Stop right there and apologize to Yasmin!" "What if I choose not to?" she shot back, her tone defiant.

"Then you're asking for it!" he roared, his anger boiling over as he lunged forward, throwing a punch at her. Daphne didn't even flinch. With a slight tilt of her head, his fist swung past her ear, barely grazing a strand of her hair. In an instant, she seized his wrist, yanking him forward and delivering a sharp elbow to his jaw. "Ugh!" Callum groaned, stumbling back and clutching his chin, shock etched across his face. Yasmin, who had lingered behind, hoping to witness Daphne's comeuppance, froze at the sight of her brother on the ground instead. Panic surged through her. "Callum!

Are you okay?" she shrieked, rushing to his side. Propping himself up with one hand, Callum glared daggers at Daphne, his expression a mix of disbelief and anger. "How dare you hit me? You'd better watch your back!" "Sure," Daphne taunted, a faint smile playing on her lips. "I'll be waiting." With that, she turned on her heel and sauntered down the street, her composure unshaken. As Yasmin helped her brother up, her voice dropped to a conspiratorial whisper, heavy with implication.

"Callum, do you think she got that money from the old man at Rosewood Manor?" The insinuation hung in the air, unspoken yet understood. Everyone was aware of the sordid implications that swirled around the relationship between a young woman and an older man. Callum's expression darkened further, his disgust palpable. "That shameless woman! She's nothing but a disgrace to the Culver family!" As Daphne made her way through the mall, heads turned to watch her. Her beauty was effortless-elegant yet unattainable, her skin as pale as porcelain.

Even in a simple, unembellished dress, she appeared almost ethereal. Just then, her phone rang, and she answered with a soft smile. "It's me." Elliot's deep, steady voice resonated through the line, instantly washing away the remnants of her earlier irritation. "You must have seen the charges by now," she said lightly. "Sorry about that. I'm indulging in a shopping spree today." A low chuckle emanated from the other end, warm and indulgent. "You might not realize this, but you can't keep up with how quickly I generate income.

I'll pick you up from Rosewood Manor at 8 p.m." "Alright," she replied, her voice unwavering. "Aren't you going to ask where we're headed?" "I don't need to. As long as you don't sell me off, I'll accompany you anywhere." Her playful tone elicited another amused chuckle from him. "I wouldn't dream of it," Elliot murmured, his voice deep and slightly raspy, carrying a teasing tenderness that brushed against her heart. When the call ended, Daphne stopped by two more stores before heading back to Rosewood Manor.

After the incident with the maids the previous night, no one dared to disrespect her any longer. Troy had even brought in two older housekeepers from Beckett Manor to ensure that the atmosphere remained respectful. At precisely 8 p.m., Elliot arrived to pick her up. Daphne was still in the vintage green dress she had worn earlier, her long, wavy hair loosely tied with a white ribbon. Her features were soft and unblemished, her face devoid of makeup. Yet, her cool, steady gaze held a quiet allure, making her beauty all the more striking.

She embodied both purity and danger, a contradiction that drew the eye and captivated the heart. Bernard, sitting in the front, couldn't help but stare. She looked nothing like someone who had grown up in poverty. Elliot's sharp glare made him quickly avert his gaze. Sensing the tension in the air, Bernard hurriedly exited the vehicle, opening the car door for her with a sense of urgency. As soon as Daphne settled into the car, Elliot reached over, taking her hand and pulling her closer until she nearly lost her balance and fell into him.

"You went shopping dressed like this?" he asked, his eyes darkening as they roamed over the glimpse of her bare shoulder blades. His chest tightened, and the temperature in the car seemed to plummet. "Yeah. What's wrong with it?" she replied, blinking in surprise. The next moment, she met his intense gaze, suddenly reminded of the depth of his possessiveness. Was he really going to dictate what she wore? "I don't care about your attire," he said coldly, "but I want to see it first.

Understood?" Daphne found his demand somewhat childish, yet the strength of his grip on her hand was impossible to ignore. She nodded quickly. "Okay, I got it." Only then did his brows relax slightly, though his grip around hers remained firm. Conclusion In the aftermath of the confrontation, Daphne emerged not just as a victor in the eyes of the onlookers but as a woman who had finally embraced her own strength and independence. The tension that had once bound her to Callum and Yasmin began to dissolve, replaced by a newfound clarity about her worth.

With each step she took away from the mall, she shed the weight of their judgments, transforming the humiliation they had tried to impose into a powerful declaration of her

identity. The laughter and disdain that had once echoed in her ears now felt distant, as she recognized that the stories tied to her name were hers to craft, not theirs to dictate. As she joined Elliot in the car, the warmth of his presence enveloped her like a protective shield. Their playful banter hinted at a deeper connection, one that promised to honor her spirit rather than stifle it.

The stakes are rising, and the dynamics between the characters are shifting, leaving us to wonder how far they will go to protect their pride and reputations. Moreover, the enigmatic relationship between Daphne and Elliot will deepen, revealing layers of complexity that challenge Daphne's understanding of her own identity. As she navigates the aftermath of her public defiance, the allure of her connection with Elliot grows stronger, but so do the shadows of their pasts.

Will Elliot's possessive nature push Daphne to assert her independence further, or will it bind her to him in ways she never anticipated? Prepare for a chapter filled with intrigue, emotional confrontations, and the tantalizing promise of secrets waiting to be uncovered. 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.