

Toxic Family Out- Reborn in CEO's Pamper Novel

When Names Become Stories By Naomi Ellis 9 Summary In Chapter 9 of "When Names Become Stories," Daphne finds herself in a tense moment with Elliot as they lock eyes, filled with unspoken gratitude and emotions. The atmosphere shifts as the auction host announces the grand finale, showcasing a stunning necklace called Luna's Halo, which captivates the audience, particularly Yasmin, who eagerly anticipates a bid from Julian, her partner. The necklace symbolizes more than mere luxury for Yasmin; it represents love and commitment, elevating her pride as the bids escalate dramatically.

As the bidding war intensifies, Julian's confidence begins to wane when a mysterious bidder from the second floor shocks everyone with a staggering bid of one hundred million. This bold move leaves Julian and the crowd in disbelief, as they grapple with the audacity of the unknown bidder. Meanwhile, Daphne observes the unfolding drama, feeling a mix of satisfaction and intrigue as Elliot's identity as the high-stakes bidder is slowly revealed, showcasing a side of him that surprises those around him.

With the auction concluding, the atmosphere shifts to the afterparty, where whispers of discontent circulate among the guests, particularly Yasmin, who feels humiliated by Julian's failure to secure the necklace. Her frustration is palpable as she overhears gossip about the mysterious bidder, leading her to realize that Elliot is not just any wealthy man but a powerful figure in the corporate world. This revelation ignites a mix of

desire and ambition within her as she contemplates the potential advantages of capturing Elliot's attention.

As the night progresses, Daphne and Elliot share a moment, with her suggesting they wait to leave together, bringing warmth to Elliot's heart. However, Yasmin, lurking in the shadows, becomes fixated on Elliot, recognizing his commanding presence and beauty. Her realization that he is not paralyzed as believed, but rather capable of standing, sparks a new determination within her to pursue him, believing he could provide everything she desires. The chapter closes with Yasmin stepping out of the shadows, ready to confront Elliot and seize the opportunity she believes could change her life.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below **When Names Become Stories** By Naomi Ellis **Chapter 9: Too Much Money and Nowhere To Spend** Daphne locked eyes with Elliot, her heart racing like a wild stallion in a tempest. The intensity of his gaze sent a rush of mixed emotions coursing through her veins, and she felt utterly unprepared for the debt of gratitude she owed him. "Well..." she stammered, instinctively covering her mouth as a light cough escaped her lips.

The last thing she wanted was to delve into the weighty subject that hung between them, so she redirected her focus to the stage below, where the atmosphere was charged with anticipation. "The next piece," the host announced with a flourish, "is the grand finale of tonight's auction-an item every woman dreams of possessing and the highlight of our evening!" As he spoke, a platform gracefully ascended from the depths of the stage, revealing a stunning sight. Encased in a crystal-clear glass box was a magnificent necklace, its brilliance accentuated by the rich black velvet it rested upon.

"This exquisite piece is known as Luna's Halo. The chain boasts 108 sparkling diamonds, and the centerpiece is a crescent-shaped, vividly blue diamond-GIA-certified and one of the finest in existence," the host continued, his voice dripping with enthusiasm. "Julian, is that the blue diamond necklace you promised to bid on for me?" Yasmin's voice was a melody of excitement, her eyes glimmering with hope as they sparkled like the gems they were discussing. "You're so fortunate! Mr. Flynn truly indulges you!" a nearby guest chimed in, their tone laced with a hint of envy.

Yasmin's vanity swelled at the compliment, her gaze softening as she turned to Julian. "Anyone can talk big," a whisper floated from behind them, tinged with jealousy. "He couldn't even win that cheap dress earlier." "Don't say that," Yasmin shot back, her voice defensive yet subtly guilt-tripping. "I told him not to get that for me. He's already promised me this necklace, though." In her eyes, the necklace represented far more than mere adornment; it was a symbol of love and commitment that eclipsed the insignificance of a dress.

"Don't worry," Julian reassured her, lifting his bidding paddle with determination. "The starting bid is twelve million!" "Fifteen million!" Julian proclaimed first, a broad smile illuminating Yasmin's face. "Seventeen million!" "Twenty million!" The numbers escalated rapidly, each increase fueling Yasmin's pride to new heights. Even Patrick felt a swell of pride in his chest as guests around him murmured compliments, their voices a soft chorus of admiration. "Lucky you, Mr. Culver! Your daughter has truly hit the jackpot. Mr.

Flynn is throwing around money like it's nothing!" "Oh, it's nothing," Patrick responded with a humble shrug, though the gleam in his eyes betrayed his true feelings.

Regardless of the final price, it was clear that the Culver family was basking in the limelight of the evening. The necklace's market value hovered around twenty to thirty million, yet the bids had already soared beyond fifty million. Just when it seemed Julian would secure it for sixty million, a calm, authoritative voice resonated from the second-floor VIP box.

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"One hundred million." Silence enveloped the room like a thick fog. While everyone else had been cautiously raising their bids in increments of half a million, this bold declaration shattered the tension, adding a staggering fifty million in one fell swoop. Once again, the second-floor bidder had silenced the competition. In an event like this, all attendees were eager to showcase their wealth, yet no one wished to appear foolish by overbidding. Julian's face flushed crimson, his mind racing with thoughts of whether this was a calculated move.

Yasmin gazed at him with hopeful anticipation, her eyes pleading for him to continue. He clenched his jaw, lifting his paddle once more, though the confidence that had initially surged within him had dissipated. "One hundred and ten million..." he called out, his voice wavering. "One hundred and fifty million." The same calm voice echoed from the second-floor box, sending shockwaves through the hall. Gasps of disbelief rippled through the crowd. That bid was already five times the estimated value of the necklace. Who on earth was this seemingly reckless bidder upstairs?

Inside the exclusive room, that very "fool" was fixated on Daphne, his demeanor relaxed yet commanding. Elliot leaned back, a lazy smirk playing on his lips as he inquired, "How are you planning to thank me this time?" Daphne was momentarily rendered speechless. Was he truly serious? This man was a bigger spender than she had ever imagined! Yet, as she caught sight of Julian's rigid expression from below, a wave of satisfaction washed over her. Bernard, glancing at his boss with astonishment, struggled to comprehend the unpredictable nature of Elliot.

Here he was, splurging an extravagant sum just to bring a smile to a woman's face-this was a side of Elliot that was utterly foreign to him. Eventually, Julian's hand stilled around his bidding paddle, his resolve crumbling. The final item of the night was secured by the enigmatic bidder in the second-floor suite. As the auction concluded, guests began to migrate toward the grand ballroom for the afterparty, a palpable buzz of excitement filling the air. With the Flynn family's esteemed status, no one dared to mock Julian openly, yet whispers of discontent began to circulate.

Yasmin, however, simmered with rage beneath her composed exterior. Every promise that Julian had made to her that night had fallen flat, and in front of the elite socialites, she felt utterly humiliated. "I told you," a voice nearby snickered, dripping with disdain. "Anyone can talk big." "Don't be so harsh," another chimed in, a blend of gossip and sympathy coloring their tone. "Who would dare compete against someone upstairs willing to throw away that kind of cash?

You'd have to be out of your mind." "Still," someone added in a hushed tone, "who do you think that person in the second-floor box could be?" "Not sure. But whoever they

are, they've got serious money." Yasmin followed their gaze upward, her expression shifting as realization dawned upon her. "Mr. Beckett, Mr. Sullivan from the Sullivan Group would like to meet you," Bernard announced, standing beside Elliot on the second floor. Elliot remained unresponsive, his attention fixed on Daphne, who was still lost in her thoughts. "Is it that good?" he mused, noting her longing gaze.

Daphne licked her lips, her eyes fixated on the beautifully plated desserts downstairs, her stomach growling softly. Having grown up in the slums, perhaps that was why she harbored such a weakness for anything sweet. "Why don't you take care of your business first? I'll wait for you before we head home together," she suggested, the word "home" wrapping around Elliot's heart like a warm embrace. His eyes softened, a look of indulgence replacing his earlier demeanor, and he nodded slightly.

"Alright." Not long after Daphne departed, Denzel Sullivan, the head of the Sullivan family, arrived in person, flanked by several attendants, bearing the two items Elliot had secured. "Mr. Beckett, it's an honor to have you here tonight. Thank you for your generosity," Denzel said, his smile oozing with flattery. "You're overthinking it," Elliot replied coldly, his sharp, narrowed eyes betraying no emotion, a stark contrast to the warmth he had shown moments earlier. Denzel, unfazed, maintained his attentive smile as he engaged in polite conversation.

Outside the room, Yasmin overheard Denzel's respectful address to Elliot and froze momentarily, her mind racing. That surname was not common, and few could command such deference from the Sullivan family. It didn't take long for her to connect the dots. The man inside was Elliot Beckett, the head of Hastoria's most powerful conglomerate.

The same man who had forced his elder brother to resign a year prior and had narrowly escaped an assassination attempt that left him with lasting injuries just months ago. No wonder he had such wealth at his disposal, but what kind of man was he, truly?

Just then, Denzel exited the room, and Yasmin quickly slipped into the shadows.

Through a narrow gap in the door, she caught a glimpse of the man within. Her heart raced uncontrollably. Even seated, his presence radiated an icy authority. His piercing gaze alone sent shivers down her spine. In that moment, she realized he was more handsome than all the men she had ever encountered combined. The next second, he rose from the couch, adjusted his collar with a fluid motion, and calmly sat back down in his wheelchair. Yasmin blinked, her mind reeling. Wasn't Elliot supposed to be paralyzed?

How had he managed to stand? Had he been pretending all along? Excitement and desire shimmered in her eyes. If she could capture his attention, she would have the world at her feet. Everything Julian had failed to provide, this man could offer in abundance. And now, she might even hold the key to his secret. With determination, Yasmin steadied her breath, stepped out of the shadows, and pushed open the door to Elliot's room, feigning innocence and confusion. Conclusion In the aftermath of the auction, the air was thick with unspoken tension and shifting loyalties.

For Daphne, the night had transformed into a whirlwind of emotions-gratitude for Elliot's unexpected generosity, confusion over the depths of his affections, and a sense of belonging that she had longed for amidst the chaos of wealth and status. As she watched the glittering necklace slip from Julian's grasp, she felt a bittersweet

satisfaction, knowing that the true value of the evening lay not in the extravagant bids but in the connections forged in the shadows of envy and ambition.

The warmth of Elliot's presence lingered in her heart, a promise of something more profound than mere material possessions. Meanwhile, Yasmin's world had crumbled in an instant, her dreams of grandeur shattered by the very man she had sought to impress. The revelation of Elliot's identity struck her like a thunderbolt, igniting a dangerous mix of ambition and desire within her. As she stood on the precipice of a new game, the stakes had never been higher. In her quest for power and admiration, she was willing to play with fire, unaware of the consequences that lay ahead.

With Yasmin's unexpected entrance into his world, readers can anticipate a thrilling interplay of ambition and desire, as she seeks to uncover the truth behind his facade. Will her charm be enough to penetrate the icy exterior of the man who has the power to change everything? Or will Elliot's guarded nature prove too formidable for her to navigate? Meanwhile, Daphne finds herself at a crossroads, grappling with her feelings for Elliot amidst the chaos of the evening.

With whispers of Elliot's past and his recent displays of wealth swirling around her, she must confront her own insecurities and the implications of their budding connection. Will she embrace the warmth of his affection, or will the shadows of her past hold her back? As the night progresses, the stakes will heighten, and both women will be forced to confront their desires and the lengths they are willing to go to achieve them. Prepare for a chapter that promises unexpected alliances, fierce rivalries, and a deeper exploration of the characters' motivations and ambitions.

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