

# **My Bully Thought I Only Spoke Spanish Until I Saved a \$40 Million Deal Chapter 01**

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I speak eight languages fluently.

English, German, French, Japanese, Korean, Spanish, Arabic, Russian. And of course, English is my native tongue.

But for three years at Veridian Global Trade Inc., I'd listed only one skill on my resume—Spanish, C2 proficiency.

The reason was simple.

My father was a U.S. Foreign Service Officer. My mother was a simultaneous interpreter.

I grew up moving across seven countries with them. Language talent was in my blood.

But they'd died in a car crash five years ago.

I didn't want to show off. I didn't want people digging into my past and pitying me.

I just wanted to be a quiet entry-level translator, collect a steady paycheck, rent a small apartment, and care for my cat.

Then came the Annual Holiday Gala.

Every employee was there. Julian Cole, the CEO, stood on stage in a tailored suit, looking supremely confident.

He spoke in English for ten minutes—empty thanks, empty promises, empty visions.

Then he switched abruptly to German.

“Next year, everyone in this room who speaks German will get a 70% pay raise.”

Most of the 200-plus crowd didn't understand. They clapped anyway.

But I understood every word.

Next to me sat Briar Hale, the lead translator and head of the German team. Her face lit up instantly.

She turned to me.

“Elara, did you catch that?”

I shook my head.

“No. I don’t speak German.”

Briar smiled.

It was the smile I knew all too well—condescending, superior, cruel.

“Makes sense. You only know Spanish.Pathetic.”

I said nothing.

A 70% raise. Only the six German team members, plus Julian himself, would qualify.

It had nothing to do with me.

I told myself that. Over and over.

When the gala ended, I grabbed my things to leave.

My phone buzzed. A message from my only friend, Jessa Reed.

[Elara!!! You definitely understood what the CEO said in German!!! 70% RAISE!!! Why didn’t you say anything?!]

Jessa worked in Admin. She’d accidentally found out I spoke French last year—she caught me reading a French novel in the break room.

I’d made her promise not to tell anyone. She’d been suffering ever since.

“Stop. I don’t want to expose myself.”

[Are you insane?! 70%!!! You make \$80k a year! Your studio apartment doesn’t even heat properly!]

I locked my phone.

At the elevator bank, Julian was waiting too.

Beside him stood Derek Cole, the Vice President. They were chatting in German.

“Smart move. Only the German team understands this. It’s basically a raise for the core crew, and everyone else thinks I’m making empty promises.”

Julian laughed.

“Even empty promises sound better in German. Makes me look globally minded.”

Derek chuckled along.

“Elara’s the kind of entry-level translator who’ll never be worth more than \$80,000 a year.”

The elevator arrived.

I stepped in behind them, face completely neutral.

They kept talking in German.

“Who should we send to the Apex Group project next week?”

“Briar. Her German is the best.”

“Kael Rainer from Apex is impossible to work with. Last time he collaborated with another firm, he kicked their entire translation team out of the meeting.”

“Don’t worry. Briar can handle him.”

The elevator reached the first floor.

I walked out first.

Julian called after me in English.

“Elara, bring me the proofread Spanish contract from last week tomorrow.”

“Yes, Mr. Cole.”

I didn’t look back.