

My Bully Thought I Only Spoke Spanish Until I Saved a \$40 Million Deal Chapter 10

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“Then I’ll make you understand that ability isn’t the only thing that matters in this company.”

She stood up and left.

I finished my coffee.

It tasted terrible.

Briar was right—ability wasn’t the only thing that mattered.

But she was wrong to think only she had those resources.

On Monday, a major event happened at Veridian Global Trade.

The company got a new project—a luxury fashion brand from Lyon, France, entering the US market, requiring full French-to-English brand translation and market localization services.

Derek secured this project from a long-term client. The value wasn’t huge, but it was important for the company’s brand expansion.

The problem was—one French team translator quit the previous month, and the remaining one was on maternity leave.

The French team was empty.

Derek paced anxiously in his office.

Julian turned directly to me.

“Elara, what’s your French level?”

“Professional.”

“What do you mean professional? Can you do brand-level French translation?”

“Yes.”

“Alright, this project is yours too.”

Briar sat nearby, silent.

But her nails left a scratch on the armrest of her chair.

I spent a week completing the full translation for the French brand.

Brand names, slogans, product descriptions, marketing strategy copy—I made two versions for all content: one literal translation, one localized adaptation.

After reading the work, the French brand director personally called Julian.

“Is your translator French? The linguistic sense is perfect.”

Julian laughed so hard over the phone.

After hanging up, he came to me.

“Elara, the French client is extremely satisfied. They added another project—translation of full product manuals, worth \$3 million.”

“Okay.”

“I’ll approve your project bonus separately this month.”

“Thank you, Mr. Cole.”

After he left, Briar sent a message in the team channel.

[Reminder: All project assignments in the Translation Department must follow department procedures. Do not accept projects without going through the supervisor.]

No one replied.

After work that day, I ran into Derek in the elevator.

We were alone in the elevator.

He looked at me.

“Elara, do you really speak eight languages?”

“Yes.”

“Do you know how rare your talent is in the translation industry?”

“I know.”

“Then why you—never mind.” He pressed the button for the first floor. “One thing I need to tell you. Briar is very upset about you, she’s mentioned you to me many times.”

“I know.”

“You’d better be careful. She has some... connections in the company.”

He avoided eye contact when he said “connections”.

I knew what he meant.

“Mr. Cole, the situation between you and Briar—”

“What situation?” His tone changed instantly.

“Nothing.”

The elevator reached the first floor.

He walked out first, then turned back after a few steps.

“Elara, Briar and I don’t have the relationship you might think. She became supervisor because she’s been with the company long enough and has solid experience. That’s all.”

He left.

I looked at his back, thinking of the seventeen hotel expense reports Jessa mentioned.

People’s hearts were truly fascinating.