

My Bully Thought I Only Spoke Spanish Until I Saved a \$40 Million Deal Chapter 11

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Another week passed, and the Apex Group project entered Phase Two.

Kael needed me at Apex twice a week to handle translation of contract details and multilingual communication with Middle Eastern partners.

Every time I went to Apex, Kael's assistant received me.

His name was Eliot Hayes—the one with wire-rimmed glasses.

Eliot was overly polite to me.

“Ms. Voss, this is the workspace Mr. Rainer had prepared for you.”

It was a separate private office with south-facing windows and plenty of sunlight.

“This is too much. I'm only here for translation liaison work.”

“Mr. Rainer said to arrange the best for you.”

I didn't argue further.

Kael included me in every meeting.

Sometimes it was video conferences with Middle Eastern clients, requiring Arabic translation.

Sometimes it was calls with Japanese suppliers, requiring Japanese translation.

Once, a Korean partner changed terms at the last minute and sent a Korean email. Apex had no Korean translator.

“Elara, do you speak Korean?” Eliot asked.

“Yes.”

“...Is there anything you can't do?”

“Can't cook.”

Eliot froze for a moment, then laughed.

I finished translating the Korean email in ten minutes.

After reading the translation, Kael spoke.

“Elara, I’m asking you for the third time.”

“Yes?”

“Join Apex.”

“Mr. Rainer—”

“\$800,000 a year. Vice President of International Business Division. Report directly to me.”

\$800,000.

My current annual salary, including project bonuses, was about \$150,000.

“I still—”

“You don’t need to answer now. But you need to know—Veridian can’t hold you.”

After speaking, he lowered his head and continued reading documents.

I sat in that south-facing office, sunlight shining on the desk.

Outside the window was the city’s entire skyline.

I thought of the poorly heated window in my studio apartment.

When I returned to Veridian in the afternoon, I noticed the office atmosphere was off.

Translation Department colleagues looked at me strangely.

Jessa pulled me aside.

“Something’s wrong.”

“What?”

“Briar reported you to Julian.”

“Reported me for what?”

“She said you secretly leaked Veridian’s internal pricing strategy to Apex while translating there.”

I stopped walking.

“It’s a false accusation.”

“I know. But she has ‘proof’.”

“What proof?”

“She said she found a file on your computer—a screenshot of a chat between you and Eliot Hayes mentioning Veridian’s internal prices.”

“I don’t have any such file on my computer.”

“She says you do. And she showed it to Julian. Julian wants you to explain in his office tomorrow morning.”

My fists clenched.

“That so-called chat log—”

“It’s fake.” Jessa whispered. “I snuck a look. The conversation time is last Wednesday at 2 PM. But you were in the department meeting at the company last Wednesday afternoon, everyone can testify.”

“Then how did she—”

“She altered the time and edited it. But she forgot one thing—the battery display in the top right corner of the chat screenshot doesn’t match your phone model. You use an Android phone, but the screenshot is iOS interface.”

Briar used her own phone screenshot, then grafted my profile picture and name onto it.

“Jessa, do me a favor.”

“Anything.”

“You’re in Admin. Can you get the attendance records and conference room booking records for last Wednesday afternoon?”

“I can.”

“Pull them up. Also, do you have Briar’s expense reports—the seventeen hotel visits?”

Jessa's eyes lit up.

"You're finally going to use them?"

"Not to attack her. To defend myself. If she accuses me, I need Julian to know she lacks credibility."

"Understood."