

My Bully Thought I Only Spoke Spanish Until I Saved a \$40 Million Deal Chapter 12

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I didn't go home that night.

I sat in the company break room, organizing all coordination records, email correspondences, and translation drafts.

Every document had timestamps and sending/receiving records.

All real chat records between Eliot and me were on Slack, backed up on the company server.

Briar could forge screenshots, but she couldn't alter server data.

At eleven o'clock, my phone rang.

Kael.

"Heard you were reported."

"News travels fast."

"Eliot told me. Do you need help?"

"No. I can handle it myself."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive."

"Alright. Let me know if you can't handle it."

"That won't happen."

After hanging up, I continued organizing materials.

Mochi had no one to feed her tonight.

I sent a message to Jessa: [Feed Mochi for me. Key is under the doormat.]

[Got it! Mochi's in my hands! Go win your fight!]

At eight-thirty the next morning, I walked into Julian's office.

Three people were already inside—Julian, Derek, and Briar.

Several printed screenshots were placed in front of Briar.

Julian had a serious expression.

"Elara, Briar has accused you of secretly leaking Veridian's internal pricing strategy to Apex during your translation work there. These screenshots are her evidence. What do you have to say?"

I glanced at the screenshots.

Just as Jessa described—my profile picture, my name, a fake conversation with Eliot.

The content did mention Veridian's pricing, but the wording was extremely unnatural—as if made up by someone who knew nothing about business negotiations.

"These screenshots are forged."

Briar sneered. "Of course you'd say that."

"I can prove it."

I opened my laptop and pulled up the complete Slack chat history.

"This is all real conversation between Eliot and me, with server backup and timestamps. Please compare."

Julian took the laptop and checked.

Then he looked at the screenshots provided by Briar.

"The timestamps don't match. The screenshots provided by Briar show the conversation happened last Wednesday at 2 PM, but Slack records show no communication between Elara and Eliot during that time."

"She probably deleted them—"

"Slack server backups are permanent. Employee-side deletion doesn't erase them." I said. "Also, last Wednesday from 2 PM to 4 PM, I was in the Translation Department meeting at the company, which can be confirmed by attendance records and conference room booking records."

I placed the printed attendance records. Jessa helped me retrieve them on the table.

Briar's face changed.

"One more thing." I picked up the screenshot and pointed to the top right corner. "This screenshot uses iOS interface. I use an Android device. Ms. Hale, you use an iPhone, right?"

Briar stood up.

"That proves nothing! Maybe you switched phones—"

"IT department records show I've never used an iPhone in my three years here."

Julian slowly put down the screenshot.

He looked at Briar.

"Briar, where did you get these?"

"I... I found them on her computer—"

"I reset my password after you went through my computer last week. These screenshots were never on my device."

"I—"

"You never found anything on my computer, because they never existed. You made them yourself."

The office fell silent for five seconds.

Julian said. "Briar, do you have any explanation?"

Briar looked at Julian, then at Derek.

Derek hung his head and didn't look at her.

"Mr. Cole!" Briar panicked. "Say something!"

Derek finally looked up.

"Briar, you've gone too far with this."

Briar seemed to be drained of all strength.

She stood there, pale and ashen.

Julian sighed.

“Forging evidence to falsely accuse a colleague is a serious violation. Briar, you are immediately removed from your supervisor position.”

“Mr. Cole—”

“In addition, your annual performance rating will be downgraded one level. Any similar behavior in the future will result in immediate termination of employment.”

Briar’s lips trembled.

She spun toward me abruptly.

“Happy now, Elara?”

I looked at her.

“Briar, you’ve been targeting me from start to finish. I never provoked you on my own initiative.”

“Your very existence provokes me! You speak eight languages, hid for three years, and turned my seven years of hard work into a joke!”

Her eyes turned red.

I said nothing.

She grabbed her bag and stormed out, slamming the door.

Only the three of us remained in the office.

Julian looked at me.

“Elara, I should have recognized your value sooner. The company failed you.”

“The past is the past.”

“Your current Associate Director salary is adjusted to \$250,000 a year. In addition, performance bonuses for the Apex project will be calculated separately.”

“Okay.”

He hesitated for a moment.

“One more thing. Is Kael Rainer recruiting you?”

“He offered.”

“What do you think?”

“I’m still at Veridian.”

Julian nodded, but his expression wasn’t relaxed.

He knew he couldn’t keep me.

The whole company knew he couldn’t keep me.

But for now, I wasn’t planning to leave.