

My Bully Thought I Only Spoke Spanish Until I Saved a \$40 Million Deal Chapter 13

My Bully Thought I Only Spoke Spanish Until I Saved a \$40 Million Deal Chapter 13

News of Briar's dismissal spread throughout the company that afternoon.

Translation Department colleagues stayed quiet in person, but the group chat exploded.

"It's about time. Her translation skills were just average; she got the position through connections."

"Don't you know? Elara fixed every one of her translation drafts—"

"What?!"

"It's true, I've seen the proofreading records."

"How many has Elara fixed in three years?"

"At least a hundred, conservatively."

Hearing these words would only break Briar more.

But I didn't care.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, I was about to leave work when a stranger walked in.

A woman in her forties, short hair, wearing a gray trench coat, with a capable demeanor.

She walked straight to the Translation Department and asked, "Who is Elara Voss?"

I looked up.

"I'm Elara."

She handed me a business card.

"Hello, I'm Elena Pierce, producer at Pinnacle Films. We're preparing a large-scale cross-border documentary project and need a multilingual translation consultant."

"How did you find me?"

“Industry referral. Your recent work on the Apex and French brand projects has gained attention in the field.”

I glanced at the business card.

Pinnacle Films, a top-tier domestic production company.

“Ms. Pierce, what’s the specific project?”

“A documentary about countries along the Silk Road, requiring simultaneous interpretation and subtitle verification covering five languages: English, French, Arabic, Russian, and Spanish. We approached three translation companies and none could handle all five languages alone—until someone told me—Veridian has a woman who speaks eight.”

“Who told you?”

Elena smiled.

“Kael Rainer. He’s one of the investors in this project.”

Kael again.

“What’s the consultant fee for this project?”

“\$20,000 per month. Expected duration: three months.”

\$60,000 total.

Equivalent to my three years’ salary at Veridian.

“Ms. Pierce, I need time to consider.”

“Of course, no rush. But one thing I’ll say in advance—the project starts next month, filming in the Middle East and Europe. If you accept, you’ll need to travel for two months.”

After she left, I sat at my desk in a daze for a long time.

Jessa leaned over.

“What’s going on? Who was that woman?”

“A producer. She wants me to be a translation consultant for a documentary.”

“How much?”

“\$20,000 a month.”

Jessa’s mouth dropped open.

“You... are you going?”

“I don’t know.”

“How do you NOT know?! \$20,000 a month! You’ll never earn that much at Veridian even if you work until retirement!”

“But if I leave, who will handle the Apex project?”

“Kael already hooked you up with outside opportunities! Why are you still worrying about Veridian?!”

I smiled faintly.

Yeah, what was I worrying about.

When I got home that night, Mochi waited for me at the door, meowing louder than usual.

“Alright, I know you’re hungry.”

I fed her, then sat by the window.

Attorney Bennett’s email arrived again, with an asset list attached.

The Zurich account, the Munich property, and a small apartment in the 16th arrondissement of Paris she hadn’t mentioned before.

Total value—nearly \$6 million.

I stared at the number for a long time.

My parents loved languages more than anything in their lives.

My mom always said, “Language is the best bridge.”

My dad said, “If you speak someone’s native language, you can understand their heart.”

They engraved all the world’s languages into my blood.

Then they left.

I hid those languages away, along with their memories.

Because every time I spoke a language, I remembered them teaching me it.

German in Berlin, when my dad took me for ice cream in front of the Brandenburg Gate.

French in Paris, when my mom read Maupassant's original works by the Seine.

Arabic in Cairo, when our family was on a Nile cruise, my dad counting stars and teaching me numbers.

Every language was a memory.

And I didn't want to open those memories.