

My Bully Thought I Only Spoke Spanish Until I Saved a \$40 Million Deal Chapter 14

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My phone rang.

Kael.

“Elena Pierce from Pinnacle Films contacted you?”

“She did. Why did you recommend me?”

“Because you need to move on.”

“You don’t know me.”

“I know your parents were diplomats. I know your background.”

My hand tightened around the phone.

“You investigated me?”

“I research who I work with. Elara, your parents were extraordinary people. You don’t need to lock yourself away to escape their shadow.”

I stayed silent.

“Take the Pinnacle project. The Silk Road—your parents walked that path. Maybe it’s time you walked it too.”

He hung up.

Mochi jumped onto the windowsill and rubbed my hand.

I looked out the window at the poorly heated city.

I thought for a long time.

The next day, I went to Julian.

“Mr. Cole, I need two months’ leave.”

“What for?”

“A documentary project hired me as a translation consultant. Filming in the Middle East and Europe.”

Julian’s expression was complicated.

“Two months? The Apex project—”

“I’ve finished all Phase Two translation work for Apex. Phase Three won’t start for three months.”

“Are you resigning?”

“Leave of absence. I’ll come back.”

He hesitated for a long time.

“Alright. Approved for two months.”

“Thank you, Mr. Cole.”

“Elara.” He stopped me.

“Yes?”

“The position will still be here when you return.”

I nodded.

Outside the office, Briar stood in the hallway.

She had been transferred to Admin as a clerk.

When she saw me, her eyes were complicated.

“You’re going on a business trip?”

“Yes.”

“How long?”

“Two months.”

She fell silent for a moment.

“You know, when I joined seven years ago, I only spoke one language too.”

“What changed?”

“I studied German in my spare time, got a certificate, worked from intern to supervisor. I thought I worked hard.”

“You did work hard.”

“But you didn’t have to try at all, and you were already above me. Eight languages. How is that fair?”

“It’s my parents’ legacy. They gave it to me with their lives.”

Briar looked at me for three seconds.

Then she turned and left.

It was the last time we spoke in this building.

The day before departure, I left Mochi with Jessa.

“I’ve got Mochi! Don’t worry!”

“Don’t give her too many treats, she’ll get fat.”

“Got it got it! Elara, send me photos from abroad! I want to see camels!”

“Okay.”

At the airport, I ran into someone unexpectedly.

Kael Rainer.

He wore casual clothes—first time I’d seen him out of a suit.

“You’re on this flight too?”

“Apex has business in Dubai.” He glanced at me. “Your documentary’s first stop is Dubai, right?”

“Yes.”

“Coincidence.”

“It sure is.”

The corner of his mouth twitched, almost a smile.

After boarding, I sat by the window, and he sat next to me.

“Business class is empty. Why sit here?”

“I booked economy.”

He looked at me.

“The inheritance your parents left you—”

“You know about that too?”

“Your law firm works with Apex. Attorney Bennett mentioned a client refusing their inheritance. The industry is small.”

“So everyone knows?”

“Not everyone. Only the people who care.”

I turned to look at him.

He stared forward, expression calm.

But those words were anything but casual.