

My Bully Thought I Only Spoke Spanish Until I Saved a \$40 Million Deal Chapter 18

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The day I returned home was late December.

The winter was colder than Berlin, but the air had a familiar smell.

Jessa met me at the airport.

Beside her was Mochi—in a cat carrier, at least two pounds fatter.

“Welcome back!!!”

I squatted down and looked at Mochi through the mesh.

“You got this fat?”

“She demanded food! I couldn’t stop her!”

I laughed.

Back at the company, everything had changed.

Briar Hale had resigned.

After being transferred to Admin, she never adjusted. Plus, her relationship with Derek was exposed—someone anonymously posted the seventeen hotel expense reports on the internal forum.

Derek himself was warned once by Julian.

The Translation Department was now leaderless.

On my first day back, Julian asked to speak with me.

“Elara, the Translation Director position is open.”

“Yeah.”

“I want you to take it.”

“What’s the annual salary?”

“\$350,000 a year.”

“Okay.”

Just like that, I went from an entry-level translator making \$80,000 a year to Translation Director in less than six months.

On the day I officially took office, I spoke to the twelve people in the Translation Department in the conference room.

“I know many of you have doubts—why should someone who hid for three years become director overnight?”

No one spoke.

“I won’t explain. Starting today, we speak with results. I will personally proofread everyone’s translations. I have only one standard—accuracy. If you can’t meet it, I’ll teach you. If you still can’t after being taught, you’ll be replaced.”

Someone muttered quietly. “So strict.”

“Translation isn’t a word game. One wrong number in a trade contract can cost tens of millions. Strictness is the basic requirement.”

After the meeting, a young translator named Chloe came over.

“Director Voss, do you really speak eight languages?”

“Yeah.”

“Can you teach me? I want to learn French.”

“Sure. Thirty minutes every day after work, I’ll tutor you.”

Chloe’s eyes lit up.

The next day, five people signed up for language lessons with me.

Within a month, the overall quality of the Translation Department jumped a level.

When Julian looked at the monthly report, he said to Derek. “We should have put Elara in charge sooner.”

Derek smiled awkwardly.

Phase Three of the Apex project launched.

Kael called.

“Director Voss, congratulations on your promotion.”

“Thanks.”

“\$350,000?”

“Yeah.”

“I offered \$800,000 a year before.”

“I know.”

“Still not considering it?”

“Not for now. But thank you for all your help. The business card, the Pinnacle project, that day in Berlin—”

“You don’t have to thank me.” He paused. “Those weren’t favors.”

“Then what were they?”

“Things I wanted to do.”

I didn’t reply.

“Are you free this weekend?”

“What for?”

“Dinner. No talk about work, no talk about projects.”

“...Yeah.”

On the weekend, Kael picked me up.

He drove a plain gray sedan, not the luxury car I’d imagined.

“Your car doesn’t match your status.”

“A car is for driving, not for showing off.”

He took me to a tiny Japanese restaurant west of the city, with only eight seats.

“The sashimi here is the best in the city.”

“How do you know?”

“I’ve eaten at every Japanese restaurant in the city.”

I laughed.

During dinner, we talked a lot.

He said he studied in Japan as a kid, so he speaks Japanese. He got his MBA in Germany, hence German. English is native. He gave up French halfway through.

“Gave up?”

“Too hard. French grammar is like a maze.”

“Actually, French grammar is the most logical.”

“Will you teach me?”

“Mr. Rainer, did you invite me to dinner just to get French lessons?”

“No.” He put down his chopsticks. “I invited you to dinner because I wanted to see you.”

I looked at him.

“Elara, I’m straightforward. Since that day in Berlin, or even earlier, since you first spoke German at Apex—I knew—”

“Knew what?”

“I knew you were someone I don’t want to miss.”