

# **My Bully Thought I Only Spoke Spanish Until I Saved a \$40 Million Deal Chapter 19**

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The restaurant was quiet, only the sound of the Japanese chef cutting fish in the back.

“Kael, you’re the CEO of Apex Group. I’m the Translation Director at Veridian.”

“So?”

“Your world and my world are different.”

“My world only has you in it right now.”

“You really are too—”

“Too what?”

“Too straightforward.”

“Don’t you like it?”

“...Didn’t say I don’t.”

He smiled.

It was the truest smile I’d ever seen from him.

He drove me home that night.

Downstairs, he said. “I’m going on a business trip to Korea tomorrow.”

“How long?”

“A week.”

“Okay.”

“Will you miss me?”

“No.”

“Liar.”

“...A little.”

He smiled again.

Then he drove away.

I went upstairs and opened the door. Mochi squatted on the shoe cabinet, watching me.

“Don’t look at me like that.”

Mochi meowed.

It meant: You’re done for.

In the next three months, many things happened at the same time.

Phase Three of the Apex project wrapped smoothly. Veridian earned nearly \$80 million in revenue from this project.

The Pinnacle documentary aired at the beginning of the year, received positive feedback and won two industry awards. My name appeared in the credits as “Translation Consultant”.

Under my leadership, the Translation Department took on three new multilingual projects, and the team expanded from twelve to twenty people.

As for Briar Hale—

After resigning from Veridian, she became a director at a small translation company.

Three months later, the company faced huge compensation claims due to a major translation error—a wrong tariff clause in a German contract cost the client \$20 million.

Briar had done the translation herself.

Her long-standing problem with German honorifics finally exposed itself on a bigger stage.

The company held her accountable, and she was fired.

When the news reached Veridian, some people gloated in the group chat.

I said one sentence. “Stop discussing this.”

Then I closed the group chat.

Everyone has to take responsibility for their choices.

She chose to cut corners, chose jealousy and framing, chose not to improve herself steadily.

The result was her own doing.

I didn't need to judge her.

After Briar's downfall, Derek kept a much lower profile. His relationship with Julian was clearly tense, because the hotel expense issue was always a hidden risk.

But none of this mattered anymore.

What mattered was something I never expected happened after the documentary aired.

An old colleague of my father's—Mr. Grant, a retired Foreign Service officer, saw the documentary.

He tracked me down and called.

"Elara? Is that you, Elias' daughter?"

"Mr. Grant?"

"I saw you on TV! Translation consultant! Five languages! Your parents must be so proud in heaven!"

I held the phone, my eyes heating up.

"Mr. Grant, how did you recognize me?"

"You look exactly like your mother when she was young. And your Arabic—that Cairo accent your father had, I recognized it right away."

He laughed, then his voice choked up.

"Elara, your father said something to me before he passed away."

"What was it?"

"He said. 'Elara will be a better bridge than I ever was.'"

A better bridge.