

My Bully Thought I Only Spoke Spanish Until I Saved a \$40 Million Deal Chapter 02

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The next day, I left the proofread contract on Julian's desk.

Thirty thousand words. I'd corrected forty-seven mistakes in the original translation.

The original translator was Briar Hale.

But my name wouldn't be on it. Only "Proofread by: Translation Department."

Briar never knew I'd fixed her work.

She thought she was perfect.

Back at my desk, Jessa walked over with a coffee.

"Elara, you heard?"

"Heard what?"

"Briar's leading the Apex Group project next week."

"I heard."

"Do you know who Kael Rainer is?"

I looked up.

Jessa lowered her voice.

"Kael Rainer, 32, CEO of Apex Group. Ranked 98th on the national Forbes list last year. He speaks at least five languages. Has a terrible temper. Kicked an entire translation team out last quarter."

"What's that to me?"

"Don't you think Briar will mess this up?"

"If she does, it's still not my problem."

Jessa sighed.

“You’re way too good at keeping your head down.”

After she left, I opened my laptop and pulled up the day’s assignment.

It was a Japanese vendor quotation.

Normally it would go to the Japanese team, but Miles—our only Japanese translator—had called out sick.

Derek tossed it to me without thinking.

“Elara, you said you took a little Japanese in college, right? Just rough it out.”

I’d told him I’d “dabbled” in Japanese.

In reality, I’d lived in Tokyo for two years. Japanese was my fourth native language.

I finished it in fifteen minutes. I intentionally left two tiny, harmless errors to make it look like a college dabbler’s work.

I sent it to Derek.

He replied with one word. “Decent.”

Decent was enough.

That afternoon, Briar stopped by my desk.

She dropped a stack of papers hard onto my surface.

“Elara, organize these Spanish documents for me. I’m prepping for the Apex project.”

I glanced at them. Background materials on Apex Group, all Spanish, about fifty pages.

“That’s not my job—”

“Of course it is. You’re on the translation team. I’m your supervisor. I assign you work. Got a problem?”

She’d been promoted to team lead the month before, overseeing both Spanish and German teams.

“Fine.”

I took the papers.

Briar turned to leave, then paused and looked back.

“Oh, and we have a small team meeting tomorrow about the Apex project. You don’t need to come.”

“I know.”

“You only do basic proofreading. You’re not part of big projects.”

“I know.”

She finally left.

Jessa spammed me with angry emojis on Slack.

[I heard her in the break room!!! How dare she talk to you like that!!!]

“I’m used to it.”

[Can’t you just clap back?!]

“Clap back, then what? She’s the supervisor.”

[If you showed everyone what you can really do, she wouldn’t be anything!]

“I don’t want to.”

[What are you so scared of, Elara?]

I didn’t reply.

What was I scared of?

I didn’t know.

Maybe I was scared of being noticed. Scared of people uncovering my past.

Scared of being looked at with pity and told, “Oh, you’re the diplomat’s daughter whose parents died.”

Or maybe I was just lazy.

That night, I got home. My cat Mochi was waiting by the door.

I picked her up. She yawned.

“Mochi, I fixed forty-seven of Briar’s mistakes again today. She has no idea.”

Mochi glanced at me, then jumped down and ate her kibble.

I opened the fridge. Only two eggs and half a head of cabbage.

At \$80,000 a year in this city, after rent, utilities, and Mochi’s food, I barely had anything left.

I made a bowl of canned chicken noodle soup and sat by the window.

My phone rang again. Unknown number.

“Hello, is this Elara Voss?”

“Yes.”

“This is Clara Bennett from Bennett & Associates Law Firm. We need you to sign documents regarding the overseas asset settlement left by your parents.”

“I already told you. I don’t want any of it. Donate everything.”

“Ms. Voss, your parents have an account in Zurich with—”

“I don’t want it, Ms. Bennett. Thank you. Don’t call again.”

I hung up.

Mochi jumped onto the table and tilted her head at me.

“It’s nothing important.”

I turned my phone off.