

# **My Bully Thought I Only Spoke Spanish Until I Saved a \$40 Million Deal Chapter 20**

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That night, Kael came back from Korea.

He showed up directly downstairs at my place.

“Come out.”

“What for?”

“Walk with you.”

I went downstairs.

December streets were cold, streetlights stretched the shadows long.

“I watched the documentary.” He said.

“How was it?”

“It doesn’t live up to your translation skills. The director’s skill is average.”

“Don’t say that about Director Ward.”

“But your part was perfect. In every interview, you weren’t just translating. You were passing on emotion.”

“My father said that if you understand someone’s native language, you understand their heart.”

“You did that.”

We walked for a long time, until we reached a river.

Thin ice formed on the surface, and streetlights glinted off it.

“Elara.”

“Yeah?”

“Apex will launch an International Cultural Division next year. We focus on cross-cultural projects—documentaries, publishing, exhibitions, forums. I need a director.”

“You’re poaching me again.”

“I’m not poaching. I’m creating a position for you.”

“What do you mean?”

“You aren’t meant to just translate. Translation is a tool. You should use this tool to do bigger things. The antiques your father collected can be an exhibition—Silk Road Antiques: Journeys Between Continents. Use your eight languages to tell the world.”

I stared at the river.

“What’s the salary?”

“Name your price.”

“You’re very rich, but I don’t want to take advantage of you.”

“Then I’ll take advantage of you.”

“What?”

“Be my girlfriend. No salary needed.”

“Kael Rainer!”

“I’m kidding. \$1 million a year, plus project bonuses. But the girlfriend part is serious.”

I turned to look at him.

Streetlights hit his face, softening his usually sharp lines.

“I’ll think about it.”

“The job or the girlfriend?”

“Both.”

“Three days.”

“A week.”

“Five days.”

“Deal.”

I gave him my answer two days later.

I said yes to both.

On the day I resigned from Veridian, Julian walked me to the door personally.

“Elara, you’re the most underrated employee in Veridian’s history.”

“Mr. Cole, you gave me a chance too.”

“You earned every chance.” He shook his head. “Speaking of which, that line I said in German at the holiday gala—”

“The 70% pay raise?”

“You understood it right away, didn’t you?”

“I did.”

“Why didn’t you—never mind.”

He sighed.

“All the best to you.”

“Thank you.”

I took one last look at Veridian’s building.

Three years, \$80,000 a year, an entry-level position.

I’d paid back what I owed, and walked the path I needed to walk.

Apex Group’s International Cultural Division officially launched.

I was the first director.

The first project—“Antique Road: Silk Road Antiques” world tour.

The core exhibits were the forty-plus antiques my father had collected around the world.

I spent three months preparing.

The exhibition opened simultaneously in five cities: New York, Berlin, Dubai, Istanbul, Paris.

I personally translated the commentary into the local language for each stop.

New York: English.

Berlin: German.

Dubai: Arabic.

Istanbul: French and English.

Paris: French.

On opening day, more than 300 people came to the New York stop.

Several retired Foreign Service officers attended. Mr. Grant stood in the exhibition hall, looking at the handwritten tags on the antiques, tears streaming down his face.

“Elias. Your girl has made it.”