

My Bully Thought I Only Spoke Spanish Until I Saved a \$40 Million Deal Chapter 21

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Elena brought the Pinnacle team to cover the exhibition.

“Elara, how about turning this exhibition into Season Two of the documentary?”

“We can talk.”

Director Arthur Ward also came.

“I told you you’re more than a translator.”

Kael stood in the corner of the exhibition hall, not stepping forward.

He wore a black suit, hands in his pockets, watching me being interviewed under the spotlight.

A reporter asked me. “Ms. Voss, you speak eight languages fluently, but you worked as an entry-level translator at a trading company for three years, earning only \$80,000 a year. Is that true?”

“Yes.”

“Why did you hide your abilities?”

I thought for a moment.

“I was running away. Every language carries memories of my parents. I thought hiding them would stop the pain. But later I realized—languages don’t disappear just because you don’t speak them. They’re always in your blood, waiting for you to speak.”

“What made you finally decide to ‘speak’?”

“A letter from my father. He said—Shine, then do what you are meant to do.”

That interview was edited into the day’s news.

That night, a trending topic appeared: The 8-Language Translator.

I didn’t like the nickname.

But it didn't matter.

On the second day of the exhibition, someone unexpected showed up.

Briar Hale.

She stood at the exhibition entrance, wearing an old coat, her hair tied up casually, a completely different person from the one at Veridian.

I walked over.

"Why are you here?"

"I saw it on the news." She looked at the antiques in the hall. "Your father's collection?"

"Yeah."

"It's beautiful."

She fell silent for a moment.

"Elara, I owe you an apology."

"You don't have to—"

"Let me finish. I was jealous of you, from the first day you spoke German. I spent seven years climbing to supervisor, and you were already above me without doing anything. I couldn't accept it."

"So you chose to frame me."

"Yes. And I got what I deserved. After leaving Veridian, that German contract at the translation firm—you heard about it?"

"I heard."

"Because you always fixed my work before, I never knew my real level. When you were gone, I realized..."

She didn't finish.

"Briar, your effort wasn't fake. Seven years of German wasn't wasted. You just chose the wrong path sometimes."

"You don't hate me?"

“No.”

“The fake screenshot thing—”

“It’s in the past.”

She looked at me for a long time.

“You’re really different from before.”

“The old me didn’t even dare face myself.”

She nodded, then turned and left.

At the door, she looked back and said. “The exhibition is wonderful. Your father must be happy.”

Then she disappeared into the crowd.

I looked at her back and let out a long breath.