

My Bully Thought I Only Spoke Spanish Until I Saved a \$40 Million Deal Chapter 22

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The exhibition lasted two months across five cities, with more than 120,000 visitors total.

On opening day in Berlin, Professor Schmidt came specially.

He shook my hand and said: "The seed your father planted has finally bloomed."

Many Middle Eastern merchants came to the Dubai stop, some of whom I'd interviewed for the documentary.

The owner of the Persian rug shop specially gave me a small rug.

"For the girl who speaks Cairo Arabic."

At the Paris opening ceremony, the American businessman took half a day off from his stall, wore a new suit, and came.

He stood in the exhibition hall and watched for a long time.

"You're walking the path your parents started."

I nodded.

He said: "I respect you."

After the closing ceremony in Istanbul, Kael found me on the hotel terrace.

"Tired?"

"A little."

"Five cities, two months. You handled all the commentary and translations alone."

"I'm used to it."

"Don't get used to carrying everything alone."

He pulled a small box out of his pocket.

“This isn’t a proposal—don’t panic.”

I stared at the box.

He opened it.

Inside was a golden brooch shaped like a small bridge.

“Custom-made. Because your father said you’re the bridge.”

I picked up the brooch, my fingers touching the cold metal.

The bridge was simple in design, but tiny words were carved on its surface.

I leaned closer—

The word “BRIDGE” in eight languages:

English, German, French, Japanese, Korean, Spanish, Arabic, Russian.

“Wait—this is nine languages.”

“Yeah.” He said. “The ninth is Russian. I studied for three months just to learn that one word.”

I looked at him.

Night wind blew over the terrace. In the distance, the illuminated Bosphorus Bridge glowed.

Bridge.

“Kael, you really—”

“What?”

“Too good at this.”

“Only for you.”

I pinned the brooch to my coat.

Five years later.

Apex Group's International Cultural Division had become an industry benchmark, running more than twenty cross-cultural projects each year, with revenue exceeding \$200 million.

I was no longer known as "the 8-Language Translator", but as "International Cultural Bridge Builder"—a title I thought was too long myself.

Kael sat across from me, holding a report.

"Revenue up another 30% this year."

"Yeah."

"Your salary should be adjusted this year."

"How much?"

"Name your price."

"One dollar."

"Are you serious?"

"Use the rest to set up a scholarship. Fund young people studying languages. Name it after my parents."

He looked at me for five seconds.

"Okay. The Elias & Clara Voss Language Scholarship."

"How do you know my mother's name?"

"I'm your husband. Of course I know your mother's name."

I laughed.

Mochi—now a very fat old cat—jumped off the sofa and walked slowly to my feet.

Outside the window was the city's entire skyline.

No longer the poorly heated studio apartment.

But sometimes I still thought of that window, of the night I squatted there eating canned soup.

Back then, I spoke eight languages, earned \$5 million inheritance.

Hid myself in the deepest corner, thinking that as long as I didn't speak, I wouldn't hurt.

My father wrote in the letter: Shine.

It took me a long time to learn how to shine.

But thankfully—

I learned.