

# **My Bully Thought I Only Spoke Spanish Until I Saved a \$40 Million Deal Chapter 03**

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Monday morning. The translation department held a meeting.

I wasn't invited, but my desk was right next to the conference room, separated by a glass wall. I heard everything.

Briar wrote Apex Group details on the whiteboard.

"Kael Rainer speaks fluent German and Spanish. His team has French and Japanese translators. We're negotiating a supply chain partnership for the Middle East. Arabic parts will be handled by their side. We only need German and Spanish."

Derek nodded. "You confident?"

"Absolutely. I studied in Germany for three years. Business negotiations are nothing to me."

I kept my head down and proofread documents.

Briar's German was passable for daily conversation.

But I'd edited her work before.

She had a fatal flaw in business German— she over-relied on literal translation and ignored formal honorific levels.

In casual talk, it didn't matter.

But with someone as detail-obsessed as Kael Rainer—

Whatever. Not my problem.

The meeting ended. Briar walked out.

She spotted the Apex documents on my desk.

"Finished organizing?"

"Yes."

I handed her a twenty-page summary, sorted by project type, partnership history, and key figures.

She flipped through it carelessly.

“Meh.”

She took it and left.

At four o'clock that afternoon, Julian suddenly appeared in the translation department.

He almost never came down to the floor.

“Briar, Apex moved up the meeting. Kael Rainer will be here tomorrow afternoon. You ready?”

Briar stood up. “Moved up? I've reviewed the materials. I'm fine.”

“Good. Take someone with you tomorrow for on-site support.”

Briar scanned the room. “I'll take Miles. His German is okay.”

“Miles is still out sick.”

Briar frowned and looked again.

Her eyes landed on me.

“Elara, you're coming with me tomorrow.”

I looked up. “Me? I only speak Spanish.”

“You'll just take notes and do busywork. I'll handle the professional parts.”

Julian glanced at me. “Her?”

“Don't worry, Mr. Cole. She's good enough for busywork.”

Just like that, I was dragged to the Apex Group business negotiation.

As an errand girl.

The next afternoon at two o'clock, we arrived at Apex Group headquarters.

A forty-eight-story tower. Black marble lobby. Four receptionists in matching black uniforms.

Briar wore a brand-new designer blazer and slacks, four-inch heels, full of fake confidence.

I wore the company-issued dress shirt and carried a canvas tote bag.

The receptionist looked us over.

“Veridian Global Trade?”

“Yes. Briar Hale, Head of Translation. This is my assistant, Elara.”

I didn’t correct her.

The receptionist made a call. “Please wait. Mr. Rainer is still in a meeting.”

We sat in the lobby for fifteen minutes.

Briar reapplied lipstick twice and fixed her hair three times.

“Elara, when we go in, you sit on the side and take notes. Don’t talk. Don’t make a sound. Understand?”

“I understand.”

“And address him as Mr. Rainer. Don’t stare. Men at his level hate unprofessional behavior.”

“Okay.”

The elevator doors opened.

Kael Rainer’s assistant stepped out. A man in his thirties with wire-rim glasses.

“Ms. Hale? Mr. Rainer will see you now.”

We got in the elevator and went straight to the forty-sixth floor.

When the conference room door opened, I saw Kael Rainer.

Thirty-two years old, about six feet one inch. Gray suit, no tie, top button undone.

He had faint Spanish ancestry, visible in his sharp jawline and dark, steady eyes.

His face was cold.

Not fake cold. Real cold.

He was reading a document and didn't look up.

"Sit."

Only one word.

Briar sat down.

I sat next to her, opened my laptop, and prepared to take notes.

With Kael were two others—his general counsel Gideon and a young woman.

The woman had an AI translator device in front of her.

Five seconds of silence.

Then Kael looked up suddenly and spoke.

In German.

"Your last proposal cited three tariff figures from 2021 standards. It's 2024. What is this?"

His speed was sharp. His tone was cutting.

Briar froze for two seconds.

She understood, but she hadn't expected him to start like that.

"Mr. Rainer, that was a draft version—"

She replied in English.

Kael cut her off.

Still in German.

"I asked in German. Answer in German. I won't waste time translating back and forth."

Briar's face flushed red instantly.

She switched to German. "That was a preliminary draft. We will update the data—"

"Update? Did anyone on your team study the 2024 new tariff policies for EU imports to the Middle East? Amendments 3 and 7 directly cut 15% from your pricing margin. Do you know that?"

Briar opened her mouth, but nothing came out.

She didn't know.

I did.

The background materials mentioned the policy change. I'd highlighted it in my summary.

But Briar clearly hadn't read it carefully.

"I... I need to double-check and get back to you—"

Kael set down his pen.

"You came here without preparing?"

"I—"

"You misused German honorifics three times. I said nothing the first. Nothing the second. The third time—do you know what that means in a business setting?"

Briar's face went from red to pale.

"It means you either disrespect me, or you're unqualified. Which is it?"