

# **My Bully Thought I Only Spoke Spanish Until I Saved a \$40 Million Deal Chapter 04**

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The room went quiet for five seconds.

Gideon shook his head slightly.

The message was clear: the negotiation was over.

Briar's hands were shaking.

"Mr. Rainer, I'm so sorry—"

Kael closed his folder.

"If Veridian's standard is this low, I will consider other partners."

He began to stand up.

My fingers hovered over the keyboard.

Two voices fought in my head.

One said—Not your business. You're just here for busywork.

The other said—This is Veridian's biggest project this year. If we lose it, they'll lay people off at year-end. You'll be first on the list.

Kael had already buttoned his suit jacket.

Briar looked like she was about to cry.

I spoke.

In German.

"Mr. Rainer, please give us five more minutes."

Every head in the room turned toward me.

Briar's eyes widened in shock.

Kael stopped moving.

He looked at me.

“Who are you?”

“Elara Voss. Veridian Global Trade. Entry-level translator.”

“Entry-level?”

“Yes. The one who takes notes and does busywork.”

He didn't smile.

But he sat back down.

“Five minutes.”

I closed my laptop and spoke directly.

“The new tariff policy you mentioned—2024 EU amendments for Middle East imports. Article 3 expands origin certification from six-digit to eight-digit HS codes. Article 7 raises the environmental tax from 2.3% to 3.1%. Combined, your actual margin reduction is about 12%, not 15%.”

Kael's eyebrow lifted.

“12%? Show your calculation.”

“Veridian has a bonded warehouse in the UAE. It qualifies for free-trade-zone benefits, which offset about 3% of the cost from the HS code expansion. Net impact 12%.”

Three more seconds of silence.

Gideon flipped through documents, verifying what I'd said.

“Where did you learn German?”

“I lived in Berlin for a while.”

“Your honorific usage is perfect.”

“Thank you.”

“You said you're entry-level?”

“Yes.”

Kael glanced at Briar, then back at me.

“Five minutes are up. But I’ll give you ten more. One condition—you lead the rest of the negotiation.”

Briar snapped her head toward me.

Her expression was worse than when Kael had criticized her.

“She can’t—”

“I said she leads.”

Kael’s tone left no room for argument.

“Or you can leave now.”

Briar bit her lip.

I looked at her.

“Ms. Hale? Should I take over?”

She said nothing.

I turned back to Kael.

“Then let’s restart from Section One of the proposal.”

For the next forty minutes, I conducted the entire negotiation in German.

Tariff structures, supply chain nodes, logistics plans, risk allocation—I answered every question without hesitation.

I hadn’t prepared specially.

I’d memorized every word of the fifty pages I’d organized for Briar.

Plus, growing up in a diplomat’s family, international trade basics were as natural as breathing.

Kael asked three sharp questions.

The first was about cultural differences in the Middle East. I answered with a business proverb in Arabic.

His eyebrow lifted again.

“You speak Arabic too?”

“A little.”

The second involved Japanese supplier quotes. I cited the original Japanese quote number from memory.

Briar sat there for forty minutes without saying a word.

When the negotiation ended, Kael stood up.

“The framework is acceptable. My legal team will coordinate the details with you.”

He held out his hand.

Not to Briar. To me.

I shook it.

His hand was dry, grip firm but not harsh.

“Elara Voss, correct?”

“Yes.”

“You’re wasted in an entry-level position.”

I smiled but didn’t respond.

Outside the Apex building, Briar stopped in the parking garage.

“You lied to everyone.”

I turned around.

“You said you only spoke Spanish.”

“I mostly work in Spanish.”

“That’s what you call working in Spanish? Your German is better than mine! Where did you learn Arabic? It’s not on your resume!”

“Ms. Hale, we saved the project. Isn’t that what matters?”

“You did this on purpose! You hid your skills just to show off!”

I said nothing.

“You think impressing Kael Rainer changes anything? Back at the office, you’re still just entry-level!”

She grabbed her bag and stormed off.

Her four-inch heels clicked sharply on the concrete.

I stood there and suddenly felt exhausted.