

My Bully Thought I Only Spoke Spanish Until I Saved a \$40 Million Deal Chapter 05

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My phone rang. Jessa.

“How’d it go? Did Briar crash and burn?”

“We saved the project.”

“How? She wasn’t gonna—wait. Was it you?”

“I’ll explain later.”

[Elara!! You finally stepped up!!]

I hung up.

At the parking garage exit, autumn wind blew in. It was cold.

I didn’t want to show off.

Really.

But I didn’t want to lose my job either.

The next morning, I arrived at my desk.

Briar was already in Julian’s office.

The door was closed, but I heard her voice.

“Mr. Cole, Elara spoke out of turn at the negotiation! She completely ignored the company hierarchy!”

Julian’s voice. “Did we save the project?”

“We did, but—”

“That’s all that matters. That Apex deal is worth \$40 million. If we’d lost it, the entire translation department could’ve been shut down.”

Briar fell silent for a moment.

“Mr. Cole, she lied to the company. Her resume only says Spanish, but she clearly speaks German fluently. Is that resume fraud?”

“Did she ever say she didn’t speak German?”

“She... she didn’t explicitly say it, but her resume—”

“You think just because it’s not on your resume, you can’t do it? I don’t list golf on mine, but I still play.”

Briar had no response.

“Alright. Back to work.”

The office door opened.

Briar stepped out and locked eyes with me.

Her expression told me: this wasn’t over.

At ten o’clock, Derek came to the translation department.

He stopped at my desk, looking conflicted.

“Elara, what’s your actual German level?”

“Functional.”

“Functional? I heard you negotiated the entire thing in German and even used Arabic.”

“Conversational at best.”

“Conversational?”

He stared at me for five seconds.

“Do you know hiring a multilingual translator like you starts at \$250k a year?”

“I’m satisfied with my current salary.”

Derek studied me deeply.

“Fine. Be in the conference room at two o’clock. You’re needed for Apex follow-up.”

He left.

Briar shot up from her seat.

“Mr. Cole! The Apex project is mine!”

Derek didn’t look back.

“You’re still lead. But Elara joins. Mr. Cole’s order.”

Briar’s face twisted.

She turned to me.

“Happy now, Elara?”

“Ms. Hale, I’m just—”

“Just what? You think showing off once makes you my equal?”

“I never said that.”

“I’ve been at this company seven years. Intern to team lead. Who are you? A liar who hides everything.”

Six people in the office watched us.

I didn’t argue back.

“Wait and see.”

Briar grabbed her bag and left.

Jessa blew up my Slack again.

[I heard everything!!! She yelled at you! Why didn’t you defend yourself?!!]

“No point.”

[Your mindset is insane! Oh, I just got news—Kael Rainer from Apex called Julian this morning. He specifically asked for YOU to handle translation for the project.]

I froze.

“Specifically?”

[YES!!! He demanded YOU!!! Briar’s fuming!!!]

At two o'clock, I went to the conference room.

Julian, Derek, Briar, and two from Legal were there.

Julian looked at me.

"Elara, Mr. Rainer at Apex has requested you personally for all follow-up translations. Starting today, you're temporarily assigned to the Apex project team."

"Okay."

"But you remain in your entry-level position. Salary stays the same. We'll reevaluate after the project."

"Understood."

Briar sneered but stayed quiet.

The meeting covered the next steps.

Apex's supply chain project had three phases. The framework was done. Next came detailed terms and contract translation.

All documents needed English, German, and Spanish versions.

"Elara, can you handle all three languages at once?" Derek asked.

"Yes."

Briar cut in. "Three languages? Her resume only lists Spanish. Her German is unproven. What if she makes mistakes?"

"Her performance yesterday speaks for itself," Julian said. "Any more questions?"

Briar closed her mouth.

After the meeting, I returned to my desk.

I opened my email. Apex had sent the first batch of follow-up documents.

All in German. Sixty-two pages.

I finished the English translation in two hours. The Spanish version took another ninety minutes.

Briar passed my desk three times, staring at my screen each time.

On the third pass, she said, “You’re translating that fast. Aren’t you afraid of errors?”

“No.”

“You’d better hope you don’t mess up.”

At eight o’clock that night, I sent the translations to Derek.

He replied ten minutes later. “Speed and quality exceed expectations.”

Then he added. “Elara, what have you been doing for the past three years?”

I didn’t reply.

I went home, fed Mochi. My phone rang.

Unknown number.

“Elara?”

A deep, steady male voice. Kael Rainer.

“This is Kael Rainer from Apex. I got your number from Derek.”

“Mr. Rainer, what can I do for you?”

“I reviewed the sixty-two pages you translated today.”

“Any issues?”

“None. It’s the most accurate German business translation I’ve seen in three years.”

“Thank you.”

“You’re not entry-level material.”

“My current position is entry-level.”

“I know.” He paused. “That’s why I’m curious.”

I stayed silent.

“Tomorrow afternoon, Apex has an internal meeting about Middle East partner selection. I need a translator who speaks Arabic.”

“That should go through company coordination—”

“I know. But I’m asking you directly. Can you come?”

I hesitated for one second.

“Yes.”

I hung up. Mochi jumped onto my lap.

“Your owner’s about to get exposed.”

Mochi yawned.