

# **My Bully Thought I Only Spoke Spanish Until I Saved a \$40 Million Deal Chapter 06**

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The next afternoon, I arrived at Apex Group.

In the conference room were Kael, his team, and three Middle Eastern clients—from a UAE building materials group.

The leader was a man in his fifties, wearing white traditional robes, expression serious.

His translator sat beside him: a young Arab woman.

Kael saw me and nodded.

“You’re here.”

“Yeah.”

“You may need to do simultaneous interpretation between Arabic and English today.”

“Alright.”

If Briar had been there, she would’ve demanded to know where I learned Arabic.

The answer: I’d lived in Cairo for a year and a half. Roomed with the daughter of an Egyptian diplomat for six months.

The meeting began.

The UAE lead spoke in Arabic. His translator switched to English.

Kael replied in English and I was responsible for taking notes nearby.

Standard procedure.

Fifteen minutes in, something happened.

The UAE lead muttered something quietly to his translator in Arabic—not for the meeting.

He thought no one else understood.

But I did.

He said, "This firm's price is too high. We'll push for 20% off later. If they refuse, we switch suppliers."

The translator didn't render it. It wasn't part of the official discussion.

But I heard it.

I typed quietly, pretending to take notes.

Then I tilted my laptop slightly so Kael could see the screen.

I typed one line in English: [They plan to demand 20% discount. Will switch partners if refused.]

Kael's eyes flicked to the screen for one second.

His expression didn't change at all.

For the rest of the negotiation, his strategy shifted sharply.

He offered a tiered pricing structure that turned the 20% discount into phased incentives, tied to a three-year exclusive contract.

The UAE lead hesitated, then agreed.

On paper, it looked lower than their target. But total revenue was higher than the original plan.

After the meeting, the UAE delegation left.

Only Kael, his assistant, and I remained.

Kael looked at me.

"You understand Arabic."

Not a question.

"A little."

"It's more than a little. You heard his comment to the translator and warned me."

"I just thought the information was useful for the negotiation."

“Without that warning, we would’ve lost at least \$8 million on this deal.”

He stood up.

“Elara, how many languages do you actually speak?”

I hesitated.

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

His assistant’s eyes widened behind his glasses.

Kael remained calm.

“Eight.”

“Yeah.”

“Working for \$80k a year at Veridian.”

“Yeah.”

“Does that seem reasonable to you?”

“It’s my choice.”

He stared at me for five seconds.

“Would you be interested in joining Apex?”

I didn’t answer.

“I’ll start you at \$500,000 a year. If you take the International Business Division lead role, pay is uncapped.”

My phone rang. Jessa. I didn’t answer.

“Thank you for the offer, Mr. Rainer. I’m not looking to switch jobs right now.”

“Right now?”

“For now.”

He pulled a business card from his pocket and handed it to me.

“Feel free to change your mind.”

I took the card and nodded, then left.

In the elevator, I finally looked at the card.

Solid black. Only one line—Kael Rainer, plus a phone number.

No title, no Apex Group logo.

Those cards are only given to people he considers worth knowing.

I returned to the office around seven o'clock that night.

I thought everyone would be gone.

But the lights were on.

Briar was sitting at my desk.

My computer was open.