

My Bully Thought I Only Spoke Spanish Until I Saved a \$40 Million Deal Chapter 07

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“What are you doing?”

She jumped violently.

“I... I was passing by and saw your computer was left on—”

“I turned it off before I left.”

She stood up.

“You went to Apex again today, didn’t you? Kael Rainer asked you to come.”

“It’s part of project coordination.”

“What kind of coordination needs you to translate Arabic? It’s not on your resume! How many more languages are you hiding?”

“Ms. Hale, what did you see on my computer?”

Her face stiffened.

“Nothing. I didn’t see anything.”

She grabbed her bag and left.

When I sat down and checked my computer, I saw she’d opened my personal folder.

What was in there?

Translation practice snippets—French, Japanese, Korean, just for fun when I was bored.

If she’d seen those—

My phone rang. Jessa again.

“Elara! What did you do at Apex today?! Briar threw a fit in the office this afternoon! She went through your computer!”

“I know.”

[You KNEW?! Why didn't you report her?]

“No proof.”

[You're too... whatever. I have gossip for you. You gonna listen?]

“Go on.”

“Briar and Derek are involved.”

“What do you mean?”

“Exactly what it sounds like. I handle expense reports in Admin. In the past six months, Briar has taken Derek out ‘for work’ seventeen times. Always at that boutique resort on the west side. Connect the dots.”

I was quiet for a moment.

“It's not my business.”

“It absolutely is! Derek made her team lead because of that! Think about it—she's nowhere near your skill level!”

“Jessa, you can't say that without solid proof.”

[Fine, fine. Just warning you. Briar's scheming. Going through your computer wasn't a coincidence.]

I hung up, deleted all the translation practice files in my personal folder, then set a new password.

But I had a feeling—

What was coming would come soon.

The next morning, a company-wide email went out.

[Sender: Derek Cole.]

[Subject: Notice on Strengthening Resume Authenticity.]

It said the company had found employees who failed to disclose full skill sets. All staff must update profiles within a week. Concealment or misrepresentation would be treated as policy violation.

Jessa's message popped up.

[This email is 100% targeted at you.]

I knew it.

Briar had found my multilingual practice files on my computer.

She'd definitely gone to Derek.

Derek had praised my work just yesterday, but his loyalty was with Briar.

The email's goal was simple—force me to admit I spoke eight languages, then discipline me for “concealment.”

Employees with disciplinary records were first in line for layoffs.

I read the email and closed it.

That afternoon, Briar stopped at my desk.

Her expression was completely different from the day before—not angry, but calm, like she held all the cards.

“Elara, you saw the email, right?”

“I did.”

“Are you going to update your resume?”

“Still thinking about it.”

“I'd do it soon. If they find out you hid skills, the consequences are serious.”

“Thank you for the warning, Ms. Hale.”

She smiled and left.

I stared at my screen for five minutes.

Then I pulled out Kael Rainer's business card.

Solid black. One line of text.

I flipped it over.

On the back, tiny handwriting I hadn't noticed before.

"If you can't stay there—anytime."

I stared at those words for ten seconds.

Then put the card away.

It wasn't time yet.