

## Rise 161

### Chapter 161: Failed Self-Recommendation

You can guard against thieves day and night, but you can't guard against thieves in your own home.

It turns out that the commercial empire of richman Li has been infiltrated by rats, and it's a house-born one at that. These rats seem to have grown quite skilled and cunning, having crafted accounts so flawless that even the family accountants couldn't detect any issues after days of searching. When they looked through the accounts, no problems surfaced; however, if they stopped looking, the rats would gradually empty the grain storage. What's worse is that the rats had already begun collaborating with other merchants... It's no wonder this has become a tricky situation.

However, as always, fake accounts are still fake. No matter how perfect they seem, they are bound to be exposed eventually. The only reason no discrepancies had been found was due to the method, timing, and approach. With years of careful preparation, the rats had carefully crafted these books. But how could the two accountants in just a few days find the issue?

The current accounting method in Ming Dynasty is likely the single-entry bookkeeping method, or the three-legged accounts system. Now, during the Jiajing era, it might even have evolved into triangular accounts. But none of this is a problem—these methods were all things I had learned in my past life.

Back when I was studying ancient accounting methods, I joked with my classmates about learning dragon-slaying techniques in a world without dragons... Little did I know, what I learned back then would actually come in handy now.

Thinking about it, I couldn't help but smile at the memories, considering whether I should offer my help once again, to repay a favor.

Before I could make my offer, the scheming girl, Li Shu, suddenly started causing a scene.

"Ah, Zhu Ping'an, are you grinning? Are you gloating?" she shouted.

The scheming girl had been complaining to her little maid when she suddenly noticed that Zhu Ping'an had curled his lips into a smile. She couldn't hold back and immediately pointed at him with a slender finger, her eyes wide with anger.

"You're such an ingrate. You're just like them!" Li Shu glared at Zhu Ping'an, furious. Her finger trembled with rage.

An ingrate?

Why does hearing this term make me think of that forty taels of silver?

Because of this, I didn't feel angry at the scheming girl's unreasonable tantrum for the first time.

"I'm not gloating; I just think I could be of help," Zhu Ping'an said, looking at her calmly.

As soon as Zhu Ping'an finished speaking, the scheming girl curled her small lips into a dismissive sneer, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

"Help? What can you do? Just because you passed the scholar exam, do you think you're impressive? You're so full of yourself! Do you think just because you can read, you can understand accounting books? Who do you think you are? A toad, croaking so loudly!"

The scheming girl pouted, sneering and rolling her eyes.

As expected, she's just as devious and sharp-tongued as always, with an attitude that makes you want to slap her.

This girl looks down on me so much, doesn't she? I still can't understand why she even gave me silver back then—didn't she get her head stuck in the door or something? Otherwise, I can't figure it out.

As for the speculation that a rich young lady would fall for a poor scholar—forget it, that's nonsense. This girl's materialistic tendencies would put that "I'd rather cry in a BMW than laugh on a bicycle" girl, Mano, to shame. She's the kind of girl who changes outfits every day, and none of them are repeats. Even if I got my head stuck in the door eighteen times, I'd never entertain such a thought.

Just hearing her call me a toad and a poor fool shows her true feelings about me.

And to be honest, I have absolutely no interest in this scheming, arrogant girl. What's the point of being pretty? As for conquest or "training" her, I'm not interested at all.

So, Zhu Ping'an thought about helping the Li family this time, regardless of why they gave him silver. Once he helped, he wouldn't think about it anymore.

"I've dabbled a little in bookkeeping, maybe I can..." Zhu Ping'an said casually.

There is no invincible martial art in the world, only speed is unbeatable. The scheming young girl had completely grasped the essence of it. Before Zhu Ping'an could finish his sentence, she interrupted him with disdain.

"Go read your book!" The scheming young girl rolled her eyes.

"This bad guy is always bragging." Hu'er, the maid, pouted and quietly agreed with the scheming young girl.

Chatter-chatter. The two girls quietly commented on Zhu Ping'an's words, and their voices reached Zhu Ping'an's ears through the air, causing the self-recommending young man to abandon his thoughts.

Forget it. He really was overthinking it. Just hire a few more accountants, spend more time, go slower, be more careful, and he would definitely find loopholes in the books. Falsehoods are falsehoods after all. There was no need for him to get involved. Really, hehe...

At worst, he could return the money by using their own methods. He could just find someone, come up with some excuse, and give it back to them.

After thinking for a moment, Zhu Ping'an felt relieved, packed the books into his bag, and prepared to leave.

"Quick, quick, put all the account books into the study, be careful, not a single corner should be folded."

Just as Zhu Ping'an was about to bid farewell, Mr. Wang, the former head of the study, was giving orders to six servants, who were carrying three large stacks of bundled account books into the study.

Why are there so many account books? How big a business did the rich Li family do? These should still just be the account books of those problematic managers! No wonder the rich Li family brought their accountants but couldn't find any issues. With so many account books, it would take at least three times as many accountants to audit them the old-fashioned way.

"Mr. Wang, I've borrowed the books," Zhu Ping'an said, patting his bag.

"Oh, young Master Zhu, I heard your recent exam shocked the whole town. Not bad, keep it up. I have high hopes for you. Just take the books; I trust you," Mr. Wang wiped the sweat from his forehead, praised Zhu Ping'an, and waved his hand.

It seemed that Mr. Wang was also quite troubled by these account books.

"Mr. Wang, you're so slow. I won't disturb your important work," Zhu Ping'an slung his bag over his shoulder and cupped his hands.

"Study hard when you get back. I have great expectations for you," Mr. Wang said, still giving instructions to the servants while turning to remind Zhu Ping'an.

"Thank you for your kind words," Zhu Ping'an grinned foolishly.

From a distance, the scheming young girl sneered and muttered, "A half-full bottle is the noisiest."

This girl must be sick. When I'm humble, she says I'm being fake; when I'm a little less humble, she calls me arrogant and full of myself.

She's really something.

"Thank you for the reminder, Miss."

Zhu Ping'an smiled faintly, not taking it seriously. He cupped his hands from a distance toward the scheming young girl before leaving.

It was completely like a gracious elder dealing with a temperamental child.

"Shameless..."

The scheming young girl, however, was angered by Zhu Ping'an's calm response. She pouted and sneered once again.

Unfortunately, Zhu Ping'an had already walked far away, leaving the scheming young girl to stomp her foot in frustration.