

Rise 166

Chapter 166: Experience Overpowers

"Even if you can understand the ledger, there is no way you could spot the flaws in it so quickly. These ledgers were definitely created by a group of experienced individuals, with organization and premeditation. This is not just boasting by us, but we've been investigating for days and haven't found any trace of a clue..."

The gray haired accountant, who had just reported the findings to the wealthy Li, stood up and, emotionally charged, directed a question at Zhu Ping'an.

Even though Zhu Ping'an could understand the ledger, he absolutely did not believe that Zhu Ping'an could have spotted the flaws so quickly. It was simply impossible!

This felt like a group of old hens in a henhouse, eagerly laying eggs, and then suddenly a pig barges in, pushes past the hens, and with a loud thud, steals an egg right in front of them.

What the heck, how could this be possible?! This is my area of expertise, brother! How could you?!

This was basically the mindset of the accountant.

"Exactly, what you have in your hands is just a thin ledger of daily transactions, a record of exchanges over a certain period. Without any other ledgers for comparison, no verification of the total account, and not even a

detailed calculation, I really don't understand how you could come up with false accounts. This is like Sima Yi breaking the Eight Trigrams Formation—pretending to know when he doesn't..."

The account keeper who had spoken out earlier, still stunned, snapped back to reality and immediately joined the others in mocking Zhu Ping'an, their tone thick with sarcasm.

Master Li, the wealthy merchant, bent down to pick up his hat from the ground, dusted off the nonexistent dust on it, and slowly placed it on his head. His gaze swept over Zhu Ping'an, filled with skepticism. Master Li, being a businessman, was very familiar with ledgers. He also agreed with the accountant's doubts and did not believe that Zhu Ping'an could have spotted the flaws in such a short time.

See, this is what experience dominates.

After hearing their doubts, Zhu Ping'an took the ledger from the maid and gently shook his head. With a faint smile, he slowly spoke:

"If you use your methods, then you are naturally right. I would indeed not be able to spot it."

What does that mean?

Is this disdain?

Young man, you're insulting the entire accounting profession!

The accountants were as agitated as roosters ready to fight. Their faces flushed and their necks thickened. If they weren't all scholars, they would have rolled up their sleeves and rushed at him.

"I have a simple method, but no fake ledger can escape its scrutiny," Zhu Ping'an ignored the agitated account keepers and curled his lips, continuing slowly.

"Nonsense! Utter nonsense!"

"Never heard of such a thing. Wild words! If there were such a method to spot fake ledgers at a glance, why have we never heard of it!"

"We've been dealing with ledgers for decades and have never encountered such a method. It's simply absurd! Pretentious nonsense!"

The accountants were all fired up, unable to contain themselves, feeling that Zhu Ping'an's words were an insult to their decades of experience and to the entire accounting profession. As a result, many of them stood up, rising in unison to attack the young man who spoke such outrageous words.

They unanimously agreed that such a method of auditing could not possibly exist!

"What you've never seen doesn't mean it doesn't exist," Zhu Ping'an gently shook his head and spoke lightly.

The accountants were furious, and they criticized Zhu Ping'an's words even more, accusing him of being pretentious, making things up, and spouting nonsense...

"You all sound like you have a point, but..." Zhu Ping'an said, showing a silly grin, indifferent to the matter. "Actually, it's not like that. Hmm, I wonder, can anyone here make a hard-boiled egg stand on the table with its small end down?"

"What are you talking about? How could a hard-boiled egg possibly stand with the small end down on a table? This isn't even related to the issue at hand, okay?"

"Exactly, this is impossible, you're just changing the subject..."

The accountants all shook their heads, rising in unison to accuse Zhu Ping'an of evading the issue and changing the subject.

Zhu Ping'an grinned foolishly at them, remaining silent.

"Go and bring a plate of hard-boiled eggs," the scheming young girl spoke up at this point, pouting her little lips and instructing the maid, Hua'er, to bring over a plate of hard-boiled eggs.

The maid, Hua'er, nodded and immediately ran off, her skirt swishing as she hurried along.

Soon, Hua'er returned, carrying a large bowl of hard-boiled eggs, her little face flushed from running.

The scheming young girl glanced at Zhu Ping'an, and Hua'er, eager as if offering a treasure, placed the large bowl of eggs in front of Zhu Ping'an.

"You're not just saying that to get some eggs, are you?" Hua'er asked, holding the bowl with one hand and covering her mouth with the other, blinking her eyes and whispering with a teasing tone.

Your imagination really is something...

Zhu Ping'an was a little speechless. He wanted to flick the little maid on the forehead but stopped himself. This was in the Ming Dynasty, after all, and if anyone saw him, it would surely be misinterpreted as flirting with someone else's maid—leading to all sorts of bad rumors. So he smoothly transitioned the motion into a gesture of taking the bowl.

Zhu Ping'an took the bowl and carried it over to one of the account keeper's tables, placing it down on the surface.

"Let's try it and see if it's really impossible," Zhu Ping'an made a gesture with his hand as if inviting them to attempt.

Although the accountants all thought it was impossible, one by one, they still tried to stand the eggs on their small ends.

One, two, three...

They stood, rolled, tried...

But none of them could manage to make the small end of the egg stand on the table.

"See? I told you it's impossible to make the small end stand on the table. What's the point of wasting time with this?"

Thus, the accountants all shook their heads, mocking and complaining.

Just then, amidst the laughter of the account keepers and under the watchful eyes of all present, Zhu Ping'an slowly picked up one of the hard-boiled eggs, held it by the small end, and gently tapped it against the corner of the table.

The crisp sound caught everyone's attention.

Then, under everyone's gaze, Zhu Ping'an placed the egg, now with a cracked small end, onto the table. As he let go, the egg stood firmly on its small end.

Immediately, one of the account keepers shouted loudly:

"This doesn't count! It doesn't count! You cracked the eggshell! Of course, it can stand!"

Many of the accountants quickly joined in with objections.

At this point, Zhu Ping'an spoke seriously, "Yes, that's right. You didn't crack it, I did. That's the difference. The same goes for the way I audit the books. What you think is impossible, with just a simple tap, it all falls into place."

After finishing, Zhu Ping'an slowly glanced around at everyone, offering a silly smile.

As soon as his words fell, the accountants were left speechless, staring at each other in disbelief, as though struck by lightning...

The study room suddenly fell silent.