

## Chapter 165 At a Loss

I smiled at everyone. "Please be patient, everyone. I asked everyone to gather here not to ask you to hand over your accounts. Gan will be back shortly. Let him work. You can take a break."

Huang tsked and said in a mocking tone, "Fine, fine. Let Gan go through the accounts. There are so many accounts. Who knows when he'll be done?"

There was a low rumble of dissatisfaction across the room. No one said anything, but they were thinking it.

"Please be patient. We're here today to get to know each other better," I said genially, "I understand that auditing accounts is uncomfortable for many employees. I might be the heir to the company, but my foundations are rocky. I will rely more on everyone's help in the future."

Xie was very unhappy about that. Perhaps he did not understand why I had to appease him. To him, I was the boss of the company and I could do anything.

What they said about Xie was not wrong. He was trying to curry favor. But that was not a bad thing, it might even be important.

"Mr. Zhang, we can't hold up to such trust. Please find someone else more qualified."

"Yes, we don't have that much in common to talk about."

"Indeed. I still need to go home and pick up my children."

Everyone talked over each other. Even Gan's subordinates, who had not spoken a word, looked at me doubtfully, unsure of what I was doing.

The opponents I faced in the past were all violent people. It did not take much for them to resort to their fists.

But this was different. These opponents did not use their fists, but they would not cooperate and put up the maximum resistance.

I smiled. "Don't be hasty. Let me tell you a story. After I'm done, if you don't find it interesting, you can leave if you wish."

None of them had any idea what I was up to. They waited for my punchline with unfriendly faces.

"You should all know that I served in the military. When I enlisted in the army, I was a recruit who didn't know anything. I quickly became platoon leader, the trainer of the new recruits."

"Mr. Zhang, what are you trying to say?" Huang huffed impatiently.

I continued, "The soldiers nowadays almost all suffer from urban diseases. They are spoiled by their parents at home and loaf around, and enter the troop via their connections to learn discipline. What kind of place is the troop? Is it a place where such people can be controlled? No matter your background, once you enter... The first thing you learn is to obey orders! The second thing you learn is to obey orders! The third thing is also to obey orders! But why would these young princelings listen to me?"

"What's the point of telling us this? Do you want our pity?"

I laughed. "Don't you want to know how I managed to train them in the end? Don't listen: run ten laps, confinement, laundry duty. But soldiers aren't afraid of that. Do you know what they're afraid of?"

Xie murmured, "If they're not afraid of that, what else is there?"

"They're most afraid of being discharged and sent home. Everyone and their grandmother know they joined the army. If they get home, it would be even more painful than getting beaten up. These bums were most afraid of being looked down upon by their parents."

The crowd muttered among themselves. Only Huang remained silent. After some time, Huang huffed unhappily and asked, "What did you want to say? Are you trying to tell us that you're good at training people? That you'll make people listen? We're not listening to you now, but we will in the future? What a joke. I have no time to listen to your nonsense. I'm leaving..."

As he stood up, I said, "Huang, it seems like you've misunderstood me again. That's not what I meant at all. What I meant is that people, no matter how wild, will always care about their families. Huang, do you have a family?"

"What do you mean?" Huang looked uneasy.

"Would you like to call your daughter? She's only five. I'm sure she misses you," I said.

Huang's expression froze in a forced smile. He frowned at me. "What do you mean? Are you threatening me?"

"Why don't you call Weiwei?"

"Damn you!"

Huang pretty much climbed over the table to grab me by the collar. I almost dodged automatically, but pushed away my instinct and let him grab me.

This was not something I wanted to do, but I had no other choice!

He hammered at my face with his fist; it did not hurt.

I wiped the blood from the corner of my mouth. "It was not my intention to pressure everybody like this. I have no other choice. We all do what we can."

Ashen-faced, they all called their families. After a few minutes, aside from the ones who had been on my side from the start, everyone looked grim.

I believed in Zhao Zichen's efficiency. He had not bluffed his way to the head of the Red Lanterns.

"Zhang Chao..." Huang was choked up. Eyes red, he asked, "Do you really think you're a match for Mr. Liu? So what if you audit the accounts? How many people in the company will listen to you? You're not Liu Rong's opponent at all!"

"I know, I'm not treating him as an opponent."

Huang continued, "We all know who you are. You don't actually have any power, you were just born to the right people. Without Junran, you're nothing?! What are you using against Liu Rong!"

Perhaps because I had his daughter, he seemed to lose his mind. His words were career suicide.

"Do you think I'll be afraid of you just because you have my daughter? Haha, how many people can you control? How many people do you have under you? You're just using people in Junran." Huang bared his teeth in a poisonous grin. "Wait to be embarrassed."

He picked up his phone and dialed a number. From his expectant expression, I guessed that he was calling Liu Rong.

There were others with a similar expression as him, hoping that Liu Rong would save them, but not daring to be so open about it.

Silently, I watched him make the call. When he hung up, he gave me a superior look.

Within five minutes, Huang's phone rang again. He greeted "Mr. Liu" humbly, then awaited the good news.

But not only did the good news not come, Huang froze.

"What? What do you mean? You can't do anything? They're not from Junran?!"

Everyone was in an uproar and Huang turned to me with a look of horror. He was at a loss, holding his phone in one hand.