

Elite Doting 1992

[Elite Doting Marriage: Crafty Husband, Aloof Cute Wife](#)

Chapter 1992: The World is Huge, But Home is Wherever You Are (Part Twelve)

“Get lost!”

Young Master Lu felt insulted and he hung up. Then he slammed his phone on his desk and tugged at his tie.

He felt warm. Really warm! Why was he feeling so hot?

He removed his spectacles and rubbed his temples. “Xiaowu!” yelled Young Master Lu.

A nurse came rushing in and greeted him politely. “Doctor Lu.”

“Why is it so hot? Is the air-conditioning working?”

Lu Yinan frowned as he asked out of frustration.

“Oh...” The nurse was stumped for words and she didn’t know how to reply.

The temperature was just right and the weather was cold.

‘What is wrong with Doctor Lu? He seems to be perspiring. Is he having a fever?’

The nurse was about to ask if he was sick when Lu Yinan glared at her coldly. “Why are you still standing there? Turn it on.”

“Okay!”

She didn’t dare to dawdle any longer and nodded firmly. She turned on her heel and ran out.

Because of Young Master Lu’s demands, the staff had to turn on the central air-conditioning. What else could they do, but accede to his demands? He was after all the biggest shareholder of the hospital.

He could afford to waste electricity.

Young Master Lu felt much better after a while. He sat down on the swivel chair and picked up his phone to dial Ming Ansheng’s number.

Ming Ansheng answered after a few rings. “Lend me money,” said Lu Yinan.

Young Master Ming asked, “How much.”

Lu Yinan contemplated briefly before replying, “50 thousand yuan.”

Yan Rusheng had scorned him earlier, so he decided to borrow more.

It should be enough to tide him for the next few days. Zhou Shuang’s anger should have dissipated by then.

“50 thousand yuan? Young Master Lu wants to borrow 50 thousand yuan? You must be a swindler. Did you steal Lu Yinan’s phone?”

Ming Ansheng's doubts left Young Master Lu speechless.

He pressed his palm against his forehead and took a deep breath. Suppressing his annoyance and impatience, he explained, "It's me, not a swindler. Can't you recognize my voice?"

They were fooling around with him!

"Then why are you borrowing 50 thousand yuan? Did you go bankrupt?"

Young Master Ming still had his doubts.

Young Master Lu felt that his head was about to split at any moment. He massaged his temples as he sighed. "It's a long story. Zhou Shuang didn't cut off my finances. Someone stole my wallet."

He had barely finished his sentence when the call ended.

"Hello... hello!"

After he realized that Ming Ansheng had indeed hung up, he slammed his phone on the desk. "F*ck!"

Did they ever treat him as a friend?

Young Master Lu felt that all hope was lost. Friendships were so fragile.

2He slumped back on his swivel chair to rest when his phone rang.

He straightened his back and picked up his phone. His eyes immediately lit up when he saw the caller. "Shuang!"

He sounded so sweet and gentle.

Zhou Shuang questioned him sharply. "I heard that you went around to borrow money?"

Zhou Shuang rattled on without stopping. "The hospital called to say that you got them to turn on the air-cons?"

Damn it, who was this person who betrayed him? Young Master Lu felt frustrated as he spluttered.

"I..."

He was about to speak when Zhou Shuang yelled across the phone. "It's not even hot today! Why did you waste electricity? Are you wasting money!"

Young Master Lu pouted and muttered, "I'll get them to switch it off."