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You Owe Me, My Love Chapter 141 - 145

If she was still the old Bai Rong from 3 years ago, she would've stuttered nervously at his straightforwardness. There was nowhere for her to hide from Gu Mingchen's pressuring gaze.

But now, she was already able to face his probing gaze calmly.

"Is this thought bugging you badly, Chief?"

Gu Mingchen's deep eyes flickered as he tried to ascertain the change in expression of the girl before him.

There was none.

The girl remained a cordial but distant smile without showing any change in her emotions.

"Is that true?" Gu Mingchen asked back instead, his gaze darkening further.

"The past is long gone with the wind, so why should you care about it now? Together or not, in love or not, it's meaningless now. Maybe it's just a one-sided yearning from my side. But as time passed, any unrealistic yearnings and desires of mine were now long buried within that turbulent past." Bai Rong replied in a self-mocking manner.

"Don't try to beat around the bush with me. I just need to know one thing; were we in love before?" Gu Mingchen suddenly turned serious, his expression sharp and cold like the chief he was.

Bai Rong paused for a while before spitting out her simple answer clearly, "No."

"It's just a simple yes and no question, for what did you tell me all that nonsense then? Did you think I have the time to listen to your nags?" Gu Mingchen glared at her as he felt inexplicable anger surging within him.

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Bai Rong knew she had made a major mistake in the context of psychological studies. She shouldn't have spoken so much in the first place, as the chances of saying the wrong things might have risen the more she talked. "Sorry."

She was just desperate to hide herself. Trying too hard to hide her guilt and diffidence with her eloquence.

After the conversation, Gu Mingchen turned to look out of the window.

It was still raining as the heavy raindrops hit on the window panes loudly.

Bai Rong also turned towards the window. Throughout the journey, none of them spoke as the tension thickened between them. The car was filled with crushing heaviness, just like the heavy rain outside. It was a very uncomfortable ride for the both of them.

Finally, the car reached the psychiatric hospital. Desperate to escape from the heavy atmosphere, Bai Rong swiftly got down from the car.

Gu Mingchen's subordinate helped her to unload her luggage and passed her an umbrella. The girl did not reject the caring offer and nodded gratefully before heading inside with her luggage.

Gu Mingchen's brooding gaze lingered on the girl through the rearview mirror until she was gone from his sight. By the time he removed his gaze from the mirror, his face was all clouded over with unreadable emotions.

Bai Rong signed her attendance at the counter and met with the doctor treating her mother. After understanding Bai Bing's condition, only then she went to meet her mother.

Three years ago, Bai Bing would mutter words to herself while hugging her pillow. Back then, she was still able to smile occasionally, just that she couldn't recognize anyone.

Now, she was still hugging her pillow like the last time, but her eyes were now empty and unresponsive as she stared into the thin air with an unfocused gaze. Her expression was also dazed and void of emotions, unlike her previous expressive self.

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The doctor in charge mentioned that Bai Bing already lost muscular control of her bowels and suffered from incontinency. Most of the time, she would be lying on bed lifelessly and only sit up occasionally.

Fortunately, Su Xuyan had employed two caretakers to look after her, that was why she looked clean despite having bodily disorders.

Bai Rong sat in front of her mother, but Bai Bing's pupils did not move at all, as though she didn't see anyone sitting before her.

"Mum, I'm Bai Rong." Bai Rong called out to her mother gently.

Bai Bing remained unresponsive.

"How's Xing Bachuan doing?" Bai Rong asked.

This time, Bai Bing slowly turned towards her daughter.

Bai Rong's lips twitched at the sight, her eyes reddening slightly.

Xing Bachuan was the only person who mattered to her mother now.

She bet that to Bai Bing, her daughter was simply a redundant existence.

"He's fine. We danced together yesterday." Bai Bing replied firmly.

"What song did you dance to?" Bai Rong tried to speak in a light tone, her fingers rhythmically tapping the table.

"We danced to the Red Danube. It was already late evening. The beautiful sunset colored the sky in a glorious red. Underneath the beautiful sky, he placed my hands in his as he held my waist. With light steps, we swayed slowly to the music. Simply swaying, and swaying." A happy smile showed on her previously blank face.

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“Oh, I can see the two of you. You look so stunning! Both of you look so loving together. I see that he gave you a box and you opened it. What’s in there?” Bai Rong asked and retracted her tapping hands.

“It’s a diamond ring! He proposed to me. He finally proposed to me! Oh, I feel so happy now!” Bai Bing stood up enthusiastically.

Bai Rong stood up as well and went behind her mother. “Not just one ring. Inside contained another ring too. What’s the meaning of this?”

“What’s the meaning of this?” Bai Bing made a throwing gesture as she jumped backwards in fright.

“Wait, he proposed to me twice.” Bai Bing blurted in a daze.

“Proposed twice? Were you divorced with him?” Bai Rong asked.

“Divorced?” Bai Bing panicked at the term; her eyes full of horror as she covered her head. Then, she muttered to herself with a furious expression, “It’s that b****! You s****! How dare you snatch my husband! I’m going to kill you!”

Bai Bing turned to her daughter fiercely and clamped her hands down on Bai Rong’s neck.

But the girl was unfazed by the dangerous situation. “You won in the end. Xing Bachuan proposed to you again.”

Bai Bing paused. “Yes, he proposed to me again. He told me he had divorced that s****!”

She then turned to her daughter with a confused gaze. “Who are you?”

Bai Rong smiled faintly. “Mum, I’m back. I’m your daughter, Rong.”

“Rong? You’re Rong? Where have you been? I’ve not seen you for such a long, long time.” Bai Bing held onto her daughter’s hands.

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The force of her grip was strong. Bai Rong felt jolting pain coming from her hands due to her mother's tight grip. "Mum, I'll be by your side now. Believe me, days will get better for us. I have confidence to let dad come back to you."

"Really? Your dad will want me back?" Bai Bing cupped her own face, her dubious words overflowing with surprise.

"Don't forget you were the most beautiful lady last time. He even fell out with his family just to marry you back then. As long as you clean yourself and dress up properly, you're still the most beautiful lady in the world." Bai Rong encouraged Bai Bing with a smile.

"Yes, that's right! I need to take a bath now; I must wash my dirty hair. I need to put on make-up later!" Bai Bing sobbed out of overwhelming hope and happiness.

Bai Rong sat back down and tapped the table again. "Do you need my help?"

"No need. I'm not a child anymore. I can clean up on my own." Bai Bing grabbed her clothes and entered the bathroom.

Bai Rong lifted her lips into a gentle smile and walked towards the window. Her eyes were clear as crystal as she looked out at the unending heavy rain.

The doctors and nurses were totally stunned by the change.

Throughout the past year, Bai Bing never spoke a word and had problems taking care of herself. But now, she could get her own clothes and bathe herself without any help!

Was this the power of family love?

Once she was done bathing, Bai Bing came out of the bathroom and let her daughter dry her hair with the hairdryer. Then, Bai Rong helped her put on beautiful make-up and took a picture of her mother.

Bai Bing was happy with the photo. "Send it to your father."

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“Don’t need to rush just yet.” Bai Rong kept her phone and held her mother’s hands.
“Mum, I don’t think you’re at your best now. We must hit the target at the first shot, otherwise I’m afraid we can’t achieve what we want.”

“Then what should I do now?” Bai Bing asked her daughter.

“You need to exercise, eat well and read more books. Continue this lifestyle for a year and make the best out of yourself. I’ll handle the rest.”

“Alright. You must help me with this.” Bai Bing pleaded.

Her daughter bored her gaze into her firmly. “I will definitely help you.”

Bai Bing talked a lot about her past. Unlike her dazed self, her thoughts were clear and she was not the least bit confused.

Bai Rong sat aside and listened to her stories patiently.

After a long time of talking, Bai Bing was finally tired and spread the bedsheets on her own before climbing up to sleep.

Bai Rong came out of her mother’s room, only to run into Mu Xiaosheng by the door.

The man at the door smiled as he spoke, “I came here to ask for my senior’s help and heard someone saying there’s an extraordinary hypnotherapist here. I was curious and rushed over to check out, and it turns out to be you! Indeed, your hypnotherapy skills are out of the world. Welcome back, Bai Rong. You returned at just the right time to help me settle a very urgent problem.”

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“Heh.” Bai Rong snorted lightly. “I don’t think I’m interested to hear that urgent problem of yours now.”

Mu Xiaosheng paused in surprise.

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However, the girl's smile became wider as she pointed to the lift with her chin. "I'm just joking. I've promised to work at your place for five years once I'm back, of course I'm always ready to help with your work."

"You're getting playful now. I'm really happy for you." Mu Xiaosheng replied in a gentle voice.

Bai Rong did not respond to his words as she pressed the lift.

"I was quite worried before that. I heard that the university offered you to stay as their lecturer. Even the FBI also asked you to work for them. The cases you solved back in America have shaken the world and made you famous. I thought you don't even want to be back anymore." Mu Xiaosheng sighed in relief.

"I'll never break my promise to you, but I have a condition to discuss with you first. Since I'm working for you, you can pass me any task and work, but I don't want to work in your office as I plan to start up my own clinic. Am I allowed to do that?" Bai Rong requested.

"Of course you can! I did not sponsor you much back then. Never have I thought you will turn out to be this outstanding! I'm already highly satisfied and grateful for your willingness to help me."

"Thanks. Now tell me what's troubling you and how can I be of help." Bai Rong asked.

"This case involves a highly-ranked government official, that's why the police were asking for information and help from my side. If I can't solve this case, I'll be in serious trouble." Mu Xiaosheng explained.

"Brief me in detail then. I'm free until tonight. Let me treat you to a meal." Bai Rong replied leisurely.

Mu Xiaosheng noticed that the girl had changed a lot compared to 3 years ago.

Three years ago, she was a depressed girl drowned in hopeless despair, which gave her a lifeless appearance.

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Now, she radiated the charm of a knowledgeable lady with polished eloquence and manners. She was much more attractive to him than before.

Together, they went to a famous hotel in A City and dined at the hotel's restaurant after Bai Rong checked in.

"Should I arrange for your accommodation?" Mu Xiaosheng asked in concern.

"No need. I'll buy a house when I'm free. Now tell me the details of your case." Bai Rong had a sip of lemon water and took out her pen and notebook.

"The deceased is An Qi; she was a 53 year-old woman. Her younger brother is General An from the Ministry of Defense; and her husband is Song Jianren, the Deputy Minister of Finance, who's 54 this year. Both of them are influential figures within the government and their own ministries. On the day of the murder, the deceased had a mahjong gathering in her house. One of the other people present was Xiong Daini. Her brother-in-law is Su Zheng, Deputy Commander of the CCDI, and her son is Su Xuyan, the owner of a listed company. Her family is equally influential with a strong political background that cannot be simply messed with. On that day, Xiong Daini was sitting on the East, while An Qi sat on the West, which was her favorite seat. Sitting on the South was Chang Ruyan, wife of the A City's Governor, while sitting on the North was Miao Yu, daughter of An Qi's classmate. She's currently working in the finance department at the Ministry of Finance. An Qi had previously introduced this girl to her nephew, hence she's also the future daughter-in-law of General An." Mu Xiaosheng explained the relationship of the people involved.

With a straight face, Bai Rong recorded the seating positions of those involved, as well as their identities and relationships.

Never had she thought that she would come across these people in such a situation after 3 years.

"Other than those at the mahjong table, who else were present in the room? How did An Qi die?" Bai Rong inquired calmly.

"There were two housemaids, a butler and two bodyguards present in the room. Song Jianren's elder sister, Song Xiyu also visited them on that day."

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Bai Rong's eyes flickered at the name. "Song Jianren is Song Xiyu's younger brother?"

The girl was surprised by the connection. She was never familiar with Gu Mingchen's family relationships.

"Yes. Song Xiyu's husband is Gu Tianhang, deputy commander of the military council, and her son is Gu Mingchen, chief of the Special Forces military base. He's the youngest general in the country and a popular candidate for the commander-in-chief position. All of them are strong political and military figures. Just this morning, General An ordered for this case to be solved within a week, that's why the police came to ask for my help. I know that the stakes are high for this case and I dare not start on it yet, hence I tried asking for my senior's help. That dude does not dare to take over this case either." Mu Xiaosheng explained.

"Those involved are the wealthy and powerful. A minor slip will land you in a disastrous situation. You shouldn't have taken over this case in the first place." Bai Rong judged rationally.

Mu Xiaosheng sighed helplessly. "I am the dean of the research institute. The police sent the highest order by the General to the institute, so there's no way I can say no to that! My senior can reject me because I invited him privately. But for the institute, there's no way to reject it."

"I can only tell you that I'm taking over this case because I promised to work for you. But some of them may not want me to be involved. You better be prepared for this scenario." Bai Rong cautioned.

"Why?" Mu Xiaosheng asked in confusion.

From his words, Bai Rong could see that this man knew nothing about her.

"Xiong Daini was my ex-mother-in-law and Chang Ruyan is my stepmother. As for Song Xiyu... we have feuded in the past. So do you think these people will cooperate with me? That's why I say I can only try my best."

Mu Xiaosheng was rendered speechless.

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“So you’re Su Xuyan’s ex-wife! Everyone says that there’s a woman Su Xuyan loves deeply and she transformed his life completely. Because of this woman, he changed his flirty lifestyle from fooling around to distancing himself from women. That woman he loves, is it you?” Mu Xiaosheng was shocked by the revelation.

Bai Rong suddenly recalled Su Xuyan’s words from 3 years ago. Be it three, ten or even thirty years, I’ll always wait for you.

Her eyes dimmed at the memory. “Time is a useful solvent when it comes to diluting and washing away our feelings. However, it’s utterly useless when it comes to wound healing. Hence, once I had a bad fall on a man once, I’ll never allow myself to fall for the same person again.”

“You deserve a better man.” Mu Xiaosheng smiled in comfort.

Indeed, he had thought of making Bai Rong his, especially after that time she came to ask him for help. He had always imagined all sorts of romantic moments he would have with her. After all, he was a charmingly handsome man who was equipped with powerful status, identity and knowledge.

But now, all he had towards the girl was heartfelt admiration and respect. He no longer dared to harbor any inappropriate thoughts towards the strong woman.

“Let me continue explaining the case then. There are a few things to take note here. A power failure happened around 10.30 p.m. that day. After it happened, the butler brought one of the housemaids to get the candles while one of the bodyguards went to check on the cause of the power failure. Then, Xiong Daini took out her phone and switched on the torchlight, only to find An Qi already lying dead on the floor.”

“From the beginning of power failure to the time Xiong Daini lit up the place, how long was the time interval? What was the cause of death?” Bai Rong interrupted Mu Xiaosheng.

“That’s exactly the most suspicious and inconceivable part of the case. The time interval was just 10 seconds. An Qi was killed by a silver needle that pricked into her temples, which was previously soaked in poison. The inconceivable part is how did the poisoned needle prick into her temples so accurately in the pitch-black darkness? And

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the weird part is that everyone did not move from their seats at all. The power failure was caused by the fuse that broke for no reason. Judging from the weirdness and how fast and coincidental the events were, I cannot help but think that this incident was planned by the Grim Reaper himself!" Mu Xiaosheng still couldn't come to an explainable conclusion regarding this case.

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"Do you have any clue on this case now?" Bai Rong asked as she closed her notebook.

The waiter began to serve their meals as they talked.

"If I have a clue, I wouldn't go all the way to ask for my senior's help. I'm so confused now and I can't see where this is leading to. But I have a deadline to meet, thanks to General An's orders. This is mission impossible for me." Mu Xiaosheng replied helplessly.

Bai Rong smiled comfortingly at his frustrated words. "Everything will work itself out eventually. Let's visit the crime scene after we finish eating. Is that fine?"

"Should be fine, since it's official business. I'll make a call to the chief of police later; he must be under greater pressure than myself. I expect Mr. Song to not be at home around this time. Things will be easier without him around." Mu Xiaosheng replied.

"Why will it be easier without him?" Bai Rong blurted nonchalantly.

"Nobody likes their home to be ransacked by some random stranger, be it for business purposes or not."

"Oh, I thought his character is hard to handle." Bai Rong suddenly recalled that pregnant woman she met on the plane. "Does An Qi have any children?"

"Yes, a son, also working in Gu Mingchen's base. He should be a lieutenant or something. He had rushed right back after his mother's death." Mu Xiaosheng replied.

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Bai Rong nodded in understanding. She did not inquire any further on Gu Mingchen's family members and relatives. It was none of her business anyway.

It was still raining cats and dogs with no signs of stopping even after they finished their fulfilling dinner.

The police chief sent 3 of his most capable cops to accompany Bai Rong and Mu Xiaosheng to the crime scene.

It was only then did Bai Rong find out that An Qi stayed in the same area as Gu Mingchen, Su Xuyan and Su Zheng.

The rain was still very heavy, hence the girl was unavoidably wet even with the umbrella.

The first thing that greeted them at the main door was a nicely designed porch. On the steps of the porch, a dozen sets of disposable shoe covers were neatly arranged beside an umbrella stand.

"The porch is nicely designed. Which company's work is it?" Bai Rong asked.

"Not done by any company. It was designed by Mr. Song himself." The housemaid answered respectfully.

Bai Rong turned to Mu Xiaosheng, who smiled in reply, "Mr. Song is indeed a man with great attention to detail."

"He is a man with acute observation skills and is careful with his work; He's a kind and easygoing gentleman, yet he's also a perfectionist in his work. As a charming man possessing great EQ and holding a high-ranking position, Mr. Song must be a man greatly favored by young girls." Bai Rong deduced.

"Yes, the young lady is right! Mr. Song is indeed just like how you've described!" The housemaid replied in surprise.

"Wow! That's awesome! How did you do that? I could only deduce he's a detailed person, but you can manage to get so much out of these!" Mu Xiaosheng wowed in admiration.

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"I deduced from the design of the porch, and the intuition of a woman." Bai Rong replied while putting on the shoe covers.

The maid opened the door for them.

Gu Mingchen was also there. He was sitting on the sofa with a cigarette between his fingers. Through the smoke, the chief turned to look at Bai Rong, his expression blurred and unreadable.

Right behind him stood 2 soldiers and across him sat a young man with a certain likeness to him. Bai Rong guessed that must be An Qi's son.

The maid approached Gu Mingchen and bowed before reporting, "Young Master Gu and Young Master Song, the cops have arrived."

Song Yi turned to Bai Rong with reddened eyes. "Please find out the murderer as soon as you can."

Bai Rong remained quiet while Mu Xiaosheng answered with a smile, "We'll try our best."

The moment he landed his eyes on Gu Mingchen, the psychologist was momentarily stunned in recognition.

Young Master Gu? Isn't he the chief of the Special Forces military base and popular candidate for the future commander-in-chief?! It's the mysterious yet legendary Gu Mingchen!

The man's dashing looks and extraordinary mien were highly distinguishable. It was an unforgettable appearance for a man although Mu Xiaosheng only had a momentary glance of him 3 years ago.

Now he finally understood why Bai Rong said she had feuded with Song Xiyu.

Since Gu Mingchen was Song Xiyu's son, did that mean Bai Rong had some sort of unusual relationship with Gu Mingchen?

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Mu Xiaosheng was thunderstruck by the fact and turned to Bai Rong in shock.

However, the girl was alarmingly calm as she asked Song Yi in a formal tone, "Can I look around?"

"Sure. Aunt Bao, please bring this lady to look around the house." Song Yi instructed.

Bai Rong proceeded to the crime scene. The mahjong table was located in the southernmost region of the living room.

"The one on the East was Xiong Daini; on the West was An Qi; on the South was Chang Ruyan and on the North was Miao Yu. The needle was pricked on the left side or right side of her temple?" Bai Rong asked while observing the mahjong table.

"Left." Gu Mingchen answered deeply.

Bai Rong turned around to see Gu Mingchen standing beside her, his eyes staring broodingly at her. He was standing so close that the girl could see her reflection in his dark eyes.

Hailan, I miss you so much. The line flashed across Bai Rong's mind and struck her heart painfully like a harsh blow.

The girl averted her eyes and walked towards Mu Xiaosheng who was 2 meters away. "The time interval between the power failure to An Qi's death was only 10 seconds and no one moved from their place at all. Logically speaking, only Miao Yu had the possibility of murdering An Qi within such a short time."

"But jabbing a needle with one hand is not easy, especially jabbing it into the temple under a pitch-black condition. I don't think it's her. You haven't met her before; she's a slender and weak-looking woman. Plus, she had also slit her right wrist before, so I don't think she has the strength to drive the needle into a person's temple." Mu Xiaosheng explained.

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Gu Mingchen lowered his gaze on Bai Rong's wrist. She had an old wound on her wrist as well. The scar had turned white but did not vanish at all, hence it could be clearly seen.

Bai Rong's injured wrist ran cold at the mere mention of wrist-slitting. "Let's check the room."

Aunt Bao opened the door at the corridor and explained respectfully, "This is Madam's room."

There was a 1.8m by 1.8m bed inside the room. A pillow and a neatly folded blanket were placed on the bed.

Right beside the bed was a nightstand and a dressing table loaded with all sorts of make-up and facial products. Bai Rong had a look at a few cosmetics and placed them back after that.

Then, she proceeded to open up An Qi's cabinet. Her gaze landed on a few boxes containing slimming belts from different brands. After checking through the belts, her lips curled slightly upwards in understanding.

The girl then pulled out the cabinet drawer. It contained a mixture of things, including some flu medicine, 3 photos, plasters for muscle aches, a romance novel, socks and some weight-loss supplements.

Bai Rong took out the photos and examined each of them.

The first photo was taken in Bali. The slightly plump An Qi was smiling happily into the camera as she posed a victorious sign.

The second was taken during a military parade which her son had taken part in. Under the bright sunshine, the young man was smiling cheerfully in his military uniform. His pointy teeth were clearly shown in the picture.

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The last photo was the oldest of them all. It depicted a tall and well-built man hugging a young-looking An Qi, still a slender teenager at that time. Her beauty was at her peak with her sweet smile that could rival the blooming flowers around her.

“Can you let me know if you have any important discovery?” Gu Mingchen voiced out.

“My boss will report to you.” Bai Rong answered without turning back.

The chief closed the gap from behind. The girl could feel his imposing presence behind her, causing her back to stiffen up.

The man took the photos from her hand and glanced through each of them. Then, his brooding eyes turned to the girl as he spoke, “I just checked your background. So you’re now a renowned psychologist in America and an expert in crime scene investigation...”

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“Three years are enough to change a lot of things, including work, interpersonal relationships, love relationships and living environment.” Bai Rong replied flatly and distanced herself from him.

Gu Mingchen grabbed her hand and pulled her roughly towards him.

Bai Rong did not expect his move and crashed straight into his muscular chest. The familiar scent of the chief rushed to her nostrils.

Bai Rong’s embarrassment turned into rage and she pulled out her hand before giving Gu Mingchen a hard slap. The slap was so loud that it resonated in the empty room.

Three red fingerprints appeared on his face. The man narrowed his eyes as he stared at the flustered girl coldly.

Bai Rong knew she had overreacted and lowered her eyes.

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“Are you afraid of me?” Gu Mingchen locked his eyes on the girl before him, trying to study her expression.

Bai Rong turned to him and explained calmly, “A person’s overreaction is usually related to unpleasant experiences. I was raped before, so I really, really detest people touching me. My apologies if my reaction offended you.”

Gu Mingchen’s deep eyes darkened at her answer. Being raped before was usually a past that all women were desperate to hide, yet she could simply mention it nonchalantly like she was not the one who experienced it.

Either she was totally over it, or she was purposely tainting herself in front of him.

Bai Rong nodded and turned to the door where Aunt Bao was waiting. “Please bring me to Mr. Song’s room.”

“Alright. This way please.” Aunt Bao brought her upstairs.

The girl turned towards Mu Xiaosheng in frustration and lowered her voice. “Follow me closely, please. You’re here to solve a case, not to be a decoration.”

Mu Xiaosheng touched his nose guiltily. He had seen Gu Mingchen enter the room and he knew better than to intrude on their personal space. How would he have the guts to enter at all!

Aunt Bao opened the door to Mr. Song’s room. The room was exceptionally clean and a whiff of perfume lingered within. His study was very neat with three perfectly stacked books and a nicely arranged calligraphy set. A scroll holder full of calligraphy drawings sat in the middle of the desk.

Bai Rong took out the drawings and went through them briefly. The drawings ranged from calligraphy writings to ink wash painting. Some of them were in fact poems written by Song Jianren himself. Each of these paintings was properly stamped by the artist at the lower right end. The name on the stamp was Master Niki.

Hanging at the head of the bed was Song Jianren and An Qi’s wedding portrait.

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Bai Rong opened the nightstand drawer, which only contained a cologne and nothing else.

The girl proceeded to check the cabinet.

Like what she predicted, Mr. Song was a man with great attention to detail. His clothes were nicely arranged and differentiated according to its style and function. One compartment was for suits, while the other was for blouses. All the clothes were also arranged according to the season; be it clothes for winter or for summer, all of them were perfectly categorized neatly like that at a boutique.

“Aunt Bao, can I ask you a few questions?” Bai Rong requested politely.

Aunt Bao was afraid of saying the wrong things. However, she was faced with the cops so she couldn't reject Bai Rong. With a trembling voice, she asked, “What do you need to know?”

“Let's find somewhere quiet to talk. Don't be nervous and just say anything you can remember.”

Aunt Bao nodded. “Let's go to the reception room on the second floor.”

Aunt Bao led the way ahead while Bai Rong turned to one of the cops. “Get Young Master Song as well. I'm going to ask both of them together.”

“Alright.”

Aunt Bao opened the door to the reception room. A fruit bowl containing fresh fruits and an ashtray were placed in the middle of the coffee table. Beside the fruit bowl was a wine glass containing new cigarettes to entertain the guests.

Bai Rong sat on the sofa and took out her pen and notebook.

At the same time, both Song Yi and Gu Mingchen entered the room. The atmosphere in the room turned heavy with the presence of the chief.

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Bai Rong's gaze met with Gu Mingchen's ink-like eyes, which stared into her imposingly. The girl really disliked his intrusive dark gaze, which looked like a lurking beast aiming to pounce on her.

"How's your parents' relationship?" Mu Xiaosheng asked Song Yi.

"Pretty good. My dad is a family man who cares for the family and was very considerate of my mother. Many people were envious that my mum married a good husband like him. On the other hand, my mother was a loving and optimistic woman. Being the kind-hearted person she was, many people around her greatly favored my mum's jovial character." Song Yi answered firmly.

"How often are you at home?" Bai Rong asked again.

"It's pretty strict in the military. All of us are only allowed to be out for half a day every Sunday, so I spend most of my time with my comrades in the army." Song Yi replied.

"That means you don't come back often. When was the last time you returned?" Bai Rong continued.

"Last month, I think. Last month my mum hurt her ankle. My dad even took leave to accompany her. They were a very loving couple." Song Yi answered truthfully.

Bai Rong turned to Aunt Bao once she was done with Song Yi.

Aunt Bao hung her head low while her hands fidgeted with the sides of her apron nervously.

"I believe Madam Song must be a very kind woman. She was warm-hearted and compassionate with a casual character, hence she has never treated you like a housemaid or an outsider. I believe you also want us to catch the murderer, right? She will thank you for helping, so don't be nervous and tell me what you know." Bai Rong comforted Aunt Bao in a gentle tone.

"Madam was such a nice person! She had always been lenient towards the servants. Last time when I had a family emergency, Madam gave me 200k without a second

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thought when she came to know about that! Who on earth would be so cruel to murder our kind Madam!" Aunt Bao replied emotionally, her eyes rimmed with red circles.

"Did Madam Song show any unusual behaviors? Like locking herself in her room for long periods of time." Bai Rong inquired.

"Since the last time she injured her leg, her mood was never really good." Aunt Bao replied.

"Then before she hurt herself, was she in a very great mood? So good that she spent all her money on various cosmetic products, shopped for beautiful clothes, went for facial therapies and even went for exercise and dance classes to lose weight?"

Aunt Bao was surprised by her deductions. "How did you know that?"

Bai Rong smiled in understanding. "How many times did Mr. Song come back in a week?"

Aunt Bao paled at her question and glanced at Song Yi.

"What do you mean by that? My dad comes back every day no matter how late he finished his work." Song Yi answered with a frown.

"A month ago, Mr. Song would come back only 2 to 3 times a week. Only this month he began to come back every day, but his mood was pretty foul. Am I right?" Bai Rong immediately asked.

Aunt Bao's surprise deepened further. "How did you know all these?"

Song Yi widened his eyes and locked his glare on the psychologist. "What's the point of you telling me these? What are you trying to say?"

Bai Rong smiled faintly as she looked back at Song Yi calmly. "Nothing, I'm just asking randomly. Thank you for your cooperation and we shall take our leave."

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Bai Rong got up and was prepared to leave when Song Yi stood up anxiously. "Explain this!"

"You just need to know that your parents love you very much. That's all." Bai Rong continued striding towards the door.

"Please have a seat and explain your deductions in detail." Gu Mingchen voiced out.

However, Bai Rong did not turn around.

"Do you know that I can ask the police chief to bring you to my base with a phone call? I don't want to trouble myself with that."

Upon hearing his words, Bai Rong turned to him with a bewildered expression. What an autocratic man he was! So domineering that she always had no idea what to do with him.

"Chief, are you interested in me?" Bai Rong asked directly.

You Owe Me, My Love Chapter 145

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"I'm engaged." Gu Mingchen answered heavily, his expression unreadable.

Bai Rong's heart plunged at the answer as the aching pain stabbed at her momentarily.

It had been 3 years since Gu Mingchen was engaged to Su Wanning, yet they were still not married yet. Was it because he had not gotten over Zhou Hailan?

Bai Rong lowered her eyes and sat back on the sofa.

Since he had openly informed her of his engagement, it meant that he intended to stay a distance from her as well. So why should she purposely stay away from him out of guilt?

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“What I’m going to say next is just my deduction. I apologize in advance for anything wrong.” Bai Rong warned beforehand.

“Just say it. Be quick.” Song Yi replied impatiently, his brows in a deep frown as he stared intently at the psychologist.

“Your mother is an easygoing person on the surface. However, she was actually emotionally sensitive. She merely hid that side of her behind her optimistic façade. She was a compassionate woman with a kind and young heart.” Bai Rong deduced.

“Yes, you’re right. Please continue.” Song Yi rushed.

“Your father is a refined and graceful gentleman of genteel upbringing. He’s from a noble family that greatly emphasized good manners and behavior, hence he was groomed to be a talented perfectionist with great attention to detail. However, he’s not a well-mannered person deep down. He’s very strict and values his dignity more than anyone. When he’s angry, he acts like a totally different person, which is the exact opposite of his graceful self. All these while, he has been trying very hard to hide this side of him.” Bai Rong continued.

Song Yi pursed his lips in displeasure. “The first part is correct. As for the second part, from where did you deduce my father to be that type of person? That sounds like nonsense to me.”

“Your father always prepares many sets of shoe covers for the guests. From the way he places the shoe covers at the most obvious place on the porch, I can deduce that he dislikes people visiting his house. However, out of his good manners, he did not mention his dislike nor outright decline the visits of guests.”

“The most he can do is to take measures to maintain the cleanliness of his house. Psychologically speaking, people who dislike visitors also dislike visiting others. They may be easygoing on the outside, but they’re internally wary of others. This type of person tends to be selfish of their own feelings, which is a behavior that contradicts your father’s upbringing. Hence, he has to suppress his dislike within him.”

“In contrast, your mother was a casual and passionate lady who loved to socialize around. She was greatly favored by people due to her kind and generous character,

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hence she was always in reception of many visitors. Your father had to further suppress his dislike in order to not disappoint your mother. His stress and suppression can be obviously seen in his artwork.”

“Your father is a great artist whose skills are good enough to channel his feelings into his drawings. If you look through his artwork, you can see that he tends to include elements of depression into his art, which causes the lack of harmony in his perfect drawing. For instance, in one of his landscape paintings, the beautiful mountains were hidden between the clouds like the lofty heavens. However, he added a few people at the bottom left of the initially lofty drawing. Although it’s just a few strokes, it clearly depicts a man trying to enter the heavens for enlightenment, yet he’s blocked by a few other men. This drawing is a very clear-cut reflection of his true feelings.” Bai Rong analyzed.

“Don’t tell me you think my dad murdered my mum. He was out entertaining the American ambassador and was not at home!” Song Yi replied in displeasure.

Bai Rong just smiled faintly. “Your parents did not have a proper sex life for at least five years or longer. Possibly more than 10 years.”

Song Yi was a young man after all and couldn’t help but blush at the statement. “Their relationship was very good though.”

Gu Mingchen gazed at Bai Rong broodingly, his eyes as dark as the blackhole that could swallow everything.

Bai Rong deliberately ignored his deep gaze and continued, “During his younger days, your father fell in love with your mother’s adorably cheerful and exuberant character. From the old pictures, your mother was obviously a gorgeous lady when she was young. However, like all ladies who gave birth, your mother’s initially slender figure was unavoidably lost after giving birth to you. Being the perfectionist he is, your father began to dislike your mother’s plump figure. After that, he got bored of your mother and was slowly tired of the trivial things family life brought. These were all factors that caused him to no longer sleep with your mother. Later on, your father turned to despise the fact that he had to live under the same roof with a fat and haggard-looking old woman who only spent her free time on the mahjong table. From his artwork and calligraphy, we could tell that he only came back 2 to 3 days a week and he only returned out of

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responsibility plus his perfectionist attitude. Being a sensitive woman, your mother was quick to notice his disgust and planned on losing weight. The process was very tough for her. No matter how hard she tried to exercise and cut down her food intake, she did not have much success due to her aging body condition and her cravings for good food. She then gave up on the endeavor until she found out that your father had a mistress outside. This mistress was as beautiful as an art piece and was slender as well. She was also from a noble family and was brought up with good manners like your father. Unlike your mother who spent her time on mahjong, this lady is a knowledgeable woman who loves history and shares your father's interest in calligraphy painting. Your mother was saddened by the heartbreaking fact, yet she did not tell anyone of her problems. She still maintained her jovial appearance and only cried behind everyone's back. She loved her husband very much and was willing to endure everything in silence to not ruin his career. Then, she tried to change herself and slowly picked up good habits like jogging, swimming, and even went to the gym. Due to her foul mood, she had a very bad appetite. Coupled with her gym practices, your mother swiftly cut down a lot of weight. Within this 1 year, she attracted another man who was very much younger than her. Both of them had an affair and even slept together. This affair was later discovered by your father after she injured her ankle. Your father wanted to come back to her but it was all too late for your mother. With all the hurt and betrayal that came with her disappointment in love, your mother decided to divorce your father. From this deduction, the possible murderers of your mother could be your father, your father's subordinate, your father's mistress, her own brother, or herself. Try to check her social media accounts and her phone. You should be able to track her boyfriend and find out something." Bai Rong concluded her lengthy explanation.

Song Yi stood up anxiously at her explanation. "Are you making up a story? I did not ask you here to create such an absurd tale for a murder case! This is about the life of my mother and I'm not allowing you to slander nor tarnish my mother's reputation."

"All these deductions are based on your mother's cosmetics, accessories, and the difference in dressing style compared to last time. However, what I said was indeed just a deduction and not a fact. If you want to know the truth, you can either ask your father, or wait for the results of our investigation." Bai Rong stood up once again.

"If I find out that you're telling nonsense, I'll definitely teach you a lesson for this." Song Yi warned fiercely.

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Bai Rong was not the least bit mad at Song Yi as she eyed him with a faint smile. “Your relationship with your mother has been very, very good. As for your father, you had a romantic relationship that ended because of his interference. Hence, you have a love-hate relationship with your father.”

Song Yi stared at the girl in surprise. “You investigated me?”

“No, I did not. I saw the bracelet on your wrists with the word ‘Li’ on it. I guessed that it must be a gift from your ex-girlfriend and you love her very much. When I mentioned your mother, your eyes were filled with shock, heartache and anger. However, when I mentioned Song Jianren, aside from hatred, your eyes were also filled with mockery, disgust and abomination.” Bai Rong explained.

Song Yi pursed his lips wordlessly, unable to retort to any of her deductions.

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