



### 110: She Discovers the Killer

As Caitlin left the Lisson Gallery, Xavi quickly lowered his head and asked Mr. Vanderbilt, "Should we chase after her?"

"Chase her? Do I have that much free time?" Sebastian replied, his voice full of doubt. "Is she being summoned by some little boy, or is there another reason for her to leave so hastily?"

"..."

Xavi wisely kept silent, sensing the tension. The crowd dispersed in an awkward silence.

Outside the gallery, Caitlin flagged down a taxi, and after she left, Wendy and Simon followed her out of the gallery. Wendy, noticing Caitlin leaving so abruptly, said, "Did something happen to Caitlin? Why is she in such a rush? You should have offered to drive her, shouldn't you?"

"I would have, but Mr. Vanderbilt was there. It felt inappropriate," Simon replied. "I didn't want to make things awkward in front of her husband."

Wendy muttered in concern, "But I don't feel safe about her taking a taxi, especially with potential fake taxi drivers around. What if something happens?"

Before she could finish, Simon had already entered his car and was driving off. Despite his concerns, he still decided to follow Caitlin at a distance to make sure she was safe. However, by the time he reached the road, the taxi had already disappeared from sight.

The taxi driver, a middle-aged man wearing a black mask, wasn't originally planning on picking up passengers. But when Caitlin rushed in and directly told him her destination, the man reconsidered. Seeing her



youthful, attractive appearance, he agreed to drive her.

Over the course of the hour-long drive, the taxi left the city and headed towards a suburban area. The man glanced at Caitlin's legs and body more than once, his thoughts beginning to stray into dangerous territory.

The driver's navigation system was silent, but Caitlin had set her own route on her phone. When they'd been driving for over an hour and twenty minutes, Caitlin noticed that they had veered off track.

"Driver, aren't you going the wrong way?" she asked, her tone cautious.

"No, the route's fine. There's a river ahead, and we need to detour," the man replied calmly.

Caitlin immediately sensed that something wasn't right. The map on her phone showed no river ahead. Why was he lying?

She sniffed the air and detected the faint smell of detergent mixed with an unsettling trace of blood. Her eyes then caught a glimpse of something else: a faint bloodstain behind his ear, which appeared to be left over from a recent injury. His right hand, which gripped the steering wheel, also bore a scratch.

Caitlin kept her composure, though internally, she began to connect the dots. Recently, there had been a series of gruesome murders in New York, targeting young women. The killer would lure them out to the wilderness, only to brutally kill them and dispose of their bodies. The police had been struggling to find any clues, and the killer's anti-detection skills were exceptional.

Caitlin's mind raced as the taxi continued its route. She took a deep breath and focused her attention.



When the taxi finally stopped near a secluded grove, Caitlin turned to the driver. "Why are we stopping here?"

The man gave a vague excuse, "I need to go take a quick break. Wait here."  
"

He quickly exited the vehicle, walked around, and attempted to open the passenger side door. He was confident that Caitlin wouldn't suspect anything, but he was wrong.

As soon as he reached for her, Caitlin kicked him out of the car. He stumbled back but quickly recovered and lunged at her with a knife in hand.

A fierce struggle ensued, with Caitlin skillfully dodging and circling around the vehicle. As they reached the rear of the car, Caitlin noticed blood seeping from the trunk. It confirmed her suspicions: both the man and the car were involved in something far more sinister.

Despite the man's size and strength, Caitlin managed to gain the upper hand. He wrapped his arm around her neck, attempting to choke her, but Caitlin didn't panic. Instead, she countered with a swift move—an over-the-shoulder throw, flipping him onto the ground.

Before he could rise, Caitlin pinned him down, crushing his arm beneath her knee. She grabbed the knife and, with a swift motion, stabbed it into his hand.

"Ahhh!" The man screamed in pain, but he still attempted to fight back. Caitlin twisted his arm behind his back and placed her knee on his torso, effectively immobilizing him.

With a sharp crack, she twisted his neck, dislocating it, rendering him



unable to move. The man lay still, groaning, helpless.

Caitlin stood up and walked around to the back of the car. When she opened the trunk, her heart sank. Inside lay a bound, lifeless woman — another victim.

She closed the trunk with a heavy sigh, her breath steady as she dialed Felix's number. "Felix, I need you to bring people here immediately. I've found the killer."

After reporting her location, Caitlin tied the man up with some rope and waited for Felix's team to arrive. 2

By the time the police arrived, it was already dusk. Two police cars sped up to the small grove, and Felix and his team rushed out.

"Caitlin, what happened? You said you found the killer?" Felix asked, his expression tense.

"Yes, he's right over there, all tied up," Caitlin replied coolly, leading them to the man.

The officers quickly secured the suspect and checked the trunk, where they found the woman's body. The team gasped in shock.

"We need to get this demon into custody immediately!" one officer shouted, and the suspect was quickly shoved into the back of a police car.

Felix immediately called the forensics team, telling them to come to the scene. As he listened to Caitlin recount the events, he couldn't help but break into a cold sweat. "My God, if it weren't for your self-defense skills, you could've been the next victim."

"Yeah, well, he had it coming," Caitlin said nonchalantly.



Felix let out a long breath. "You've helped us a great deal. We've been tracking him for weeks, but we couldn't get any leads. Who would've thought you'd stumble upon him?"

The serial murders had been wreaking havoc in New York, and the pressure from above had been intense. If they could confirm that this man was indeed the killer, it would break the case wide open.

"No need to thank me," Caitlin replied. "It's our duty as citizens to rid the world of scum like him."

Felix smiled in gratitude. "I still owe you one. By the way, are you going to check on Omar? Any leads there?"

"Not yet. But I need to go there now. The situation is urgent," Caitlin said, her expression turning serious.

"Let me send some officers to protect the scene here," Felix offered. "I'll take you there in the police car."

He needed to look into some key suspects connected to the case involving her mother's ashes, and Caitlin's assistance could be crucial.



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