



222: Caitlin Breaks Down

"Why don't you open it and find out?"

Sebastian said, already starting the engine and driving off.

Caitlin carefully unwrapped the pink paper and found a white box inside. She recognized the brand logo and guessed what it might be.

"Is this a new phone?"

She noticed that it was the same brand and model as Sebastian's phone, except his was black and hers was white. It looked like a couple's set.

"Yep. Your phone was smashed, so I bought you a new one as compensation."

"I don't need you to buy me a new phone."

She could afford to buy one herself!

Sebastian had smashed her phone to help her get rid of the malicious software monitoring her, and she naturally appreciated that. She didn't need him to compensate her for it.

"It's a gift. Besides, I already bought it, so you might as well use it."

Sebastian hoped she would accept the gift and stop rejecting his kindness so coldly.

"But all the stuff I had on my old phone..."

"I suggest you don't transfer anything over to the new phone, or the malicious software might come along with it. Just use the new one!"



Caitlin didn't respond, but she felt a tinge of regret for the phone she had lost. It had so many photos of the kids, as well as some files she had been investigating.

Sebastian encouraged her, "Turn it on and take a look. The album has Patricia's identification report."

Hearing this, Caitlin quickly powered on the phone. It hadn't been set up with a new SIM card or any protection yet, so she easily accessed the home screen and opened the album.

There were two albums. The first one contained an image of the identification report, just a single photo.

She zoomed in and looked through the document from start to finish. When she saw the results confirming the parental relationship, the weight in her heart finally lifted.

"Patricia is indeed our biological daughter. I could tell without the test, but now we have the proof!"

Caitlin had always known in her heart that Patricia was her daughter, purely based on their bond as mother and child.

Now, with the official proof, she had a stronger argument to fight for her daughter!

"Yeah, she's our daughter," Sebastian said, sharing Caitlin's thoughts. With this report, their connection with Patricia was undeniable. Together, they would now work to get her back.

After looking at the first album, Caitlin opened the second one. This album was named after their son, Howard, and contained hundreds of photos, documenting Howard's life from childhood to now.



"There are also photos and videos of Howard?"

"Yeah, I thought you might want to see how our son has grown up without you by his side."

Caitlin carefully browsed through the pictures and videos of their son.

The first time he rolled over, the first time he called out "Mom," the first steps he took, the first time he fell but got back up.

Every time he cried, it tugged at her heart. And every time he smiled, she couldn't help but smile too.

She watched a video of Howard, before he turned two, asking when his mom would come back, and Caitlin's heart clenched. 1

Those moments hit her deep, breaking down the walls she'd built.

She couldn't hold back the tears as she saw Howard growing up from a tiny baby into the boy he was now.

The absence she felt from not being there for him when he needed her most seemed to be filling up with the comfort of these memories.

Caitlin silently swore to herself that she would never leave her children again. She wanted to be with them, to raise them, for the rest of her life.

Sebastian noticed her tears and handed her a handkerchief. "Wipe your tears."

Caitlin took it and dried her eyes, still feeling the weight of the moments she had missed with her children. Sebastian glanced at her and asked, "When are you planning to meet Ximena? Do you want me to go with you?"



"It's fine. You don't need to get involved. After we visit the police station, I'll arrange a meeting with her."

Outside the New York police station, a number of journalists had gathered, eager to cover the breaking news of the serial killer case being solved. Black Hawk's identity had also been publicly revealed, and the story was making waves on both social media and news outlets.

Caitlin and Sebastian arrived at the police station, slipping on sunglasses to blend in with the crowd of reporters.

They met Felix outside the interrogation room, where they could see Black Hawk locked inside through a glass wall.

Felix told them, "This Black Hawk is tough. No matter how the interrogators press him, he refuses to talk."

This was exactly what Sebastian had expected. "A killer like him is trained to resist interrogation. He won't confess so easily. We need to find his psychological weak spot."

"I'll try hypnosis," Caitlin offered.

Felix agreed, and they all went into the interrogation room together.

Facing Black Hawk, Caitlin locked eyes with him. Black Hawk stared back at her with a cold, unfazed look.

Caitlin took a seat and began, "Why did you stop me from investigating my mother's case? Why have you killed so many innocent people?"

Black Hawk didn't respond.



"Black Hawk! You need to understand! You've fallen right into our hands. Confessing is your only way out! Who's behind you? Where's my mother?"

No matter how Caitlin pressed him, Black Hawk refused to cooperate.

In frustration, Caitlin pulled out her hypnosis tools, trying to put him under. But it didn't work—Black Hawk was resistant to hypnosis and just sneered. "Don't bother with this nonsense!"

Caitlin put away the tools, feeling desperate. She wanted to extract the truth from Black Hawk's lips, but nothing she tried seemed to work.

That's when Sebastian intervened. He grabbed a black cloth and threw it over Black Hawk's head before punching him mercilessly.

"Ugh..." Black Hawk cried out in pain.

Caitlin didn't stop him. Even Felix ordered the officers to leave the room.

Some methods were too extreme for the police to use, but Sebastian wasn't an officer. They could pretend they hadn't seen anything.

"Damned bastard!" Sebastian punched Black Hawk harder, realizing that words weren't working. It was time to bring out the fists.

Finally, Sebastian delivered a powerful kick, sending Black Hawk and his chair crashing against the wall behind them.

The black cloth was pulled off, revealing Black Hawk, blood dripping from his mouth, beaten badly.

Sebastian grabbed him by the collar, lifting him up. "Still not talking? How much did your employer pay you to throw your life away for this? Tell me! I'll give you three times, maybe even ten times, the amount. Just



tell me who your employer is, and I'll consider letting you go!"

Black Hawk held onto his professional integrity. "Don't waste your breath. I'm not telling you. Kill me if you want!"

"Do you really think I won't?" Sebastian growled.

Just then, he received a message from Tyler. After reading it, Sebastian angrily pushed Black Hawk aside and turned to Caitlin.

"Caitlin, come with me right now!"

"Where to?"

Caitlin was pulled out of the interrogation room.

"I have a way to find out everything about him!"

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