

### 223: The Overlooked Key Point

Black Hawk watched as the two of them walked away, his brows furrowing tightly before he coldly curved his lips into a smile.

It wouldn't be so easy to pry information out of him!

After exchanging a few words with Felix, Sebastian and Caitlin left the police station.

"What did you find?" Caitlin asked as they drove.

"My people located Black Hawk's hideout here in New York. Maybe we can find some clues at his place."

"Okay."

They arrived at a rundown apartment building, where Tyler and his team were already waiting.

"Are you sure this is Black Hawk's place?" Sebastian asked.

"Yes, we've thoroughly checked, and the surveillance footage confirms it's him!" Tyler replied.

Sebastian led Caitlin inside. The apartment was dimly lit, with simple furnishings.

What caught their attention was a room full of running computers. Only a hacker would need that many machines to manage networked information.

This indicated that Black Hawk was also highly skilled in computers.

The room was also equipped with eavesdropping and information-



switching devices. Sebastian operated one of the computers, which asked for a personal password.

Only Black Hawk knew the password, but after a series of operations, Sebastian managed to break through the complicated system and finally accessed Black Hawk's backend.

On the screen, they found photos of the people Black Hawk had previously murdered.

"This guy is a twisted killer!" Caitlin remarked.

She noticed that Black Hawk had turned the images of the dead into a game—a violent slaughter game just for his entertainment.

"That's right! Not just twisted, but obsessively paranoid!" Sebastian added.

In addition to the gruesome images, Sebastian also found several files related to Caitlin, including photos and videos.

"No wonder he knows everything about me! He's been monitoring my life!"

Caitlin shuddered at the thought of a psychopathic killer keeping tabs on her. How terrifying!

Sebastian continued to dig through the files on the computer, hoping to find more clues about the mastermind behind everything.

Meanwhile, Caitlin was searching the room for other leads. She came to a wall with a large, oil painting reproduction of \*The Last Supper\*.

The painting seemed out of place with the rest of the room's style, and Caitlin felt that something was off.



She reached out and touched the edge of the painting. At one particular spot, she felt a slight bulge.

Instinctively, she pressed it. Suddenly, the wall behind the painting moved.

She had accidentally triggered a hidden mechanism.

What appeared was a glass panel the same size as the painting, covered with many photos, names, and information.

The photos and names were organized like a family tree, branching out and interwoven with each other.

As Caitlin looked at the photos, she was stunned. "Sebastian! Come here!"

"

Hearing Caitlin's voice, Sebastian rushed over. "What's going on, Caitlin?"

"

"Look!"

Caitlin pointed to the wall, "I accidentally discovered this!"

Sebastian looked at the photos and read aloud, "Eleanor, Walter, Kelly..."

The names included not only Caitlin's grandparents and mother, but also the deceased mortician, embalmer, Una, and others. They were all on the list.

The deceased were marked with a red cross and the time of death was recorded.

At the center of the network was Caitlin's own photo, with several red arrows pointing at her, indicating her relationships with the others.



"Walter is your grandfather. Who is Eleanor?" Sebastian asked.

"She's my grandmother. Her real name is Eleanor, and she was from Departure City in V Country."

Caitlin explained the connection, and Sebastian's eyes widened in surprise. "Could it be that your grandmother is from the Yuncey family of Departure City?"

"Yes!" Caitlin confirmed.

Sebastian's realization seemed like a flash of clarity. "I understand now!"

"What do you understand?" Caitlin asked.

"The mastermind behind all this hired Black Hawk to hurt so many people for one reason only: to stop you from finding your mother."

"If I'm right, your mother, if she's still alive, must have fallen into the hands of the mastermind. They likely kidnapped her because she's a descendant of the Yuncey family."

"Their goal seems clear: they're after the Yun's Fragrance & Dye Studio's secret codex."

"Have you ever heard the legend about the Yun's Fragrance & Dye Studio's codex? It's said that whoever possesses it might be able to create \*Fragrance Garments\*."

"A lot of people are after the \*Yun's Aromatic Codex\* because it's a priceless treasure."

Caitlin frowned. "I've already looked into it. I know about my grandmother's background. But if they want the \*Yun's Aromatic Codex\*, why didn't they just capture me too? Why go through all the trouble of



creating a series of murders? What's their real purpose?"

Sebastian rubbed his chin thoughtfully and, after a pause, speculated, "Could it be that they're using reverse psychology?"

"Reverse psychology? What do you mean?"

"Generally, when someone tries to stop you from doing something, it makes you want to do it even more! The stronger your curiosity, the more determined you become to investigate. The truth you're trying to uncover might be exactly what they want you to find."

Caitlin couldn't help but be impressed by Sebastian's reasoning. "So, the mastermind might be using me to help him find the \*Yun's Aromatic Codex\*. Even if he captured my mother, he wouldn't get the codex, so he's using this method to lead me to investigate."

Caitlin had already found part of the codex. Was it only by finding the second half that she could piece the full one together and get closer to the mastermind?

If Sebastian's theory was true, it would also explain why Caitlin had made it this far without being caught.

But then she found another problem. "If they're trying to lead me to investigate, why are they cutting off my leads? That's a contradiction! The whole point of these murders is to stop me from investigating!"

"You're right," Sebastian agreed. "But I still think it has to do with the codex."

"But who would go to such lengths, setting up such a complex plan just to get the codex? What would they even do with a \*Fragrance Garment\*? How much could one possibly sell for? It's not like it could compete with



a luxury fashion piece."

Caitlin felt that the excuse of the \*Fragrance Garment\* was too flimsy to justify the mastermind hiring a killer to work in the shadows for so long.

"Maybe it's not about the garment at all," Sebastian said, agreeing that his previous theory was shaky. "Those were just my personal guesses. There might be something else going on. Only by finding the mastermind can we get to the bottom of all this."

"Either way, I'll keep looking! I won't stop until I find my mother!" Caitlin said, her voice filled with determination.

Sebastian suddenly had a thought. "Wait, there's something we've overlooked!"

"What?" Caitlin asked.

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