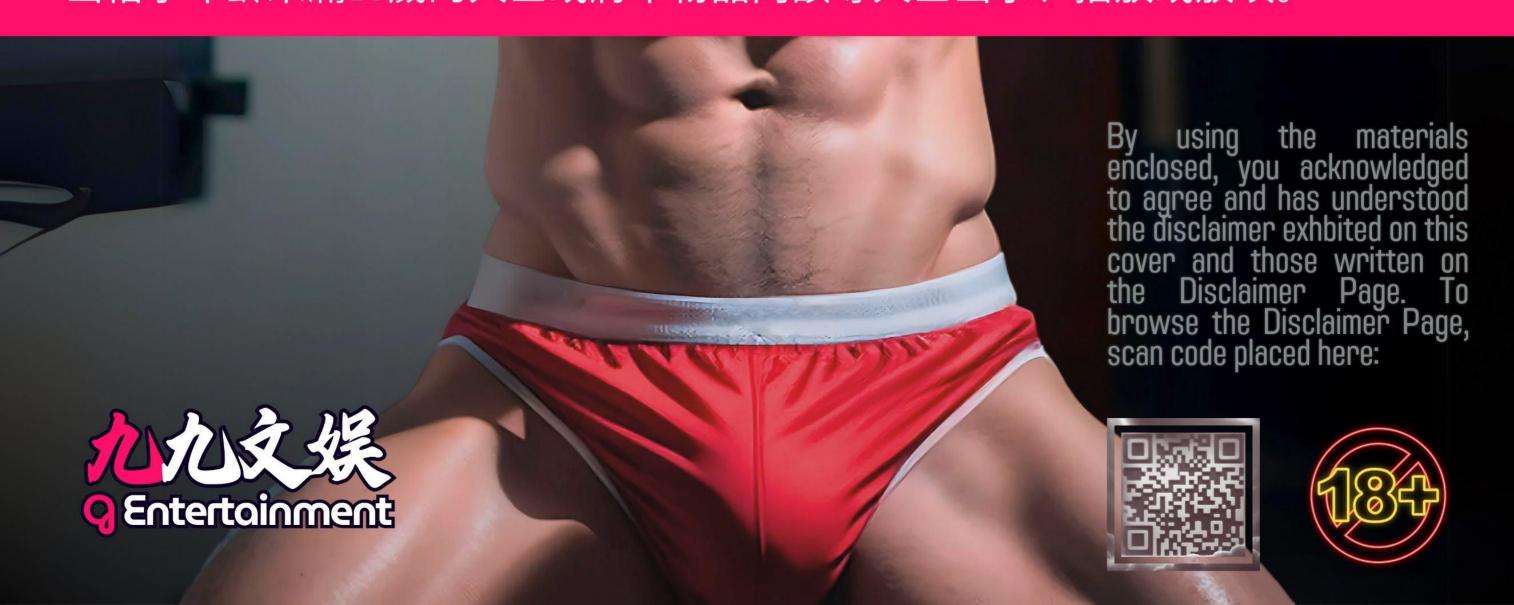


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After an investigation, some shivering photo collection has been found at the murderers desk.

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Feel the contrast with the help of the lights shining on the body.





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ALISTAIR FINCH

Age: 28
Occupation: Lead Investigator, SIU.
Personality: Smart, cynical, empathetic
Quirk: Mutters to himself, ethical reminders
Fear: Becoming corrupt, lust
Motivation: Uphold justice, protect the innocent.

The rain hammered against the windowpane, a relentless rhythm mirroring the anxiety churning in Detective Alistair Finch's gut. The latest victim, barely out of his teens, lay cold on the slab downstairs. Another beautiful life extinguished. Another case file added to the growing stack on Finch's desk. Each one a young man, strikingly similar in appearance. Each one posed with a chilling, almost theatrical precision.

Finch rubbed his tired eyes, the dark circles beneath them a testament to sleepless nights spent poring over crime scene photos, forensic reports, and witness statements. He was good at his job, too good perhaps. His mind, a labyrinth of intricate deductions and unsettling hunches, often led him to places he'd rather not go. Places where the lines between investigator and voyeur became unnervingly blurred.

This case was particularly difficult. The killer not only took lives but also captured them in a series of disturbing photographs. Images that Finch, as lead investigator, was forced to scrutinize. Images that stirred within him a complex cocktail of revulsion, fascination, and a flicker of something he desperately tried to suppress. He was, after all, drawn to the same type of men who were being systematically hunted.

The photographs were more than just trophies; they were clues. Clues that hinted at the killer's twisted psychology, his meticulous planning, and his perverse artistry. Finch found himself staring at the images, searching for the smallest detail, the slightest anomaly that might unlock the mystery. But with each glance, he felt himself slipping further into the abyss, the darkness of the killer's mind seeping into his own.

He reached for the small, worn notebook he always carried. Its pages were filled with philosophical musings, quotes from Stoic philosophers, and frantic reminders to himself: "Be kind. Be just. Be better." He gripped the book tightly, as if it were a lifeline in a turbulent sea.

The struggle within him intensified. The desire for justice warred with the unsettling fascination, the professional detachment with a flicker of something forbidden. He knew he had to catch this killer, not just for the victims and their families, but for himself. To prove that he could stand on the side of light, even when the shadows whispered seductively in his ear.

He closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and opened the file again. The rain continued to fall, washing over the city, but inside Finch's office, the storm raged on. The battle for his own soul had just begun.











the diary of the murderer seems to recorded why the victim is being hung and fixed. its written as a diary but Alistair would say, its more like a discipline record book of the victim. The victim is kept as a trained subject and was ordered to complete tasks, and whenever the the tasks is not well completed, the victim is being punished. it seems that there are no photographs of him working, only those being punished.

the tasks are getting more unnecessary as time goes, start from flexing his muscles to demanding workouts. on the last few pages, the 'tasks' are barely humane. One task, which is the only task he got an F, on the diary marked: 'today his task is to ejaculate using a masturbator with hot sauce as lubricant. Alistair can almost heard him screaming. He got his hair trimmed as punishment.

Obviously a sex pervert. Alistair thought. But the same time he got curious, what are the other tasks of this young man. He started to have fantasies on this perfect shaped body.















a sudden flashback.. He has been watching for the photos for so long. he forgot his original duty. he inspect nothing but the twisted body of the victim. the more stretched, the more wicked, Alistair is more erected.





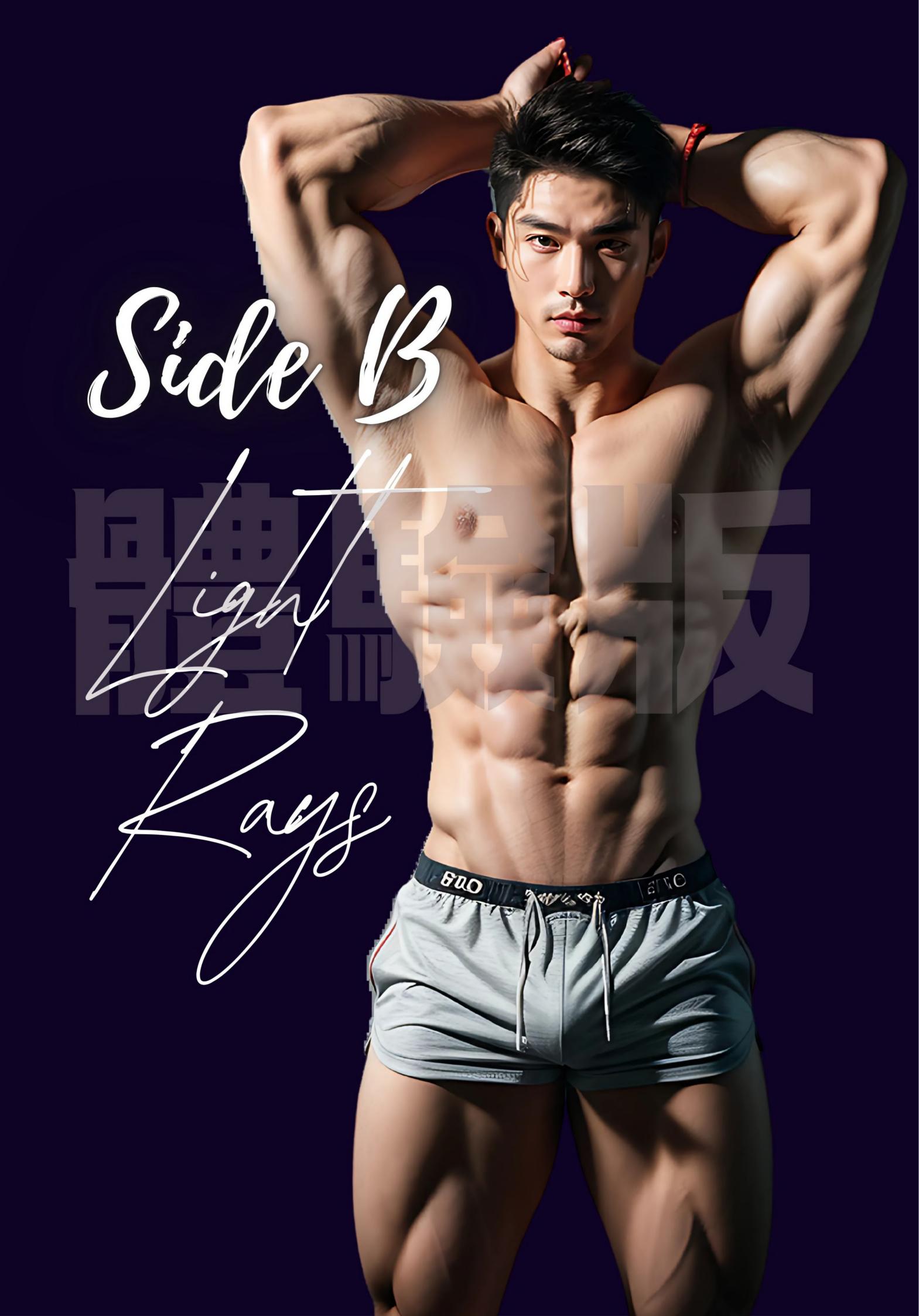












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