

I

I do not believe in forgiveness, nor in rehabilitation



Inception;

The Patriarch had his partner and wife of three years, the Sow producing his spawn as soon as he found stable income. He had been grooming her to accept the future since they consummated their convergence. Sow, the puritan, the modern woman, aspirations clawing at the horizons, metamorphosed into a swollen ailing waif through a few unprotected pumps and unkempt promises. When the Bureau accepted the Patriarch with open arms, he was different from the man the sow had met. Different from the man who broke its hymen. Different, somehow even, than the man who committed murder one just to have her. Still attentive enough to keep her healthy. No red flags for physicians, and the baby was always kicking. A slow enough progression, titillating between coddling and berating, over-stimulating her after each offense, keeping her reliant, and fat, and happy until she burst. Born in Centra Southside Community Hospital, Victor spent two weeks in the NICU with the sow taking the brunt of the grief. The Patriarch ordered no epidural, watched her labor waning between states of apathy and concern. Whilst the staff dealt with the complications he was at work and while he was at work the sow spent every waking moment in that hospital sick with guilt or paranoia or whatever you get when your newborn might die and your husband may kill you for it. Everything went fine. Victor grew into a healthy little boy. He watched the abuse upon the sow intensify. He watched how it transferred to him. He watched the way the sow deteriorated. The way it stopped defending him and grew sicker, shriveling into insignificance. The patriarch recognized the sow's threatened mortality long before he forced her out of bed and into the hands of another doctor. He knew he pushed her too much, something with stress, and her foul genetics. He made sure to use her cunt before she was declared terminal. Against every medical opinion, because the only word that mattered was that of her sovereign, the sow would carry the baby to term with a life expectancy of

no more than five years. It was from that diseased womb of which Vivian was born, nearly killing her mother as she tore her way out.

With Time;

The Patriarch becomes fully consumed with his offspring, his career, and his craft. The sow is left to wither. She nurses with wine, forcing ignorance through red and white. Her children are healthy and happy. Her husband can still bear the sight of her. Her husband is kind. Her husband is never violent, nor vicious. No, her sovereign, her true love, he is nurturing. He takes great care. Her husband is not a murderer. Her husband is not a monster. It is when the sow is driven to tend to her own care that she is forced to face the truth. Dragging her limp lower half across the floor with weak, languid arms,

bladder on the verge of bursting. She soils both carpet and tile on the crawl towards dignity. Cheek flat against the ground, breath labored, she opens her eyes to see a horrifying collection of souvenirs tucked haphazardly into a ziploc bag, just laying there. Laying next to their bathroom closet. Through tears and hysterics she commits her last sequence of acts. A carefully fashioned confession, the stowing away of the bag, then vertically slitting both arms wrist to elbow in a lukewarm epsom salt bath with her husband's razor. Vivian, aged nine, found her mother's body and read her note.

With Emily's passing, the abuse worsened. The Patriarch lost an extension of himself against his own will. He wasn't drafted for single parenting. The quaint two-story classic became a warzone. Tension bred unsurmountable rage. Vivian knew what he was. It took a month before everything came second to making sure everyone else would know, too.

Eventually, the arrest came and went. Victor aged twenty, Vivian sixteen. Emily's parents took her until she got her diploma. The Patriarch took the media's attention for weeks. After testifying, her name became immortalized next to his. The monster's seed, the martyr, the brave young woman responsible for ending a three-decade long reign of terror.

Notes;

COVERT INCEST was an extremely prominent dynamic in the Catros household.

Boundaries for the children were virtually nonexistent. Victor experienced offhanded

sexual abuse not only at the hands of his father, but of several prominent adult figures in his development, one of which being a baseball coach that The Patriarch victimised. Victor displayed some of this inappropriate behavior with his sister. Additionally, because of Vivian's resemblance to her mother with her growth, The Patriarch often blurred the lines of what Vivian's relationship to him actually was. While there was no overt intercourse between any of the family members, excluding incidents of "heavy petting," there was an extreme trend of piquerism. Commonly used instruments

were screwdrivers, razors, scissors, and Emily's sewing needles. The patriarch favored the needles and usually utilized them on Vivian. Victor favored the blunter objects. Vivian never retaliated against her father, but would use pencils or hair pins on her brother. Piquerism stood as their penetration.

The Patriarch is not Bruce's 'Killer Alias' **Vivian** is an exaggerated fictional character inspired by the most immediate, somehow know it all moody detective character types you can think of with an extreme acceleration in the advancement of her career due to I can do what I want and nothing is real.

II

All I am is what I'm going after

Early adult-hood;



Vivian would spend much of her late teens and early twenties furthering her education to earn credentials that affirmed a state of belonging in her chosen career path. Harassing crestfallen employees she had come to know as uncles, sending unrelenting letters, posting day-long stays in the bureau's waiting room. Obsessive efforts made towards securing a position as an "off-record" intern in the profiling department. They threw her petty, paperwork heavy remote cases until she began stealing the work she wanted and providing answers befitting the workload of a team of five. It was a long year of oscillating between grovelling and gnawing at her leash before they dragged her out the broom closet and gave her a nice cubicle. She was an official unofficial coworker now. She was allowed to talk to corresponding departments, and make people coffee, and ride shotgun in the suburbans, and fake nice with chiefs of police. She was the MVP in the field and the whole office hated her. Predating her rise in career, she made friend's with a pseudo father figure at University. Of course he was her forensic psych professor, and of course they fucked first chance they got, but the cherry on top was when he strapped on a suit of armor and coddled her during the post-sex break down. She proposed a platonic boundary that he skillfully obliged, and he remained her only tether to reality. As she sunk deeper into the world of serial crime, spree crime, terrorism, arsonism, and whatever else they deemed important enough to sick her on, he had his own hold on her leash. Then she reaches her junior year. Parts start popping up miles away from each other, just barely crossing county lines. It goes like that every four months, each time turning up about ten people, each person missing some small hunk of something vital. So the mess is her responsibility. The press catch the scent, sending all the poor, well-meaning lovers of Virginia into a frenzy. It's an easter egg hunt that picks up in pace and gains in pressure. Bureau's got their heel on her neck, waiting. Where's nancy drew? What's so different about this monster? More evidence pools in. Hard stuff, planted stuff. Stuff pointing fingers at little girl genius. To avoid second-time mistakes they bite the bullet and make the arrest. Public opinion is livid, but the headlines love her. Legacy serial murderer. Fate was pointing towards a swift, quick trial ending in capital punishment. More parts turn up on her third day of holding. Took three weeks to put her back on the job. Federal security to keep the camera's off her face. Turns out the guy likes the press just as much as he likes vivian. Term keeps getting shorter post bail. So she's ripping her hair out over this endless persecution, using professor's shoulder to soak up her tears. There's a team trying

to beat a group of seventeen year old fanatics at finding the next early drop this second, and they fuck about it. The decision's regrettable, but the self-soothing isn't. Couple days later she gets the missing parts on her doorstep. Week goes by and with forensics and active recall she puts some pieces together. Denial is the first stage of grief. Guy pays her a visit in a shitty mask. Chases her across a park, puts on a stupid voice, pierces her stomach with her own letter opener whilst slathering spit on her clavicle. Guy calls her an ambulance himself. Professor visits her at the hospital, where he's falling over himself with worry at the sight of her. It's a dramatic push and pull reveal scene, and the arrest is made. Hospital tells her she's pregnant.

More obsession than occupation

**Bodies in the wall. Fifteen in the hall, twenty in the
bedroom. Flesh fertilizing plants.**



Post Sentencing;

Before the professor found himself a permanent cell, he managed to disarm the guards during a short stint

of one on one questioning with Vivian. There, he was allowed to penetrate her one last time. Though the

injury was not fatal, it did more damage than expected. It did not kill his child, nor pierce any vital

organs. Instead Vivian was rendered mentally and physically incompetent after the stabbings resulting breakdown, earning her an indefinite suspension. She checked herself into an institution for a few months per her bosses suggestion where she carried out the majority of her pregnancy. At thirty-six weeks they released her back onto the streets, swollen and prepped to burst. It was on the bus-ride home that she victimised and slaughtered a man for the first time. She took her first five months of development as a time to build rapport with an outpatient psychologist

that would confirm her competency for work. When welcomed with open arms, the newer department head insisted she use her expertise for something different. The controversy surrounding her name had yet to die down, but trained dogs are still useful when beaten. Narcotics took her. Narcotics took her and her son all the way down to El Paso. Narcotics slathered her in fake tan, bleached her hair, changed her accent, and gave her a monroe. Narcotics took a sloppy escape route and allowed her to murder her own child with it. Once she came back home to bury

her child, shortly after her grandparents followed. She moved into their house, took up a year and a half of teaching and counseling for repute, then transitioned seamlessly back into her true passion. Full title, less strings. Work, indulgence, soul searching. All the things you do when you're going into your thirties. When you're in your thirties. The dating, and the sex. The stable job. The baggage that follows you like a wailing wraith. Everything that's natural and normal is everything she does. Finally at peace as she carefully pulls her own thread, allowing it to all unravel.

Repetitive HC I refuse to edit

All;

1. she has a pretty decent amount of tattoos all over her body, most of which are mid-sized to small. the majority came from the four year period of when she was eighteen to twenty-two. she'd often use the pain and procedure itself as a coping mechanism & to compensate for the lack of control she had over many aspects of her life. if nothing else, she could control what little drawings she put on her body and when. while she doesn't regret the majority, she finds it difficult to look at herself nude for longer than a few seconds as many of the tattoos are associated with people who are either deceased or have harmed her in some way.
2. when she was younger (i.e early twenties) she made a habit of befriending morally questionable individuals, a lot of whom had committed crimes she was, at the time, responsible for condemning. sometimes these criminals were aware of her occupation, other times they weren't, & in both circumstances she was able to coax out many details of their atrocities and lives, in doing so gaining passage to their minds, thoughts, & what made them tick. one thing about these relationships she secretly enjoyed was having leverage or power over them despite their friendship. she liked having the ability to say, "you're at my mercy, & i can turn you in at any time i'd like." though she never had and never would, if she had and there was any attempt at putting her to blame, at using her compliance to decrease her credibility, her response would be that she was threatened or beaten, & who would really believe a criminal over her?
3. -she has a small scar on her abdomen as a result of a stab wound that occurred while questioning and sentencing the infamous serial killer the reaper, the father of her child. she had to conduct this pseudo-interrogation the day after she found out she was pregnant. with the man having been her close friend and psychology professor of several years, things were already mentally and emotionally distressing for her as is. security for the room was pathetic, minimal. he managed to wriggle his way out of his cuffs, strangle one of the two men in there with them, & impale the other in the throat with her pen. he cornered her, gave her some long monologue, & then stuck that same pen in her side, twisted it around until she crumbled to the floor. she prayed for a miscarriage that never came, & so now she'll forever carry two physical reminders from him; her beloved son, & an ugly, circular scar.
4. -wears very big, large-framed glasses when visiting crime scenes and actively conducting investigations. this is so she can clearly see smaller details as she's near-sighted and has an astigmatism. in virtually all other circumstances, she will neglect the glasses. she's not fond

of contacts, & she's not a big fan of how the glasses can alter a person's overall perception of her if they're meeting her for the first time.

5. as far as homicide cases go, her attention and fixation tends to go towards the killer over the victim. it has never really been justice for the victims & preventing further harm, but rather catching the person behind the crime and gaining satisfaction from their apprehension.
6. while this is something she'd attempted to get a hold on in her earlier years of work as a result of guilt and a much stronger, even somewhat self-righteous moral compass, regarding this and a multitude of things she's started to care much less. this 'killer obsession' is predominantly a result of how she got her introduction to her work in the first place. when she realized as a young child that her father was a dangerous man far beyond the scope of psychological war-fare and a little violence after a few too many beers, she was set on putting a stop to it. her intentions were to enact her revenge upon him in the name of her mother, & to also stop him from becoming a danger to those around him. her methods of achieving this were to beat him at his own game so to speak, to split his skull down the middle, pry it open wide, & dig around until she found what she needed. this is the formula she follows in almost all her cases, and the template that is the foundation of her fixations.
7. vivy's victimology and motivations for the next few; first kill most likely happened when she was released from the hospital & found out she was indefinitely suspended from work. she'd proceed to visit her father that same day which is when he'd officially learn of her pregnancy, furthering her emotional stress. this combined with a series of downhill events that day would lead to something of a mental break. she meets a man in public transport (which she never takes), he's eyeing her up and down, eyeing her belly, looking like he wants to run his tongue up the length of it or.. something else. he's got dark hair, light eyes, decently tall. he's found next to a dumpster the next morning, forty-three stab wounds to the abdomen, wallet stolen.
8. vivian does not kill women (on purpose. she's murdered a woman once or twice to confuse potential investigators). she .. subconsciously tends to target those that resemble her father and/or past cases whose different appearances/mannerisms/habits have stuck with her (specifically owen).
9. often vivian tends to find her targets whilst dating, but sometimes these people come to her by chance, often at night. she doesn't seek out the opportunity to kill, & usually will feel a deep, indescribable amount of guilt and remorse after her murders. despite this, there's this pent up rage that comes forth at times, a desire to inflict irreparable damage, to give into what she believes is her "father's plan" for her in continuing his legacy. the frustration in not wanting to do that combined with the repressed urge to just that, stress from work, motherhood, & direct manipulation from the source itself (monthly visits to her father) is

what really pushes her over the edge every time. she doesn't remember some of the kills, just the after-math. there are victims she leaves for the public eye, & special cases too perfect, too personal, those that get buried on her land where she needs them to stay.

10. while vivian is not a sexual sadist, some of her victims may lead investigators to believe otherwise. depending upon which offender each victim is reminiscent of and how much stress said offender caused her/what that offender did, she may in some ways replicate their crimes on her victims, or depending upon her level of anger and emotional duress, reflect however said offender made her feel and that is especially present in victims who are reminiscent of her father and owen. ex. sodomizing a man through his trousers with the murder weapon to replicate the damage done by a past offender who would rape pregnant women with a blade due to his impotence & late wife's suicide. ex. excessive stab wounds to the head, abdomen, genitalia, & hands on a man. he'd be left, oddly, with the shoelaces on both shoes tied together, his shirt unbuttoned post-mortem, & his heavy work bag placed over his chest (though it appears he might've also been beaten with it.. post-mortem). a pen or two sticks out of his mouth, crumpled up, bloody paper stuck down his throat.
11. below this point are physical appearance details, height's around 5'5" to 5'6". she transitioned into wearing shoes on the flatter side as she got older and with that she's yet to gain height from her footwear anymore. she will wear shoes with a slight heel sometimes, and rarely if she feels like it she'll wear a heeled boot for the look when she's particularly calm. this choice stems from paranoia and the need to run, mostly. she wears ugg's A LOT of the time. particularly this very beat up black pair which is an interesting but endearing choice.
12. hair! she's naturally a very dark brunette, taking after both parents. she got most of her mother's genes in the sense that it's very long and relatively healthy despite neglect and prospective damage. through the years she's cut it all kinds of ways and box dyed it black probably fifteen times over. currently it sits at her lower back, wavy and somewhat coarse because for the most part she doesn't brush it and has it up in some way. she's considering a cut, maybe getting bangs again.
13. face! bags below the eyes, a purpleish grayish shade that wavers and is most days very intense. eyelashes very long, very dark. another gift from her mother. when she wears makeup to the extent that she prefers which has become infrequent in recent years, it consists of a haphazard smudge of black or brown on the eyelids (sometimes both), a masterfully long-lasting tight line, mascara, concealer, contour, and a well done lip that fits her mood. her eyebrows are thin and brown and after her early twenties she tries not to touch them. nose is straight and small enough to fit a typically conventionally attractive face, one that works when she's in the box. it's been fixed twice due to incidents of assault.

lips are full but often chapped, cheeks mildly sunken with malnourishment. her eyes are a dull gray color that could be called blue. a little cold, a little striking, not very friendly. alluring enough to whatever comes across her, but in her current state she seems to ward off most crowds.

14. overall body. she is very slim, weighing somewhere in the low hundreds last time she checked. her weight is a result of arfid/ednos, undereating, body image issues, substance reliance, stimulant abuse, overworking, etc. her father might've called her a little thick when she was nine and it was over from that point on. she's pale, always has been but it's gotten worse throughout the years with the substance abuse and her habits. her hands are proportionate to her body, fingers pretty long, nails usually a nude color when she takes care of herself and black when she was a few years younger. she has around fifteen tattoos and i've talked about them already so i don't really wanna talk about them for the third time. a decent amount of scars, some from self harming, a few from cases, a couple from ex boyfriends, some from family. her platelet count is high enough or, maybe she prays that it is, prays so the people that touch her can't leave a mark forever. at least not every time.