**Chapter 1: Death's Artistry**

Seattle, a city known for its stunning skyline, relentless drizzle, and aromatic coffee houses, had been stained by a ghastly crimson. The Detective, a veteran of the force known for his gruff exterior and relentless pursuit of justice, had seen it all, or so he thought.

The Emerald City had been hit with a murder, shocking in its audacity, as chilling as the Puget Sound on a winter's morning. The victim, an enigmatic figure known only as the "Founder," lay sprawled on the grimy floor of a dingy room, his life abruptly snuffed out. A hastily draped police blanket shielded onlookers from the grotesque tableau. It couldn't, however, shield them from the haunting messages, smeared in blood, or the chilling Polaroids.

Rusty stood in the heart of the macabre spectacle, the stench of death mingling with his cigarette smoke. He fought the wave of nausea as he eyed the word "RUN" etched in blood across the Polaroids of the Founder's disfigured body. Was it a warning, a confession, or the sick signature of a sadistic killer?

Every sinew in his body screamed for him to leave the room, to escape the overpowering sense of dread. But he knew better. This was only the start. As he battled his rising bile, he vowed to unearth the truth behind the Emerald City Rug Pull. Justice may be a marathon, but the race had just begun.