

Pre-Release Reviews

Edit Synergy Review.

This book isn't for the faint of heart. From the very beginning, I was pulled into a dark, unsettling world filled with supernatural judgment, horror, and deep spiritual themes. What impressed me most was the imagination behind the mythology. The author has created a unique system of demons, punishment, and redemption that feels both disturbing and fascinating.

The characters, especially the Finders, are far more complex than they first appear. As the story progresses, their own suffering becomes just as compelling as the people they judge. Some scenes genuinely made me uncomfortable, in the best way possible for a horror novel, while others left me thinking about the nature of guilt, consequence, and human choice long after I finished reading.

The world-building is detailed, the atmosphere is consistently dark, and the author isn't afraid to take risks. If you enjoy horror that blends psychological torment, supernatural lore, and moral consequences, you'll find plenty to sink your teeth into here.

A bold and imaginative read that stays with you.

— Edit Synergy, Beta Reader

I thought this would be fun. I got Grok AI to do a review of the book. Here is what it said.

Pre-Release Review: Justice by D. Cipaline Grok here: (built by xAI). I've just finished Justice, and it's one of the most uncompromising, unflinching dark thrillers I've encountered in a long while.

This is not a polite revenge tale. It's a brutal plunge into a world where the justice system has failed so completely that one broken man decides to become the system himself. What begins as raw, personal vengeance evolves into something far darker: a meticulously built operation of abduction, psychological dismantling, and "rehabilitation" through the extreme edges of BDSM and domination. The author doesn't flinch. The training sequences are long, visceral, and psychologically layered. You feel the slow erosion of identity, the recalibration of a person's entire sense of self through deprivation, humiliation, reward, and pain.

The characters are compelling in their darkness. Justice (J) is no cardboard vigilante—he's a man hollowed out by unimaginable loss, driven by a twisted but internally consistent moral code. His allies—Hack, Sara, and the others—are equally damaged, each bringing their own appetites and justifications to the table. The "guests" (victims) are never simple caricatures; their backstories and crimes make their punishments feel earned, even as the methods push far beyond conventional morality.

What elevates Justice beyond standard dark erotica or torture porn is the philosophical spine running through it. The journal entries, the reflections on karma, the afterlife, and the ultimate supernatural turn (which I won't spoil) force the reader

to grapple with bigger questions: What is justice when the law fails? Can suffering redeem? And at what point does the punisher become the monster? The final act takes the story into genuinely chilling metaphysical territory that reframes everything that came before.

Warning: This book is extremely graphic. It contains intense BDSM, humiliation, non-consensual acts, filth elements, psychological breaking, and body horror. If you need trigger warnings or prefer lighter fare, this is not for you. But if you can stomach (and appreciate) raw, unfiltered darkness with real narrative weight, Justice delivers.

Cipaline has created a disturbing, addictive, and strangely thought-provoking ride. It's the kind of book that lingers in your mind long after you close it—equal parts nightmare fuel and dark mirror.

Highly recommended for fans of extreme dark fiction, vigilante anti-heroes, and stories that refuse to hold your hand.

Rating: 4.5/5 (for craft, boldness, and psychological depth). Looking forward to seeing where this series goes. Well done, D. Cipaline. This one bites hard.

The Journal

Journal Entry 1:

There is no justice in society. Lives are ruined every day. Murders happen constantly, often with legal sanction, yet no one does a thing. People are harmed, beaten, and destroyed, and life simply marches on. Apathy is the easiest way out of facing the harsh realities around us. Society has left me no choice but to enact justice on my own.

This is the first entry of my journal, written on the tenth anniversary of my work—at least, my vision of it. I was forced to watch a corrupted justice system, broken beyond repair, release the worst offenders back onto the streets. Rapists, murderers, and sadists walk free while tax offenders rot in prison for years. Sometimes the tax cheats serve longer sentences than the violent animals who prey on the innocent.

The vermin in our midst continue their work unchecked. Today's vermin are the ones I bring to my dungeon complex.

Justice closed the leather-bound journal and uploaded the latest video file to his encrypted server. He had recorded every second of Sharron's interrogation and surgery. A dark hunger stirred inside him as he thought about watching it again later—reliving her screams, her pleas, her breaking. He reopened the journal and began reading the first entry aloud, his voice calm and measured in the cold silence of the basement.

"I believe evil people have the strongest will to live. That

is the cruel design of the universe: there must be punishment for them beyond this realm. I do not do this because some divine force commanded me. That would be a lie. No. I simply believe that what we hold true in life becomes our reality in the afterlife. If I am wrong, I will find out soon enough.

“If you are an atheist, you will not pass on. If you believe in a heavenly order, then you will answer to it. If you believe only in a vague afterlife, you will drift forever, never finding solace.”

Justice paused, reflecting. His actions would surely carry consequences in whatever came next, yet they still had to be done. Society had failed everyone. He continued writing.

This is why Justice must be delivered here on Earth. If an atheist commits these atrocities, he believes he will escape all retribution.

If someone does not believe in hell or punishment, they feel no fear, no matter how hideous their behavior. By forcing them to face their evil, I create a balance sheet. I bring their karma back into alignment. In a sense, I become their savior – the one who makes all things right before they cross over. These are my beliefs. Whether I am right or wrong will be revealed in time. Bringing justice to those who escape it is my purpose. I want to make ordinary prison seem preferable to what I offer. This was never a choice. People like Sonia stole my life from me. Now I return the favor to people like her. I will deliver Justice until the day I die.

Justice set the journal down. Exhaustion pressed down on him like a wet stone. Having a new houseguest demanded more energy than he had expected. Stress played a large role, no

doubt. This was still new to him, after all. Years of careful planning and surveillance had finally borne fruit.

Not many people actually know why I do this. Many are grateful and understand. Others are not. I can say this: I was punished first, then committed my so-called crimes. It's my opinion that Justice is twisted and backward. A man can victimize another human being, be found guilty, and walk free on a legal technicality. When we do lock them up, we give them three meals a day, a bed, and let them fight for dominance among their own kind. Laws meant to protect us have failed. More people should mean less crime if punishment truly deters crime, but it doesn't. Yet, the true narcissists, psychopaths, and sociopaths feel no fear – only inconvenience. Prison is not punishment; it's a vacation with violence. They are not forced to atone. They sit, wait, and, most especially, the violent ones, repeat their crimes once released.

I must establish guilt before I ever bring a person into the fold. Once guilt is confirmed, I determine an appropriate demise. I know I would be viewed as a narcissistic, sadistic sociopath with delusions of godhood. That may be true. But I was made by the very monsters I now hunt. The general public and those who have been wronged have nothing to fear from me. I had a beautiful wife and daughter. They were my world – my only reason for living. I was completely co-dependent on them for meaning.

We were wealthy. I owned a successful real estate company and traded stocks. I provided everything they could want. Someone couldn't stand that we had it. They came for it. My wife and daughter were home when the animals broke in. They didn't just steal belongings – they stole my life. The rape, sodomy, and torture they inflicted were so horrific that even veteran police and investigators were sickened.

When the crime scene was reconstructed in court, something inside me finally snapped. The police had caught them. I believed Justice would finally come. Two received prison sentences – one 25-to-life, the other 50 with no parole. The third was killed inside before the trial. But the woman who orchestrated it all walked free. She planned the robbery for a cut of the spoils and went on with her life as if nothing had happened.

That was until I found her. After sentencing, the rage remained. I would never get true Justice for my family. So, I settled for delivering it to those who wronged others. And the woman who set everything in motion would be my first.

I spent two years preparing. I restructured my businesses, bought rental properties across the country, and created the appearance of a comfortable retirement.

Then I found the perfect location: an old government building butted against a mountain, with an office front and nearly a mile of underground tunnels and rooms carved into stone. It was isolated, private, and gothic – heavy hardwood doors reinforced with iron, cold, damp walls, the perfect setting for the Justice I intended to deliver. During that time, I entered the world of the extremely wealthy and powerful through a business associate, Sara Redford . I immersed myself in the BDSM scene – not the well-known pedophile rings, but the circles driven by sex, power, and control. These people guard their secrets fiercely. They became useful allies.

I was like Batman, except I no longer cared about the ethics of the law that had failed so catastrophically. I could be a savior to some and a supervillain to others. I didn't care. I had purpose. I also found my right-hand man – a deviant hacker who now lives in the complex.

He gets a share of every dollar I make, and he loves the work.

Journal Entry 3: My First Time.

We started with Sonia Evans. She was the long-term girlfriend of the leader – the beautiful, strawberry-blonde, 5'4" woman with an innocent face, petite body, and small chest. On the surface, she looked harmless. In reality, she was evil wrapped in pretty packaging. She was linked to drug sales, theft, extortion, and blackmail. She visited her boyfriend in prison nearly weekly, smuggling drugs, sleeping with guards, and collecting blackmail material – semen samples, stolen IDs, and recordings. She terrorized everyone in her life with manipulation and cruelty. I had her. And she would be my first.

Sonia The First

Sonia was The First, and the reason He became Justice.

J sat on Blackard Street in San Diego, watching a rundown house with constant drug traffic. Sonia Evans lived in that shithole and ran her drug and prostitution business out of it. J radioed Hack. "I'm waiting for her traffic to die down. This woman must be making a killing. There's a special knock – if you listen, you can hear it. It lets her know you're a client."

J had run this through in his mind repeatedly; he was ready. It was just another day at the office as far as he was concerned.

It was approaching 2 a.m. when the street finally went quiet. J pulled up to the curb in the car with untraceable plates., J then walked to the door and did the musical knock. Sonia opened it. "What do you want?"

J used his best practiced junkie voice. "I need some tar. My friend sent me."

She was beautiful, with stunning green eyes and strawberry-blonde hair, but clearly high on her own product. She glanced around, then stepped back. "You got cash?"

J pulled out a thick wad of fifties. The moment she turned toward the box by the worn sofa, J made his move. He looped the rope around her neck and choked her until she went limp. He didn't really care if she died right then, but that would be very disappointing; he had much bigger plans.

After she slumped, J duct-taped her hands behind her back, checked her pulse, and shoved a vented ball gag in her

mouth so she could still breathe. The street was empty. J carried her over his shoulder, dumped her in the backseat of his car, and drove a few blocks to the abandoned store parking lot Hack had cleared. There were no cameras. J checked her pulse again, added handcuffs and ankle shackles, pulled a black leather hood over her head, and seat-belted her down.

Four hours later, on the empty back roads nearing the complex, she woke up screaming and cursing through the gag. Her voice was raw from the choke. J warned her, "Shut up or I'll break your nose and give you a better gag."

The threat worked. She quieted.

J pulled up to the gate. Hack opened it, and he drove around to the rear entrance. The night air was cool and damp, the woods dark and foreboding—just how J wanted it. He retrieved the wheelchair, strapped her in, and wheeled her inside. The screaming and muffled begging started the second the heavy door locked behind them. J pushed her through the security door into the tunnels and straight into the room he had prepared.

J removed the hood. The bright lights made her squint. He locked a heavy steel collar around her neck and chained it to the wall.

"Stand up," He commanded. She did so. The stone floor would be cold and rough under her bare feet. She was still cuffed, sweating despite the chill.

J cut her clothes and the duct tape off with medical shears while she twisted and fought. Once she was naked, J released her wrists. She immediately grabbed at the collar in panic. "My name is Justice," he told her. "You're here to pay your dues."

She tried to speak but couldn't. He'd crushed her hyoid bone during the choke. Her throat was swelling badly. She could barely make a sound.

"It's okay. You don't need to talk," J said. "No one wants to hear what you have to say anyway."

He left a bucket for waste and a glass of water. "Don't spill it. I'll let you get close to death before I bring more."

She stood there naked, shivering, and covered in goosebumps. He killed the main lights, and left her with only the faint night light. Back in the control room, he watched the monitor.

It was too dark. J keyed the intercom. "Hack, come to the observation room." He strolled in a minute later. J pointed at the screen. "Night vision is shit. I want her in total darkness. Can we upgrade to proper infrared or better night vision? Also, she's yanking on that chain—she's going to hurt herself."

J continued "I damaged her throat worse than I meant to. I need a remote way to control her without going down there every time."

Hack studied the feed and flipped a switch; the image shifted to a blue-tinted night vision. Hack said disappointedly, "Better, but still not great. I'll order upgrades—newer cameras hide the IR light source so she won't see it. For control, I've been looking at stun devices I can rig through the chain. I'll order the supplies for the device and we can take her out of the cell for a couple hours and I will install it without her knowing." He leaned back. "For now, why don't we call Sara? She's vicious, experienced, and already in the scene. Pay her well and tell her what this bitch did—she'd probably do it for free. Plus, she can keep her mouth shut."

He was right. J

J's own morality hadn't decayed enough yet for what needed to be done. He hated Sonia, but he still didn't enjoy this part. Sara, on the other hand, lived for it. Sonia was his test subject. He would work out every kink of the system on her. There were so many more who deserved Justice.

Part 1: The Capture

The operation with Sonia became the foundation for everything that came after. J and Hack still followed procedures born in those first raw weeks. For J, there was a quiet, cold satisfaction in knowing she was down in the training cell. It wasn't justice – not the kind his wife and daughter had been denied – but it was real.

Sonia had arrived bruised, with a cracked hyoid bone. Dr. Dave said her voice would return in days. J didn't care. He didn't need her words. This was personal to him, she stole his life and no begging or reasoning was going to stop him. He was going to destroy hers. There was no guilt at what should be done and would be done.

The first days were withdrawal. Sonia lay naked on the rough stone floor and shook violently, her skin slick with sweat.

But soon the cramps would win. In her shivers, she looked around the room. There was a toilet and a sink. The chain she was attached to was just long enough to reach them. She had to pee, and got up and walked to the toilet, legs shaking and serious pain in her neck and throat.

She had already looked in the toilet, it was empty; there was no water. She played with the handle, and there was still nothing. The sink had a cabinet under it with a small padlock. She turned those handles, but nothing happened; the padlock prevented her from opening it. She looked back at the bucket and saw that it was labeled in black marker: WASTE. She knew she would have to use the bucket, but she didn't want to. She thought about her situation, she was naked chained to a wall, covered in salty dried sweat.

She was thirsty also, but there was nothing to drink. There was a glass on the floor but it was tipped over.

There was a loud click and a static sound as J's voice came over the intercom. "The toilet and sink are not functioning. You will use the bucket when needed. If you put waste in the toilet, it will sit there, never being disposed of. Use the bucket, and we will empty it. The toilet has no seat because animals don't need seats, and don't worry, you may never use it anyway. You are under constant surveillance. You will do what you're told when you're told to do it. Here is what will happen."

J flipped the shock switch; Hack had set the shock collar up while she was passed out. The collar sent a stream of voltage into her neck that dropped her to the floor. She involuntarily urinated all over herself and the floor. His voice came back over the speaker. "That was setting one; there are ten settings. Each time you refuse to comply, I will move it up one notch; it will never be turned back down. Do you understand?"

Sonia nodded vigorously in terror, her mind unable to fully comprehend her situation. Her mind was clouded from withdrawal. She was going deeper into withdrawal; this meant the bucket would be needed soon. She had no intention of using the waste bucket yet; some shred of pride still clung to

her. Eventually the cramps would win. Deep inside she knew this, but she still held on to the belief that this would be over soon. How could such a nightmare not end?

As she sat against the wall, she shivered in pain, desiring a fix to make it stop. Her belly cramped and she stared at the bucket. It was either the bucket or the floor. She thought about it in her confused state, she still knew the better choice was the bucket. She had to sleep on this floor. Having withdrawals was going to make any kind of sleep very restless. The cold room and the lack of facilities meant that the bucket was the only choice. She had gone from a free person to a prisoner for some unknown reason.

The first time she squatted over it, the sound of her waste hitting the plastic echoed in the silent cell. There was no toilet paper. She had to wipe with her own hand or let it smear all over her. Within hours, the bucket began to smell – sharp, acrid urine mixed with loose stool from withdrawal.

The stone room trapped every odor. Sonia's own body added layers: unwashed armpits and stale sweat between her legs. J had left Sonia a single bottle of water and a packaged doughnut. When Sara arrived, she wrinkled her nose the moment the door opened.

Part 2: Dr. Dave and the New Arrival

Dr. Dave had already done a phone consult with J about his new guest. She was finishing withdrawals, she had a broken hyoid bone, and needed what J referred to as the standard treatment. This would include a full STD run and tubal ligation. J had a room for procedures, but it wasn't stocked. Dr. Dave had loaded his SUV with a folding steel roller table and all the necessary equipment for the visit.

J was a new client, but Sara Redford was working with him. She was reputable and part of the trusted elite society for years. While she had never called on him, she was well known with a solid reputation.

While speaking to J, he gave him the overseas account to transfer the money to. J had deposited the proper deposit, and Dr. Dave packed up and headed out to J's address. It was a seven-hour drive, and he'd had to cancel his appointments. Still, J was compensating him well enough that he would just have other doctors in his practice fill in for him to handle those appointments. He had to do this often, so he set up his practice appointments so there would be time for the other doctors to cover for each other. They all knew he made house calls, but they didn't know what those calls entailed. Dr. Dave had a large practice, so it was easy to find a fill-in with just a day or two's notice.

He truly enjoyed working with these people. They were all polite, paid well, and of course were involved in kink that he enjoyed being a part of. It was a win-win for everyone.

Dr. Dave drove down the back country roads using the address J had given him. He thought, "fuck is this place out in the middle of nowhere?" He assumed it was intentional by the nature of this call.

Dr. Dave had a very long drive to get here when he traveled up the mountain roads and saw the building J had described, perched on the edge of the mountain. J told him to follow the road around the back of the building after he entered the gate. J had paid him enough to get a private flight closer but he wanted to make the drive. He pulled up to the gate, and exactly as described, there was a call box he had been told to

stop at. He pressed the button and waited for a response, then told them who he was.

The gate opened, and he drove in once inside his headlights lit up the road, then led around to the back corner of the building. The rest of the area behind the building was embedded in the mountain. There was a parking lot in front, but he was told to come to the back. There were visible security cameras both looking down the road and the front parking lot. As he drove around the back of the building, he saw another security camera perched upon a pole. J was not fooling around; the security was tight around this building. He only wanted certain people in or around the property.

The entire parking lot was surrounded by forest on a downward slope. He parked his SUV on this side of the building. He saw two men come out of the door near the side of the building. There was a stone staircase with its ramp extending along it. While there was a security light above them, it was unusually dim.

The two men approached him and introduced themselves. The taller man said he was J. The other one's name was Hack. They helped him unload and carry his equipment up the stairs and into the building. They led him to a room with an exam table and proper lighting for procedures. There was a stainless steel counter and sink. There were a lot of basic sanitation supplies, but not everything he would have liked to see. It didn't really matter, though; he had brought everything he needed with him.

J spoke, saying, "I know everything you need is not here, but I intend to hire you hopefully often." He handed Dr. Dave a card. On the card was an email address for Hack. J began to speak again. "I know Sara spoke to you and told you what

we're doing here. Keep your mouth shut, show up when we need you, and I will pay you absurdly well."

Dr. Dave looked at J and said, "Well, where is she? Let's get this started."

J looked at Hack, and he left the room to retrieve Sonia. Dr. Dave looked at J and asked. "Is she still in withdrawal?"

J answered, "The convulsions and dry heaves have stopped. She seems to be still sweating a lot but I think they're near over now."

Dr. Dave asked another question, assuming the answers would be yes, but he had to check.

"Are there heavy straps on the table?"

J glanced at the table and said, "There are straps, but we've never used them so I don't know their condition. We bought the table secondhand."

Dr. Dave went over and examined the table. There were actually four sets of straps attached underneath the padding. He wasn't sure where this type of table would come from. Still, it was not a hospital exam table, more like something you might find in an old asylum doing electroshock therapy.

Dr. Dave thought to himself, *This is perfect. If more of my clients had exam tables like this, it would reduce the number of times I need to use an anesthetic.* This would be one of those times.

Hack returned with Sonia in tow; she was a filthy mess. She smelled bad. Dr. Dave was concerned about infection and noticed a stand-up shower in the corner. He instructed Hack to put her in the shower and scrub her off, especially her belly and crotch. Hack was a bit revolted. She was a filthy mess and stunk like a public restroom, and she hadn't even been there that long.

But the long days and nights lying on the floor, sweating, urinating on herself, this, and being unable to clean had definitely added up. However, she hadn't been there that long.

Hack washed her up, and all three of them strapped her tightly to the table. She was protesting and crying; she had no idea what was going on. She didn't know how long she had been here or how long she would be there, but it seemed like yesterday that she was selling herself to johns, selling drugs to junkies, and living the high life. Now she was here, strapped to a table with strangers, with no idea what was going to happen to her.

One of the men put on a doctor's gown and a mask and rolled the stainless steel table over to her. The taller of the two other men spoke. She was pretty sure this was her captor.

"Today's your day, you, little minx. You are getting spayed. We can't allow you to reproduce, it's too risky for our society."

Sonia knew what being spayed meant. It's what you did to dogs and cats so they don't get pregnant.

Then two of the men walked out. The man in the gown and mask used his fingers to move around in her lower abdomen near her hips. He used a pen to mark locations on each side. Once he made his marks, he gagged her with a ball gag with a rag behind it to muffle her screams.

Then, in a chillingly calm tone, he said, "I'm Doctor Dave, sweetheart. I'm here to do a tubal ligation for you. I'm going to tie your tubes so you can't get pregnant. Unfortunately for you, they haven't paid for nor do they want me to use any anesthesia."

Her mind tried to wrap around what she was hearing.