

# Veronica's Ordeal



## The interrogation

*This is a work of complete fiction based on the style of consensual non-consent type of SM play.  
This book does NOT promote actual torture, nor will it ever stand by any actual harm done to anybody.  
It is a fantasy scenario that portrays a situation that willing adults might indulge in.  
Love your close ones! Stay wholesome!  
Enjoy this BDSM medieval fantasy.  
Biggest thanks to Kujman for the massive inspiration!*

*Story and the artwork by Coermentor*



Her Majesty prized embroidered slippers have been stolen by one of her servants. The royal inquisition was set on finding and punishing the thief. The queen gave permission to get the information in whatever means was deemed necessary... even if it meant torture.

- My Lord! What is the meaning of this? - Veronica asked startled by the door slam
- One of the queen's maidens stole her shoes, and you are a suspect M'Lady!
- ME?! I WOULD NEVER DO SUCH A THING!...
- We will find out. - the inquisitor turned to one of the guards - Take her to the torture chamber for questioning!
- GRAB HER! - yelled the guard as she was swiftly taken to the dungeon



Amber

*It wasn't long before lady Veronica was brought to the royal dungeon for questioning. Inquisitor ordered her to be tortured to extract a confession.*

*Screams of agony echoed through the corridors, as a horrible manner of torture was executed on poor Veronica...*



## THE MERCILESS TICKLING OF THE FEET!

*NOOOOOO! I SEE YOU! STOP THIS TORTURE!!!*

*Veronica screamed at the top of her lungs... yet no stopping was in sight.*

*The torturers found very quickly that two feathers dancing on the soles of her feet will be more than enough to get what they were after... it was just a matter of time.*



Veronica's soles were extremely sensitive to the slightest touch, and so the slow stroking of the feather on her skin quickly sent her into a ticklish panic. Her screams and laughter filled the room, as she fought to catch her breath.

**PLEASE! STOP! NOT MY FEET! I CAN'T TAKE IT!**



Amadei

*You think this is all we can do to you vench! How about we take out the canes and start whipping your feet till morning? - the larger tormentor said angrily*

*A threat of more brutal torture sent a cold shiver down Veronica's spine, however, the ticklish agony was so bad, that for a moment she thought that even foot roasting would be better than this.*

*The torturer noticed that in her look and he knew that the best way is just to continue...*



*Veronica was in agony. Nowhere to go or nothing to do... she knew that had to go through it! Or confess...*

*Look at her! She is crying just from this! And we are not even doing this for long... - the black-hooded torturer said with a smile noticing the tears flowing down the poor girl's face*

*Oh but we will spend some time here. Imagine her screams when we put her feet to the fire!*





*No, but let's not rush this! I propose we tickle those feet till morning. - said the tormentor and without missing a beat, returned to the torturous caress of lady Veronica's sensitive feet.*

*What was once pure laughter of a ticklish reaction, now turned into cries of ticklish agony. It was clear she was suffering on that table, yet the torturers made a mockery of her pain.*



Thanks

*This was continuing for what felt like an eternity... every moment was making the whole torment harder to bear.*

*Veronica shrieked horribly trying to beg but no words came out of her mouth... Just a slur of laughter and painful screams. She had enough... anything was better than this!*



*Thanks!*

**J CONFESS!!! SCOOOP! J CONFESS!!!** - She yelled desperately with the little breath she had in between the feather strokes!

At this very moment, as if the inquisitor knew Veronica's breaking point, the doors of the torture chamber opened.



Amel

**STOP THE TORTURE!** - yelled the inquisitor as two torturers reluctantly stopped the tickling of poor maiden's feet.



*Veronica was washed with tears running down her face, as now the laughter turned into sobbing... what a relief, she felt for a brief moment.*

*Then the realization that the presence of the inquisitor does not mean anything good for her, struck her mind and she started shivering with fear.*



Amel

The inquisitor approached the table slowly, looking at a poor wailing girl.  
MY LOrd! Plehhee... I'm going to die! I caan't stand any more tickling. - The tortured girl whimpered with a raspy voice, ruined from screaming her heart out.



*He looked at her with a sadistic grin on his face.*

*Do you see what happens when you try to hide the truth from us? Do you see what we are capable of doing to you? So now that you have come to your senses talk! Did you steal her Majesty's shoes from her chamber?*



Apex

*YES! YES! I STOLE THEM! I HAVE HIDDEN THEM UNDER MY BED! THEY ARE THERE! PLEASE MY LORD LET ME GO! I'LL NEVER STEAL ANYTHING AGAIN!* - Veronica screamed desperately trying to gain any sympathy from the inquisitor... unfortunately for her, he had none.





*Thank you M'Lady for your honesty! - he said slowly looking at her stretched body.  
Will you let me go now? Please I swear I will never do anything bad ever again!  
I'm sorry M'Lady but I can't. You see this was done to get the truth out of you, but now that you confessed to  
being a thief.. you have to pay for your transgression.  
Veronica's heart stopped, as one of her tormentors approached the other side of the torture table.*



*Inquisitor! What do you want to be done to her next?*

*Veronica pressed her lips tightly in terror...*

*I think rve need to make sure those feet learn not to get near her majesty's shoes ever again. I think a couple of days in the Crate of Syndrias rvll be a proper punishment.*

*The name itself made poor Veronica let out a squeal... rvho knows rvhat horrible torment or a diabolical device bore that name.*



Amadeus

*I think that's a very good idea my Lord. I will go and prepare the tools. - The torturer said with the most sadistic grin he could possibly make. Then he turned to the tortured girl and with the same expression said to her...*



*I'm sure after all the tortures we have prepared for you MyLady your thieving attitude will change forever.  
Tortures?!? In the Crate? - gasped Veronica - What do you mean the Crate?*



Veronica was transported to another torture chamber deeper within the castle dungeon. Two guards secured her in a bondage device that left only her head, her hands, and of course, her feet at the display. Her big toes were tied to further immobilize the poor maiden. There was no escaping the perfectly crafted box. She was going nowhere. She knew looking at her predicament that her private bare feet were about to suffer more tortures than she could possibly imagine...

TO BE CONTINUED...

*Book*

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