

Veronica's Ordeal



Part 11: The goats

*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



Amadeus

Veronica desperately tried to move in the crate, however, the snug construction seemed like a perfect fit for her. Her bare feet are exposed with big toes tied to a metal bar, holding them in place. She knew there was no chance for escape so the only thing left was begging.

Please sire I had enough! I beg of you. I won't steal anything ever again!

You didn't listen, you are here as a punishment, not interrogation, we are done with that Lady.

Said the torturer with an evil grin on his face.



We had so much fun with your greedy little feet that we will focus on them for your punishments. This way we make sure you understand they are not fit for royal footwear.

Veronica's attention was brought to her bare feet, and a drop of cold sweat ran down her spine.



Amelia

The torturer took his long finger and slowly started scratching the exposed bottoms of Veronica's feet. This alone made her clench her teeth, trying not to scream.

You seem even more sensitive than before - he said - then you are going to hate this next torture.



The torturer reached for a strange jug that was standing on a stool, placed next to the crate. He dipped a brush and Veronica noticed a thick, brownish liquid dropping from the strands. Then a loud "GAAAA" spread through the torture chamber and the panicked girl noticed a goat pen in the corner.

I see you have noticed my friends there. Or, you will have so much time to know each other. This is actually the perfect time because I was about to give them their favorite delicacy. - said the torturer in a fluid manner as if he said those words many times before.



1/10/2016

Two goats seemed to be agitated as if the clinging of the metal jug was their call for food. They started moving around the pen ready to leave it at any moment.



Artwork

Veronica's eyes locked on the pen, and only now did she realize what is in store for her.



Amber

Suddenly she felt a warm thick substance being smeared all over her right sole with a stiff bristle brush. The sensation sent Veronica into a panic.

Please sire stop! I'll do anything! Don't do this to me! I can't take anymore tickling!



Amber

*The wait was unbearable, tears started dripping from her eyes, as she desperately tried to free her feet from the crate. There was nowhere to go, her bare soles were staying right there as long as the torturer wants them there. Don't bother **M**lady... this crate has held many strong men and women, none of them ever left... even as their feet were being roasted.*



Amadeus

But that is for much later. - said the torturer as he opened the pen. The goats were lining for the opening and as soon they were free to get out, they rushed lively towards poor Veronica.



1/10/2021

The goats rushed, smelling the air, following the scent of their favorite delicacy served on Veronica's helpless soles.



No no no no... that was the only thing that Veronica was able to say to discourage the beasts from delivering her punishment.



Before she could do anything the goats were at her feet giving the last few whiffs to make sure that they are at the right spot.

And then...



Amaki

AAAAAaĦAhahaha! NOŦOŦO!! - a shrieking scream of laughter filled the room in an instant as a fast, rough lapping tongues started to explore every single spot on her defenseless feet.



Agony

The rapid licks sent Veronica into ticklish agony, her eyes welled up with tears. She didn't want to scream and laugh yet she didn't have any choice.



Veronica didn't even notice that the torturer stood in the doorframe watching as his perfectly engineered torture destroyed the hapless girl.

I see you three are having so much fun, I knew you ~~W~~lady cared for animals - he said sarcastically while grinning.

I have other prisoners to attend to so I'll get going but don't worry, we will come back in an hour or so.



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I think my goats will keep you company till I or my friend returns. Don't go anywhere hahaha! - he laughed.



1/20/2021

Doors to the chamber slammed shut and the lock creaked with impact.



nooooo0000! DONT LEENERVE MEEEEEE! - Veronica shouted desperately but the torture was long gone.



The goats didn't stop licking even for a moment, yet their tongues found nerv spots to clean. The thick, sticky substance didn't seem to come off easily and even after a while the soles were still heavily covered in it.



Veronica was starting to lose her mind. This unbearable torture was going on for what seemed like forever. Her feet were wet from all that licking which made them even more ticklish. The rough tongues started to feel uncomfortable on the softer parts of her feet, yet the ticklish sensation greatly overwhelmed any discomfort.



OHNOOP PLEASE! I NEED! PLEASE!! - The helpless bargains of a lost girl echoed through the chamber as if the goats were to understand her pleading. And yet there was no end in sight. Alone, helpless and desperate Veronica did the only thing she could laugh uncontrollably.



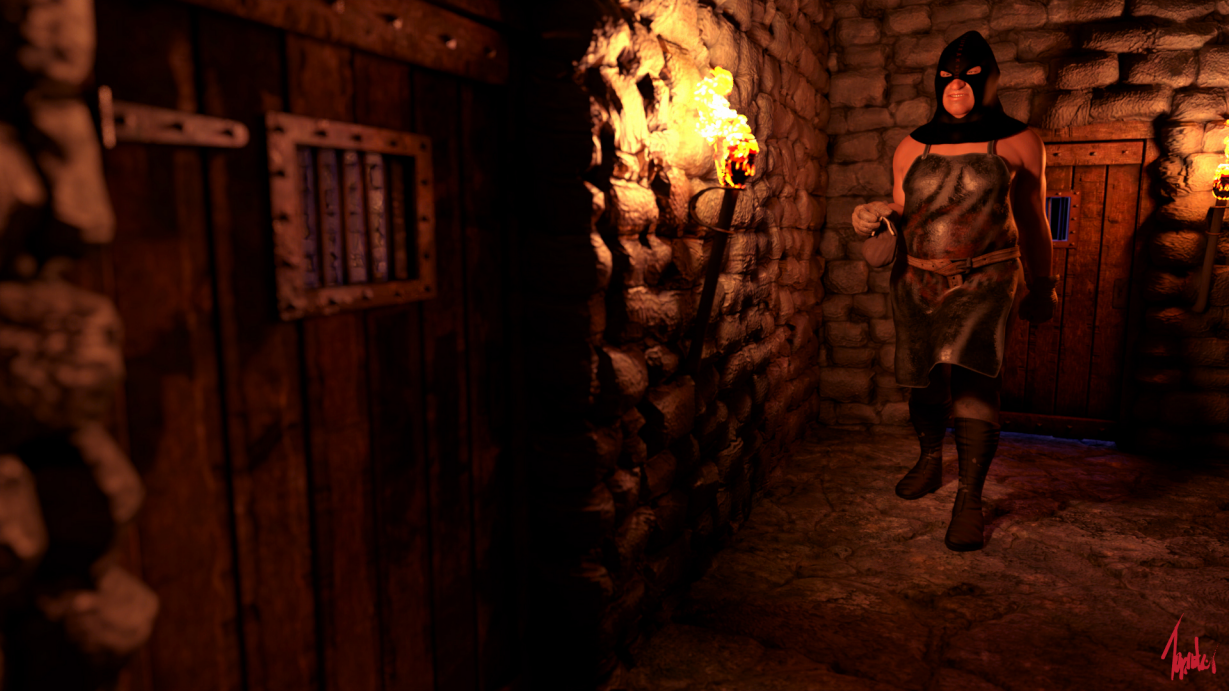
The substance was so thick and sticky, that licking it off completely was a lot of work, that those goats were very willing to do. Veronica was screaming, but it did nothing to discourage the animals from tormenting her poor ticklish soles.



All of the sudden, Veronica felt what she was fearing will happen eventually, the goats found her most ticklish spot which was her toes. That was the last straw for the torture victim.
NONONONO! NO NOT MY TOES! - I'LL DIE!



GHAAAAAAAAAAAAAHAAAAAAAAH! - Veronica shrieked painfully at the top of her lungs, as this torture went on for a long time. This was the moment that broke her completely. Yet nothing changed, she had to laugh as long as she remained conscious.



Amadei

An hour passed, and the screams subsided. Only the sound of the goats could be heard from the torture chamber. The second torturer came down to pay Veronica a visit. *Hmmm, I think Wlady is having a nap, time to wake her up - he said to himself.*



The door creaked as he opened them and he peeked inside to see the state the victim was in.



Poor Veronica was barely conscious, she quietly murmured something under her breath, yet none of it made sense. The goats roamed around the room aimlessly as their job was done for now.



Veronica's soles were licked clean, wet, and irritated from the raspy tongues, her eyes looked around the chamber, and her breath was irregular and heavy. Confused as if she had just come around from being unconscious. She didn't even notice the visitor who entered the room.

*Wake up, **W**lady! - he said - **t**ime for more torture. - he said as he shook a small leather bag he held in his hand.*

To be continued...

Toermentor

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