

'PINEAPPLES!'

I wanted to scream but I swallowed my words. I couldn't stop now I was so close to the finish.

Instead I let out a muffled screech.

I could see the blue tint forming on my skin. It felt like I was getting too small for my body or maybe it was because my veins were throbbing more violently than before against the ropes.

Suspended over my puddle of sweat I could see all the colors of life.

The ice cold moments right after the sensation of the burning sun on my sweaty body when the flog touched my skin were harrowing.

I could feel the nails and spikes digging in my back like I was hiding some artifact inside.

The blood rushing, throat drying up, adrenaline kicking in, screams suppressed, veins throbbing. I felt the heat, I felt the fire...soon the candle wax menacingly seeped through my open scars and penetrated the surface of my soul.

Time stopped for a second. Everything went blur and back in focus. The colors were gone, words were back, my body felt lose, head felt a little lighter. The finish I've been craving for. Nothing mattered in the end, only thing that mattered was the finish!