

Jennifer wrestled her friend playfully to the ground in front of the snowcone stand and began licking at the girls eyeballs, as if they were sugar cubes. Their bodies convulsed and flailed with an almost seizure like intensity.

At times their pale limbs seeming to shift back and forth from one torso to the other.

A crowd gathered almost immediately to watch these two girls tie and untie their bodies like a pair of pit-vipers.

They were confused, or concerned, or shocked, or aroused, or all of the above.

But no-one dared interfere with the performance. Jennifer's long ashen hair hung down concealing the girls face like a curtain around a hospital bed.

No one had any idea that the girls eyes were revolving under her ruby tongue.

"This is disgusting, it's pornography" exclaimed a pasty slut white woman in a fur coat, vanilla ice-cream smeared across her double chin like a money shot.

Counting a balding professor type in his mid-forties, his left hand stuffed crassly down the front of his pants "No, no, no. This is beautiful, this is art."