

## **Desert Flower**

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Her servants tugged at the ropes. Ribbons splayed and veils parted, revealing the beautiful desert flower at their center, a princess who called this sun scorched land home.

Seated on an ornate rug, among the furnishings and frivolities of her oasis enclave, she turned and lifted herself to her knees, greeting her visitor with a tilt of her head. Hot winds blew through the chamber, teasing the translucent drapes and tussling the loose strands of her scorching auburn hair.

Despite a life in the desert, her complexion, a light mocha, was pale for her people. The princess, it seemed, was a flower that bloomed in the shade. Only a hint of freckles dotted her face and shoulders, marking her slightest of indiscretions with direct light.

Vivacious and confident, she came alive before her audience, flaunting her body's delights without a hint of modesty. She arched back, golden cuffs and bejeweled charms reflecting echoes of sunlight as she moved. She spoke not a word, but simply giggled. Her fingers danced along a path of supple flesh that was all but exposed, save for the thinnest of fabrics draped across the most enticing parts.

As her hand drew to her face, she splayed her fingers, highlighting brilliant blue eyes that shone like sapphire stones amidst a sea of ochre tones. Her expression was a smile of pure delight. Her mouth and parted lips were moist with temptation, leaving her guest with a thirst that rivaled their journey through the desert.

Both the princess and the garden that ringed her abode were in perpetual bloom, sustained in part by the springs, but also by the travelers who visited this sanctuary. She leaned forward, and crawled towards her guest. As she did, the ropes released and the petal-like veils fell, encircling the pair in a soft translucent trap that one surrendered to willingly. Desert flowers were hardy, but their fruit was undeniably sweet. Like all the rare breeds that dwelled in this oasis, they found their own special way to thrive.

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