

MERCHANT LAYED'S FLAREM ADVENTURES



Season 2

J. Tiffany Moore

MERCHANT LAYED'S HAREM ADVENTURES

Season 3

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MERCHANT ZAYED'S HAREM
ADVENTURES
Season 2

These are the adventures of Merchant Arash Zayed. This episode consists of ten threads of ten tweets, published from March 2023 to August 2023. This story is set in the Persian world of the 1001 nights. Merchant Arash Zayed is in love with Rohzin who happens to be a zambānūg—a woman built from magic by Seeress Ruksana and his mother Cyrene.



Arash kisses Rohzin’s lips. She’s in his bed, under a cotton sheet draped over her. He can see it dip between her legs and prick up around her breasts. He only knows her a few weeks, but he is certain this was the one. After his audience with the emir, he will marry her.



Cyrene hurries down when Merchant Zayed returns. He’s screaming and cursing, and calling for her. She has dreaded this moment ever since Ruksana and she cooked up their plan to have him find Gaokerena, the live-giving plant. They told him it was a request from their ruler.

Although she has been rehearsing this part the last couple of days, it still pains her how she tricked her son. It was for his own good, of course—but still. Before she can start, Rohzin enters their home and hugs Arash. Cyrene is still impressed with how perfect she is. She claps her hands and orders a jug of Sekanjabin Syrup.

“Mother! Who told you the emir was looking for that plant? You said his servants came to pick it up when I returned from the Vourukash Sea!” He suppresses a quick blush remembering frolicking with Magali, the mermaid.

“I heard about that.” Rozhin pours him a glass. “My brother wanted to go look for the plant as well. He told me the court wizard used the emir’s name to have someone bring him some rare plant.”

“Seeress Ruskana said the same thing.” Cyrene took a quick sip. “The wizard is dead.”

Rohzin looks pained and Arash is concerned for her.

“Are you alright, my dear?”

Rohzin suggests it’s best to keep away from the emir’s affairs if this is what life at court is like.

“The seeress told me the emir would bring me wealth...”

“Your heart,” Cyrene corrects him.

Arash frowns. Was that what the seeress said? Yes.

Decided, he turns to the beautiful merchant who brought him light and lust. And now love.

“Will you be my wife, Rohzin?”

Tears trickle down her cheeks, and her smile lifts his spirit.

Cyrene has both, and rosy cheeks.



Her breasts are round and firm. His hands knead them like fresh apricots. Her nipples pip out like pink raisins. His tongue rolls its way around them.

Rohzin kisses the top of his head. Her eyes are half-closed with passion. Her ladyhood tingles with warm, syrupy wetness.

His fingers tussle through her bush. He plays around her slit. Rohzin’s flower is growing full of bloom as he does. In her mind’s eye she takes in a field of spring flowers that has not been there a few days before. His dexterity makes her feel as if one by one they open in her.



The next day, Cyrene and Rohzin starts preparing the wedding. Arash already dreams of how her dress would be sculpted on her, how their guests would be brightened by her radiance—just like he has. She is already his wife. The ceremony will be a retelling of his heart’s wish.



Seeing Parviz fills Arash's heart with joy. Even though they are very different, they're family. The merchant kisses his brother's cheeks and welcomes him to his home. They have a friendly rivalry about who can accumulate the most wealth. For now, Parviz is in the lead.

Parviz hasn't seen his brother or his mother for years. His household and business in Isfahan claims all of his time—along with some extra activities with the wife and daughter of a wealthy salmon farmer. Of course, not at the same time. He keeps it secret from everyone else.

Cyrene is happy to see her eldest son. He has already gifted her with daughters and grandchildren. But they live faraway. The last time she undertook the long trek to the famous city was many years ago. She was sorry to hear that Parviz came without wives and children.

“Well, little brother. Show me this wondrous woman who has finally managed to capture your heart.” Parviz winks at his mother.

He follows Arash's hand pointing to the top of the stairs. Rohzin, all smiles, glides down. Parviz catches his breath. ‘What would she look like naked? What would she look like underneath him in his bed?’

He rushes towards her and holds her in his embrace. He kisses her cheek, dangerously close to her lips. His eyes—full of promise—look into hers. After a moment, he turns to his brother and shakes his hand, forcing a smile.



Parviz is impressed by the lavish dinner Arash prepared for him. He is obviously doing well. Although, not as well as he does, otherwise his little brother wouldn't stop boasting. Seeing, Arash and the delicious Rohzin together, his smile looks like it hides a toothache.



Early the next morning, Parviz corners Rohzin in the garden.

“I must congratulate my brother with finding such a beautiful woman. The description in his letters does not do you credit. Of course, Arash was always serious. Doesn’t a tulip like you deserve a more playful husband?”

Rohzin can’t find an easy way to move away from him. His grin tells her he is very well aware of this.

“Arash is a good man, of course. You are happy to find him. But I can’t help think that a marvellous and luscious woman like you could do much better. Don’t you agree, dear?”

Agreeing or not agreeing will only play into his hands, Rohzin estimated. She chooses: “Really?”

He obviously enjoys the sound of his own voice. “My ‘little’ brother,” he lifts his eyebrows, “and I compete on who has the most riches. He’s losing. Has been for many years now.”

Rohzin is aware that, in a blink, Parviz can turn the situation into one where it would appear she’s seducing him. Again, she chooses her words carefully.

“The emir will only grant Arash an audience if he’s married. Someone with two wives has a much better chance.”



Merchant Zayed locked himself up in his quarters all day. After his brother told him he was visiting the emir, Arash stormed off. Nothing his fiancée, Rohzin, or his mother Cyrene said could lure him out.

Parviz announced that the emir had a “very special trade mission” for him. It was so important that he wouldn’t be able to attend the wedding.

Rohzin had a knot in her stomach. She had given Parviz the tip about the mission. She was sure Arash would hate her. The maybe-bride-to-be decided to consult Seeress Ruksana. After all, she was her creation.



The air was thick with incense. Ruksana isn't moving. Her head is tilted down over her table. Her hands are decorated with henna: an eye on the backs, vines on her fingers. Fāl-nāma cards are laid out before her. Rohzin recognizes the WakWak tree, because she likes its name.

The seeress looks up. Rohzin is intrigued by the henna patterns around her eyes. She can almost see the butterflies dart about.

“Soul and beauty of many women, breath of life. Sit down, my child.”

“I come to seek your wisdom, O Seeress.” Rohzin takes a deep heavy breath. “In order to save my chastity, I helped Arash's brother Parviz. If he gains wealth on this mission, my husband will hate me. If some accident befalls him, my husband will hate me. If I tell him about his brother's advances, they will hate each other.” Rohzin's voice is cracked.

“Tell me about this mission.”

“Parviz is to establish a trade route with the Xšāça.”

The Seeress squints. “Is that so? Tell me more about Parviz, his heart, his soul?”

Rohzin tells Ruksana everything.

“So, greedy and lustful, like many men.” The Seeress's purple eyes look up.



Rohzin's heart is still thumping when she returns. The servants inform her that Arash is still in his quarters. He has been calling for wine since yesterday afternoon.

She finds Cyrene in tears, black streaks running down her cheeks. Would her sons ever get over their feud?

Cyrene can't breathe. She is losing her sons and now she will lose Rohzin as well. Arash will cast out everything that could bring him joy, starting with the wedding. She only wanted to give him love, and all he found was hate. Darkest of clouds gather over her family.

‘Trust comes in little steps, and leaves at a horse’s gallop’, the Seeress said.

“We need to get Arash out of his room first, Cyrene,” Rohzin tells his mother. “For that, he must see an opportunity. It will help him push his anger way for the moment. Only then can he move on.”

Rohzin knock on his door: a self-assured knock. “My love?”

A muffled ‘go away!’ answers.

“What does Parviz know about the Xšāça that you don’t?”

Silence, followed by a less drunk sounding ‘nothing!’.

“So, your brother may not succeed where you could?”

Silence.

The door opens.



Still bleary-eyed from his three-day drunken and self-pitying blur, Merchant Zayed now feels energized again. And he owes it all to the wonderful woman who came into his life. He will reward her later. But now, he needs to make preparations for a trip to the secretive Xšāça.



Her pomegranate scent, mixed with roses and the wholesome earthiness of her pussy enthuse Arash. Not only does he dart the tip of his tongue on her clit, he envelops it with his lips as well. He looks up and takes in the two wobbling mounds rising with her passionate breaths.

He sinks his erect manhood into her folds. Seeing Rohzin’s stiff nipples enivigors him. He stops counting how many times he brings his bride-to-be over the edge of lust. And she enjoys every splash of his essence on her breasts, her face and in her wet womanhood.

Rohzin is sore, but satisfied with sex. Loving little ants tingle in her pussy, her nipples, her breasts for the better part of the night. Straddling his lovely cock, she sees the sun rise outside.

Wriggling in circles, squeezing him with her pussy, she orgasms again.

Arash hadn't known real love and passion before Rohzin. She belly-dances on his manhood. A thousand hands and tongues in and on his legs, stomach, chest, nipples and balls mean only one thing. His jizz geysers out, filling the woman of his heart, and thanking her for her love.

After sharing a bath in his rooms, they lazy the rest of the day away. Rohzin asks Arash about the Xšāça and why they are so secretive. Zayed tells her that they are remnants of an ancient empire that came before theirs. Many merchants have tried to reach them without success.

"How did Parviz and you become familiar with them?" Rohzin asks.

Arash grimaces at his brother's name. With a wry smile, he tells her about his father's stories. The Xšāça held onto their imperial wealth. They didn't need trade because they had fertile lands and good cattle.

"Parviz stopped caring about them when he left home and started his own trade. I kept looking for anything I could find out about them. There are some eyewitness accounts, but most of these are old—more than a hundred years. And there are reports about caravans disappearing."

"Disappearing?"

"Yes, around the plains of Marvdasht: ancient Persepolis. The emir and others sent patrols and troops. Adventurers and merchants attempted to find the Xšāça. No one ever returned. Just stories, my dear. There hasn't been an expedition for some decades."

"Are you worried about him?"

"I want to believe he deserves what happens, but I can't. He's my brother."

Rohzin frowns. Arash kisses her on the lips. "Don't worry, my love. I will be back for our wedding."

That night, Rohzin prays for his safe return... and that of his brother.

The trek to plains of Marvdasht to find the evasive Xšāça will

take several weeks. Merchant Zayed misses Rohzin already. He thanks whatever forces were involved in bringing her into his life. He hates himself for postponing the wedding in order to find his cheating elder brother.

Parviz had always been sneaky and ruthless in business. So, it really shouldn't have surprised Arash that his brother took the emir's mission for himself. Of course, Arash wants to save him, although not deep and dark inside. He pushes the feeling away in reverence to his mother.



His nights are cold. How quickly did he get used to Rohzin's warmth against him. Arash feels sunshine from within, remembering his last night with his beautiful bride-to-be. He has to relieve two erections before finding slumber in her arms of his dreams. He awakens to her smile. Her rounded hips, her green eyes, her luscious lips. How could that wonderful woman have captured him so? How does she manage to live in every breath, in every sigh, in every heartbeat? The Fates had truly been kind to him. From the first moment he saw Rohzin, he felt certain.

He smiles as the mere hint of her stirs his loins. Twice last night was obviously not enough. His lips on her neck, his hand on her breast, his eyes on hers, Arash inhales her pomegranate scent. Lying on his side, he catches his breath imagining her hand teasing his hard manhood.



After the third day, Arash decides to write letters to Rohzin. Every morning he takes time to tell her about his love for her. He uses his blanket and charcoal. It's crude, but it fills his heart with joy to do it, even if he won't be able to decipher it anymore when he returns. It will be proof of his devotion. If he doesn't manage to finish his mission, Rohzin will be comforted by the knowledge that his dying thoughts, all his thoughts, were of her. They will have no life together, but everyone will recognize that this was

his furiously devoted wish. His mother will be satisfied that he had found the soul mate she had wished for him. His eyes sting. His mother never gave up hope for him. She will know her prayers for him were answered. That is the only thing he can give her now. He hopes Cyrene asks Rozhin to live with her.

Arash is close now. His horse's nervousness means something is near—or someone. Whatever happens now will happen.

That night he remembers how, with flushed cheeks, he asked Rohzin to please him with her feet, her painted toenails, her oily caresses, her eyes under her lashes.

Arash bought an old map of Persepolis. Outside the city walls is an oasis. His horse finds it before he does. The water is sweet. It refreshes his soul. Rozhin guided him here. He won't disappoint her.

When he sits up from drinking, two strong pairs of hands push him back down.



Someone pulls the hood from Zayed's head. It's still dark. Worse it smells dank and dirty. He blinks to help his eyes adjust to the poor light. He looks back. A burly man with a big sword has the hood. Next to the guard there's someone who isn't accustomed to come down here. The hand-kerchief over his nose, gives it away.

"You are here in search of the Xšāça, yes?"

The man speaks something that resembles Persian. Some kind of dialect, Zayed hasn't heard before.

"Yes, my lord. But also my brother. Another man who came here recently. Have you seen him?"

"Your brother? Are you on a family quest to find him?"

"Yes, I am. Have you seen him?"

"We are aware of this man. He is not... proper."

"Not what? I don't understand. May I see him, please, my lord?"

"Are you truly both of the same family? You have the same father and mother?"

“Yes, we do. Is he alright? Has something happened to him?”

“You are different men. I must consult.”

The man with the handkerchief is about to leave.

“Please, my lord, do you know where my brother is? Is he safe?”

“He is in that corner there. Safer now that you have arrived.”

Arash turns as the two men leave the cell, locking the door. His brother’s hands are chained to a big ring above his head. His face is bloodied and his upper body shows bad bruising. His hair and his beard are disheveled.

“Parviz! What happened to you?”

Arash looks for water.

The stale water in a dirty bucket won’t do. Arash is glad that the wounds on Parviz’s face aren’t deep cuts.

“Brother! What did they do to you?”

Parviz’s mouth is dry. He can barely speak. “Arash, leave! Leave quickly!”

Zayed sees fear in his brother’s eyes. What happened here?

“Help! Help! Can someone bring me water, please?”

It takes some more calls for the guard with the big sword to return.

“Can I have some water for my brother? Please?”

The wait for the guard is long. When he returns, the man with the handkerchief accompanies him.

“You need water?”

“Yes, my lord, to clean my brother’s wounds.”

“Do you have trade?”

“Trade? Sure, I was carrying gifts for your leader. You can have them.”

“They have already been confiscated. They are good gifts. Do you have other trade?”

“Can I do work for you? Please, let me have some water.”

“Will you trade your meal?”

“Yes, my lord. Please, let me help my brother.”

He nods. “This is acceptable.”

“Oh, and could I have my blanket as well, please?”

“Is this important to you?” He is surprised.

“It has letters to my bride.”

“You have a wife?”

“When I return, I hope to.”



After Arash washes him, Parviz falls asleep. He looks better now.

The next morning the man with the handkerchief returns.

“Your brother failed his test. Will you take this test for him?”

“Can I leave with my brother if I pass the test?”

“Yes. But be aware the test is not easy.”



Merchant Zayed hates leaving his brother behind. The guard's grasp hurts his arm. The man with the handkerchief shows the way towards an enormous brass door. It screeches open. Arash can also hear gears rattle inside. The guard hands him a torch and pushes him into the cavern.

For some reason, Arash waits until the door bangs shut. He walks on. In his head, he recites the letter he wrote to Rohzin last night.

“My star. You brighten my soul. You guide my path to a better self. Your light in the night gives me hope. It gives me courage to move forward.”

Fireworks erupt in a chamber to his left. He heads there. In the clearing of the lush forest, two naked women bathe in the stream. Their laughter sounds like glasses clinking. They bloom like youth on the cusp of womanhood; perky breasts exposed, their bush fake-modestly hidden. His cock awakens, pointing the way. His married friends often told him about the delight of making love to two women at the same time. To be embraced by boobs. Two tongues licking your balls and shaft. The taste of two pussies. Four soft hands caressing their way along your body.

One helps him out of his clothes. The other kisses his chest. In the water, they wash his ass and his cock. Arash closes his eyes.

He tilts his head upwards in delight. He gulps and opens his eyes again. A soft light peers from outside in. It looks like a faint star. Rohzin!

Having managed to pry himself loose from the clingy girls, Arash hurries forwards. He ignores the two next chambers. From one he heard music and singing. From the other, sounds of passion hook into his lust. Almost sleepwalking towards them, the image of his bride releases him.

He follows the path to a lake. On a stone in the water, Magali delights at seeing him. The mermaid pops into the water and climbs out onto the shore. Arash is filled with joy to see her. Their embrace leads to a passionate kiss. He revels in the feeling of her mouth on his cock. Arash aches at how much he missed her. The mermaid saved his life from a treacherous sea captain. She needed his seed then too. So, he will gladly give it to her now. He loves how her green eyes sparkle. Green? Those are Rohzin's eyes! He pulls out with a 'plop' and runs away.

Retching against a tree helps him regain his senses. What kind of sorcery is this? He locks his mind on the most beautiful recollection of Rohzin's face.

“My star... You give me courage to move forward...”

What looks like a last cavern, Arash sees a golden woman on a throne. He steels himself clenching his jaw. Nothing will lead him astray now. Arash is ready to bark her away, but remembers this is a test.

“My dear lady, please. I wish to return to my bride. I no longer seek trade with the Xšāça. I want to go home.

“You will do both, Arash Zayed.”



His brother Parviz is looking better, washed and trimmed. It's obvious he still feels his ordeal as they walk into a great hall. Merchant Zayed still smells the scent of his bath. The Xšāça dressed him in clothes fit for a prince. The beautiful woman's last words still resonate.

Now, Arash finds her sitting in the throne. Her clothes seem

almost transparent. It is hard to look away from her curves. So, Zayed fixes on her amber eyes. They are intelligent and look back. An amused sparkle dances within, like the flame of a candle flickering in the wind.

The courtier the merchant met in the dungeon prepares the introduction.

“May I present Her Illuminescence Princess Atossa, Daughter to the Throne of the Achaemenid, soul bearer of the Basij Oasis, Keeper of the sacred orbs of Din, and betrothed to Arash Zayed.”

Arash kneels.

He nudges Parviz. A guard helps him down.

Arash peeks up at the throne. A dainty eyebrow rises.

“Illuminescence, may I present Arash Zayed of Qazwin, emissary of Emir Khalaf ibn Ahmad, and husband-to-be to the Imperial Princess.”

“Arise, my groom. Your brother is free to leave.”

Arash seizes the moment, while his brother leaves with subdued groans.

“Illuminescence,” he is happy it came out right, “I’m captivated to be in your presence, and honoured by the invitation into your family. But I am also confused. I believe I mentioned my bride who awaits me.”

“Not many resist the temptations in the Cavern of Desire. Your devotion to your beloved saved you. I did not think myself jealous until I heard the poem you recited for her. Your words reached my heart as well, and pierced it at the same time because they were meant for another.”

Before Arash can answer, the courtier politely continues.

“Merchant Zayed, the Empire grants you the right of trade. Your route will always be safe. This privilege has been bestowed upon you alone. As long as the caravans carry the seal of House Zayed, they will be welcome here. Your goods are being returned to you and packed upon your mount. However! Your brother Parviz will not set foot in realm ever again. This is not a decree, but a request. We expect him to abide to it.”

“Of course, I will see to it. But please accept the gifts I brought

with me.”

“My betrothed, there will be time to get more acquainted. Your custom allows you many wives. I will be glad to join a man such as you, who knows how to woo the heart of women. I look forward to meeting Rohzin soon.”

“Then please come to our wedding, Princess.”

Atossa smiles. “I must pray first. I promise to contain my newfound sense of possession. Only then, will our union be a happy one. Return with the wind. We both have a wondrous future ahead of us. Accept the wedding gifts I will send along with you to your home. A home I soon hope to share.”



“This cloth is of excellent quality, Merchant Zayed,” Emir Khalaf ibn Ahmad said to Arash, motioning him to arise from his kneeling position. “In their letter, the Xšāça commend your sense of fair trade, your honesty and your virtue. It also mentions the other Merchant Zayed.”

In the corner of his eye, Arash sees that Parviz is still kneeling and has buried his head as deep as he can.

“What to do with you?” The emir taps his lip with his finger. The ruler looks even more imposing.

Before he can speak, Arash is silenced by the emir holding up his hand.

“You have done enough to save your brother. I will fine him an additional ten percent of his taxes. It would be cruel of me to sentence him to death after you saved his life. Neither do I wish to distress your bride days before her wedding, not after it was postponed already. No, we celebrate! By establishing the Xšāça trade route, not only have you accomplished what no one before you could and you have honored your family. I applaud your dedication. You and your wife are welcome in my court,” the emir smiles.

“Thank you, My Emir.” Arash bows deeply.



Rozhin's embrace is even more loving than Arash remembers, her kiss sweeter. Parviz is already recounting the visit to the emir with more color, more detail and more imagination. Then he tells them about the hardship of his imprisonment and how he waited for death. Cyrene cries.

Arash made Parviz swear he would not speak of the betrothal to Princess Atossa. He wanted to tell Rohzin himself. He gulped. He could feel his bride's sexiness as she approached the bed. Facing down Nisbad was nothing compared to his current duty.

"My love, I must tell you something."

Rohzin is silent and listens to Arash's story. Her face brightens at the news. After all, she is a zambānūg born from Cyrene's concern for her son's solitude. The princess will bring happiness, prosperity and standing to his house. Rohzin looks forward to meeting her kin-wife.

Rohzin's slides over his cock. "You are building us a strong house, Arash. How can I not love you."

Zayed feels her squeeze her vaginal walls as she belly-dances on him. And here he thought he could not adore her more. He kisses her breasts, feeling her, wanting her, needing her.

It's Arash's turn to show Rohzin his devotion. He pushes his tongue into her pussy as far as it can go. He exhales warm air onto her clit. She doesn't know which arouses her more. It doesn't matter. Her climax enclouds her with the warmth of passion and the oneness they share.



The next morning Cyrene almost faints when Arash tells him about the princess. All the worries she ever felt for her younger son evaporate in the spring sun. She hugs him tighter than she ever has, and kisses his face just like when he was a baby.

Parviz's smile drops an instant.



In the early morning, Arash, Rohzin and Cyrene visit Ruksana the Seeress. Her colorful Fāl-nāma cards are already laid out on the table. She invites Rohzin to take one. It's Feast for abundance and hidden knowledge. Arash is unhappy to pick Jealousy meaning danger and deception.

Together they pick Jinni for unexpectedness.

Ruksana smiles: "You will have an interesting life together. On this propitious day, these cards mean that you need to hold on to each other, and trust that you will overcome your adventures together."

Rohzin squeezes Arash's hand.



Emir Khalaf ibn Ahmad addresses the wedding couple: "May the stars guide you on your journey together to find the Well of Abundance, and to find as much love as fits into your hearts. Because the Universe teaches us that when it is given, love grows on. Your marriage is blessed!"

Arash and Rohzin want to dance with each other all night, but Parviz requests a few dances with Rohzin, and so do other guests.

Arash dances with Cyrene, and with every woman hoping to be his next wife. Those dances are awkward, so Arash looks outside and glimpses a pair of eyes. They remind him of... Atossa! They're gone now, so he can't be sure.

Arash focuses on his guests making sure they are all happy. When he dances with Rohzin again, he catches Parviz looking glum. But only for a moment, because his brother immediately smiles and waves at him. Hmm?

Parviz raises his glass: "My brother despaired my mother to wonder if he would ever take a wife. Now, I realize he was waiting for Rohzin. I know that you two are meant for each other and I wish you a happy and fulfilling married life." Arash hugs his brother and his mother.



Finally alone, Rohzin gently pushes Arash on the bed. Then she pulls down her dress over one shoulder, then the next. She smiles when she sees his pants tent up. The silk dress doesn't need much encouragement to slide down. By swaying her breast and hips she speeds or slows it.

Her skin shines with golden sprinkles as Rohzin slowly crawls towards him. Arash just opens his pants, not wanting to waste time. Rohzin looks him in the eye, then at his erect cock. She traces her fingers along its length, almost touching it. Then caresses the down on his balls.

Arash has no patience left. He pulls Rohzin towards him and seats her onto his waiting dick. The tease is already wet. She smiles innocently. Their lovemaking is aglow with passion. It's easy for Rohzin to put thoughts out of her mind about if she can even have children with him.



The married couple come out of their rooms in the afternoon. Cyrene smiles at them lovingly. She lifts her left eyebrow to Rohzin who blushes. They hug. Cyrene never expected this when she first sought Ruksana. Pained, she tells the lovebirds there is a next wedding to prepare.

THE END OF SEASON 2

LIST OF CHARACTERS

Arash Zayed

In order to save his brother, Merchant Zayed must visit the land of the mysterious Xšāça.

Rozhin

The *zambānūg* who is Arash's bride. Just before her wedding, her husband-to-be embarks on a mission to find his brother.

Cyrene

The mother of Parviz, her eldest, and Arash. She is happy Arash is about to be wed to Rohzin.

Parviz Zayed

Arash's elder brother who is both a cunning and greedy businessman.

Ruksana

The seeress who blew life into the *zambānūg* Rohzin.

Princess Atossa

The princess is the heir of the Throne of the Achaemenid, also known as the Xšāça in their own tongue.

Magali the mermaid

The mermaid rescued him from Captain Nisbad.

THANK YOU FOR READING

I hope you enjoyed Merchant Zayed's Harem Adventures, Season 2.

You can read Season 1 [here](#).

Please connect on [Twitter](#) if you'd like to follow them.

Kisses,
-Tiffany

OTHER UNIVERSES AND STORIES

Other universes and stories I'm working on are:

1. Prospector Finch in the setting of the US Civil War, including willing cowgirls, sexy aliens, hot fembots and more...
2. [Cartographer Tremayne](#) in a Roarin' 1920s space travel world, including gyrating gynoids, saucy solicitors, sexy spies...

On Twitter I'm working on another episodic story:

The Three Tiffanys, harem adventures set in 1920s Arabia.

Please connect on [Twitter](#) if you'd like to follow them.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I'm J. Tiffany Noore and I write steamy adventure stories about ordinary guys and fabulous and otherworldly women having extraordinary adventures.

All my novels contain explicit sex, just so you're warned... or enticed 😏

I want the relationships to be respectful, caring and consensual.

Writing steamy stories at night. Writing my PhD on AI by day.

Proud Madisonian and companion to my Persian Queen Cougar 🐱.

Let's connect on [Amazon](#), [Twitter](#), [Website](#) or [Goodreads](#).

Kisses,
-Tiffany