

The Three Tiffanys



Season 1



J. Tiffany Moore

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TIFFANYS
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THE THREE TIFFANYS

Season 1

These are the adventures of The Three Tiffanys. This season consists of ten threads of ten tweets, published from October 2022 to June 2023. The story is set in the 1920s, when three Western women find their way into the harem and heart of the Sultan of Rakal Al Sulem. The Three Tiffanys each have their own reasons to stay, but more importantly they all have reasons to work together for the betterment of the sultanate.



Farouz I rules the Sultanate of Rakal Al Sulem. He is a young, proud and shrewd sovereign. Behind his back, his elder advisors call him rash and loose with the traditions that his forefathers held in honor before him. The sultana-mother Zarina is widely seen as the cause.

Traditionally, the sultana runs the household and the harem. Zarina also founded a library, and advised the sultan on state matters. With the death of the late sultan, the advisors want to regain their influence in the court of their new young ruler and return to the days of old. Farouz is aware of the wishes of his advisors, and he cannot afford to ignore them. The love for his mother runs as deep as the Naribah Oasis that gave birth to his kingdom. Her advice and ideas are as fresh as its waters. The suggestions of his advisors are as crusty as they. But all this must wait. His heart is saddened by the death of one of his concubines. The chief eunuch's reports that Ailyah drowned in one of the pools after drinking too much *kehmr*, the fine Iranian wines he keeps for his Western guests. However, he knows she disliked them.

His advisors tell him to prepare the funeral. His mother suggests that The Three Tiffanys investigate the situation. Farouz smiles. This is the first time anyone calls his three new wives that - he prefers "his three Western treasures". He claps his hands and summons them to him. The sultan's heart trills when his three wives kneel before him. His gaze is warm as they jostle for the position in the middle. This time it is shy Tiffany Noore who

wins. He doesn't think this has happened before. Not only her green eyes made her stand out in the chorus line. He was even more amused when she introduced herself as J. Tiffany Noore and she wouldn't say what the "J" stood for. But most of all, there was a sexy innocence about her, and a failing attempt to hide it.

Unsurprisingly, the blue eyes of the blonde Tiffany Walker looks up first.

"Love embraces me in your presence, my sultan. How may we help you?"

Farouz knows this American adventuress is usually much more direct. He is thankful for her efforts to behave in a manner that doesn't irk his advisors. He will be happy to reward her into his bedchamber tonight.

"My chest swells at your devotion, my beautiful wives, but it is also hurts by the departure of my beloved Ailyah, may the heavens keep her spirit. I would ask of you to... set my mind at rest about how her demise came to pass. Will you help me with this?"

"We will, O Sultan."



Farouz invites The Three Tiffanys to his bedchamber that evening. He is happy they would look into the death of his beloved concubine Ailyah. He is still intrigued why these three American women would choose to join his harem. That he is rich and powerful isn't enough, he's sure.

Tiffany Walker is the first American woman he ever met. He has also never heard the word "spunky" used instead of independent. It still applies to her today. And that is why he wonders why she married him? In the US, women have the right to vote, to work and to travel alone. In his sultanate, this is not the case. In the entire Arabian Peninsula, no one even considers these developments.

They met in the port of Ras Al Qummah. Before his bodyguards could prevent it, she approached him and offered

him some pearls. He could tell they were good pearls.

Tiffany let him invite her to dinner. Her dress was a thing of beauty. She explained to him it was called a “flapper” dress. It was dark green with a dazzling array of sequins cascading down to a tiered fringe scalloped hemline, along with a feathered band and long green gloves. She stole his heart with her sparkling eyes and frank conversation. Tiffany Walker was a New York adventuress and knew what she wanted. Hoping to take advantage of the failing pearling industry. And she did. After dinner, he couldn’t believe she refused to go to bed with him.

Of course, it was his mother who first saw his infatuation. He was happy with her advice. He is always happy with her advice. With Tiffany Walker, he knew it would be a complicated courting. And his mother helped him every step of the way. It took three months before they kissed.

His advisors disapproved. He should be expanding his harem with daughters of the wealthy and influential. They meant their daughters, of course. There was enough time for that. He courted Miss Tiffany Walker from New York like he never courted a woman before, loving every minute.

Six months after meeting her, they made love. Tiffany was experienced, knew what she wanted to receive and what she wanted to give. It was a big difference with his other wives. He learned more about a woman’s body in that night than in the years since his fifteenth birthday.

It took another six months before she accepted his marriage proposal; she rejected the first three. Somehow, he knew that she knew he would come back again. And, enchanted as he was, he did. For their wedding, she designed a dress combining his traditions with her modern tastes.

Now he started a campaign to father a child with her. His mother told him she isn’t ready for that yet. At 24, her spirit was too inquisitive and spunky. What surprised him most about Tiffany Walker was that she didn’t mind sharing him, but was jealous of the other two Tiffanys.



The Three Tiffanys in his bedchamber tonight, couldn't be more different, Farouz thought. Each wore a sheer knee-length lace nightgown with trimmings, but in different colors: black for Tiffany Takei, pink for Tiffany Walker and white for J. Tiffany Noore (the J is still secret). Their faces, their heritage, their breasts, their hips were different. He marveled at the three American women who found their way into his heart.

The black accentuated Tiffany T's oriental features. The American Japanese engineer's daughter defied her parents by staying for him. Shy... No, demure. She could stop his breath by looking at him under her eyelashes. Her eyes shone when she laughed. And she had a cute way of holding her hand in front of her mouth when she did. Tiffany T explained to him that it was a Japanese gesture her mother taught her.

Tonight, she was the first to crawl towards him on the bed and the first to kiss him. Little pecks at first, moving on to hungry kisses. Farouz had not yet found the depth of her oasis. When the three were together like this, it was usually Tiffany Walker who took the initiative.

Tiffany T's warm hand found his hardness. She caressed him through his *simal*, exploring his modest length. Sometimes, she teased his testicles, sliding a finger under them. Farouz tasted her sweet lips and took in her lavender scent. He opened his eyes. Hers were open as well. Her gaze was naughty. Farouz felt her free his manhood. Without stopping kissing him, she sat on his lap, pressing his member down painfully. Tiffany T slid over him, sharing her wetness. Hearing that squishy sound, his heart skipped. She was moving a lot faster than he expected. Farouz felt T take hold of his cock. She rubbed it against her black strip then against her moist pussy lips. Her eyes closed as she did, accompanied by a high tone mmm. He could feel her little pushes as she slid down on him. A hmm of satisfaction followed from both of them.

After a row with her parents, she stormed into the desert. His men found her, dehydrated and sunburnt. His mother tended to

her for two weeks. What she did then impressed everyone: she fixed the generator his chief engineer couldn't. Tiffany Takei wanted to go to university. Her parents wanted her to go to Finishing school. When he offered to help, Tiffany T told him, she would never leave his side. So, here she was his full length in her. She rocked on his firmness. In unison, they said: "Rock around the cock." Her eyes softened, his were loving.

Farouz took her virginity on their wedding night. She blurted that out. He had never seen someone of oriental descent blush that deep. He loved her determination to become an engineer, to please him as best she could, her intelligent eyes and soft lips. He gave his heart freely.

The Three Tiffanys enjoyed the sultan's bedchamber, but being there together took some getting used to. At first, they just snuggled up to the sultan and took turns turning him on and turning on his pecker. Tiffany T was the first to kiss J. Tiffany. It was completely unexpected. They also discovered that another woman knows what your body needs, where it needs to be done, and how. Sometimes, they were so involved in each other that the sultan softly cleared his throat to remind them of his presence. J. Tiffany smiled at this memory. Tiffany W nudged her.



They were supposed to examine the scene of the crime of Ailyah's murder. Neither of the women had any experience with murders or investigations. The sultan gave them this task because he didn't trust anyone else to do it. So, Tiffany T divided the room into search quadrants. Like hunting dogs, T and W looked under the tables, cushions, pillows and behind curtains and drapes. J had already forgotten which quadrant was assigned to her, so, she just stumbled around. Looking up, she noticed a rope hanging from a lamp. It was short and coarse, and cheap. Nothing in the sultan's palace was that cheap. A deeper marking on Ailyah's throat made sense now, J realized. There was a knot in the middle of the rope. She wondered how she would react to the dead body. But it was

so lifeless that it was just a thing now. A strangled thing.

“Not much of a clue,” W poopooed. T nudged her with her elbow. Eyes a bit wider, W continued with: “But nice catch, J.” Tiffany T rolled her eyes.

J Tiffany smiled. “I think two people could be involved: someone with access to the harem and someone who knows where to get rope.”

“That’s still a lot of suspects,” T sighed. “The person who got the rope may not even know what it was for.”

“Sure, but they may feel guilty about it,” Tiffany W concluded. “In any case, now two people have to stay quiet. If we find more clues, they just may turn on each other.”

The Three Tiffanys discussed their next step. Either there was one murderer who had access to supplies and the harem or there were two. They had no way of knowing.

“Let’s try to think of why someone wanted to kill Ailyah,” T suggested. “The motive may help us narrow it down.”

It could be jealousy. They had read enough novels to know about “crimes of passion”. They agreed on two possibilities: 1. one of the harem, 2. someone outside the harem. Or it could be about power; someone who wanted to send the sultan a message. Or, Ailyah had seen something.

Tiffany T wanted a methodical interrogation of everyone. J worried what it would do to their relations with the other women. Tiffany W agreed. They had to start with the servants.

“Let’s set up a desk, like a tribunal,” J Tiffany squinted, “and we leave the rope in plain sight.”



“I screwed up, Farouz.” Tiffany Noore crawled into her sultan’s shoulder, hiding her tears.

Farouz kissed the top of her head. “I’m sure you did what you could, my love.”

“No!” J. told him how she organized the tribunal, and how nothing worked and no one told them anything.

“The other Tiffanys hate me now... Tiffany T. walked away

and W only huffed during the interviews. I botched the investigation, my sultan. I'm so sorry."

Farouz didn't know how to deal with this lovely crying woman, so he just hugged her closer. How should the three proceed now?

In the dark, Farouz heard another woman tiptoe towards his bed. She hid her head into his other shoulder. "Oh, my sultan, I think we failed you in the investigation." It was Tiffany Takei. "And I am angry with J. She chose a bad methodology for the interviews."

"Did you discuss the method with her?"

"No." Tiffany T didn't want to cry. "I should have. Now she hates me."

"No, I don't, T!"

Tiffany T gasped. She should have checked if the sultan was alone.

"Neither do I," a new voice said. Farouz saw Tiffany W's silhouette in the door.

Her face lit up with the match she struck. She walked to the bed and lit the candles there. The first thing she noticed was her namesake's red eyes. An uncomfortable silence lingered in the room.

"Maybe we should just have sex and make up?" Farouz suggested.

T pushed him away."

"It's not fair to Ailyah if we can't solve her death," J decided. "You don't just walk into the sultan's harem, and it's not easy to strangle someone. You look them in the face and you need strong hands."

"We need to start with the men and women with the biggest hands." J was excited now. Since it was there, she took hold of Farouz's cock. It didn't need a lot of encouragement to stand up straight.

"You were right as always, o my sultan." W kissed his tip with a hint of tongue.

J and T kissed his length as if they were kissing each other. Farouz let out a soft sigh at the six lips on him. W crawled onto

his face and wiggles her hips.

The sultan inhaled the scent of W's rose water. Then he tasted her saltiness. His tongue zeroed in on her hooded nub.

T slid onto Farouz's cock. She got rid of her top, revealing her perky tits. J found one of her nipples and nibbled. When she was younger, she teehed when she first heard about "nibbling nipples" alliterating. Now, she knew just what Tiffany T liked: just a bit of biting.

Tiffany W contorted to find J's pussy with her tongue. Then she munched on her clit. Now that they had a new focus for the case they could celebrate. The night was filled with moans and sighs. It ended with a sultan favorite: shooting onto the faces of his three beautiful wives.



Tiffany Walker and Tiffany Takei wanted J. Tiffany Noore to try again. They encouraged her to come up with another plan, after screwing up their first attempt. "Everyone knows Farouz asked us to investigate Ailyah. We need an approach to find who did it without raising suspicion."



Ailyah's funeral was a somber affair. She was well-loved in the harem; at least by most. The Three Tiffanys hated the fact that her killer was probably here too. J asked one of the low-ranking concubines to take care of the ceremonial henna hand decorations. It took her two days.

The concubine was in awe of the Tiffanys. She had witnessed how they corrected the sultan without punishment. They stayed loyal. She had never seen anything like it. They weren't the usual scheming women she encountered before. When J asked her to help, she jumped at the chance.

"Mirina had the marks on her hands, Miss J, just like you described."

"Thank you, Lelah. I will tell the sultan of your loyal service.

Her heart pounding, Lelah floated out of the room.

The faces of The Three Tiffanys were serious. Mirina was one of Farouz's more powerful wives.

J suddenly remembered one of the servants saying she cleaned up a water trail. She went back to her. The servant was confused by the question; they were just some drippings. They headed east. Tiffany T suggested that is where Mirina's quarters were. They finally had a suspect!

What threw them off in the beginning is why Ailyah was both drowned and strangled. Surely one or the other was enough. There was a lot of anger there. And it suggested two killers. One of Mirina's most faithful friends was the eunuch Saqal. With these suspects, they had a motive.

"Power is the only thing Mirina's interested in," Tiffany W knew. "Only the sultana-mother is stronger."

T suggested Ailyah must have witnessed something. Something dangerous and secret enough for Mirina and Saqal to take matters into their own hands.

"They are lovers!" J says.

"Eunuchs can't be lovers, J."

"They are castrated, but still have tongues and fingers, don't they?"

W conceded. "If they are lovers, they will both be sentenced to death if they are found out."

T nods: "The question is how to prove it? The only way is to catch them in the act."



Zarina, the sultana-mother was there when The Three Tiffanys explained their findings to Farouz. One of her main duties was managing the harem. And Mirina had been a thorn in her side from the start. Saqal's betrayal was a bigger blow. She knew they were close, but not like this!

Now that Mirina was aware of the investigation, she would not be careless. Zarina even expected her to retaliate against The Three Tiffanys. Looking at them kneeled before her son, she was

happy he could count on them. They all knew this will get ugly before it will get better.



Zarina, the sultana-mother warned The Three Tiffanys that their prime suspect, Mirina, would retaliate if she found out they were investigating her. Everyone knew they were looking into Ailyah's death. The harem twitter would soon be rife with rumors about a possible suspect.



Saqal wiped his lips and smiled at Mirina's delightful afterglow. He adored her and loved pleasuring her. He knew she was concerned about the investigation. The rope that strangled Ailyah had been found. However, it could not be connected to them, could it? They needed a plan.

"Thank you for your tender caresses, my beautiful Saqal," Mirina sighed. Her praise meant everything to him. They hadn't started as lovers. Saqal was used to pouty women in the harem, but not Mirina's quick changing temper: rebuking, then apologizing. Dismissing, then praising.

Once he kissed her feet in reverence, everything changed. Against his expectation, she took him as her lover. She stirred feelings in him, he did not know were possible. He was forever hers. That Ailyah walked in on them was horrifying, and they had no choice but to silence her.

Mirina had comforted him, the way his mother used to. He knew that what they did was wrong, and he would gladly give his life for her. But the sultan would have Mirina punished as well, and Saqal would not allow that. He was sure they were forever bound together in their love.

Mirina kissed him on the lips. "My love, my heart is sad. The secret of our love is fragile. We have to make sure no one takes you away from me."

Saqal agreed wholeheartedly. Those foreign Three Tiffanys

changed everything in his harem. And Farouz didn't respect their traditions.

It was necessary to return order to the harem, and Mirina was the only one who could do that.

“The Three Tiffanys are a bad influence on our Sultan. Only you and I see how dangerous they are, Saqal. Only the both of us are able to do something about it... and about those three.”

“You have a plan, my mistress, I can tell.”

Mirina explained that they had to lure the Three Tiffanys away. They had to make them follow carefully laid breadcrumbs.

“Outside the palace, terrible accidents can happen. Falling rocks when one travels through the gorge, for example.”

Mirina would miss Saqal if he were caught. She was certain he would not betray her, but to be sure, she would have him killed. With him, all evidence would disappear. She would be safe, and The Three Tiffanys would cease their investigation. Mirina already choose Saqal's substitute.



The next few days, they carefully planted new clues leading to the gorge. Saqal's hopes lifted when he saw The Three Tiffanys leave the palace. Mirina kisses and caressed him. She praised his devotion to the harem. She said there was no one she loved more. He followed them out.



Even the morning sun was bright. The Three Tiffanys were approaching the gorge. They had followed the trail to find Mirina. It was subtle, but it was there, and they had found it. It wouldn't be long before they caught up with Ailyah's murderers. Only two guards had joined them.

Saqal's heart thumped in his breast. He would finally be rid of these three foreign wives who had befouled his beloved harem. Then his spirits took flight at the reward his lady Mirina would bestow upon him. Only a little closer. Kicking away one rock

would bring them all down.

Tiffany Walker had said what they all thought: They were heading for a trap. It was an easy conclusion: with the three of them gone, the investigation would cease, and Ailyah's death would go unpunished. Tiffany Takei wanted solid evidence. Their suspicions wouldn't be enough.

Formally speaking, Farouz could do as he liked with his wives, and The Three Tiffanys knew this. However, Tiffany T was adamant. For Mirina's death sentence, she wanted undeniable proof. The best would be to catch the lovers in the act, but they would be too careful for that now.

The sultana-mother had warned her son that Mirina would sacrifice her eunuch lover if it helped her escape the accusations. Mirina held enough sway in the harem and at court to dismiss any rumors about Saqal and her. A shaky trial and sentence would have a backlash, Zarina said.

The sun was in their eyes. The Three Tiffanys couldn't scan the steep sides for signs of betrayal.

Saqal had chosen his position well. With his prey blinded, trapping them in the rockslide would be easy. His hand was wet with anticipatory perspiration. Just a little bit further.

J kept considering what would happen if they caught only Saqal? She didn't think he would give up his lover. And even if he confessed, it would be his word against Mirina's, and the harem lady would win. Saqal would be executed, and, with Ailyah's killer found, she would go free.

Could there be a way to have the eunuch return to his mistress, and then catch them in the act? Or would Mirina make sure that didn't happen? J hated that she had to think like a horrible and traitorous person. She didn't want to be like that. But she realized it was necessary.

Tiffany Takei's horse snorted. It was nervous about the steep sides of the gorge.

That was Saqal's cue! He pushed the rock loose. At first it slid, then it rolled and bumped over the edge. It was followed by the sound of deep rumbling as its brothers and sisters precipitated after it.

Saqal's eyes shone as the dust from the rockslide danced up from down below. The horse's panicked neighing made him queasy. He hadn't expected that. He tightened his jaw. The silence that followed was deafening. Saqal forced a victory smile. He needed to report to his mistress.



The dust settled. Tiffany Takei, Tiffany Walker and concubine Lelah removed the veils from their mouths and fanned away the last particles still dancing in the air. It had been close. Sultan Farouz's scouts had earned their pay today by finding the narrow entrance to the cave.

Once they knew Mirina's trail lead along the gorge, it was obvious: they would be ambushed there. Worse, once they neared it, Tiffany W could see the shape of Saqal's head bobbing up and down from the ridge above. She looked at Tiffany T and Lelah. She nodded. They nodded back. They beelined to the tight fissure, the horses panicking when the first stones and rocks fell. It still pained Tiffany T. She liked Saqal. Not anymore obviously. What had driven him to this? Tiffany W peeked outside. Then she released the pigeon. It was time for their trap now.



"What if they are hurt and can't send the message?" Farouz paced.

His mother felt her heart pounding. So much could go wrong with their plan. In all her years running the harem, the wives would resort to murder? Certainly, there had been phenomenal arguments and deep dislikes. But this? The sultana-mother was aware of Mirina's power schemes, of course. But these events challenged her imagination. Maybe she should have done more to thwart Mirina's ploys? No time for that now. Her handsome son needed her. As mother's do, she held his hand and squeezed.



J. Tiffany was all set. She felt a pang of something, regret maybe, when she opened the case of her film camera. George Lasky had taken a risk in letting her film b-roll footage of locations for *The Sheik*, starring Rudolph Valentino. The director was impressed with her footage.

It was then that she fell in love with the sands of the Arabian Peninsula and decided to visit. She would document her travels on film. When she finally managed admittance to the sultan's palace, she was sold. She held Farouz off when he courted her, of course. But not for long.

J silently turned her camera crank when Saqal came into Mirina's room. A scribe recorded their conversation. With their passionate kiss, the two conspirators had already sealed their fate. Saqal reported the fate of the three foreign Tiffanys who had corrupted Farouz's harem.

Despite her tears, J kept filming. Had her two namesakes made it to the cave in time?

Droplets of perspiration appeared on the usually cool-headed scribe's brow as he took notes on Saqal's devotion to Mirina: first as she sat on his face, next between her legs.

Mirina's eyes alerted J. She screamed when she saw a man approach Saqal, dagger drawn. In the confusion that followed, Palace guards arrested the three suspects. J was relieved about the two Tiffanys' message, and ran to the royal hall to embrace her husband. He held her tight.



The evidence was damning. Even Mirina's staunchest allies conceded. Saqal, learning of his mistress' betrayal, turned on her. It didn't matter. Their fates were sealed. Tiffany Takei and J. Tiffany Noore wouldn't attend the the execution because of the usual torture preceding it. They hid in each other's arms hearing the murderers scream. Ashen-faced Tiffany Walker joined them afterwards. She never spoke of what she had seen, but it was clear she wished she hadn't. They returned to the royal hall to be

rewarded—everyone in awe of their accomplishment.

That night, Farouz started by kissing away Tiffany T's tears. He held her as she shook in his arms.

"I must be merciless to my enemies, lest they see weakness," he explained."

"Yes, my Sultan."

Farouz then kissed every inch of her back, her legs, her arms, her belly, her breasts. T's body was tingling with expectation when Farouz finally nuzzled her bush. She shivered when his tongue found her slit. Cupping her dainty tits, she rolled her nipples through her fingers. His passion heated her body to boiling point. His two fingers, bubbled her over the edge.

Farouz kept kissing her clit, tugging it between his lips. He felt T's hands on the back of his head, pulling him in. Her legs over his shoulders trembled. He counted three peaks before she lovingly pushed him away. T wriggled in the remainder of his pleasuring, feeling at peace.



J. Tiffany just wanted to feel Farouz inside her and his thrusts against her pelvis. She laid back and closed her eyes, holding her breasts from wobbling too much. His cock's friction in her pussy was uncomfortable right now. She wasn't wet enough yet. His loving grunts helped.

J's head lolled as he banged into her.

"Cum over my tits, O My Powerful Sultan... My beautiful husband."

His fervor awakened her own. She almost fainted when it overtook her; a fleeting memory of his seed squirting on her breasts. After, she relished his sweet kisses in her neck.



Farouz realized Tiffany Walker was only using his cock for her own desires. He didn't mind one bit. W rode him like she'd never done before. He felt her squeeze it each time she squished

down. He laid back and merely admired her beautiful boobs, her proud chin, her golden locks.

Her blue eyes pierced into his, her eyebrows shot up, then frowned when she felt her “Oh my stars!” meteorite through her body. She belly-danced on his cock to squeeze out every last sensual shiver and blinked in his loving gaze after she had succeeded. Their kiss was sloppy wet.



Zarina recognized The Three Tiffanys satisfied faces. She was proud of her son’s adoring gaze on them. They didn’t realize how much they had already changed the harem for the better. The sultana-mother was sure that more was to come. Farouz’s enemies had been silenced for now.

THE END OF SEASON 1

LIST OF CHARACTERS

Tiffany Walker

A New York adventuress visiting the Sultanate of Rakal Al Sulem, hoping to take advantage of the failing pearling industry.

Tiffany Takei

The daughter of an American-Japanese engineer who defies her parents by staying with Sultan Farouz I.

J. Tiffany Noore

A camera woman visiting the Arabian Peninsula after filming locations for the movie 'The Sheik'.

Sultan Farouz I

The young Sultan of Rakal Al Sulem who met and fell in love with three very different American women.

Zarina

Farouz's sultana-mother and head of the sultan's harem. Zarina advises Farouz to task The Three Tiffanys with the murder investigation.

Mirina

One of Farouz's wives who managed to reach and maintain a position of power in the sultan's court.

Saqal

Mirina's favorite eueuch and partner in crime.

Lelah

One of Farouz's concubines who proudly assists The Three Tiffanys.

Ailyah

Farouz's murdered concubine. The Three Tiffanys are tasked to investigate her death.

THANK YOU FOR READING

I hope you enjoyed The Three Tiffanys, Season 1.

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

Kisses,
-Tiffany

OTHER UNIVERSES AND STORIES

Other universes and stories:

[Prospector Finch](#) is set in an era where California's gold rush beckons the brave, 'Belleville' unfolds a riveting tale of one man's extraordinary encounter with two star races, a globe-spanning quest for survival, and the diverse, fabulous women who change the course of Earth's future—and his heart.

[Cartographer Tremayne](#) in a Roarin' 1920s space travel world, including gyrating gynoids, saucy solicitors, and sexy spies.

On Facebook I write another episodic story:

1. Merchant Zayed's Harem Adventures, set in ancient Persia.

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

If you like the harem genre, please join the [Haremlit Readers group](#), the [Harem Lit group](#), and the [Pulp Fantasy, Harem, and Romance for Men group](#).

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I'm J. Tiffany Noore and I write steamy haremlit 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 adventures to be otherworldly, but the relationships to be respectful, caring, and consensual.

Writing haremlit at night. Writing my PhD on AI by day.

Proud Madisonian and companion to my Persian Queen Cougar.

To keep updated, let's connect on: [Amazon](#), [Facebook](#), [My website](#), or [Goodreads](#).

Kisses,
-Tiffany