

MERCHANT LAYED'S HAREM ADVENTURES



Season 1

J. Tiffany Moore

MERCHANT LAYED'S HAREM ADVENTURES

Season 1

J. Tiffany Moore



Copyright © 2022 J. Tiffany Noore
All rights reserved.

Cover design: J. Tiffany Noore

This story contains explicit language, graphic sex scenes, and mature content. It is a work of fiction. All characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this novel are either products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. The characters are all 18+ and are willing participants in all sexual encounters. This book is licensed for your personal enjoyment only.

No part of this publication may be reproduced or used in any manner without written permission of the author except for the use of quotations in a book review.

Edition 1.4, March 2024

www.JTiffanyNoore.me

MERCHANT ZAYED'S HAREM
ADVENTURES
Season 1

These are the adventures of Merchant Arash Zayed. This episode consists of ten threads of ten tweets, published from October 2022 to February 2023. The story is set in the Persian world of the 1001 nights.



In praise to our Benevolent Ruler Emir Khalaf ibn Ahmad, we will recount the wondrous life of Arash Zayed, a merchant from Qazwin, his mother, his wives and his concubines. It was many moons that Respected Cyrene, mother to the merchant beseeched her son to find a wife. Many good daughters had she introduced, but none could charm his heart. Thus, she visited Ruksana, the witch who lived just outside town.

“O, my Lady of Wisdom. I come to you in my hour of need. Help me find a wife for my son.”

The purple-eyed witch looks upon Zayed’s mother on her knees before her. “Rise, Cyrene, mother of Arash the merchant.”

‘This is truly a powerful witch’, she thinks, hearing her own name.

“Your son has passions deep, yes, “Ruksana says, “but he is gripped by the demon Aesma: lust fills his loins, but rage pushes all away.”

Cyrene recoils at the invocation of the ancient religions, but in her heart, she accepts the truth of the witch’s divinations.

Ruksana lays out her Falnama cards of oracles then purifies herself in the smoke of perfumed and scented incense.

“I call on the Amesha Spentas, the first spirits of creation for devotion, righteousness, wholeness, desirable dominion, good purpose, holy spirit, and immortality.”

Five cards she opens: Jealousy, Greedy, Migration, the Wakwak Tree and Beast of the Earth.

Cyrene is enraptured by the beauty of the cards and her fear of their meaning.

Ruksana speaks: “The first two are past and present, the third what must happen, the last two, the future.”

“Arash has been angry, jealous and greedy of late,” his mother softly says, embarrassed by her judgement of her son.

The witch’s eyes narrow: “He must travel to find Gaokerena, the life-giving haoma plant growing near the Tree of All Seeds in the center of the Vourukash Sea.”



“Mother, where have you been!” Arash thunders upon Cyrene’s return. “You have been away for three days! Do you know that the neighbors pity me because of you? They already laugh at us because we have fewer servants than they. Where were you? Out gallivanting with some suitor?”

Cyrene’s cheeks burn from his cruel scolding. She also remembers what Ruksana had said about him; that he probably was in need of oral satisfaction. Only the witch said it differently. Cyrene gives Arash her rehearsed answer: “My son, the emir is looking for a wondrous plant.”

“What plant?” the merchant’s asks with greedy eyes.

The story Ruksana told her to memorize is about one of the emir’s children who had grown ill. He would reward any man who fetched the cure. Because Arash doesn’t move in those circles, he wouldn’t be able to tell it was not true. Just as the witch predicted, he pounces on the opportunity to gain favor and riches from his ruler. The house of Zayed changes into a whirlwind of preparations for the voyage to the Vourukash Sea. His first task: find a ship in the port of Nowshahr. Arash tightens his jaw.



“There is a small island in the center of the Vourukash Sea,” Captain Nisbad says stroking his beard, “but no one goes there; just birds.”

Merchant Zayed nods. It’s the way that he does that alerts the captain. There is something there and it has to do with money. But what?

After Zayed retires for the night, the captain calls in Nazneen.

Her dark doe eyes, round hips and full breasts have uncovered many secrets for him. Men will sell their mothers for her. And tonight, Nisbad will know what that merchant is hiding from him. She never disappoints.

Arash Zayed is lying awake. Tomorrow he will sail into the good graces of the emir. He long dreamed about being a merchant for his ruler, advising him on trade, negotiating good prices and acquiring great wealth. Nothing will stop him. A knock on the door interrupts him.

Nazneen throws him a smoldering glance before quickly lowering her eyes. A glance is all she needs. Apologizing for the interruption, she places a tray with wine and goblets on the dresser. She wriggles her body and feels his gaze burning on her. She bends over picking up a napkin.

Zayed hasn't felt the touch of a woman in many moons. His manhood rises under the covers. He smiles at her blush. "May I know the name of the heavenly angel serving me my wine?"

"Nazneen, my lord," she answers shyly. "Is there anything else I can do for you?"

"Yes, my lovely."

They exchange the tenderest of kisses, like the wings of butterflies. She smells of fresh cinnamon and roses. Fayed helps her hand find his stiffness. His own hand finds the rim of her blouse and lifts it. He plays her nipples like a *setar* and asks for her lips on his *ney*. His head is burning with promise when her tongue licks it. Then she takes him in her mouth, folding her lips around her teeth. Zayed lays back deep into the silk pillow. Then he follows the curve of her divine ass towards her slit. She is almost as wet as she had makes him.

Only seeing her eyes (she hides her face behind her veil) Zayed feels her warm pussy grip his cock. Nazneen then moves her hips in circles, squeezing and lifting so now and then. She knows he won't last long. And he doesn't. She pinches her nipples feeling his juice spurt into her.



Arash wakes up, Nazreen gently caressing his chest.

“Thank you, my lord,” her tone like honey, “for this wonderful night. I will pray for your safe return.”

She kisses him telling him she hopes his voyage isn’t too dangerous.



“A plant?” Nisbad asks her later that morning.

“For the emir,” Nazreen answers. “It will make him rich.”



The winds are auspicious, so that the voyage to the small island in the center of the Vourukash Sea is uneventful. That is just how Merchant Zayed likes it. Refreshed by his night with Nazreen, Arash feels the prophet’s kiss on his adventure. Captain Nisbad smiles proudly.

“At dawn, you’ll be able to disembark,” the captain tells Zayed, “best not risk it in the middle of the night, my friend.”

Anxious to find the plant, Arash grimaces.

The captain claps him on the shoulder: “A few hours more won’t make a difference, Zayed.”

Nisbad is right.

Nisbad’s smile falls when the merchant leaves the galley. In a few hours, he will reach the shore and ride to the emir’s palace and collect the reward. A new ship, some fine clothes, a rich home is what he will buy. The women will follow. Merchant Zayed will be a watery memory.



The night is comfortably warm. Zayed smiles in his sleep, his thoughts with Nazreen. His manhood remembers her as well. He can almost feel her lips on him, her warmth, her touch. His eyelids butterfly open. He even thinks he can make out her shape, her hand stroking him. The scent of the sea tickles his nose. His eyes

focus. What he sees, makes him gasp in wonder. A feminine form is touching him, licking him, nibbling him. Only her legs aren't legs. A smooth form ends in a big fin. The mermaid looks up and smiles at him, her eyes luminescent. Her breasts are bare, pearl shape with little pink nipples. The mermaid takes him in her mouth, making delightful suction sounds. All the while her eyes look into his. There is a hint of a smile in them, and a blissful promise. Arash can't tear his gaze away from her. When her tongue starts circling his tip, Zayed feels the fountain of his pleasure rising. The mermaid's hand gently takes hold of his balls and kneads ever so featherlike. Arash is at a loss how to hold the flow of his eruption. And why should he? His cock starts stuttering.

"Let me taste you," the mermaid whispers. A first splash of his juice splatters her face. Her soft, pink lips close around his cock again. She mmm-s softly as she swallows his seed.

Zayed wills himself to keep his eyes open, enthralled by his shiny man-goo blotched on her. Catching his breath, Arash absorbs the wondrous creature at his bedside. Her face is round, her skin smooth. Her golden locks are wet and entangled, as if after a tryst. Her eyes are made of stars, twinkling and shining.

"Beautiful lady of the sea. Your beauty overwhelms me."

The mermaid wipes her face with her tail. Arash never saw anything as tantalizing as this.

"Thank you for breakfast, human," she speaks haltingly, "and for not chasing me away. Because you have been so kind, I will warn about the captain on this vessel. Do not trust him."

Arash Zayed doesn't know what to make of the mermaids warning about Captain Nisbad. Then, his suspicious mind wonders what he might have told the beautiful cabin girl Nazneen. He remembers telling her about the plant for the emir and the riches it will bring him. The memory of Nazneen, her scent of fresh cinnamon and roses, her hand on his stiffness, makes his manhood twitch. But there is no time for this now. Zayed needs a plan on how to survive the trip. Most likely, after finding the plant, the captain will leave him behind or worse. He wishes that instead of staring at her tail, Zayed asked the mermaid

what she knows. Normally, he offers some kind of bargain, but a seat at the emir's table isn't something he can afford. And it's too late to suggest that the plant isn't for the emir. Or is it? Maybe he can tell Nisbad it was a lie? Or that Nazneen misunderstood? No. They would know he suspects them and decide to get rid of him anyway. They want the plant and there is nothing Arash can do about it. Even if he gives up the plant, his life is in danger.

Can he appeal to Nazneen? No. Arash already knows on which side she is on. Will she willingly participate in his death? It seems unbelievable, but Zayed has met some terrifying women before. He can't gamble on her sympathy for him. She won't help him if it meant riches.

Does he have time to seduce her? Would it work? Zayed is sure it won't. While his mother is always pushing him to get married, Arash knows better. Women cannot be trusted, they will always choose themselves, just like Nazneen, and Captain Nisbad.

"Think Zayed, think!"

Even if he manages to escape, they will simply get the plant and take it to the emir. How could he escape anyway? He can't swim back to port. No, he's cornered. And the worse thing is that he did it himself. He had to boast about his future fortune to Nazneen. What future?

A knock on the door and Captain Nisbad enters. Only now does Zayed see the short sword on his belt. The merchant in Zayed can't help evaluate it: silver hilt and decorated silver scabbard. This is more than just a seaman's weapon. Arash feels some consolation in its quality.

"Time to find your plant, Zayed," Nisbad grins.

"Plant? What plant?" Arash answers.

"Don't play me for a fool. You're looking for a plant for the emir."

"There must be some mistake. I told Nazneen that I'm looking for a specific shell, captain."

"What shell?" Nisbad squints.

"It's a rare cerith in the shape of a horn shell. It can be ground to a dust and mixed with herbs. It is then cooked into a medicinal tea said to increase a man's desire and stamina," Zayed lectures.

“Everyone knows the emir isn’t performing his marital duties in his harem.”

Captain Nisbad is sure that Merchant Zayed is up to something. Probably trying to confuse him, or worse, trying to drive a wedge between Nazreen and him. That won’t work. He trusts Nazreen with his life.

“Plant or shell,” he asks her.

“He said plant.” Her tone is decided.

Zayed lifts his hands in front of him. “Look, I’m sorry for the confusion. I may have said plant... I’m sorry. We can look for a special plant and a special shell. If they are rare, you’ll recognize them immediately.”

Arash is careful not to clench his jaw. His gambit doesn’t work.

Nazreen suggests they collect all the shells and plants that looked different. The emir will know which one he needs. She believes Zayed. He has no reason to try to cheat them; he has nothing to gain by it. On the contrary, he would invite certain death. Nisbad nods to her.



It takes the crew a few hours to scour the island and collect shells and plants. A lot more than Nisbad had hoped. They lay them all down on the deck of the ship. Nazreen and he inspect all of them and throw the most common ones overboard. He wants no more than ten of each. Nazreen also observes Zayed for a reaction while Nisbad and she select the shells and plants. She only notices him looking at the one shell.

“I think that’s the one,” the merchant says.

They keep five shells.

Looking over the plants, three stand out. It should be one of them. It takes Zayed a superhuman effort not to look at the plants, just the shells on the deck. He already knows which plant it is. The Tree of all Seed isn’t very imposing, neither is the hamoa plant growing near it. The crew almost overlooked them both. It’s still on the ship. It’s impossible to pick it up without Nisbad noticing. The only way he can still get his hands on it, is if they

throw it overboard. He can come back for it later... if he survives the trip back. Arash likes to think of himself as a shrewd businessman. His life depends on it. In his mind, Zayed picks the most noticeable plant and gives it a quick peek. As he hoped, Nazreen catches him. Even better, she tells Captain Nisbad to keep it and four others and throw the haoma plant overboard.

The captain turns to him now. "And what should we do with you?"

"I don't understand? You have what you want. Just take me back."

"You could alert the guards," Nisbad sneers.

"And tell them what? Pirates robbed me of a special shell for the emir?"

The captain thinks that sounds weak as well. But he doesn't want to take Zayed back with him. In the end, Nisbad leaves Zayed behind on the island—alive.

"It could have been worse," the merchant consols himself. He even retrieves the haoma plant. Swimming, he won't make it to shore in any direction.

"Do you need some company?" the mermaid asks, her tits swaying.

Arash Zayed can't help peeking down at the mermaid's nipples. The silver-green scales of her tail fade as it goes higher up her body. There are some visible on her sides and just a hint on her breasts. The silvery nubs are eye-catching to him. He hears her soft chuckle.

"It's alright," she says, "I haven't seen many humans from up close either." Her eyes shine with mirth.

Arash realizes he doesn't know her name. He asks.

"Magali," the mermaid smiles.

She smiles in the sweetest way when he places his hand on his heart and gives a respectful nod.

"Would you like to taste them," Magali teases, shaking her breasts.

"Very much!" He realizes he would never get an offer like this again. However, he decides to kiss her first. That surprises the mermaid as well.

“You are a kind and generous human,” she says through her lips.

Just like her lips, the mermaid’s nipples taste salty. Zayed flicks his tongue over the left one. Magali holds her breath. He holds her right breast in his hand and carefully squeezes that nipple as well. Then he nibbles a bit.

Magali feels an energy pulse shoot down to her hips.

‘Could this be him?’ Magali wonders. The fate of all mermaids is to have a human mate once in their lives. This is their way. This is how they continued their line. She presses him against her bosom. He is doing wonderful things down there.

‘Yes,’ she decides, ‘this was him.’

Magali pulls Arash into the water. He gasps. Further and further down they go. Zayed struggles to go back up for air, and still she dives deeper. Just when he is sure this is the end for him, the mermaid kisses him. Bubbles tickle into his mouth and refresh his lungs.

Her lips on his, Magali dances the ritual that had been passed down thousands of years. Her tail transforms into two, her pussy appears in between.

Arash gives in to the mermaid’s twists and turns. He feels his cock enter a cool tight opening. When it squeezes him, he’s lost.

Zayed fondles her breasts, his tongue finding hers. Soft feathers float in his head, like snow in a mountain blizzard. He holds onto her ass cheeks next and thrusts into her again and again.

Her eyes look into his with tenderness, their ballet centered around cock and pussy.

With a last groan, Arash pushes into the mermaid, releasing his jizz. His seed fills her, spurt after spurt.

Both the merchant and the mermaid know they have sparked new life in her. A blue-pink light flashes before his eyes. And he’s certain she saw it as well.

Magali sighs.

Only when he takes a breath of outside air, does Arash remember the tightness on his chest when the mermaid pulled him down. Now, however, a comfortable warmth spreads inside

him. The ritual done, her tail is whole again. She kisses him goodbye.

Zayed looks at the familiar shore.



“Mother, I have the plant for the emir!” Arash Zayed crows, entering his home.

Cyrene lets go of the breath she had been holding since her son left in search of the magical plant. Unbeknownst to him, the plant is not meant for the emir, but for the seeress Ruksana. She promised her to use it to find the perfect first wife for Merchant Zayed. It isn't that there aren't enough interested families. Arash simply has no interest in marriage. Gaokerena, the life-giving haoma plant growing near the Tree of All Seeds will change that.

Cyrene can tell her son is too awake and alive to fall asleep soon. He talks of the riches his connection with the emir will bring. ‘He is truly a merchant at heart,’ she concludes. ‘My duty as his mother is to have it open for a woman as well.’ She pours him heavy wine.

Finally, Arash is asleep, breathing heavily. His drunken stupor gives her the opportunity she needs to take the plant.

With Ruksana, she rehearsed what to tell her son when he wakes up: “The emir’s men came to collect it. An invitation for Merchant Zayed will follow soon.”



Her son roars when he discovers the plant missing. He opens every bag and every drawer, emptying the contents on the bed and floor. Arash’s cheeks are still rosy from his drink. He calms when his mother tells him what happened. It’s the end of the midday, after all. Merchant Zayed wants to go to the market and boast about his find. Cyrene isn’t surprised. She’s prepared for this. The seeress had foretold it. This is the crucial moment:

“Arash, go see Ruksana,” she suggests softly, “to help you prepare for the meeting.”

Her son nods.



Zayed almost sneezes at the heavy scent of perfumed incense. A candle stands in each corner of the table. Ruksana's face shines in their light. Four candles on the back of her chair, cast her shadow in the room. The merchant's eyes only now notice the fullness of her breasts.

He holds his breath as Ruksana lays out her Falnama cards of oracles.

"I call on the Amesha Spentas, the first spirits of creation for devotion, righteousness, wholeness, desirable dominion, good purpose, holy spirit, and immortality," the seeress chants.

His heartbeat quickens.

Her purple eyes capture him. "Only after you have found heart, will you be true to your emir." Arash came closer to hear her, his eyes dipping into her bosom. Orange blossom perfume wafts from her to him.

"I have heart," he tries to protest."

"Not a woman's heart..."



His ride back home is cloudy. No, not outside, the weather is beautiful. Storm, wind, rain swirl through his mind. Arash Zayed knows it could be very easy to find a wife, but not a woman he loves and who loves him for who he was instead of for what he does. Ruksana will help.



Ruksana cooks the Gaokerena, the life-giving plant. It smells of wet palm leaves. The plant becomes pasty with the heat. On her table, next to the cauldron, stands a thin figurine of a woman. It could be a young boy as well, if it weren't for the small, protruding breasts. Cyrene watches in awe.

“We will bring this figurine to life,” the seeress tells her. “It will be his future wife. But you will have to give it your son’s lust.”

Zayed’s mother frowns. What does she know about his interest in women? What if she gets it wrong and their plan fails?

Ruksana splats the pasty plant on the figurine. Her eyes are alight because of the wet sounds it made. A blush appears on her cheek when the seeress forms big breasts and a round ass. It resembles an ancient fertility statuette. Cyrene feels the heat crawl between her legs. She blushes when Ruksana gazes into her eyes. “Yes, think of lust, think of stiffness of your nipples, think of the wetness of your lips... those lips!”

Cyrene’s cheeks are on fire. The seeress looks straight at her lap.

“You smell good, O mother of Arash Zayed, like fruit.”

Cyrene hides behind her hands. What is this woman saying to her? It’s true that one of her friends told her to eat limes, lemons and oranges to smell ‘sweet for your man’. She kept that diet even though there was no one in her life anymore.

“What about the young gardener?”

Oh gods, the seeress knows!

“Don’t worry, your secret is safe,” Ruksana’s smile is comforting. “Now you have to tell me what woman Arash lusts for. Does he like the swift and dainty deer? The sleek cat? The strong bear? The haughty falcon? Does he want to hunt or be hunted?”

Cyrene lists the women she introduced to her son. They have different figures, but he seems to like those with broader shoulders with matching breasts and waists. He prefers almond eyes to round or squinting. He smiles at wild, mid-long curls instead of smooth, straight locks. His woman looks like a combination of the carpet merchant’s wife, the garrison commander’s daughter and the gardener’s sister.

The seeress smiles when Cyrene looks up, her eyes shining with hope.

“Make her,” Ruksana whispers, placing the mother’s hands on the wet figurine.

Together they shape Merchant Zayed’s lust. It’s exactly as

Cyrene saw her.

“Now you have to tell me about her soul,” Ruksana encourages. “Does she know her own mind, or must she be directed. Does she play or pray? Does she want him to teach her about her body, or will she?”

It’s easier now: the potter’s shrewd wife, the constable’s spirited daughter and the independent apothecary. Arash wants an equal, not a servant. He wants to be challenged, not pampered. And he wants to trade and not command.

And then, Ruksana blows life into the new *zambānūg*.



Merchant Zayed sits on the veranda overlooking the village of Qazvin. Behind the village Arash sees the Arlburz mountain range with its snow-caped peaks—so massive, that it can be seen from Tehran. The words of Seeress Ruksana weigh heavily upon him: “Not the heart of a woman.”



His mother Cyrene is nervous and sad. The seeress said it was imperative that Arash meet with their *zambānūg* within five days, otherwise their creation would turn back to dust. It’s up to Cyrene to arrange the meeting. Ruksana couldn’t see if he will be convinced to do so.

Cyrene’s sadness stems from her deceit to her son. She prayed for a wife, because he would have none. In an act of desperation, they built one for him: a *zambānūg* they called Rohzin. If not the deception, there was a murder. Rohzin’s destruction would break her heart.

“What did the seeress foretell you, Arash?” She asks her son, already knowing the answer.

“I think Ruksana and you are working together, mother...”

Cyrene’s heart freezes.

“You both want me to have a wife,” he says with a wry smile.

“The seeress is wise, Arash. Heed her words.”

“You introduced me to every woman you could think of, from far and wide. I want none of them. How will I be able to present myself to the emir now?” Cyrene thinks she had taught her son too well. Other men would marry for wealth’s sake. Arash wants to truly love his first wife.

“What else did the seeress say?”

“Nothing more.” Arash looks at the mountain range, his thoughts traveling the distance. Cyrene wants to tell him about Rohzin, but instinctively decides not to. She is angry with herself for playing with his emotions. She hopes it works.

“You always liked the carpet merchant’s wife.”

“Yes. But I’m not going to kill her husband, if that’s what you’re suggesting?”

Cyrene is hurt that he could even think that.

He gives her a pained look. “My apologies, Mother. I spoke in desperation.”

She nods. He’s almost there.

“And the apothecary...”

“Everyone knows she will never marry. Her love is for other women. She doesn’t even hide it.”

“So, if I find a woman like those two, you might finally meet your destiny.”

Arash wants to laugh at how his mother said ‘destiny’ in capital letters. He doesn’t. But it is. It is part of his destiny now. His riches depend on finding a fitting wife. The practical thing to do is to marry one of the good women in Qazvin. His friends told him that if he doesn’t like his first wife, he can always marry another. Arash can’t do it.

Cyrene looks at how her son works his way through his thoughts. In the meantime, she conceives a simple plan for an encounter between Arash and Rohzin. She hastens back to Ruksana to put it in motion. Listing what she needs, the most difficult is to secretly buy a cart.



Descending, Arash ties his caftan. His servant told him a

visitor was asking for his help. When he comes outside, he sees a wonderful woman's bottom. She's bending over the wheel of her cart. Her pants are yellow, her robe is orange—just like his!—and her cotton belt is white.

When she hears him arrive, she turns to him. Curly brown hair, happy amber eyes, and a wide mouth with pink lips and rosy cheeks. Her body is plump and strong: the combination of the carpet merchant's wife and the apothecary.

"Forgive me for appearing unannounced, Master," the woman says. Her voice is soft and decided. She is used to being listened to. "My cart is rattling in a dangerous way, and I respectfully request your assistance in mending it."

Arash's eyes look up from her deep neckline. She blushes a bit and closes her robe.

"Mistress, please come out of the sun. I'll send a servant to fetch the cart maker."

"Thank you. I will pay for the repairs myself, of course."

Arash claps his hands, orders a jug of Sekanjabin syrup and invites his visitor to sit down.

Time flies during their conversation. Merchant Zayed has never met a woman like Rohzin before. She is also a merchant. He isn't surprised—and very happy—that she isn't married. His heart swells when she accepts his invitation to stay the night. The repairs aren't done yet.

After dinner, she takes his hand. In her rooms, she kisses him. Her lips press hard against his. Then they slip open and the tip of her tongue slides into his mouth. She undresses him, and then Rohzin kneels in front of his cock. It needs little coaxing to stand up for her.

Her hand fondles his balls. Arash holds her shoulders and closes his eyes. He looks down into her eyes, pushing away thoughts of Nazreen or Magali. He wants a perfect image of Rohzin's face, her bosom, her full figure—everything that makes her the woman who captured his heart.

Arash pushes her down on the bed. He kisses his way along her generous thighs to her curly bush. Her pink blossom flower peeks through it. Rohzin delicately sucks his cock. He wants to

devour her pussy, then stop, then lick some more until she begs for her release. She does. He kisses her ample breasts. Then, he pushes his stiffness into her. Rohzin gasps. She grabs his ass and pulls him as far as he can go. Her cheeks grow redder and redder as he pumps into her with vigor. Her nipples stiffen, her pussy churns. His jizz geysers into her.



Arash helps Rohzin up onto her cart and holds onto to her hand a bit longer. She smiles.

“Is there something you wish to ask me, Merchant Zayed?”

His cheeks warm, he smiles back.

“When will I see you again, Merchant Rohzin?”

Through her window, Cyrene looks at the happy couple.

THE END OF SEASON 1

LIST OF CHARACTERS

Arash Zayed

Merchant Zayed isn't looking for a wife, but his mother has other plans.

Cyrene

With the help of Seeress Ruksana, Arash's mother, Cyrene, wants to find a wife for him.

Ruksana

The seeress helps Cyrene build a wife for her son.

Captain Nisbad

The captain takes Merchant Zayed to find special plant but decides to keep it for himself.

Nazreen

Captain Nisbad's cabin girl helps him discover Merchant Zayed's secret.

Magali

A mermaid who likes Merchant Zayed and warns him about Captain Nisbad.

Rozhin

The *zambānīg* Ruksana and Cyrene built for Arash Zayed.

THANK YOU FOR READING

I hope you enjoyed Merchant Zayed's Harem Adventures, Season 1. The story is being re-posted on Facebooks [Haremlit Readers group](#), with thanks to the admins.

I hope you enjoyed this short story in the [Cartographer Tremayne](#) universe.

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. The Three Tiffanays, set in 1920s Arabia.

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