

The Three Tiffanys



Season 2

J. Tiffany Moore

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THE THREE TIFFANYS

Season 2

The adventures of *The Three Tiffanys* are set in the 1920s. Three Western women find their way into the harem and heart of the Sultan of Rakal Al Sulem. This time they are looking for the fabled 'Pearl of the Desert.' This season consists of ten episodes published from October 2023 to February 2024.



“In the heart of the vast Arabian desert, where golden sands whispered tales of yore, lay the verdant oasis town of Safa. Amidst its date palms and murmuring waters stood the majestic Al-Sahra Palace, adorned with azure tiles and walls that mirrored the hues of the setting sun.”

The traveling Talesman enchants his audience with “*The Pearl of the Desert: A Tale Woven in the Sands of Time*”. Despite the busy market all around, there is a hushed silence as he tells about a heartbroken princess who sheds tears for her lost love—tears that turn into pearls.

J. Tiffany holds her breath. Her eyes glisten with her own emotions. She can see Princess Laila, the desert’s luminous moon whose beauty is like the first blush of dawn.

“The zephyrs carried whispers of her enchantment to every corner of Safa,” the Talesman continues.

J gasps.

She returns to the palace of Farouz I, who rules the Sultanate of Rakal Al Sulem. J is one of his American wives. There are three, and all three are all called Tiffany. It was easier than she expected to become friends and share their husband with each other and with others. With a slight blush, she recalls the first time the three Tiffanys shared Farouz at the same time. And how Tiffany Walker indulged in the other two Tiffanys as well. J had heard that only women know how to please other women properly. In the case of Tiffany W, it was very true. After a moment of hesitation, J returned the favor. She knew exactly where to press her tongue and how to use her fingers. Tiffany W’s flushed face and the gasps of pleasure was thanks enough.

J smiled, cocked an eyebrow and crawled towards Tiffany Takei, the beautiful Asian wife. Tiffany T's traditional upbringing had not prepared her for this! While J tasted her delectable lower lips, Tiffany W's tongue flicked over the hard-as-pebbles buds of her petite breasts. T's cries of passion surprised even herself. Then her self-consciousness took hold of her. T fled the sultan's bedroom—Tiffany Takei fled into the desert after a row with her father and mother about her future. When Farouz's men found her, she was sunburned and dehydrated.

Later, she heard that Farouz had reprimanded the other two Tiffanys for making her uncomfortable.



It took a couple of weeks, but T wanted to return the favor to her friends. She practiced with fingers on her own lips, and with her tongue on a melon. When J. Tiffany shivered into orgasm, T felt proud... and freed.

Upon entering T's room, J's eyes are shining like that time. T smiled. J had something to tell her.

J. Tiffany, with baited breath, and with emotion in her eyes, told her about 'The Pearl of the Desert'.

Zarina, the sultan's mother, recognizes the tale. What a coup if Farouz found that pearl. She knows The Three Tiffanys are up to the task.



Sheik Rushdi al-Khalaf, Sheik of Jalan, pondered on the newly received intelligence. It's mostly palace gossip, of course. He's learned however, that the tasty titbits of palace news, just like a swift, shows which way the wind blows. If this Desert Pearl exists, it must be his. Farouz's affront to traditions must stop: his three Western wives are the last slap in the face of elder honor! By rights, Rushdi's daughter should have been a high-ranking wife in the harem. He knows other elders are just

as offended. When he finds the Pearl, he will unite them.

“Summon my Astronomer and my Seeress!” Rushi shouts. It’s time for them to earn their pay.

Dafni is first to arrive. Mystical henna decorates her arms, hands and face: intricate and melodious, threads of Past and Future. A midriff-top veils her bosom, sheer pants her ass and legs. Patches matching the color of her skin, hide her gender’s delicacies. His manhood twitches when he sees her prostrated before him. The proper position for women. Her curves call out to him. The only reason, Rushdi hasn’t bedded her is that her powers of prophecy would disappear. Only a ‘Woman of Purity’ can profess futures and wisdom.

Suraq only bows deeply. He says it’s the highest form of respect used at the prestigious Nuzhirah Academy. His ornate robe is decorated with shimmering stars, suns and moons. Rushdi is sure he sees him glance at Dafni’s ass. His uncle gifted him the conceited advisor. Otherwise, he would have had him beheaded long ago. But today, he needs him... and Dafni, the Seeress.

The rivalry between his two advisors is widely known. Rushdi learned long ago that competition for his favor sharpens their council. He will need them at their best to find the mysterious ‘Pearl of the Desert’.

Of course, Dafni knows the legend. Rushdi notices a quick superior glance at Suraq. Rushdi holds his smile. He will favor her this week unless her advice falls short of Suraq’s, who gives a thin smile.

“I will return with insights about this mysterious pearl, O, my Sheik.” She bows deeply, allowing him to glance down her cleavage and almost catch her nipples. He watches her hips sway out of his throne room.

With a silky voice that makes Rushdi’s teeth itch, the Astronomer bows. “As always, Sheik Rushdi, the stars are at the service of your benevolence.” He bows away.

“Pompous ass,” Rushdi mutters.

He calls for his spy master, Rayyit. The quiet man with a straight back informs him that he has already requested their

agent at the palace for daily updates. The Sheik of Janan can always count on him. As quietly as he entered, so he leaves.

Rushdi al-Khalaf can't wait to build his own Palace of the Sultanate, and surround himself with the most beautiful women in his realm. Maybe, he'll even look for another seeress, so he can have Dafni.



Zarina's smile broadens when The Three Tiffanys trot into the Throne room and kneel before the sultan. She can read their love for her son in their faces, just as she notices how his eyes light up when they arrive. It's not surprising their presence raises concerns and jealousies. Farouz looks upon his American wives: J. Tiffany Noore with hair the color of dawn, Tiffany Walker with hair the color of the sun, and Tiffany Takei with hair the color of the deepest night. How these three beautiful and different have captured his heart is still a mystery to him.

"J, you have enchanted me with the tale of the 'Pearl of the Desert'. When you told it, I was the princess' long-lost love. His pain upon leaving her heartbroken was mine. Only my sadness was three-fold because you are my princesses."

Their eyes shine in his.

"Will you help me? Adding this Pearl to my treasures will once again prove to my people that I am the keeper of their traditions. It will silence my enemies who say that I squander our most respected customs. And if you three find the 'Pearl of the Desert', everyone will accept your dedication to us."

Technical Tiffany T is the first to frown. "Is the pearl even real, My Sultan?"

"If it is, my dears, then you are the only ones who can find it."

"Are you so worried about your enemies, O Farouz?" adventurer Tiffany Walker asks.

"A sultan is always concerned about his power base."

"The Pearl will enchant the hearts of men and women alike,

just like a fairytale,” Hollywood J. Tiffany ponders. “Of course, we will help you.”

T looks at her kin-wife with raised eyebrows. “Do you know how to find the pearl, J?”

“No. But maybe this myth has its origin in truth?”

“OK. We can start by researching historical texts...” T concludes.

“I can visit some of my former pearl contacts. Maybe they have some more information?” Tiffany Walker wonders.

“I’ll visit the Talesman again,” J proposes, “to get some more details about the story.”

Farouz nods. This is exactly what he had hoped for. This is precisely why his mother advised him to reach out to The Three Tiffanys. He squeezes her hand, she his. Pride and love swelling his heart, he looks upon his wives, already deep in discussion about how best to address their adventure.

“I will start preparing the desert excursion,” Zarina offers.

“Are you coming with us, Sultana?” J wonders.

“Dear me, no. You three lovely ladies are already more than the desert can handle.”

A shy smile passes over J’s face.

“All of our resources are at your disposal,” Farouz adds. “Do I tell you often enough how much I love and admire you?”

“Never enough,” Tiffany W laughs. “Say it again...”

Farouz has a serious face. “You know I love all my wives and concubines, but you have enriched my life like no other women, except my mother. The stars destined it so.”



The reason Tiffany Walker left New York for the Arabian Peninsula was to take advantage of the failing pearling industry there. She knew a lot of women in the city wanted pearl necklaces—well the real ones. Although she also knew some who wanted the more liquid kind as well. So, she offers to check out her old contacts to find out more about the ‘Pearl of the Desert’. Does it exist? Has it been found? Are there

interested parties? W. asks Farouz for some spending money. “You know, just to make sure people will be more cooperative”. The Sultan smiles. Especially when she folds some bills and hides them in her décolleté. He can’t get enough of her luscious twin mounds. W ‘ahem’s’ him back up. He looks in her eyes and lifts an eyebrow. When he did that on their first date, Tiffany knew he was the one. She let him wait 3 months.

W asks Tiffany T to come with her. Two foreign women would not arouse suspicion. When J huffs why she can’t come as well, W merely mentions she looks too intelligent. That comment gets frowns all round. T starts talking about her engineering degree, before W pulls her along.

“Did you really make him wait three months?” Tiffany Takei asks the New York blonde.

“For his first kiss...”

“Wha-Not even for... you know...”

“That took another three months,” W smiles coyly. “He only lasted fifteen minutes.”

T teehees at the revelation. How different it was for her.

The pearl markets are all gone. Tiffany W knew this was happening. Her plan was to buy up every last batch she could, then go back to sell them at home. She managed to get her hands on a lot of pearls from the more desperate divers. Instead of returning, she sent back packages. Farouz was the reason she stayed. The money from her business was enough to give her a year of comfortable living and partying in Rakal Al Sulem. It was at one of the parties that she met him. Tiffany W didn’t know who he was at the time. But the jealous looks she got, told her. Of course, it helps if someone is important and wealthy. But W liked him before she knew all this. He was oddly respectful, maybe even bashful, for a man in Arabia. Especially an important man. All the others just assumed she would drop in their arms... and beds. Farouz didn’t.

When he waited three months for the first kiss, she was his. And he was hers... Like a lovesick puppy. It was so sweet.

But to business. W finds one of her contacts. He deals in

antiques now. His eyes gleam when he sees the two foreign women visit his stall. Then he recognizes W. He knows she's with Farouz now, and he doesn't want any trouble. He quickly reveals Sheik Rushdi al-Khalaf is also interested in the 'Pearl of the Desert'. But the story is just that: a story. And a hoax. Anyone will claim they have it in their possession, but they're all fake.



Farouz's bed is circled in candles and incense. Lying on his side, he kneads and suckles J Tiffany's right breast. Tiffany W rubs hers along his back, Tiffany T hers along his legs and middle on the front. His hard shaft is enjoying the attention of these three passionate women. W suggested they smooth in Rashid's involvement slowly and sensuously. On the other hand, why would they spoil this blissful moment by talking about his greatest rival in the sultanate? More importantly, how did the sheik find out about the 'Pearl of the Desert', W wonders? Answering that question is easy: he has a spy in the Palace. It's to be expected, but will still be a blow for Farouz after Mirina's recent betrayal. Although, Farouz is accustomed to power plays, more than W is comfortable with. She doesn't know how he does it? She hugs him. Farouz turns his head and kisses the exquisite blonde. He feels her affection for him, stiffening him so much more, much to the surprise of Tiffany T, who has her boobs wrapped around his manhood. Or, as much as she can, given her petite frame. Her hard nipples do wonders for him.

J Tiffany giggles when he crosses his eyes. T has taken him in her mouth.

"O, my handsome Sultan, I can tell our dark-haired engineer is working on your tool!"

Farouz groans at the bad pun. J bites his nose in mock indignation.

"Urgh," he manages, but only because T cups his balls. And And W tickles his ear with her tongue.

J watches how T lovingly sucks on his tip, bobbing just a tad. “Just checking his hydraulics, are we?” she laughs. Before Farouz can react, J plants her lips on his and starts a tongue dance. W’s hand snakes its way to his chest and nipple.

Farouz caresses T’s hair with both hands. He guides her speed and direction. Gurgling when W circles his right nipple, sucking as J offers him hers, he floats his way to star sparkling release. Unlike in the beginning, Tiffany T keeps sucking, and swallowing his spurting jizz. J kisses his lips again, W his neck. Two pair of hands slide over his body, his back, his chest, his bum, his legs. Even if he wanted to, Farouz would not be able to keep his eyes open under the overwhelming assault on his senses. He whimpers as his last spurt jets in T’s mouth.

“Is our night still young, my Prince?” W whispers in his ear. Farouz’s sleepy smile is all the answer she needs. There will be more frolicking this night. Her nipples grow stiff in anticipation. She catches J mouthing to T “well done!” The Three Tiffanys change places around him.

At breakfast, after an entangled, amorous and somewhat sleepless night, Tiffany Walker tells Farouz about Rashid. His mood is immediately serious, because he realizes this means there is a spy in his court. Someone who can overhear his conversations with his wives and his mother.



The lieutenant stands at attention when Tiffany Walker visits the Navy base. She opted for a conservative cream-colored long-sleeved blouse, with navy blue palazzo pants, a green shawl and a straw wide-brimmed hat. Sunglasses give away her modernity, her blonde hair her heritage. W keeps her eyes straight when walks behind the lieutenant. The sailors fall over each other to catch a glance of her. Some whistle and call out. Others wave. The young officer casts two sideways glances at his men, silencing them all. W notices the murmur about the Sultan. It isn’t a large Navy, but it’s bigger than that of his neighbors. Most importantly, they have new diving wet suits.

And that is what Tiffany W is here to borrow. With red cheeks, the lieutenant holds each suit in front of her to determine if it would fit, ignoring her boobs. Or at least, trying to. Only one was long enough for her. It seems she is taller than the divers. A trickle of perspiration sliding down from his temple, the lieutenant turns around while he hears her rustling out of her clothes and fit into the diving suit. His heart pounds.



Tiffany Takei joins W, and steers their boat to the indicated position along the coast. The blonde's blue eyes are barely visible behind her goggles and respirator. But she's smiling. Water splashes over the side of the boat. T follows the string of rising white bubbles.

The water is beautifully transparent. W sees rays of sun diving alongside of her. A small school of glittering silver fish scatters when she passes them, only to regroup when she leaves. This is what Tiffany W hoped for when she came here from New York: clear waters, adventure! Her hand disappears in a bush of waving leaves. It tickles. Then she feels the rough edges of the oysters. They like the shade. Tiffany W collects five of them, hoping that one will contain a sensuous pearl that could pass for the 'Pearl of the Desert'. It's part of a backup plan.

Farouz agreed to it, but only in case of an emergency. He feels strongly that he shouldn't trick his people, even his enemies. "Trust is like incense, when it burns it leaves a pleasant smell, but when it disappears it never returns." This is why Tiffany W fell in love with him.

While W gets out of her diving suit, Tiffany T snaps open one of the oysters. There is a pearl inside. It's iridescent sheen changes color when she rolls it between her fingers.

"A rainbow pearl!" W yays.

It's smooth and perfectly rounded. Its strong luster shines in the sunlight.



In the marketplace, J. Tiffany seeks out the Talesman again. Maybe the story of princess Laila can give more clues about the ‘Pearl of the Desert’. Even though the tale is probably made up, it’s worth investigating further. Sometimes myths are based on truth. She’ll find out.



Farouz finds Tiffany Takei in his library. He comes here sometimes to pick a random book. He trusts it will contain the wisdom he will need some day. He’s not surprised to find his studious wife here. The line between her brows is as lovely as she is.

Tiffany T doesn’t hear him. She is engulfed in an atlas of Rakal Al Sulem. It’s more extensive than she thought. Most importantly, it’s not all desert. T makes a point of checking Jalan as well, Sheik Rushdi al-Khalaf’s domain. That, however, looks mostly like desert. So, it’s no surprise that he’s jealous.

Farouz observes how T’s slender fingers slide across the pages of the atlas. She found Jalan. He smiles when she taps her finger on its location. There is something endearing about the way she researches. It shows her devotion to the task at hand, and hopefully to him as well.

T notices there’s someone nearby. A kiss on her neck makes her smile. She turns to Farouz and kisses him full on the lips... in public! This is something that a few months ago would have been impossible for her. Adding tongue, even more so. Now, it’s all a fairy tale for her. She has never felt this free before. Of course, there are many restrictions here as well. But those make sense. It’s a royal court after all. There are protocols and rules of propriety. It’s hard to put into words, but her spirit is free. Farouz doesn’t ‘allow’, he ‘encourages’. When Farouz cops a feel of her left breast, that’s more than Tiffany T can take in public—even in an empty library. She pushes his hand away, and feels his smile in their kiss.

“Tonight,” she promises.

His eyes sparkle in hers.

Months ago, she would never have said this to a man.

“What have you found out?” Farouz asks, reluctantly letting her go. Just one more little kiss. He loves her cute smile.

“Nothing yet, O my Sultan,” she teases. (She never did this before either!) “I’m looking for Safa and Al-Sahra Palace. They’re not on this map of the sultanate.”

She quickly gives him a little kiss as well. “I’ll work my way back to older maps of your family’s domain. If I can’t find anything there, I’ll look for ancient ruins. Maybe J can get some more information from the Talesman, maybe landmarks or other indications of a location.”

Farouz loves it how Tiffany T’s eyes shine with excitement at her task. What a beauty she is right now!

“Come with me,” he commands curtly.

Expecting him to lead her to other helpful books, T readily agrees. Once she recognizes the hall to his bedroom, she frowns in expectation.

Nipples stiff, his tongue on her clit, T trembles into another orgasm. When she tries to catch her breath, his cock enters her more than well-lubricated pussy. She groans in delight.

Farouz is alight with passion for his exotic wife. He bangs into her, all fired up by his love.



“We observed The Three Tiffanys in the Sultan’s palace, my sheik,” Rayyit, the spy master, informs Rushdi.

The sheik’s inner voice drowns out what follows with “Soon to be my palace!”

“... studying historic maps. I’m awaiting confirmation on the findings of the one called Walker.”

“The Three Tiffanys?” Suraq, the astrologer, asks.

A disquieting silence answers him.

Biting his teeth and forcing a quick smile, he explains, “Alignment of al-Mushtari, the benevolent guardian of

prosperity, and Nabtūn, the king of the waters, indicate three maidens and treasure.”

“The tale starts and ends with the third Tiffany.” Dafni wonders.

Rushdi likes it that Rayyit never looks at his seeress as he would a woman. How he manages to ignore her femininity covered with mystical henna is impressive. Very unlike the court advisor his uncle gifted him. He decides to let this little scene play out for a moment longer.

Rayyit tells them about J. Tiffany Noore’s second meeting with the Talesman. He awaits an update from his palace informant about that.

Rushdi wonders which advisor his silence will draw out. He hopes it’s Suraq. He takes the opportunity to let his eyes to roam over the seeress’ sheer pants, exposed waist, and jeweled bellybutton. He will find a replacement for her before he becomes sultan. Bedding Dafni has been in the cards for a long time, allowing himself this little play on words.

It’s Suraq. “O my sheik, I will continue to delve into the celestial tapestry, seeking insights into the fate of three maidens. Are they destined to uncover a hidden treasure? The stars whisper of an auspicious celestial alignment, signaling a period of serendipitous discoveries.”

Clever, although a bit disappointing. Rushdi recognizes his astrologer’s attempt to find some wiggle room. For Dafni, he prefers a room to wiggle. His little sheik stretches at the expected moistness of the seeress sitting on his lap, the henna symbols of Past and Future dancing. He’s going to summon his vizier to find a new seeress immediately. His little sheik can’t wait any longer!

Dafni observes how her benefactor’s passions transform his face. His greedy eyes, lip-licking-tongue, hip-shifting, crotch-freeing movements easily reveal his passion for her. His energies shifted into one clear conclusion: she will be his soon. So far, the requirement of her continued virtue favoring her predictive magic, kept him at bay. It would either be her lack of usefulness or his lack of patience that would break the spell.

His impatience won.

Straightening her back, the seeress gracefully turns the palms of her hands up. “O sheik, sands hide the object of this myth. Their dance with the winds—though delightful—can blur our eyes. Turned to storm, they hide dangers within... like three resourceful and duplicitous women.”



The Three ‘Tiffanys’ bottoms bent over at the foot of his bed arouse Farouz to no end. Guided by his merciless, stiff cock, he pumps into them with wild and random abandon. The different sounds, giggles and moans each Tiffany makes, only further enervates this frenzied fantasy. Tiffany Takei has a small round butt, Tiffany Walker has heart shaped one, and J. Tiffany Noore has full, rounded ass cheeks. Farouz loves them all. He delights in how they wobble when he bangs into them. It’s no surprise to him that Tiffany W is the first to push back in rhythm. Although the ‘Pearl of the Desert’ has not been found yet, this is his way of rewarding his three American wives, for uncovering its location. The Three Tiffanys recognize his last grunt, and quickly kneel in front of him, ready to receive his seed. Farouz’s knees almost give out.



Helped by the extra details J got from the Talesman, T identifies what could be the ruin of the Al-Sahra Palace where the oasis town of Safa could have been. A long shot. Ever the adventuress, W suggests riding out there. It would be too easy for Rushdi to follow a large caravan.

J rode a dromedary once. It was when she was filming ‘The Sheik’. All the crew were rewarded with a camel ride. For T and W, this is the first time. T almost fell off when her animal stood up, hind legs first. After one hour, W needs to stop, unable to find a comfortable rhythm. Once J explains it’s more like a boat rocking, W retries. It’s better.

It takes them five days to arrive at their destination, welcomed only by sandy dunes. The dromedary's height allows them to get a good all-round view. Nothing. Unrelented, W suggests they set up their camp here.

The first night is horrible. A desert storm shakes their tents loose. They spend most of the time making sure they stay well fastened. The rest of the time, they spend hoping the blowing sands don't cover them entirely. T worries about the dromedaries, but they seem to be fine. At dawn, they dig out their tents and pitch them on a new flat clearing, taking last night wind direction into account. J says the heat will be unbearable soon, so they need to secure the canopy. They'll only be able to work at dusk and at dawn. During the day it's best to rest. For Tiffany Takei, the temperature brings back bad memories of being lost in the desert. W has to hold her back from drinking too much water. They rationed it for a two-week trip, because they couldn't carry more. If they have to stay longer, they need to find the Safa oasis.

In the early dusk, J gets up on a dromedary and rides to the highest dune. Using what light is left, she binoculars her surroundings. There! A tuft of the top of a palm tree. The shifting sands made it invisible for them yesterday. "It's best to head out there now," she calls out.

Clawing their way through the sand, they reach what J saw. It's the top of a palm tree alright, and only that. It blows away in the strong wind.

T is worried they're in the wrong place, that she read the map all wrong. J wonders if she gave the right details to the others.

The Three Tiffanys huddle together in a cold tent. An angry wind tugs at its flaps. J. Tiffany reads the story of the 'Pearl of the Desert' as the Talesman told it. However, each time she heard him recite it, he changed words and details. Her favorite part is about Leila's love. "The wind also sang of Jamil, a poet whose verses flowed like the ancient Tigris, powerful and serene. He was Laila's heart's compass, guiding her through storms of longing. Every night, beneath the velvet canopy of

stars, he would serenade her...” J quickly skips down the poem. “Al-Qutb stands guard over the silent waters that whisper into the desert, where the scorpion’s tail sinks into the horizon at the hour when night and day embrace in fleeting twilight. The last rays of the sun kiss the peak of Mount Amīrah.” This J coaxed out of the storyteller. It may be a clue to the location. “T, do you know what Al-Qutb is?”

Tiffany Walker answers: “Easy. That’s the North Star. Why?”

J sits up. “And have you found anything about Mount Amīrah?”

“No, J. I told you before,” T says.

“What about in combination with the scorpion’s tail? Scorpio?”

“That’s in de middle of the Milky Way... Give me every clue in the story about stars, moons, time.”

After J does, T doesn’t have very much to work on. Mount Amīrah—meaning Princess—could be anywhere.

“A lonely, single mountain is the only thing that makes sense,” W suggests.

Looking at the copy of one of the older maps, Tiffany Takei runs her finger over different mountain ranges. She stops at Mount Zia, and taps on it. “It’s not far!”

“Do we have enough rations to get there?” W worries.

“Barely. Do we go back?”

“It’s risky, but we should continue.”

Three days later, they arrive at the foot of Mount Zia. W climbs onto a higher terrace, and helps the other up.

“The last rays of the sun kiss the peak of Mount Amīrah. Twin palms, like sentinels, hide the hidden spring of Safa,” J recites.

The Three Tiffanys scan the horizon. J’s heart skips a beat. She taps W on the shoulder and points. T turns her binoculars as well. The twin palms.

Scrambling down there, J smells water. Through the sounds of wind and sand, she also hears a low gurgling sound. Definitely water! They search the area: a cave opening! They

climb down to find water. Deeper into the cave, they see ruins.



Rayyit and his men spy The Three Tiffanys climbing down. He orders one of them to go inform the sheik. The rest surround the opening, and wait for the sultan's wives to reappear with the "Pearl of the Desert".

THE END OF SEASON 2

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 finding the 'Pearl of the Desert'.

Sheik Rushdi al-Halaf

The Sheik of Jalan and rival of Sultan Farouz I.

Dafni

Mystical and shapely seeress in the service of Sheik Rushdi.

Suraq

Sheik Rushdi's pompous court astrologer.

Rayyit

Sheik Rushdi's spy master.

THANK YOU FOR READING

I hope you enjoyed The Three Tiffanys, Season 2.

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

Please read [Season 1](#).

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.

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Kisses,
-Tiffany