

# MERCHANT LAYED'S HAREM ADVENTURES



Season 3

*J. Tiffany Moore*



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Edition 1.2, March 2024

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**MERCHANT ZAYED'S HAREM**  
**ADVENTURES**  
*Season 3*

These are the adventures of Merchant Arash Zayed. This season consists of ten episodes of ten tweets each, published from October 2023 to February 2024. This story is set in the Persian world of the 1001 nights. Merchant Arash Zayed is sent on a mission to find an unknown treasure, while his first wife and his mother prepare his second wedding.



“In Pairidaeza, where love’s flame burns bright,  
Two hearts entwined, in pure delight.  
Beneath the cypress trees so tall,  
Their love eternal, their love for all.”

Arash Zayed, lying on his new wife’s lap reading this poem to her, bathes in the brightness of her amber eyes.

“The birds do sing, the fountains flow,  
As love’s sweet nectar they bestow.  
Their souls united, their love unbound,  
In Pairidaeza, where true love is found.”

His manhood stirs. Her smile is full of sensual promise.

As quick as a bird’s wing flutters, Rohzin notices it grow.

Rohzin kisses him, her breasts pressing against his ear. More noticeable stirs.

Merchant Zayed concentrates on the last verse:

“Oh, love so pure, so true, so deep,  
In Pairidaeza, where love’s seeds sleep.  
To blossom forth, in radiant bloom,  
A love eternal, beyond the tomb.”

He reaches for her fullness, softly squeezing, deftly searching for the hard nib of her nipple. Rohzin sighs when he finds it. Her eyes close. She lavishes in her lover’s caresses, her own passion awakening playfully. Rohzin slides her hand over his chest towards his belt.

“O beauty, let me sing your praise,” Arash improvises.

“And bask in your enchanting rays.

For you are all that I desire,

My heart's one love, my soul's on fire.  
Your curves, like hills and valleys sweet,  
A feast for weary eyes to eat."

The last words are lost in her kisses.

As Rohzin grabs his stiffness, there is a knock on the door.

"My poor lovebirds," Cyrene pouts from outside, "a messenger from the emir has arrived."

Arash opens, face flushed. Cyrene hides her quick smile. Her heart flies with their happiness, awakening past emotions of her own. She forces herself not to look at his crotch, assuming there must be something there.

All business now, the merchant meets with the messenger, then calls for his horse to be saddled. He rushes to his new responsibilities. "A meeting with the Emir" Cyrene and Rohzin hear him say.



When Arash returns, he frowns telling his wife and mother about the curious task from the emir. He needs to visit Terjenli in the Golestan region to find a wise man, and trade for an unknown treasure. "You will know it when you see it," the Emir dismissed him.

Is he being set up?

Although not far, the mountainous trek will take several days. Villagers will tell him where to find the wise man. He obviously won't ask them about what the treasure could be. Maybe someone in the tavern will tell him anyway. Arash will need all his skills to make this trade.

Wasps swarm his brain, keeping him from slumber, and lovemaking. Each insect is an angle Arash can think of about the emir's curious task. Rohzin's loving fingers on his temples finally bring rest to his busy head.

He wakes up early to make preparations for the trip to Terjenli.



Shaheen's tread was true. Merchant Zayed bought his reddish-brown horse last summer. He chose it for its swiftness and agility—and one white sock. He owns other horses, of course. But for the trip to Terjenli, in the rugged mountains of Golestan, he decided Shaheen would do best. They aren't there yet. Arash estimated that, depending on his ability to find shelter and water, he would reach his destination in six days. He still feels that this is a strange mission: returning with an unknown treasure from a wise man. It's a test! The emir knows what it is. When Zayed brings the emir anything but the right treasure, he will be punished.

And why send a merchant? Why not a regiment of soldiers? The emir said nothing about what he could trade with. He would never expect Arash to pay for the treasure himself, would he? No, he wouldn't.

The first night is falling fast. Zayed finds a little stream. He makes his camp near soft grasses Shaheen prefers.



Sparks of his fire float towards the stars in the sky. Arash follows them. His mind drifts to beautiful Rohzin. In his mind's eye he sees her smile, and her breasts. Her cool fingers tease his hardening cock. Arash closes his eyes and let's this delight wash over him. He feels her slow soft strokes. Her other fingers caress his balls. He grunts when her lips find his tip, kiss his length downward, and nibble all the way back up. He sighs. It's followed by a lazy smile. Familiar sensations stir his lust.

He pushes Rohzin down, kissing her, kneading her ample breast, nuzzling his way down to her Gate of Passion. It's her turn to squirm. He loves how his tongue feels on her slit, snaking through her bush, tasting her. He loves the sounds she makes. Her quickening breath, the rising pitch of her moans, the lowering of her growls.

Rozhin writhes against him, looking for and finding that perfect spot that leads to greater bliss.

He smiles when she makes a new sound, adorable singing



mmm's.

Her body gasps in delight. She pulls his face on her pussy lips and rolls her hips to catch every elusive orgasmic tremor teasing through her body.

Arash's lips probe inside of her, tasting her wetness, igniting another blissful shiver in his beloved. Smiling, loving he looks up. Fiery amber eyes shine in his. Atossa!

The princess gets on her knees, tweaking her nipples in her after-glow. Her finger crooks at him. He stands. She takes his cock in her mouth, and licks, and sucks, and kisses. Her talented lips blow the warmth of her love into his balls. The scent of her climax intoxicates his senses. Her lips enflame his lust. Her eyes inspire his passion. When a fingernail lightly caresses his scrotum, he knows his river will overflow. The stars in the sky don't do justice to the fireworks building up within him. He closes his eyes.

When dampness replaces the fingernail, he opens his eyes again. Rohzin!

Her silky tongue slides of his roundness. Then she plops one testicle in her mouth, looking him in the eyes with adoration.

Atossa runs her hand along his length. Her eyes too sparkle with endless love. For him!

Their love envelops him completely. Shaking, he spurts his answer on both their faces. Not one, not two, nor three, nor four, but six jets of essence paint a loving picture on them. His beautiful wives!

Atossa and Rohzin kiss as kin-wives, smearing his devotion on each other.



Happy, Rohzin wakes to the song of the nightingale. Even though she was created as an adult woman, the zambānūg is only a couple of weeks old, and still delights in many of the worldly happenings. As a game, Rohzin once ranked her experiences so far, like enjoying a sunny morning. Stretching in that morning sun is also wonderfully refreshing. Not surprisingly, kissing Arash and sex with him get a high score. At the top of the list, though, is

when Arash licks and kisses her womanhood. The sensual energy coursing through her body when he does, is addictive. A walk in Cyrene's garden to cool in the shade is tremendously rewarding. So, after breakfast Rohzin will do just that.



Cyrene loves the scents of her garden. Even now, she lets herself be intoxicated by the all the perfumes her flowers wear. She mmm's in delight at the gardener. The strong young man bumps into her with a lazy rhythm that sets her senses on fire. Their affair is only a couple of months old. Cyrene did not expect him to make these kinds of advances on a woman her age. But he seemed sincere, especially when she bared her firm breasts at him. His stiffy squirted instantly. It was flattering, of course. But Cyrene would have preferred his semen inside of her. How she had missed that since her husband died. The young man, however, was able to cum a second time, igniting shudders of ecstasy in every part of her body.

She is bent over a low wall, her tits swinging free. She loves how he plays with her right one now. His rod pushing and pulling in her, the squishy sound that makes, the slapping of his pelvis against her ass, overwhelms all her sensitivities. He rolls the hard bud of her breast. That last squeeze starts the tremors in her pussy, flowing deliciously towards every extremity. Cyrene closes her eyes, and lets the waves of sexiness overcome her. 'He is close,' she can tell. Today, she will treat him to a new experience: kneeling before him, exposing her tits. His eyes pop wide seeing Cyrene like that. With a grunt, his seed shoots out of his granite cock. She sees him struggle to keep his eyes open, relishing in his cum splattering on her two smooth mounds. His jizz tickles its way between them. Cyrene licks her lips sensuously. He rewards her with two more spurts before he stumbles back, catching his breath. So, she rewards him by sliding a finger over her left breast, collecting his juice, and slowly brings it to her mouth. Her tongue flicks it clean, then she sucks off the remainder. His face is red.

Cyrene's fingers play with his lovely delivery, cocking a sexy

eyebrow, and giving him a rapturous smile. His tunic lowers over his still willing manhood. Acting demurer than she feels, she looks away shyly... Then she sees Rohzin in the garden, looking surprised. Cyrene gasps.



In the emerald embrace of the Golestan mountains, lies the enchanting town of Terjenli. Merchant Zayed admires its houses, adorned with intricate wooden lattices, stand as silent sentinels of a bygone era, their balconies overflowing with the sweet fragrance of jasmine and roses. He goes to the bazaars, the tapestry of color and life. Artisans, their fingers dancing like skilled sorcerers, craft wonders from silk, silver, and stone. The air is heavy with the scent of saffron and sumac, and the chatter of the market tells of the daily lives of its people. A large group huddles near the spice stall. Zayed will inquire about the wise man with the grizzled, grey-haired vendor.

It takes a while before it's his turn. "Dear lady, peace and success to you. Can you help me find the fabled wise man your town is famous for?"

She looks up. "And peace to you. Javad the Elder lives on top of the hill over there."

Arash follows her pointing finger. Before he can thank the vendor, other customers already call for her attention.

Shaheen's tread up the hill is steady and sure toward a house built in the mountain's side. Its stone walls are weathered. Shutters close the windows. The wooden door is worse for wear.

Zayed knocks...

Zayed thumps with his fist...

Zayed bangs with hand and foot...

The door coughs and creaks under Arash's poundings.

He should have asked the vendor if the wise man was at home.

Recalling an inn in town, Zayed mounts his horse again. That instant, the door wheezes open.

"Peace be with you, Javad the Elder!" Arash heads towards the opening.

There's no one there. The entrance is as dark as the night that engulfs whole clouds and mountains. It smells musty. After entering, the door bangs shut. Zayed's eyes try to peer through the darkness. Then two fiery orbs, gleaming like twin suns as if piercing through the veils of mystery that shroud the world, shine on him. Zayed moves back until his back is against the wall. They are eyes!

Candle after candle lights, revealing a cavernous room. Feathers shimmer with the brilliance of polished silver. Zayed looks up at a bird so colossal that its wings, when unfurled, could eclipse the sun itself, casting vast shadows over the entire town. The rukh caws like thunder.

"Are you here to kill me or to free me, little man?"

Zayed only hears his heart thumping in his ears.

"The magics of Javad hold me in this place. I will reward you if you free me," the gigantic bird's voice shakes through the merchant's body.

The Rukh squints, followed by a deep sigh. A tingling sound distracts Zayed. A golden ring flickers in the lights as it twirls to its resting place.

"Free me and that magical ring is yours."

Frown deeper than ever before, Arash looks up at the creature he only knows from myths and legends. Rukhs can carry enormous loads.

"Mighty Rukh, I'm here to trade with Javad the Elder. It will not help my cause if I free you against his wishes."

"I know what you seek, little merchant," its voices booms, "why do you think the mage tied me to this place? I will not let you enter his treasure room. Unless..."

The rukh's eyes shine with cleverness. Zayed feels his mission slipping through his fingers. If the beast's request is anything like in the tales of wonder, it will ask him to bring it one hundred feathers of the mystical Phoenix. 'I don't have time for this.'

The bird grins. "It doesn't require adventure," it says, as if reading Zayed's mind. "Only trade. Go to the village blacksmith and ask if you can borrow his hammer. It has the power to crush this chain's weakest link. It will be hidden amongst his other tools,

looking no different. Find it.”

“If it looks like his other tools, how will I recognize it?”

“You are a feeble merchant if you don’t know. Go! And don’t come back without it, or our next encounter will be most unpleasant for you.”

The ruhk spreads its immense wings. Its flap whooshes the air out of the room. Zayed tumbles along with the force of the wind, ending up outside. His back catches the brunt of his fall. He stretches, winces and rolls his shoulder. What did the emir get him into? From the beginning, Arash knew there was something wrong with this task. He didn’t expect this!

Wondering how to approach the situation, Zayed let’s Shaheen show the way back to the village. Whatever angle or ploy, he could use, first things first: he needs to assess the blacksmith. The innkeeper is a talkative sort likely to share some local gossip. Arash will be all ears.

Laying down five silver dinars, Zayed orders a room for a couple of days with full meals. In the greedy eyes of the innkeeper, he sees that shiny coins have the desired effect. The man orders his daughter to prepare the best room, and his cook to make a supper fit for a king.

The meal is simple but good. Arash licks his fingers. The innkeeper has kept him company, and his glass well filled. All the while, he mixes boasts, gossip and naughty observations about the women in the village. The man even suggests he may find appropriate bed companionship. Zayed thanks him for his more than adequate hospitality, but declines the last offer. Wobbling up the stairs towards his room, he savors the most important piece of information: Abriz, the blacksmith is a single woman. The innkeeper was adamant that no man has been able to tame her.



After a hearty late breakfast, accompanied with more tattles about the village women, Zayed heads towards the blacksmith’s shop. Upon entering, he sees a broad-shouldered woman wearing nothing but short pants and a leather apron, her body glistening

from the fervor of her work.

“Good morning, blacksmith,” Zayed assesses a neutral greeting to be best.

Without looking, she answers: “Don’t tell me. The Innkeeper told you I’m a lone woman, and you’ve come to try your luck.” She keeps banging on a horseshoe.

“Actually,” he says, “I want to borrow your hammer.”

This makes her turn. Her deep blue eyes flash over his, before she turns to a bucket of water. Steam hisses like an angry cat when she drops the shoe into it.

Zayed notices her lips like ripe pomegranates, bursting with a rosy hue, hinting at the warmth and sweetness concealed within.

“My hammer?”, she looks him over. “Why? Don’t you have one of your own?” She dips her tongs in the bucket and retrieves the shoe then places it on her anvil.

Zayed catches her quick smile. “Nothing’s wrong with my hammer, Most Noble Blacksmith. No one ever complained about it.”

She starts working on the shoe again.

“As I’m sure no one ever complained about your efforts,” Arash continues. He wonders how far he should go, and decides to get to business. “I am told you possess a strong tool, capable of shaping even the most exotic of metals. May I use it?”

“Bring your metal here, and I’ll take care of it.” The forge illuminates her smile.

“I’m not one to shy away from heavy work,” Zayed tries. “But the object in question is too large to transport”.

She turns and leans to the side somewhat. Her powerful arms cup her muscled breasts. Zayed keeps his eyes on hers, instead of savoring the roundnesses under her apron.

“What will you give me for lending it?” the blacksmith bargains.

He makes a show of looking around her forge and her shop. “You are doing well, master blacksmith. That wall is covered with orders.” Still holding her gaze, he waves at her inventory. “You have a good supply of metals,” then at the other wall, “you have an elaborate assortment of tools.” He smiles at her. “Even though

you are not wearing much, I don't think you need new clothes, no matter how elegant they are." He leans to the side somewhat and crosses his arms, imitating her stance. "Now what could a lone woman and master blacksmith want?"

Before they know it, both are naked. He admires every muscle in her body. She has eyes only for his hammer. Pushing him down, she straddles him. Zayed winces at the firm grip on his cock. But that doesn't last, because she lowers herself on it. She is already wet. He has to experience her breasts. They are firm, her nipples are hard. When he pinches one, her eyes blink like butterfly wings. A low grunt escapes her throat. She grooves and slides and dances just as long as it takes for her to rumble from one ecstatic moment to the next. Arash smiles. He is just her tool. After what sounds like her last long groan, she collapses on her side. He squeezes her tight.

"Pick any hammer you need," she coos.



Cyrene takes time to smooth her dress. Then, she takes a calming breath and knocks on Rohzin's door. Her palms grow moist when her daughter-in-law says "Come in, Cyrene."

Her heart, it seems, has a mind of its own and begins to do a dance in her chest. Cyrene shuts the door. Her hands decide to join her heart in its dance and start shaking. Head tilted forward, eyes closed, Cyrene musters all her courage to turn around and face Rohzin.

There is tea on the table and pastries. The opened double doors to the balcony allow the sun to brighten the room. It catches Rohzin's in her splendor, pouring a cup and adding a half a spoon of honey, just the way Cyrene likes it. Steamy whirls from the tea invite Cyrene to sit down. Her hands prefer to reach for the cup instead of dancing. The tea and chair ground her to the world again.

"What lovely weather for outdoor activities, don't you think, mother?"

Flames burn Cyrene's cheeks, and crawl down her neck.

“The garden is so beautiful, this time of year,” Rohzin continues in a sweet voice.

Cyrene hears the teasing undertone; a mix of amusement and caring warmth.

“Rohzin, I need to explain...”

“You don’t have to explain anything to me, my dearest mother, but I know you want to.”

“I... He... You shouldn’t have seen that...”

“I shouldn’t have. But what I saw was love and happiness. Is that so bad?”

“Love? Lust maybe...”

“You were enjoying yourself.”

Cyrene wipes away a crumb from the table.

“This is your home, mother. I am your guest. You do not have to apologize to me.”

“Actually, it’s Arash’s home, and I am your guest. So, I do have to apologize to you.”

Rohzin considers this. “Then apology accepted. Let’s enjoy our morning.”

“I’m so ashamed of what happened. At my age! I could be his mother, maybe even his grandmother.”

“Did he force himself upon you?”

“No, of course not. If anything, I may have encouraged him.”

“Is he expecting you to marry him?”

“Don’t be silly. He needs to marry a girl his own age.”

“Who are you harming if you both enjoy some outdoor physical activity? If you have a special spot, I’ll avoid going there for my morning stroll in the garden. Cyrene, why are you ashamed?”

“What would Arash think if he saw me like you did?”

“He would find his mother very beautiful.”

“Oh dear! How shameful!”

“Why? You are lovely. Cyrene, he would want you to be happy, and find someone to share your happiness with.”

“I’m not sure Parviz would agree...”

“If you mean that he wouldn’t want guests to see you frolicking in the garden, then we can all agree on that.”



Cyrene hides her face in her hands.

“But they are your sons. They are devoted to you. They want you to be happy. And if you find someone to love, they will accept it. Certainly, they want to be sure any man is worthy of you. Not the family name, but you. Please be happy, mother.”



Like shooting stars in the night sky, sparks explode with each clang of the hammer on the rukh's chain. He keeps telling the mighty beast to hold still, but the giant bird already feels the wind through its feathers. The chain rattles this way and that, making it hard for Zayed. Instead, he focuses on the ring in the wall. His shoulder muscles taught, perspiration running down his back, the merchant's arms complain he hasn't done any physical activities lately. When the ring finally breaks, the chain jumps. Zayed is blown to the floor by flapping wings.

Its shadow grows as the creature nears the open exit up high. The air its mighty wings displace in its climb, rolls through the tower. Holding on to what's left of the ring, Zayed avoids being tossed around. Then it stops. The rukh is gone. It left without as much as a thank you.

He looks up into the empty tower. There is something there. Something small. It fleets out of his sight, and tings when it hits the floor. The sound changes as its bounces grow shorter, finally ending in a soft spinning whir. It's a ring made of gold, encrusted with gemstones. Set in a half sphere golden filament, sapphires, rubies, and emeralds depict mosaics of bright flowers, each gem a delicate petal. It radiates both beauty and wonder. Zayed hears it call to him, a whisper of hope and possibility. When he reaches out to it, it floats up to him. Like a kiss, it snuggles around his ring finger. A seductive sigh passes from his hand along his arm to his heart. They are one now, Zayed and the magical ring. They belong to each other. In a purple cloud, following a sensual whoosh, two graceful feline forms appear before him.

A lioness stands on two legs, her body lithe and muscular, with soft of fur, a shade of gold that rivals the setting sun. A short

mane falls like golden silk, framing an exquisite face. Twin pools of liquid amber sparkle with passion. Her smile would melt the coldest of hearts. The leopardess exudes a raw sensuality, both captivating and dangerous. Muscles, honed by years of prowling, ripple beneath her velvety skin, a fluid blend of feline grace and human poise. She has an air of quiet confidence, her presence commands attention, yet never demands it.

They envelop him with warmth, gently pushing him down, losing their veils and exposing their wondrous femininity. Releasing his stiffening cock, the lioness' silk-spiky tongue follows its length. The leopardess presents her moist, pink lips hidden in her golden spotted fur to him.

Zayed awakens in their arms. His night was a dance of sensual longing being fulfilled; hours of physical hunger being stilled. Theirs and his.

Shayzar the lioness' bedroom eyes stir his manhood. Leopardess Shirin's do the same.

"You can call on us three more times, Merchant Zayed."



"Doesn't the young gardener please you anymore, dear Cyrene?" The seeress says the moment Arash Zayed's mother enters the hut.

Cyrene's face reddens, so does her neck. She should have known there are no secrets from Ruksana, but it is still confronting to hear it spoken out loud.

"Does he not enjoy your fruits? Does he not harden at your femininity? Does he not lust for your..."

"Yes, yes," Cyrene quickly interrupts, her face burning like a coal fire.

"He's strong, virile, full of passion, full of seeds that need to be sowed," the seeress smiles deviously. "Is he no longer in awe of the fullness of your bosom? The moistness of your..."

"Please, seeress," Cyrene's heat spreads to her loins. "He is all you say he is..."

"Don't his thrusts..."

“Please, Ruksana...” Cyrene pleads.

Looking into her eyes, the seeress motions to the chair.

Relieved, Rohzin’s mother-in-law sits down. “He must find someone his own age.”

“That is for him. But what about you?”

“I’m too...”

“No one is too old for love and passion, Cyrene. You feel passion already. Your body yearns for tenderness, the caress of a good man, his attentions...”

A small ‘yes’.

“Do you have someone in mind?”

“C-could you create a man for me?” Cyrene hiccups.

Ruksana’s eyes pierce into hers. “You know I can. Who are you thinking of?”

Across the table, Zayed’s mother shrugs.

“Is he big like a bear? Lithe like a panther? Muscled like a bull?”

Getting not reaction, Ruksana changes tack: “Does he look like your young gardener, only just a bit more seasoned?”

Cyrene doesn’t want that. How come she can’t think of anyone? Not even her husband, mercy on his soul.

The seeress spreads her Falmama cards of oracles on the table. “Wiseman,” Ruksana calls out her reading, “Lunatic, Lament, Judgement, Salvation.”

Hope and trepidation mixing in her eyes, Cyrene holds her breath.

“The wiseman and lunatic speak for themselves. A wise, but foolhardy man. Does anyone come to mind?”

A head shake.

“Someone you know.”

Cyrene can’t think of anyone.

“You lament he can’t be yours because of the judgements involved.” The seeress’ gaze finds the depth of her guest’s heart. In its mist, a shadowy figure emerges.

Hand on her mouth, Cyrene gasps at the revelation.

“He will be your salvation.”

Arash Zayed.



In the absence of the rukh, the entrance to Javad's home is even larger and more cavernous. The only trace of the mighty beast's presence is the powerful chain it left behind to find its freedom. Merchant Zayed went back to the town blacksmith to return her hammer, just in case. Expecting the door to be locked, another trick on him by the giant bird, it isn't. They creak open when he shoulders into them. The air is heavy with the scent of cinnamon and aged parchment. Gold and silver glint from every corner, stacked in chests that groan with their weight. Zayed has the air knocked out of him. Mountains of rubies, emeralds, and sapphires glitter like spilled starlight along the floor. Silken tapestries, depicting mythical creatures and forgotten battles, drape from the ceiling, their threads heavy with the weight of untold stories. Walls, once smooth and polished, now bare the patina of time, etched with faded murals depicting forgotten legends. Golden statues, their surfaces dulled but still gleaming with a faint inner fire, stand sentinel around the perimeter, their watchful gazes fixed on the room's heart. Rising from the polished marble floor on a low platform of two jade steps is a cage, crafted from intricately woven silver. Its delicate bars shimmer under the colored light, hinting at the magic woven into its construction. Within, perched on a cushion of spun silk, is a peri. Her humanoid form is woven from moonlight and mist, her skin reflecting the soft glow of dusk upon a tranquil pond. Her long hair, the color of spun sunlight, flows down her back, adorned with delicate jasmine blossoms that whisper secrets on the breeze. Zayed is captivated.

A gentle smile graces her lips, each curve radiating warmth and compassion. "If you are here to save me, brave hero, alas I must disappoint you," her voice is like the tinkling of a mountain stream. "Javad the Sorcerer has imprisoned me, and now he has captured you as well."

The doors to the treasure room bang shut, its echoes shaking through Zayed's body. It's useless to run towards it, hoping to open it again. Instead, the merchant takes in the beautiful female

jinn. His mother read him bed stories about the fabled creature said to be kind and helpful. Because they are bound to water and gardens, he realizes how she is held prisoner. This room only has metals and stones.

“I am Arash Zayed.”

Her smile warms him from within. “My name is Noor. Thank you for trying to save me, Arash Zayed. I am sorry your tale will end here as well.”

“We are not defeated yet,” he shrugs. “Perhaps I can make some kind of deal with Javad the Elder?”

“He is a powerful sorcerer,” Noor answers in a small voice, “you have nothing he wants.”

“Then why am I here? He needs me, otherwise I’d already be dead.”

“Yes,” a new voice thunders.

### THE END OF SEASON 3

## LIST OF CHARACTERS

### **Arash Zayed**

Merchant Zayed's emir sends him on a mission to acquire an unknown treasure.

### **Rozhin**

The *zambānūg* is Arash's wife. Together with her mother-in-law they prepare Zayed's second wedding to princess Atossa.

### **Cyrene**

The mother of Parviz, her eldest, and Arash. She needs love and tenderness from a new man in her life.

### **Ruksana**

The seeress who blew life into the *zambānūg* Rohzin, Will she aid Cyrene build a man this time?

### **Princess Atossa**

The princess is the heir of the Throne of the Achaemenid, also known as the Xšāça in their own tongue. She is Zayed's next wife.

### **Abriz**

Terjenli's blacksmith possessing a magic hammer.

### **Noor**

The beautiful female jinn (*peri*) imprisoned by Javad the Sorcerer.

## THANK YOU FOR READING

I hope you enjoyed Merchant Zayed's Harem Adventures, Season 3. The story is being re-posted on Facebook's [Haremlit Readers group](#), with thanks to the admins.

Please read [Season 2](#), [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. The Three Tiffanys, 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