

Tears of a Princess



The Three Tiffanys
Season 3

J. Tiffany Moore

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by

J. Tiffany Moore

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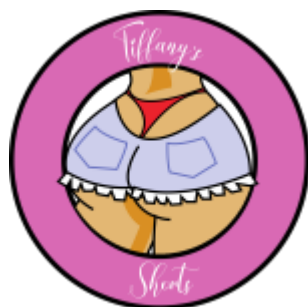
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Tears of a Princess

In the golden sands of 1920s Arabia, three bold American women share not only a name—but a husband: the charming Sultan of Rakal Al Sulem.

With the stolen ‘Pearl of the Desert’ in hand, Sheik Rushdi al-Khalaf leads a rising tide of rebellion toward the capital, intent on toppling the Sultan. As whispers of war spread across the sands, The Three Tiffanys must outwit the would-be usurper before his march turns into a revolution—and their love into legend lost.



“These must be the ruins of the Al-Sahra Palace,” J. Tiffany Noore says, moving amongst the remainders of a once proud building. The story about ‘The Pearl of the Desert’ sent The Three Tiffanys into the desert to find it. Home to Princess Laila, the pearl could be here as well. A cool breeze in the cavern indicates there is water nearby: the Safa oasis. They smelled it outside as well. The spring must be down here.

The building was large. It will take some time to search through it all. Tiffany Walker turns to J, and asks if the Tale has more details? “The princess wept. Her tears transformed into the ‘Pearl of the Desert.’” J remembers. “It’s possibly in her room?”

Before they go further inside, Tiffany Takei recommends filling their canteens. The source is clear and calmly rippling. Laughing, W sheds her clothes and jumps in. T is always amazed at her free spirit. J splashes in after the blonde. T needs some more time to undress, overcoming her bashfulness. The water is cool, stiffening her nipples. They exchange some playful sprays and splatters before finishing their task and continuing their search.

Outside, Sheik Rushdi al-Halaf joins his spymaster. “Well done, Rayyit. Once I have the pearl and the sultan’s throne, you may ask for anything you want.”

The silent spy only nods in gratitude.

Rushdi can taste his new power. He already has a list of women who will join his harem. Dafni, his seeress, is at the top. He could take her now, but her powers depend on her purity. He ordered his vizier to find a replacement for her.

Smiling, he licks his lips. Both the seeress and his astrologer, the pompous Suraq, confirmed the success of the American women.

After what seems like hours, T finds what was Princess Laila's bedroom. Their methodical search discovers a jewel box. W opens it and gasps. The pearl is tear shaped and has a golden sheen. This is a natural pearl that took hundreds of years to form. Truly 'The Pearl of the Desert.'

When they appear, the Tiffanys are dragged out, and held prisoner. Rushdi approaches with a smile.

"What do you want?" W sneers.

The sheik slaps her away. "Give me the pearl and you may live."

A trickle of blood appearing in the corner of her mouth, her eyes motion to her left pocket.

Rushdi takes his time rummaging in her pocket. His other hand roams over her crotch and her boob. He gives it a squeeze. He thinks these foreigners are despicable, but he enjoys their female form. Pulling out his hand, he holds up a beautiful round pearl. He grins. "Kill them."

J Tiffany kicks the sheik's hand, sending the pearl flying. In the commotion that follows, The Three Tiffanys dash back into the cavern, heading for the ruins to hide.

After his men find the pearl, Rushdi orders the opening shut. His men's rock pile darkens the cave inside.

Before all light disappears, The Three Tiffanys find their way back to the source. T said it was better to stay near water. The women stay silent until they are sure Rushdi and his men are gone. There are no more sounds near the entrance. The darkness is complete, and cold.

"OK," W suggests, "let's see if we can open up the cave again."

"Don't!" T holds her back. The rocks are stacked from the outside. If we remove them from the inside, they will all roll over us. Unless one is prepared to die trying, we shouldn't do that."

"But there's no other way." J also adds that all their food, warm clothes and other supplies are outside.

"Listen," W's voice is commanding, "we have to get out of here, and that opening is our only way. I'll remove the rocks. Maybe it won't be so bad."

“No way! It was my silly story that got us into this mess.” J frowns. “I’ll do it.” She starts moving towards the entrance, but W tackles her.

“J! Stop!”

“What!”

“I’m not going to let you do it...”

“Well, I’m not going to let you do it either.”

T holds her hands over her ears. “Please stop fighting. It’s not helping. Let’s think this through.”

The other two Tiffanys concede, but each is already planning to go to the opening when the others are sleeping.

After a few moments of silence, Tiffany Takei sighs. “Right. There are two possibilities: we go out the way we came in, or there is another exit.”

W and J agree with her.

The first possibility is that we somehow guide the movements from the rocks.”

“How do we do that?” J. Tiffany wonders.

“By using big blocks from the ruin to form some kind of wall.”

“You mean the really heavy ones?” Tiffany Walker dismisses the idea.

“These are the only solutions, W.”

“Suppose we do get out, then what? It took us eight days to get here. It will be at least twice as long if we have to walk. We’ll have no water, no food. There’s no way we can survive the trip back.” Besides the cave, Tiffany Walker’s voice is cold.

“We can’t wait here.” J says. “T’s plan with the blocks is the only one that makes sense. Before we worry about getting home, we have to get out first.”

“J...!”

“T, I think I remember seeing some blocks further to my left. Let’s take a look.”

“J! We can’t move them. We’re wasting our time.”

“Then find another exit.” J. Tiffany taps T on the arm.

W ughs. She follows them towards the building. From there, she’ll start looking through the ruins. On the upside, it’s so dark that she’ll be able to see

any light from the outside easily. Forcing her memory to recall, she heads into the old palace.

T and J find a big block. It's too heavy to lift.

"We need a pulley," the engineer says and starts stripping. "Give me your clothes, I'll need them to make a kind of rope."

J. Tiffany hears T slip out of her clothes. "Are you naked yet?"

"Yes. Why?"

J gives T's boobs a good squeeze.



"My people, behold the Pearl of the Desert, a jewel of our ancestors' legends, now returned to us as a sign of divine favor. For generations, it has been said that he who holds this pearl holds the destiny of our lands in his hands," Rushdi holds up the pearl for the crowd to see. "Today, it is with humility and unwavering conviction that I stand before you, chosen by fate to usher in a new era of prosperity and justice."

The people gathered in front of his palace cheer him on.

He continues softly. "Sultan Farouz ignores the traditions that make us great."

Everyone holds their breath, anticipating the challenge their sheik will make.

"In my heart, I know that we are destined for greatness beyond Farouz's rule. Together, we'll rebuild the greatness of our forebears and create a kingdom that will be remembered for generations to come. Let this pearl be a beacon of hope, a testament to our rightful claim over these lands. Rise, my people, for the dawn of a new reign is upon us! Together, we shall usher in an age of prosperity, under a ruler who walks among you. Follow me to the capital to retake what is ours."

Rushdi orders his guards to keep their distance as he moves through the crowd. They all want to admire the pearl. As quick as the blink of an eye, a whisper spreads that it is indeed wondrous, and shines like a rainbow. There is no doubt it is the true pearl of ancient tales.

From a distance, one of Farouz's agents witnesses the Sheik Rushdi's speech. There are at least six towns and villages before reaching the capital. The march will grow. How will Farouz be able to hold them all back from storming the Sultanate's palace? His pigeon sends a message.



Tiffany Walker returns from her search for another exit. Instead of that, she found some torches. She's surprised to find both J and T naked and sweaty. If she didn't know better, she'd think they were having some fun. The big blocks and their slide tracks show they've been busy.

They've managed to make a row of them. Will it be enough to safely redirect the rocks blocking the opening? W realizes they don't have a choice. She didn't find another exit. She's still worried about what to do if they manage to come out of the cavern. It's a long way home.



After five days, Rushdi's march has gathered thousands. Farouz's agent looks upon it with great worry. His pigeons haven't brought back instructions for him, other than to keep observing. It will be impossible to manage the crowds arriving in the capital. What is the sultan up to?

The blocks did their work. The Tiffanys left the cavern safely, carrying as much water as they could, and returned to their previous site. They had tears in their eyes when they found Farouz waiting. Rushdi's march tipped him off they were in trouble. He's relieved they are alive.



J Tiffany's pussy feels snug and warm around Farouz's cock, her tits soft and firm in his hands. He loves watching her find that best spot to enflame her passion. As always, that position for her did wonders for him as well. If she continues like this, he'll fill her a second time. But she stops. The look she gives him is almost ferocious with lust. J is the only woman he's ever had who frightens him with it—but in a good way. She turns around, presenting her full, rounded ass cheeks. Hurrying to his knees behind her, Farouz pushes his stiff member inside. Her pussy is slick with her wetness. Her scent narrows his focus on just one thing. With all his remaining pent up blissful energy, he bangs deep into her. The slap-slap of his thrusts on her skin only encourages him further.

"Yes, my Sultan, yesss," J groans.

Farouz crosses his eyes. He feels his load explode out of his balls with fierce intent, and storm in her pussy, splashing against her trembling vaginal walls.

J stretches her neck backwards as her orgasm thunders through her and makes her nipples pop. She slumps down, loving how he feels on top of her.

Ever since he found them in the desert, he's kept them close and screwed them every chance he got. He won't lose them again. His other wives are more jealous of his Three Tiffanys than before. His mother already arranged a schedule so that he spends more time with them as well. However, other important matters call. Rushdi gathers crowds everywhere he goes. A lot of people are convinced by the Pearl of the Desert. Fortunately, there are also those who see Rushdi as the foul would-be usurper he is. His cold-hearted reputation does not work in his favor. Farouz's spies tell him Rushdi's march is growing after each village. His military officers want to disperse it by force. But that is exactly what Rushdi wants. That will show the people that their sultan is a cruel ruler. Farouz needs patience, tact and his Three Tiffanys for this.



Sheik Rushdi al-Kalaf's throat is sore from his speeches to all the stupid villagers. How easy do they lap up his words. What he would really like is to lap up Dafni's sweet juices to soothe his aches, yes both of them: his larynx is one, his constant stiff cock is the other. Just a week or two and both the sultanate and the delightful seeress will be his. His spies inform him that Farouz is panicking. It won't take long before troops move on the people. Then Rushdi can show them the true heart of their sultan, encouraging the angry villagers to fight. His first day in the palace, his seeress' throat will also ache—from his hard prick deep down it. Dafni will be the first of many new wives to receive his sultan seed. Rushdi is not sure what to do about the lovely Three Tiffanys? He thinks he'll fuck them before he kills them.



"No sign of the sultan's troops yet, O Sheik," Rayyit informs Rushdi, "but our source inside the palace tells us the generals are preparing an assault on the march."

"Good." Once Farouz's soldiers fire on the peasants, they will see Rushdi as their true ruler. He must stay patient. First, he will ask for a beautiful wife or daughter to volunteer for a night with him. He's amazed at how many husbands

offer them up. All hoping to curry favor, of course. Well, it depends on how soft their lips are around his cock. The march to power makes him constantly hard.

Outside, The Three Tiffanys hide among the followers. They have to keep their faces down to avoid being recognized. They pointed this out to Farouz, suggesting sending someone else. The poor soul doesn't trust anyone else right now. There is a spy in the palace—maybe more. They approach the sheik's tents, but the guards will stop them if they go further. They decide to wait until sunset. That shouldn't be too long.

At dusk, three men play simple, merry tunes using *oud* (lute), *mizmar* (double clarinet) and *riqq* (small tambourine). This is their chance. Tiffany Walker and J. Tiffany Noore dance near the guards, catching their attention, while Tiffany Takei sneaks behind the tent. She holds her breath when she hears Rushdi speak. By his voice, she can tell he's impatient. A pompous man predicts a great victory. The sheik grunts. It sounds like appeased approval. A woman's voice, wise and warm, cautions him not to celebrate too soon. Her cards warn of duplicity. Tiffany T rolls her eyes. She never understood people's need for superstition. However, she is very much aware of the power it can have over them. After all, Rushdi has not one but two mystic advisors. T thinks he prefers it if they agree. She wonders who the sheik will pick. No one is saying anything. 'Have they finished already?' Then, a fourth soft voice speaks.

"Our spy inside hasn't informed me of any kind of ruse. That doesn't mean there isn't one."

"Agh, can none of you give me a straight answer?!" Rushdi exclaims.

T heard that there is only one spy in the palace. He or she isn't that close to Farouz to know about their real plans: still a large pool of suspects.

"Find out more from your man," Rushdi orders.

'A man,' T has another important tidbit.

"For now, we continue with the plan. We have the pearl; we have the people... And we have our own surprise," Rushdi concludes.

He dismisses his advisors and claps his hands. T hears a woman's voice ask how she can be of service. "Disrobe, my dear, then service this!"

T hears clothes swish to the ground. A few moments later, a gagging sound comes from the tent. T quickly finds her way back to the other Tiffanys. They

agree they need to stay and find out more about the surprise Rushdi mentioned. How to proceed?

Tiffany Takei lingers behind Rushdi's tent a bit longer, not sure it's safe to leave yet. She dislikes hearing the unpleasant sounds of Sheik Rushdi's forceful lovemaking with some unsuspecting woman. Who said "Everything in the world is about sex, except sex. Sex is about power?" She startles when the sheik shouts "Get out! Get out!" T thinks she hears him kick the woman out of bed.

"Get the seeress! Get her here immediately!"

J. Tiffany pointed out how Rushdi looked at the mystical advisor. It's obvious who will be the next victim in his bed. 'Unless...' T hurries back to the other two Tiffanys. They notice how alarmed T is. "What did you hear?"

"That has to wait. We need to save Rushdi's seeress."

"Why?" Tiffany Walker asks matter-of-factly.

"The sheik is going to assault her! We have to save her!"

"Why?"

Tiffany Takei is horrified. "How can you say that! You didn't hear what I heard."

"Look T, I'm sorry, but we have a mission. We can't jeopardize it by saving some woman." As she speaks the words, W realizes why they should save the seeress. "Sorry! You're right, of course. OK. This is what we're going to do."

J and T didn't like her idea at all. Too risky. W challenged them to present another plan they could do immediately. They saw how two guards marched off to find the seeress. It wouldn't take them long to bring her back.

"Maybe we shouldn't try to save her, like you said," T said softly.

"But if we do," J looked at W, "she will help us deal with Sheik Rushdi."

Tiffany Walker nodded. Her eyes filled with worry, T ultimately did so as well.

Allowing her blonde hair to peek out from under her veil, W walks to the edge of the square. Hiding her face, J walks towards a boy. She gives him a few coins and points out Tiffany W for him. The boy runs to the guards outside Rushdi's tent and shows them W's blonde hair. The guards rush inside, then back outside. Now, four guards move towards the American woman. J and T sneak behind Rushdi's tent, just in time.

Dafni should have known she ran out of time. A real seeress would have. The worst part is that she had an escape plan in place for a few weeks. It's too late for that now. The thought of Rushdi's hands on her makes her skin crawl. His cruel reputation adds to her disgust. She kneels in front of him as he dismisses her escort. Lecherous is the only word that describes his smile. His greedy eyes announce that he's about to release the bulge under his robe. Looking down, she sees the hem part. His naked feet shuffle towards her. Dafni closes her eyes.

Everything happens fast. Rushdi tumbles over her. Two arms pick her up and pull her through a cut in the tent. She's disoriented whizzing through the streets. When they stop, three women remove their headscarves. 'The sultan's wives!'

"Tell us about Rushdi's surprise," the blonde asks.



His hands on her hips, Farouz delights in how Tiffany Walker's boobs bounce following her movements on his cock. Then he watches them jiggle when W grinds her squishing pussy on him. With a hot smile, she lifts her hands behind her back, pushing her tits forward for him to admire. She's had men between her legs before, of course, but they all got this stupid look. Farouz is the only man who stays handsome and interested. He even moves with her in rhythm. That sends all the right kinds of shivers inside and makes her nipples harder. He cocks an eyebrow. Then he sits upright to run his tongue over her little pink pebbles. His three-day-beard is rough and sexy against her boob. She folds his head into her arms, pressing him against her chest. W increases her pace now. When he manages to look up at her with sparkling eyes, it's done. Those shivers are now roars of the big O trembling from her toes, to her pussy, to her nipples, and on the back of her head. W gurgles through her pleasure. When his jizz splashing into her, spurt after spurt, his stiff rod pulsing, her orgasm rekindles. She squeezes her tits. His hand folds over her giving that extra hint of passion, before she trembles into nothingness. When Tiffany W blinks her blue eyes open in his, Farouz falls in love all over again. Her sleepy smile accentuates that.

His American wives came through again by bringing the seeress. The sultan still isn't sure he can trust Rushdi's close confidant, but her gratefulness did reveal the spy in the palace. Being but a man, Farouz noticed Dafni's slender

body and mystical henna decorations. If all ends well, he may take her as his advisor. Or maybe his harem? The mystic also revealed Rushdi's expectation that the sultan would send his army to disperse the marching crowd. This would certainly turn the people against their true ruler. Farouz is glad he didn't follow the advice of his military, or he may have walked right into this trap. Somehow, he still thinks there is something missing. This can't be the big surprise Rushdi is preparing. Tiffany Walker agrees. It was discussing the different possibilities that made one thing led to the other. Her kisses were enough to inspire his passion, but not a solution. Maybe the two other Tiffanys came up with something. Usually, they don't like to brainstorm the same way W does. J is dreamier, T is more rational. Tiffany Walker has a streetwise ruthless edge that makes her perfect to discuss powerplay with him. His mother is a bit better at it. Her lips around his cock also prove she is the adventuress. It hardens under her wet kisses. Farouz catches his breath, when she strokes the underside of his balls.

The door bangs open. The two Tiffanys rush in. Ignoring the intimate scene, J tells them the real pearl was stolen.



The robbery of the true 'Pearl of the Desert' is a huge blow. How could Rushdi have known about it? They already caught the spy in the palace. It can only mean there is another undiscovered one still in place. Either the sheik's seeress Dafni didn't know, or she lied to them.



Dafni kneels before Farouz, bent over with her arms extended forward and her head on the floor. She didn't know about the swapping of the pearl, but in her advice to Rushdi, she suggested she did because it was possible. It seems fate caught up with her again. Can she save herself? "Maybe the 'Pearl of the Desert' was stolen by a thief, and not a spy?"

"That is very well possible," Tiffany Takei concurs, "and more probable. But we have to be sure."

"Rise, o seeress," Farouz's kind voice says.

'He's taken in by my curves.' Dafni hopes this will spare her life. Looking into his eyes, however, Dafni knows that it will not.

“You will give me Rayyit,” the sultan’s flat voice says. Looking up, “My beautiful wives, my wise mother, please help the seeress devise a plan for this.” Farouz enjoys the rounding of her ass, of course, but he’s no fool.



“No way this will work!” J. Tiffany can’t believe the others take this plan seriously.

“It’s a simple plan. Those are often the best,” Zarina answers. As mother of the sultan, she has seen many complex constructs go wrong.

“Rayyit won’t trust her. She escaped,” J insists.

“No,” Dafni states, “I was abducted.”

J frowns, knowing this is true, but she still has a bad feeling about letting Rushdi’s confidant meet with the spy master alone.

Tiffany Walker reads her mind. “It’s not great, but unless we can come up with something else, we take it to Farouz.”

J nods. “OK, but let’s bring my camera and Marek.”

Dafni doesn’t know what this means, and it looks like the others don’t either. W wants to ask, but J holds up her hand. “I’ll explain later.”

Eight pair of eyes turn to the seeress, then they agree. “A secret weapon,” Zarina smiles.



Marek is amazed at the zoom function on the camera. It’s as if he’s standing next to Dafni and Rayyit. Only he’s not. His brother taught him how to lip-read. That helped him survive in an otherwise silent world. He conveys the conversation to The Most Beautiful Three Tiffanys.

Dafni tells the spy master how the sultan abducted her, and how they want her to recruit Rayyit as well. Her pleading about how Rushdi is a cruel and untrustworthy master isn’t enough. He takes into account that this is a trap, but his men found no evidence of surveillance. He doesn’t understand the question about the fake pearl.

On cue, three arrows pierce the heart of his men, and two hit the ground in front of his feet. He looks up at the seeress. Holding her hand up, she blows a powder in his face. His vision blurs, his knees weaken. Then darkness.



Dafni didn't expect to end up in a cell like Rayyit. The sultan surprises her again. She had hoped her figure, and her success would get her a reprieve. But more than that, it's amazing how much he relies on The Three Tiffanys. Using the lipreader and camera's zoom was inspired. Oddly enough, the seeress is curious about who stole the 'Pearl of the Desert' as well. 'Hmph, some seeress...'



"Rayyit didn't know anything about the pearl being stolen," Tiffany Takei explains methodically. "The confusion on his face was real. Rushdi doesn't have the pearl."

"Then who does?" asks J. "Everyone in the palace is a suspect."

"Maybe," Tiffany Walker wonders, "but they needed access to the pearl and only guards and the treasurer have that."

"Yes," T continues, "And we know it was stolen in the past three days. That gives us our suspect pool."

J is not happy. "We don't have time. Rushdi arrives in two days. If Farouz can't show the real pearl, there will be a civil war!"

Tiffany W agrees. "The thief can keep it, but that's not likely."

"They could have stolen it for someone else, but no one knew about it," T continues.

"That means they are going to sell it..." J Tiffany concludes. Both she and T turn to look at W.

Rolling her eyes, "Yes, I still have contacts in the black pearl market from back when I was in the business," W confesses.

J hides a small smile. 'Business may be a too polite word.'



"Go away! I can't be seen with you. Everyone knows you're the sultan's wife."

"Kai, I need your help," W thumps down a pouch, followed by the clinking sound of coins settling.

Kai the Orient hesitates. Most people think his nickname has to do with his Japanese descent. W knows better. In the trade, it refers to the play of colors in a pearl.

“I will listen, but I won’t promise.”

W quickly explains the situation. Kai grins. He’s sure the pearl will be offered to Saam, his competitor. That’s the only one who would even consider dealing with such a rare pearl.



J. Tiffany has her camera set up watching over Saam’s place of business. After using it last time, the sultan’s guards love it. Not only does it enhance the view, like binoculars, but it also films the damning evidence.

They are ten film reels in, when they spot a nervous boy. T recognizes him as one of the water boys from the palace. The guards move in quickly. W has a bitter-sweet taste in her mouth. Kai is happy to take out his competition, but how is this boy involved?

“No one notices the water boy,” T considers. It’s a perfect disguise for a thief.



Again, Farouz is impressed by his Three Tiffanys. The ‘Pearl of the Desert’ is back! ‘Let Rushdi come.’ What will cause him a sleepless night is what to do with the boy. He was hoping to get a measly 100 dinars for the pearl, so that he could fetch a medicine man for his mother.



The Fayyum gates of the capital are grand. They were built after the victory of the battle of the Oasis. Sheik Rushdi al-Halaf smiles at his approach. How fitting that the name of the capital will be Farouz’s undoing: Bahr al-Durr, Sea of Pearls. A sense of power swells his chest. It pushes away a ping of doubt at both Dafni and Rayyit’s capture. Rushdi is irked that he wasn’t able to deflower her. But Rayyit is privy to his innermost secrets. What if he has told Farouz about them? No matter. His military commanders are on full alert in case there’s a trap. What worries him most is why the sultan hasn’t sent the army to stop the oncoming March of the Pearl—a fancy name one of the town criers called Rushdi and his followers. It caught on quickly. The sheik hoped for an attack, if only to prove Farouz as a harsh and cruel ruler. Farouz has to react!

The sultan has to steady his military commanders. The threat of a riot is real. This will be the true test of his leadership. Nothing he did helped him prepare

for this. The wisdom and love of his Three Tiffanys and his mother are his only guide now.

The crowd below his balcony gathered awaiting an important announcement. They cheer him on, even more so when his mother and three American wives join him. How quickly these women earned the affection of his people. Farouz wave. "My friends, join me in welcoming Sheik al-Halaf."

Rushdi can't believe what is happening. The sultan and the crowd are cheering him on. Don't they know what he's here to do? Maybe the sultan is surrendering to him? Maybe the March of the Pearl has shown him Rushdi's power? Could the cub finally recognize his betters? It's possible.

"Oasis's greetings to you, Sheik Rushdi." Farouz smiles.

Rushdi is in no mood for pleasantries. "I've come for your throne, Farouz!"

His marchers cheer, Farouz's crowd is stunned silent.

"I have the 'Pearl of the Desert.' This entitles me to the city of the Pearl."

Rushdi holds it up. His followers cheer. The other crowd starts murmuring.

"I've come to relieve the sultanate of your cruel and unfair rule!"

"How do I know it's the true 'Pearl of the Desert?'"

"Look at its beauty. Look at how it shines, like a rainbow over the oasis. Just like my rule will be."

"It is truly wondrous. But doesn't the tale say the pearl came from the tears of Princess Laila, the desert's luminous moon whose beauty is like the first blush of dawn?"

"Yes! Do you surrender?"

"Shouldn't it be tear shaped... like this one?" Farouz holds up the real 'Pearl of the Desert'.



Farouz is joined by The Three Tiffanys and Dafni. He will reward them for a well-sprung trap. In the end, Rushdi's followers turned against him. There are stories about men being torn apart by an angry crowd. The sultan shakes his head and turns to the beauties lying on his bed.

THE END

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.

Marek

Farouz's deaf servant

About the Author

The Original Ensemble Haremlit Autor

Hi! I'm J. Tiffany Noore, creator of [Ensemble HaremLit](#) - where every voice counts and every character's journey matters.

I hope you enjoyed *Tears of a Princess - The Three Tiffanys* 3. If you liked it, please consider leaving a review on [Goodreads](#).

In my worlds, you'll meet relatable guys who find themselves in extraordinary circumstances, surrounded by fabulous, otherworldly women. Together they forge unbreakable bonds through shared adventures and steamy encounters! 🥰

Proud Madisonian, companion to my Persian Queen Cougar 🐆, and grateful for my amazing community of Tiffans!

I announce my next stories on [Facebook](#) and in my [newsletter](#).

Kisses,

-Tiffany

More by J. Tiffany Noore

[Prospector Finch's Harem Adventures](#)

Follow the adventures of Webster Finch as he deals with four extraterrestrials races in the 1860s Gold Rush, in this globe-spanning trilogy. His growing circle of fabulous lovers now include an Alder Artificial Intelligence, a grand Nanken

trader, a Simmix Marshall, and an Ilzed field researcher, a Chinese imperial astronomer, an Ottoman mystic, a Prussian engineer, a Russian captain, a San Francisco socialite, a Japanese samurai, a fake crown princess, a Pinkerton detective, a French journalist, an Alder fembot, and Teshoni Warrior, and a Princess from India, Finch will need every ounce of charm, wit, and stamina!

Be Aware: These are full-length Ensemble Haremlit stories: one man, fabulous harem companions, multiple points-of-view where every voice counts and every character's journey matters. Imagine your favorite TV series where all characters have their own story arcs, or that RPG where companion quests make the story richer.

Fast-paced and no hand-holding.

[Cartographer Tremayne's Harem Adventures](#)

In a Roarin' 20s where interstellar travel is just a ticket away, young Tremayne's parents are abducted under mysterious circumstances. With only his prim AI ship Chastity and a sultry kidnapper named Temperance Darleston for company, Tremayne charts a course through danger, desire, and the darker edges of the solar system. When Chastity fits herself into a fembot body, space never looked so seductive.

Stay tuned for more steamy space adventures with Tremayne, Chastity, Temperance, Marjories and more!

[Steamy Holidays](#)

Short, sweet, and steamy—these holiday tales turn up the heat! I wrote them for Olivia Lawless' Erotic Celebration collections, and trust me, **the seasons were never hotter.**

Red Jack's Pirate Adventures

Captain 'Red' Jack Campbell sails dangerous waters filled with fierce women, forbidden treasures, and steamy surprises. Climb the crow's nest and prepare to follow him on his outrageous adventures across islands, empires, and tangled bedsheets.

Merchant Zayed's Harem Adventures

“Through the mists of magic and moonlight, Merchant Zayed walks a path of seduction, passion, peril, and love.”

Step into a world spun from the silken tales of One Thousand and One Nights—in these episodic short stories, magic hums beneath every breath, danger wears perfume, and desire can shift the stars.

From a quest for a mythical desert bloom to battles with ancient sorcerers, Merchant Zayed journeys across empires and enchanted realms. Alongside a growing harem of extraordinary women—some born of magic, others shrouded in secrets—he must navigate conspiracies, rivalries, and passion itself.

The Three Tiffanys

“Three women. One Sultan. Countless secrets—more steamy surprises.”

Another take on harems. Set in 1920s Arabia, the story follows **three bold and fabulous American women** who each choose to join the harem of Sultan Farouz I of Rakal Al Sulem... and promptly turn his world upside down.

From palace intrigue and murder to treasure hunts, ghostly traps, and seductive plots, each these episodic short stories brings mystery, adventure, and steamy entanglements—**always with a wink, a curve, and a clever twist.**

To see all my series and latest releases in one place, visit <https://jtn.me/>

HaremLit Communities

Looking for more stories like this one? Want to share your favorite steamy scenes, swap recommendations, or just hang out with other harem-loving readers?

Here are some of the most active HaremLit groups on Facebook, Reddit, and Discord. Join the conversation, meet fellow fans, and discover new authors and stories every day.

HaremLit Groups on Facebook

[HaremLit Readers Group](#)

[Harem, Fantasy And LitRPG Books](#)

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