

THE AWAKENED POWER

Merchant Layel's Harem Adventures

Season 4



J. Tiffany Moore

The Awakened Power

Merchant Zayed's Harem Adventures 4

by

J. Tiffany Moore

Copyright © 2023 J. Tiffany Noore

All rights reserved.

The characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

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

No part of this book may be reproduced, or stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without express written permission of the publisher, except for the use of quotations in a book review.

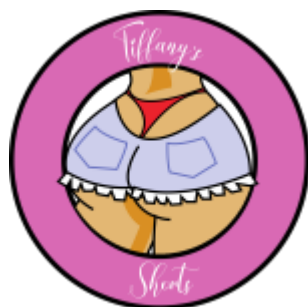
Publisher: Reading at Tiffany's



Cover design by: J. Tiffany Noore

Version 1.3, March 2025

This story belongs to the collection of Tiffany's Shorts.



jtiffanynoore.me

The Awakened Power

As Scheherazade's tale unfurls, Merchant Zayed must escape the grasp of dark sorcery, restore the balance of magic, and discover what truly binds a heart—spellcraft or love.



In a flash, Arash Zayed is transported into a cage. It is not too far from Noor, the peri's. She looks at him with compassion and pity. Just like her, he is a captive of Javad the Sorcerer now.

Zayed's still alive, which means the sorcerer still needs him: something bad, no doubt. "My sultan sent me to trade with you, Javad the Elder. There is no need for this," he attempts.

The booming voice of the old man booms through the room. "To trade? You expect me to believe that. Tell me exactly what it is the sultan said to you."

Zayed repeats the sultan's order. "I would meet a wise man and trade with him for an unknown treasure."

"And this did not make you wonder about your mission?"

"Of course it did, but I did not want to disobey."

"Did you recognize what he wants?"

"I imagine Noor is the prize he has his eye on."

"What is your bargain?"

Zayed is caught. He doesn't know if the peri is what his sultan wants, although it's not hard to imagine. A magical creature like that costs more than even his ruler has. It's obvious Javad is no fool and very dangerous. Playing games with him will not end well for the merchant. "Javad the Elder, I apologize."

"For what?"

"I have set free your rukh and have entered your palace uninvited. I was so caught up with my mission that I forgot my place and my manners."

The sorcerer is silent for a moment. "I was bored with the bird anyway. I accept your apology."

“Is it possible that the prize my sultan is seeking is not the peri, but the wisdom of a sorcerer?”

“Flattery, eh? Not bad, little merchant. What did the sultan send you to trade with?”

“That is a good question, Javad. The answer is nothing.”

“Nothing? Is he trying to get you killed?”

“I asked myself the same question...”

“You should have asked him instead,” the sorcerer interrupts. “Why didn’t you?”

“So far, my conversation with you is going better than my conversation with him.”

Javad is silent again. Then, after a moment, he lets out a dry, but honest laugh. “You amuse me, Arash Zayed. For this, I will reward you.”

Dust sprinkles through the air, covering the merchant. Within a few minutes, he blinks his eyes to sleep. His dreams of Rohzin, Atossa, the lioness, the leopardess, the blacksmith and even the incarcerated Noor, and his erection. Veils are removed, tongues are exchanged, nipples are licked, pussies are explored. His cock is caught in moist mouths, moist entrances, and between moist mounds. His hips thrust into every woman, his seed is released in them, again and again. Each time, his manhood revives ready. Legs and arms entwine him. Full breasts and hips warm him. Pussies and mouths pleasure him. His manly explosions cover faces, or slip down the valleys of female delight, or burrow deep into any woman who will receive it. Foggy in these dreams, Zayed sees Javad’s eyes.

Blinking his eyes open, Zayed tries to shake the image of Javad from his dreams. He smiles when he looks upon the beautiful peri. Her long hair, the color of spun sunlight, is adorned with delicate jasmine blossoms. It wraps around Noor like a silky scarf, hiding her nakedness. She returns a warm and compassionate smile. Her cocked eyebrow is aware of his attempts to peek through her wrap. He quickly looks up to her eyes. She returns a gentle smile that radiates warmth and compassion.

He quickly looks up to her eyes. “Forgive me, O peri. Your beauty makes me forget my manners,” he apologizes.

“You are pleasing to look at as well.”

Her answer flusters Zayed. With a slight burn in his cheeks, “Thank you, Noor.”

“You have a *hilya* of love about you. Are you loved?”

“I am fortunate in this way, yes. My only hope is that I am worthy of it and can return it to the women who do.”

“Women? More than one?”

“I’m counting my mother among them, exalted peri.”

“Them? More than one?”

His cheeks widen at being caught. “Yes, I have the love of two women.”

“I’m sure there will be more...” her eyes promise.

Arash thinks of a way to change the awkward subject. “The absence of water holds you here, does it not? I’m sure you’ve considered ways to escape this place.”

“Hm, not many humans know of our connection to water. You are correct.”

As Noor sits up, a nipple peeks through her hair. Zayed forces himself to look up.

“I have some residual water *sihr* left, but this magic is not enough for me to leave this room.”

“Can I help in some way? Ruksana, our seeress, once told me that a body holds water as well. Use it.”

“You are a kind and generous soul, Arash Zayed, but it is my nature to help. I cannot accept such a gift knowing it may be the last one you give.”

“And what if we lure the sorcerer here, could you use his water?”

This thought had not occurred to the peri, but she dismisses it anyway.

“We are not like other jinn. Our intent is to help, not to kill. For self-defense there may be an exception, but not to escape. There must be another way.”

“I understand. I did not mean any disrespect.”

“I know. You are merely considering options. I did not mean to disappoint you.”

“Of course. How much water do you need?”

“To escape alone? At least a bucketful. Two more to take you with me. Javad will never allow this much to come into the room. Besides, his magic is

powerful enough to stop me.”

“So, we would need to distract him as well?” Zayed concludes.

After their conversation, Noor’s left breast is entirely visible. She notices him looking. “Ah yes. The human male’s fascination with the female form. Javad is impervious to that as well.”

Zayed manages a pained smirk. What does a powerful sorcerer desire? Of course! More power.



After Cyrene visited Ruksana, the seeress, she simply couldn’t return home because of the scandalous knowledge she had come upon. The Fāl-nāma cards of oracles described the perfect man for her: her son Arash Zayed! Would she ever be able to face Rohzin, her daughter-in-law again? Ruksana explained this didn’t mean Cyrene lusted after her own son, just that she admired his qualities. It did little to relieve her of her shame. She was thankful Arash wasn’t at home. How would she ever be able to look upon him with other eyes?

“We will take one step at a time,” the wise woman suggested. “We must begin with the Gaokerena, the life-giving haoma plant growing near the Tree of All Seeds in the center of the Vourukash Sea. It has been found before.”

Cyrene knew this was true. Together with the seeress, they tricked Zayed to find that plant. Then they stole it from him. Finally, Cyrene’s ears burning at the memory, the seeress and Arash’s mother built a *zambānūg*, a woman. That woman is now Rohzin, his wife. Only because Cyrene sees how happy they are together can she accept this deception. Rohzin is like a real woman.

How terrible if Arash were to discover the truth. That means that Cyrene can’t ask him to fetch the plant for the second time. Another must undertake this task for her. But she must be careful not to divulge the plant’s secrets, nor the urgency of the mission to the one she hires.



After a few days of careful inquiries, Cyrene finally gets the name of a *delavar* who could undertake an ‘arduous trip.’ That’s the term the seeress suggested. It could simply mean that, in absence of her own son, Cyrene requires someone to make a trip that is too long for her. Dilmaz, the garrison commander’s daughter, told her about Kambiz, a seasoned wanderer. He would

be in town in a few days. For the right price, he will make the trip. Although thankful, Cyrene was a bit uneasy talking to her. Dilnaz is one of the women that Rohzin is modeled upon.

A tall and broad-shouldered, seasoned and handsome man finds her table at the market. His face is tanned from years under the unforgiving sun. A well-trimmed beard, streaked with a hint of gray, frames his strong jawline. Eyes, the color of sunbaked earth, still sparkle with youth. The adventurer's gaze burrows into her. 'Yes, he will do.' Cyrene isn't sure for what yet? The trip, or the man? Their combined physical experience, along with his fitness, would surely bring her the pleasure she seeks. However, it's not only about the delights of the senses, is it?

After haggling about the price, and swatting away his flatteries, Cyrene commissions him to find the special plant in the Vourukash Sea. His departing smile leaves a tingling between her legs, a tweak of the nipple, and a seductive smile on her lips. 'Yes. He will do very nicely.'



Arash Zayed, held in his cage, continues to wonder what he has that might interest Javad the Elder. It has to be powerful, possibly magical. But the merchant owns nothing like that. Even if he did, why doesn't the sorcerer just take it from him? This is only one of his thoughts. The other is how he can get some water into this treasure room. Noor, the peri in the next cage, would use it to escape. No matter what Zayed comes up with, he's certain that Javad will see right through his trick to get two buckets of water here. Even his pee is flushed away.

Then it hits him. How could he be so stupid! The ring! The rukh rewarded him with a magical ring that calls two feline females to him. That must be why the sorcerer captured the mighty bird. It has to be gifted, it can't be taken. It's so simple: he will ask them to fetch water.

A seductive sigh reaches his cock when he twists the ring. The curves and tits of Shayzar the lioness and leopardess Shirin appear out of the purple puff of smoke. Their sensuous eyes and seductive smiles make him stiff. Noor's eyebrow lifts when she watches them release his rod. Before they take him in

their mouths, kneeling before him, Arash summons all his self-control to stop them. "I need two buckets," he groans.

"We'll make sure you do," Shayzar purrs.

"... of water," the merchant grunts.

"Don't you want to stay hot for us, master?" the leopardess coos.

They blink away after Zayed explains his situation. An instant later, they reappear with the buckets.

Noor smells the fresh water and summons it to her. It flows through the air toward her cage, only to hiss into nothingness when it reaches a magical barrier surrounding her.

They hear Javad's voice before they see him climb down the stairs. His eyes pierce towards the two magical felines, his mouth holding a greedy smile. "Yes, lovely."

With a flick of his wrist a magical hand strangles Zayed. "You will give me the ring, little merchant."

"He will not." Baring claws and teeth, the two jump on Javad.

Arash breathes again. He watches in horror how his pets start shredding the sorcerer and sink their teeth into his legs and arms. He can't imagine anyone surviving this, until Shayzar and Shirin are hurled away by an invisible force.

They immediately bound towards him again. A finger snap burns them to ashes in midair. Javad waves his arm. From a gray cloud, he reappears standing, without a mark on him.

"You will give me that ring now!"

Zayed gurgles when the magical hand squeezes his throat again.

"He can't." The peri's soft voice interrupts. "It cannot be given under duress, only freely. You know this already, Javad."

The sorcerer flings Arash against the side of the cage, releasing his throat.

"Then you will convince him, sweet Noor."

"Do you really need another magical artifact?"

"Yes."

Javad glares at Noor, burning his instruction into her to convince Zayed to gift the magical ring to him. Without a word, he turns and climbs the stairs. As

an afterthought he snaps his fingers. Arash's cage disappears, and reappears at the far side of the room, away from Noor.

"Are you alright, Arash?" She calls out to him, just before a new magical barrier slides between them. Noor can't hear the merchant answer. As before his arrival, she is alone. The peri is cold, like the treasures, and like the sorcerer's heart. 'If he has one,' she wonders. Even if she wanted to, how can she convince Zayed if she can't speak with him? Maybe this is Javad's way to pressure the merchant. It won't work: the ring must be given freely. It will sense any kind of duress and stay with its owner, even in death. Then it loses its magic power.

The sorcerer only knows one way: force. Noor recalls the story of the cat in boots who challenges the evil magician to change into a mouse. But Javad is far too clever for that. They will have to think of another ruse. Something he won't expect. She knows he wants her in his bed. She can see his lust in his eyes. Once she saw him lick his lower lip. Noor could see his passion fight with his caution. No one really knows what happens if a mortal sleeps with a jinn. There are fairy tales about how it releases unknown magics. No real stories she's aware of. It would certainly be unexpected! Maybe she's onto something? But not with him!

Summoning her reserve of water, she transports to Zayed's cage and kisses him. It makes her lips tingle—among other nice places in and on her body. The merchant feels her lustful warmth envelop him. More on instinct than anything else, he squeezes her left boob. It unleashes a cute squeal in her kiss. That is followed by encouraging moans as he trails his other hand down the length of her back and the roundness of her bum. When she opens her purple eyes into his, they sparkle. Her sudden nakedness takes his breath away. Her clothes dissipated into nothing. When she reveals his stiff cock, her lips stretch wide. Straddling him, she lifts her hips. Her soft hand holds him straight while she lowers herself onto him. Zayed feels the slick wetness of her pussy. And Noor feels how his cock fills her. It must have been a thousand years ago that she had someone inside her. That didn't last very long. She will do her best to take her time with this thoughtful and lovely man. She likes the way he crosses his eyes when she wiggles her hips.

Much too soon, pleasure shudders through her, making her nipples twitch. It's been so long. He continues thrusting into her, prolonging her delight. When he grunts and shoots in her, it's as if a warm ocean rages into her. The tales are true. His seed is more powerful than water.

Zayed wakes up. The first thing he sees are Noor's full and rounded breasts. He quickly looks up at her amused and glowing eyes. No, they are literally glowing. She caresses his cheek.

"Not only are you loved, you are loving. Only a giving man can awaken this ancient power in me."

"What ancient power?"

"Do not be alarmed, my sweet merchant, I do not turn into an ogre. No, millennia ago peris were air spirits instead of water spirits. We had the ability to use air as our main source of *sihr*. Why we changed, I don't know, but we started using water instead."

"And that power has been unleashed after our..."

"Love making, yes. As we speak, air replenishes my *sihr*. I'm able to absorb the water from the air as well. We can escape together. Thank you for this gift, my love."

Arash raises his eyebrows when Noor says those last two words. As if reading his mind, she answers: "How can I not love the man who has given me something wonderful and magical. I understand if you cannot return this love; you have two other women who have that—and your mother."

This gets a short smile. She kisses him on the lips; it's sweet.

Zayed blinks. "He'll come after us, won't he?"

A sadness passes over her face. "... Yes."

"Then we can't leave. We have to defeat him."

"Even with my new powers, I cannot harm others."

"Then we must find a powerful being who will." He claps his hands. Purple smoke rises from his ring. Noor quickly holds her hands over the ring. "This is your last time using the ring. If it doesn't have its magical powers, Javad will no longer need you alive."

Zayed places his hands over hers. "That is a risk I am willing to take."

"You perhaps, but I cannot lose the man I love."

His turn to kiss her on the lips. Looking into her troubled eyes, he says: “We will never be free if we don’t try.”

Noor holds his gaze for what seems like an hour, then she nods, and removes her hands from the ring. Out of the purple cloud two curvy and powerful cat women appear.

“Master, this is your last summons. We cannot deal with the sorcerer.” Both Shayzar and Shirin look worried.

“You must find the rukh. Tell him to come help me destroy Javad the Wise.

“What if he doesn’t want to?” the lioness asks.

“Then you must convince him.”

She looks at her sister who agrees. Shirin pushes her sister aside and gives Zayed a smoldering kiss. She looks him in the eyes. “You are our best master.”

Shayzar elbows her way past the leopardess, and kisses Zayed, and squeezes his crotch. “Do you want to have fun one last time, master?” she coos.

He gulps. Then, he shakes his head. “Time is of the essence. You must return as quickly as possible.” Zayed turns to Noor. “You will have to return to your own cell. It must appear normal to Javad for as long as possible.” To the sisters: “Go, my hearts... and take mine with you.”

They nod.



Zayed never told his mother about his voyage to the Vourukash Sea. So, it’s no surprise Cyrene isn’t concerned about Kambiz, the man she asked to find the life-giving haoma plant. Oblivious of how pirates almost killed her son, and left him behind, about the alluring mermaid who ultimately saved him, and asked for a favor in return, Cyrene’s only thought about the trip is that it’s long, and that the sea can be a bit rowdy. After all, Zayed returned unharmed. How much the Gaokerena changed his life. Cyrene still feels the heat in her neck when she thinks back on how Ruksana and she used the paste of the plant to shape Rohzin’s figure: her rounded hips and breasts, her strong shoulders, her face with almond shaped eyes. Cyrene smiles. It was easier to pick her soul: the potter’s shrewd wife, the constable’s spirited daughter and the independent apothecary. Arash wants an equal, not a servant. He wants to be challenged, not pampered. And he wants to trade and not command. Ruksana blew life into the

zambānūg. When Rohzin appeared the next day, Cyrene could tell Arash was immediately smitten. It was one of the most beautiful days of her life. Would the next plant give her the same? A man she can love with all her heart?

A new blush warms her, remembering what the Fāl-nāma cards revealed. Even after the seeress explained she didn't lust after her own son, Cyrene could still feel the shame of the revelation. Could there really be a man who had all her son's qualities? How would her sons react to him? What if she picks the wrong man? What if he decides to take over? Maybe she was wrong to send Kambiz on this adventure. Maybe the voyage proves too difficult, after all? No. Cyrene doesn't wish the *delavar*'s death. But does she want him to succeed? Oh. It's all so confusing. Her heart almost stops when Rozhin, lovingly asks her if she's alright? Cyrene smiles, taking in the *zambānūg* she considers a daughter. What a miracle she is! "I am fine, my dear. I think the midday heat is getting to me." Then she notices Rohzin is holding a tray with two glasses of Sekanjabin Syrup and a carafe of water. 'If Arash can find *her*...'



When the gruff, manly *delavar* appears at the house, Cyrene is more surprised about how quickly he accomplished his mission. His boyish smile, with a hint of naughtiness, reaches her heart. He shows her the plant he retrieved for her. But Cyrene can only take in his masculine face. She asks him in, accepts the plant, and pays him. Then she pulls him to her favorite part of the garden and presses her lips against his.

'Do I really need the plant to find the right man?' Cyrene wonders, rolling her eyes as Kambiz squeezes her right breast, and lifts her dress.



Noor hesitates. Of course, Zayed is right, and she must return to her cage. Javad might discover that her powers are back. They returned after the virile merchant gifted her with his seed, awakening the ancient power of the peris. The new *sihr* swirls through her body deliciously.

"You have to go, my sweet."

His kind voice sends a delightful tingle to her pussy. He's right, but she needs one more taste of him. Noor presses her lips forcefully against his. Her tongue quickly slides in and dances with his. Her left hand slides down along his chest,

his tummy. It arrives at his stiffening cock. The peri squeezes it through his pants. Then she frees it. It feels warm and proud in her hand.

Zayed groans when Noor slides her hand up and down along his hardening member. His caution about the peri remaining in his cell for too long weakens. It struggles as a small nagging feeling when Noor lowers her lips over the tip of his cock. It's all but extinct by the time she bobs her head up and down, her tongue teasing the ridge of his tip. Then, Zayed has trouble remembering his own name, when her fingers stroke his balls. Her ministrations make their content churn. That sensation spreads to his bellybutton and to his nipples. Soon, his boiling jizz is sputtering, ready to shoot out in a combination of teasing pressure, and ecstasy. He wants to hold Noor's head and thrust deeper into her wet mouth. All his senses are reduced to the loaded sacks between his legs, when Noor pinches his right nipple. "Gaaaaah!" Powerful jets of cum erupt into her mouth. Though his senses are overwhelmed with joy, love and release, he hears the peri swallow every drop he offers, like sweet nectar. Looking down, he sees her eyes glow. Her gaze into his makes him weak at the knees.

Zayed startles at the big bang of the door opening. Javad!

Noor disappears with a pop and reappears in her own cage. Zayed manages to lift his pants.

On the steps, Javad looks at Noor, then Zayed. The peri takes the opportunity to wipe Zayed's precious seed from her cheek to her mouth. Javad crouches outside the merchant's cell and sniffs the air. Zayed gulps. Can Javad smell their lovemaking? The game is up. Javad roughly grabs Zayed's face. "What have you done, merchant?!" Javad's other hand clenches Zayed's hand with the feline ring. "You have forfeited your life with the last wish." The sorcerer turns to the peri. "And you! You were supposed to help me get the ring. Instead, he wastes its power on delights of the flesh. Don't think I can't smell it."

"He is betrothed to Princess Atossa of the Xšāça, Daughter to the Throne of the Achaemenid," Noor says. "Their magical power surpasses yours, Javad the Wise."

The sorcerer's silent pause is deafening. He grabs the merchant's neck with an iron fist. "You will bring her to me, Zayed!"



In the stars, Rajab al-Nujaim, divined about a man who would gain power with magic. For the emir, this meant finding a source of magic to exploit. That was why Merchant Zayed was sent out to meet with Javad the Wise. But for the emir's Astrologer, it meant taking strong measures. In his capacity as the official Nujūmī to Emir Khalaf ibn Ahmad, he secretly formed a small group of Rāqī, exorcists, to destroy all magical sources. When his informants mentioned the Gaokerena, the life-giving haoma plant growing near the Tree of All Seeds, it was the second time. So, he sent one of his men to Qazwin. Better than he had hoped for, it was Kambiz who was asked to retrieve the plant. And by none other than Merchant Zayed's mother. The very man the emir entrusted with a mission of utmost importance, was gathering magical artifacts to gain power. It all made sense now: Zayed had opened a personal trade route with the elusive Xšāça. Everyone knew they possessed great magical powers. By marrying the sole heir to the Throne of the Achaemenid, Zayed was practically royalty already. Rajab will stop him and use Cyrene as bait. However, he needs to send an agent to Terjenli to stop the merchant from colluding with a grand sorcerer against the emir. Once again, the stars have guided him true. Rajab will make sure to perform the ritual of gratitude tonight. The emir will reward him for finding this treachery.



Cyrene's cheeks still glow from her encounter with Kambiz. At first, she feared the touch of his callused hands, only to find they added an unexpected pleasure to tender parts of her body. She stops on her way to Ruksana to let the rise of passion flowering with this memory subside. How different her lovemaking with him was from the young gardener. Where he is young, virile, and impatient, the *delavar* is direct, promising, and even predatory. Where Cyrene has the gardener in the palm of her hand, willing to do her bidding, Kambiz is forceful and challenging. Either way, they both awaken her passion. She will seek out the young gardener and teach him some of Kambiz's tricks. Or maybe she should hold out until Ruskana makes her very own *zambānūg* that she can infuse with a combination of traits from both men... well, boy and

man. Her body tingles in anticipation rehearsing the description she will give the seeress.



Kambiz underestimated Cyrene's spunk. Expecting to find a bashful widow, he unleashed a passionate tigress. The way she answered his thrusts encouraged his own fervor. A pity he will arrest her. Looking through the window of Ruskana's hut, the *delavar* overhears the surprised reaction of both women. The seeress immediately saw the plant was fake. He has a twinge of regret when Cyrene's blush recognizes his betrayal. No matter, the emirate is in danger. It's time to move in.



The relentless sun beats down on Shayzar the lioness and leopardess Shirin as they trudge through the desolate heart of Zagros Mountains. The once mighty range, now a crumbling giant, stretches around them in shades of ochre and bone. Below them, a vast valley seems bottomless. The rukh's scent brought them here. They were in his possession long enough to recognize it anywhere. Shirin knows the rukh's preference for solitude. Although, after years of incarceration, she wouldn't be surprised to find him releasing his pent-up lust into a willing female. As they descend into the valley, the air grows thick with ancient stillness. The ground is littered with bleached bones, stark reminders of those who dared enter this cursed canyon before. This isn't just desolation; it's a living graveyard where even the wind holds its breath. The rukh's booming voice shatters the air, making their hearts leap and their fur stand. "Why have you come here?"

Shayzar points to a big moving rock. The giant bird is blended into its surroundings. He chose this place well. His beady eyes peer into theirs, almost spewing venom.

"We come with a request, o mighty rukh," Shirin manages to keep her voice calm.

"Then you have come for nothing. Leave!"

"Please, our former master, hear us," Shayzar tries.

"Yes, *former* master is right. I don't have to listen to you," the rukh breath carries his anger at being interrupted.

“Help us save our new master and Noor.”

Hearing the name of the beautiful peri it was tasked to protect until Zayed released him, gives the rukh pause. Sensing an opening, Shirin continues. “With his last wish, he asked us to find you.”

“My transaction with him is done,” he growls. “My freedom for your ring. What he chooses to do with his wishes isn’t my affair. Return to him if you need to.”

“Is there not a bargain to be made with us,” Shirin poses seductively.

The sense of their cat tongues on his cock, tickles through his body, but he quickly dismisses it. “You’ve wasted your time. I cannot defeat Javad. I will not be imprisoned by him again.”

“Noor can help,” Shayzar pleads. “She has regained some of her powers.”

“Then let her do it,” the rukh sneers.

“Please, Shah, help us save our master.”

That Shayzar knows his name is a surprise. ‘King’, the meaning of his name, only makes him relive the humiliation at being chained. “No. You must leave now.”

“If you were still our master, and you’d send us to find help,” Shirin purrs, “would you not want us to succeed?”

“I’m no longer your master. This means nothing anymore.”

“He is our master, and we love him,” Shayzar hisses.

Love? “Did you love me?”

“No,” her small voice answers. This is hopeless.

“Why do you love him?”

“He treats us as equals,” Shirin seems to be answering a question she has herself.

Love? The giant bird shrugs. “Then you love in vain.”

THE END

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. She decides to build one.

Noor

The beautiful peri imprisoned by Javad the Sorcerer.

Javad the Elder

Terjenli's sorcerer who captures Merchant Zayed.

Ruksana

Will the seeress aid Cyrene build a man this time?

Kambiz

The seasoned and handsome *delavar* who helps Cyrene find the magical haoma plant she needs.

Shayzar

A magical humanoid lioness.

Shirin

A magical humanoid leopardess.

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 *The Awakened Power - Merchant Zayed's Harem Adventures 4*. 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](#)

[Pulp Fantasy, Harem, and Romance for Men](#)

HaremLit Groups on Reddit

[r/harem](#)

[r/haremLit](#)

[r/haremfansaynovels](#)

HaremLit Group on Discord

[HaremLit](#)