

THE MAGIC TASSELS

Merchant Cayed's Harem Adventures



Season 5

J. Tiffany Moore

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Merchant Zayed's Harem Adventures 5

by

J. Tiffany Moore

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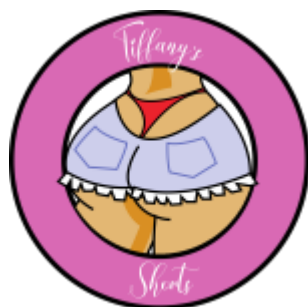
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The Magic Tassels

In the twilight of Scheherazade's stories, merchant Arash Zayed faces a final reckoning—with fate, with magic, and with the truth of his own heart. The sands are shifting, and every choice will shape the tale's last breath.



After Ruksana discovers the plant Cyrene brought her is not the Gaokerena, the life-giving haoma plant growing near the Tree of All Seeds, her latest divination suddenly makes sense. The Fāl-nāma cards of oracles warned her of a shadowy figure moving in the background, maybe two. Her powers to discern the future are most clear when there is serious intent. In this case, there were mostly suspicions. Until now. She turns to the door expecting the *delavar* Kambiz to enter. His intentions are not friendly. There is no time to hide, nor to consult her cards. The creak of the door makes Cyrene's head turn towards it. It's Kambiz! Why is he here?

“In the name of Rajab al-Nujaim, Astrologer to Emir Khalaf ibn Ahmad, you are under arrest for witchcraft for nefarious purposes against the good of the emirate.”

Ruksana asks: “What witchcraft?”

“Don't insult me. You sent me to fetch a magical plant.”

“There is no magical plant here, *delavar*. As you well know. For all we know, the Gaokerena is a myth.”

“You wanted to perform magic with it, you witch. Do you deny it?”

“If there is no magic here, why would you arrest us?”

“The Gaokerena is known to be a life-giving haoma plant. You intended to use its magic.”

Feigning surprise, the seeress asks: “A life-giving plant? How do you know that? Are you an evil sorcerer?”

“What? No! You asked me to fetch the plant...”

“Yes. To brew a rare and special soup...”

Cyrene cries out when Kambiz punches Ruksana in the chin. As if in a slow dream, the seeress's neck twists, her body trailing behind it. In her fall, she

knocks her head against the table, making it tumble over her body as she hits the ground. Zayed's mother looks back at him. Her sight turns to darkness when he backhands her with his other arm.

Kambiz shakes his head. He's under orders to apprehend them. What the witch said makes sense, but it's obvious she was trying to deceive him. Hitting Cyrene gave him no pleasure, but he needed to take control.



"Your sentence will be swift," the astrologer lisps at the two witches. They are chained to the wall in a small cell in the palace dungeon. There is hardly room to lie down, especially when there are two guests staying there. "Tell me what Zayed's plans are against the emir."

Cyrene pleads. "You have it wrong. My son is on a mission for the emir."

"Your death is certain, witch. Your choice is between quick or slow."

"Ask the emir. Arash is serving him faithfully."

"Is the other woman in your house also a witch?"

Cyrene pales.

"I'll take that as a 'yes'."

In horror, Cyrene watches the astrologer lift his chin towards Kambiz. There is no doubt. The *delavar* is going to arrest Rozhin. What if they find out she is a *zambānūg*? Ruksana may explain away the plant, but not if they have proof it works, and that Cyrene and the seeress did it.



Noor made a desperate attempt to save Zayed's life. However, by revealing the Arash Zayed's betrothal to Princess Atossa of the Xšāça, Daughter to the Throne of the Achaemenid, the situation may have worsened, even if it bought them time. Sorcerer Javad's command is not surprising: "Bring the princess here." Snapping his finger, he makes a floating carpet appear. "Come back as quick as you can."

Zayed pulls the carpet towards him. In a whirl, it transforms into a shapely feminine figure. "Ooh, aren't you a handsome man. Are you ready to ride me, lover?" She presses her full breasts against him.

"The carpet can only fly to and back from the palace of the Xšāça. Return as fast as you can, little merchant."

The carpet turns to Javad, tassels on her hips. "I'll *come...*" she bumps Zayed with her curvy hips playfully, "and go as I please."

The sorcerer crosses his arms. "I have spoken."

The carpet crosses her tassels. "Then you can take him yourself!"

Zayed has to do something. Of course, he can't reveal their escape plan in Javad's presence.

"Where would you like to take me, beautiful spirit?"

Her demeanor softens. "I want you to take me near a lake, in between the clouds... I want to feel your stiff..."

"Your time is running out, merchant!"

Noor touches Javad's arm. "Let me talk to her. No need to linger."

"I'll return shortly," the sorcerer booms and stomps away.

The carpet turns to the peri. "Who is she!?" The carpet turns her back on Arash.

"My sweet, we are trying to escape the sorcerer."

"I don't care. You don't love me."

"In order to do that, I have to bring Princess Atossa here."

The carpet leans against him seductively. "Oooh, a real princess?"

"Yes: my betrothed."

Her tassel slaps Zayed. "Another woman! You three-timing cheat! If you want her, go get her yourself!"

Unsure if this will help the situation at all, it's the best he can think of:

"Handsome and powerful men in Persia are allowed to take several wives, but only if they're not jealous."

Pressing her full breasts against Arash: "Jealous? Me? Ah yes, Persia... I've heard of that." She places a thoughtful tassel under her lip. "Alright, I'll take you..."

"Thank you," Zayed says relieved.

"If you promise to marry me." Her tassels turn into coyly blinking eyelashes.

Javad's door bangs open. Zayed looks at the carpet, then at Noor, then at the approaching sorcerer.

"I promise."

The carpet kisses him. “Hop on, my love. We shall float on clouds of love, drift on the essence of passion, and indulge in the warmth of our naked bodies under the sun.”

The carpet drags Zayed on, and whooshes away. Zayed holds on, catching the wind in his hair.

“We’re going to be so happy,” the carpet coos. “I can’t wait for our first hot and heavy sex. Mmm.”

Zayed’s ears buzz in confusion.

“Our carpet-kids will be soooo cute. Hey, what’s your name?”



Rozhin picks vegetables and herbs in the garden for tonight’s dinner. She’ll spend the afternoon in the secluded corner under towering fig and pomegranate trees and enjoy the gentle whisper of the fountain. At the front of the house, she hears the wheels of a cart approaching. It’s the *delavar* Kambiz, who visited Cyrene, with guards from the emir’s palace. Lifting her scarf over her hair, she prepares to welcome them. Then she sees Kambiz give terse orders to the guards. They push their way into the house. Rozhin hides behind the low mud-brick wall. She can’t stay here.

Kambiz shoes crunch on the garden path. His eyes glide over the vegetables, herbs, and flowery bushes. He looks behind the trees and over the wall.

“No one in the house,” a guard reports.

“Alright. Back to the palace. Those witches will tell us where she is.”

‘Witches?’ Rozhin can only imagine who Kambiz means: Cyrene and Ruksana.

The house is compromised. They are sure to come back.

The *zambānūg* changes into the merchant’s clothes she wore when she first met Zayed.

Packing some more clothes, and foods, she takes the cart to the capital.

Along the way she passes a neighbor to buy a crate of figs. That will give her access to the marketplace in front of the palace. She also hopes it throws off the guards coming to look for her.

From her corner, she has a good view of the comings and goings of the emir’s servants. She even manages to make a profit on the figs.

She didn't like hitting the young servant over the head. She quickly changes clothes. Her new costume with its rich colors and shimmering accents blends well with luxurious palace interior, but Rozhin feels slightly exposed in them. It has side splits in her flowing purple pants and a golden sequined top, showing her womanly bellybutton. The simple jewelry, decorative headpiece, large earrings, and ornate arm bands complete her new look.

She pretends to bump into one of the guards. He grins at her.

"Kambiz?"

Following his instructions, she finds the astrologer's office, where she overhears him speak with the *delavar*. They arrested Cyrene and Ruksana as witches and sentenced them to death. How soon depends on Rozhin's capture.



Rozhin enters another office. Empty? No. Panting and moaning behind the curtains of the bed. She takes the tray of half-eaten food and heads for the cells.

The guards gladly accept the tray. While they smack their lips eating, Rozhin finds Cyrene and Ruksana. They are chained to the wall. The guards must have the keys. How will she get them?

The seeress opens her eyes. "You must find Zayed."

"They are planning your execution."

"Then you'd better hurry, Rozhin."

"I can't leave you here!"

"Zayed is the only one who can help us now."

Cyrene nods. It breaks Rozhin's heart to leave them behind like this, but they are right.



Shayzar and Shirin have to find a way to lure the ruhk away from his hiding place in Zagros Mountains. Their master Zayed won't be able to defeat Javad the Sorcerer without him.

It's clear that his incarceration has ruffled the feathers of the giant bird. How can they persuade him? "Why hasn't he found solace in the lust of lovely ruhkqueens?" Shayzar asks her sister.

"Maybe he can't get it up?" Shirin wonders.

“Or the chains have made affected his masculinity.” She turns to the leopardess. “How do we get it back?” She frowns. The form of her companion is fading. Their magic is wearing off. If the rukh won’t come back with them, they’ll be lost for all eternity.



The flight to Marvdasht, where hidden among the plains lies ancient Persepolis in the Xšāça’s hidden realm, is long. Zayed is amazed at the versatility of the carpet’s tassels. As he slept, the carpet casually wrapped one around his cock. Another dusted his balls. He woke up to little squeals: ‘Oooh, lover, is that stiffy for me? Try not to make a mess on the carpet! Oops! Too late!’ and was wide awake when his warm jizz shot into the morning breeze.

“Oh! Good morning my groom! Did you sleep well?” the carpet tee-hees.

“Your little surprise was better.”

“After we’re married, I’ll do this for you every day.”

“If we are too be wed, can you tell me about yourself?”

“My name is Naaira. I love sex, oh, and long flights in the moonlight.”

“Where are you from? Were you always a flying carpet?”

“If you must know, long, long ago, I was a famous dancer. They said I floated with elegance. With my dances, I drove men wild so that they wanted to possess me. To evade them, I asked a young magician to give me true flight. Alas, he was inexperienced. My spirit flew out of my body and was ensnared in a loom that was making an exquisite carpet. The weaver was torn between finishing his masterpiece and freeing me. He could not unravel his work, so here I am.”

“Are you happy? Do you want to undo the spell?”

“No one has asked me that before! I knew there was something about you: we are destined for each other.” Naaira makes graceful turns and lifts to show her new mood. “My human body doesn’t exist anymore, so I can’t return to it. So, I’m content with my fate, especially with you.”

Zayed’s heart goes out to the carpet spirit. Is there a way to help her? Even if there were, he needs to prepare for his clash with Javad. For that, he needs the help of Princess Atossa.



Her heart flutters when Zayed's arrival is announced; a smile forms when told about the carpet.

Their night is passionate. Princess Atossa's pussy is warm and welcoming. His seed is warm and giving.

Glowing in their intimacy, she asks about the flying carpet. She's sad about its fate. Then, Arash takes a deep breath to tell his bride about the danger of Javad the Sorcerer.



Her skin under the manacle is turning from red to raw. Cyrene already tried pulling the chain loose. Ruksana calmed her down, but that didn't last long. The dungeon is getting to her. She hates being this dirty the most. And it's all her own fault! Why did she need a *zambānūg*? She saw how well it worked out between Rozhin and her son. They were smitten at first sight. Cyrene didn't know that was possible. And from that moment on, they were in perfect harmony, their lives were as one. It was different with her husband. Was it wrong to want the same thing? That Rozhin and Zayed will suffer the same fate as she is too much to bear. Her pull at the chain is angry.

"Please, Cyrene, stop punishing yourself."

"What if they get caught? My son will be killed because of me."

"Either our fates are already sealed, or they are not. Trust Arash."

When the slop boy brings their food, Cyrene asks him to fetch Kambiz. A few moments later, he arrives.

"If I confess, will you let Ruksana go free and stop going after Zayed?"

He sees his thoughts reflected in the eyes of the other woman: the astrologer has already decided their fate. Ruksana doesn't want to take away all hope, but a confession could make things worse.

"I'll try to convince Rajab," the *delavar* answers. It pains him to see Cyrene grasping for this strand.

Kambiz returns with the astrologer.

"If you confess, I will grant your wish," Rajab promises.

After Cyrene tells them about the life-giving plant and her wish for a husband, the astrologer grins. "Just as I thought: the other woman is a witch as

well. Don't worry, we'll find her soon enough. Your son as well. Maybe we will let your other son in peace, but maybe not."

Ruksana presses her eyes closed. It's as she feared.

"No! You promised! You promised you would only punish me!" Cyrene despairs.

"And leave the enemies of the Emir run free? What do you take me for, you silly, little woman. I'll make sure you watch them all die in front of you."

Cyrene would have preferred a beating to this. She flops down on her butt, all air and light and warmth sucked out of her body. Her arm hanging from the chain, she curls up in the dirty straw. It doesn't matter anymore. Nothing matters anymore. Why did she believe it would work?

Leaving the dungeon, Kambiz asks Rajab about the promise. The astrologer looks at him as if he's just as crazy as the woman. "I will do everything in my power to destroy these deceitful creatures. I don't bargain with witches, I destroy them!"

Kambiz bites his tongue.

"Go get Zayed," the astrologer orders.

The emir's mission sent Zayed to Terjenli, so that is where Kambiz is heading. He wonders. Isn't Cyrene just a silly woman being tricked into believing she would find a perfect man. There was no evidence of magic. 'Isn't the astrologer being just as deceitful?'



It only took two silver dinars before the innkeeper told Kambiz that Zayed spent the night. The next morning, he went to visit Javad the Elder.

"He is a secretive man," the innkeeper tells his visitor.

"Why did Merchant Zayed go there?"

"Truly, I do not know."

"Let me have his room."

"Do you want some companionship with that?"

"Did Zayed?"

"No, he did not. Why do you ask?"

Kambiz doesn't answer. If the merchant had a woman, then he might have told her more than this innkeeper.

The *delavar* lays down two more silver dinars. “Tell her to come to my room immediately.” It was a long trip. Maybe this woman can soothe his muscles.



Rozhin saw Kambiz enter the inn. She’s sure Arash went there as well. It would be unwise to visit it while the *delavar* is there. Fortunately, an elder shopkeeper told her that she saw Merchant Zayed meet the blacksmith. After spending the night in a haystack, Rozhin heads for the blacksmith shop. She hopes he will tell her about what Arash is up to.



Being washed by the lovely woman he spent the night with was a nice extra. He goes down for breakfast, then heads out for Javad the Elder.

The house is bigger than Kambiz expected. The door creaks open as he approaches, but there is no one behind the door.

“Peace be with you, Javad the Elder!” the *delavar* calls out.

A pleasant voice answers. “Please come in. I’ll be there shortly.”

Kambiz pushes the door open and enters.



Abriz, the blacksmith is hammering a piece of metal on the anvil. Droplets of perspiration tickle down her back.

Rozhin is in awe by the smith’s muscles and strong back. “Good morning, blacksmith,” she raises her voice to be heard over the clang of the hammer.

Abriz nods back.



The main room is smaller than Kambiz expected in such a big house. Javad is sitting at a table near the fireplace. There are two plates.

“Will you join me for breakfast?”

“Thank you, Javad, I just left the inn.”

“How can I help you this fine morning?”

The *delavar*’s neck hair rises. “Forgive my intrusion. I was told I would find Arash Zayed here.”

“He was here, but he left again.”

“He had business with you?”

“Yes, he had wares to trade. I bought this candlestick from him. Have some tea.”

Kambiz didn’t notice those two cups before. Who is this man? What’s going on? Holding his smile, Kambiz thanks Javad. “If Zayed is no longer here, I won’t take any more of your time.”

Outside, he can’t shake his sense of suspicion. What did the astrologer get him into?



“Did Merchant Zayed meet with you?” Rozhin asks.

The blacksmith looks her over. “Oh yes!” “He wanted to use my hammer, so I asked to use his. Why?”

Rozhin blushes.

“Did you want to use his hammer as well!” Abriz grins.

“Oh, I have. More than once, if you must know.” Rozhin sees the blacksmith’s jaw clench. “He’s quite skilled, isn’t he?”

Abriz laughs. “What can I do for you?”



Atossa sits in the very best center of the flying carpet she can find. Her grip on Zayed’s arm is certain to leave a red imprint. Naaira’s presence doesn’t help the princess relax.

At one time, she felt the carpet’s tassels under her breasts.

“Mmm,” the carpet winked, “very nice.”

Naaira then pushed Atossa closer to Zayed. “If you kids want some together time, I’ll cover my eyes.” The tassels seemed to cover the carpet’s eyes, making the princess even more nervous about flying.



Back at the inn, Kambiz’s dinars coax the last bit of information about Javad. Only when the stories become more extraordinary does he stop asking the locals about the wise man on the hill. One thing is clear: Javad is no ordinary academic. The *delavar* decides to return and find a way to sneak inside.



Javad grins at Zayed’s return with the princess. The power of the Achaemenid Throne will be his at last. The heir to that throne will make sure of it. He nods.

“You are even more radiant than I imagined.” With a flick of his fingers, Javad pushes Zayed away. The merchant lands in a pile of jewels.

Kambiz raises his eyebrows. His chin on the windowsill, he watched Javad’s magic.

Atossa steps closer to the sorcerer: “You really think the power of the Achaemenid Throne is real? You think you can harness it and become all-powerful?”

Javad’s face darkens.

“It’s a myth, a story told to entertain children.”

“Such poise,” Javad smiles. “I’ll enjoy taking you to my bed. The ancient tome of Power is very clear.”

“The one written by Qubt the Wise? He was a fool... like you. There’s a spell in that book, isn’t there?”

Zayed gets up and spots Kambiz who quickly puts his finger to his lips. Zayed looks back. He can’t believe how regal and delectable Atossa looks defying Javad. It would be disrespectful of him to wonder if she knows what she’s doing.

Out of thin air, the sorcerer summons the tome. It flips open to the right page. *“Ruvya Nyewa Kengu Rigomasa Jidaxato!”*

Noor has been following the clash. She hides her face. A loud bang follows. Javad is flung backwards. Atossa smirks.

Zayed runs up to her and pulls her arm to follow him to Kambiz’s window.

Eyes wild, Javad shakes his head. His beard and eyebrows are singed, his face is burned. A snap of his fingers closes the window. Javad gets up. Another snap sends the two to separate cages. Fuming, he leaves the room, but trips over the carpet who casually rolled in his way. After an angry wave of his arm, the double doors burst open. The sorcerer marches through them. Outside, Kambiz weighs everything he saw. It’s Javad, not Zayed who’s a threat. He has to inform the astrologer. If he returns, he’ll leave Zayed and Princess Atossa to their fate. He’s not prepared to do that yet.

From a distance, Rozhin watches the *delavar*’s doubting demeanor.



“That boring rukh? Why do you think I’d waste my time on him?” The majestic rukhqueen spreads her wings.

“He just spent years imprisoned by a sorcerer.” Shayzar says. She notices her hand fading. “You know what’s on a man’s mind after he’s released... all that pent up energy...”

The magical felines are running out of time. They spent the last day looking for a female rukh who could ‘invigorate’ Khan. Watching the rukhqueen’s eyes widen as she imagines all that energy, Shirin pushes Shayzar away. “Go fetch him!”



Taking a deep breath, Rozhin comes out of hiding. She already sees herself chained in the dungeon like Cyrene and Ruksana. She has to risk it. “Kambiz. You are looking for me.”

The *delavar* reaches for his dagger. “Did you follow me here?”

“I’m here to rescue my husband. What about you?”

He frowns for an eternity, then releases his hilt. He nods to Rozhin.



“He’ll be back soon, Noor. We have to leave,” Zayed calls to the other cage.

The peri snaps her fingers and joins him. “He’ll never let me go.” She slides her hand over the front of his pants. “I’ll need all the energy I can get.”

Atossa gulps.

Zayed is always eager but waiting for Javad to return to kill them dampens his mood a bit. Even when she takes him in her mouth, he can get his cock up. Only when she suckles his testicles, does he begin to feel familiar stirrings down there. Looking down, he hardens further. The bulge in her cheek arouses him more than he expected. He begins to push in and out between Noor’s lips, letting the sexual sensation wash over him.



“Is it true that rukhqueens have special ways to arouse their mates?” Shirin asks.

“Never met a rukh who could resist me!”

“Can you show me?”

The rukhqueen smirks. She then wiggles her tail sensuously.

Unaware to her, Khan followed Shayzar. She told him he wouldn't believe her if she told him.

The rukh's eyes pop at the rukhqueen's poses. After the third, he's cross-eyed with lust and flies towards her.

Shayzar and Shirin disappear. The sights and sounds of the rukh's feral lovemaking make them hope Khan will help Zayed against Javad.



Rozhin and Kambiz duck when a big shadow passes over them. They can't believe the giant creature descending from the sky. Rozhin suddenly remembers the blacksmith's hammer. She quickly returns to the village.



Noor glows with energy after Zayed releases his seed in her. Just in time. The door bangs open. Javad enters the hall, murder in his eyes. Naaira makes him trip again. When he's down, Noor shoots a bolt at him. Surprised, the sorcerer is knocked against the wall. The peri shoots another bolt. This time, Javad holds out his hand to shield from it. He flicks the next bolt back to Noor.

"Javad! I asked her to attack," Zayed tries.

The sorcerer raises both hands and holds them all in a choke.

Atossa watches in horror how both Zayed and Noor start turning red in Javad's hold. She rushes him and knocks him over. The peri quickly recovers and blasts the sorcerer with a bolt of energy. The princess runs to her betrothed coughing for breath. Another bolt hits Javad. He slams his hands on the floor causing the ground to shake, making his foes tumble. Getting up, in a fit of rage, he floods the room with a hurricane of fire. Noor only just manages to bring up a protective dome around Zayed, Atossa, Naaira and her.

Javad's eyes burn with revenge. The peri isn't sure she can withstand another assault. Just as the sorcerer focuses his magic on them, shards of glass splinter across the hall. Khan's sharp talons capture Javad in a crushing embrace.

Kambiz's face is fixed in panic witnessing the battle inside.

Javad closes his eyes. Concentrating, he manages to lift every gold coin, every diamond, every piece of jewelry and shoots them at the giant bird. Pelted from all side, the rukh lets go of the sorcerer. His hands freed again, Javad chains the rukh to the wall again. He gets up and straightens his tunic. His eyes

never leaving Noor's, his face twists in twisted delight. He raises his arms, preparing to deliver at final blow. The peri covers Atossa and Zayed with her body. She can only hope it will protect them.

Before Javad releases his vengeance, Naaira quickly slides under his feet and trips him again.

“Waaah!” The sorcerer roars.

He looks up, only to see Zayed standing over him. The merchant pokes him in the eye—it's the only thing he could think of. Javad opens his other eye, his brow incensed, only to have that one poked as well. Lashing out, he pushes Zayed away violently. The merchant hits the wall and slumps down in pain.

Teeth clenched, Javad stands up again. His anger swats away the peri's bolt. He looks up when the double hall doors fly open. A woman runs inside, heading for the rukh. The sorcerer is simply stunned by this. He shakes himself back when Rhozin bangs a hammer against the magical chains holding the giant bird. Khan is free and whooshes his wings making everyone fall from the air blasting through the hall.

Noor summons every bit of energy she has available, hating that she has to. Before she can unleash her own frustration, the rukh beats her to it. Grabbing the sorcerer, Khan flies out and rises as high as he can. The others follow him outside watching him climb.

The rukh stops and with a grin opens his claw.

Javad's eyes widen.

Zayed directs Naaira up.

The flying carpets pokes and pushes the sorcerer all the way down, so that he can't use his spells.

Kambiz watches Javad's splattering end.

Zayed feels a tug on his hand. His ring glows with a new magical charge. Rozhin flies in his arms. She's joined by Noor, Atossa, and Naaira.



“Why two bags, my love?” Rozhin asks Zayed. Together with Atossa, Naaira flies them back home. Noor floats beside them with a big smile. The air smells fresh, the wind through her hair feels like liberty.

Khan, the rukh carries Javad's treasure for them.

“The emir awaits his prize. And I expect a reward. If I hand over the entire treasure, he will keep almost all of it. So, I’m taking my rightful part minus his reward. After all, we faced all the dangers.” He tells Rozhin everything that happened. “I’ll also give him Javad’s ring. He can boast about how he defeated a powerful, evil sorcerer.”

“My Merchant Zayed.” Rozhin smiles and kisses him on the back of his neck.



“The ring of Javad the Elder,” the Emir beams. He stands up and shows the court. One of the courtiers calls out: “Emir Khalaf ibn Ahmad - Slayer of Sorcerers!” The others applaud.

The Emir flicks his hand. The Goldkeeper rewards Zayed with less treasure than he anticipated. Rozhin and he exchange a glance.

Before they leave, the Emir calls on Kambiz. The *delavar* explains how Rajab al-Nujaim, the Astrologer, mistakenly arrested two women as witches in his fervor to serve the Emir, and how he wanted to do the same with Merchant Zayed.

On his knees before his master, Rajab begs forgiveness for his errors: he was only trying to protect the emirate.

The Emir turns to Zayed. “What is your punishment for him?”

The Astrologer fears the worst.

“Loyalty should not be punished, My Emir. Release the prisoners and have your servant compensate them for their imprisoned time.”

“So be it, Zayed. You are a just and loyal subject. Others should follow your example.”

Arash’s bow is deep.



At home, the air was filled with the sweet scent of incense and the sound of laughter and music, Zayed dances with his mother her tears of pride and relief mixing on her cheek. He dances with a surprised Ruksana. A close dance with smiling Rozhin, then with beaming Atossa. Noor feels free and loved in his arms. Naaira can’t keep her tassels from his bum.

Rozhin is enthralled by her new household. Noor seeks her out. “You’re a *zambānūg*, aren’t you.” Rozhin’s startled eyes tell the peri that Zayed doesn’t

know. "Don't worry. I'll keep your secret."

"Thank you. I promise to tell you everything."

"No need, Rozhin. I didn't mean to pry."

"Will you be staying with us?"

Noor is surprised by the question. In truth, she wanted to discuss this with Zayed. "I'd like that. He's the only one who doesn't want to possess me."

Rozhin nods. Then she raises her arms. The partygoers fall silent. With a big smile, Rozhin announces they have to prepare for Atossa's wedding.

"And mine!" Naaira says, followed by a stunned silence.

"Of course," Zayed takes her tassels in his hands. He raises his glass. "You are my world!"

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. She helps Zayed defeat Javad the Elder.

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 Elder.

Javad the Elder

Terjenli's sorcerer who captures Merchant Zayed.

Ruksana

Will the seeress aid Cyrene build a man this time?

Rajab al-Nujaim

Astrologer to Emir Khalaf ibn Ahmad, and self-appointed witch-hunter.

Kambiz

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

Abriz

Terjenli's blacksmith possessing a magic hammer.

Shayzar

A magical humanoid lioness.

Shirin

A magical humanoid leopardess.

Naaira

A magical flying carpet who was a woman before.

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 Magic Tassels - Merchant Zayed's Harem Adventures*
5. 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.

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