

THE WEAVE OF BECOMING

Merchant Bayed's Harem Adventures

Season 6

J. Tiffany Moore



The Weave of Becoming
Merchant Zayed's Harem Adventures 6

by

J. Tiffany Moore

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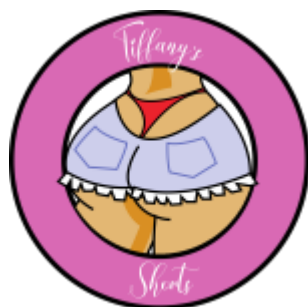
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The Weave of Becoming

In the seductive whispers of Scheherazade's tale, Merchant Zayed embarks on a journey of the soul—offering Naaira the chance at a human form and confronting the last secrets that bind love and magic.



Lithe dancers precede Princess Atossa down the balcony stairs, strewing petals before her feet. The courtyard is transformed into a garden of paradise, with fragrant roses, jasmine, and myrtle lining the pathways. Fountains bubble with crystal-clear water, reflecting the shimmering lights hanging from the trees. The air is filled with the sweet melodies of *ouds*, *neys*, and tambourines, played by the finest musicians in the land.

Cyrene's tears make Atossa's gown of finest silk and gold thread and the delicate pearls and rubies in her hair sparkle even more. Cheeks, wider than she thought possible, Arash Zayed's proud mother embraces her first daughter-in-law. Rohzin's heart swell with love when her husband the groom arrives riding a white steed, wearing a tunic, embroidered with golden threads.

The wise and venerable scholar recites the ancient blessing: "O gracious heavens, look upon this union with favor and grace, as the hearts of these two noble souls entwine like the branches of the sacred lotus. May their love be as the sweetest of perfumes upon the breeze, and their bond as unbreakable as the chains of the golden sun."

Under the watchful eyes of the stars, the newlyweds dance beneath the moonlight, their love as boundless as the sands of Persia.

Cyrene keeps Rohzin close by holding off several men eager to dance with her. She is aware that their interest is for Zayed and not for her.

Dismissing Kambiz, the *delavar* was easy—her young gardener, less so. It still feels like the right choice. The men-sharks circling her support her decision. Now that Zayed has a second wife, she will concentrate on her role of mother-in-law, although she is unsure how to be that for a princess!

As in a trance, Zayed dances with Atossa, his wonderful new wife. He doesn't notice the well-wishers around him. If there is anything itching around

him, it's his brother Parviz pretending to be happy for him, and Naaira watching from above at the ceremony he promised her as well. He told her yesterday that he didn't forget. The magic carpet flung her tassels around him and wept on his shoulder. A little later, flying together over the royal palace of the Achaemenid, he wondered if she would like to have a human form again. She answered that her body was long gone.

"Maybe there is a way to find a new one?"

Naaira folded around him, and while they tumbled down, she ravished him. The combination of the dizzying drop and orgasmic release enveloped him, and he felt safe in her arms.



Now, in Atossa's bed, his cock is snug in the princess' moistness. Her deflowering was a patient, gentle, and loving moment. Her tears were of happiness and belonging. Looking in her wide eyes and bright smile, one hand on her right boob, his finger on her nipple, Arash fills her with love and his seed.



As tradition of the second wedding night prescribes, Atossa and Rohzin stand at the foot of Zayed's bed waiting to be invited. This night is for them to bond as wives. Zayed senses the princess' hesitation—she was a virgin until yesterday, after all. Rohzin notices it as well. Arash's erection is all too happy about his tall and statuesque second wife and his curvy first one. He opens his arms. They each cuddle on one side, Rohzin's smile full of promise, her hand just high enough on his leg.

Atossa is distracted by her thoughts on the *zambānūg*. Did Zayed build her as his plaything? It's distasteful that he invites them both tonight.

Noticing, Arash kisses his wives. Then, he gets up to fetch a tea tray. Settling between them, he serves each a cup. His kindly chat manages to relax the princess. He tells her how Rohzin and he met. About how his mother pushed him to marry, how she discussed the qualities he admired in other women. About how, as by magic, Rohzin found her way to his home with a broken carriage.

‘He doesn’t know!’ Atossa glances at Rohzin’s worried face. ‘Cyrene built him a wife in secret.’

Rohzin startles when the princess’ lips find hers. They are warm and loving. Her pussy moistens when her bondwife nibbles on her breast.

The next morning, Arash is dizzy with passion. His two wives brought him to ecstasy in many ways. He lost track of who’s pussy, tongue or hands did what, only that it felt incredible. Atossa smiles in his shoulder. If he can love Rohzin for who she is, then so can she.



Cyrene is sorry to have invited this clumsy mid-level bureaucrat in. He’s wearing his best clothes, but they are mismatched—as if he simply picked his most expensive ones. His gift of a silver box is tacky. His short, speech when he gives it to her is rehearsed and dispassionate. His chest inflates when he talks about the promotion that awaits him when they marry.

Cyrene pushes his face away when he wants to kiss her goodbye. It took her an hour to get rid of him. Is this what her life will be like from now on? Gold diggers who court her to get to her son?

Then, when Rohzin, Atossa and Zayed come downstairs, glowing from their second wedding night, Cyrene pushes her worries away. This is what she hoped for him all along. She kisses them each good morning, even if it’s the afternoon.



Salim the Tradesman’s hand kiss sends a little thrill to her pussy. His pointy black beard and shining black eyes make her shiver. ‘Another man who wants to get close to Arash,’ Cyrene warns herself. Wealth and sophistication ooze from his words, manners, and hand movements. She finds herself agreeing that it’s time to leave her son to shape his own home, especially after seeing Zayed with his wives. She doesn’t have to marry Salim, but maybe she can have some fun with him.



Cyrene smiles when she feels his hand on her right breast and the way he bumps his crotch into her bottom. Salim’s beard tickles her neck. Her nipples like that. Last night she decided she would let him seduce her. So what if he thinks it’s not proper? If he’s serious, he won’t mind.

He doesn't.

Kisses, cuddles, and more interrupt their breakfast. The pomegranates and honey-glazed ham show Salim is sparing no cost to woo her. Their conversation is both polite and saucy. Their lovemaking only the latter, fortunately.

After a cozy and intimate lunch, Cyrene really needs to freshen up at home. In the carriage back, she revisits some tender moments in her mind. However, she also reviews Salim's questions about Zayed. Of course, she's aware of his interest in her son, but that didn't stop her from enjoying herself. The questions seem innocent enough. Sighing, she slides Salim's flower in her hair.



Ruksana contemplates Zayed's question. It takes more effort than she expected not to look at Rohzin. So, she turns her attention to Naaira, this wonderfully intriguing magical carpet who was once a woman more than a thousand years ago. Is it possible to create a vessel for her spirit?

Rohzin gasps softly. If Ruksana suggests a *zambānūg* and Zayed is tasked with finding a haoma plant, he will find out her true nature. She's worried he'll ask why she didn't tell him earlier. No, she's afraid he will send her away. On the other hand, knowing the man he is now, he might could say something like: "If I can love a magical carpet, I can certainly love a magical being."

But Rohzin doesn't want to be loved as a *zambānūg*. She wants to be a real woman and his wife. If only she had told him.

Ruksana goes in the back to consult an ancient tome on the Magi of Mazdan. Rohzin spends her time wondering how to answer all of Zayed's questions and doesn't notice Naaira's near panic impatience. Arash does what he can to calm the shapely carpet, holding her tassels in his hands. Only after the Seeress explains that transposing Naaira's spirit isn't magically possible, and taking a breath of relief, does Rohzin realize how devastated Naaira is with the news. How could she be so selfish?



Back home, Rohzin hurries to find solace in the garden. She finds Cyrene glowing with rapture after not coming home last night. Her mother-in-law is happy to talk about Salim's tenderness. Rohzin is happy for her, but when

Cyrene mentions Salim's questions about Zayed, it raises warning flags. "What if Salim wants information on his competitor Zayed?"

Cyrene's disappointment slaps Rohzin in the face. Mood darkened, her mother-in-law retreats to her room. This is the second person today!

That night, Zayed's kisses can't ignite her passions, nor can his fingers. He makes her tea and sits quietly beside her. Rohzin mulls.



Cyrene shouldn't be surprised, but she is. Ruksana greets her without looking. She's bent over, cutting leaves into a mortar.

The Seeress' face is serious when she turns. "Sit, my poor broken-hearted friend."

It only takes a cup of chamomile tea for Cyrene for her tears to flow.

"How did Salim's beard feel between your legs?"

Cyrene blushes, recalling the tickly sensation on her thighs.

"There is no shame in having your way with a man."

"I-I want him to love me for me."

"Do you have anyone in mind?"

"Not Arash, if that's what you think!"

"I don't. Hmm... Would you be a dear and fetch some herbs Ramin is holding for me?"

"Wha-? This is your advice for me?"

"I apologize, my dearest Cyrene. I need to make sure my potion doesn't boil too long."

Cyrene hears the tent flap slide closed behind her. Frowning, she heads for the physician's practice across town. She doesn't go there. Visiting him is generally not a good sign.



Ramin hardly looks up when he hands over the herbs. Cyrene notices his long slender fingers-younger than his age. The village gossip once mentioned a man's hand hints at the shape of his ... well...

Walking back to Ruksana, Cyrene has flashes of Ramin's beardless kind face. She quickly shakes away the visions of his hands on her tummy... at little higher... a little lower.

The Seeress smiles at Cyrene's flush. "I hope you don't hurt yourself, my dear. Visiting Ramim too often is never a good sign."

Cyrene catches a naughty sparkle in Ruksana's eyes.



Zayed feels Naa'ira's tassel tremble in his hand.

Noor kneels before the slumped carpet. "I'm so sorry, Naa'ira."

The carpet shrugs. "I understand. I wouldn't want you to take a life to give me a new body anyway."

Zayed caresses her back and exchanges a sad glance with the magical peri. Neither of them would want to take another life. Zayed wonders if he should have offered to find a way to transfer Naa'ira's spirit into a new woman's body? First, a *zambānūg* isn't possible, now the magic of the djinns has promise, but at a price they won't even consider. He pushes away the possibility of transferring into a woman at death's door as an even worse solution. Maybe Atossa can help? She promised to seek advice from her scholars and wise men. Zayed is afraid to hope.



"It's not life-threatening, Mistress Zayed," Ramim examines the rose thorn in her finger. Cyrene likes how his tone is just the right mix of amused and serious.

She purses her lips for an instant. "Doctor, is it true what they say about a man's fingers and his penis?"

Ramim gets caught in a cough. It gets worse when he sees Cyrene biting her lip.



"I've been like this for more than a thousand years, my love. I am the way I am." Naa'ira poses with her hip, and a tassel behind her head."

Zayed forces a smile but catches her droop.



Rohzin has seen Cyrene blush before. She remembers how she caught her with the young gardener. But this? This is more like a lover's flush.

Cyrene holds Rohzin's hands. When she looks up, her eyes sparkle. "Just when he stopped coughing, I asked him if he'd like to compare? I think he may

still have something caught in his throat right now!” Then her expression changes. “Oh dear, what if I was too forward? What if he won’t see me again?”

“We can always prick you with another rose thorn. He will have to tend to you. Or maybe, you can claim you have an itch down there!”

“Rohzin! You’re even worse than I am!”

“We all want you to be happy, Mother.”

Cyrene lifts her hand to her mouth at her daughter-in-law’s sweet words. She embraces her, feeling the exchange of their love.

“Or up here?” Rohzin presses her hands on her breasts with an innocent smile.



Afzal hears the love in the young couple’s voices. He is glad to be of service to the town again. After a fire blinded his eyes, he chose a life of seclusion. He is grateful that there is always a daily basket on his doorstep. To marry Arash Zayed and Naaira will be his privilege.

Outside the home of the white-bearded village elder, Naaira throws her arms around Zayed. “My love, thank you!”

Zayed holds two tassels and kisses them. “No. Thank you.”



“May the light of love illuminate your path, even in the darkest of nights.

May the wind carry your hopes and dreams, as it carries the scent of the desert bloom.

May Naaira, ever graceful and ever strong, guide you through life’s journey, just as the stars guide the traveler through the endless night.

And may Zayed, with his unwavering love and unwavering support, be her anchor, her strength, her unwavering companion.

May their bond be as unbreakable as the timeless stars that watch over us all.”

Naaira envelops Zayed with her whole carpet and heart. Rohzin, Atossa, and Cyrene, wide smiles of happiness, moist eyes with love, embrace them both.

Zayed thanks Afzal. “Thank you, O Shaykh, you have made me a very happy man.”

“And you me, Merchant Zayed.”

After the festivities, Afzal smiles all the way home, basking in the union he brought two loving hearts.



The next morning, hair tussled, Zayed watches how Naaira, with a naughty grin, washes off the multiple stains from his seed.

She tassels his hair on their way down to breakfast—or is it lunch?

After allowing the newlyweds their afterglow, Atossa tells them her court alchemists may have found something. Naaira is too afraid to hope. Zayed's loving voice whispers encouragement.

Before she can kiss him, a strong arm pounds on the door. "Mother! Brother!"

Naaira goes upstairs.

Parviz enters, kissing his mother. Atossa and Rohzin nod politely from a distance.

"Brother, we need to talk about this unworthy healer mother is seeing."



Parviz surveys Merchant Zayed's home with a shake of the head.

"Dear brother, it's good to see you as well," Zayed opens his arms.

Parviz barely acknowledges the greeting. "Arash this is no place for a man of your stature. You require a grander residence, one that reflects your success and provides ample space for our family. I'll manage with a wing for my wives and children. I've already spoken to a connected intermediary you can hire. Leave it all to me to find you the perfect palace."

Parviz turns to Cyrene. "Mother!" He embraces her. "A village doctor? Really? Oh, a beautiful woman like you can do much better than that." He claps Zayed on the shoulder. "And you, Arash, we have to find you a fitting third wife: well-connected family close to the emir. I know just the matchmaker who can help you find her. Hire her and leave it all to me. I'll get her to give us a good price for both mother and you." He smiles and waves the servant to bring his luggage to the guest room. He climbs the stairs. "Why don't you arrange a midday meal? Then we can discuss the family legacy like real men. Don't worry, it will be safe with me." He takes two steps up. "Oh! I also have many business opportunities lined up for us. You know how it is, all these willing

propositions. Let me sort the successful from the shady ones. Our ventures will take flight, I'm sure!"

Zayed looks at his mother and raises his eyebrows.



"No, Rohzin, I can't. Parviz will know. He'll scold me if I meet with Ramin."

"Mother, leave Parviz to Arash and me. Please go have fun."

The water in the lake in the Mellat public garden is cool. Ramin cups his hand and drinks. Cyrene is quiet, and he doesn't know what to say to her. He already asked about her health and the weather. He doesn't want to probe further, worried it might not be proper.

Cyrene surprises him by asking "What are your dreams for love, Ramin?"

"Well... Big question... I deal with rose thorn pricks mostly... I like healing others. It's silly, but I do. And I'd like to share my life with someone... Uhm... I don't mean you... Uhm... Not that it couldn't be you... I don't mean right now... No. I... would like to share my life with someone... anyone... even you..."

He hides his face missing her friendly smile.



"We don't have to go, Naaira," Zayed holds her tassels in his hand. "But maybe Atossa's alchemist can help."

"If I get my hopes up and he can't... then... I don't think I want that disappointment... It hurts, Arash. I don't want to hurt."

Zayed kisses her. "I don't want that either. Atossa and I will talk to the alchemist first."

"I'm sorry."

"You have nothing to be sorry about, my love."



With a warm glow, Cyrene listens to Ramin's stories about caring for children. When he turns his head just so, he suddenly reminds her of Arash!



The royal bed is large and opulent, but Zayed only has eyes for Atossa and Noor. The peri's blonde hair contrasts with the princess' dark patch between her legs. A pink tongue licks along her slit. Arash's cock, slick with Noor's moistness, glimpses in and out of her pussy. Atossa caresses her tits and slides a

finger over her nipple, delighting in his every bump into Noor as more tongue into her.

Noor loves the taste of Her Illuminescence: vanilla and nutmeg. It's no effort at all to lick and nibble, and nibble and lick in and around the princess' pussy. Her squirming announces a release of majestic senses. The peri's won't be long. Zayed's steady rhythm in her own tunnel of sensuality already has her clit tingling with passion. After a firm thrust by her wonderful lover, the warmth of her climax glows through her body, from top to toe.

Watching Atossa and Noor shiver through their orgasms, Zayed pulls out and spurts his seed over the peri's back, one jet after the other.

They cuddle and snuggle as long as they can in their afterglow, realizing they have to get up to meet the court alchemist about Naaira.



Rohzin hears Cyrene's sobs through the door. Gently, she knocks. "Mother?" "I'd like to be alone..."

"Please, mother, come have some tea outside with me."

Her ear at the door, Rohzin hears the sniffs of Arash's mother. Then some rustling of clothes. Finally, the click-clack of the lock.

Cyrene's tears start all over again when she sees her beautiful daughter-in-law. They embrace. Rohzin cuddles Cyrene going down the stairs.

The whispers of the wind and the chirping of birds calm Cyrene. She tells Rohzin about how she can only think of Zayed, and how the village doctor reminds her of him.

"Mother, when you and Ruksana created me, you used Zayed's ideal traits for his perfect woman. But I like to believe I have become my own person. I trade differently. I love differently. I even argue differently! The doctor isn't a reflection of your son—he's his own person who happened to develop the same virtues you value, but through healing instead of trade."

"Yes..." Cyrene pulls her into a hug. "Yes, Rohzin. You are your very own person. And I love you like a daughter."



Naaira flies over the clouds to clear her head. What if Zayed only wants her to have a body because he doesn't want an old carpet? A more than a thousand-

year-old carpet! She checks herself for wear and tear spots. Or balding spots! No. He married her as she is. But she made him do it. When he needed her most, she had one condition. No wonder he wants a younger body for her!

Naaira rushes away—anywhere but here.



In a very old tome, the alchemist read about a transfer from human to animal, but not from a carpet. He would have to examine Naaira. Zayed shakes his head.

Noor offers to explore further.



Zayed feels bad that he hasn't summoned the two curvy and powerful cat women from his ring until now. His petty excuse is that he's still worried that the number of appearances may be limited.

"Sweet Zayed," Shirin the leopardess purrs, "time doesn't pass for us when we're inside the ring."

"For us," the Shayzar the lioness adds, "this is moments after the last time we went back in."

The two gently push him on the bed. While Shirin starts removing his shirt, the lioness takes off his slippers and tugs his pants down. "You're the first master to show any concern for us like this."

Zayed's cock bounces into sight. If Shayzar's eyes were any more passionate, he would have spurted that instant. Instead, he closes his own, head on the pillow, and delights in how both their silk-spiky tongues tease him. He can't tell whose is on his tip or on his balls. A furry hand slides up over his belly to his nipple. It circles and squeezes. When a tongue finds his other nipple and another furry hand strokes his cock, five energetic spurts shoot out from it. He wriggles with his climax, while two tongues lick him clean.

While he catches his breath, the two felines snuggle at his sides. One finger still outlines his stubborn erection.

What follows is hours of sensuous and sexy fun. What the two magical creatures like most is when he bangs into them doggy-style and fills their pussies with his seed. Before he falls asleep, he gets hard over how Shirin licks her hand and cleans her face.

The next morning, Rohzin tells him Naaira isn't in her room. In a flash, Shayzar and Shirin are alert. They tell Zayed, they'll find her and dash away.

"Where do you think she went?" Rohzin asks.

"Will we ever uncover the depths of a woman who is more than a thousand years old?" Zayed tries to sound confident, but he can't help wondering if her disappearance has anything to do with their quest for a new form for her.



Noor and Atossa's alchemist, Anooshirvan, are up deep into the night. None of the tomes from his vast library answer their question about Naaira's mind transfer.

Noor can keep going, but it's clear the alchemist is longing for his bed.

"Thank you for your help, let's pick this up after we get a good night's sleep."

He's no fool: Noor says 'we', but she means 'he.' He smiles and nods. When he leaves the room, Anooshirvan stumbles over the doorstep. Suddenly awake, he turns to the peri. "What if we could do it in two steps, instead of one?"

"That's brilliant!"

The alchemist is bashful at her praise.



Atossa's, Rohzin's, and Cyrene's eyes grow wide when Noor tells Zayed that they need the Gaokerena, the life-giving haoma plant growing near the Tree of All Seeds in the center of the Vourukash Sea.

"First we transfer Naaira into the tough body of a crocodile, then into a *zambānūg*."



"I forbid you to see that village healer, mother!" Parviz's voice sounds through the house.

Shawl over her head, Cyrene hesitates by the door.

"Is something wrong, Parviz?" A delicate voice comes down the stairs.

Parviz turns around with frowned eyebrows. When he sees Atossa in her royal tunic, he takes a step back. "My mother brings shame to this house by frequenting this... quack. What are you thinking, mother? At your age!"

"How wonderful that you will meet with him. Have fun, mother." Atossa shoos Cyrene outside.

“What do you think you are doing... Your Majesty...”

“How can your mother’s happiness bring shame to this house, Parviz?”

“I am the man here. I will decide what my mother will or will not do.”

“But this is Arash’s house, not yours.”

“I’m his eldest brother.”

“Then why do you behave like his younger one?”

“You...”

“Atossa, Parviz, Mother? Are you alright?” Zayed comes down the stairs.

Atossa and Parviz talk at the same time and continue despite the other. Arash looks at his mother still waiting by the door. “Please, mother, have a pleasant morning.”

With a hint of moistness in her eye, Cyrene leaves.

“You too! Arash think of your standing. What will the Emir think of our mother throwing herself at a man!”

“He has more important matters.”

“Some of my business partners will not be so understanding...”

“Then you need other business partners.”

“They can be yours as well.”

“Not if they frown upon the love of a mother.”

“Ugh! Arash, listen to your elder brother for once.”

“I am listening, but I don’t agree. You’re not trying to tell me how to run my house in my own home, are you?”

“Of course not! But I’ve made plans for us all.”

“I love you for the way you want take care of us. If you want to support us, then allow us to make our own mistakes, allow us to make our own happiness, and help us bloom into the beautiful family we are.”

Parviz is silent. His eyes quickly dart at Atossa, then Noor and Rohzin coming down. “Of course, brother. Let’s discuss this later... in private.” He huffs away.

Atossa kisses Arash on the cheek.



Ruksana hopes Ramin has some *bamieh* seeds. Entering, she’s greeted by sounds of passion coming from the bedroom. A woman sighs “Oh, Ramin...”

The seeress recognizes Cyrene's voice and closes the door behind her. Then she quickly shoots back in and out and hangs a sign on the door. "I attend to a matter of necessity. Please, return at a later hour."



"Please forgive me, Aarash." Naaira says.

The felines found her near the peak of Alam-Kuh.

"My love, if you prefer to stay the way you are, I support you," he says.

The carpet snuggles against him. "I'm being silly."

"We have found a solution, if you still want to transform," Atossa offers.

Naaira takes a breath and nods.



Before leaving for her palace, Atossa holds Rohzin's hand. "We have to tell him about your true nature."

"Will he forgive me if I do?"



Zayed leaves the women to it. He doesn't want to hint approval or disapproval at the form Naaira will chose. It is her life, her body, her dream.

He smiles in thanks at how Magali agreed to fetch the haoma plant growing on an island in the Vourukash Sea. But he is troubled. It's as if his mother and Ruksana already knew about its life-giving properties and didn't tell him about it when they sent him out to find it. But the plant was for the Emir's son, wasn't it? Why does he have the feeling they're hiding something from him?

Arash shakes his head. It will have to wait. Naaira's happiness has his sole focus right now.



Atossa, Cyrene, Ruksana, Rohzin, and Noor admire the female form Naaira shaped. The magic carpet says it reminds her of her former body. Somehow Noor doubts those breasts would feel comfortable for a dancer.



Three men hold the crocodile. Only Noor stands next to it. She motions Naaira to come closer. Rohzin caresses her back when she slowly approaches the grunting animal. Is she really going through with this? What if she gets stuck in there forever?

“Don’t be afraid,” the peri soothes.

They’ve discussed the transfer a great length, Noor patiently answering every question, every concern, every hesitation.

The peri raises her hands, then drops them forward, as if pushing Naaira’s spirit from her carpet form. The magical being gasps feeling the world around her dissolve into a swirling vortex of colors and flashes. She closes her eyes. Her insides turn cold and thick. Her outsides harden into a scaly skin.

Her eyes pop open feeling the raw, animalistic power raging through her. A green snout protrudes from her face. Lifting her paws, she follows the shape of her firm boobs. The tail is not the only thing she has to get used to. She notices the awe in the others’ faces and asks for the mirror. Two men place it in front of her, keeping their distance.

She is magnificent! She looks like the feline women in a shiny reptile form. Warm, cold, strong, big, and horny jumble through her, making her newfound nipples stiff.

She wants to keep it! “Please, Noor, can I?” She asks, ignoring the concern in the others’ faces.

“It is entirely up to you,” the peri answers matter-of-factly to horror of the other women.

“I don’t know if you thought about children. If you want them, be prepared to lay eggs.”

Naaira wakes at the bucket of ice cold water that empties over her. ‘Eggs! She doesn’t want to lay eggs!’

With a quick smile, Noor suggests they continue the transfer.



Arash beams climbing the stairs to their palace room, carrying Naaira’s new form. She is absolutely stunning. She teehes that she can’t fly them up there anymore.

But that night, they find new heights of passion. She loves how it feels like he enters her for the very first time.

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 that escaped Javad the Elder with Zayed.

Parviz

Arash Zayed's brother who has plans for him.

Ruksana

Will the seeress aid Cyrene build a man this time?

Shayzar

A magical humanoid lioness.

Shirin

A magical humanoid leopardess.

Naaira

A magical flying carpet who was a woman before.

Ramin

The village healer who explores a relationship with Cyrene.

Anooshirvan

Atossa's alchemist who finds a method to transfer Naaira into her new form.

Salim the Tradesman

A tradesman courting Cyrene in order to get close to Zayed.

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 Weave of Becoming - Merchant Zayed's Harem Adventures 6*. 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

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