

Waters of Life



The Three Tiffanys
Season 5



J. Tiffany Moore

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by

J. Tiffany Moore

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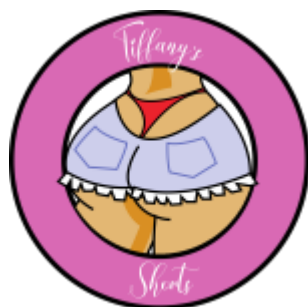
Publisher: Reading at Tiffany's



Cover design by: J. Tiffany Noore

Version 1.0, May 2025

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



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Waters of Life

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

As prosperity blossoms in Rakal Al Sulem, Sultan Farouz fears he may be losing the hearts of The Three Tiffanys. Restless and radiant, his American wives are bursting with ideas—grand adventures, seductive schemes, and bold ambitions that might just reshape the sultanate forever... if they don't unravel it first.



Farouz loves the squishy sound when he enters the folds of a woman's pussy. He wants to boast he can recognize any of his wives this way, but he isn't able to—yet! However, in combination with each woman's unique scent, he comes close, especially when they're close to cumming. Tiffany Walker's unmistakable and mysterious oyster aroma is easy for him to remember. After all, she was a pearl fisher when he met her.

She pulls him further inside her, then pulls his lips on hers. Embracing like this, the pressure on her clit and the promise of his spurting cock, is enough to send her over her edge. She's had better orgasms with Farouz, with other men, with other women, and alone.

Farouz looks into her beautiful blue eyes and her smile... Only it's not there. She always smiles during sex. It's one of her delightful attractions for him. She gives him a cute peck on the lips, then slides to the side of the big bed. She throws on her silk robe and leaves for the bathroom.

At first, Farouz assumed The Tiffanys were still recovering from their ordeal at Rushdi's Palace. When even his other wives asked about them, the Sultan consulted his wisest and most trustworthy confidant: his mother. As the head of the household and the harem, Zarina is fully engaged with the well-being of his wives. She tells him it's not only Tiffany Walker, but the other Tiffanys as well. More than once did she catch J. Tiffany Noore's dreamy gaze through the window. It's less prominent in Tiffany Takei, but it's there as well.

When Farouz asked each of them, they didn't know what he meant, so he stopped. He gave them space, he gave them attention, but nothing changed their distant nearness.

All of a sudden, The Three Tiffanys are American women. He heard that in the United States, it's easy to divorce from husbands. Not only would this shatter him, but it would also give his critics more influence. There were many frowns, deepening with each wedding. Rushdi wasn't alone.

The next debate with Zarina was one of the fiercest in a long time. She advocated that he give The Three Tiffanys relevant governmental positions. After all, they did save Farouz more than once. While the Sultan agreed with that, he was also well aware of how quickly his critics forget. In an attempt to find a working compromise, Farouz made things worse. He offered them a chairmanship of his advisory committees, only to discover they were out-flanked and out-played by the coterie of usual courtiers. He had to make a real effort to console them after his debacle. The result is still the same: a quick peck after sex.

He's worried the most about J. She's been receiving letters from American film studios. If he can't think of something fast, she will be the first to leave. He believes her when she says she loves him, but he wonders if it's enough?



Any of his other wives would understand, but not the Tiffanys—especially not J, to whom this letter is addressed. The Postmaster opened it because of its of foreign and unknown origin: United Artists. Farouz was expecting this. Well, not this exactly, but he feared something like this would take his wives away from him.



Tiffany Walker finds J sitting alone by one of the in-door ponds—the one where she comes to collect her thoughts. W notices the letter next to J. United Artists is an up-and-coming American movie studio. She extends her hand for it. J nods.

The letter is from director Clarence Brown. Rudolph Valentino suggested he meet with J to film “The Eagle.”

“Farouz asked me to talk to you.”

J nods.

“He said the Postmaster was only doing his job.”

Another nod.

“Did Farouz read it?”

“He says he didn’t.”

“Do you believe him?”

With a little smile, J nods again.

“How long will you be away?”

“Two to three months...”

“We’ll miss you.”

J turns to W and embraces her.



“You can let her go or you can lose her, Farouz.”

The Sultan frowns. He understands the difference in the advice his mother gives him.



J drags Farouz to his bedroom by his hand.

The past months in Hollywood were amazing! But her only companions were her fingers. So, when she returned to the palace and saw him, her nipples perked.

She needs a real man now and her sultan fits that bill.

Farouz can’t believe her tender energy. J finds all his erogenous spots and with hands, fingers, tongue and pussy makes him cum five times that night. He’s not counting, but it’s a personal record! He tried to return the favor, but J said this night was all about him. So, he just lay back and admired her full boobs, her pussy hidden in her auburn fuzz, her slender fingers, her long legs and her round ass. He wakes up with the image of J’s face after he jizzed on it.

After freshening up, he returns to the throne room. His mother doesn’t hide her smile. Trying to keep his composure, he says. “As always, you were right, mother.”



At breakfast, J is simply bubbling with enthusiasm. “Think about it—romance, mystery, adventure in the desert. Americans and Europeans will eat it

up.”

“And you’re the filmmaker who sells the dream.”

“And you’re the pearl fisher who leads the tours.”

“Luxury trips—romantic caravans through the desert, stops at real oases, nights under the stars, ending at the grand hotel in the capital. What’s not to like?” Tiffany Takei agrees. “People will pay a fortune for this.”

“What did Farouz say?” W wonders.

“He made me cum twice with his mouth and tongue...”

T teehees.

“When do we start?” W asks.

“Whenever we want! What are your plans for this morning?”



The only concern Farouz has is what his ministers will think about the Tiffanys’ outlandish plan—literally and figuratively.



“A what?”

“An Integrated Water Plan for the Jaban Region,” Tiffany Takei repeats.

Farouz’s heart is still recovering from their lovemaking. He should be used to this by now, but Tiffany T can suddenly become very serious. He tries to caress her boob in the hope of getting her in for a second round, but she playfully swats him away. With a pronounced ‘ugh!’ she leaves the bed. He can’t help but admire her swaying bum as she does.

Only after his cock loses some stiffness, do T’s words begin to sink in: an Integrated Water Plan for the Jaban Region. He doesn’t even have a disintegrated(?), unintegrated(?), Not-Integrated Plan for the Region. He’ll make time for her later this morning to hear her out.



After surviving a droning request from his Finance Minister, Tiffany Takei’s enthusiasm and ideas are like sparkling stars in a dark sky. Of course, he’s heard about the Suez Canal and the more recent Panama Canal. Everyone is in awe of the impressive engineering feat, but he never considered a grand project like that in his own Sultanate.

“If draught and fresh water are the issue, we can arrange for a series of water pumps all across the desert to Jaban. We could integrate them into the area and make use of the existing flora and fauna. The Tiffanys and I have already seen the underground waters under Rushdi’s Palace, and those in the caverns at the foot of Mount Zia. Wouldn’t it be wonderful if you could grow more crops and get fresh water for more people.”

Farouz wonders why his own ministers don’t come up with ideas like this. Tiffany T eyes him hopefully, her eyes still shining with excitement. If anyone can pull it off, it’s his wife.

“Please prepare a proposal for me, my wonderful weaver of ideas.”

He’s surprised when he sees her skip away.



“And they will pay for this?” the caravan leader asks J. Tiffany and Tiffany Walker.

“Y-”

“That depends on the price,” W interrupts J.

Qasim recognizes the Sultan’s American wives, of course. He thinks Farouz should have picked real women. But if they are here to bring business, then he can overlook the young Sultan’s mistakes. Although the trips through the desert are arduous, the trade is good. Why would he jeopardize that for some scheme of Americans who want to spend a few nights in the desert? Will they even come? He’s surprised when the one with the magical golden hair reads his mind.

“We’ll make sure to pay for your starting expenses. That way you can keep the trade route and try out camping in the desert. If it takes off, you’ll pay us back and we agree to a share in the profits.”

‘Magical and shrewd,’ Qasim concludes. He turns to J but quickly looks back. Her perfect curves are too distracting. “I’ll pay back 25%.”

“75%.”

“50%.”

W holds out her hand.

Qasim shakes it as if she were a man.



Herr Freisler lays out the plans for the Great Jaban Dam.

“Apologies, Excellency.” The director slides the Maybach booklet to the side. “It is promotional material about luxury cars for another client.”

Tuhail al-Karan eyes the car on the front. The brand is the pinnacle of luxury.

“He’s considering customizing a 22/70 HP model.”

Tuhail heard of this most prized motor vehicle.

“Minister,” Freisler ahems, “I’ve been informed you will not support our proposal for the sultan. As minister of Public Works, I am well aware your advice carries considerable influence.”

Bending slightly forward, the director inquires what he could do to persuade al-Kaban to reconsider?

Tuhail gives a dismissive wave. “I will study your project again, Herr Freisler.”

“Thank you, Minister.” He stands, bows, and leaves the proposal and booklet behind.



Farouz stops Tiffany T from explaining the risks of the *Poseritz Wasserstrassen Gelsellshaft’s* dam proposal in Jaban. “al-Kaban is pushing me to accept. Go talk to him.”



When T enters Tuhail’s office, his face falls. ‘What does she want!’ He puts away the framed picture of the Maybach ‘Nazreen’ 22/70 HP, lingering on the long, gleaming, elegant obsidian chassis.



T huffs away. Minister al-Kaban’s condescending tone was answer enough.



“It’s not my way to meddle too much in the responsibilities of my ministers, my Jewel of the Orient.”

Seeing her disappointment, he calmly adds that she can present him with a counterproposal.



Tiffany T is his little spoon. She makes wonderful geckering sounds, like a cute fennec fox. Her nipples are like dark pebbles. Farouz is happy to be her big

spoon, pistoning in and out of her slick pussy. He already visualizes his mother's knowing-approving-smile.

T arches her back when her Sultan slides his hand down to her little button. A heavenly spring blooms inside of her, and shudders when it is doused by his seed pumping into her.

She snuggles a little longer, enjoying his love for her.

After a moment, she sighs, knowing she needs to work on her own Integrated Water Plan for the Jaban Region.



Farouz doesn't know how J and W convinced him to use that contraption. That Tiffany Walker was willing to try it doesn't surprise him. But J Tiffany is not that adventurous. She only recently returned from her trip to Hollywood. He doesn't want to miss them that long: London, then New York! On top of that, T will spend her time on her plans. Oh well, his other wives will be happy to welcome him again.



J whiteknuckles her seat as the De Havilland DH.9 biplane bounces and bumps through the clouds. She hates how much W is enjoying the trip back to Rakal Al Sulem. They have reason to celebrate. In both Britain and the US agents are offering their *Whispers of the Desert: An Arabian Seduction* travel arrangement.



The younger women in the group hide behind their parasols, blushing at the sensual display. Some husbands adjust their collars, others hide their crotch with napkins. Firelight dances over sequined hips and bellies as three local women perform for the group of American tourists. J notices how a wife snaps her fingers in front of her husband's eyes when the dancers' hips begin making small circles. She falls into one of the men's laps when he pulls her down.

"Why aren't you dancing, my little hummingbird?"

Trying to get up, she accidentally elbows him in the face. When she picks his glass of water up to dab his eye with a napkin, she spills it in his lap. No one else notices. W holds her hand over her mouth, mmphing her laugh.

The caravan leader isn't only happy with the performance, but especially about the extras he's selling the Americans.



W did a wonderful job turning Rushdi's palace into a luxury palace hotel. The guests are delighted. Some of the men enjoy 'tout suite-ing' the waiters around.

The hotel manager has jobs for the town, the town has additional income from the hotel guests. W manages to get percentages from shopkeepers, fruit stalls, and even the local prostitutes. They're not big shares, just to remind them who is making it all possible. Some of them try to hide their real income, but Tiffany W has an incredible nose for finding their hiding places.



On one of four movies sets J is helping film, she hides behind a tent. She drops her pants to wipe the sand from her sensitive parts. A tent further away, she spots two men doing the same thing.

At another, she hears the camera man complain about the same—but with the camera. Covering with canvas or leather covers with small openings for the lens and crank doesn't seem to help. Sand gets into the intricate mechanism anyway. Assistants regularly clean the interior and the lenses with soft brushes. They store cameras in felt-lined wooden cases overnight. It's time-consuming and, therefore, costly. J has to come up with something if she wants the movie crews to keep visiting.



On the workbench, Tiffany T dismantles both a Bell & Howell 2709 and a Pathé Studio Camera. J Tiffany assists by indicating what some of the parts are for.

After a few weeks, with the help of an oil salesman, a brush salesman, and a carpenter, T manages to install brushes and oil dispensers around the mechanisms. The cameras are a bit bulkier, but they manage to keep out the worst of the desert. T and J tested it by filming W's striptease.



Bedija, his third wife, has fun copying on-screen W. Then, even more by taking care of Farouz's stiffness. Even away from the palace, the Sultan's happy end is thanks to his American wives.

Next day, his mother tells him how she followed the giggles throughout the harem.



Tiffany T looks so sexy in her explorer's outfit of beige sturdy blouse, jodhpurs, field boots and pith helmet, that Tiffany W tells her to wear it for Farouz.

He goes wild over it—especially when she takes them off, except for the boots.

When she tells him about finding underground rivers, his tongue along her pussy leads to extreme wetness. When she tells him how she drilled along presumed locations, he finds the perfect location between her legs.

She tells her about springs and seeps, about topographical charts, geological formations, vegetation, test pits, water table measurement, and even how some locals used dowsing rods.

Farouz explores along her body, caressing the topography of her tits, testing her pit, nibbling on the geological formation of her nipples.

She returns the favor by testing his dowsing rod as extensively as possible until he spurts his underground fluids onto her pussy. It doesn't take long for her seismic survey to yield results.



That afternoon, J Tiffany and Tiffany W give him an update of their own enterprises. J nibbles on his balls while W sucks the tip of his cock. He congratulates them by fingering their pussies and alternating licking each one.

His minister of Public Works already made a comment about wasting money on water exploration. His minister of Trade only grudgingly admits the success of the desert tours and nights at Rushdi's Palace. Only his treasury minister is happy with the extra taxes the new ventures bring. The workplace manufacturing the Farouz-Sulem desert-resistant movie cameras exports world-wide and created new jobs. The minister of Education approved the funding of a new school for applied technology. Farouz left the Cabinet Meeting and found two Tiffanys.

J likes the intimacy of missionary lovemaking. W likes to feel him bang into her from behind. Both like his beard on their tits and nipples. And he delights in

delivering his jizz in them or on them. Not to mention when the Tiffanys offer to clean his cock with their tongues.

Most of all he enjoys how much their moods have improved.



Abdul and Tayyib have been watching the desert tourists for the past three weeks. Besides their amusement at the belly dancers, their obvious wealth, one other pattern appeared: in the middle of the night, young couples found the brush near the oasis to fuck. Some take the time to undress, and the brothers enjoy those the most. Watching the white women with dark bushes and pink nipples is a gift from the heavens. They also imagine that it's their cock being sucked. The current couple were in a hurry and didn't undress. She is bent over being dogged by a clumsy white man not doing a very good job.

The brothers wait until the bliss of their climax is upon them, before putting the black bags over their heads.



J Tiffany can't believe she's suggesting this. Tiffany Walker looks at her with admiration. Farouz is shocked. The sultana-mother, Zarina, is considering J's proposal.

"What if we can't find them?" Tiffany T asks.

"It's the middle of the desert. Where are they going to hide?" W shrugs.

Farouz looks at his mother. Her amused smile is enough for him.



The Americans, gathered in the main tent, watch Farouz and the Tiffanys enter with round eyes. Some of the young ladies view the Tiffanys with admiration, others with envy. Some gasp at the fine figure Farouz presents. His travel suit is a richly adorned tunic made from a luxurious fabric and is decorated with intricate patterns and embroidery, a white, high-collared shirt that is visible at the neck and sleeves. His head is covered with a striped headscarf, tied in a knot at the front, that drapes gracefully over his head and shoulders.

The Tiffanys wear luxurious and decorative ensembles of white, green and gold. Their headdresses with veils are elegant, their jewelry subtly impressive.

Pointing to a uniformed man accompanying them, Farouz presents Captain Fikri el-Sadri of the Royal Guard.

“Ladies and gentlemen, the captain will make sure your companions are returned safely to you. I invite you to escort his troops—if you so desire.”

Some of the Americans frown. Some of the younger men immediately raise their hands, so do a few of the young ladies. Tiffany Walker catches an elder gentleman whisper to his wife: “My dear, it’s all part of the show!”

Outside, the captain’s troops prepared a table with a map. Everyone gathers round. In clipped statements, El-Sadri discusses where the bandits could hide. It’s a matter of hitting the possible hideouts at the same time. He has enough troops.

While the tourists listen to the captain of the Royal Guard, Qasim bows to Farouz, handing over the bandits’ ransom note. The sum isn’t exuberant, and they want a woman to bring the money. The sultan raises his eyebrow at the smiling Tiffany Walker.



Abdul and Tayyib set up a small camp not too far, but not too close from the tourist’s caravan. The tent is low, so that it won’t be seen from afar. The man and the woman are tied up against the tent pole.

Tayyib can’t keep his eyes off the young blonde. Her hair is still disheveled from her lovemaking, although her amorous flush has been replaced with fearful eyes, the younger bandit would love to put his cock in her mouth. He doesn’t know why Abdul holds him back. It’s just a little fun. His brother mumbles something about damaged goods.

Later, they observe a woman leave the money in the indicated spot. They come down to get it and are surrounded by troops.



The American tourists follow the captain to the bandit camp. Then they all rush towards the tent and free the hostages.



That evening fireworks and feast entertain the American tourists. The kidnapped couple, however, is invited by Farouz.

“I apologize for not informing you about our little charade. I hope the adventure has not been too harrowing.”

The young lady blushes. She can only imagine what the sultan must think of their lovescapade when they were kidnapped.

“I will make sure to reimburse your travel expenses for unsettling you this way.”

“That’s very generous of you, Sultan,” the young man says, not believing his luck.

When the two return to the feast all their travel companions cheer. Some of the other young ladies wish they had been chosen for this fascinating adventure.

In his tent, Farouz kisses J on the cheek. W follows his example. “It was brilliant, J!”

“It was. No one suspected real brigands at all.”

J shrugs at their praise. It was simple movie magic. She’s just happy the couple is safe.



Herr Freisler slowly reads through the report. It’s good. He looks up at the minister. Al-Karan glances at the framed picture of the Maybach ‘Nazreen’ 22/70 HP, lingering on the long, gleaming, elegant obsidian chassis.

“It’s an interesting report, Minister,” Freisler suggests diplomatically.

“It’s a disaster!”

The director of the *Poseritz Wasserstrassen Gesellschaft*, hoping to convince Minister Al-Karam to invest in the Great Jaban Dam, agrees. If the sultan chooses the report, Freisler will lose a project of a lifetime. “You mentioned it was written by the sultan’s wife?”

al-Kaban nods. The dam was to be his great accomplishment. It would only be fitting if he were rewarded with one of the most luxurious cars in the world to make it happen. And now, this... woman is disturbing everything...

“Is she a qualified engineer?”

“Don’t even think of doubting her in front of the sultan. He’s smitten with her.”

“What do your colleagues think?”

The sultan's cabinet does not make decisions, the sultan does. However, a wise sultan listens to their council because they are men in power, after all. Freisler has heard rumors about Farouz's three American women. Some good, but others are about how they challenge the customs of the land. He hates to admit that the project in the report is a novel approach and not without benefits. Essentially, the dam is about distributing water across the country. By building a large reservoir and digging new canals water is transported everywhere. The rainfall would be properly caught in an improved network of rivers. The Takei project proposes to build a series of wells that tap underwater canals. It doesn't disturb existing rivers nor their flora and fauna. Water distribution is easier and cheaper to scale up. Instead of new canals, they simply dig new wells. It's almost impossible to resist.

"They will support her plan," al-Kaban says. "We have to discredit it somehow."



Lying on her back, J Tiffany guides Farouz's lips on her pussy and wriggles her hips to make sure his tongue is as deep as it can be. Tiffany Takei pulls her nipples. Sitting on J's face, she can't believe how well her sister-wife eats her out. Lying on her back underneath Farouz, who is on all fours, she sucks his cock and fondles his balls. Her sultan starts pumping her mouth, so she 'o's her lips, making sure to purse them when his head passes by. The sounds her sister-wives make is driving her crazy. Her fingers quickly find her more than moist slit slide along its length and press down when she finds her clitoris. She doesn't want Farouz to shoot in her mouth but inside of her.

The sultan is glowing with sexual energy. Why didn't he think of this before? Now that the Tiffanys have their successes, sex with them is vigorous. He can't get enough of J's earthy strawberry scent. He's happy to explore her depth with his tongue. Her pussy against his face makes his beard wet. He hiccups when W gives his balls a gentle squeeze. His cock stiffens even more. He didn't think that was possible. It feels cool air when W releases him. He looks down.

With a grin, W hogs her way up, pushing her sister-wives away, and pulling her husband inside her. She locks him between her legs and allows his thrusts tremble from her pussy to her tits. Moments later, she shivers through her

climax and raises her lips to his. The taste of his tongue, with a hint of J, makes her nipples prick up.

T pushes Farouz off W and straddles him. Holding onto her tits so they don't wobble too much, she makes circular motions with her hips and makes little jumps on his cock. After the fourth, she lies on top of him while electric passion creates little shocks throughout her body. She kisses him with a lazy smile. Preparing to lie there a bit longer, she's pushed off by J. The camera woman sits on her husband, then rolls him on top of her. Never one to deny a lady, he proceeds to bang into her, watching her beautiful, bountiful tits wobble this way and that.

J squirms as the power of passion pleasures her pussy. She feels Farouz pull out, and through her semi-closed eyes she watches him rub the length of his cock.

T and W immediately press their lips to his length, kissing it. Farouz gurgles, then releases jet after jet of his seed. The two Tiffanys extend their tongue to catch them. J is happy to feel the globs spatter on her tummy and tits. The sultan's head lolls as W and T lick his erection clean.

In the afterglow J wonders if they could hire locals to play brigands for the tourists?



Freisler gave Tiffany Takei's report to a team of engineers: "Find ways to discredit it."

They did their best, but their findings are underwhelming. How do you discredit a good plan? By attacking its author.



"When love is more desired than riches, it is the will of Allah," Ahmed whispers in the ear of one of the lovely, young tourists. Her blush is fierce. So, is the look of her fiancé on the other side of the campfire.

Qasim shakes his head with a smile; Not only have these Americans made fake people who appear on silver screens, they relish in acting out these childish romances. The Sultan's wives know the hearts of their customers well.

By now, some of the neighboring towns want the tourists to come by as well. They have brought great energies here already— and monies! Word is spreading

about the *Whispers of the Desert: An Arabian Seduction*. The Three Tiffanys already have plans to bring more travelers to Rakal al-Sulem. There will be plenty to go around in different regions. Only now does he realize how fortunate it was that he was first. He can now send small payments to his daughter in the capital.



‘Nothing!’ Freisner can find nothing incriminating about Tiffany Takei. She is the most boring person he’s ever heard of. Besides his humorless great-aunt maybe-on his father’s side. He was so close with Minister al-Karan. It didn’t take long to discover his love for luxury cars. It’s amazing how greed makes pudding of men’s brains, almost as quickly as power does. But the greatest need of small men with power is *immortality*. Well, al-Karan will have to work for his commission, but in return he’ll be the proud ‘father’ of the *Great Karan Dam!*



Fariha can’t believe she is in the Sultan’s Palace much less than that, it was her father Qasim who made it possible. She was happy to receive his allowance, but she didn’t know he was this well-connected. She asked him to find someone in the palace she could warn. When Tiffany Takei enters, she catches her breath. One of the Sultan’s American wives!

“Are you Fariha? Your father said you needed to speak to us.”

‘Us?!’ The young woman’s eyes grow round when two other Tiffanys enter the room. The tall blonde wife smiles. “Hi!”

‘Oh no! The Sultan’s mothers enters the room as well.’

The Three Tiffanys see Fariha turn white. J. Tiffany Noore quickly pours some water for her.

Between gasps, blushes, pauses, and timid squeaks, Fariha explains how she overheard her master, Minister al-Kaban with a foreign gentleman talking about Tiffany T and a great dam. They weren’t kind. Her father told her to go to the Palace immediately. The Three Tiffanys may be foreign curiosities **another deep blush** but they have brought prosperity to the Sultan’s people.



From the railing of the ship, Al-Kaban watches two guards escorting Herr Freisner aboard. It hits him why the Sultan sent him off as ambassador to Liechtenstein. He clenches his jaw when The Three Tiffanys park their new Maybach 'Nazreen' 22/70 HP and wave him goodbye. T unfolds a placard: "Water for all!"

THE END

List of Characters

Tiffany Walker

A New York adventuress visiting the Sultanate of Rakal Al Sulem, hoping to take advantage of the failing pearling industry.

Tiffany Takei

The daughter of an American Japanese engineer who defies her parents by staying with Sultan Farouz I.

J. Tiffany Noore

A camera woman visiting the Arabian Peninsula after filming locations for the movie 'The Sheik'.

Sultan Farouz I

The young Sultan of Rakal Al Sulem who met and fell in love with three very different American women.

Bedija

Farouz's third wife trying to compete for his affection with The Three Tiffanys.

Tuhail al-Karan

Farouz I's Minister of Public Works trying to build the Great Jaban Dam.

Martin Freisler

Director at the *Poseritz Wasserstrassen Gesellschaft* hoping to convince Minister Al-Karam to invest in the Great Jaban Dam.

Qasim

Caravanner hired to help with The Tiffanys *Whispers of the Desert: An Arabian Seduction* travel arrangement.

Fariha

Qasim's brave daughter.

Abdul, Tayyib

Two brigand brothers who kidnapped two American tourists.

Fikri el-Sadri

Captain of the Royal Guard.

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 *Waters of Life - The Three Tiffanys 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 Darlestone 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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