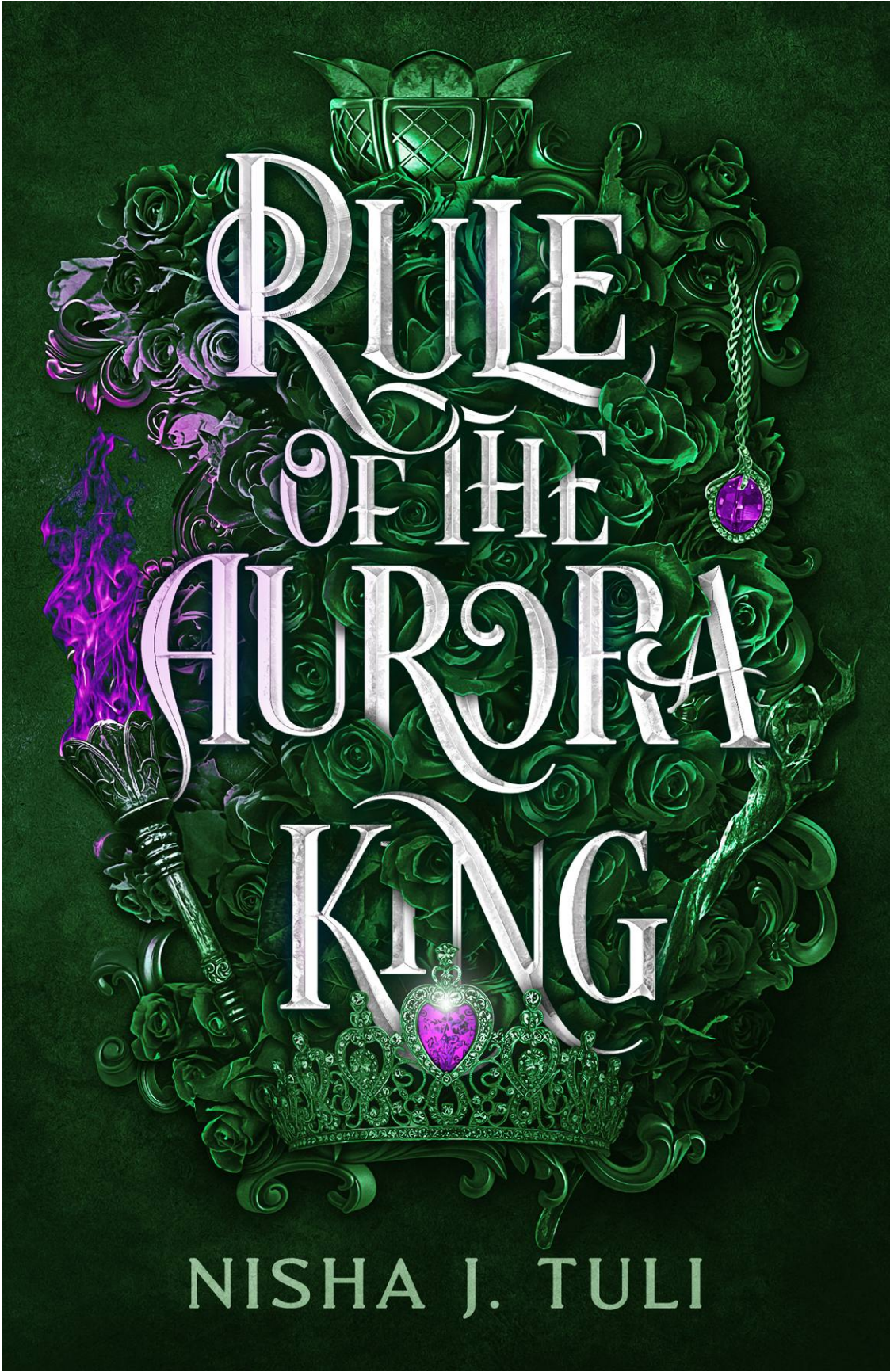


RULE OF THE AURORA KING

NISHA J. TULI



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FOREVER

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Acknowledgments

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Also By Nisha

About the Author

*To every woman who's been told they're too wild. Too impulsive. Too much.
May you always stay that way.*

AUTHOR'S NOTE



Welcome back to the world of Ouranos! I hope you're eager to dive back into Lor's story and find out what happens next.

Expect a lot of angst and pining in this one, and maybe a moment or two when you want to throw the book across the room? I'm sorry, but don't worry, I promise it's all going to be worth it.

Content warnings are pretty much the same as for book 1, but you can find them on my website if you'd like to review them at nishajtuli.com.

Thank you again!

Love,

Nisha



CHAPTER ONE



LOR

PRESENT DAY: THE AURORA

I hurl the vase with all my strength, missing the Aurora Prince's head by just a hair. He lifts his arms to deflect the blow, and it explodes against the wall, peppering him with shards of broken porcelain. I lunge for a nearby table, attempting to snatch up a small crystal dish when he's on me, one large hand snagging my wrist and the other circling my throat. He shoves me flat against the wall with enough force that I grunt at the impact.

"Stop that," he hisses, his face so perilously close to mine I feel the warmth of his breath on my lips. We stand inside my bedroom—no, my *prison*—in a house somewhere in the middle of the Void in the furthest reaches of The Aurora. Outside, there are mountains and an endless stretch of midnight sky littered with rivers of stars and rainbow ribbons of color.

Amya and Mael broke me out of Aphelion almost five weeks ago, and they've kept me here, refusing to let me go. At first, I was convinced they were returning me to Nostraza, but my fate continues to be more complicated than that. Instead, they've stuck me in this opulent room and won't stop asking me questions. I've contemplated the logistics of my escape countless times, but I don't know where I'd go. We're surrounded by nothing but a deadly forest and even deadlier mountains.

"I'm not telling you anything until you bring me Willow and Tristan," I say for the thousandth time, or maybe it's the millionth by now. I lost count weeks ago.

"Not until you answer my questions. I have ways of making you talk, Inmate," Nadir says, baring his teeth, those dark and disconcerting aurora-infused eyes flashing with fury. The colors swirl in his irises, the effect nearly hypnotic. He leans closer, nothing left but a constant wall of ire between us. My skin twitches in response to his closeness, like ribbons are sliding through my blood.

"Then do it," I bite back. He's been threatening me for weeks, and I'm not sure what's keeping him from making good on his promises. So I keep pushing him, trying to make him snap. Wondering how far I can go.

I meant what I said. He *thinks* he knows something and maybe his suspicions are right, but I will confirm nothing until I know my brother and sister are alive.

Even then, this prince is dreaming if he thinks he's getting anything from me.

His jaw clenches, but there's a flicker of hesitation in his eyes, so quick I'm not sure if I imagine it.

"Do it," I taunt as his grip tightens around my throat, the pressure bordering on dangerous.

I stare him down, determined to never let him see my fear.

He will never break me.

“Show me how you’re going to make me talk, oh mighty prince. I promise there’s nothing you can do I haven’t already survived.”

“Nadir, stop it,” Amya says, entering the room, her disapproving glare taking in the way he has me pinned to the wall. “You can’t do that to her.”

Nadir turns his furious gaze on his sister, but she doesn’t even blink. I’m learning she’s mostly immune to her brother’s moods and make a mental note to ask her for some pointers.

She’s wearing a long black skirt split to reveal legs clad in tight black leather, along with a sleeveless corset, tied with violet laces running up the front. Fingerless lace gloves adorn her hands, and her black hair, streaked with colors, is anchored into two messy buns on either side of her head.

She sits down on a black velvet chair, crossing her legs, completely at ease despite the circumstances of the scene she’s just interrupted. Nadir and I glare at each other, the atmosphere sparking as both our chests expand with tight, angry breaths.

“I sent word to Nostraza,” she says, drawing both our attentions towards her.

“Amya,” he growls, and that strange sensation like cords moving under my skin ripples again.

She holds up a delicate hand. “Don’t worry. I was discreet.”

“If Father knows she’s here—“

“He won’t,” she says, her own aurora-flecked eyes flashing as her cool composure slips. “I know what’s at stake. Don’t treat me like a child.”

“Are you planning to let me go, or am I to continue standing here with your hand around my throat while you converse in my presence?” I ask.

Nadir looks back at me, indecision warring in his gaze. He wants to do something drastic. He’s losing patience, and it’s so obvious he’s perched on the edge, ready to tip over.

Well, he can keep on waiting. In fact, I’ll give him a shove.