

# Chapter 11: Rhysand

The chapter opens with Rhysand arriving at Tamlin's dilapidated Spring Court estate, noting the stark contrast to its former glory. The once-vibrant manor is now a desolate ruin, with withered roses, dry fountains, and claw-marked doors hinting at Tamlin's unchecked rage. Rhysand reflects on Tamlin's temper and the possibility of provoking him further, though he maintains a casual demeanor as he knocks on the door. When Tamlin answers, his haggard appearance and lifeless eyes reveal a male broken by loss and isolation, setting the stage for their tense encounter.

Inside the darkened manor, Rhysand observes the extent of Tamlin's decline—shattered furniture, empty halls, and a pervasive silence. The library, one of the few intact rooms, becomes the setting for their confrontation. Tamlin's bitterness is palpable, but Rhysand resists the urge to gloat outright, instead probing Tamlin's lack of border enforcement and the absence of his sentries. Their exchange is laced with veiled barbs, particularly when Rhysand mentions Feyre's role in Tamlin's downfall, igniting a flicker of anger in the broken High Lord.

The tension escalates as Rhysand deliberately references Feyre as his mate, a pointed reminder of what Tamlin has lost. Though Rhysand acknowledges Tamlin's past actions in saving Feyre's life, he takes cruel satisfaction in Tamlin's suffering, believing it to be deserved. The chapter underscores Rhysand's internal conflict between his desire for peace and his lingering resentment toward Tamlin, who remains a shadow of his former self, trapped in self-inflicted misery.

Ultimately, the encounter highlights the stark contrast between the two High Lords: Rhysand, empowered by love and victory, and Tamlin, consumed by regret and isolation. The chapter leaves their unresolved animosity hanging, with Rhysand's taunts and Tamlin's subdued reactions painting a poignant picture of fallen pride and the consequences of past choices. The Spring Court's decay mirrors Tamlin's inner

turmoil, serving as a metaphor for his irreversible decline.

