

Llama's Writing Patreon by Thomas Bell

(01/August/2022 - 31/December/2023)

[Welcome!](#)

[Aug 1, 2022](#)

I am both nervous and excited about this!

For now, the Patreon is has two tiers - the first one gives you an insight into my weekly progress and sneak peaks, as well as early access to updates. The plan is for the Patreon demo to receive smaller but more frequent updates, whereas the public demo will be updated either with one chapter (or half of a chapter) at a time. The second tier gives you all previous benefits, plus one monthly short story, told from the POV of various characters, which occur prior to the game or during the events of the game.

I'd like to add more tiers and perks as I go on, but I'm starting small for now.

This Patreon is focused on my wip The Bastard of Camelot only, as my other game, Supernatural in New York, is currently on pause.

Thank you for considering to support me!

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Aug 1, 2022](#)

Weekly development blogs will be on Fridays, but this first one I'm writing today since this week I'll be on vacation and won't take my laptop with me.

I've been working on the rest of chapter 3, having completed a Galahad scene (with like, 5 variations depending on your dynamic!), some fluffy, sweet moments with Mordred's dragon and the introduction of a character we'll be seeing more of! She's not a very pleasant person, but she can potentially play an important role down the line, on top of being a great opportunity for me to explore some lore.

A change I've made that I've yet to address on tumblr concerns the size of Mordred's dragon companion. They were set to be quite big (perhaps you've seen the reference image on tumblr) but I've since decided that, as Mordred remarks, all grown up, their dragon will be the size of a very, very big horse. Dragons that get knighted, in general, are within the range of a horse and a giraffe in size. The smaller or bigger a dragon is, the rarer they are. The truly big dragons live far away from humans.

In general, I've been fleshing out the dragon lore, mentioning them more at the fair, and changing up the tournament trials so that dragons are more involved - and even have an individual trial themselves.

I've also tinkered with other details as I've developed the story, such as how Arthur was recognized as Uther's heir, adding more info about what the magic of the Lady of the Lake is capable of, describing the Lothian castle better.

Fun fact: Lothia in my story is based on Romania, and the capital city/Duke's castle where the action is taking place is based on Bran Castle. The Lothian Castle is a lot bigger than Bran, however. It's a beautiful castle and I've visited it again a few months ago, which inspired me to better describe the Lothian castle.

[Morgana's engagement](#)

[Aug 1, 2022](#)

Dread was steadily brewing in Morgana as she watched the ships sail in that morning. It wasn't their arrival that was peculiar; every few days, ships came and went, carrying mail and goods and passengers. It was as mundane as the sun setting and rising. They pierced the dense mist around Avalon with the same confidence they parted waters, and docked in the port down by the market.

These ships flew the red and gold banners of the Pendragon that Morgana had come to loathe while everyone else seemed to forgive. Forgive the atrocities and injustices committed under it. But she couldn't. When she looked at the red, all she could see was the blood that had been spilt.

This wasn't the oddity that had set her on edge, either. Nowadays, with the whole Continent under Uther's foot, all the ships faring from it fluttered the Pendragon banner. No, what made Morgana's stomach squirm like a pit of vipers was the particular formation of the ships - all protectively sailing around the biggest, most ornate of them all.

"Looks like a royal proceeding," one of the apprentices voiced what Morgana thought.

A royal proceeding fit for a King.

Sometimes, she saw Uther in her dreams. In her nightmares, he stood laughing above her, sword drenched in crimson blood. In her fantasies, she was the one with blood stained hands looming over him.

She didn't realize she was clenching her hands until Junia's palm wrapped around her fist. She leaned in close, ginger curls tickling her cheek as she whispered, "It may not be him." They didn't need to say who *he* was.

Morgana didn't reply. She flexed her fingers, considered the crescent shapes she'd dug into her palm. Anything to look at but those lurid red flags. Taunting her as they proudly sailed the skies.

"Even if it were him," Morgana whispered through gritted teeth, "what could he possibly want from me? Hasn't he already taken everything?" The water lapping at her feet rose higher, reaching up to her hitched up robes. Growing agitated with every new wave.

Junia bit her lips, twisted them, thinned them, going through different pained expressions before settling on a strained smile. "Come, let's ask High Priestess Cecilia to let us go home." She tugged, and Morgana followed. The waves around them calmed down.

The apprentices were gathered near the Temple of the Lady of the Lake, treading through the shallows of the sea, practising tricks with the water, though after an hour of practice, half of them had turned from gracefully guiding water through the air to playfully splashing each other. High Priestess Cecilia was watching the ships herself with mild interest, absent-mindedly adjusting her mantle and playing with the apple tree brooch fastening it.

With a pleasant smile and gentle voice, Junia weaseled them out of the rest of their lesson. *Morgana doesn't feel so well, may I see her home?* and here Morgana supplied as proof a truly wretched act, holding her hand to her furrowed temple. And just like that they were excused and sent on their way with well-wishes and worried glances.

Junia had a way with people - a genuine sweetness and kind disposition that they found endearing. Morgana's watched, trying to cultivate that same sweetness. Like a rose, luring you in close with its perfume - only for its thorns to strike. Morgana was particularly good at that.

They slipped on their sandals, made their way across the beach. Winding through cobblestone streets, Junia talking lightly of anything but Camelotian kings or ships.

"You're home early," Marcellus remarked as they entered the garden. All around them, branches hung heavy with ripe fruits and blooming flowers. Each breeze spread a heady aroma anew, underlined by the crisp, salty air of the sea. Marcellus set down his book. His brow furrowed ever so slightly. "Did something happen?"

"Maybe we just conducted our routine exercises so well they had to let us off early," Morgana retorted and he chuckled, but the frown persisted.

"Morgana didn't feel quite right," Junia explained. From the house's perch on the cliff, they couldn't see the dock, but Morgana was sure the ships must be reaching it soon.

"Well, then, why don't you relax? I'll bring you some iced tea and fruit tarts."

"You're the best, dad," Junia beamed. "We'll be in the inner courtyard."

They settled in the inner courtyard among the hibiscus shrubs, spreading their potion making kits across the iron wrought table. They'd gathered ingredients over the last few days to prepare their own perfume and eye tint, and while Junia could never get the measurements quite right, she enjoyed herself nonetheless.

Morgana found herself slowly unwinding as she stirred her brew and stopped Junia before she could add too much powder to her own. She sipped on her honeyed, cool tea, listened to the potion simmering faintly over the fire she'd summoned with a flick of her wrist.

"No, no," she chuckled, putting down her drink. "You have to do it slower. Let me show you."

Footfalls. Both froze.

Heavy, many, pounding up the street at a brisk step.

The early afternoon was hot, but a cold shiver ran down Morgana's back. She jumped to her feet, drawing closer to the open door. All senses sharply, painfully focused on that rhythmic marching, and the muffled voices carried on the breeze.

Listening out for his voice.

The steps grew louder, and Morgana had a feeling they would not be fading away farther up the street.

Gravel crunched under their feet before they halted altogether, and Morgana knew them to be in the garden. In front of their house.

A voice boomed, announcing the dreaded presence. "His Majesty, King Uther Pendragon of Camelot!" She could just imagine the page, holding that bloody banner.

Worst, she could see *his* smug smirk painted behind her eyes. Seared into memory, straight from her nightmares.

His name alone incited the snake nest in her stomach yet again. Squirming, writhing, twisting. Her fingers curled tightly around the door frame.

"Morgana!" Junia grabbed her elbow. She pointed helplessly back at the table, where Morgana's brew had poured over, boiling furiously. She waved a hand, extinguishing the fire but spilling her clay goblet in the process. It fell over the edge in a cascade of tea and spun woefully across the flagstones.

Morgana stepped into the hall, stalked along the wall towards the end. She opened the atrium door just enough to peek through it and the front room's windows.

There was a royal envoy in their garden. Through the atrium window, only Marcellus' ginger curls and the red and gold tunics of guards were visible.

"Well, won't you invite us inside?" Merlin's smooth, cajoling voice. She'd recognize its honeyed cadence anywhere. "The journey has not been easy, and a King should be well received."

Marcellus held himself undaunted. "May I remind his Majesty that we are on Avalon. This is not his domain, and I may freely turn around unexpected guests."

"No, I am not be your King, but the girl under your roof is my daughter."

Uther spoke with a jaunty voice fit for an actor - or a General, shouting his victory to an army of thousands. It carried, clear and booming. Too loud, as if it wanted to be the only sound taking over your ears, as if it wanted to rattle you to the bones.

"Daughter my ass," Morgana bristled and the water in the atrium pool sloshed around indignantly. Junia's damp palm clasped around her forearm.

"If it's what the King demands then, he may encroach on my hospitality for a bit."

Morgana was rooted to the place. Uther entered first. Of course. Who else but the so called King could enter first, even in a land not his own? He sauntered in as if he owned the place, hands on his hips, already crossing halfway into the room in just a couple big steps.

Her breath came short and quick.

Next was *Royal Sorcerer* Merlin. Walking poised, hands clasped behind his back, head held high. Gaze extensively shifting around, as if he were admiring the interior design. But Morgana knew. He always watched, always weighted with sharp eyes and mind alike. She retreated from the slit in the door, lest he spied her.

Boots continued to patter on the mosaic, but all Morgana could focus on were the two men who stepped in first. She was seized by a feverish anger - her skin crawled, her whole frame shook, overtaken by uncontrollable shivers.

They were here. In her house, in her home, the only thing separating them a feeble wooden door, pressed against her back. She wasn't quite sure who it should be protecting the other from. Her fingers sank into her skirt, gripping the fabric till she could feel her nails against her skin through it. Her thoughts careened around, like the clay goblet spinning around the flagstone.

"Boiling water over here?" Uther gibed. What nonsense was he speaking?

"Morgana, your powers," Junia jostled her shoulder. "We must go." Junia pulled, and it was enough to kickstart Morgana, too. They ran down the hall back to the inner garden. Junia led her to a chair, squeezed her hands, told her to inhale and exhale. Slowly, slowly. The girl herself didn't seem quite able to take her own advice.

"What do we do, what do we do..." Junia paced in circles and almost slipped on the spilt tea. "And papa's not home, dad will have to manage on his own."

"I'd say he's managing quite fine anyway," Morgana assured her, smile sharp and dangerous. "How I wish I saw their faces."

Junia laughed, but it sooner resembled a whimper. She opened her mouth to say something, but it got lost in another helpless sound as her eyes turned to the door.

"Good afternoon, my ladies." Anyone else watching may be fooled by his spectacle - his amicable smile, his suave voice. If Uther merely fit the role of an

actor, Merlin truly was one.

Morgana sat up abruptly. It was no good manners dictating her actions, but that hot anger, setting all her nerves on fire.

Merlin ambled in, short velvet cape swaying around his lean frame. Wanting to catch your eye, with its subdued but intricate golden embroidery. Rich, sophisticated, a deep crimson. Might as well be dyed in the blood of those he had to tread on to get where he is.

"I see you girls were practising potion-making." He picked up a wooden spoon and scooped Morgana's unfortunate, over boiled concoction. "I heard you have quite the talent."

"Would you like a demonstration?" Morgana fixed him as he examined the liquid. "I could easily brew a poison and slip it in your drink."

He just laughed breezily.

"Merlin, you little demon, where have you vanished off to?" Uther's jolly voice echoed down the hall. "Ah." He appeared in the doorway, filling it up.

Filling up all of Morgana's vision, too.

"Well, well," he grinned. "If it isn't my one and only daughter."

"Don't you dare fucking call me that!" The hibiscus shrubs wailed in the sudden wind, the lemons trees cowered.

Uther scoffed, amused. For all of her power, that agitated the waters and bowed the trees and cracked the earth, it was still him that held the true power, and he knew it.

"It's what the papers say, Morgana. Very legal stuff, you know," he spoke as if to a child. "Not even a King can go over them. Well...unless he wants to."

They stared at each other. Morgana felt trapped in a vicious cycle. Her torment fed his delight, and his delight in turn kindled her fury.

"Morgana!" Marcellus shot through the door ahead of the guards streaming in to reach her side. He grasped her shoulders, touch tender over her tense muscles. "Legal papers or not," he said, struggling to stay calm. "I'd really appreciate it if you wouldn't perturb *my daughters* quite so."

"Of course not, of course not!" Uther pulled a chair, scrapping its legs against the flagstone. Threw himself on it with a heavy sigh and slapped his thighs. "Let's have a drink."

Marcellus pressed a kiss against her forehead, whispered "Hang in there, dear," then left for the kitchen.

Uther smiled up at Morgana, pointed at a chair. "Sit down." As if this was a completely normal afternoon tea, and they hadn't barged into their home.

As if she wasn't standing across from the man who killed her family.

Morgana took the seat farthest from him, and Junia huddled next to her. Merlin put himself between them. The guards stood up, poised in a tight circle around them in the small garden. Marcellus returned with a tray of clay goblets. Uther sneered at its content.

"What is this?"

"Lemon honey tea. *Your Majesty.*"

He shoved it back to Marcellus. "You bring me something stronger, not that piss."

Morgana had rarely seen her adopted dad so angry. His usually rosy skin matched the red of his curls now. Merlin, on the other hand, accepted the drink graciously. Poison or not, Morgana hoped he choked on his tea.

Once the King was supplied with a glass of lemon liqueur - the one Marcellus had just brewed, which they sipped on just a few nights ago in the latern-lit garden - his mood subdued to what could be called almost earnest. Somehow, it unnerved Morgana even more.

"Morgana, look at you. You've grown so much. You're a young woman now."

Her stomach coiled and an acidic taste rose to her tongue.

"How old are you now, sixteen summers?"

"Fifteen," she spat.

He waved his big hand. "As your father-"

"Don't," Morgana hissed, her lemon honey tea boiling all over again in her cup.

"-I've been thinking, what's best for your future?"

Marcellus piped in, "Morgana's training to become a Priestess."

"So I've heard," Merlin brought his cup to his lips, sipping slowly. "I've heard you're very skilled as well. And I see you're quite good at manipulating water, too." He gave the bubbling goblet in her hands a pointed look.

"But that's not good enough for you, Morgana," Uther continued. "You've got royal blood. And that's why I've secured a brilliant arrangement for you. Marriage to Lot Leudonus, Duke of Lothia..."

Morgana couldn't hear another word past the vicious hissing of her boiling tea. The clay hit its breaking point, and with an ear-piercing scream, exploded. Shards covered her lap and the flagstones. Guards pulled out their swords, sharp tips pointing at her. Marcellus yelled, Junia grasped her arm, but all she could focus on was Uther's smug grin.

She jumped up, and the swords followed her. Uther waved for them to stand back. Yet another unabashed flaunt of his power over her. Even now, among shards and spilt tea and a garden of furiously rustling leaves, she was the weak one.

Junia wrapped an arm around her, guided her into the house. She let her lead her on numb legs into their bedchamber, to the water basin in the corner. Let her submerge her hands in the lukewarm water.

"What are you-"

"Your hands, Morgana."

She looked at them. They were swelled and bloodied. Burnt and cut, clay shards sticking out of wounds. Seeing them finally set her nerves in action, and pain came in sharp and blazing. Junia's own hands shook as she hovered them over hers, an urgent prayer pouring from trembling lips. She tripped over her own words, yet the wounds healed slow, painfully slow. But Morgana almost welcomed the pain. Something to distract her from the words careening through her mind.

An arranged marriage.

Her enslavement, made all so legal, it's all Morgana saw. Teardrops dripped into the water basin, over her hands which were now healed. Morgana took in a ragged breath. When she released it, it turned into a sob that shook her whole frame.

"Duke Lot, Junia! Duke Lot. Do you know who he is?"

"I...I think so?" she whimpered between her own tears. Arms wrapped around Morgana.

Morgana shook her head. She knew. She'd studied each and every one of the people who'd played a part in this war. The ones who surrendered, the ones who stood their ground, the ones who rose when others fell.

And Lot Leudonus, he surrendered. With no fight at all.

Uther's good friend. Such a good friend, he lent Uther his army, to destroy everything in its path as it marched into Tintal.

She'd underlined his name in red.

Morgana pulled away from Junia, walked through the hurricane of scrolls and clothes that she'd summoned, to the windows. The curtains billowed around her as she threw them open.

"Where are you going?" Even as she asked, Junia followed.

"I need to get away for a while." She hauled herself up and threw her legs over the sill. Junia came next, landing on wobbling feet.

They scaled the stone wall circling the house, pulling and pushing each other to make it over. And then they ran. They ran through houses and shrubs and trees, holding hands. They ran until Morgana's lungs stung and flamed and Junia's breathing came stertorously into her ear.

They didn't slow their frenzied run until the houses grew sparse and gave way to the forest. They moved slowly but steadily, almost in a trance, determined not to stop until they reached the destination Morgana had in mind.

It felt like hours had passed when she spotted the glimmer of still water through the trees. The small lake sat within a meadow, and while it was not the famous lake in the heart of Avalon, where the Goddess had been known to appear, it was the closest to their home.

Morgana sank to her knees in front of the water, allowing exhaustion to finally catch up with her, to feel the searing pain in her calves. She clutched the grass in her palms, which itched and tingled with the flames buzzing just under her skin. The lake stirred, water lapping at the bank. As if trying to extend cool, comforting hands to her. As if rioting and rustling in accordance with her anguished anger.

Junia fell next to her, arms wrapped around her shoulders. Morgana drew a deep, rattling breath...And then once again broke into tears.

And nature cried with her.

The trees bend and wailed a song of fury and lament; the water sloshed and rose as if held within a cup in trembling hands; the wind whipped her tear-streaked face, stinging her watery eyes and roaring in her ears to the wild rhythm of her own pulse; and the ground beneath her scorching hands cracked, shallow clefts spreading out around her.

Morgana wasn't sure when the tears stopped. She leaned against Junia. Wrung out and bled dry, the front of her dress sodden. They lingered like this until the sun slipped past the trees, shadows looming long and gloomy. Somewhere past them, she could imagine the sun plunging further down past the mist, to be swallowed by the sea.

When they returned to the house, the front lanterns burnt away, the sky a deep purple like a bruise. They slipped quietly into the atrium, cast in somber shadows. The draperies to the library were drawn, but a sliver of golden light trickled through, along with a tense conversation.

Gaius' tone was firm, and less patient than Marcellus'. "I do not care what threats you brandish around, *Your Majesty*." The honorific might as well have been an insult. "But I am not handing over my daughter."

Morgana's lips twisted in a bittersweet smile.

"I don't think you understand," came Uther's voice. Still so casual, still so loud, but with a clear, sharp undertone of a threat. It wiped the smile right off her face. "But you don't have a choice." He punctured his words with a thud, a goblet slammed down on the table. "Our lands have been amicable up until now. Wouldn't want to sour things, would you?"

Gaius laughed, the sound short and dry. "Threatening war now?"

"My good men," Uther began, with a cheerfulness that did not match his words. "We can do this the easy way. Help the girl pack her bags tonight, bid your goodbyes. Or I can make your lives a nightmare."

A pause. The very air seemed to still. Frozen in an ice cold tension.

Oh, Uther was a master at ruining people. Running havoc and splintering families, with no regard or regret for the destruction he left behind. Taking wicked delight in every pain inflicted.

"I think you should leave, *Your Majesty*," Gaius broke the silence.

The men did not break. The men who took her in and treated her as their own daughter. The men who showered her with the kindness and affection

that'd been stolen from her. Who helped her put together the shattered shards of her life, to fill the gaping, dark hole she had for a heart. And here came Uther, to yet again take everything from her.

The men did not break, but Morgana did.

She sprung forward, bursting through the curtains. Four set of eyes turned on her.

"Morgana." Merlin lounged back on an armchair, legs crossed, cradling a clay goblet. He gave her a smile that might have been called pleasant, had Morgana not found his mere countenance overwhelmingly unpleasant. "We were thinking of sending a search party, had you not showed up soon."

She thrust her chin forward. "That won't be necessary." She turned her gaze on Uther. "And neither will waging wars be." Bile rose up her throat, yet she forced herself to push the words out. "I'll go."

Marcellus' face warped, pained. "Morgana, you don't-"

Uther clapped, the sound echoing akin the boom of thunder, cutting off the man. Morgana's shoulders tensed as she forced herself not to flinch. He looked far too pleased, far too glad. Ruining the life of yet another Le Fay.

"Good. Then it is settled. We leave in the morning. We shall come escort you to the dock." He was already halfway through the atrium as he called over his shoulder, large steps carrying him quickly over the small room.

Merlin, however, halted in the archway, holding back the heavy curtains. Fixing her with twin pools of tar. His smile just a malicious caricature of one. "Goodnight, Morgana."

She waited for the curtains to fall before she let the tears start anew.

[Sneak peek!](#)

[Aug 3, 2022](#)

A little sneak peek from one version of the Galahad scene

You turn around and scoot closer to Galahad. His eyes widen. Eyes that, in this light, look more violet than gray, and far more gentler than when you arrived, though still guarded, still hesitant, like a shield half lowered. Eyes that make your heart flutter in your chest like a bird in a cage. You take in a sharp breath before sticking out your hand. Galahad glances between you and the rock, even more puzzled.

"I want you to have it," you say. "Something from Lothia, as a gift from me."

"A rock?" Each word is dipped in confusion.

(Note: I'll be posting a couple more sneak peeks in the following weeks)

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Aug 12, 2022](#)

It's Friday, it's time for the weekly developer's blog!

I've only returned from vacation a few days ago but I got back to tackling the feedback my beta testers sent me. Fixing bugs, making edits, adding choices. I think the update is shaping up nicely and I'm hoping to have it done for Patreon very soon (aiming for next week). Which means I'm also starting to think of ways you can send feedback over here if you have any suggestions, encounter typos or bugs (hopefully you won't, but they're sneaky little pests). I'm thinking of google forms for this. You could also just dm me. Whatever you're comfortable with, really.

The update will consist of small additions throughout the whole three chapters that better flesh out the world; an optional Galahad scene that has about 5 variations; Mordred spending time with their dragon companion; the introduction of a new character; and more! Also, it'll be mobile-friendly.

Additionally, you'll find that now you can click on a character's name from the relationship page. It'll take you to a page where you get more info about them (status, reputation) and a physical description. It's in progress, and some of them are more polished than the others right now.

I'm currently working on an optional scene where Mordred can hang out with Arthur, get to know each other better, talk about your dragon blood powers. I'm really enjoying showing more of Arthur, especially showing a more carefree and relaxed side of him as he chats and has fun with Mordred. Mind you, it's still sprinkled with some angst. Just a tiny bit.

There's also the option of hanging out with him for the sole purpose of talking about your powers. He is, after all, the only one like you.

The rest of chapter 3 is plotted out and I have snippets of it written in my notes.

Now that I've updated you on the state of the game, let me ramble a bit ✨

I've been writing quite a lot of scenes that take place in the woods. I describe the birds singing, the rustling leaves, the rushing river...and I realized I completely forgot the insects. None of them in Lot's forests, apparently lol. Which is funny considering that if I were to lay down on the grass as Mordred so often does, I'd just be fussing about the insects.

On another note, my vacation was to the seaside and it gave me lots of inspiration for Avalon scenes, but it's going to be a while until we see Mordred back on the island, in the game. Going to the sea puts me in mind of Nimue too, makes me want to write about her, and I got an idea that could very well end up in one of the books.

[Sneak peek to what I'm working on!](#)

[Aug 16, 2022](#)

"What else did you and Kay get up to?"

Arthur rushes through chewing a mouthful to answer. "Well, we used to get in trouble quite a bit. Dad says Kay is a menace. Says so lovingly," he clarifies. "We used to steal cookies from the kitchen."

You bite back a smile. "Couldn't you just ask?"

Arthur leans in, voice low, as if imparting a secret of the crown. "But they taste better stolen." This time, you don't hold back your smile.

[Discord news](#)

[Aug 16, 2022](#)

In preparation for the upcoming demo update, I've added Discord benefits. It will give all tiers access to a private channel on the game discord where you can talk about the Patreon demo and ask me questions about it.

[QnA: Send in your questions!](#)

[Aug 17, 2022](#)

I'd love for answers to be asked and answered within the same month, but because we're halfway through August, answers sent this month will be answered in September! Initially I haven't said anything about submitting questions in September too, but I think that's how it'll go, so that Patreons who may only join next month can get in their questions too!

From October on, the QnA will be done within the month.

I've set up a Google forms for submitting questions, if you're having any trouble don't hesitate to let me know :)

Link to the form:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSd5BmogL1qPnFrLMkNjD7ZRyEyiSp9rizYie-WLb5st1PGYmw/viewform?usp=sf_link

[POV shift mini-game for September!](#)

[Aug 17, 2022](#)

This month, the list consists of scenes I've chosen, but next month's poll will include your suggestions which you can send here:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSdz8L0mDqvf11V2z5_7Zdalcd0WZp0UsdSFK9kSZ7bN_1Syww/viewform?usp=sf_link

(Note: I'll be posting the demo update sometime today, so you can suggest scenes from there, too)

Tentative date of closing the poll: August 29 (I won't shorten it, possibly just extend it)

Meeting Gawain for the first time (chapt3)

57%

Galahad watching the duel between Accolon and Lancelot and approaching Mordred after (chapt3)

14%

Meeting Arthur in the lodge with Elewen (chapt3)

29%

Meeting Gareth for the first time and playing in the courtyard (chapt2)

0%

Poll ended Aug 29, 2022 · 7 votes total

[The demo update is here!](#)

[Aug 17, 2022](#)

What's new?

- Stumble upon Galahad. Five variations to how your meeting can go based on your intention - will you befriend him, or maybe confront him? Avoid him altogether if you think he's not worth the hassle.
- Mordred and their dragon spending time together!
- Introducing a new character.
- And more things I don't want to spoil!
- Edits, edits, edits. Corrected grammar, new descriptions, added lore tidbits.
- The relationships stats will now also lead to individual info pages for each character when you click their names. The overall system is still in progress, but you can get an idea of what it should look like.
- Mobile friendly version. It should now go into potrait mode if playing from your phone.

Link: <https://llamagirl.itch.io/the-bastard-of-camelot-beta>

Password: boc1

Got feedback? (Errors/Typos, suggestions, etc) Here's a Google form:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSc7F8P0TtGRrucAzhU9j57I29IELyFBdcU7TxxyxQ9HMFsKgg/viewform?usp=sf_link

[Mobile friendly demo](#)

[Aug 18, 2022](#)

Someone let me know that they're having trouble with the mobile friendly demo - more specifically, with horizontal scrolling. I've done some changes to the format and the text should now only scroll up and down. Hope it looks good to everyone, let me know if any of you have any more problems!

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Aug 19, 2022](#)

So this week I've focused on getting the update out and writing the short story for September (it features Arthur on the day of drawing the sword out of the stone and I'm very excited to share it with you!). I've also been making progress on the Arthur scene I mentioned last week. I posted a sneak peek of it a few days ago. It's coming along nicely and I hope to have it done soon. So, I've been working on a lot of Arthur content lately, which I've really enjoyed.

My intention is for there to be a monthly update, and the next update will contain these optional scenes - as well as the opportunity to talk things out with Morgana/have some bonding time at the fair/accept her bribe of sweets in exchange for hearing her out/etc, and more!

I'm currently going through the feedback I received after the update, fixing issues and implementing suggestions.

And on to some rambling! So, this update I've introduced the Solomon family. They have magic in the bloodline, and their affinity (basically, the type of magic that comes easiest to them) is weather manipulation.

What you'll learn later about them is that: yes, there are a lot of gingers in this family; at the edge of the Lothian capital there's the Weather Tower, which is sort of a headquarters for the family. They have a great library, they train the sorcerers in the family there, they conduct rituals and do magic, they receive business inquiries (people asking them for their magical services); one member of the family, Adrian Solomon, tutored Morgana in weather magic when she was about 16.

I want to go a bit in depth with my inspiration for the Solomons, and that is the Solomonari. It's a bit of Romanian mythology, and since my Lothia is based on Romania, I thought it was fitting. You see, in legends, the Solomonari are sorcerers that were believed to be able to control clouds and rain, call upon balauri (dragons in Romanian myths) and heal people. There's a lot of interesting details to the myth: the Solomonari have a range of tools they use in their magic, including a book that consists of all of their knowledge, an iron ax (usually used to summon their dragon mount), a golden bridle; they're usually described as being redheads; they are said to be recruited from the people and be instructed by the Devil himself at the Scholomance (or, in Romanian, Solomonărie or Șolomanță).

So the inspiration is clear :)

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Aug 26, 2022](#)

Hi everyone!

Done with the Arthur scene (and its variations). On to the Morgana scene I've mentioned last week! (and seeing more of the fair performances)

In writing the Arthur scene, the topic of hobbies comes up so I thought I'd share the tentative list I have for the different hobbies Mordred might pick up/choose during the books:

- Playing the lute
- Composing music (this one is only selectable if you also play the lute)
- Writing
- Drawing
- Making potions (Mordred learns basic potion making regardless, but this refers to trying different recipes for fun)
- Cooking, baking
- Reading
- Wood carving

I'm trying to integrate them in the story like playing the lute has been integrated, something that comes up in conversation, something that can help you bond with other characters, or be mentioned when Mordred is relaxing or indicate what kind of gift they might receive (like new paint if they like drawing, books if they like reading etc). And making potions can come in handy plotwise!

On a more technical note, I'm currently having some trouble with the Twine User Interface I use for writing and coding the game - it's lagging to an annoying degree which makes writing hard and slow, so I've resorted to writing things in a different text editor then copy pasting them. It's a good solution for now, but I'd like to look into some different alternatives for a twine interface at some point.

[Mini-game poll reminder](#)

[Aug 28, 2022](#)

Just wanted to let you know that I will be closing the mini-game POV shift poll on 29 August, at 23:00 GMT+3, so if you haven't voted yet, look up the post under one of these tags: poll, POV shift, Mini-game poll.

Have a good day/night!

[Teeny-tiny update: typos and hey look new aesthetics!](#)

[Aug 28, 2022](#)

I've updated the demo with some fixed typos but more excitingly, I added a new fancy medieval-ish font for the title, chapter titles and character names in the relationship page! Also, added a cursive font that will be used for letters (right now you can see a sample when Mordred tries to read the wedding invitation Morgana receives in chapter 1). Let me know what you think of them.

[Poll results for September POV shift](#)

[Aug 29, 2022](#)

And the winner is...Gawain! For the POV shift mini-game of September we'll see, through Gawain's eyes, his first meeting with Mordred in chapter 3 (as well as some more interactions between him and Gally!).

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Sep 2, 2022](#)

Hi everyone! So, this week I've continued working on a Morgana scene, and it's coming along well. Initially it wasn't supposed to be skippable, but I've decided that aside from a small necessary scene with her, Mordred can choose that they need some space after fighting with her, whether regarding Arthur or the prophecy, and opt out of hanging out with her at the fair. I'll be posting some sneak peeks later 🙈 Otherwise, I've worked on some Patreon content.

On a semi-related note, it's September now and I'm getting into Halloween mode lol In BoC, they don't have Halloween but on certain occasions, like equinoxes and solstices, the fae are known to hold parties and hide less from humans, and as a result people try going into the woods with the intention of catching a glimpse of them! But things can get dangerous so they've come up with spooky stories to keep people away - stories which people also like to tell as a form of entertainment. As well, some people don't paint masks and costumes in an attempt to look "faerie-like", whether because again, they want to go into the woods and hope this will help them blend in or as a way of pranking their neighbors. So dressing up too has become sort of a fun custom for certain such events. In any case, the only people who should go through the woods on such nights are clerics of the fae, for praying and ritual purposes.

[Sneak peek](#)

[Sep 2, 2022](#)

You've never seen Morgana squirm. You've seen her flooded with regret after having her angry outbursts in front of you, or the pain that creases her face when you hurt or fight; you've seen her furious aplenty, and it's an emotion that seems to almost befit her, as if her face has been specifically molded to give the most menacing of frowns. But you've never seen her squirm. She's the one to make others writhe under her gaze. Yet for just a fraction of a moment, unease descends upon her, seeps into her eyes, twists her brow, stiffens her whole frame. It's gone as quick as it came, her features schooled back into an aloof mask.

[September QnA announcement](#)

[Sep 2, 2022](#)

I'll still be accepting questions for the September in-character QnA until September 5, 23:00 GMT+3

You can send in your questions here:

<https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSd5BmogL1qPnFrLMkNjD7ZRyFyiSp9rizYie->

[September Schedule](#)

[Sep 6, 2022](#)

A September Schedule for the Knight and above tiers!

I'm planning on releasing the short story, POV shift mini-game and QnA towards the end of this week. The short story features Arthur on the day of drawing the Sword out of the Stone, and the mini-game shows us Mordred's first meeting with Gawain through the latter's eyes.

Now, about the QnA...I'll be honest, I haven't received many questions, so I'm currently considering whether to approach it differently or rather, come up with an alternative benefit for the Champion Knight tier. I have something in mind, but I'll post more on it a bit later, likely with a poll attached.

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Sep 9, 2022](#)

I'm happy to say I've finished the Morgana scene and the alternative if you choose not to spend time with her (and that is Mordred hearing people gossip about them, something they're not a stranger to). There's still some code polishing that must be done, but I'm glad the writing is finished. Next up, you get to meet with Gawain if you have a high enough relationship, and there'll be some really sweet moments if you're pursuing his romance 🥰

The highlights of the update I'm aiming to deliver this month are these two scenes I've mentioned, plus some (optional) Arthur content I've talked about previously. And the update after this one will finally conclude chapter 3.

The Duke of Tintal that you meet in chapter 2 (the one Morgana poisons) now has a name: Bernard Allard, and we're now given more context about his role in the fall of the Le Fay. There's also a mention of Morgana keeping a list of all the people who have played a role in the war and the massacre of her Court. (You'll see this addition in the update). If you've read the August short story, you may remember the list was brought up there too.

[September QnA](#)

[Sep 9, 2022](#)

So, I have only received a couple questions for the QnA, so this will most likely be the first and last QnA. Which means I will be soon coming up with a poll to decide on what other benefit you'd rather see (one of the ideas for a second short story you'd get to vote on, but we'll see). The QnA was also pitched as an "in-character" one but the questions I received were lore and story related (which I don't mind at all, but I'd also answer these type of questions on tumblr, so I wanted the QnA to be something different, since it's paid).

On with the QnA!

1. Do we get a pov of Arthur confront Lot about the bullying?

Interesting question! Arthur doesn't mention approaching Lot, but he does promise that he'll talk with Alina's mothers about it and ensure that the bullying stops. And we will see the results of it in the next chapter (potentially this one too, if you don't go a certain route and stumble upon Alina). Approaching Lot would be a lot more stress-inducing for Arthur because he finds Lot intimidating, but at the same time he feels he'd owe at least that to Mordred. Arthur was clueless to what treatment Mordred got, and he was the one who practically begged Lot to claim Mordred as his child so they wouldn't be considered a bastard. I wasn't planning on adding a POV of Arthur confronting Lot, and I don't know if I will, but it's something I might consider for a future edit. In any case, it'd be interesting having at some point a scene only between Lot and Arthur.

2. Is demons a thing in boc, since Uther called Merlin a little demon in Morgana's engagement?

So! Lore Time. The fae, in Boc, have been called different terms throughout time: fae, fair folk, fairy, daemon, demon, Gods and Goddess if we're talking about the fae that people pray to and who lend their magic to humans. Demon is a term you'd use if you're trying to bring attention to some more...mischevious, capricious and sometimes even malicious faes. (And Merlin is half-fae hence Uther playfully calling him that). So basically no, demon is just another name for the fae.

[The Sword in the Stone](#)

[Sep 9, 2022](#)

The Castle loomed on the horizon, growing bigger as the carriage rode on. Soon, it'd be a giant staring down at Arthur from atop its high throne on the hill, bathed in the flaming light of the rising sun.

It was not his first time treading this road, not his first time laying his eyes on the seat of the crown. No, what was new was his perspective. For this time he did not arrive in the capital of Camelot as a squire but as its future king.

Anxiety had an ironclad grip on his insides, the contents of his breakfast threatening to resurface. He'd barely been able to swallow the food, but now it seemed all too happy to want to go back the way it came. The constant jostling and juddering of the carriage did not help his stomach settle. In this state of distress, he couldn't even feel tired.

Arthur was no stranger to waking up before the sun could even start its ascend up the sky; as a squire, he was expected to rouse and slumber early. *Like a chicken*, Kay would joke.

But last night, which still lingered all around them in the long shadows cast by the trees and the houses and in the crisp, dewy air, Arthur had slept as fretfully as a teething baby. The dread that plagued him hung heavy in his chest and made each of his limbs restless, constantly turning and twisting, fruitlessly seeking comfort. It riveted itself above Arthur like a dark cloud, uneasy thoughts pounding against him like rain. How was he supposed to be King? He didn't know the first thing about ruling. He knew how to wield a sword and the proper greeting for each rank of royalty but couldn't even fathom what a monarch did beside preside from his throne, swimming in some nebula of responsibilities. So many people counting on him. Cool tendrils racked his back like claws.

Arthur wasn't sure if it was the world who was too much or if it were his senses that were too acutely aware of it, but every sound was too loud, every smell too foul, every motion too forceful. Everything seemed to rattle him. So when something nudged his leg softly, he startled as if shoved.

He turned away from the foreboding sight of the Castle to meet Kay's gaze. His adopted brother tilted his head slightly, posing a silent question. *Are you alright?* They may not have had the same telepathic bond Arthur shared with his dragon companion, Elewen, but they could understand each other through mere small gestures and quick glances. Arthur replied with a wan smile. It was all that he could muster, and even that felt tiring.

Kay's nostrils flared as he exhaled an inaudible, helpless sigh. He knew his brother wished he could ease his mind, yet it seemed to Arthur nothing could console him. Being revealed as royalty - a King, no less - should have been cause for celebration, but Arthur felt as if he'd been handed a sentence for a crime he didn't even commit.

Everything had been in a frenzy since he'd received the news - his mind, his family, who now rode beside him, quiet and grave. Everything had been turned upside down since Arthur was ushered into his

father's study, garbed in his finer doublet, to meet a most esteemed guest who would utter the words that changed his life. The same esteemed guest now sat opposite from Arthur in the juddering carriage.

Royal Sorcerer Merlin Wylt had his manicured hands clasped in his lap and his gaze, faraway and serene, turned towards the windows. His eyes didn't seem focused on anything in particular, merely registering the quickly passing scenery.

Arthur had heard the whispers that followed the news of the King's demise. Solemn, hushed, reverential, speaking of how Merlin had been caught dabbing at his cheeks before he could compose himself again - and how quickly he did so! Truly a pillar of our Kingdom. The King had been his companion and friend for many years and here he was, keeping it together to tide over the Continent through these uncertain times.

The King. His father. Or at least, the man who sired him. It felt wrong to assign that title - which in Arthur's mind and heart belonged to Ector - to someone he'd only glimpsed from afar. A statuesque figure, unattainable on his high throne, almost mythical, known to Arthur simply as the man he'd one day bound himself to protect and serve. Uther's gaze never lingered in Arthur's direction. How could he have guessed that their fates were so tightly intertwined?

Twin onyxes met Arthur's eyes and he realized with a jolt that he'd been staring, lost in thought. He ripped his gaze away to his lap where his nervous, sweaty fingers worked industriously at crumpling and dampening his sleeve. Embarrassed heat creeping up his neck. Out of the corner of his eye, Arthur saw Merlin's gentle smile.

The sorcerer leaned against the window to take a better peek at the road ahead. They were climbing up wide, clean streets lined with elegant houses. They had entered the Royal Quarter of the town, where nobles and knights and merchants with the biggest coffers resided. The neighborhood roused sluggishly, starting with the servants, who were the only ones who could be glimpsed this early in the morning, bustling down alleys and throwing open the windows of their attic chambers. Ahead, the Castle stood ready to engulf Arthur.

"We'll be arriving shortly," Lord Merlin noted and despite Arthur coming to the same logical conclusion as the Castle filled his vision in all its blazing glory, his stomach clenched. It took all of his concentration not to expel its contents as the carriage decided, with most unfortunate timing, to lurch at that same moment.

I wish Elewen was here, he thought mournfully. He'd suggested - almost begged - to be allowed to arrive at the Castle by flying with her, but he was told it would be unsafe and reassured she'd join them later. He grimaced as bile, sour and foul, coated his mouth. He was sure it would have went a lot better if he'd arrived that way. The carriage shook and swayed like some wild beast in a mad, erratic haste; soaring the skies was both quick and smooth and felt so much more natural to Arthur, and having Elewen by his side would have soothed him greatly.

"Arthur." His gaze flit from the Castle that dwarfed him to the man in front of him. Having gained his attention, Merlin smiled. "I'm afraid I'll have to part with you momentarily once we get to the Castle, to

ensure preparations are going well. But do not fret, I shall rejoin you at the closest opportunity to guide you." There was something steadying, calming about Merlin. Arthur couldn't quite pinpoint whether it was the soothing cadence of his voice, the gentle tilt of his mouth or even the self-assurance in his eyes. But he was a pillar in a dock to which you tie up a boat and Arthur clung to it to anchor himself among the furious waters of his mind. He took a deep breath and nodded.

Like it or not, he was to be King, and he needed to start acting like one. Even if as his gaze trailed back to the Castle, he felt like a small child about to enter the belly of a beast.

Arthur looked at himself in the mirror and saw a fraud.

The garments they brought him matched his measurements - yet why did they feel so ill-fitting? The high collar felt about to smother him, the scarlet red jerkin pushed against his rib cage. He'd never enjoyed dressing up fancy for events but this was even worse. This wasn't just any fun feast or boring ceremony where Arthur could blend into the background and sneak out with Kay at the first opportunity. This time, he would be the center of attention and there was no getting out of it.

To prove himself as King of Camelot, Arthur had to draw the Sword from the stone under the scrutiny of the Court. Merlin had explained to him, the day before, that the Sword had been forged in dragon fire and set into the stone before Merlin himself charmed it to only yield to the hand of a Pendragon.

Arthur took a step back and tried to envision the stone in front of him. He conjured up the glimpses he'd caught of it in passing, from a great distance, out the window as he was ushered down corridors to get prepared. He'd been thoroughly instructed by Merlin about what was expected of him: he was to step into the arena, set up akin for a tournament, and walk all the way to the stone, mounted on a stage. There would be the Sword jutting out of it for him to pull out. And that's all that had to be done. Walk and draw the sword out. While the most important people in the Kingdom watched.

Even in the best of scenarios that Arthur made up in his head, he still saw himself tripping over his own feet on the way to the stage. But in the worst one, that filled him with dread and choked him up, the sword wouldn't even budge. And everyone would see.

And yet a part of him wanted it. For if the sword didn't come out at his pull, it meant he wouldn't have to be King. He wouldn't be a Pendragon. He could still be what he'd been told he was when he was a little child - a miraculous survivor of another dragon blood line.

Arthur resolved with himself that if he were to do this, he should at least rehearse in some capacity, lest he made a fool of himself. So he squared his shoulders, reached out to grasp the imagined hilt and pulled -

The door to the chamber opened and Arthur froze, arm in the air, staring at Merlin through the mirror. He spun around to face the man, heat blazing up his neck, to his cheeks and all the way to the tips of his ears. He wasn't even in the arena yet and he was embarrassing himself. "Lord Merlin!"

The sorcerer closed the door and approached slowly. "What were you doing, Arthur?" There wasn't any trace of accusation in his mild voice. It somewhat mollified Arthur.

"Practising?" It was more of a question than an answer. It felt ridiculous now that he was saying it out loud. "Practising pulling the sword from the stone."

Merlin merely nodded. "I see." He raised one hand and with a few elegant flicks of his wrist and elaborate wiggling and twirling of his fingers, as if strumming the strings of an invisible lute, a translucent shape started to materialize itself between them. It looked like a misshapen lump, its seams blurring and quivering as if not quite sure where it was supposed to begin and end, still working on molding itself. And like a piece of wood is given shape and detail in skillful hands with every new shave of the knife, so did it gain a form Arthur could recognize.

Where there had been nothing on the lush carpet moments ago, now stood the stone with the Sword thrust within, looking as solid and real as if it had been transported from the arena here. Arthur wasn't convinced it hadn't been.

Arthur looked from the man to the stone to the man back again. Merlin simply smiled indulgently at his shocked expression. The only thing more impressive than the stone and sword was how easily Merlin had done the deed, merely waving his hand in the air as if to some tune only he could hear, his features unmarred by any sign of struggle.

"Um. Thank you." Even in his stupefaction, he remembered what his mother had taught him about being polite, and someone conjuring you a perfect replica of a sword in a stone was certainly something you should be gracious about.

The sorcerer inclined his head. "You may practise better now." He sat down on the golden upholstery settee, crossing his legs and hooking his twined fingers over his knee.

Arthur approached the stone slowly. Even under the scrutiny of only one pair of eyes, he felt nervous; yet the scrutiny was one of such patience and gentleness that it allowed the vice grip on his insides to loosen a little bit.

The stone reached to his knees, dark and sturdy and jagged as if cut out from a rocky mountain's side. But Arthur didn't pay it too much attention - he couldn't, not when the sword stole all of it. It was a mighty longsword, with a double-edged blade whose metal gleamed a fiery reddish, as if already bearing the mark of its enemies' blood, and crowned by the most beautiful hilt Arthur had ever laid eyes upon.

The hilt was fashioned as a dragon, its scales a scarlet red that had been meticulously sculpted into the surface. Its spanning wings spread wide to form the guard, while its neck made up the grip, ending in the pommel carved as its gaping mouth, inlaid with an onyx for the eye staring out menacingly at Arthur.

This was not the kind of sword you bloodied and damaged on the battlefield. It was the kind of sword you put on a bed of silk and dusted gingerly with fine feathers. It was the kind of sword forged to be marveled at, forged to impress, forged for spectacle.

The kind of sword perfect for the reveal of a King.

"Is this truly what it looks like?" Arthur asked, and regretted the words as soon as they left his mouth. What if he had insulted the Royal Sorcerer by implying that his magic was less than perfect? His eyes darted, alarmed, in Merlin's direction. But the man was not scandalized. He nodded. "Yes, but I do believe you will find that this mere imitation pales in the face of the real one. Now go on," he encouraged, as if gently assuring one that the dog they hesitate to pet does not bite. "Give it a try."

Arthur took a deep breath and grabbed the hilt. The sensation was strange. There wasn't anything solid in his hand, as his eyes had led him to believe would be, but he wasn't grasping at mere air, either. There was a peculiar, feather-like touch, like a soft breeze, over his skin where it was supposed to come in contact with the hilt. He took another deep breath, pulled...

And stumbled back, solid-looking-yet-not-actually-quite-solid sword in hand, his free arm flailing as he struggled to regain his footing. When he did, he wished he hadn't. He could have at least hidden his face in the carpet if he had fallen. Maybe even just lay there and ask Merlin to convey to his would-be subjects a message: their would-be King would better fit the role of Court Jester.

"It's alright, Arthur," Merlin assured him. "Try again."

Arthur tried to think over the swarm of his catastrophic thoughts and assessed the situation. The sword, despite being an illusion, was about as heavy as he expected it to be by its looks. What he'd misjudged, however, was the ease with which the rock released it. He'd put too much force behind the pull, expecting a struggle. Now, to put the sword back. After more blundering from Arthur and tolerance from Merlin, the sorcerer made the sword in Arthur's hand disappear, rematerializing in its stony hold.

Arthur rolled back his shoulders and grabbed the hilt for a second time. It wasn't quite that different from drawing a sword from a scabbard, so Arthur pulled his arm back as if he were preparing to jump into fight. The sword slid out of the stone noiselessly and with ease this time, and pride trickled through the dread in his chest like water through cracks.

Still holding the sword up high, Arthur turned to Merlin with a wide smile. The man smiled back. "It seems like you're ready now." With a wave of his hand, the sword and stone were gone like mist in the wind. "There's something I wanted to give you." Merlin got up, coming closer to Arthur. His hand disappeared under his short, crimson cape and reappeared holding a small box of dark wood, which he handed to Arthur. "Go on, take a peek inside."

Inside, laid upon black velvet, was a brooch. Much like the hilt of the sword, it had been fashioned in the form of a dragon. They stood up on their back legs, wings spread open and sharp claws at the front, as if about to take flight - or rather, as if about to charge. The frame was gold, each scarlet scale a small, shimmering ruby. It looked like something a King would wear. And Arthur did not feel like one. His head snapped up to Merlin, mouth agape.

"I want you to wear this for the ceremony. It's your family banner, Arthur. Wear it proudly." Merlin squeezed his shoulders and said the words in a tone that would have inspired the sentiment in Arthur

were he not so dizzyingly overwhelmed.

Arthur ducked his head, staring down at the brooch. Tracing a finger along its figure, over the black gem it had for an eye. Fixing Arthur, glinting with some dangerous fierceness that he couldn't find in himself. He shook his head. His vision clouded, his voice got lodged in his throat. "I-I don't know if I can do this, Lord Merlin. I'm not a King. I'm just a squire. I don't even know what people expect of me." He sobbed on the words, chest rising and falling erratically as tears streamed down his cheeks.

"My boy." Merlin cupped his face, voice soothing. Soothing like a lullaby, cadence patient and understanding. "I know it is hard for you. The burden of a Kingdom and a legacy have been sprung on you." He tilted up Arthur's head so that he'd meet his black eyes. Black as a stone rising out of tumultuous waters, where you'd take refuge and wait for the storm to pass. A stone which withstands the violent and capricious currents of the sea and the whipping of the rain and the scorching of the sun and inspires within one the same resilience.

"You're not on your own. You do not have to rule without council or guidance. I'll be here, next to you, every step of the way. Guiding you, shielding you, teaching you." He smiled, and the sight was like a ray of sunshine. "There's no shame in it. Every monarch, no matter how great or wise, needs someone to offer comfort in times of need."

"Like...like a rock?" His tears had subsided but they lingered in the frailty of his voice.

Merlin's brow shot up every so slightly in surprise, which was quick to soften to endearment. "Exactly, Arthur. Allow me to be that for you."

Arthur swallowed heavily and nodded.

"Now," Merlin produced a dainty handkerchief from the mysterious depths of his cape where the box had come from and gave it to Arthur. The white fabric was impossibly soft to the touch and Arthur felt bad by simply looking at it. He could never really understand why people made such refined, lovely little cloths for such a messy wet thing as crying - the cloths he used to wipe his sweat during training were always sturdy, simple linen. He felt awful to ruin it with his snot and then have to return the sorry thing to Merlin.

"Dry your face, take a deep breath. We'll have to get going soon." Merlin raised a hand, making a motion as if snatching something out of the air, and the short black cape laid out on a nearby chair fetched itself to his waiting hand. He wrapped it over Arthur's shoulders while the boy wiped his face and subtly blew his nose. Arthur figured that doing it as slowly and noiselessly as possible might somehow reduce the amount of snot. The cape gathered at the shoulder with a simple, golden clasp which Merlin closed for him. He moved carefully, delicately, as if helping a little child prepare for his very first feast. And like a little child, Arthur felt the need to fret and complain about the uncomfortable clothes, but refrained from doing so.

"I'll present you to the crowd and you'll get on stage and draw the sword as practised. If it makes you feel any better, don't even look at the audience. Keep your gaze on the sword."

Arthur nodded and tried to neatly fold up the now completely soggy handkerchief. Despite his best efforts, it was still a rumpled mess as he returned it to Merlin, not quite meeting his eye as he murmured his thanks. Merlin took it with no indication he minded its sorry state. Instead, he pinned the red dragon brooch to the front of Arthur's cloak, where it stood out boldly against the black of it.

"There," he smiled and guided Arthur towards the mirror. "Already looking like a King."

And in that moment, all dressed up and with Merlin by his side, Arthur could almost believe it.

Whatever confidence Merlin had inspired in Arthur evaporated like water in heat when they reached the arena. The chamber where he'd been left to ready himself was quiet and intimate and if not comforting, it had at least offered somewhat of a respite to his senses. Now they seemed assaulted from everywhere - the noon sun was too bright, the crowd was too loud. It wasn't even all that warm outside yet he was already covered by a layer of sweat like a second chemise. Bile and nausea rose in him again with a vengeance.

They stopped in a small pavilion that shielded them from the view of the crowd but allowed Arthur to take a look at the audience. The audience, who whispered and buzzed like a nest of wasps, that rumbled like some terrible, hungry great monster. He saw a mass of faces from which he might have been able to pick out some familiar visages. But his eyes only sought a few in particular, the only ones capable of offering solace.

He found Elewen first. She was hard to miss, with her frame twice the size of a man and deep purple scales. Warmth flooded his chest and he felt that he might cry desperate tears of relief. For despite the dark waters of anxiety he was drowning in, her sight was a comforting one.

Her voice, tender and uplifting, filled his mind like sunlight bathing a long forsaken room. *You can do this, Arthur!*

Arthur send back to her his gratitude, and did his best to summon a feeble smile. Then he leveled the same smile at his brother, mother and father, before Merlin called out to him. "Arthur, it's time."

His stomach clenched painfully. That's it. He would not trip over his feet on his way. He'd hurl all over the stone and the sword and himself.

Merlin squeezed his shoulder. "I shall go announce you and on my cue, you step forward. You can do this." He met Arthur's gaze with his steady, sturdy rock one. Composed, calm, confident, the complete opposite of everything Arthur felt at the moment. "Like I've told you, keep your eyes on the sword."

Eyes on the sword, eyes on the sword, eyes on the sword, Arthur chanted in his head as the sorcerer moved away from him and into the arena. The crowd silenced at once. It was so impressive to witness, in fact, that Arthur actually forgot about his nerves for a moment. Merlin had tamed the beast.

Merlin then spoke, welcoming the nobles. His voice was not booming, but it carried clearly and smoothly. Wind tends to snatch away one's words, lose them within its tumult; but Merlin's words

seemed to fly on the wind, to spread like a soft breeze. Suave, measured hand movements accompanied his speech as if to illustrate his point, but after what he'd witnessed in the chamber, Arthur suspected he must be using magic to project his voice so.

Arthur tried to focus on the speech instead of his anxiousness. Merlin made all the necessary, introductory, gallant greetings before moving on to the burning questions everyone had been simmering on - *Is there an heir? Who's to take the throne?* - teasing the anticipation to a boiling point.

"There is a Pendragon heir, son of Uther and Igraine, who for fifteen years, has been raised away from Court for his own protection."

Tension bubbled over and the crowd erupted into chaos.

Arthur withdrew farther inside the pavilion, his own stomach threatening an incoming explosion. Merlin, on the other hand, remained poised and calm. "Silence, please." This time, the people took longer to calm down, but Merlin waited patiently while the tumult dwindled, quietly letting them know he would not continue until they behaved once again. He spoke up again only when the crowd settled completely.

"May I introduce to you Arthur Pendragon, ward of Sir Ector Alistair and your future King." Merlin turned his head to the pavilion. To Arthur. This was his cue.

Arthur stepped into the arena to a chorus of applause, gasps and murmurs. He didn't look at the rows upon rows of people, at the multitude of eyes fixed on him. He kept his gaze on the sharp tips of his fancy boots and stopped next to Merlin, who waited for him with a small smile.

"To prove himself as Uther's heir, Arthur will pull the Sword from the stone which you see upon the stage. It has been forged by dragons and enchanted by myself to only yield to the grip of a Pendragon." Then, in a quiet, mellow voice meant only for Arthur, he added: "Go ahead, Arthur. Eyes on the sword."

Arthur had thought that Merlin managed to tame the beast but as he walked slowly, eyes on the sword, towards the stage, he realized that it merely laid in waiting, observing Arthur, measuring him like prey. *Was this truly the Pendragon heir?* Arthur could feel their eyes boring into him every step of the way, but his own eyes bore into the sword in the stone. And underneath it all, he could feel another presence, a different kind of attention - warm and soft and subtle, yet soothing. *Elewen*. He walked steadily, better than he's seen himself in his mind's eye. He climbed up the stage without tripping or expelling the contents of his stomach.

He stopped in front of stone. Merlin had been modest. His conjured sword had captured the mastery of its carvings and the vibrancy of its colors in the same ways a skilled artist can bring the beauty of nature to the canvas: and yet the picture could never compete with its subject, could never quite perfectly seize the fullness of its charm.

He kept his eyes on the onyx ones of the dragon. Twinkling in the bright sunlight as if daring Arthur to reach out. A menacing invitation, a dangerous challenge. Arthur measured them up and so they seemed to do in return, weighing if he truly had what it took to be King.

His hand closed this time on the real, solid grip. He could feel the minutely sculpted scales press against his palm, not unpleasantly. It was reassuring that, out of any way to prove himself, it was by drawing a sword. As a squire, it was the most familiar part of this whole kingly affair.

The whole arena was suspended in anticipation as time seemed to slow to the sluggish, languid, thick flow of pouring honey; spilling over the table, creeping towards the edge...while everyone waited for the moment it would drip and pool onto the floor. Waiting for the moment Arthur would release them from this agonizing suspension, where the fate of a Kingdom balanced precariously on the edge of a knife - or rather, of a sword.

Arthur himself felt as if he was trudging through molasses. Perhaps he prolonged this moment, torturous as it was, because he knew that once he'd draw the sword, his life would change completely. Change in such a definitive way that had yet to sink in, even after having learned from Merlin, the very man who brought him to Ector, of his true nature. The sword would seal his fate, for better or worse.

You've got this, Arthur, Elewen's voice slid into his mind again. *Whatever happens, I'll be by your side.*

Arthur pulled. The sword gave in with ease, rising smoothly, the metal of the blade sighing against the rock in relief, as if it had been waiting for a long time now for him to come around and free it. He raised his arm, blade pointing to the sky, as hubbub rose all around him - shouting and gasping and applause, crashing deafeningly against Arthur from all sides. A ship at the mercy of a tumultuous sea - yet he still kept above the waves, even as they threatened to drown and overwhelm him, both from within and without.

Keeping his sword aloft, keeping his eyes on the blade.

[September POV shift mini-game!](#)

[Sep 10, 2022](#)

September's chosen theme was Gawain's first meeting with Mordred, seen through the former's viewpoint. Enjoy!

Link: <https://lamagirl.itch.io/pov-shift>

Password: GawainGame

I've made sure to hunt down any bug or typo, but if you do find any issue let me know in this Google forms: https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSdmXmRPJfqmoDd4oO4-QwhZiel4yk63j4EguWecpl5mBy_IKQ/viewform?usp=sf_link

[Poll for the October POV shift mini-game](#)

[Sep 15, 2022](#)

I'll be keeping it open until 23 September, 23:00 GMT +3!

If you want to suggest options for next month's poll, here's this handy dandy form:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSdz8L0mDqvf11V2z5_7Zdalcd0WZp0UsdSFK9kSZ7bN_1Sywww/viewform?usp=sf_link

Galahad watching the duel between Accolon and Lancelot and approaching Mordred after (chapt3)

38%

Meeting Arthur in the lodge with Elewen (chapt 3)

0%

Meeting Galahad at the river (Befriend him and Charm him routes, chapt 3)

29%

Talking with Morgana in the study, after Accolon's and Lancelot's duel (chapt 3)

0%

Arthur catches Alina bullying Mordred (chapt 3)

33%

Poll ended Sep 23, 2022 · 21 votes total

[Sneak peek](#)

[Sep 15, 2022](#)

Could this be Gawain confessing his feelings to you? You nod, showing that you're listening, and eagerly so.

Gawain produces a folded paper from beneath his yellow cape and smooths it open. He grips it with both hands and takes a long breath as if preparing to take a plunge into the sea. And as butterflies stir in your stomach, you realize he *is* about to take a leap.

"I wrote you a poem," he says.

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Sep 16, 2022](#)

I have finished writing on the current update and I've sent it over to the testers! While waiting and going through feedback, I'm also editing and fixing other issues I've noticed in the demo (polishing the prose here and there, increasing/decreasing stats, balancing stat checks).

Next up to write will be the opportunity to spend time with Gareth, Gawain, Galahad and Gareth's dragon friend Terryn, playing the BoC version of DnD. Alternatively, if you don't want to spend time with them, you'll be stumbling into someone else at the feast. Fun stuff! Then, depending on your relationships with them, Mordred will be bidding Arthur and Gawain goodbye (and perhaps there will be a little Galahad scene too 🥰) as they return to Camelot, and that concludes chapter 3.

[Champion Knight specific benefit poll](#)

[Sep 16, 2022](#)

So! From October on there will be a different benefit specific for the Champion Knight tier, since I've only received a couple questions for the character QnA. I've decided to ask you what you'd like best. This concerns the Champion Knight tier and above, but I will post the poll for all patrons, in case the change might determine some people to reconsider their pledge.

The options I have in mind are:

Option 1: A second monthly short story! There would also be a poll to see which story you'd like to see first/what character you'd like it to feature. This one wouldn't feature Mordred.

Option 2: A second monthly short story, but these ones would feature Mordred with a character, for example one of the ROs. The tricky thing is that it would be non-interactive, and Mordred's personality

and their dynamic with their character can vary; so there'd be a poll to decide the character, but also what kind of Mordred to be featured personality-wise. (Note: the story would be written in 3 version, one for each pronoun set for Mordred: she/her, he/him, they/them).

Option 1: second short story, doesn't involve Mordred

29%

Option 2: second short story, involves Mordred, poll for the kind of Mordred to write

71%

Poll ended Sep 30, 2022 · 101 votes total

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Sep 23, 2022](#)

Soooo, this week I've edited and fixed bugs in preparation for this month's update, and started writing for the next scenes. Initially, there was only the possibility of sneaking from the feast with Gareth, Gawain and Galahad, or alternatively staying on your own (and stumbling into a certain someone). But I've decided to add a route where Gawain stays behind with Mordred if they have a good relationship (and Mordred would rather not go to Gareth's chambers).

On to the exciting news: the Patreon demo is getting updated this weekend! The demo will contain: an Arthur scene (optional), a Morgana scene and some sweet (or angsty if you play it that way) Gawain content and more!

I'm really excited for this update. I feel like the Arthur scene - if played because you want to bond with him - is really sweet, with a bit of angst, and you get to learn more about him as well as delve into lore. There's also a convo topic with Morgana that differs depending on whether you went with Arthur or not.

[October POV shift mini-game winner](#)

[Sep 23, 2022](#)

And the winner is...Galahad watching the duel between Accolon and Lancelot and approaching Mordred afterwards (chapt3)!

[Demo Update](#)

[Sep 24, 2022](#)

The demo has been updated!

What's new?

- Spend time with Arthur, either to bond with him or learn more about your Pendragon powers
- Hang out with Morgana, talk things out if you need to, and get spoiled with sweets
- Meet up with Gawain
- Some more general edits, such as small bug fixes and polished prose in earlier chapters

Enjoy! :)

Link: <https://llamagirl.itch.io/the-bastard-of-camelot-beta>

New password: NewDemoBoc

If you find any bugs or typos, have any suggestions or simply wish to leave me feedback, here's a handy dandy Google form:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSc7F8P0TtGRrucAzhU9j57I29IELyFBdcU7TxxyxQ9HMFsKgg/viewform?usp=sf_link

[Regarding the update and saves](#)

[Sep 24, 2022](#)

Someone reported encountering a bug while playing the Arthur scene using old saves and I just wanted to let everyone know: please don't use old saves! Sorry for not mentioning in the initial post; I've fixed bugs and changed some variables since the last update, so using old saves can lead to game-breaking issues.

[Bugs/Typos fixed](#)

[Sep 24, 2022](#)

Fixed the bugs/typos sent in and updated the demo. Thank you everyone! Note: You may need to refresh the page and relaunch the game.

To the person who suggested making a reference to Mordred's oblivious romantic feelings towards Gawain when giving him the bracelet: there actually should be a mention if you choose the bracelet option that has the two pink hearts, and it should read: *His eyes glimmer just as brightly in the sun. It stirs a strange fluttering feeling in your stomach.* If anyone's playing the oblivious romance and giving Gawain the gift but isn't getting this mention, let me know!

[Reminder: Champion Knight specific benefit poll](#)

[Sep 27, 2022](#)

The poll for deciding the champion knight specific benefit, (open to all Patreons) will be closing on 29 September, 23:00 GMT+3.

In case you missed the poll, here's a link: https://www.patreon.com/posts/champion-knight-72062737?utm_medium=clipboard_copy&utm_source=copyLink&utm_campaign=postshare_creator

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Sep 30, 2022](#)

I've started work on the next update. It's the big feast before the guests go home, and Gawain's in the mood for playing some board games, which Gareth happens to have aplenty! But Gawain's also totally fine with staying at the feast if the idea of playing with Gareth sounds like no fun for Mordred. Or well, maybe your Mordred doesn't want to spend time with Gawain at all! If you do go to Gareth's room to play board games, you'll be seeing more of Galahad too. There's a little bit of branching here depending on what Mordred decides to do/who they chose to spend their time with, but I'm done with the scene leading up to the diverging paths.

I'm also in the process of adding some more oblivious romance options for Gawain, prior to the conversation you can have with Accolon, where he can help Mordred work through their feelings for the boy. I'm also trying to solve the issue of the oblivious romance flavor text not triggering, as people have reported. I'm aiming to update later today or tomorrow with these issues fixed!

I've also been working on October's POV shift mini-game, which features Galahad watching the duel between Accolon and Lancelot and him subsequently confronting Mordred. It's really interesting slipping into his POV and delving into his conflicted emotions on Mordred and his father's actions.

[The Champion Knight tier benefit poll result](#)

[Sep 30, 2022](#)

As a result of the poll, the Champion Knight tier specific benefit from October on will be: A second monthly short story, but these ones would feature Mordred with a character, for example one of the ROs. The tricky thing is that it would be non-interactive, and Mordred's personality and their dynamic with their character can vary; so there'd be a poll to decide the character, but also what kind of Mordred to be featured personality-wise. (Note: the story would be written in 3 version, one for each pronoun set for Mordred: she/her, he/him, they/them).

Note: Voting will take place within the first two weeks of the month, and the story will be posted sometimes in the second half! I'll post exact dates for the voting when I put up the poll.

[Gawain oblivious romance](#)

[Oct 1, 2022](#)

Added some more oblivious romance options for Gawain; you should now be getting the conversation with Accolon!

[October short story featuring Mordred](#)

[Oct 2, 2022](#)

Hey folks!

I'm here with a poll to vote on the character to be featured in this month's second short story (featuring Mordred!). For now, I've only included the romance options on the poll, and as such the short story will be romantic in nature. I'm open to other types of short stories - nonromantic - if you'd like to see that, of course, featuring other characters (such as Gareth, Accolon, etc).

If you'd like to see that, since there's quite a lot of characters, in order to make it easier to vote, I was thinking of alternating polls - one month they'd be a poll for a short story with the ROs, the next month a poll with other characters for non-romantic stories. Or perhaps you'd rather have it be just the ROs all the time. Let me know what you think in the comments! (or send it over through the feedback google form, under general feedback, if you'd prefer to be anonymous. Link [here](#))

So, after voting on this poll is closed, I'll put up a poll for the type of Mordred you'd like to see features (which also defines the dynamic they have with the chosen RO).

This poll will close on October 5, 23:00 GMT+3.

Gawain

21%

Galahad

47%

Nimue

5%

Elaine

11%

Sophie

5%

Isac

0%

Agravain

11%

Poll ended Oct 5, 2022 · 19 votes total

[October second short story: follow up poll](#)

[Oct 6, 2022](#)

Galahad won the poll for the character to be featured in the second short story. So now I bring you the poll regarding the type of Mordred to be featured and their dynamic with Galahad.

The poll stays open until 9 October 23:00 GMT+3

Sweet, crybaby Mordred and easily flustered, crushing hard on Galahad; brings out Galahad's soft side

48%

Defiant Mordred who loves to challenge Galahad; they're in love but oblivious

39%

Flirty, confident Mordred who loves teasing Galahad; very much aware of their own crush

0%

Defiant Mordred who loves to challenge Galahad again but this one's aware of their crush and hate it

0%

Sweet, affable Mordred who's steadfast in trying to befriend Galahad and who's crushing hard on him

13%

Poll ended Oct 9, 2022 · 23 votes total

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Oct 7, 2022](#)

This week I've focused on the Patreon content for October, and finished the POV shift minigame. I just need to go over it to correct grammar and check for any bugs. Similarly, the Knight tier short story just

needs a little bit more polishing before I release it into the wild!

For the mini game, I've first had to reread the original scene of Accolon's and Lancelot's duel, followed by Galahad confronting Mordred. While doing so I've made some adjustments to the demo, which I've sneakily been updating throughout the week. The changes you'll find are: better wording, rewritten passages, some other small edits. I wanted to make the dragons feel a bit more involved in the tournament, so I've included a mention of Mordred's dragon companion hanging around Sera - Accolon's dragon partner - as her squire.

I've also been doing some planning for chapter 4, and jotting down some snippets for upcoming scenes. You'll get to see Mordred's training and tutoring, as well as take a trip to the town's Lady of the Lake temple with Robin!

[Sneak peek](#)

[Oct 7, 2022](#)

This is as good as any an opportunity to befriend Galahad; a relaxed, cozy setting unlike the pavilion at the tournament, where emotions and adrenaline were running high. And with both Gawain and Gareth to help keep things sailing, you may yet turn the tide of Galahad's heart.

In more than one way, you think as warmth pools in your chest.

"Yes," you reassure your brother, "Truth be told, I'm glad he'll be there too."

"Oh, are you still set on changing Galahad's mind?" A shadow of a smile plays over his lips. "I'll try helping with that, too."

You offer a mischievous smile. "That sounds like a plan."

[Just a lil reminder!](#)

[Oct 9, 2022](#)

Just a lil reminder that if you wish to vote on the type of Mordred to be featured in the second short story (alongside Galahad, who's the chosen character for October!) the poll stays open until 9 October 23:00 GMT+3!

[Oct 11, 2022](#)

"You know your mother and I love you very much," Ector began, warmth filling every word, "and we consider you our son, even if we're not the same blood."

"I know, dad," Arthur beamed. The boy sat perched up on the leather chair across from him, looking so small as he dangled his feet off the edge. Arthur was only five summers old - and yet old enough for him to be told what Merlin deemed a necessary lie.

"He has powers, Lord Ector, and there's no way around that."

Ector remembered the talk with Merlin, that night all those years ago, in this very same study. But in a stark contrast to the comforting, warm sunshine bathing the chamber now, a thunderous storm had been raging that fateful night, heavy rain battering against the windows. Casting long, deep shadows over the sorcerer as he explained to Ector the great responsibility that was placed on his shoulders.

"Some lies are necessary to protect, surely you can see that. His Majesty King Uther has faith in you."

Ector understood, and was happy to take on the child. He knew he had been given a rough start in life - a father who only needed an heir, not a child, and a mother who was forced to conceive him - and wanted to offer the boy the comfort and happiness of a loving family.

"Arthur cannot know he's a Pendragon."

Merlin had a soothing way about himself. A calm, smooth voice that slid over you like a knife through warm butter. Soothing, yes, but also sharp. In the way a predator may pacify prey. After all, these matters they discussed in the darkness of Ector's study were no trifle things.

"Arthur," Ector talked slowly, fiddling with the walking cane resting against his armrest. He'd carved the head himself, fashioned in the shape of a bird. "There's something important I have to tell you, now that you're older and you may better understand."

The boy's eyes widened and he scooted closer to the edge of the seat.

"It's about those powers of yours, Arthur. Your...ability to speak to dragons, and the others."

Arthur perked up, his face lightning up. "My fire?" He held out his hand, making a little spark dance in his palm.

"Yes," Ector chuckled, shaking his head. "Now put that out, please." He'd had to teach Arthur that he should only use his fire when he was around his adopted family. And so the boy took that as invitation to summon the flames whenever the opportunity arose.

Arthur obliged, closing his hand thus extinguishing the fire.

Ector went on, carefully choosing each word. "As I was saying, these powers of yours are not unlike King Uther's. But they're not unique to the Pendragons, either. There used to be more families like them, with these abilities. More dragon bloods. But over the years, they've...disappeared."

It's true. Years of wars, disagreements and dragon hunters had taken a disastrous toll on the people bestowed with the power of dragons. Three bloodlines perished - yet the Pendragon line went on. Uther himself helped to this end, his hands stained with the blood of his own kind.

And here's where the lie came.

"A harmless lie, to protect the boy."

"That's what people think, at least. But they haven't all disappeared."

Arthur listened intently, brow furrowed.

"You're one of those people, Arthur. A survivor."

"Uther has many enemies. It's of utmost importance that the boy knows as little about his connection to Uther as possible. It's to keep him safe. You do understand, don't you, Sir Ector?"

Lightning struck at that moment, showering the study in bright, blinding white light. Illuminating the sorcerer's grave expression. The thunder that followed seemed to impress upon Ector the gravity of the situation, and when its rumbling had subsided, the man answered, equally somber, "I do."

Merlin smiled, a chilling smile. "Good."

Arthur gnawed on his lower lip, eyes wide with wonder.

"It's very important that no one finds out, Arthur. Only Kay, your mother and I must know. And when you become squire, you'll share it with your dragon companion. But no one else must know." He spoke gently, yet emphasized every word, holding Arthur's gaze steadfast. "It's for your own safety. Do you understand?"

Arthur nodded earnestly. "Of course!" It was endearing, how he tried to school his expression into a serious one, fighting back his eager smile.

Ector smiled too. But his smile was sad, strained.

For heavy is the head that wears the crown.

[October POV shift mini-game](#)

[Oct 12, 2022](#)

October's chosen theme was Galahad watching the duel between Accolon and Lancelot and him confronting Mordred afterwards. Enjoy!

Link: <https://llamagirl.itch.io/galahad-confronts-mordred>

Password: GalahadConfrontGame

I've made sure to hunt down any bug or typo, but if you do find any issue let me know in this Google forms: https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSdmXmRPJfqmoDd4oO4-QwhZiel4yk63j4EguWecpl5mBy_IKQ/viewform?usp=sf_link

[Mini-game issue fixed](#)

[Oct 13, 2022](#)

So, I've received feedback that there was an issue with Mordred's pronouns in the POV shift mini-game: it's all fixed now. Sorry for the inconvenience!

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Oct 14, 2022](#)

I've been continuing work on the feast scene, which branches into four different paths - two of them are completed, two about half done - depending on who you're hanging out with. Once finished, there's not much left of chapter 3, and I'm aiming to complete the chapter with this month's update. Includes: joining a role-playing game with Gareth, Gawain and Galahad (which I keep teasing lol), dancing with Gawain and stumbling into someone at the feast, all on different routes.

I've also got round to fixing some typos send through the feedback form.

Nearing the end of chapter 3, I'm getting eager to work on chapter 4, and planning how to introduce the new lore tidbits I want - we'll be focusing a bit on the current opinion on dragon bloods and find out more about what the Knights of the Round Table exactly are (why it's such a nice and special rank) and how they came to be. The first part of chapter 4 is really rather chill and give us an insight into Mordred's daily life as a squire - and sorcerer - while the second part will be kind of heavy on angst and drama 🙄

On an unrelated note, The Owl House new episode comes out tomorrow and I'm so freaking excited!

[Poll for November POV shift mini-game](#)

[Oct 19, 2022](#)

I'll be keeping it open until 26 October, 23:00 GMT+3!

If you want to suggest options for next month's poll, here's this handy dandy form:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSdz8L0mDqvf11V2z5_7Zdalcd0WZp0UsdSFK9kSZ7bN_1Sywww/viewform?usp=sf_link

Spending time with Arthur by the river, bonding (chapt3)

Meeting Galahad at the river (Befriend him and charm him routes, chapt3)

Arthur catches Alina bullying Mordred (chapt3)

Gawain confesses his crush/Mordred confesses their feelings at the fair (chapt3)

36 votes total

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Oct 21, 2022](#)

This week I've had some personal matters to attend to, but when I did get the time I've focused on finishing chapter 3. And I'm very happy to say it's nearly done! Just need to do some more editing and polishing and I'm aiming to release the update into the wild this weekend. There's a really sweet Gawain scene I'm excited for y'all to read 🙄

For the Champion Knight tier and above, I just wanted to let you know I'm currently working on the second short story, and I'm hoping to post it in the first half of next week. I feel bad it's taken me so long, but these past couple weeks have been a bit hectic. Nonetheless, I really like what I've come up with for this story!

[Sneak peek](#)

[Oct 22, 2022](#)

A pair breaks out of the dancing ring, careening towards you on a collision course. You tug at your chained arms, nimbly pulling Gareth out of harm's way. He watches the giggling couple twirl away to cause mayhem elsewhere, then turns to you with a grateful smile. "As I was saying. Father arranged for me and other Duke's and Duchess' children to spend some time together at the fair today."

"Oh?"

"It's a ploy. Form friendships that can bloom into alliances later, and of course signal to everyone that we're a unified front." He swirls the juice in his goblet as his gaze glides over the room, thoughtful yet not betraying much else. "That kind of thing. I think the most interesting interaction I had was with Elaine Beauregard. She devored -inhaled - a bag of pastries and afterwards still proclaimed they have better ones back in Astolat." Gareth then elbows you, thrusting his chin out somewhere to your right. "Look who's all on her own."

[Bug report](#)

[Oct 22, 2022](#)

Someone let me know through the Google form that they can't progress past the scene where Mordred and Arthur are talking after the bullying incident. I can't find anything wrong in the code so if you see this, I'm wondering: are you by any chance using an old save? Cause an old save can screw up a lot of things since I tinker with variables in between the updates. If not, if you can let me know through the form how Mordred has felt about Arthur initially (hopeful, confused, hate him) and how they feel now, it'd be really helpful!

[Demo update](#)

[Oct 22, 2022](#)

The demo has been updated!

What's new?

- Play a role-playing game with Gareth, Gawain, Galahad and Terryn (Gareth's dragon friend!)
- Dance with Gawain
- Stumble into a certain someone at the feast
- (Not all in one single playthrough, though)
- Say goodbye to Arthur, Gawain and Galahad
- Share a sweet moment with Gawain if you're sweethearts

Chapter 3 is now complete!

Enjoy! :)

Link: <https://llamagirl.itch.io/the-bastard-of-camelot-beta>

New Password: Boc123Demo

If you find any bugs or typos, have any suggestions or simply wish to leave me feedback, here's a handy dandy Google form:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSc7F8P0TtGRrucAzhU9j57I29IELyFBdcU7TxxyxQ9HMFsKgg/viewform?usp=sf_link

[Bug fixed](#)

[Oct 22, 2022](#)

So there was a bug right at the beginning of the update (I know, just great) but it's fixed now! If you've started playing, I think you might need to refresh and relaunch the game. Sorry for the inconvenience!

[Bug report](#)

[Oct 23, 2022](#)

Someone sent in through the form that they're stuck where Mordred spends time with Morgana after meeting with Arthur - can you please give me more details? Where exactly does it stop? Did you meet with Arthur because you wanted to spend time with him or to learn more about the Pendragon powers? I've looked through the code and couldn't find anything wrong, but knowing exactly where to look helps a lot.

[October second short story](#)

[Oct 26, 2022](#)

Crying your eyes out behind a bush in the castle's garden was not how you planned to spend your afternoon. Yet here you are, watering the plants with your tears.

"Mordred?"

Wide, perplexed gray eyes peer at you over the bush. You stare back up at Galahad, sniffing pathetically. You haven't heard him approach over the sobs and whimpers you've been fruitlessly attempting to muffle into your damp sleeve.

Galahad carefully pushes aside the boughs overflowing with purple flowers, sending adrift a heady, sweet waft. As his boots come into view before you and it becomes clear he won't merely pass you by, you're seized by a sudden, overwhelming embarrassment that almost makes you forget you're upset. You can't see yourself, but you can take an educated guess at the kind of pitiful image you must make. Puffy, blood-shot eyes, tear-streaked cheeks and, the worst of it all, a disgustingly snotty nose. You angle your face away even though Galahad already saw it as mortified heat creeps up your neck.

"What happened?" he asks as he kneels in front of you on the grass.

"Do you truly care?" you retort thickly.

His reply is immediate: "Yes." As the word sinks in, permeating the charged silence that stretches between you too, Galahad looks as nonplussed as you feel. He clears his throat. "You're a fellow knight of the Round Table. Of course I stopped to check on you. It's only demanded of us."

The corner of your mouth twitches up in a watery smile. "Is it?" Is this truly all there is to it, or simply what he tells himself to keep his conscience clear?

"Yes," he says roundly and studies your face. "So, what happened?"

At his questions, the troublesome memories of the morning come unbidden. You were summoned to assist Sir Kay in smoothing over some affairs with various local nobles. When things didn't go their way, however, they turned to pettishly taking out their frustration on you, by attacking your family name and questioning your abilities as knight of the Round Table. Kay had done his best to comfort you afterward, but you were left discomfited by the whole thing so you came for a walk in the Royal Garden, hoping it'll soothe your nerves. It did, until it didn't; and that's to blame on the loudly gossiping pair of courtiers, one of which was the noble with the most biting remarks.

"I...heard some less than pleasant things said about my person," you explain, swallowing past the lodge in your throat.

A flash of sympathy passes over his pinched face. You sniffle again, the sound disgustingly loud in the quiet. Galahad reaches into his doublet and proffers a handkerchief of dainty white which makes you balk. You'll utterly ruin the poor thing. You accept it hesitantly, whispering a weak thank you and blowing your nose as silently as you can.

"Were you eavesdropping?" he asks.

The tone isn't entirely accusatory, but it strikes a nerve in you, like hitting the wrong note in a song. Especially after having to hear a haughty courtier call you conniving snake behind your back. Especially since you don't know for certain how much of a snake Galahad himself still considers you.

"I wasn't!" you protest, voice breaking halfway.

He looks like he'd very much like to stuff the words back in his mouth. And perhaps the snot-filled hanky too, if only that'd stop him from saying such clumsy things.

You hang your head, fidgeting with Galahad's handkerchief. One of its corners is embroidered with a lavender branch, Corbenic's symbol. "I haven't been having a great day, that's all. Here," you give back his hanky. He takes it, then frowns. You're about to apologize for its soggy state when Galahad says:

"Your hand." His own shoots out and freezes just above yours, slender fingers grazing feather-like over your skin, a brush akin that of butterfly wings. It ripples up your arm, amplified into an electric shock that travels all the way to your toes. When you don't pull back he ventures farther, sliding his fingers over the back of your hand, pressing a thumb against the soft, meaty base of your palm. Your pulse spikes, your breath hitches.

"You're injured."

You peer down at your hand and see that he is indeed correct. A long cut crosses your palm diagonally, as if someone had taken a knife and carved out one of the lines that traverse the skin there. It was no knife, but no less sharp: in your haste to hide, you've swiped your hand right across a thorny branch. It

hurt like something awful, but you were too busy with crying till your head throbbed to care very much for the cut.

"I can heal it," Galahad offers, angling your hand towards his face. You don't trust yourself to speak so you merely nod.

He glances up at you and reaches out to your face deliberately, as if approaching a scared animal. You suppose you resemble one with the way your heart races and your muscles all tensed up in anticipation. He gently swipes a thumb under your eye, collecting the tears gathered there. Then he takes your injured hand in both of his, calloused like a warriors yet tender like that of a healer, and murmurs a prayer to the Lady of the Lake. You can't make out the words, but the unintelligible muttering soothes you like a lullaby. His lips move slowly, reverently, their motion hypnotizing. You can't help but wonder how it'd feel to have those lips press against your palm, if it'd tingle the same way the magic makes it tingle as it stitches the skin back together.

"Done."

Your eyes fill with violet gray as Galahad looks up from your hand. Catching you gawking at him. Like the scared animal that you are, you panic as one thought, almost primal, overcomes any other rational sense: *get away*. You jerk back, trying to put some distance between you, only to belatedly realize that his hands are still holding yours. Upon pulling, not only does Galahad not let go, but *squeezes*, further anchoring himself to you. You sprawl backwards on the grass and he follows, toppling over you like a fell tree.

If you were merely an outside observer, you might have found this comical. But it's hard to laugh when you feel like you're about to combust. You feel breathless, but it's not Galahad's weight crushing down on you - he's caught himself on his elbows, flushed against you yet not pressing down. Your chests thump against each other with short, erratic, frantic breaths and hearts competing to see which can race faster. His pupils have dilated, biting hard into the soft violet of his eyes. You can see reflected within your face, small and panicked and just as wide-eyed.

Minutes, hours, even days might have passed. Time seems to stretch and coil in strange, elusive ways as you both stay frozen, as if you've sprouted roots like the bush next to you, staring at each other. As the initial alarm subsides, your pulse doesn't calm down, but something in Galahad's expression shifts. Or perhaps it's always been there, hidden underneath the shock of being unceremoniously demolished. His eyes appraise your face as if they see it for the first time, with fervid focus. His head droops towards yours and your noses brush, hot skin against hot skin. A small, helpless sound, between a gasp and a whimper, coming from the back of your throat, escapes you as anticipation prickles your skin. It startles Galahad and breaks whatever trance bewitched you. He jumps to his feet, fumbles through the bush, pushing aside ambushing boughs that seem to want to block and entice him to stay, and stops on the flagstone path, half turned away from you.

His faces blazes as red as the Pendragon banner. "If you're alright now," Galahad says, clipped, short-winded as if he'd just finished running laps around the Castle, "I'll take my leave."

He storms off before you can reply, as if surfing the crest of some great wave, moving quickly and tempestuously. You're left dazed in his wake, as if that same wave had crashed over you. Trying your best to marshal your thoughts as you run a thumb over the faint line that remains where he's healed your cut. In a couple days, it'll be as if it were never there. But you know that this horribly beautiful, splendidly awful feeling that he stirs within will remain like a scar that won't heal - that you don't want to heal.

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Oct 28, 2022](#)

This week I've been fixing reported bugs after the update, and working on some Patreon content - more specifically the Knight tier story for November, which features Elaine spending some time with her sister, Isolde, and having some interesting conversations 🗨️

I've also figured out how to start chapter 4. I know the scene I wanted as the opening, but wasn't sure how to start off, since I think chapter beginnings are always a bit daunting haha. But now I know, and I'm looking forward to write it. I have to research a bit on swordfighting before, though, since we'll see Mordred training.

[A quick poll](#)

[Nov 1, 2022](#)

A quick poll, just to make sure I'm going with the popular choice for the second short story (the one featuring Mordred). Last month - which was the first month for this perk - the poll put up was only for ROs, and as a result the story itself was romantic in nature. For this month, we could do the same - or we could do a friend/family short story, and the choice would be between Morgana, Arthur, Accolon, Gareth, Lot (if you want bitterness instead of sweetness lol).

And then next month there would be a romantic story, then the following month a friend/family/otherwise platonic story and so on, alternating between months. I've asked before (not in a poll tho) and some people have spoken in favor of this idea, but just to be sure I'm posting this poll, and I'll leave it up until November 2, 23:00 GMT+2.

Romantic story all months

20%

Alternate between romantic and friend/family stories

80%

Poll ended Nov 2, 2022 · 25 votes total

[Sneak peek](#)

[Nov 2, 2022](#)

His worry, painted so plainly and loudly on his face - along with broad strokes of the care and tenderness he holds for you - touches you, but he needn't fret. You're no ordinary knight, after all. You're a sorcerer, which gives you an immediate advantage you'll readily use.

"Pff," you rap your fingers against one of your cuisses; it clinks a tinny, silvery sound drowned out by your overly self-assured snort. "Don't worry about me. I have magic after all!" To emphasize your point you hold up your index and let a small flame flicker there.

Accolon smiles and squeezes your arm. "It's a great asset," he admits, but the corners of his mouth drag down into a serious, tight line again. "That's why combining the two - the sword and your magic - could prove your greatest asset. I just need you to apply yourself, whichever you want to lean on more."

[Second shot story character poll](#)

[Nov 2, 2022](#)

Alternating between romantic and friend/family stories won! So this month's story will fall in the second category. Here's a poll to decide on the character to be featured this month alongside Mordred.

I'll leave this open until November 6, 12:00 noon GMT+2, then we'll hold a poll for the type of Mordred to write.

Morgana

6%

Accolon

6%

Arthur

43%

Gareth

40%

Lot (if you like pain)

6%

Poll ended Nov 6, 2022 · 35 votes total

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Nov 4, 2022](#)

I've started working on chapter 4! It's coming along nicely, and so far I've written a training scene with Accolon. On top of that, I've added a small Arthur scene to the demo, at the end of chapter 3. Someone pointed out that if you don't spend time with Arthur after he stops Alina from bullying Mordred, then the goodbye feels a bit rushed, and the mention of corresponding too skimmed over. So for those Mordreds who wish to keep in touch with Arthur, but were too hurt to spend time with him the day before, there's a more detailed library scene where the matter of exchanging letters comes up.

I've also been working on some Patreon content for November, more specifically the mini-game, and finished the Knight tier short story featuring Elaine. It just needs a bit of polishing before releasing it.

And, because I keep remembering/seeing scenes that need editing, I've been tweaking/rephrasing bits in the first half of chapter 3 - this time, when Mordred tells Morgana and Gareth about meeting Arthur.

[November second short story poll](#)

[Nov 7, 2022](#)

Arthur won this month's short story poll! With the mini-game also featuring Arthur's POV, November seems to be his month lol

Anyway, on to vote for the kind of Mordred you'd like to see.

I will leave the poll open until November 10, 12:00 noon GMT+2.

A shy, emotional, tolerant and affable Mordred, who in some ways takes after Arthur

63%

A defiant, spunky Mordred, who doesn't mince words

14%

A charming, smooth, calm and confident Mordred

17%

A playful, high-energy, cheerful Mordred

6%

Poll ended Nov 10, 2022 · 35 votes total

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Nov 11, 2022](#)

I've continued work on chapter 4, and it feels so different from chapter 3. There were so many high-strung and emotional moments in the previous chapter, plus the whole festive atmosphere of the tournament, while the first half of this chapter focuses on Mordred's everyday life. It feels more mundane and chill and laid-back so far.

Do you remember Robin, the Lothian healer from chapter 3? Right now I'm working on a scene involving them! You're taking a trip to the Lady of the Lake temple in town.

Also wanted to let you know that I'll be posting the Elaine short story and Arthur mini-game sometimes over the weekend/the beginning of next week.

[Nov 15, 2022](#)

Elaine was drunk. She had not meant to get drunk, but one single goblet of red wine had turned out to be too potent for her. By the time she realized the floor should not be tilting when she walked, she had already finished her cup. Elaine cradled it, empty, and observed the celebration from a corner of the great hall where she'd slid against the wall. She'd folded her long legs to her chest and remained there, getting the occasional odd look from passing servants. Part of their training was not to draw attention onto the peculiarity of nobility, so after ensuring she was not in any danger, they'd left her alone.

Everything was soft blue and pure white and warm gold. Dainty, gossamer clothes covered the tables and chairs and pillars like freshly fallen snow. Hydrangeas reigned at the center of every table in thick, lush bouquets, and wisteria boughs snaked down along the walls from the ceiling, flowery, purple tendrils engulfing everything in a musky, sweet fragrance. Laughter twinkled, cups clinked and voices floated over the serene string music.

Elaine sported a smile and felt like laughing, though nothing felt particularly funny aside from the fact that her sister was marrying the wrong man. Though, thinking about it, that was definitely not amusing.

No one would suspect Isolde of being unhappy. She wore her expressions with the same grace she wore her sapphire blue wedding gown. Her pleasant smile pinned as securely in place as her honey brown hair in its updo. Yet Elaine could tell it was all an act. A well-played act, but a masquerade nonetheless.

Elaine wasn't sure whether she should feel happy or sad for her sister. She skewed heavily towards the later, but whenever she tried to voice her concerns her sister insisted she should be the former. That was the problem with older siblings; they never quite let you worry about them.

Getting to dress up for the event had been fun though. Elaine commissioned new garments, as did everyone in the family - it would have been shameful, and an outright insult, to wear something they'd worn before - and loved the results. The light blue doublet hugged her flat, straight figure handsomely. She'd felt so much lighter ever since she got rid of the pair of lumps on her chest, as if shedding a weight she'd been dragging around for a long time.

The crowd parted and Isolde glided through the passage formed for her, moving like a butterfly in her blue silks and shiny ribbons. Elaine pushed herself up to meet her - the lavish world around her spun on its axis - and brushed aside the stray hairs that had come loose from her braid. She was hungry, she realized with a sudden, cruel twist of her stomach. Sadly, her sister was not approaching her with any food. Instead, she never broke her elegant stride as she whispered "Kitchen boat" to Elaine, disappearing back into the crowd.

Elaine made her way along the hall, picking up a bread bun and discarding her goblet in the process. What their castle lacked in width, made up for in length as it spanned the river like some highly ornate bridge. Elaine took the door that now stood wide open for servants to come and go with platters of food and carafes of wine, and skipped down the flight of stairs that curved downwards.

The kitchen was bustling, but unlike the sparkling, dreamlike glamour of the hall, it was a heated battlefield where pans rang like clashing swords and oil sizzled like a war cry. She picked her way carefully between the stern looking cooks and the liquid-eyed, nervous young kitchen help. In the farthest corner of the room, Elaine almost fell through the floor. She reached out a hand on the wall to catch herself, the stone refreshingly cool against her skin in the hot kitchen and, heart beating in her throat, she glanced down through the square awning carved into the floor.

There was the wooden bottom of a simple, utilitarian boat swaying gently in the waves, and the silent, rhythmic sloshing of water lapping against the stone pillars that jutted into the dark river. The opening was used for bringing up the produce ferried directly to the kitchen - and on occasions, served as a quick getaway for Elaine and Isolde. It was also usually closed by means of a wooden trap to avoid the kind of accident Elaine was one step away from having.

Elaine drew a deep breath, jumped down into the dinghy and cursed profusely. The landing shock shot through her soles, jolted up her legs to her head and rattled her teeth. The boat swayed precariously and so did Elaine, flailing about to keep her balance. The water sloshed and splashed disconcertedly, and it echoed in the cavernous space under the bridge in a disappointed chorus mocking her poor jump. Usually she'd do the leap effortlessly, but alcohol made her own muscles rebel against her.

"Easy, easy," Isolde murmured, throwing her sister a reassuring glance as she worked away at untying the boat. Then her hands halted and she snapped her head back at her. She leaned forward sharply, peering intensely at Elaine's face. "You're red. Are you drunk?"

"I only had a goblet."

"And it went straight to your head, I see."

Elaine settled down on the bench, tucking her knees under her chin. The air here was chilly and crisp and quickly seeping under her doublet and chemise. It cupped her flushed face with cold hands, which wasn't particularly unpleasant.

"Running away from your own wedding, huh?" Elaine remarked as the last of the twine came loose, setting the boat free.

"I'm the bride," Isolde replied as smoothly as she tossed the woolen cloak over Elaine's quivering shoulders, "I deserve a break."

Elaine fastened the cloak and stretched her legs as far as the cramped space allowed. She reached for the rows, guiding them away from the stone archway of the castle's underbelly, across the dark expanse

of water under the deep velvety of the night sky. Isolde perched herself opposite, looking as effortlessly elegant as the moon.

As they talked, sharing what each saw and heard, indulging in shameless gossiping, Elaine paddled them away from the gilded light that spilled from the castle, and stopped once they were far enough, letting the boat float slowly, freely.

"Everyone seems to be enjoying themselves," Isolde said, with no small amount of pride.

"It's a lovely wedding," Elaine said, because it was and because she knew Isolde would appreciate the compliment. She'd pored over the wedding plans for weeks, making sure that everything would be perfect. She seemed to take more pleasure and excitement in the event itself than the groom.

"I'm just nervous mama and papa will start planning my own engagement once things simmer back down," Elaine continued with a groan like wood creaking. She leaned forward, whispering fretfully, as if afraid saying it too loud might actually confirm the supposition, "I think they have Gareth Leudonus in mind."

Isolde smiled sympathetically. "He's a lovely boy," she said as if that were any reassurance. Elaine needed more than *lovely* to be convinced of the potential arrangement. Isolde's brow furrowed, pinching in benevolent worry. "Is that the problem? Last time I asked, you were crushing on that marquis' daughter-"

"Yes - Giselle - and no, that's not the issue." If she were red before, now she must have reached the complexion of a beetroot. Giselle liked to watch Elaine spar with her sword and took any excuse to place her delicate hands on Elaine's arms, and Elaine flexed obligingly whenever she wasn't busy melting into a puddle.

"Gareth's perfectly nice," Elaine conceded, "but we have shit-all in common."

Elaine had spoken to him briefly, when her dad all but shoved her in his direction - papa was too elegant and etiquette-bound to actually physically do so - but excused herself shortly after spotting Gawain Alistair and Galahad du Lac in order to flag them down.

"Well," Isolde said cheerfully, "tell mama and papa to arrange your wedding to Giselle, then." Elaine drove her knee into Isolde's and her sister laughed, swatting her away without any force behind it.

When the laughter subsided, a companionable silence settled between them, as easy and tranquil and calm as the moonbeams showering them in silvery light, painting thick, shimmering streaks over the dark river.

Elaine didn't feel quite so serene under the surface, though. Looking at her sister's face, she couldn't fathom Isolde's sentiments, but Elaine's own teemed just under her hot, flushed skin.

The words left her wine-woozy tongue the moment they formed in her wine-hazy mind: "Do you miss him?"

Isolde chuckled, but the sound was strained, tight. "Mark? We haven't been gone that long."

It was an opportunity to veer course before the currents led her astray. Elaine might have swallowed back her response. Gulp it down, let it drown. Instead she stirred the waters. "Tristan."

Isolde met Elaine's eyes and for a brief moment, all the hurt came back, pinching her brow and contorting the calm line of her mouth. "Does it matter?" she rejoiced, speaking quietly to mask the pain that modulated her tone.

"But don't you love Tristan?"

Isolde's face hardened and her frame stiffened. Her voice as cool as the moon's silver light as she said, "Tristan's not here, is he?"

"It would have been too painful for him," Elaine replied, quietly. Treading carefully because Tristan was not the only one hurt, no matter how much Isolde tried to hide her wounds. "You don't love Mark."

Isolde arranged the cape about her shoulders, head angled towards the water so that her face was shrouded in shadows. Elaine could barely make out her features, let alone the emotion painted across them, and her voice - steady, calm, composed - spared no space for feelings, either. "I made my decision, Elaine. I do not want you to pity me, or worry about me." Isolde turned, now facing her with a mirthless smile. "I do look forward to managing the family's business." A clear attempt to change the subject.

Isolde was good with numbers, and ledgers with neat rows upon rows of numbers that required meticulous calculations which gave Elaine headaches. She'd rather just count the laps she ran around the Castle.

Elaine snorted. "Oh, so you're actually just looking forward to marrying the business?"

Isolde laughed, the sound sweet and chiming and a lot more sincere. "Hmm, yes. At the end of the day, this is a business affair."

"I'm sure you'll love it," Elaine said, twining her hands and stretching her arms over her head till her knuckles popped audibly. Her limbs felt somewhat leaden from the alcohol, and in need of limbering. "All those numbers and computing and estimation and...all else." Isolde chuckled softly, and Elaine rolled her shoulders. "You loved planning out this wedding too. I'd scream if I had to do the same."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Not as exciting as swinging a sword around?" Isolde propped her chin in her hand, the corners of her eyes crinkling with mirth.

"Not at all," Elaine agreed, jumping to her feet. It had been a mistake, because the world around her swung as wildly as a sword in the hands of a frenzied, cornered warrior. But Elaine was undaunted, and very much drunk; when the world steadied, she gamely picked up the paddle and held it as if it were her trusty two-hander. "No offense to you, Isolde. You're good at what you do, but I'm not. I'd be terrible at this whole 'management' affair."

"I know," Isolde acknowledged it with an almost insulting ease, smoothing down the velvet of her cloak. "You are great with a sword, though."

"I wish mama and papa would see that too," Elaine murmured, voice as low as the river's warbling, hopes laying somewhere on its algae carpeted floor. Her parents had always seen her interest in sword-fighting as some pastime of the bored rich.

She thrust out the paddle-sword, stabbing at some invisible foe: it may have been her parents' stubbornness, or her own helplessness. She missed, and the dinghy fretted, swaying dangerously. Isolde tried to warn her. The dull splashing of water against the boat tried to warn her too. But Elaine, wobbly with wine, had already lost this battle, and could only watch Isolde's wide-eyed, horrified face before murky water filled her vision.

Overwhelming, mind-numbing freezing cold was all Elaine could think of as she broke the surface, shivering and gasping and coughing. Somehow, she was still grasping the paddle. She reached for the boat, and two arms reached back and, with some difficulty and more worrisome swaying, Elaine was back on the wooden bench, trembling so hard her teeth rattled. Then the rattling turned to raspy laughing, which turned to hacking then laughter again. Isolde, seeing Elaine was fine - physically at least, for the laugh was not inspiring a stable state of mind - joined in too.

"I'll miss this," Elaine murmured once she'd calmed down.

Isolde was rowing them back, mustering all the strength she could find. "Falling into the river?" she asked dryly. Elaine would have nudged her if she weren't quite so numbed from the cold.

As miserably wet as she was, it couldn't stump the small smile that bloomed on her lips.

"I'll miss it, too," Isolde replied, soft as the susurrus of water. Then, brighter and louder, she said, "That's why you should visit often."

"As should you!" Elaine shot back and they both laughed.

They laughed too when they got back and stumbled right into their older brother, dripping a damp path down the Castle halls on their way to Elaine's chambers. She only stopped smiling once they got back into the wedding and Isolde reprised her role.

[Nov 16, 2022](#)

November's chosen theme was Arthur catching Alina bullying Mordred and swooping in to help them. Enjoy!

Link: <https://llamagirl.itch.io/arthur-swoops-in-to-help-mordred>

Password: ArthurSaveGame

If you find any issue let me know in this Google form:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSdmXmRPJfqmoDd4oO4-QwhZiel4yk63j4EguWecpl5mBy_IKQ/viewform?usp=sf_link

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Nov 18, 2022](#)

Hi everyone! I'm working away on chapter 4, and started considering dates for the update. I'd like to get at least one more scene done first, so I can't give you any concrete answer yet - but I'm aiming for sometime next week.

If you remember from last week's post, I've finished the Robin scene, and I'm showing more of Mordred's tutoring right now - more specifically, Mordred's magic lessons with Morgana. We're learning more about how exactly emotions tie in to one's magic, and whether Mordred is trying to reign in those bursts of power, or letting the magic run wild. Exciting stuff! And even more exciting: you get to pet a kitty!

[Demo Update](#)

[Nov 21, 2022](#)

The demo has been updated!

What's new? Part of chapter 4!

- Get a glimpse at Mordred's day to day life! More specifically, swordfight training and magic lessons in this update
- Spend some time with Robin
- Pet a kitty :)
- Visit town!
- Lore, lore lore!
- Yet again yes, yes I've made some edits to earlier chapters. I always do. Improve prose, correcting typos and code, the likes. This time in particular it was the library scene with Gareth, telling Morgana about meeting Arthur and the scene where you take/refuse the dragon figurine.

I'd like to say we're close to half(ish?) through the chapter, but honestly I'm bad at estimating. We'll get some more training and lessons this chapter - also hearing about correspondence, if you've kept in touch - then Mordred's birthday!

Enjoy! :)

Link: <https://lamagirl.itch.io/the-bastard-of-camelot-beta>

New Password: DemoBoc591

If you find any bugs or typos, have any suggestions or simply wish to leave me feedback, here's a handy dandy Google form:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSc7F8P0TtGRrucAzhU9j57I29IELyFBdcU7TxyyxQ9HMFsKgg/viewform?usp=sf_link

[December POV shift mini-game poll](#)

[Nov 22, 2022](#)

I'll keep the poll open until 28 November, 23:00 GMT+2

If you want to suggest options for next month's poll, here's this handy dandy form:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSdz8L0mDqvf11V2z5_7Zdalcd0WZp0UsdSFK9kSZ7bN_1S_yww/viewform?usp=sf_link

I've actually received some suggestions and I've included a couple but not all of them because: a) one of them would actually be spoilery, sorry! and b) some suggestions where to show what a character was doing at a certain time, but it wasn't a scene that involved Mordred, a scene featured in the game with choices and the likes, so didn't qualify.

Spending time with Arthur by the river, bonding

16%

Gawain confesses his crush/Mordred confesses their feelings

16%

Accolon finding Mordred in the lodge with Arthur + prophecy revelation

27%

Gareth checks on Mordred after Lance beats Accolon

41%

Poll ended Nov 30, 2022 · 51 votes total

[Chapter 4 feedback](#)

[Nov 23, 2022](#)

So, someone's brought up the fact that a Mordred who came out in chapter 3 should have the option to have socially transitioned between the chapters - and yes, that was actually the plan. It was supposed to be addressed in a scene with Morgana after scale armor practice, so in the next update, where Mordred can also potentially bring up potions (the magical equivalent of puberty blockers) to her. But I realized only after posting the update, as I was going to bed, that there was a hitch in my plan 🙄 As in, for some Mordreds - the ones with a high enough relationship with Gareth - Alina will mention them in *that* scene from the demo, and use their wrong pronouns because we haven't had the choice come up yet. I don't think there's any other instance like this in chapter 4 so far, but if I've missed one let me know!

I've come up with a solution, a little scene I will be adding at the beginning right after swordfight training to establish whether Mordred has socially transitioned, or came out if they haven't in chapter 3, in the two years since then.

Also, since the person suggested an option to tell Morgana in chapter 3 - there should actually be a scene where you discuss it with Morgana, and also settle, at least for the moment, on preferred pronouns, but it may not trigger right (and happens on the path where you accept spending some time with her at the fair). In any case, I do want to tweak that scene a bit.

I'll let y'all know when it's updated with the changes!

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Nov 25, 2022](#)

This week I've been focused on the release of both the public and Patreon demo updates - fixing the issues reported, getting started on the tweaks I talked about in the previous post - as well as writing the second short story, for tiers Champion Knight and up (I'll be posting it over this weekend. Really excited to share it!)

Outlining more than writing related but I've been fleshing out and changing certain details of some future (important!) plotlines. While I can't really say anything because of ✨spoilers✨, I do want to mention I've done some changes to the Guinevere-Lancelot plotline. Make of that what you will 🙄

[Whittling with Arthur](#)

[Nov 27, 2022](#)

"I have something for you," Arthur says as he produces a wooden box from his chest. You take it, curiosity piqued, and run your fingers over the intricate curlicues grooved into the wood while Arthur watches you with a barely suppressed smile. You jerk open the small, metal latch and open the lid of the box. The golden, soft candlelight of the parlor shines down on a set of tools delicately placed atop the velvety inside, making the different silver blades - straight, curved, thick or thin with a mean pointy end - shine warmly.

Whittling tools, you realize with delight. You glance up at Arthur - his radiant smile no longer held back - and find yourself mirroring his expression, so wide and happy that your cheeks smart.

"You mentioned in our correspondence that you'd like to start whittling," Arthur supplies, and gestures rather self-explanatory at the box you're holding. "I hope you like it," he adds hastily, as if all of a sudden nervous that your desire may have only been a whim of the moment or an attempt to appeal to him.

"I love it," you assure him and find your voice soppy and thick and a tiny bit high-pitched.

How could you not love it? How could you not love such a thoughtful gift you didn't even dare ask for? You'd broached the topic in your last letter, and that you did not have any idea of where to even start, and couldn't quite summon the confidence for it, either. You didn't say it on paper, but you wanted to learn so that you might too one day give back to Arthur a token, like all the little ones he encloses in his letters. A simulacrum of your affection, carved and etched into every line and cut and furrow of the wood.

You swallow the knot that's formed in your throat and blink back the tears of joy that lurk at the corners of your eyes. "Can you show me how?"

"Of course! Oh," Arthur turns back to rummage through the chest and comes up with arms full of different wooden blocks - square and rectangle, some small enough to fit in one hand, others too big to cradle with even both - and dumps them on the carpet between the two of you with a satisfied grin. "Carving blocks. All soft and light, perfect for our purpose. We have silver birch, willow and alder here."

You pick up one of the smaller blocks, clueless as to which of the three it could be, and weigh it in the palm of your hand, its linen beige surface smooth and level against your skin.

"What would you like to carve first?" Arthur asks, preoccupying himself with fishing two leather gloves and a pencil from the depths of the chest.

You set down the block and let your eyes roam blindly over the blooming swirls and whorls of the carpet, over the fire in the hearth blazing in a dance of cozy, homey orange flames, as you twist and turn the question around in your head. In the weeks since you've expressed your desire to whittle, your head was stuffed choke full with ideas of what your hands might design. Grand sculptures and tiny, simple yet adorable little figurines, filling your mind unbidden, all now spooked and dispelled by the question, as it always happens.

The fire in the hearth crackles, a dry, loud, clear pop that overlaps with the brilliant bang of an idea crystallizing in your head.

"What's your favorite animal?"

Arthur has slid one of the gloves on his left hand, and flexes his fingers slowly, thoughtfully. "Dogs," he says. Then, more heartily, with a brisk nod of his head. "Dogs. I grew up with dogs. We also had cats - and there was that time Kay kept a frog - but I've always had a soft spot for dogs."

You nod and smile, drinking in and clinging to any new little detail that you uncover about Arthur - what he likes or dislikes, bits and shards of his past and everything adjacent to him.

"One of them," Arthur goes on, his eyes having taken on a faraway misty glaze as he stares through the hearth into memories only he can see, "a bloodhound - though I can assure you he did no hunting, unless it was hunting for anything you might let slip from the table - loved to sleep with me in bed. He'd cuddle at my feet, sometimes even next to me. Oh, and when Lance first visited us - I was little, but I still remember - he was all so stoic and quiet even as a child," Arthur recalls, a tender smile curling his lips,

voice softening ever so slightly, "but he broke when he saw all our dogs. He wanted to pet them all!" He chuckles and you smile - just faintly, the corners of your mouth dragged down by the heaviness settling in the pit of your stomach like a rock in the dark, slimy, murky bottom of a lake.

Arthur's gaze drifts to your face, still misty-eyed; he must have read something amiss in your expression, for his laugh cuts off abruptly and he draws a deep, sharp breath, a drowning man gulping for air as he resurfaces from the seas of recollection. His eyes widen with alarm and he says, voice tight with contrition, "I'm sorry. You probably don't want to hear about Lancelot."

"No, no, it's fine," you rush to assuage him, and bury that feeling deeper, past the bottom of the lake into the sand, out of sight, out of mind. You smile at him even as your chest constricts. "He's your best friend, I understand. I'm sure you like talking about him."

You know very well how little Lancelot approves of you - it's in the negative, actually - and that your newfound presence in Arthur's life must apply some tension to their friendship, even if it may not break its sturdy bond. Arthur speaks rarely to you about Lancelot, fearing he might upset you, especially after the whole tournament charade with Accolon, but every so often he'll veer unwittingly into something the two of them have done, something Lancelot had said; and he's told you that he's been doing his best to get him to see you in a better light, to look past the prophecy and all else that might hold him back.

You'd love for Lancelot to soften his view on you. It'd make everything so much easier for everyone. But if he truly is as Morgana makes him out to be, you don't know how much it'll take to shake his firm, iron-cast opinions of you.

"I say we start with the whittling?" Arthur suggests, swiftly and definitely changing the subject. You don't argue.

Arthur surveys the blocks strewn between you and selects two of them, similarly sized, each with facets about the size of his hand. Then he picks up the pencil and sketches over the wood the outline of a dog - a fluffy, floppy-eared dog. He leans forward to allow you to see what he's doing as he explains the importance of establishing a general profile of what you want to carve. Then, reaching into his toolbox and encouraging you to look into your own, he grabs one of the knives, with its polished wood handle and small, slightly curved blade.

"Put the glove on first, on the hand you'll hold the block while you carve. Good. You're very much familiar to blades by now, so I trust you to handle this one with the same confidence. First," he lightly taps the side of the blade against the block with a small, dull thump. "we'll carve off all this surplus of wood, get our rough shape of the dog. Get close to the outline, but be careful not to go over it. Watch me." Then he sinks the blade into the block, shaving off a thick, long chunk of wood. You follow along, your cuts slower and more hesitant than Arthur's self-assured incisions.

The blade bites into the wood with ease - it really is as soft as Arthur said, softer than you expected.

"The outline sort of reminds me of one of Kay's dogs," Arthur says as he chips away another chunk of wood. "He's big and fuzzy and very much considers himself a lapdog."

You smile but don't take your eyes off your block; you fear you might either slice through it or your finger if you do. "Do *you* have a dog?"

"Yes, but mine's actually a lapdog," Arthur replies, "a small ball of fluff." He excitedly slips into a series of anecdotes of the various adorable and mischievous antics of this small ball of fluff while you both toil away.

Once you have a rough dog-shaped block in your hands, Arthur halts and you glance at him for further instructions.

"Now," he says in that mellow voice of his. You could fall asleep listening to it detail carving techniques, in that tone like wrapping yourself in a scarf, impossibly fuzzy and fluffy and warm. You could, if your mind wasn't so acutely honed in on getting this whittling affair right - if you weren't hanging onto his every word with such desperate greed. It's not often that you actually get to sit in a chamber with him - that you get to see him.

"We want to get rid of all that's outside the outline, which is a bit trickier now." He points with the tip of the tool towards the various such parts. "You'll want to make gentle cuts, don't push too hard, just-like this-" He sinks the blade in with a sort of rocking back and forth motion, slow and deliberate. "Alright?"

You nod and try to replicate his movements, placing your fingers the way he's showed you on the carving knife, making careful, smaller cuts. His hands move deftly, expertly maneuvering the blade, easily twisting the wood - which is starting to look more and more like a dog - between his fingers, working away steadily. You gain confidence with each new slice you make into the block, with each new hollow and groove you hew. Buoyed by your progress, getting used to the motions, you chip away quicker, more eager - perhaps a bit too eager, you realize belatedly as your knife sinks and bites into the wood too deep, too hard.

The dog's head comes tumbling down in a spray of splinters.

You both freeze, staring as the head lolls off, very fittingly and rather poetically, into a whorl of bright red on the carpet. Then Arthur burst into laughter. A sound of such unrestrained, pure, bright mirth that it's utterly infectious. You join in, your laughter rising to mingle and fill the chamber with its merry echo.

"Here," he says once he's finally calmed down, gingerly wiping away tears with his ungloved thumb. "You can take mine if you don't want to start over."

You shake your head, determined not to let this hiccup set you back. You want this to be your work, start to finish. "No, it's fine, I'll just grab another block." There's a minute shift to Arthur's expression, a slight twitch of his lips. It's a small and brief change, but it makes your blood sing. He looks *proud* of you.

"Do you have any other pets?" you inquire as you start your carving anew. This time you've learned your lesson, and guide your blade gentler to avoid further decapitation or dismemberment of any kind.

"A couple bunnies, but I'd say they're Guin's pets." He's stopped whittling to allow you to catch up with him, and instead propped his elbow on his knee and leaned his chin in palm, watching your progress. "She's always been fond of rabbits," he says with a smile that lets you know he's in turn very fond of Guinevere. No, you realize as you study his face, the crinkle of his eyes, the curve of his mouth - it's something more tender, stronger than fond.

You've heard Morgana speak about their marriage, that it was an alliance of convenience, just as conveniently arranged by Merlin.

"Do you-" you stop yourself as warmth creeps up your neck, hewing around the question as carefully as you chip away at the wood. The question you wanted to pose is rather personal, and while you'd like to hear the answer, you don't mean to pry where things may not concern you, or sound in any way rude or demanding or accusatory. Arthur waits patiently for you to gather your words. "I was simply wondering if your marriage is more than one of convenience?"

"I love Guin," Arthur says with a conviction that's as strong as the words are tender. "She's my wife - my good friend - my partner in rule."

You glance up with a wry, amused smile. "Isn't it partner in *crime*?"

Arthur chuckles. "Well, that'd be a bit concerning, given we're the monarchs."

Arthur supervises your whittling until you bring your own block to the same rough dog shape as his, piping in now and then to guide or encourage you. Next, you chisel away some more at the outline, trimming down the block's thickness. Then Arthur traces further pencil guidelines for finer details, like the ears. You chat while you whittle - Arthur asks if you've had any pets and you tell him of Junia's cat, back in Avalon, and the cats that would wander to your house and lounge in your garden and library. Arthur inquires about your studies and other hobbies and anything interesting you've done or seen. Sometimes the conversation lulls to companionable, focused silence. The fire murmurs in the background with intermittent sharp fizzles; your blades hew away at the wood with crisp scrapes and swishing slits. Slowly, the wood is shaping up to be a rather cute dog.

The result is not perfect - it's symmetrical as long as you squint at it. Indeed, it's clear to see it for what it is, the amateur work of a beginner. But it's done, and it's yours, and you love it.

"Great work, Mordred," Arthur praises you, which makes you love it even more.

"I want you to have it."

For a moment, he looks utterly nonplussed, staring between you and the extended figurine. Then breaks into a radiant, wide yet still dopey smile. He takes the wooden dog and cradles it in both his hands as if it were a baby bird - something delicate and precious that needs to be cosseted and protected.

"Thank you," Arthur says, and his voice sounds fragile. "I adore it. But let's make this an exchange." He offers you the dog he carved, so ably and beautifully chiselled.

You smile, your own voice fluttery: "Deal."

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Dec 2, 2022](#)

I haven't managed to do a lot of work this week - I've been away on a short trip and only just now got in the swing of fixing and editing on chapter 3 and 4. I got some good progress in today but had to stop because of a nasty neck/back ache flaring up and refusing to back down and I ended up binging half of Wednesday (fun show!). I'm looking forward to get some writing done, though!

[December second short story poll](#)

[Dec 3, 2022](#)

Time to vote on the RO to be featured in the second short story of the month!

The poll will stay up until 6 December, 12 PM GMT+2.

Gawain

22%

Galahad

46%

Nimue

11%

Elaine

2%

Isac

9%

Sophie

0%

Agravain

11%

Poll ended Dec 6, 2022 · 46 votes total

[Short story poll](#)

[Dec 8, 2022](#)

Alright, back with the poll to decide on the type of Mordred you want to see in this month's second short story! For the featured RO of December, Galahad won (a second time, actually). I expected Gawain to win this time round, to be honest, since I know he's pretty popular too. It is the majority that decides, after all, but to make things fair and give other ROs a chance, I will exclude Gally from the next vote (don't worry, he'll be back!). Hope everyone's alright with that!

Defiant Mordred who loves to challenge Galahad; they're in love but oblivious

38%

Flirty, confident Mordred who loves teasing Galahad; very much aware of their own crush

4%

Defiant Mordred who loves to challenge Galahad again but this one's aware of their crush and hate it

0%

Sweet, affable Mordred who's steadfast in trying to befriend Galahad and who's crushing hard on him

57%

Poll ended Dec 12, 2022 · 47 votes total

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Dec 9, 2022](#)

This week I've continued work on chapter 4. Getting into some interesting and serious discussions about the dragonbloods during one of Mordred's lectures - plus learning more history. We also have the first small mentions of the Meier family (Isac's!) and dragon hunters.

I'm aiming to post the first short story (Knight tier and up) sometime this weekend. It features two characters outside of the main cast...in fact, they're not even humans :) This month's story will feature two faeries, the Trickster and the Deer King! The Deer King is the ancestor to which the Meier family can trace their roots, and inhabits the woods somewhere within the former Kingdom of Ulm.

[The Trickster](#)

[Dec 11, 2022](#)

The Trickster's leather slippers pattered blithely throughout the Deer King's hall.

Tall trees rose on both sides to make up the walls with their bulky, rough, wide trunks, and bent forward in an embrace of branches to form a green patchwork of a ceiling. Gooseberries and foxgloves and honeysuckles slithered up and clung to their bark, permeating the air with their heady, sweet fragrance. The Trickster extended one hand with too long, too sharp nails - one flex and capricious whim away from turning into claws that could rent through flesh - and raked them along the flowers. Their intoxicating aroma embraced her like a fine silk cloak, coated the back of her throat like syrupy wine. Pollen rained down upon the earthy floor among fallen petals.

Many years ago there had been a castle similar to this. Smaller, yes, but no less impressive. The Deer King built it by sprouting mighty trees out of the earth and bending their boughs to his will, securing its foundations with deep-running roots and decorating its walls, both inside and out, with the most vibrant and redolent of wildflowers. That castle had stood closer to human settlements. A dare, an invitation for them to come and knock on the hall's door and lose themselves in the revelry within. To dance till the sole of their shoes wore off and their feet bled, to drink till they forgot their names and fell under the tables, and to gorge themselves on food the likes they've never seen.

The Trickster kept her gaze ahead, steadfastly pinned on the Deer King like a predator's eyes locked on their prey.

The King himself stood on his throne woven of intertwining thick roots and branches, intricate yet sturdy in its design. Bees and butterflies buzzed, needling through the holes peeping out of the braiding. The

throne was of birch wood, startling in its whiteness and a stark, intentional contrast to the fae, lest the King was eclipsed by its majesty. It was not a becoming thing of a monarch.

As still as he stood, were the throne made of the same bark as his horns he would have looked part of it, an impassive face carved in wood.

"Oh deer," she intoned as if it was an endearment, forgoing kneeling or any other royal greeting. They did not need to play these sort of games - it quite frankly bore the Trickster. She'd toed the line of their intimacy from the day they stumbled upon each other. "Do I have a story."

The Deer King smiled wistfully. All his expressions were tinged with melancholy by virtue of his doleful doe eyes. He tilted his head and his enormous, fluffy brown ears quivered ever so slightly, preparing to hear whatever tale there was to recount. The Trickster let the silence drag on like the shadows elongating at sunset, rendering the woods such a mysterious place, fraught with tension - for the humans, at least. "Tell me, my mischievous friend. What trouble did you yet cause?" It was the prompt she was waiting for.

The Trickster grabbed a gossamer tablecloth from the nearest bench and wrapped it around her head as you would a cloak, her fox ears flattening under the fabric. She would have looked human, were it not for the amber, slit-pupil eyes peering out from the shadows of the hood.

"I met a human boy." A sunny visage was conjured to her mind's eye. A flop of dark brown hair, eyes like hazelnuts and a wide smile that reached them, lending them such a warm gleam. "I pretended I was weary and dreary and he offered me water and food and talked my ears off." At that she snatched the cloth off to reveal said twitching ears. "Gawain Alistair." She repeated the name of the boy, tasting the syllables as if they were nectar.

Gawain Alistair. Oh, how easily humans shared their names. Giving them away so carelessly. What did they care? Their names held no power. Weightless words to be stolen by the wind, empty sounds to be drowned in the sea. The only power they had behind them was symbolic, of their own design. That of which they convinced themselves, by setting rules and quietly agreeing to abide by them. They took it so seriously, it had breathed meaning and gravity into the names. Hard to gain, easy to lose with one's fall from grace. But perhaps there was power to be had in disgrace too.

"He called himself a bard knight or knight bard or something to that end." The boy surely was a knight, that much was clear, by the red and gold tunic and armor he wore. She let the cloth pool on the floor in a heap of green gauze as she waved her hand carelessly. The cloth disappeared in the blink of an eye, retrieved by unseen, unheard servants. "I promised I'd repay him, but he said I needn't." Ah, the generosity of some humans. But the fair folk always required a trade. "Regardless, I will."

The Deer King's black, round eyes watched her intently. Many humans have called that unblinking, intense stare of his unnerving, but the Trickster found it soothing. "How?"

A dangerous smirk curled her lips, making her look every inch the fox she was. "By giving him something worthy of a ballad."

[Password change](#)

[Dec 15, 2022](#)

Link: <https://llamagirl.itch.io/the-bastard-of-camelot-beta>

Password: DemoBoc2345678

Hi folks, no news yet about progress (only tomorrow is Developer's Blog Day afterall) but I just wanted to let you know I've changed the demo's password. I do have some news, but they're mostly organizational: for ease of browsing the Patreon, I'll be making a pinned post tomorrow with the demo link+password and details on the latest build as well as where you can send feedback. I could include info on that month's chosen themes/ROs for the short stories and mini-games too?

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Dec 16, 2022](#)

Continued work on chapter 4! I'm finished with Mordred's lectures and almost done with lessons altogether - there's one more scene I want to write of Mordred and their dragon training together, and then I can go on to birthday preparations and guests arriving!👁👁 Right now I'm working on a scene where Mordred can check their letters - from Arthur and Gawain, if you kept in touch. There's also the possibility Mordred might have cut contact with Gawain, too, for various reasons.

I've also been writing for this month's mini-game. I'm still working on it, but the meatiest part is done and I'm really happy that I got to delve into Gareth's mind - don't worry, we'll see that in the game too. I can say for certain there'll be Gareth POVs in chapter 5.

And now on to something less pleasant that I intend to address in a post on my tumblr too...I know people (one person? more? I hope not more) have been leaking the Patreon demo, and I know a lot of creators have experienced the same with their games. I guess it just goes to show how much respect some people have for IF writers and their work. And with all the sarcasm I can muster: I hope it feels good for them to be stealing from indie developers.

I am however truly grateful to the wonderful, lovely people in the IF community who do support - whether that be monetarily or not - and defend creators. I'm thankful for the people that, even though

they may not afford to give money to creators - which is totally understandable - have patience and respect for their work. I'm thankful for the people over on Patreon and Kofi supporting me, because this is what allows me to work and focus on the game. Thank you. You have no idea how wonderful this experience has been!

[Sneak peek](#)

[Dec 18, 2022](#)

Wyon has a particular, peculiar way of holding his lectures. While most of your teachers prefer the cozy library, he prefers the open fields of the Castle grounds or, on hot days like this, the cool forested expanse stretching past the grounds. It's not that he wouldn't fit inside the Castle; it seems to be a personal preference, and a way to immerse yourself in dragon culture. While the dragons living among humans inhabit abodes similar to the Royal Lodge, which \$dragon_name calls home, the dragons who have chosen to stay away from this peaceful cohabitation have carved their own homes into what nature has to offer. They've nestled into caves, breaking down stone to expand them into intricate, lavish stony dwellings; they've dug up mounds, creating wide, winding underground tunnels. And while some dragons - especially the smaller ones, the one who for so long have lived with humans - seemed to have fully accommodated to life in town away from the wilderness of nature, many yet still feel the need to escape this human-built world that can feel stifling, too little for them.

[December POV shift mini-game](#)

[Dec 21, 2022](#)

December's chosen theme was Gareth checking up on Mordred after the duel between Accolon and Lancelot. Enjoy!

Link: <https://llamagirl.itch.io/gareth-checks-on-mordred-chapt3>

Password: GarethGameCheck929

If you find any issues let me know in this Google form:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSdmXmRPJfqmoDd4oO4-QwhZiel4yk63j4EguWecpl5mBy_IKQ/viewform?usp=sf_link

[Dec 23, 2022](#)

The update will be here a bit later today! I haven't finished chapter 4, but I'm done with all of Mordred's lectures and training scenes. What follows then is the arrival of their guests (Junia and her dads being the first to arrive) and Mordred's birthday! (very exciting...for a lot of reasons 🥰)

I'll also be posting the Champion Knight and up short story over the weekend - it's done but I need to do a bit of editing/polishing before releasing it.

[Demo update](#)

[Dec 23, 2022](#)

What's new?

- More of chapter 4!
- More of Mordred's lessons and training with their dragon
- Check your correspondence, if you have any!
- Learn more about dragonbloods
- There should now be choices for trans/non-binary Mordreds at the begining of chapter 4 to establish pronouns. **Note:** I added some variables for this so I think you'll need to restart for the options to trigger accordingly.

Enjoy!

Link: <https://llamagirl.itch.io/the-bastard-of-camelot-beta>

New Password: BocUpdateDemo205716

If you find any bugs or typos, have any suggestions or simply wish to leave me feedback, here's a handy dandy Google form:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSc7F8P0TtGRrucAzhU9j57I29IELyFBdcU7TxxyxQ9HMFsKgg/viewform?usp=sf_link

[Small patch](#)

[Dec 24, 2022](#)

Alright, I've gone through all of the feedback I've received and it all should be fixed now, but if any of the issues persist do let me know.

There's only one typo I couldn't detect because I genuinely can't remember what scene the fragment came from so if the person who reported it can tell me/someone else remembers, here's the bit:
"Entrusting Arthur will your heart and trust, both already bruised and wounded."

[Breakfast talk](#)

[Dec 25, 2022](#)

When you spot Galahad at the table you know that's your chance.

You sidle up to the knight, summoning a smile that's as radiant as the morning sun blazing in through the window. It's not hard to do, either - Galahad's sight alone makes your lips curl up unwittingly.

He glances up from his plate as you slide next to him, then looks around himself to check that there is indeed space enough to host a dozen more Mordreds at the bench without need for you to sit so close. His gray gaze returns to you, narrowed in suspicion, seeming to wonder why then you'd choose this place.

"Good morning," you say, undaunted by such circumspect reception. You're used by now to being stared at by Galahad as if he was trying very hard to solve some intricate puzzle. One that upon completion would give him the answer to a grand treasonous scheme.

He hastily replies, "Good morning," and stuffs his mouth with scrambled eggs.

You've been in Camelot for a few days now and have been trying your best to pick up where you left things off with Galahad, to pick up the thread you'd managed to knock loose the last times you've seen each other: that growing hesitation, that glimmer in his eyes that lets you know that something inside him is changing and starting to see you in a different light. But in the years between then and now, something must have snapped that thread.

No matter. You will reach out again and again, slowly working away at that shield he puts up all the time. You just need to get him to lower it, little by little.

"Gawain and Elaine are both out on town duty, aren't they?" you remark, intent on making conversation, and lean over the table to grab an apple from the fruit bowl. Galahad watches your motion out of the corner of his eye. "Whoever paired them up must know what a boon they did to them."

They're good knights and you're sure they make for a formidable team - you're also sure they must be having a blast patrolling together.

You bite into your apple, waiting for a response. When it doesn't come, you go on, "I'll be training a bit this morning. I was thinking of sword fighting, maybe some archery too. What about you?"

Galahad pushes around a slice of red pepper before stabbing it with his fork. "Training as well."

"Oh," you perk up as a surge of hope shoots through you. "Perhaps we could train together?" You've seen Galahad a little on the training ground before. You've seen how determined and decisive and skilled each of his strikes and parries were. You also remember how his gaze fell on you as he moved towards the bench to pick up his cloth - tanned skin looking gilded sheened in sweat as it was, golden hair sleeked to his forehead and neck, the violet gray eyes pinned on you electrified by the exercise. You remember the heat that flooded your cheeks, an echo of it even now creeping up your neck at the memory.

Galahad keeps his face composed into a picture of aloof calm. "I already promised Percival I'd duel him."

Your hope deflates but you cling to it nonetheless. "Perhaps you'll find a little bit of energy to duel me too afterwards?" you prod, keeping your tone light and your smile lopsided and playful.

Galahad stares at you over the rim of his goblet as if expecting you to draw a dagger and stab him the moment he agreed.

Then he frowns.

"Why are you doing this?"

You quirk an eyebrow. "Conversation? It's a thing fellow knights usually do over breakfast-"

"No." He sets down his goblet, a little more forcefully than necessary. "This. This whole thing. Approaching me. Trying to be my friend."

Your smile turns quizzical as you study the man in front of you. Galahad tries to maintain a cool front, but it seems to be breaking; there's something in his eyes...a certain desperation that seeps into the urgency of his tone, too. He always looks so troubled when you level his stony demeanor with smiles and kind words; he looks even more troubled when he catches himself indulging them.

"Haven't you asked me this before?" You place down your apple, barely bitten. "I'm trying to be your friend...because I want to know you better."

You don't even dare hope that you might achieve anything else than friendship, which is already proving to be quite the challenge. You sometimes allow yourself to indulge in the notion of something more, in the fantasy of how it might feel to run your fingers along his honeyed cheek, through his golden hair; how it might be like, sitting by the hearth in his arms, laughing and smiling in the ways he does in those brief moments when his armor is down, when he thinks you're not watching. Talking to you as gently and warmly as you know him to be capable of.

But it's foolish to indulge such fantasies.

You swallow the lump that's suddenly formed in your throat. Your mouth feels dry. "Because I think we could be friends," you add, softly.

Galahad studies your face, frown deeply etched in place. His hands clench into fists atop the table. "I don't need your friendship."

Ah. You've heard that one before, too.

"Perhaps you don't *need* my friendship. But do you *want* it?"

The shield drops momentarily. His frown smooths away to surprise, his violet eyes regard you as if he's actually, intently considering the question and might find the answer within your features.

"And I really do mean what *you* want," you push on. You're both aware of the implications your words carry - the unspoken part.

That breaks the charm. Galahad clams back up, furrow deepening again between his brows. He stands up abruptly, almost stumbling in his hurry.

"I'll be late for training," he tosses your way before spinning around and all but running out of the hall. You're left with a bitten apple, his half-finished plate and curious eyes drawn your way.

But all you can think about is Galahad's expression and the hint of red you glimpsed, trying to determine whether you deluded yourself into imagining it.

You pick up your apple and munch on it as you ruminate.

[Another patch](#)

[Dec 26, 2022](#)

So I've went through more of the feedback, and I've noticed a few people mentioning that they don't get to read the correspondence. I've played through the game too and I didn't have any issues, looked through the code and things seem fine but it can always be something small that escapes me. So, just to get this issue out of the way - where you playing with an old save or did you start from the beginning? Otherwise, in Gawain's case at least, I have an inkling it may be an issue with the variable check values, so I've changed them. I've also added two new options: one for simply keeping in touch with Gawain occasionally as friendly acquaintances; or to stop correspondence with him not because you're afraid to get hurt, but because you're not interested in friendship with him.

[Poll for the January POV shift mini-game](#)

[Dec 26, 2022](#)

If you want to suggest options for next month's poll, here's this handy dandy form:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSdz8L0mDqvf11V2z5_7Zdalcd0WZp0UsdSFK9kSZ7bN_1Sywww/viewform?usp=sf_link

Nicol's (the Duke's kid) POV of Mordred and Morgana arriving in Tintal (chapt 2)

21%

Accolon finding Mordred in the lodge with Arthur+prophecy revelation (chapt3)

19%

Gawain confesses his crush/Mordred confesses their feelings (chapt3)

21%

Spending time with Arthur by the river, bonding (chapt3)

38%

Poll ended Dec 29, 2022 · 52 votes total

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Dec 30, 2022](#)

This week, aside from some minor patches, I've continued working on the demo and finished the guest arrival scenes; now I'm writing Mordred's birthday proper. It's all really sweet and fluffy :) I've also done some minor tweaks here and there in the early chapters - just a couple lines changed, though plot-wise they do make a big difference. It has to do with the Ducal family of Tintal that you meet in chapter 2, and there's still a few more details concerning them that I want to rework slightly (concerning title/banner). All in the next update. You see, after the Duke's demise that definitely had nothing to do with Morgana, no, not at all, the Duchess took over ruling matters in Tintal. She did remarry eventually - that's the Duke briefly mentioned in chapter 3 - and didn't come to the tournament herself because she's avoiding Morgana as much as she can.

I've also been working on some Patreon content. January's short story (Knight tier and up) will feature Lot 🗿🗿

[January short story poll](#)

[Jan 3, 2023](#)

This month we're choosing from friends/family/Lot, who can't claim the first and the only thing making him the second one is a piece of paper. Note: Arthur won previously so he's not going to be featured on this poll, but he will return for voting next time!

Morgana

10%

Accolon

48%

Gareth

15%

Lot (if you like pain)

27%

Poll ended Jan 6, 2023 · 52 votes total

[Weekly developer's update](#)

[Jan 6, 2023](#)

I'm done with all the social scenes - interacting with the guests - for the birthday party! I'm almost done with the party as a whole (just a little fragment left) and next up...there's something interesting coming 🙈 Some of you may know what I'm referring to if you've been following the tumblr for a long while, but I don't want to spoil it for those who don't know! Anyway, I really do hope you'll love all the little scenes I've written with the characters at Mordred's party. I'll be posting some teasers soon!

I've also finished this month's short story (featuring Lot and a couple more horrible men lol). It needs a bit of polishing though and I'll be posting it next week.

[Short story second poll](#)

[Jan 7, 2023](#)

Accolon won the poll for this month's short story (no big surprise hehe)! Time to vote on the type of Mordred you wish to see featured.

Sweet, calm and affable Mordred.

54%

Defiant, punky and mischievous Mordred.

33%

A playful, high-energy and cheerful Mordred.

13%

Poll ended Jan 10, 2023 · 39 votes total

[Sneak peek](#)

[Jan 10, 2023](#)

Lot rises up from your desk chair, coming out of the shadows like a hateful apparition out of mist. He stands before you, his face the stony side of a cliff eroded by rancor and hate that, like crashing waves and furious wind, have carved deep furrows across his features.

[Lot makes a difficult decision](#)

[Jan 12, 2023](#)

The horizon looked as grim as King Lot felt.

The Camelot army had set up camp a few days ago, a sprawling expanse of scarlet-drenched tents and gilded banners proudly displaying the emblem of the Pendragon: that roaring, mighty dragon, front legs raised, ready to charge. Uther always made his presence known in the loudest, brightest way. You couldn't ignore him even if you wanted to. He wouldn't let you. And an army of thousands camping on the step of your Kingdom was certainly something you couldn't ignore.

They weren't infringing on Lothia's territory; that would no longer be an invitation to war but an outright inciting of it, the first bold step in a bloody, terrible dance. Not that Uther's position was any less bold, and if it were anyone else it would be even stupid. The Camelotian King had set his camp intimidatingly close to the border, foolishly placed right in view of Lot's archers, lining the battlements of his fort. A cocky move, showing Uther was absolutely confident that Lot would not attack. And if he did, he had the power to weather it.

Lot did not like this one bit.

Along with the news of their encampment, he'd received an invitation to come talk. It was far too friendly a request, written by Uther's own hand in that large, crude penmanship of his as if merely inviting him to a pleasant lunch to catch up on.

Lot quickly squeezed his legs and his horse began the steady trot down the hill to the camp. He could see his destination for what it truly was: the executioner's block.

The Lothian Royal convoy was amicably admitted into the camp, with only watchful eyes observing their advance and no drawn swords. The soldiers were in high spirits. How could they not be? They'd been making easy conquests for a while now, adding countries like notches to a belt. Whatever losses they sustained couldn't weight down the taste of victory, couldn't temper the high wave they were soaring.

Lot, for his part, had a taste of bile in his mouth that had risen that morning and could not be washed away by either water or coffee or food, coating his tongue with the awful bitterness of defeat. They

arrived to the heart of the camp and Lot dismounted along with his guards and page who would accompany him inside the lurid scarlet tent pitched in front of them - wider and taller than all the others around them, with gilded thread embellishing the red. Lot pulled the flap aside and stepped inside the belly of the beast.

His page scurried in after him, drawing a deep, audible breath more akin to a gasp before one submerges themselves in deep waters and called out: "His Majesty King Lot Luedonus of Lothia!"

A brassy chortle rang throughout the tent. "No need for such formal introductions, old friend!"

Uther Pendragon, king of the swiftly expanding Camelot, received Lot with open arms and an easy grin.

His garb was as casual as his manner: the man was down to a chemise, its neckline dipping low to reveal a hairy chest that might as well be considered its own layer of clothing, like the fur carelessly tossed over his wide shoulders. Uther clasped his shoulder - fingers digging hard so that it faintly smarted even through Lot's cloak and furred vest - and pulled him into a hug, patting his back with enough vigour that it may have dislodged anything badly stuck.

His touch was always a little bit too rough, too strong, like a mouthing dog applying too much force, forgetting its strength in its enthusiasm - though Lot doubted there was ever a moment where Uther was not aware of his power.

"Alright, everyone out," he jerked his head towards the tent's flap. "This is a meeting between friends, no need for gawkers."

Eyes turned on Lot. He simply nodded, dismissing his entourage of knights and guards. He was sure - and hoped that not foolishly so - that Uther had no intention of doing him harm. Not now, not yet.

"Come on, Lot," Uther gave his shoulder another mighty squeeze before letting go. He threw himself down on a chair at the table, laid out with pitchers and platters of food, and kicked out the chair next to him with one booted foot. "Sit. Let's have a drink. It's been a while since we've caught up, eh?"

"You've been rather busy lately," Lot supplied, maintaining his expression as neutral as he could. There was a tension in his jaw, and his brow fought to stay smooth and not let itself be puckered by the dread that circled him like a hungry wolf that he could barely keep at bay.

The man slapped his thigh and chortled: "Right you are!" He reached out for a beautiful crystal decanter, half-filled with a golden yellow liquid. "Pear liqueur. Great stuff."

Uther always did have the best drinks. The liqueur slid down Lot's throat smooth and hot - a pleasant sort of prickling, not the burning sensation that was telltale of poor booze - but it too failed to wash away the acerbic taste of bile in his mouth.

Uther downed the glass in one big gulp, slammed it down with an explosive, satisfied huff and poured himself a second one before Lot could finish half of his. He propped his burly, meaty forearms on the

table and leaned forward with a crooked smile as if they were both in on some grand, funny secret.

"Remember when I ascended the throne and I said I'll make my kingdom great? The greatest on the Continent? And we conceded yours will be second best."

Lot remembered. He remembered the words, said late into the night at a point where the alcohol had blurred the world around him to a woolly, gilded, dim dream, senses dulled. They both reeked of wine and whiskey, and there was a savage glint in his eyes as he proclaimed it with utter, cheerful confidence. He'd shouted, "Mark my words!" twice, as if it were a chant, and Lot had thought it at the moment merely a drunken fancy, an excess of booze and enthusiasm. He'd been greatly amused, and eagerly joined in to defend his own kingdom. He had thought it a joke among friends. Among fellow kings. For Uther, it had never been so.

"Well, my friend, I'm doing it."

He slammed his fist against the table for emphasis, and the decanter swayed and shivered, cowed by such display of might.

Lot carefully placed down his glass, leveling Uther with a steady gaze. "So I've seen. Swallowed all of your little neighbors."

Uther flicked his fingers as if dismissing a vexing fly. "Easy work. They have no army force and they're too afraid to fight. It's almost insulting." The grin he wore was far from *insulted*. He looked delighted.

"I want you in on it," Uther declared.

"How?"

Uther's grin widened, gaining a sharp edge. "Join my kingdom."

His kingdom. Lot expected this terrible proposition, yet a part of him still hoped these weren't the words he'd hear. His stomach roiled but he kept his composure as he listened to Uther's impassioned speech.

"You keep your land, you keep your castle and your throne. You receive my protection, my might. You become my fist. Ruler over the Duchy of Lothia. Second only to me."

"When you initially said I'd be second to you," Lot said slowly, "you said *king*, not duke." He shifted in his seat, rolled back his shoulders. "I have an army too, Uther. I am not like the little, feeble countries you collected like shiny rocks."

Uther took the threat as a challenge, greeted it with a smirk. "You do. That's the thing, Lot, you have quite the army. Imagine what we could accomplish if we combined our forces."

"Look, Lot. I consider you my good friend. We've known each other since we were kids. I do not want to fight you, but sometimes you need to apply a little bit of force to get people to see what's good for

them."

"And what's good for them is you ruling over everything?" Lot couldn't help the hard tone he spoke with now; the ill-defined dread of the morning had crystallized into horrible realization. He was cornered, and like any cornered animal he wanted to *bite*.

"Who else?" Uther threw his arms open and looked around the empty tent as if searching for someone to challenge him, anyone to come declare themselves better than him. "I am a dragonblood."

Lot needed to tread carefully, even as bitter venom spilled and rushed through his veins. "You have dragon friends amongst the clans, too, from what I've heard."

Uther shrugged, bodily. "We have an understanding. A pact."

"Lothia too has an understanding with the dragons within its borders."

The King cocked his head, eyes gleaming as if he found something very amusing. "Do you? I heard things have been rocky since...Well, the Cadmus line-" Uther made a quick, horizontal motion with his index over his throat.

Before Lot could reply - and it was a good thing he swooped in, for Lot was not sure how to reply - Uther said, placatingly, "You don't have to answer now. Think it over. Let me know tomorrow. I'll be here." He tapped the table/drummed his fingers on the table, grin turning sharper till it no longer resembled a smile at all. It was an ugly slit like a gash, a horrible thing to behold that promised only no mercy.

Lot marched out of the tent. Friendship with Uther had always been much like riding a wild horse - dangerous yet exhilarating, constantly in danger of being thrown off. And now not only did Uther throw him off - he stomped him with his hooves and spat on him too.

He stuffed his hands into his leather gloves, huffing and fuming like an angry horse himself as he headed for his waiting convoy. A small island of mossy green among a sea of blood.

"Your Majesty!"

Lot halted and spun around to be met by a familiar man.

Royal Sorcerer Merlin Wylt stood before him, wearing deep red refinery and a mild smile. "May I have a word with you?" he asked, head bowed in deference.

Lot nodded and let the man approach. He couldn't deny he was intrigued, if only a little. He'd heard much of the man, and he'd met him before too. He was a fascinating figure. A sorcerer - halfling, no less - born into a merchant family which quickly shot through ranks and wealth, by virtue of his magic. It was not surprising at all; that was on course for all fresh magic lines. No, what was so admirable about the man was how swiftly he'd climb from sorcerer to royal adviser.

"I know why my King has called on you," Merlin began, voice low and calm. "And I know he has put you in a difficult position."

"Has your King sent you to speak with me as well?"

Merlin kept on smiling that well-intentioned, patient smile despite Lot's sharp edge. "I merely thought I'd offer you a word of advice."

Lot breathed in, the air carrying a whiff of roast that would usually twist his stomach with hunger. Not now. He gave a quick jerk of his head, allowing the man to continue.

"I'm afraid Uther has been itching for a fight for a while now. It's been easy wins lately. The kingdoms yielded very quickly, with minimal fighting. Sometimes none at all."

Lot looked around himself, at the loitering and talking and laughing people. Of course the camp would reek of such confidence; of course they brewed with such energy.

"You...Well, your army might actually prove a challenge," Merlin said, his smooth, appreciative tone washing over Lot like warm, perfumed water chasing away the tension.

Merlin's brow furrowed, a tinge of wariness tainting his tone. "Two such great forces colliding...What a clash, indeed." He fell silent, letting a pregnant pause settle between them. Letting the picture paint itself in Lot's mind, in copious and grisly amounts of red like the camp around them.

Merlin folded his hands before him, caressing a ruby ring with his thumb. "I know what Uther must have told you; that his goal is one big, strong kingdom. This is not just a power play, you see. This is an opportunity for everyone. An opportunity to create one fortified, unified kingdom. A truly powerful country. We share so much, after all, it makes sense - and yet over the years there's been so many squabbles and skirmishes between the lands. It's what Uther wishes to remedy by uniting everyone under the same banner - uniting forces to create something flourishing and prosperous. No matter what it takes."

No matter how much destruction he must sow before he builds it all over. No matter how much blood he spills, because it'll all wash away. Uther must be *enjoying* this.

"I'll let you return," Merlin finally said, leveling Lot with that tolerant, pleasant smile and black, steady gaze. "Do not rush the decision. We'll be waiting here until tomorrow for your answer, whatever it may be."

Lot was caged, and he wanted to lash out. He wanted to bite and to claw, but he couldn't. He'd only hurt himself in the process - himself, and his land. Lot heard what had happened to those kingdoms that dared to fight Uther, that dared to defend themselves. Entire villages burnt down.

Uther knew that. Merlin knew that. Lot knew that very well, yet an imperiously mullish, viciously galled - and incredibly scared - part of him wanted to just declare war here and now, damn the consequences.

Another part of him, level-headed and rational and sober told him that he might as well march back into the tent and tell Uther he surrenders, and avoid all the bloodshed and destruction.

But he knew better than to do the former, and would not demean himself to do the latter now, so he left holding tightly to his dignity.

Lot returned the next day with a heavy heart hardened by the decision he had to take. It had bled all throughout the night, lanced through by the aching loss of everything he was giving up - and patched itself together by the morning, steeled by the the resolve of knowing that he was doing this for his land, for his people. For his kingdom soon to not be his anymore.

"I'll join you," Lot told Uther that morning in his tent, words weighed down by a cool gravity.

Uther grinned, a smile that said this was exactly the answer he expected. He clasped Lot's hand and squeezed. "Welcome, friend."

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Jan 13, 2023](#)

Continued work on the demo. I don't want to spoil too much about what scenes I'm writing right now, but I will let you know they're fraught with tension! It also involves Lot, in a way, as you might have seen from the sneak peek, which can only mean trouble 🙄

I've worked on some Patreon content as well, more specifically this month's mini-game. I'm done with the writing but I need to do some editing and potential bug fixes.

[January POV shift mini-game](#)

[Jan 17, 2023](#)

January's chosen theme was Arthur and Mordred bonding by the river in chapter 3. Enjoy!

Link: <https://llamagirl.itch.io/arthur-and-mordred-bonding>

Password: RiverMinigameArthur

If you find any issues let me know in this Google form:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSdmXmRPJfqmoDd4oO4-QwhZiel4yk63j4EguWecpl5mBy_IKQ/viewform?usp=sf_link

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Jan 20, 2023](#)

This week I've worked on some more spoilery content that I'm so excited to share with you. I'm currently writing a scene from the point of view of a certain character whose POV you haven't seen before.

Initially I wanted to finish chapter 4 this month, but I'm going to wrap things up either after the POV or include one more scene afterwards, where Mordred gets to have a conversation with that character. I need to leave myself some editing time, and I want to have the update out sometimes next week. There isn't that much left of chapter 4, though, just some character interaction scenes, some of which I already have drafts.

[February mini-game poll](#)

[Jan 25, 2023](#)

If you want to suggest options for next month's poll, here's this handy dandy form:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSdz8L0mDqvf11V2z5_7Zdalcd0WZp0UsdSFK9kSZ7bN_1S/www/viewform?usp=sf_link

P.S: Next month's poll I'll finally be able to include some chapter 4 scenes! (from the upcoming update)

Nicol's (the Duke's kid) POV of Mordred and Morgana arriving in Tintal (chapt 2)

20%

Accolon finding Mordred in the lodge with Arthur+prophecy revelation (chapt3)

45%

Gawain confesses his crush/Mordred confesses their feelings (chapt3)

24%

Talking with Morgana in the study, after Accolon's and Lancelot's duel (chapt 3)

10%

Poll ended Jan 30, 2023 · 49 votes total

[Demo update](#)

[Jan 25, 2023](#)

What's new?

- Receive your guests!
- Mordred's birthday party! Have fun hanging out with friends and family.
- A shattering revelation! Saying anything more would be spoilery 🙈

Enjoy!

Link: <https://lamagirl.itch.io/the-bastard-of-camelot-beta>

New Password: DemoUpdateBOC3292

If you find any bugs or typos, have any suggestions or simply wish to leave me feedback, here's a handy dandy Google form:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSc7F8P0TtGRrucAzhU9j57I29IELyFBdcU7TxxyxQ9HMFsKgg/viewform?usp=sf_link

[Quick patch](#)

[Jan 25, 2023](#)

Someone reported getting stuck on a certain scene in the update (the "days pass in a blur" passage). It should be fixed now!

[Potential issue](#)

[Jan 25, 2023](#)

For those still stuck on the "pass in a blur" passage, please let me know:

1. If you're replaying from beginning or using a save. The save might be the issue, though I tried to add some code to circumvent that.
2. If Mordred's corresponding with Gawain and/or Arthur.

On another note, another bug, someone reported that choosing a certain option regarding corresponding with Gawain landed them back to the list of options: did anyone else have that problem? Which choice was it, exactly? (as in, was it to keep it touch/break it off? I need the text, since the choices displayed don't correspond with the ones in code - they're more, because of variation) I'm looking over it, but it helps to narrow it down.

Sorry for the trouble!

[A confounding bug - solved now! Read below.](#)

[Jan 26, 2023](#)

EDIT: The bug is fixed now - I played through myself to make sure! But you will need to restart unfortunately TWT I'm sorry for the trouble! The good side is you're getting more content, and it's all fun and fluff.

So I just realized...are none of you seeing the party hangout scenes? None of the scenes where you can play-duel with Arthur, talk with Gawain, play with Gareth, overhear Morgana's and Junia's conversation...none of these appear for anyone?

I have absolutely no idea what causes this issue because I've pored over the code and it looks fine to me, but I've played through and the options don't display for me either. I've approached the coding like I did for all other scenes like this, so I really didn't expect anything to be wrong.

I am so so sorry for this. It's a good chunk of the update, simply not showing up and I'm at a loss. I'm doing my best to fix today whatever went wrong.

[Jan 27, 2023](#)

So this week I've mostly worked on writing and editing to get the update out, as well as fixing bugs as they came up afterwards. So since we're on the topic, I'd like to address some issues that were brought to my attention:

1. To the person reporting Gawain being at the party despite not corresponding anymore - that was a bug, he shouldn't be there. Similarly, he also shouldn't be present if you went for the "we keep in touch but we're not close; we simply send each other nice regards for birthdays and the likes". This should be fixed now.
2. To the person saying their male Mordred is being referred to as "she" in a choice - just to make it clear, those two choices were also the only ones available, right? Did you by any chance use an older save? In a previous update (2 months ago, I believe?) I realized I needed a different variable to keep count of Mordred's age and that's set in the prologue. The code in that scene looks fine, but if you say you started from beginning there may be an issue somewhere else.

Anyway, I hope you all enjoyed the update! I was really excited about this part of the chapter. What can I say, I love writing drama. I've also been looking forward to Junia's POV for a long while now, since I find it interesting to explore her relationship with Morgana 🧐

I have some more news for the Champion Knight tier and up: I've finished Accolon's short story but it needs a bit of polishing, so I'll be posting it tomorrow morning!

And as a reminder to the Royal Sorcerer patrons: Don't forget to vote for February's mini-game! :)

[Building a snowman](#)

[Jan 28, 2023](#)

You stand staring down at the pitiful, crumbled shape of your snowman. It wasn't finished before it was torn down, but it was coming along nicely. You've rolled three beautiful balls of snow and neatly stacked them one on top of the other. Then you took a step back to admire your handy work, swelling with pride that would soon be mercilessly squashed.

You've noticed Alina and her cronies from a distance and unease crept up on you like ice sliding down your spine the closer she got. You hoped against hope that she'd pass you by but no such luck. She strode through snow like a hungry predator catching a whiff of bleeding prey, confident of an easy lunch. It wasn't you who fell victim at her cruel hands, though, but your poor unfinished creation. She kicked and pushed and hurled, and all you could do was watch helplessly, waiting for their thirst to be satiated.

Now they're finally leaving, laughing and jeering on their way.

You drop down in the snow with a heavy sigh and tuck your legs to your chest, hiding your dismayed face. Now that they've wreaked havoc on you they can move on, sparing no more thought to you than a thunderstorm does on the lands it lays to waste. You could start from scratch again now that they're gone - and that's what you'd usually do, but like a frozen lake cracking with one wrong step, something in you breaks. And through the fissure seeps cold. Perhaps you should just stay like this, folded within yourself, and let the gently drifting snowflakes cover you till you become the snowman yourself.

"Stop right there!"

Your head snaps up. Accolon's trotting through the snow, your knight in - well, not shinning armor, but cozy winter clothes - swooping in to save you. He flags down the noble kids; you push yourself up, plodding closer.

"This is cruel, abhorrent behaviour, Miss Solomon," Accolon says in a rare moment of sternness. He's always being endlessly patient and kind and understanding with you, even when you make mistakes or go against a rule. If he ever assumes seriousness, it's only when there's a matter of import he wishes to impress upon you.

He's tried to affect that same stance with Alina, reluctantly giving benefit of the doubt when she first said she'd merely applied too much force on accident during training. By the time it turned into not pushing you intentionally, but simply stumbling into you with too much impetus, Accolon knew very well he had a bully on his hands.

Alina shrugs, showing just how much she cares for the whole affair. "We were playing. The snowman was the foe, and we helped Mordred subdue it." A chorus of giggling follows her perfectly innocent words.

Accolon's furrow deepens - a canyon that brims with all his worry and frustration and pain. "We both know that's not the case. I shall have a talk with your mothers, and your mentor as well." He looks behind her, casting his grave, somber gaze towards the others. "I'll have a word with all of your parents." If it were you the subject of Accolon's ire, getting crumbled like your snowman would be the lesser punishment. These children, however, meet the warning with almost bored expressions. There's a couple remorseful faces that jump out at you, but it means little when just a few moments ago they stood aside, watching the others gleefully tear at your work.

Alina crosses her arms and flutters her eyes peevishly, but doesn't seem too bothered otherwise. It's as if she's merely been told she won't get any dessert for tonight's dinner - no matter. Tomorrow was

another day, another treat. Any threats are like water on a duck - Alina's gaggle let any warning slide off of them, knowing very well nothing can truly touch them. If it did, they would have stopped a long time ago.

When they take their leave, no less merry than before, Accolon turns to you and places a comforting gloved hand on your shoulder. "Are you alright, Mordred?"

You offer a wan smile as reassurance. "I'm sort of used to it by now."

His mouth thins. "I wish you weren't. Children can be so cruel sometimes," he sighs, "because it's all they learn." He finds your gaze, and holds it steadfast and earnest. "Never let their cruelty change you, Mordred."

Well, you're certainly trying your best. Meeting fire with fire would only stoke the flames rather than tame them, and it'll lead you nowhere. Yet if cruelty can mold one into such a vicious cast, you wish proffered kindness might too shape one in its gentle image. Perhaps it's simply slower, harder work.

"I've tried to be *nice* to her," you huff. "I've tried to be *kind*, but she still acts like I've spit in her face. The kids in Avalon liked playing with me," you add in a whisper.

The snow continues to fall all around you, settling over the already fluffy layers that blanket the Castle grounds.

The gloom that descended over Accolon's features clears to a bright smile - though it feels more bittersweet, like the sun appearing after a devastating storm. "One day you'll make great friends, Mordred, I'm sure of it. Ones that deserves you."

"You think so?"

"Of course. How could you not? You're such a sweet child-" before you can protest that's never helped here in Lothia, he goes on, "and others will truly, genuinely appreciate you. People who see past stupid hearsay and fear-mongering and misplaced fault and see you for who you are."

You appreciate his attempt to buoy your trampled spirits, and at least for that you manage to summon a smile of your own.

"Now," Accolon pats your back. "Let's make that snowman again. This time bigger and better."

So you set to work. With Accolon to help - and, most importantly, cheer you up - it goes smoothly. You alternate between rolling snow with your own gloved hands and employing your magic to aid you, testing the boundaries of the control you can exert. Accolon applauds your each successful attempt, and encourages you to try again whenever you fail.

"You said you used to have a lot of friends when you were a squire," you say as Accolon pats some more snow atop the middle snowball. The base reaches as tall as his knees; your snowman is definitely

shaping up to be bigger than before.

"I did," Accolon smiles. "I was good friends with all my fellow squires around my age. Every winter we'd go sledding - race each other down the hill from the Castle - and start snowball fights. Your mother used to join us too." He leans in with a mischievous smile. "Your mother is vicious. And cheats, too. Uses her magic as advantage. You've seen her in action, after all."

You have, and you aspire to replicate the same mastery she has over magically-made snow projectiles.

"Morgana could really let loose when we were just playing and fooling around, not needing to put on an act as much as she did around Lot. The Duke never joined us." The last sentence sounds unusually tight, edged with a distaste that, coming from Accolon, is still far softer than the poison in Morgana's voice. Yet his aversion towards the man is plain in the taut line of his lips.

You stack the second snowball atop the first and give the snowman a torso, bringing its height to Accolon's waist. Then you diligently move on to his head.

"You're no longer friends with most of them now, though," you remark somewhat hesitantly, not wishing to upset Accolon by broaching a possibly sensitive subject.

Accolon simply smiles, a tinge rueful. "No, we aren't."

You fix your gaze upon the faceless, detached head of your snowman as a stab of pain shoots through you. "Is it because of me?" you whisper, your voice barely audible over the thump of your gloves against the snowball.

A yellow glove stills your hands, resting gently over them. You peek a glance at Accolon from under your furred hood.

"Don't you ever say that or think that again, Mordred. It could never be your fault. They made their choice to stand by Lot's side, just like I made mine to be by yours and Morgana's. And I'm very happy with my decision."

You break into a wide smile that lingers as you continue crafting your creation. Once all three sections of its body have been completed and assembled, it's time to give it some much needed limbs and features. You've brought buttons to shape its lips into a smile and press into its face as eyes, black and shiny.

"Nose?" Accolon asks and you promptly supply him with a carrot. You then wrap a colorfully embroidered scarf around its thick neck and the man nods sagely. "Good. It'll stay warm now."

From the bundle of branches you've gathered, you stick two in its middle, as arms; and tow atop its head, as antlers.

"Making a snow-faerie, then?"

You nod. "Uh-huh. Like the Deer King." Well, your snow-faerie looks far from him. The black eyes and antlers - the ones provided by you awfully simple - may only vaguely put you in mind of him, like a drop of water claiming similarity to an ocean. Your creation is far from the beautifully rendered picture you saw of the King in one of your books, yet you are proud of it nonetheless.

As Accolon considers it, his gaze turns faraway and hazy, dipping into some distant recollection. "I remember once when we all went into the forest, trying to catch a glimpse of the fae. Morgana joined us - Lot felt secure to let her since there were knights among us, too, though they had just gained that title," he chuckles. "We didn't see any faeries, but we did get separated from the rest. No matter - we didn't mind. We talked and wondered around for hours before returning to a worried Lot. Morgana made it out that I had bravely guided us back to the castle."

He shakes his head and turns to you. "Well then, now that we're done with the snow-faerie, what would you like to do?"

You spin around, take a few leisured steps away from Accolon and scoop up a handful of snow. "I was thinking we could maybe..." you slowly turn towards him as you fashion your weapon, "have a snowball fight?"

Accolon grins and prepares a projectile of his own. "You're on."

[February second short story poll](#)

[Feb 3, 2023](#)

Time to vote on the RO to be featured in the second short story of the month! Since Galahad won last time, he will be sitting out on this poll.

Gawain

42%

Nimue

15%

Elaine

4%

Isac

11%

Sophie

2%

Agravain

26%

Poll ended Feb 6, 2023 · 53 votes total

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Feb 3, 2023](#)

This week I've been working on the next day (following Mordred's birthday) interaction scenes. So far, I've completed Gareth's, Arthur's, your dragon friend's and Gawain's. The first three scenes I've mentioned are similar to the ones immediately after the revelation, so if you didn't run to that character you still have a chance to tell them about stuff - otherwise, if you did talk with them the night before, you get a tiny bit of fluff.

Gawain's interaction also gives an opportunity for crushing Mordreds to confess their feelings!

Currently I'm writing Kay's conversation, but I've also been working on the Knight tier and up short story - featuring Morgana and Accolon this month.

[Short story second poll](#)

[Feb 8, 2023](#)

Gawain won this month's short story poll! Time for the Mordred vote. Note: the people have spoken so I have excluded the "sweet, friendly, shy" type of Mordred for this poll to give the other options a fair chance too!

Flirty, confident, smooth Mordred

16%

Brooding, intimidating Mordred who melts around Gawain

51%

Spunky, mischievous Mordred who is crushing hard on Gawain

15%

Spunky, mischievous Mordred as above, but this time oblivious about their crush on Gawain

18%

Poll ended Feb 11, 2023 · 55 votes total

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Feb 10, 2023](#)

I've been on a trip this whole week, but I've reserved some time to working on Patreon content, namely the Knight tier short story and the mini-game. The story only needs editing before it can be published, and centers Morgana and Accolon. The mini-game is still in progress and features Accolon's POV - the scene of chapter 3 where Mordred finds out about the prophecy, seen through his eyes.

Anyway, I'll be posting some sneak peaks of what I did write for the demo 🙈

[Sneak peek](#)

[Feb 10, 2023](#)

"The Tower." You seize the card, appraising it for a second time. It depicts a crumbling ivory tower, struck by lightning. It blazes, set afire against a stormy sky. From the ravaged tower a figure has either fallen or jumped, its red cloak billowing behind them like a streak of blood. It speaks to you - the allure of mayhem, the beauty in ruin, the temptation to strike down the kingdom your family has been cast out of and barred from, to take down all those who built it on the suffering of your family.

[Choosing a name](#)

[Feb 15, 2023](#)

Morgana set down her brush and took a step back, admiring her work so far. She had propped up her easel on the hill above the lake glimmering in the noon sun, a veritable vantage point for an artist. Beyond the sapphire expanse, sprawled the Capital of Camelot, a maze of rust-red and bark-brown roofs. At her back stood the Royal Castle itself, a stately giant of stone watching over its dominion with a multitude of glass eyes - reaching in every direction, ever open, ever observing, much like the Royal Sorcerer hiding in his Tower.

Morgana peered closer, focusing on the brushstrokes. The canvas mirrored the view unraveling before her eyes, with the lake - nature's own impressive artwork - as its crown jewel. It was not the first time she was painting the scenery, though she'd always tried to capture it differently: muted and gray on a foggy morning, blazing and bleeding in the sunset light.

"It looks beautiful," Accolon said, peering over her shoulder. It was plain to hear in his marveling voice that the words were no empty flattery. Little Gareth, cradled in his arms, joined in too with a crooning, enthusiastic: "Mama!" which was one of the few words he'd learned so far – and his favorite.

"It's not even half done." Yet she smiled, allowing herself to bask in the warmth he poured on her.

Morgana wiped her hands on her apron, blotched and splattered with paint, built up over months of painting - a work of art all on its own, she liked to think. "It's time for a break. Tell me, what goodness have you brought along?"

She looked at him expectantly, a playful smile tugging at her lips. Accolon jumped to the occasion, eagerly producing the most-anticipated treats from his wicket basket, laying them across the picnic blanket. Morgana settled down with Gareth, considering her options with a watering mouth.

"Berry tarts with lemon cream and an assortment of peeled oranges and clementines," Accolon presented/introduced the meal as if it were a royal feast. "And sweetened tea, of course."

Morgana plucked up two tarts – one for Gareth, the other for herself. They were perfectly round and fitted in the palm of her hand, crisp, buttery crust filled with pale yellow cream and a generous handful of ripe, fresh fruit. She bit into it. The berries coated her tongue in sugary sweetness, well complimented by the tangy tones of the lemon. And above it all, they tasted of Avalon and a lost home.

She thought of the Island and Junia; of all those days spent with her, breathing in the briny air, treading over heated sand, splashing through the shallows of the sea; of countless times they'd stuffed themselves with Marcellus' fruit tarts and washed them down with iced tea.

Sharp claws dug at her chest, keeping her wounds perpetually open, always bleeding. Ever since she was ripped away from her home a second time - another family that Uther so cruelly tore her from - she'd been falling into these bouts of emotion at the merest detail that set off a memory. They ranged from the shallow, bitter waters of melancholy to the deepest darkest torment, where she lay paralyzed at the bottom of that terrible sea, pressed down by impotent rage. Impotent, but not harmless – for when Morgana suffered, nature listened. Listened and replied, hurting in concert.

Morgana teetered close to slipping into such a disposition, but with Accolon by her side it felt easier to brave the current – like an anchor she could cling to. So she licked the crumbs off her lips, breathed in, and smiled that sweet, genuine smile she reserved for so few.

“I’ve settled on a name. Mordred.” She stroked her bump, which had become noticeable even in her most flowing, gauzy of dresses. The sight stirred so much in her: a fiery sense of retribution, for which she feared she might have lost all hope a few months ago. A tender, acute fondness for the child she’d yet to meet, who she already loved so. And underneath it all, buried deep, a tangled mess of murky and dark thoughts that she had no desire nor urgency to disentangle. There was no use for it – she did what needed to be done and that was the end of it.

“Mordred,” Accolon tried out the name. Even the hard consonants sounded gentle rolling off his tongue. “I like it.”

Morgana’s smile pulled wider, sharper. “It’s a fierce, intimidating name.” A powerful name for a powerful child.

“You mean, dred-full?” Accolon teased, and for that she flicked his shoulder. The man merely laughed, bright and full, till she couldn’t help but give a chuckle of her own.

Morgana turned to Gareth, who was busy picking up berries from the tarts and munching on them. “What about you, darling? Can you say Mordred? Mor-dred?”

The child, barely two of age, looked up at her with round, brown eyes. They were threatening to turn out so alike Lot’s – Gareth on the whole was threatening to take so much after his father in appearance – yet Morgana loved him nonetheless, and resolved she’d do what she could to keep him from becoming anything like that man in temperament.

“Mow-dwed,” the child crooned, and Morgana laughed softly.

Accolon’s warm smile lingered on the boy before turning to Morgana. “Have you told anyone else?”

“I wrote to Junia.” She had yet to reply though; Morgana had only just sent the letter, after all.

“What about Duke Lot?”

Morgana picked up a raspberry that had fallen off a tart. “I’ll tell him when he visits,” she said disdainfully. “Which will be soon, I gather. Unfortunately, might I add.”

Accolon was the only one at Court she'd dare utter those words to, in such derisive a tone no less. To the rest of Camelot, she was the loving, gentle wife of Lot. With an ambition for magic and streak for fun, and sometimes with a tongue not so blunt as they expected but still harmless. Morgana did try her best to keep it well sheathed. Not with Merlin, though. There was no pretense with that man. They both played their roles and wore their masks, but they couldn't fool each other.

Had she not fooled him this time, though? He, like everyone else, thought the child in her womb to be Lot's. She always indulged in a private, smug smile as she thought of the sorcerer, clueless to the child that would spell his undoing – a union of two powerful bloodlines that Uther so dearly craved to find in Arthur and failed to meet its full potential. She could only imagine – and relish – the thought of Mordred becoming that ideal, only to destroy everything these men ever worked for.

Accolon's fingers brushed against hers, feather-light. She had slipped off for a moment and as she honed in back to the moment, she offered him a smile. He replied with his own radiant one, beaming like the sun, warming Morgana, reaching even the coldest crevices of her heart.

They ate some more and drank the sugary, refreshing tea. When all that was left was crumbs and an empty pitcher, Morgana stretched like a cat after a hearty meal. And if she were a cat, Gareth was a kitten, curled up fast asleep next to her. As she stretched, a twinge of pain shot from her waist up her back all the way to her shoulders, screwing up her face.

"My back," she said, rubbing at it. It'd been hurting more and more as the pregnancy advanced; she was well accustomed to the pains now after going through it once, and less easily scared as she'd been with Gareth.

Accolon's brow furrowed in sympathy. "Would a massage help?"

"It always does," Morgana readily replied with a flutter of anticipation.

Accolon's hands were calloused from years of training as a squire, yet his touch was gentle and light as he expertly pressed at the knots of tension along her shoulders. She let out a small sigh of relief, eyes fluttering close as she focused on nothing but his hands on her and the sun caressing her face.

The freshly-knighted man had stayed behind with her in Camelot for *security* – a role he earnestly embraced, yet it barely begin to cover what he meant to her. It was Accolon that Morgana was closest to at Court. He was the only one who saw beneath the mask – the only one who cared to look – and did not back away from the fire that raged there, that flame she had to smother for the sake of this sickly sweet façade she had to put on, that twisted her stomach and made her teeth hurt. She could address Accolon without dressing up her words, so it was only natural she could talk to him for hours; he stayed by her side even as all pretense was down, so of course she craved to be by his side; and his eyes watched her with so much sweet affection, she couldn't help but let her own gaze linger. They shared something Morgana couldn't quite begin to unravel; she feared that if she did, she'd come utterly undone.

So for now she let that entanglement of feelings be, and let herself melt against the hands teasing the tension out of her back.

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Feb 17, 2023](#)

Finished Kay's interaction scene; working on one with Marcellus and Gaius right now! I've also done some more work on the mini-game, but it's not yet done.

As the last sneak peek may have clued you in, tarot cards are a thing in BoC too 🧐 They're considered a tool sorcerers to perform divination - though, again, they're not "exact" and depends a lot on one's skills for better results. They're not exactly like the tarot you may know; I've altered and even merged some cards to fit into the BoC lore, as you will see, but I had fun with that bit. It's not actually a fortune-reading scene (though perhaps we'll see that at some point?) but I won't say more about it.

[Sneak peek](#)

[Feb 18, 2023](#)

"The Chariot." You seize the card, appraising it for a second time. It depicts a two-wheeled contraption - half a carriage, drawn by two steeds, one pure white, the other midnight black, both with lush manes. The woman holding the reigns stands up in the gilded chariot, under a canopy of velvet that imitates the starry sky. She dons an armor, polished to a shine, the kind worn for festivities that has never seen the dent or scratch of a sword, that aims to impress rather than protect - that might blind the foe in a battle, though.

[March mini-game poll](#)

[Feb 21, 2023](#)

If you want to suggest options for next month's poll, here's this handy dandy form:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSdz8L0mDqvf11V2z5_7Zdalcd0WZp0UsdSFK9kSZ7bN_1Sywww/viewform?usp=sf_link

Gareth's POV of Alina's confession (chapt4)

32%

Mordred finds out the truth about their conception, seen through Morgana's POV (chapt4)

13%

Arthur's POV of Mordred coming to him after the revelation of their conception (chapt4)

52%

Arthur's POV of the birthday party (play duel + fireshow|chapt4).

4%

Poll ended Feb 26, 2023 · 56 votes total

[February mini-game](#)

[Feb 21, 2023](#)

This month's chosen theme was: Accolon's POV of finding Mordred in the lodge with Arthur + being confronted about the prophecy

Link: <https://llamagirl.itch.io/accolon-searches-for-mordred>

Password: AccolonMiniGame91748

If you find any typos, bugs or inconsistencies let me know through this handy dandy Google form:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSdmXmRPJfqmoDd4oO4-QwhZiel4yk63j4EguWecpl5mBy_IKQ/viewform?usp=sf_link

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Feb 24, 2023](#)

So! Work on this month's update is almost done - all I've got left is a Morgana scene, thus completing the chapter. Which makes me excited to start on chapter 5 because I'm finally introducing Elaine, woohoo!

That being said, I'm aiming to release the update on Sunday 🙄

Also, for Champion Knight tier and up patreons: The Gawain short story is coming later today! I promise it's very sweet 💕

[Gawain plays Mordred a song](#)

[Feb 24, 2023](#)

The steadfast, monotone pattering of boots fills the silence as you and Dinadan patrol the streets of Camelot town. The shadows are longer and deeper as the sun sinks low on the sky, bathing everything in blazing light; by now, vendors are slowly packing up and taverns are coming to life. Your hand rests on the hilt of your sheathed sword – though *rest* would suggest an ease that your posture simply does not possess. It's more akin to a snake coiled to strike. Dinadan's gait, on the other hand, is the picture of relaxation, with their arms swinging leisurely back and forth as if they were but another worker, making their way towards the tavern at the end of the day.

"No wonder today's been so quiet," they drawl. "No one could even conceive the idea of crime in your presence. No one has any issue we might assist them with. No, they all vanish – *poof* – at the sight of your lovely countenance."

You merely grunt in response, not deigning to reply otherwise to their playful mockery. It draws a pleased chuckle out of them.

As the alleyway widens into a square, you come upon a crowd densely gathered within. You tense, fingers itching as they close around your hilt. Dinadan slows down, appraising the situation – likely primed by your own apprehension.

Then the lilting notes of a lute hit your ears, accompanied by a sweet voice that replaces the prickling tension in your shoulders with an altogether different kind of anticipation.

A long smile curves Dinadan's lips.

The crowd parts deferentially as you make your way through, throwing guarded, wary looks your way while regaling Dinadan with friendly smiles. You don't care; not when your gaze locks with Gawain's,

brown and warm and tender. It's like a blow to your guts – not pain, but an overwhelming sense of fondness that sweeps you off your feet, worse than any hit you've taken, yet one you'd beg to strike you again and again.

"Come, come," Gawain beckons you, face split by a beaming smile. He jumps to his feet, standing up on the fountain's ledge as he gives his audience a dramatic bow. "Thank you all for listening! You were an amazing crowd. I'll be returning." He ends his speech with a little wink, that sends people cheering, laughing and scattering, taking it as their cue to depart.

The three of you are left by the fountain, its bright susurrus of springing water a type of music of its own. Gawain, all dressed up in a fine mint jerkin, stands haloed by the setting sun which turns his brown curls to flaming copper.

"Mordred!" He throws open his arms and propels himself at you from atop his improvised stage. You catch him with ease, slipping one arm under his knees as his hands clasp around your neck. He chuckles delightedly. In the depths of his eyes, you can see your face reflected – with that big, dopey smile you wear, all because of Gawain.

"Well," Dinadan stretches with a clunk of armor. "I'll be going over to the tavern for a quick drink and leave you two love doves alone. And," they add with exaggerated magnanimity, "I'll fill in the necessary report for the both of us."

You nod in gratitude, still holding Gawain. He's in no hurry to change positions.

"Did anything happen today?" Gawain asks, leaning closer to place a quick kiss on your cheek. The patch of skin is left pleasantly tingling.

"Nothing really," you say. "Nothing worthy of writing a ballad about, either."

Gawain laughs. "Oh! You mean no daring rescues necessary?" he says in mock disappointment. "No stolen jewelry to be retrieved, no lovers in need of some ludicrous, elaborate scheme to get together?"

You quirk an eyebrow. "Isn't the last one the plot of that play we recently saw? *The Matchmaking Barber: Let your love grow, not your beard.*"

Gawain just grins in reply. Past him, you spy a group watching you from afar, a sight you've become well-acquainted to ever since you've arrived on the Continent all those years ago. Yet their smiles and furtive glances aren't unkind – but rather amused and curious. Gawain follows your gaze.

"Oh no – am I ruining your fearsome knight persona?"

"Obliterating it, even," you retort and Gawain laughs again. It's such a bright, light sound – you could listen to it over and over.

"You can put me down now," he says and you reluctantly obey. You settle both on the fountain ledge – you, in your bulk of armor that gleams crimson in the sunset, and Gawain, one leg casually folded up as he cradles his lute. "I've been waiting for you, you know," he says, running an index over the painted wooden front.

"So you didn't just want an audience for your singing?"

"That too, of course, of course." He studies your face with a curious glint in his eyes. "I've been working on a new song. I haven't sung it to anyone else– and it's not complete yet either. Would you like to hear it?" He sketches a smile, far more bashful than the ones before.

You nod eagerly. Gawain takes a deep breath and expels it in a small sigh like a short suspire of violin. Then he starts playing, hand expertly sliding and pressing along the neck as his other strums the cords, creating a deep, weighty melody, building up like nerve-jolting anticipation, from a dull rattling in your bones slowly turning into a strong, booming tune. The lyrics are few in between – still a work in progress, you assume – but as you hear more and more of them, warmth unspools in your chest, spreading fuzzy and golden through your body. There's no mistake where Gawain drew inspiration from for this new song: *you*. The fearsome knight, that just happens to be described as having the same hair and eyes as you – the feats are, however, poetically embellished. The melody crescendos until it spills over in a triumphant strum of cords, finishing on a powerful note, leaving you dazzled and besotted.

"So, what do you think?" Gawain asks, cheeks pink.

"It's beautiful," you stumble over your words, and almost wince – right now, you sound very far away from the imposing image he painted of you with his song.

Gawain steals a quick kiss from your lips, which works to rouse you from your haze and prompt your gloved hands to cup his face and pull him back in for a longer kiss. His lips are soft and as sweet as a treat, moving slowly against your own, taking his time relishing the moment. When you pull back he snuggles closer and rests his head against your armored chest, lingering in that position for a few quiet moments before you leisurely make your way back to the castle together.

[Demo Update](#)

[Feb 26, 2023](#)

What's new?

-Chapter 4 completed!

- Talk with your guests the following day after your birthday
- Discuss matters with Morgana and Accolon
- Confess your feelings to Gawain, if you're crushing on him

Enjoy!

Link: <https://lamagirl.itch.io/the-bastard-of-camelot-beta>

New Password: BOCDemoUpdate28950

If you find any bugs or typos, have any suggestions or simply wish to leave me feedback, here's a handy dandy Google form:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSc7F8P0TtGRrucAzhU9j57I29IELyFBdcU7TxyyxQ9HMFsKgg/viewform?usp=sf_link

Edit: A save made after the conversation with Morgana on Mordred's birthday immediately after that revelation, will likely mess up the game and keep you from progressing. (I added a new reaction, tweaked the choices in that scene with Morgana and edited the variables accordingly.) Sorry for the trouble!

[Important observation](#)

[Feb 26, 2023](#)

It'd seem that, for whatever reason, conversation choices for the Morgana and Accolon scenes won't appear unless you're playing a new game from start, which I'm quite befuddled by. I mean, it's the same code that I use in other similarly structured scenes but only some of them are affected in this way? I have no idea what's going on, but I've replayed myself from beginning and the choices appear in this case.

Anyway, I'm currently tackling other typos and issues that get reported!

[Bug-fix patch](#)

[Feb 27, 2023](#)

Alright, I've updated the demo with all bugs and typos sent in fixed. Unfortunately, at least in the case of Arthur's missing hangout scene, you will need to start from the beginning. Again, so sorry for the trouble!

[March short story poll](#)

[Mar 3, 2023](#)

This month we're choosing from friends/family/Lot, who can't claim the first and the only thing making him the second one is a piece of paper. Note: Accolon won previously so he's not going to be featured on this poll, but he will return for voting next time!

Arthur

11%

Morgana

15%

Gareth

62%

Lot (if you like pain)

11%

Poll ended Mar 6, 2023 · 61 votes total

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Mar 3, 2023](#)

This week I've outlined chapter 5, which involved structuring and restructuring, taking out and adding scenes, and going through my notes to find anything I've jotted down about the chapter. I've ended up writing some quick pieces of scenes as inspiration came, too 🙄 And I've written the beginning to

chapter 5, wherein Elaine and her family arrive in Lothia! Working out some details, I've decided to introduce Merlin and (reintroduce) Nimue.

On a different note, I've received feedback pertaining to the last bit of chapter 4 and I will be going back and reworking some of the scenes (fleshing out the paths and reactions Mordred can have). I'm aiming to get this done this month as well.

[Second short story poll](#)

[Mar 7, 2023](#)

Gareth won, woohoo! Time to choose a Mordred (all with a very close relationship with Gareth, of course!)

Defiant Mordred who doesn't mince words

29%

Cheerful, playful Mordred

13%

Sweet, calm Mordred

59%

Poll ended Mar 10, 2023 · 70 votes total

[Weekly developer's update](#)

[Mar 10, 2023](#)

This week I've continued work on chapter 5 - learning more about Elaine, getting to interact a bit with her family. I'll probably be wrapping up a scene I'm writing and turn my attention to the edits I want to make to chapter 4 before continuing with the current chapter.

On another note, I've also been writing for the short story this month, which will feature Merlin's POV :) Exciting stuff!

[A walk in the woods](#)

[Mar 17, 2023](#)

Merlin was lost. He wouldn't admit it to anyone though, not even himself. He'd eventually get to his destination, so he couldn't be lost. In the interim, he was merely meandering.

It was such a lovely day for meandering through the woods, too. Autumn had only started to put its mark on the verdant vegetation: patches of rust among the leaves, slowly overtaking the green like spreading corrosion. The weather, however, was sweet and fair: warm, but not suffocatingly so. A stray breeze passed through with a sigh of trees every now and then, crisp and invigorating.

He'd traveled from morning to dusk the other day before raising a small camp of one, shielded by magical circles and runes traced in the dry, clay-like earth, and recommended on his journey at the first shafts of light came through the foliage.

This he could admit: it had been too long since he'd taken a stroll through the woods, or anywhere green really, cooped up for weeks on end in his castle tower, juggling the duties of his dual role of Royal Sorcerer *and* Royal Advisor. Though what he was doing now was an extension of the former, only more hands-on, a side of research that should not be discounted if one wished to be thorough. After all, how best to learn about magic than by investigating its source? Besides, it gave him repose from the latter responsibility. Uther had yet to become unbearable, but he was treading – no, stomping – on Merlin's nerves at times. With the war over and the Continent peacefully rebuilding itself, blooming from the ashes into something stronger, better, prettier, Uther grew restless. All he had to do was lean back and bask in his success. That's what Merlin did – and for him, it was all the more deserved – before he went back to work. The King, however, had caught the taste of blood – and now he craved more.

Merlin looked upon the map with a dubious eye, then turned left as the worn-out, dotted line suggested he should, weaving between bushes, away from any marked path. The place he searched for was far from any well-trodden road, forgotten and forsaken. As he advanced, pushing his way through low boughs extending to him like greedy, bony fingers, and high grass lurking with little critters, the trees grew sparse, opening into a sunny clearing.

That's where he saw *her*. It was the first time seeing her with his eyes, but she'd haunted his visions before, hazy, fleeting glimpses like wisps of smoke, flashes of images like pieces of a puzzle. Eyes as green as the mountain lakes, smirking lips, fingers twining with his. They all came rushing back to him, accompanied by a strange feeling of tenderness that he hardly felt belonged to him. Familiar though was the prickle of magic that jolted up his spine, and the keen curiosity she kindled. His step slowed and softened as he drew closer. *She* stood amid a small lake, jutting out of its glimmering, emerald depths

like a proud rock. One might truly mistake her for a sculpture, as still as she was, submerged up to her waist, eyes closed in an expression of serenity suggestive of deep prayer and meditation. Her hands, however, moved lazily about herself, fingers breaking the calm, mirror-like surface of the water as they grazed it. Clothed in Avalonian garb, which only the Priests donned so far away from the Island. As if to confirm that suspicion, a wink of silver at her breast – the sun catching on her brooch, indicating her status among the Temple.

Her eye snapped open. “Sneaking up on unsuspecting women, are we?” Her lips quirked into that teasing smile he knew all so well, despite never seeing it in person.

“I was merely trying not to spook any unsuspecting women with my sudden intrusion,” Merlin returned, voice mellow and smooth. “Pardon the interruption. Were you praying?”

“Yes; and meditating, though I think I’ve done enough of both.”

She came out of the waters, dress soaked through and dragging heavily about her. Not for long though; running her palms along it as it to smooth it down, lips moving silently, the cloth was dry as if it’d been laying in the summer sun for days.

“Allow me to introduce myself,” Merlin graciously inclined his head. “I am Lord Merlin Wylt, Royal Sorcerer and Advisor of King Uther.”

Upon this revelation, most would rush into a courteous bow and affect an air of affable respect or fearful esteem. The woman tilted her head, eyeing him curiously, and said: “That explains the fancy clothes. Not the best garment for a trek in the woods, don’t you think?”

Merlin placed a hand over the chestnut-brown brocade of his jerkin; he always chose his garbs carefully, keeping both fashion and practicality in mind. The Royal Sorcerer couldn’t be expected to be seen in shabby clothes, even if he were out on a trek in the woods. No, he would not compromise for either style or coziness – but make both meet harmoniously, as this outfit so achieved.

“It’s perfectly suitable for the activity, in fact.”

She nodded downwards. “The pointy boots too?”

Merlin kept on smiling that patient, soothing smile he’d started mastering the day he decided he needed to get far. “Those too.”

Her smile had a mocking edge, but she made no further disapproving remark. Her gaze slipped from his face to his hands. Then she struck – quick as lightning and just as dazzling, leaving a perplexed Merlin to watch as she unfurled his map and scanned it thoughtfully. She’s snatched it before he even had time to process what was happening, with such recklessness that he’d even call it more impressive than her swiftness if it weren’t so damn outrageous.

No one would dare do such a thing to him – not at Court, not in the conquered village he started his journey where animosity still simmered and festered in the air. Merlin only enjoyed defiance in as much as he could thoroughly stomp it. Right now, he felt disinclined to do so.

“You’re trying to find the Deer King’s old hall,” she said.

She must have had a good eye; the ink on the map - almost as old as the hall it led to itself - was washed out to the point one could barely distinguish between the colors, all some shade of dull brown and beige, the words so wan one had to squint and guess at missing letters. Merlin had had to retrace the way, or at least what he hope he’d correctly identified as the way towards the hall.

“Indeed,” Merlin said. “The one long abandoned.”

She nodded decisively and handed back the map. “I’m coming with you.”

That was how it started – how their fates intertwined. Merlin was intrigued to follow the threads.

“Far be it from me to deny such an eager companion. But may I ask why you wish to accompany me?”

“You look lost.”

Had he not trained himself into utter control over attitude and expression, Merlin would have balked at the blunt reply. Instead, his countenance remained even and pleasant. “Pardon me, I can assure you I am not lost.”

The woman looked pityingly at him, as if he were a man standing amidst the ruin of his castle, vehemently denying anything was amiss, and she mercifully allowing him to continue in his foolish notion.

“I am merely treading paths unknown to me. It is natural to appear lost, for my steps may be careful, but I do know where I’m headed.”

“Do you?” she challenged.

His fingers tightened around his map. His expression didn’t budge. “Yes.”

“Well then, you won’t mind showing me the way, will you?”

“It would be my absolute pleasure.”

She clasped her hands with a sharp clap, picked up her satchel and cloak – her sole other belongings, except the clothes on her back – and gestured for him to lead the way.

Merlin took a moment to consult his map – not too long, though, lest she accused him of being lost again – then instructed for them to proceed north.

"I'll admit," she said, "there's selfish motivation for my self-invitation. I'd like to see the hall for myself."

"Do you subscribe to the Deer King yourself, perchance?"

"Oh no!" She tapped a nail against her silver brooch and winked. "The Goddess might get jealous."

"The Lady of the Lake doesn't strike me as so fickle."

"Do you claim to know her will better than a Priest?" Her tone and lips were grave; her eyes, however, gleamed.

"I'd never dare."

"But the fae can be fickle," she conceded, pulling gently at a bush bough that bend over her head. It sprang and shook, rustling with a fretful murmur of leaves. "Though I don't think they'd think of themselves as such."

"Do you know much of the fae?"

"I've encountered quite a few."

His brow rose with genuine surprise. "How come?"

She smiled, a small devious smile as if harboring a secret she greatly relished. "I spend so much time in the woods. You learn where to go and when and then – you find them."

Indeed, there were those who wished to find and to be found by the fae – who traveled leisurely through the depths of the forest at night, away from well-trodden paths, while others would hasten their step and stick to the established road, walking as if already chased by some terrible apparition. Usually, the former sought the fae for a reason – mere curiosity, favors they chance a faerie may fulfill for them, or to be laid by one of them in hopes of bearing a child. He wondered whichever drove her to the woods. Someone like her, confidently traversing dangerous territory, would quickly garner the attention of a faerie.

"Is this why you came here, so deep in the forest?" he asks, a playful smile tugging at his lips. "To meet more of the fae?"

"And find a quiet place by a body of water to pray. Which I found, until you came stomping in."

"I did not come *stomping in*," he calmly corrected.

"No, indeed," she agreed, combing fingers through her long hair, which fell around her shoulders in a sheet of cinnamon brown. "You sneaked around, like a thief in the night, which is arguably worst. I'll let you know I have nothing of value to steal, besides the silver brooch on me."

"Good to know – if I were to rob you, which I'm not."

She smiled as she started braiding her hair with expert ease.

“May I know how to address my newfound travel companion?” The name had eluded him throughout all visions she featured in, and it continued to evade him as it struck him that she had yet to make a proper introduction. She was such an odd, compelling mixture of strange and familiar that he almost expected he might dredge up her name from some crevice of his mind, lit now upon seeing her countenance in flesh and blood – but he came up empty and desolate.

She looked up as her fingers deftly continued to braid her hair. “Niniane.”

“A pleasure to make your acquaintance, Lady Niniane.”

“Just Niniane,” she said as she produced a tattered ribbon from her satchel to tie up the end of her braid.

Just Niniane couldn’t be older than twenty-five summers, Merlin decided upon considering her. Her Avalonian garbs – dyed green linen – looked clean beyond the dust and grime one would acquire by traipsing through the woods, and while not ragged, they bore the marks of wear of a frequently worn garment. It well supported her claim of destitution.

“Are you an adept at the local Temple back in the village?” he asked.

“No. I don’t quite belong to any Temple right now. I’m traveling the Continent and helping wherever I can – doing good and indulging my curiosity at the same time.”

“Ah,” Merlin felt no small amount of pride as he said, “a most opportune moment to explore, now that peace has settled and the Kingdom is blooming.”

Something about the notion seemed to amuse Niniane. “Blooming indeed. And so many Lady of the Lake Temples have sprung on the map! A very interesting prospect. Usually Temples don’t extend much further than where the fae is known to reside.”

Merlin couldn’t take entire credit for the venture, unfortunately; it had been Igraine Le Fay who had devised it, and he had wholeheartedly supported her, though he knew the woman had only begrudgingly accepted his help.

Niniane continued, face animated: “Do you ever wonder how the Lady of the Lake feels about it? I often do,” she adds softly, her gaze sliding away from Merlin to a thicket of trees, filled with merry, bright warbling.

Merlin had wondered, too. Most of all, he wanted to know how it made the Lady feel in terms of magic and power, not inane sentimentality. Did she feel the extension, somehow? Did it influence her? Increase her power, wear it thin?

“Too bad she’s such an elusive faerie,” he said.

Niniane sighed and echoed his sentiment.

They pushed on as the ground grew steeper; Niniane plowed on without issues while Merlin focused on keeping his breathing as even as possible.

“Say, what’s the Royal Sorcerer doing in the woods of the former kingdom of Ulm?”

He wondered if the last part was an attempt to sting, or just point out the gall he had to tread on conquered land – that fought viciously and relentlessly before it fell. He ignored whatever may have lurked beneath the words and answered: “Seeking to better understand magic at its source.”

That’s what his research always circled back to: discovering the arcane ways magic works, all the processes and details they do not know. How magic behaves to create sorcerers, and why it chooses to never activate in certain people, despite the potential in one’s blood.

This piqued Niniane’s interest. “By studying the fae’s magic? The magic infused in nature? In the places they touched and raised with their powers?”

Merlin smiled. This time it was genuine. “Exactly.”

They walked in silence for a brief while, upon which Merlin took advantage of her roaming gaze to check his map – he would not permit any more teasing on his sense of navigating this damn forest – and deemed they were going the right way.

Niniane peered over his shoulder. “We’re lost, aren’t we?” she said in a tone that suggested she found it more exciting than dismal.

“We are not,” Merlin insisted, and could confidently demonstrate so. “See?” He pointed at the map, at the slithering dotted line. “We’re right on track.”

“Yes, according to the map. But the map is wrong.”

His brow furrowed. Procuring the map had been an ordeal all on its own; it was sheer determination and stubbornness that carried him forward in its search, which at many points seemed hopeless. All and any trace to the hall had been done away with, for one reason or another. Merlin was convinced the Rebels – those of Ulm who took refuge in the Academy of Magic, a place they could not conquer – still held on to that knowledge, but there was no asking them nicely.

“We’re off by only a bit, but we can easily get lost at this rate,” she explained, showing the right path on the map. Anticipation made his skin tingle, gaze eagerly following her motions. With one hand, not taking his eyes off the map, he reached for a pencil and traced the way.

He studied it – it was somewhat closer now than expected, and it filled him with a pleasant buzz, as if he could already feel the magic that must be surrounding the place. Then he realized his excitement had overtaken him so strongly, he forgot one key, important query to pose:

“How did you know?”

Niniane smiled in that secretive, mysterious way that he felt will drive him up the walls the more she'd do it – and push him to only crave for more answers, for mysteries were best when unraveled. Though perhaps he was a hypocrite when he guarded his own so fiercely.

“As I said, I have faerie friends.”

“And they just...told you?”

She shrugged, letting him think whatever he wanted to think.

Merlin would have to pursue this line of questioning later. Now, he had more pressing matters. They changed course according to Niniane's directions, climbing up and down mounds, zig-zagging through trees and bushes. He had no doubt that he would have found it eventually, with or without the woman's help. It would have taken a lot of meandering and wandering and staring at a map with tattered edges and yellowed paper that refused to yield an easy passage, but he would have found his way regardless. Research was meant to be trial and error, after all.

“There it is!” Niniane cried; she'd run up ahead upon claiming she could see a glimpse of it, and now stood where the line of trees ended and a clearing sprawled.

Merlin caught up and drank the sight in. It was beautiful, and an utter ruin.

What once had been a proud, impressive construct was now falling apart, as if ravaged after a storm. Of the trees that had made up the hall's walls, many have bent, toppled, or split, bringing down their branches, turning the roof, once verdant, in a strange patchwork of naked bark and green foliage still persevering. Moss had grown on their bark, a scruffy beard on a forest-secluded hermit. Merlin stepped forward slowly as if approaching a great beast, staring transfixed. All the accounts he'd gathered on the building where tales of the humans who'd seen it, danced and drank and laid with the fae, partied till their feet's soles bled and they forgot their names. They all spoke of its beauty with almost frightful awe that oozed off the pages; but now, underneath the wonder that filled Merlin, there was an underlying pang of what it'd come to. A crumbling mess.

As they passed through the entrance – a gaping maw, the frame of flanking trees crooked – a shiver overcame Merlin, from the crown of his head to the tip of his toes, electrifying every nerve in his body, tracing goosebumps up and down his limbs. Niniane followed, picking her way just as gingerly over the carpet of crunching, dead leaves and splintered twigs.

“Isn't it such a sad sight?” she murmured, running her fingers across the rotten wood of the doorframe. “Forsaken, lonely, sad sight.”

Merlin pressed his hand against the rough bark and closed his eyes. He steadied and slowed his breath and shuttered himself against everything else – the distant lilting songbird, the droning of insects, the gentle patter of Niniane's feet, the timid scurrying of hidden critters – and focused on nothing else but

that which one couldn't see. That lingering magic, extending questioning tendrils in search of it. He'd taught himself that method long years ago; a meditation technique at its base, used for one to attune to magic both within and without. To find it, identify it and try to understand it.

"Do you feel it?" she whispered as if they were standing amid a Temple, not a hall that had once been a hubbub of dancing and drinking and any other raucous activity the fae could conjure. "Do you feel the lingering magic, sizzling all over your skin?"

He did. It raised the hairs along his limb, sent shivers down his spine, sang in his blood, rattled in his bones. Even so many years after the fae had forsaken it, there was a residue of magic, clinging to the trees that the Deer King had touched and enchanted, imbued in their bark and the soil, permeating in the air along with the scents of the forest, forever marking this place as one once belonging to the faerie.

His eyes fluttered open with another tremor. Niniane was looking at him expectantly, wearing a knowing smile as she stood below an opening in the roof of branches. With the sun shining upon her face, her cool brown skin looked gilded – her whole being rendered almost ethereal in the shaft of light, among the dancing specks of dust, as if cut out from one of his visions.

"So, is this how you seek to *understand magic*?"

Merlin slipped a small knife, no longer than his hand, out of his satchel and cut a piece of bark. "How else?"

She watched his motions closely, then asked: "What's that for? Experiments?"

"Precisely," Merlin smiled, safely depositing the wood in a silk bag. "I've followed ways of testing and studying magic as other sorcerers have done before me, and developed a few methods of my own. This," he raised the bag, "is vital for my experimentations."

Merlin went about touching and collecting about as much as he could – dried leaves, dried wood, dried flowers, their petals crumbling between his fingers. This was only the start however. What came next was hours upon hours of meditating, performing helping rituals and drawing necessary runes; all to be thoroughly noted in his journal. Once he'd return back to Camelot – no sooner than a week, he calculated – he'd continue his testing on the pieces of the hall that he had claimed.

Before he could get to all that was the matter of his companion. Their fates where tied – it was no saccharine, mawkish exaggeration. Their chance meeting in the woods would not be the only one, he was sure of it.

"Where are you going from here?" he inquired. "Off to help more people? Or perhaps back to your lake meditation?"

Niniane didn't answer. She looked up at the cracked remains of the ceiling, at the softly-rustling foliage. Then she looked down back at Merlin, a long smile curling her lips. "I was thinking of sticking around. It's

not every day one gets to see the *Royal Sorcerer* in action.”

So she stayed. She'd wander at times on her own and return, shoes and hem muddied but smiling as she brandished armfuls of fruit or mushroom. She'd hover by his side, asking insightful questions or making judicious remarks; whenever she wasn't teasing him with whatever ammunition she could find. Niniane proved a far more pleasant presence that Merlin had expected.

By the time they made it back to the village, Merlin was as excited about his findings as he was about the prospect of sleeping in a proper, cozy bed. He invited Niniane to dine with him at the inn he was heading too.

She shook her head. “I'll be on my own way. You have fun with your bark and leaves, Merlin Wyllt.”

“Do you reckon we'll see each other again? You were quite the helpful assistant,” he said with a placid smile as they came to a crossroads. Ahead, people and carriages trotted back and forth, going about their daily machinations. Merlin was glad to see it – a sign of the Kingdom carrying forward, bloody years scrubbed clean – but now all he focused on was Niniane's face, waiting for her reaction.

She acted as casually affable as him, shrugging one shoulder as she grasped the worn, leather strap of her satchel. “Put a letter in a bottle and send it down the river if you want to reach out,” she said, the corners of her mouth twitching. “I'll find it eventually.” With that, she spun around and left, away from the village and away from Merlin.

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Mar 18, 2023](#)

Hi everyone! First let me preface this with an apology - I don't know if it's Friday somewhere else in the world but here where I am it's Saturday already...which means I missed the Friday blog. I got caught up with some things yesterday and it completely slipped my mind but I'm here to rectify the mistake!

So, on to my progress: I've wrapped up the scene I wanted to finish in chapter 5 and turned my attention on to the last bit of chapter 4 to flesh things out. Honestly, I like it more now; I feel there's even more of an emotional impact with the new choices and little edits/bits of conversation I added. I'm not quite done yet - still have to tweak Junia's and Accolon's scenes with Mordred and want to expand the scene where you talk to Morgana in her study - but it's going well!

Anyway, I'll be posting some sneak peeks for chapter 5 later today 🙈

[Sneak peek](#)

[Mar 18, 2023](#)

You inch closer to your brother, gently elbowing him. "Hey." Out of the corner of eye, you spy Lot's shifting expression - all that willpower not to scowl, vanished. "Are you alright?" you whisper.

"Of course I'm alright, why wouldn't I be alright?" Gareth glibly replies, gaze fixed ahead.

[Sneak peek](#)

[Mar 22, 2023](#)

"How could we leave you out - Elaine's drinking too after all." Elaine freezes in the middle of stuffing her face with buttered bread at the mention of her name, eyes darting towards you. "Admittedly she's not drinking much; last time she indulged she fell into the river."

"Father!" The objection has no power behind it, muffled by a mouthful of bread.

"At Isolde's wedding, no less."

Gareth turns to her, bemused: "You did?"

Elaine hurries to chew - though it's questionable how much she actually does with how quickly she swallows - while Isolde attempts to hide a smile behind her glass. "Yeah, from a boat Isolde and I took for a few quiet moments. I simply lost balance and pitched over. It was cold as fu-" she catches herself before she can commit to the swear, patching it over with "freezing cold" and a nervous chuckle.

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Mar 24, 2023](#)

I've been doing edits on the demo, and finished the mini-game for the Royal Sorcerer tier patrons! I'll be posting it later today. Note: towards the end, there's a set of choices that is not currently in the demo (just Arthur asking Mordred how they feel). You'll find it in the next update!

Otherwise, I'm trying to wrap things over the weekend with the changes planned for chapter 4 in preparation for the update next week.

[March POV shift mini-game](#)

[Mar 24, 2023](#)

The chosen theme of this month was Mordred going to Arthur after the revelation of their conception.

Hope you enjoy it!

Note: There's one choice you'll find that you haven't seen in the demo yet - it'll be there with the next update!

Link: <https://lamagirl.itch.io/mordred-goes-to-arthur-chapter-4>

Password: MiniGameArthurConfession

If you find any issues, let me know here:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSdmXmRPJfqmoDd4oO4-QwhZiel4yk63j4EguWecpl5mBy_IKQ/viewform?usp=sf_link

[April mini-game poll](#)

[Mar 25, 2023](#)

If you want to suggest options for next month's poll, here's this handy dandy form:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSdz8L0mDqvf11V2z5_7Zdalcd0WZp0UsdSFK9kSZ7bN_1Syww/viewform?usp=sf_link

Gareth's POV of Alina's confession (chapt4)

50%

Mordred finds out the truth about their conception, seen through Morgana's POV (chapt4)

11%

Nicol's (the Duke's kid) POV of Mordred and Morgana arriving in Tintal (chapt 2)

8%

Gawain confesses his crush/Mordred confesses their feelings (chapt3)

31%

Poll ended Mar 29, 2023 · 64 votes total

[Demo update](#)

[Mar 27, 2023](#)

What's new?

The beginning of chapter 5, wherein you:

-Meet Elaine!

-Learn all about wine-making

Besides that, we have some changes made to earlier chapters:

-Fleshed out some parts in the second half of chapter 4. I highly recommend replaying the bit, since I've also added some new choices/variables and expanded upon the conversations you have with Junia and Morgana.

-Morgana's POV in chapter 3, after the talk in the study concerning Arthur and the prophecy; mostly just rephrasing and polishing but it's worth giving a re-read

-In the prologue, when Morgana suggests that Mordred will be killed if taken away from her - and it passed as an accident - and heavily implies Merlin would have come up with the idea, Arthur is horrified that she'd think so; Merlin never mentioned such a thing and he doesn't believe the man capable of it.

-In chapter 1, when Junia shows Mordred the portrait of Guinevere, she no longer refers to Guin fighting against rebels attacking her home since a} there's no reason for the rebels to do so, b} Guin wouldn't have the constitution to fight. Instead, she's helped ward off some dragon hunters trying to sneak into the Continent by their seaside castle in a far shrewder and less physically demanding way: by making explosives!

Enjoy!

Link: <https://llamagirl.itch.io/the-bastard-of-camelot-beta>

New Password: UpdateBOC373

If you find any bugs or typos, have any suggestions or simply wish to leave me feedback, here's a handy dandy Google form:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSc7F8P0TtGRrucAzhU9j57I29IELyFBdcU7TxyyxQ9HMFsKgg/viewform?usp=sf_link

[Bookshop visit with Gareth](#)

[Mar 29, 2023](#)

You sit on the edge of the fountain, tracing your fingers along its mosaic, an explosion of color sprawling onto the pavement, unfurling patterns of flowers and swirling vines under pedestrians' feet. Every now and then stray droplets spray your back, sliding cool down your back. You welcome the refreshing sensation; it's a surprisingly warm day for autumn, which paired with the cloudless sky makes up the perfect conditions for a grand harvest festival.

The town square has been decked in flowers and streamers, brightening the monotone brick and stone of the buildings; window-shops have been decorated with aesthetically placed acorns, strings of rusty leaves and vases spilling with wildflowers, their painted ceramic sporting intricate motives. You take it all in as you wait for Gareth, one hand splayed on the fountain ledge to save him a spot – not that it was necessary when you're given such a wide berth. It bothers you still, even though you've grown accustomed to this distant treatment in the couple years since arriving in Lothia. You've tried your best to counter it with a smile, in the hopes that it'd encourage people to bridge this gap – and while there were the few who did, most did not take the chance. Not with you, not when so many shadows loom over you.

You sigh and shift, closing your eyes for a moment. The bright, silver susurrus of the fountain coalesces with the babble of conversation, to the point that you can barely disentangle them. It's as if the water itself murmurs, enjoying the festival as much as the humans and dragons roaming about, playing games, gawking at booths, munching on oil-fried goods.

"Falling asleep?" The playful remark snaps your eyes open. Whatever gloom may have descended upon you is dispelled by Gareth's arrival like smoke in the wind. That's not all that changes, though;

previously wary, guarded looks sent your way bloom into smiles. A smile blossoms on your lips, too, but yours shines the most genuine.

"You were taking too long," you tease right back. You peer at the two paper bags he's brought, mouth watering at the mere tasty promise of what's within. "What did you bring?"

"All sort of things," Gareth says, hoisting himself up next to you.

You open yours and pop a caramel in your mouth. It's sweet and buttery as it melts on your tongue. Gareth chews on a walnut cookie with a far more pensive expression, eyes scanning the bedecked facades.

"There's a bookshop nearby," he says. You know it's not just him sharing some random piece of knowledge; he has a plan already well-formed in mind. "Mother took me there a couple times. And, as it turns out, it's going to be open for another hour today before they close early. What with the festival," he gestures around you at the celebrations.

You jump to your feet and smooth down your clothes. "What are we waiting for then?"

Gareth gives you a wry grin as you set off through the crowd, trailed by a retinue of knights – which includes Accolon, who keeps an eye on you less as a guard and more like a worried father. You make your way down a street lined with sundry little businesses: bakeries, tailors, butchers, printers, but none are the shop you're looking for. You've visited before, but it's easy to get lost now in the sea of fair-goers. Fortunately, Gareth navigates the chaos with confident ease and eager step, arms looped with yours so you may steer each other away from any distracted or drunk passersby. As you move through increasingly narrow and quiet streets, Gareth tugs you down a side alley you almost missed; you were engrossed in the glimpse of an intense yet ridiculous quarrel of two small dragons, hanging about the roof of a seedy tavern. This is where the bookshop is tucked away, easy to miss for anyone not looking for it, on this street – if it can barely be called that, this unassuming, forsaken passage extending between two buildings that tower on both sides like stately mountains of beige stone, casting the space in shadows even in early noon – that feels like a completely other world, a secret place away from the bustle of the fair.

A bell chimes weakly as you step inside, almost drowned out by the clang of Accolon's armor. Gareth kindly asked the other guards to wait outside, lest they crowded the bookshop with their bulky frames. *Besides,* Gareth told them with a smile, *the worst that can happen to me inside is a papercut.*

Adina's bookshop is by no means large, which makes it utterly impressive how many books have managed to be stuffed inside. Walking through the cases of tomes and scrolls fills like walking through the crammed alleyways outside; one wrong step and you might upend a poor book whose corner sticks out of the shelf. You're sure one of the knights could have toppled the cabinets over like dominos if they spun around too quickly.

With the door closed behind you, it really does feel as if you've stepped into another world, suspended in a bubble away from all of the loud, rowdy chaos outside. A haven of quiet, yet filled with so many

words – words of ink on paper, whose scents hang heavy and heady in the air.

Accolon posts himself by the door while the two of you lose yourself among the books. There are no other customers, which comes as no surprise. What's of note is that the business is even open at this time, though that shouldn't be all that shocking either. Adina, the owner, hunched over her book at the desk, doesn't strike as someone very fond of the hubbub outside. Gareth himself, who was so excited by the prospect of the fair – with its enticing games and sweets and performers – brightens up as he ventures between the tightly packed cabinets, tracing his index over the spines of the books, some brand new with shiny letters, others worn and creased to the point you can barely read the titles. He halts and you almost collide into him, peering over his shoulder to see what has him so transfixed. An opened chest, filled to the brim with books.

"Miss Adina," Gareth calls. "Can we take a look?"

She peers from above her glasses at the chest, surveying it with a critical eye. "Yes, my lord. They're all for sale, came in this morning. I haven't had the time to put them on the shelves." She gestures around at the shelves that are already chockfull of books, leaving you to wonder wherever she was planning on stuffing these new ones. "Look at your leisure."

Gareth takes that invitation to heart, dropping to his knees in front of the chest. He eyes the books with gleaming hunger in his brown eyes, reminding you of Morgana whenever she received a new batch of rare ingredients for her potions.

"Oh," he sounds pleasantly surprised as he picks up the tome at the top, then another and another, peeping with even more curiosity. "These all seem to be books on magic."

Your own attention is piqued as you help Gareth sift through the tomes. None of them are new, but most seem well-taken care of. As you both thumb through different titles, ranging from treaties on faerie power to pocketbooks about everyday, handy potions, you remark out loud:

"You always get so excited over texts on magic."

"I always get excited over *books*," he smoothly replies, running his palm over a leather cover.

"That's true," you allow, setting aside the well-used copy of *Magical recipes! Ten dishes to sweep you off your feet and cure your ailments! So good it's magic!* With a cheeky *Because it is magic* added by its previous owner. "It's just..."

"Surprising that I take such an interest in the subject when I'm magicless?" Gareth says the thing you were tactfully skirting around. "Well, why wouldn't I be? It's interesting, the theory especially. And even if I find a book that is no use to me because I can't actually practice what it teaches, well – it might be helpful for you, or mother might like it as a gift."

You smile softly. Magic is indeed something you managed to bond over, though you did not expect it, what with his lack of it. You thought he might not be too eager to discuss it with you, and there were

times in the beginning where you feared your use of magic may come off as bragging. Yet Gareth has always been curious and enthusiastic about it, and read up enough on the subject of magic theory to rival your own knowledge.

As you continue leafing through the books, raising dust and snickering over ridiculous titles, the turning of pages resounding sharp and piercing in the silence, you slowly pick up on a strange sound, growing louder and nearer. A low, guttural growl drawing closer and closer to you.

You inch forward carefully, till you've placed yourself between Gareth and the ominous sound and steel yourself to face the beast that produces it, its sharp nails clinking against the floorboards. It charges at you from around the bookcase, wheezing and croaking, its mere sight enough for Gareth to succumb to hysterics. That is, hysterical laughter.

Waddling towards you is a barrel-shaped creature, reaching no taller than your knees, its features squashed into its face. It stutters to a halt before you and raises its beady black eyes to meet yours, gamely fixing you as it puffs out its chest, drawing a long, rattling intake as it works itself up to a fit of coughing – no, you realize as you stare, stunned – barking. Behind you, Gareth laughs even harder.

"I am so grateful," he says with difficulty between peals of laughter, "that I have you to defend me from such a scary monster."

You look down at the so-called scary monster. Its dedication to intimidate you is admirable and quite endearing, though you do worry the poor pouch is going to end up with an actual cough attack.

A head pops out from behind the bookcase. "Did Max sniff out a pair of thieves?"

"We were just looking," you say with a sheepish smile.

"Daria!" Adina shouts from the front desk, admonishing the woman whose features perfectly mirrors hers; their expressions, though, are night and day. "That's no way to –"

"It was a joke!" Daria shouts back with a smirk, hands raised placatingly. "I recognize Lady Morgana's children." She winks down at the both of you. "Striking resemblance."

Adina huffs and puffs from her desk, prompting Gareth to step in with a charming smile, made all the more beaming by the amusement still lingering on his lips. "It's no trouble."

As Adina returns to books and ledgers, Daria scoops up the beast known as Max and effectively neutralizes the foe with scratches behind the ear. The dog relaxes almost instantly, leaning eagerly into the touch. "Excuse Max over here," she says. "Protective, this one." Gareth glances at you pointedly.

Daria peers into the chest, then at you. "I see. Looking for some extra lessons, perhaps?"

You smile, delighted to see no trace of wariness or disdain in her friendly face. "We were just browsing. Gareth was very eager to see the new arrivals."

"Oh, it's a good batch," she assures you. Her eyes glint playfully. "I had to fight pirates to get them here, you know."

"You didn't fight pirates," Adina grunts.

"I *did*. I hit one with a book, it counts. How else would the guards on board have fended, without my help?"

"Were the pirates there for the books?" Gareth inquires, utterly captivated now.

"No," Adina replies. "There was jewelry onboard."

Daria shakes her head. "She's no fun. Anyway, I'll let you two look."

You stop her just as she's about to leave with the now pacified Max cradled in her arms. "Wait. Would you say there's anything of particular interest here? Something interesting on magic theory, maybe?"

The woman leans against a bookcase, drumming her fingers against the wood as she think. Then she snaps her fingers and drops next to you, rummaging with her free hand within. "There's this unassuming book the seller said is worth more than it looks like. Ah," she wrenches it free from between two thick tomes. "There it is."

Gareth takes the book and appraises it thoughtfully, like a jeweler gauging the value of a pendant. Then he breaks into a smile. "We'll take it."

You leave the shop content and victorious with your purchase. "Time to go back to the fair," Gareth says, "so you can trash me at throwing darts."

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Mar 31, 2023](#)

This week I've focused on publishing the updates, both Patreon and public - polishing everything and fixing issues as they came. Not much else on the writing front, but I'm excited to continue working on chapter 5! The scene that picks up immediately after the latest update features Morgana, and will let you define what your relationship looks like now 🧐🧐

In other news, I wrote a thing last year that has nothing to do with either *The Bastard of Camelot* or my other demo, *Supernatural in New York*, and it's not interactive fiction. It's a thing of its own, a short story called *Shadows of the Strange Valley*. It's Weird West, it's sapphic; it has a mystery, a monster and a protagonist who starts completely out of her depth but is determined to persevere.

If you enjoy my writing you can read it over on Medium!

Link: <https://medium.com/@llamagirl/shadows-of-the-strange-valley-5a765003b161>

[April second short story poll](#)

[Apr 4, 2023](#)

Time to vote on the RO to be featured in the second short story of the month! Since Gawain won last time, he will be sitting out on this poll.

Nimue

31%

Elaine

6%

Galahad

42%

Sophie

2%

Isac

15%

Agravain

5%

Poll ended Apr 7, 2023 · 65 votes total

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Apr 7, 2023](#)

I finished the Morgana scene I mentioned last week (though the code still needs polishing) and I'm currently writing some interactions with Elaine! You've got different motivations for talking with her - and you can also not spend time with her - but I'm most looking forward to all the friendly/crushing variations.

I've also been working on the short story for this month - featuring Galahad, giving us a peek at his life, while visiting Avalon. It also gives us a glimpse of Nimue.

[Second short story poll](#)

[Apr 11, 2023](#)

Galahad won! Time to vote on the Mordred to be featured in this month's second short story. The sweet, gentle type will be sitting out on this poll since they won last time Galahad was chosen.

Defiant Mordred who loves to challenge Galahad; they're in love but oblivious

41%

Flirty, confident Mordred who loves teasing Galahad; very much aware of their own crush

40%

Defiant Mordred who loves to challenge Galahad again but this one's aware of their crush and hate it

19%

Poll ended Apr 14, 2023 · 63 votes total

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Apr 14, 2023](#)

I'm still working on the Elaine scene mentioned last week, but it's coming along nicely and I really love the conversations you can have with her! She's fun to write, and I like the ease with which she and Mordred can talk. I'll be posting some teasers later! 🗨️

During this week, I've also finished the Knight tier short story featuring Galahad. It does still need a bit of polishing, but I'm aiming to post it over the weekend, and I've been working on the Royal Sorcerer mini-game.

[Sneak peek](#)

[Apr 14, 2023](#)

Her arrival is as unexpected as it is unwanted, and it shows plainly on your face. No need to dress up your displeasure, which she's very much aware of. She'd be wise to take it as a warning sign to leave your chamber as soon as she's finished saying whatever brought her here. Better yet, she should just leave right now, but you have little hope for that.

"There's no need to grimace upon my sight, I get that enough from Lot as is," Morgana says, affecting nonchalance. She's learned to cover up the pain that would usually flash over her features or bleed into her voice, which is just as well; you won't let her guilt you for the distance you put between the two of you. The fault lies entirely with her and her own actions.

[Galahad's trips to Avalon](#)

[Apr 18, 2023](#)

They came to Avalon every couple years. It'd become a sort of pilgrimage. His father said it was to pay respects to the Goddess by visiting the source of her power, but Galahad knew it was more than that; his father may have only spent seven years on the island, but they were formative years that had laid the foundation of the man he would become. He was fond of the place and grew wistful every time they left. Galahad shared in that sentiment; the trips had rendered Avalon special for him.

They were relieved from their knightly – and squirely – duties there, if only for a little. The burden of expectations weighing down on Galahad's shoulders eased, as if he were floating above surface, buoyed by the water, letting himself be carried for a change of pace.

He suspected his father felt the same. Whatever tension had built up, stretching all his nerves thin to the point of snapping, seeped from him upon returning to Avalon. Here, he could let go. Here, the tension washed away from the taut muscles of his shoulders, rendering the severe lines of his face softer,

kinder. It was almost as if he were a different man – happier, freer. The briny air, spraying tiny droplets of water, kissed their lips and cheeks and brows as the murmur of the sea lulled them into this sense of relaxation.

Lancelot was not the melancholy or garrulous type, yet something about Avalon shed a light upon a rare-seen facet of his. He talked, reminiscing about this and that whenever they passed something that brought a story to mind, staring as if the memory played right in front of his eyes. Galahad would hang onto every word, even if it were a tale he'd heard many times before.

"I played all day long here," Lancelot would point to a stretch of beach that wrapped around a rocky, steep cliff. "You can barely see it from here, but there's a small cave there. The other kids and I, we'd pretend it was the lair of a beast, and we were adventurers come to defeat it."

Then his brow would darken upon arriving at the pier, an expression as heavy as the thunderous, cavernous sound of waves crashing underneath the wood boards, licking at their sandals with every great, uproarious splash.

"And here Morgana tried to drown me," he'd always say, sticking out his chin towards the expanse of glimmering sea, fading out into the wispy ring of mist that encircled and sheltered Avalon. "Proving herself a danger and menace."

They'd go up the winding, cobblestone streets, weaving between horse-drawn carts and pedestrians with baskets full of fruit and vegetable, passing by gaggles of giggling children playing with dices on their homes' steps and idle cats lounging about on windowsills. They'd go all the way to the orphanage where his father spent those first seven years before his aunt, Lady Evaine, claimed him and brought him to Camelot to be trained as a knight. Everyone knew Lancelot there. They'd brew tea and bring out lemon biscuits for him to chat over while Galahad was circled by the other children his age. They wanted to play with him, to duel with wooden swords against a real squire – there were none in Avalon, but they all read and heard the stories of mighty knights. The younger children gawked, and the adults wore those tender, warm smiles and talked among themselves, fragments of conversation trickling over to him every now and then: *"What a great knight he'll make. Just like his father."*

Every year, one entire day of their stay would be dedicated to a trip through the wilderness at the heart of the island, to the lake where the Lady of the Lake was said to first be seen, the one that was believed to be her home. His mother would usually sit out on these visits, preferring to stay back with her lady-in-waiting. To continue swimming and lazing about, his mother would say with a laugh.

With her, Galahad would go searching for seashells, or lounge out in the sun when its harsh, scorching rays mellowed to a gentle, warm caress and she'd read to him, sitting on the soft sand. Other times they'd go to the market, a sprawling piazza paved with mosaic, a glimmering kaleidoscope under the bright sun. They'd buy anything from fresh produce to Avalonian garments, all made by the locals. She was fond of seafood and took it upon herself to eat as much of fish, shrimp, mussels, and oysters as she could during their stay. They'd take a dip in the waters when it was too hot, to cool off their heated

skin, and on calm, sunny days, they'd take a boat out to sea, always keeping within the mist-marked bounds of the island.

There was something about Avalon that put Galahad at ease, too. Perhaps it was the great expanse of water, extending endlessly in every way once you'd passed the misty barrier. Perhaps it was that he was freed of expectations. It was as much of a pilgrimage as it was a vacation, and Galahad was happy to twine the two. He'd go out to the beach on his own some days, especially early in the morning or late in the evening, when the sun bled red into the sea. He'd float on his back, lulled to serenity by the gentle waves, and his lazily trickling thoughts would think only of the water that cradled him, embraced him in cool calmness and filled his ears with a buzz, a silence so loud, a racket so muted. He'd let his mind turn to the Goddess, to her magic he felt simmering all around him. Galahad could stay all day by the beach, running his fingers through the smooth, warm sand or watching crabs scuttle by in the shallows, climbing swiftly over rocks polished by the waves.

On certain occasions, they'd bring Nimue along, to visit her mother. His father was fond of Nimue – of her quiet, patient, observant way, of her understanding of the Lady of the Lake. He'd always encouraged Galahad to train with her, to challenge each other and push the other further. His mother was merely happy he had a friend in her.

Nimue was fond of all life teeming on the beach and underwater. She'd stare at the banks of little fish that'd swim where the water was low and clear, their slick skin trickling their legs as they rushed by. Sometimes, she'd find a crab and pick the little critter up – place thumb and index on either side of its shell, just below the base of its little yet fearsome pincers – and hold them up, inspecting them with twinkling eyes.

"Do you ever feel like a crab?" she once asked. The captured green creature flailed its pincers menacingly, the effect belied by the empty air it pinched.

Galahad, seated on the wet sand, letting the waves wash over him, feeling them stir shells and rocks under his palms whenever the current dragged the water back – almost wishing he went away with them too – looked up at Nimue. "Last I checked, I don't feel like pinching things or walking sideways."

Gawain would have given a more enthusiastic answer; he'd have taken it as an exercise in imagination and would likely have turned it into one of his stories, about a crab that talked and thought and felt like humans and was supposed to be some sort of commentary on principles and society and the likes.

Nimue smiled playfully. "You could with some magic."

Gawain would have jumped at the opportunity. Galahad simply snorted. Nimue, undeterred by his response, put the little creature back down and sidled up to him.

"You know what else we could do with some magic?" she asked, tilting her head. "Go watch the fish swim underwater."

This he eagerly assented to.

The day leading up to their departure was always the hardest, pervaded by a sense of wistfulness that extended and deepened into their journey, as their boat speared through the mist and the island was left behind. All their dispositions were subdued, muted; his mother would often sigh, and his father's brow would pucker as if pinched by a crab. Nimue, when she accompanied them, would grow quiet and serious, her face as placid as the undisturbed water, settled in the wake of a raging storm. On his part, Galahad found himself staring longingly at the sea; many times upon catching his expression, he'd find furrows creasing his brow – and it'd strike him how alike Lancelot it made him look.

Then he'd pray to the Goddess, and it made him feel so much better.

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Apr 21, 2023](#)

Finally close to wrapping up the Elaine scene I keep mentioning! I know I've been talking about it for a while; it was...something 🙄 Fun, but also quite a bit, or at least that's what it felt like - likely because there were a lot of choices involved. Also, I actually ended up writing more, but I took out a chunk of the conversation since I realized it's too early for Elaine to open up so much to Mordred (even one who's been friendly and nice) so instead I'll be moving those bits to a different scene later.

Following up the Elaine scene, we have a Gareth POV coming up! I've actually already worked on it a bit (yes, I do not always work in order; if inspiration strikes, I need to take notes haha). I think this may be the scene to wrap up this month's update, but I may have the time for one more small scene I'd like to get done. We'll see.

The update will be coming next week; I'm aiming to get a quick-start character creation done for it, so you can begin from chapter 5 directly - but I may have also finally found a solution to the issue that old saves caused with certain variables, so there's that 🙄

Also, not for Royal Sorcerer tier patrons: The mini-game will be posted tomorrow!

[April mini-game](#)

[Apr 22, 2023](#)

The chosen theme of this month was Alina's confession in chapter 4, seen through Gareth's POV! This was interesting to write, hope you enjoy it!

Link: <https://lamagirl.itch.io/alinas-confession>

Password: POVGareth395

If you find any issues, let me know here:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSdmXmRPJfqmoDd4oO4-QwhZiel4yk63j4EguWecpl5mBy_IKQ/viewform?usp=sf_link

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Apr 28, 2023](#)

I'm almost finished with work on the update - just need to polish the quick character creation I've added for ease of playing and testing updates - and I'll be posting it tomorrow. I'll include more details in the demo update post! The creation doesn't yet contain all variables needed (there's quite a lot, haha), but it'll have what's necessary for this new update.

For Champion Knight and above tiers: the short story featuring Galahad is also coming tomorrow!

[At the fair with Galahad](#)

[Apr 29, 2023](#)

You lost Gawain and Elaine. Galahad and you have taken your eyes off them for one moment – to lock into a contest of finding out who can level the meanest glare over some petty words exchanged you can't even remember – then poof! Your little party was short of two people.

Disappearing was no difficult feat; the sheer size of the crowd milling about the fair ensures one is immediately swallowed up upon stepping into the ever-flowing stream of people. With both Elaine and Gawain tipsy and giddy from the ale, you doubt they'll find you very soon.

So that leaves you alone with Galahad who, unlike his friends, is decisively not drunk, and very much grumpy. Owing to your presence, you suspect.

Ah! But you now remember what landed you so engrossed in each other's hateful gazes. You'd suggested that Galahad indulge some more in the alcohol, in hopes of losing that scowl etched into his forehead.

"Someone has to keep watch over those two," he'd replied. Meanwhile, those two vanished.

So much for being the responsible one.

Despite the low chances of finding the pair, you've decided to pursue your search and took off at a brisk step, growing increasingly dizzy as you looked for their faces among the crowd.

"You know," you say to Galahad as he waits for you to re-emerge from behind a laughing, bubbly group that forced you to split up, "it'd be the perfect opportunity for you to lose me in the crowd, too. If you want to get rid of my clearly undesirable presence."

"No," Galahad says, roundly and readily.

Your brow raises.

He crosses his arms and stares ahead. "I'd have to look for you too then." Before it could be mistaken for a noble act, he adds: "Elaine and Gawain wouldn't like it if you got lost."

"Of course. But *you* wouldn't mind, would you?"

He doesn't reply; the only sign that he's even heard you is the deepening of his frown as he keeps his eyes fixed forward.

Of course he wouldn't, you think to yourself as a strange pang stabs at your chest. You shouldn't let it affect you. Why would you care about the opinion of the likes of Galahad du Lac? It doesn't matter if he values your companionship or not – you certainly do not enjoy his, though you can't deny he can be fun to tease. There's something so amusing about his deeply unamused face, the creases in his brow and the moue on his lips so easily drawn out by a simple remark on your part.

For better or worse, you are stuck with him.

You sigh, letting your head roll back with a satisfying pop. As you do, your eyes land on rows of bright, colorful booths, sure to entice the younger and more playful crowd.

"I don't think we'll find Gawain and Elaine very soon," you say, which Galahad does not protest. "We could play something," you flippantly suggest.

He merely scoffs.

You haven't even meant the proposal, but the contempt in that huff of air makes you turn to him with a sharp smile and newfound ambition. "Why not? Are you afraid I'll thoroughly trash you?" You speak with

confidence; you can afford it. Accolon's proficient at fair games, and he's taught you all his tricks and tips.

You know them, and you know Galahad too; he cannot not accept a dare like this. He meets your gaze, steadfast and filled with a conviction that makes his violet eyes bright and gleaming. "Let's see it."

You march towards the vibrant booths, searching for one not currently occupied. You end up in front of a patch of grass. Two wooden poles have been stuck in the earth some way ahead for what you immediately recognize as hoop tossing. A popular, classic one. The fair worker, who doesn't look much older than you, hands you your twine-rope rings, each set with a differently colored piece of fabric attached.

As you take positions behind the rope tethered to the ground, clearly delineating how close you can get to the poles, Galahad warns: "Don't you dare cheat."

"Pff," you huff, idly twirling a ring around your wrist. "Whenever have I cheated?"

"Back in Lothia. You dared me to a staring contest then went ahead and cheated by holding your eyes open with your fingers."

You almost drop the hoop. "You..remember that?"

It happened such a long time ago, at that tournament where you first had the misfortune to meet. He'd stolen your spot by the river and refused to relinquish it, so you won it back by whatever means necessary. It must have left quite the impression on him if he's haunted enough by the memory to bring it up now. But you remember it so well too, don't you? After all, it was one of the few interactions you've had with him growing up.

"Of course I do." Galahad's fingers tighten on the twine hoop, his honeyed tan tinged by pink. "You were being obnoxious."

Your brow furrows as you study his face, now turned resolutely towards the poles. Is he...angry? Over a petty, childish thing you did years ago? Well, perhaps it'll motivate him to play better. Either way, you're winning this and making it fair and square. This way, he won't be able to hold it against you the next time.

Galahad jerks his chin at the targets. "You go first."

You poise yourself, firmly planting your feet in the grass just before the delineating rope, trying to remember everything Accolon has told you, channeling all the practice you've got over the years. With a deep breath and eyes intent on the pole, you throw your hoop. It lands beautifully, whirling around before it settles down.

You can't help the grin that pulls at your lips. You look over at Galahad – who's already looking at you, seizing you up as if you were an opponent more competent than anticipated.

You go at it, both of you severely concentrated as if your honor depended on this game, tossing your rings in turn. Galahad misses a throw, but then so do you.

If he'd only miss another one, you'd win. Your fingers tingle in anticipation, yet you cross your arms and tuck your hands for good measure. You said you wouldn't cheat this time, and you're pretty sure causing a small breeze to knock his hoop off course falls into this category as neatly as a loop around the pole.

You shift your attention from your thoughts of foul-play to Galahad, preparing for his next toss. You've both been treating this as if it were a trial in a knightly tournament. Galahad especially looks like it, with the focused creases on his brow, far gentler than the ones traced there by his scowls. His chest rises and falls rhythmically as he steadies himself, the motion visible through the blue-dyed linen of his simple chemise. He pulls back his arm, ring held in sure fingers.

The sun is mellow, showering everything in soft, golden light. It brings out the warmth in Galahad's complexion, the gild in his blonde hair, and the wisteria violet of his eyes that meet yours, wide and alarmed.

You freeze, eyes locked in mutual confusion like two deer that have spooked each other; you bolt away first, snapping your gaze away from his. How long have you been staring, for him to notice? It's not your fault it's taking him so long to make the damn toss – the fate of the game, and your triumph depends on it, so obviously you wanted to see him throw the hoop already.

You chance a look at Galahad, relieved to find his attention turned back on the poles. Yet his concentration seems to waver as he shifts his weight uneasily and flexes his fingers on the twine ring. Then, as if finally losing his patience, he throws the hoop – it lands a way off from both targets.

Whatever lingering awkwardness is dispelled and replaced by victory. "I won!"

Galahad does not share in your enthusiasm. He's spun around, as if not bearing to see either his failed toss or your smirk. "Did you cheat?" he demands.

"Excuse me! I played fair and squire this time!"

He still refuses to face you. "Great. Congratulations. We should start looking for Gawain and Elaine again."

Then he stalks off. Before you follow, you take a moment to wonder at his stubbornness, and – was that a flush upon his cheeks?

What a spoilsport.

[Demo update](#)

[Apr 29, 2023](#)

What's new?

- More of chapter 5!
- Morgana asks Mordred a favor
- Give Elaine a tour of the castle (or don't)
- Gareth's POV: Catch a glimpse of his thoughts on the engagement
- Quick character creation! Answer some questions and get to jump directly into chapter 5

Note on the quick character creation: It contains all necessary information for what there is of chapter 5 (and some extra stuff) but it's not complete yet, as you'll notice some very glaring missing questions. There are quite a lot of big and little things to keep track of so I'm still building it, adding them as I go.

Also another note on Gareth: If you are on tumblr and follow my blog, you may know I have given some info about Gareth (I'm being intentionally vague, yes) that no longer stands with this new update. It'll be clear once you read his POV, so I won't comment on it yet as to not spoil you!

Link: <https://llamagirl.itch.io/the-bastard-of-camelot-beta>

New Password: BOCUpdate621

If you find any bugs or typos, have any suggestions or simply wish to leave me feedback, here's a handy dandy Google form:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSc7F8P0TtGRrucAzhU9j57I29IELyFBdcU7TxxyxQ9HMFsKgg/viewform?usp=sf_link

[May POV shift mini-game poll](#)

[Apr 30, 2023](#)

This is coming late and I am so sorry for it. I got so caught up in wrapping up the update that I completely forgot to post the poll earlier. As a result, this time the poll will stay open a few days into May!

If you'd like to suggest any scene from the demo to be added on the next poll, you can do so through this Google form:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSdz8L0mDqv11V2z5_7Zdalcd0WZp0UsdSFK9kSZ7bN_1Sywww/viewform?usp=sf_link

Mordred finds out the truth about their conception, seen through Morgana's POV (chapt4)

11%

Nicol's (the Duke's kid) POV of Mordred and Morgana arriving in Tintal (chapt 2)

6%

Gawain confesses his crush/Mordred confesses their feelings (chapt3)

22%

Mordred confesses the truth to Gareth in the aftermath of revelations (chapt 4)

61%

Poll ended May 4, 2023 · 64 votes total

[Weird issue](#)

[May 2, 2023](#)

So, I was going through bug and typo reports, and someone mentioned the Open Dyslexic font not working and I discovered something...weird. Sometimes it refuses to register changes when I go to settings, but if I press "restore to default" then select the font I want, I managed to change between all three available fonts on mobile. Similarly on desktop, though I can't quite tell if the Open Dyslexic font looks as it should. I'm going to look more into it; in the meantime I'm updating the demo with other issues fixed.

Questions for the players: Is anyone else having trouble with the open dyslexic font, or fonts in general with Boc? Both desktop and mobile. Also, do any of you, by any chance, know a twine game that also has open dyslexic included? Just so I can check out how they look 😊

[May short story poll](#)

[May 3, 2023](#)

This month we're choosing from friends/family/Lot, who can't claim the first and the only thing making him the second one is a piece of paper. Note: Gareth won previously so he's not going to be featured on this poll, but he will return for voting next time!

Edit: Oh no, I just noticed there's a typo for Lot's option; it should be just Lot, not Morgana and Lot as it might look like 😅 I'm so sorry - it won't let me edit now. I suppose in the eventuality that option wins I could include Morgana in some way, but it looks like Arthur is leading so far anyway 🙄

Morgana

8%

Accolon

18%

Arthur

48%

Morgana Lot (if you like pain)

26%

Poll ended May 7, 2023 · 62 votes total

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[May 6, 2023](#)

I've been dealing with typos and bugs as they came - I'm still trying to fix the issue with the Open Dyslexic font. In the meanwhile, I've done some work on chapter 5, writing another little Morgana scene that can get pretty angsty 🙄

For Knight tier and above, just wanted to let you know I've finished the short story, but it still needs some polishing. This one features Kay!

[Fixed font issue!](#)

[May 6, 2023](#)

Open dyslexic works now - as does easily changing between fonts! Just wanted to let y'all know :)

[Second short story poll](#)

[May 8, 2023](#)

Arthur won! Time to vote on the Mordred to be featured in this month's second short story. The sweet, gentle, patient type will be sitting out on this poll since they won last time Arthur was chosen.

A defiant, spunky Mordred, who doesn't mince words

21%

A charming, smooth, and confident Mordred

20%

A playful, high-energy, cheerful Mordred

59%

Poll ended May 11, 2023 · 61 votes total

[Weekly developer's update](#)

[May 13, 2023](#)

I've finished the Morgana scene I mentioned last week, as well as wrote a little bit with Lot that only appears on certain routes 🙄 Right now I'm drafting the next scene, which includes a lecture that takes an interesting turn - but before it, you'll learn some more lore! And we'll be seeing more of Teacher Damian.

I've also worked on the mini-game for the Royal Sorcerer tier, and I'm aiming to post the short story (for Knight tier and above) in the following days!

[Kay has a visitor](#)

[May 16, 2023](#)

Kay shot out of the carriage before it could properly judder to a stop in front of the Estate. He landed on the gravel with a loud, crunchy thud. The impact sent a jolt that traveled from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head, but still could not shake off the grin on his lips. It threatened to split his face just so it could better accommodate it.

Lance followed behind, dropping off far more calmly. His demeanor was so subdued next to Kay's that one who regarded them side by side could almost call him melancholy. Yet by Lance standards, it was as wild an expression of joy as you could conceive.

He scanned their surroundings with bright, gleaming eyes – it made their gray as sharp as the freshly whetted blade of a sword – looking for the three figures Lance was most excited to see whenever arriving at Kay's home.

And they wouldn't disappoint him this time either. A nearby bush shook fretfully, spooking all the nearby birds, rudely interrupted from their merry warbling. Three furry beasts leapt out, the largest reaching all the way to Kay's waist. The patter of their paws filled the air, resounding through the trees flanking the roadway up to the Castle, coalescing with their huffs and puffs and barks.

They assaulted both boys; a storm of fluff, wagging tails and unfettered joy descended upon them. Kay petted and scratched, not sure where one dog began and ended in that swarming pile of excitement, doing his best to avoid a wet lick to the face. He was left alone soon enough as all three dogs converged on Lance who, as always, had cheated his way into their undivided attention by bringing tasty treats for them.

"You know," Kay said, smile turning mischievous as he watched Lance struggle to pet everyone. If he took his hand off one to scratch the other, his attention was promptly urged back by an urgent prod of a snout into his side. "I have the growing suspicion you're only visiting to spend time with them, not me."

"Why else?" Lance replied, voice laced with amusement as Archie licked his cheek in endearing – and slobbering – greeting.

Kay placed a hand on his chest, feigning offense. "Oh! So you admit?"

Lance looked him square in the eye. "Yes."

They both burst into laughter.

"I see you're already having fun."

Ector appeared from the side of the Castle, approaching slowly and brightly as he leaned on his cane, which he'd carved himself – either by the fire on rainy days, or out in the garden on sunny ones, regaling Arthur and Kay with all sorts of tales.

The dogs flocked to Ector, abandoning both boys; Poppy licked his hand in the hopes the gesture would yield a hidden treat as it did with Lance. All she received was a scratch behind the ears, which seemed just as good a substitute.

"How was training?"

Kay's mentor always had complaints to balance out all the praise he had for his performance. His excitement and self-assuredness were both virtues and failings. This time, however, he had only good words to impart to his parents.

Kay put his fists on his hips and puffed out his chest. "Sir says I've been applying myself more and more. Thanks to my sparring partner." He glanced at Lance, who was openly smiling. Kay couldn't quite tell whether the pride in his expression was directed at him, Lance himself or both; everyone thought of the boy as very humble and modest, but Kay knew he ate up compliments like his dogs gobbled up treats. He was just better at not showing it. The lack of a tail to wag certainly helped.

Ector smiled, eyes crinkling. The warmth in his gaze was undoubtedly directed at both of them. "Then it's cause for celebration and some good rest, isn't it?"

"Yes! And we'll start by lazing about in the garden, won't we Lance?" Kay had bought a new board game from Camelot town, and it was all he talked about as they rode home.

"With cake and lemonade?" Ector asked.

Kay pumped his fist in the air. "With cake and lemonade!"

There was a small, cozy wooden gazebo out in the sprawling yard, nestled at the heart of the flower garden. All its cobblestone paths, flanked by neatly trimmed, colorful beds of roses, daisies and carnations, converged towards this one simple yet elegant structure. Many times when playing, Kay and Arthur had fancied it as anything from castle or tower to dungeon. This time, for Lance and him, it was merely a gazebo offering shelter from the sun and a comfortable place to spread out the new board game.

They both poured over the rulebook, and carefully took out the little figurines and map to spread out. Kay *loved* board games. He'd long forsaken the simple ones that required the player to get from point A

to point B for ones with far more intricate rules and requirements – though the former were fun, too, if you didn't want to have to leaf through booklets to know if you could make the move you wanted. Kay especially adored the games that had some story attached to them and allowed you to make choices and had you think of your actions, and let your imagination run wild.

They were visited every now and then by the dogs, thrusting sniffing, curious noses amid their game to catch a whiff of the tiny little wooden-carved humans, or the fabric, threaded map spread between them. Sensing no treat hidden in the game box, they'd move on to nudging Kay's or Lance's side for pets.

They played well into the afternoon, and at some point progressed to simply laying down on the wooden floor of the gazebo, chatting about all sorts of things in quiet voices, enjoying every little breeze that'd blow over them, carrying the heady fragrance of the garden on its gentle wings.

The sun was slowly slinking down towards the horizon, bathing everything in warm golden, turning yellow leaves to bronze, giving the green foliage a verdant luster. Long shadows played across the garden, making it look as if figures lurked between the trees. The woods beyond the yard were rendered dark and deep and mysterious. A keen yearning to explore ached within Kay's chest, but he knew Lance would call it *dangerous* at such a late hour, or whatever else adult nonsense.

Kay started up, seized by a need to *move*.

"Duel me?" Kay asked.

"We just had training this morning," Lance said, brow quirked and bemused smile playing on his lips.

"Yeah, but this is so very different," Kay said, "we use wooden swords, and embellish more than our mentors would approve of. Imagine we're facing some fearsome beast! It's much more fun."

Despite his initial protest, Lance wasn't about to turn down a challenge. He didn't just fight the best among the squires his age – he fought like his life depended on it, like he truly did enjoy that thrill. Kay too loved it, though he never took it quite as seriously as him. He doubted anyone else did.

Kay fetched the swords from where they kept all outdoors toys, and they took position out on a stretch of grass with no flowers to trample or thorny bushes to get knocked down onto. There were, however, trees to take cover and climb, which made it a fitting playground.

"Why are we dueling?" Kay asked as he twirled the wooden toy between his fingers.

Lance contemplatively tapped the tip of his sword against his boot. "We're rival knights, fighting over our injured honor."

They threw themselves into battle, wooden swords meeting with a resounding *thunk*. One would have thought they'd spent all their energy, zeal and sweat on their training earlier that day; yet they now fought with renewed verve. They jumped over roots, scurried up low branches and circled each other, throwing taunts in accordance with their roles.

Kay had just been forced back against a tree trunk by Lance's relentless, decisive attacks when motion caught his eye. The double-doors, leading into the back veranda, were opened just enough for a head to peek through, as coyly as the feeble, transparent silhouette of the moon, waiting to take her reign of the sky after the sun had completely sunk.

Kay raised a hand in greeting. "Arthur!"

Lance thrust the sword forward. "Got you," he said with a smirk.

Kay looked down. The sword was slid in the space between his torso and arm – but in the terms of their story, it was lodged between his ribs.

"That wasn't fair! I wasn't paying attention."

"And that's my fault how?" Lance demanded, shrugging one shoulder.

Kay puffed and shook his head, but he couldn't keep the grin off his face.

Arthur's small, nervous figure fully emerged from behind the great doors, followed closely by Bear. He skipped down the stairs, approaching them like a skittish kitten that did not quite know how to act around the older cats. He'd always been a timid kid, even among his peers. The only ones who he felt the most well at ease with were, by his own admission, his family and Elewen, who might as well have been his sister – only more scaly and sharp-nailed.

Lance inclined his head in greeting and Kay called out, leaning against the tree trunk: "Back from the Temple?"

He and their mother had taken a trip to a Temple of the Lady of the Lake back in Camelot town, though they did not depart by the same carriage, let alone the same time. Kay was up preparing for training before the sun could yet cast its first bloodless, gray rays upon the land; by the time he left, Arthur and his mother were barely rousing.

"Were you playing? Did I interrupt?" Arthur asked. He'd buried his fingers deep into Bear's fluffy brown mane, holding on as if for support.

"You helped Lance defeat me."

"Oh," Arthur blinked innocently. "I had the impression he was already winning."

Lance turned to Kay in expectations of his protests, eyes twinkling with amusement. Kay would not indulge him.

"Well, no matter. I demand a rematch."

Lance's fingers flexed and tightened on the wooden grip in silent acceptance of the challenge.

Arthur jumped in, face bright and hopeful. "Can I join too?"

Both boys eagerly included him and as was their tacit understanding, tempered their force and zest, though not their enthusiasm. Kay put on a dramatic performance for Arthur's amusement in the role of the villain he and Lance had to defeat, and Lance in turn was patient and gentle when evincing tricks and trips for the younger boy, in a way you scarcely would have guessed he was capable of after witnessing how ruthless he could be in training. Arthur hung onto his every word, fixing him with eyes as starry as the deepening sky unfolding above them. It opened many opportunities Kay could have taken to defeat him, but he ignored them all; he liked letting Arthur win, just to let him savor that giddy triumph.

Kay had got himself cornered for the second time that day, this time by Lance and Arthur alike. The former raised his sword, haloed by the twilight sky, urging Arthur to do the same as to deliver the blow together. Neither came.

A silhouette cut out straight from the shadows leapt high between the boys, sending them tottering back. They all watched, perplexed, as Bear ran away with Lance's sword held in its mouth as if it was any of the other twigs and branches he picked from the yard and brandished about hoping to find someone to tug at the opposite end.

Arthur was the first to burst into laughter, followed quickly by the other two. As Lance gave chase to retrieve his sword, only to be pulled into a game of tug, Kay wiped at the tears clouding his vision, breathless yet chuckling. His lowered guard and inattention were yet again exploited.

Arthur gently thrust his sword at Kay's sore stomach and grinned up at him. "I win."

He laughed anew – an explosive burst of air through his nose – before assuming a dramatic pose. "Indeed you have!"

He and Arthur discarded their toy weapons and sat down on the grass, watching Lance completely give up on retrieving his sword – an intent Kay really doubted he had in the first place – to instead play with Bear, to the dog's delight.

"Lance really is something else with a sword, isn't he?" Arthur asked. He'd folded up his legs to his chest and looped his arms around them, effectively making himself into a tiny little ball.

"He is. Wait till you become a squire too and spar with him in training. He really is relentless."

A smile pulled at Arthur lips as he rested his chin on his knees, eyes fixed on Lance as if held to the boy by an invisible thread. It wasn't the first time Arthur had made a comment on Lance to Kay, or an inquiry he was far too shy to direct at Lance himself; and he'd seen that transfixed look on him before, drinking in everything Lance said or did.

A mischievous smile playing on his lips, Kay leant in and whispered, "Why are you so interested in Lance? Do you like him or what?"

The boy started then froze, as if caught red-handed. He turned to his brother with wide, alarmed eyes, flitting between Kay and Lance as if the breeze might have carried the words to the latter.

"Wait," Kay stared back just as surprised. He had only been half-serious. "You really do?"

Arthur fretted and fussed, worrying at his bottom lip with his teeth. "No! I just...admire him," he said, voice coming off muffled as he hid his face in the burrow between his arms and folded legs.

Kay smiled. "It's alright. I promise not to tell." Arthur mumbled something that may have been a thank, may have been a protest. Maybe both.

Kay turned towards Lance, who, for all his skill and talents, had been sent right on his butt by an overly-enthusiastic Bear. Nothing majestic about it, yet Arthur still peeked at him as if he were some knightly hero from one of his books. Little kids always had such infatuations on older kids – he too had been enthralled by a noble's daughter when he was Arthur's age, and her older then than Kay was now. He'd been far more daunting than Arthur is his romantic ventures though, bringing her flowers as gifts which she always received with a smile and tousle of his hair.

"Hey," he nudged Arthur's knee with his own. "You know you can tell me anything, right? I'm here for you, whatever."

"I know," Arthur said, raising his face to fully meet Kay's eye; there were no reservations in it.

"Good." Then Kay threw out an arm around Arthur's shoulders, pulled him into his side and squeezed till the boy started laughing.

Author's note: I feel people will go wild over a particular detail 🙄 Also, just to be clear: the noble's daughter Kay refers to is not his future wife - Hilde is about the same age as him.

[Sneak peek](#)

[May 16, 2023](#)

Dinner passes pleasantly enough, if you don't account for Lot's glare, doggedly fixed on you throughout the whole affair. He can't openly display his sentiments over your meeting with Elaine - which must rankle him so - not in such lovely company. Instead, he must resume himself to watching you as if you were a dangerous creature let loose into the parlor. You're certain that were Lot a sorcerer with an affinity for fire like you, you'd have long combusted right where you're standing. As it is, you can meet his eye with no care of blazing consequences, and even smirk behind your goblet with wicked glee at his hidden torment.

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[May 20, 2023](#)

Did you enjoy Mordred's lessons last chapter? Hope so, cause we're getting another one, featuring Teacher Damian! The topic this time? War and alliances. This scene also leads up into a conversation with Gareth if you have a high relationship, which I'm currently working on (otherwise, the lecture bit is done; I do want to go back and polish/tweak some points tho) where you can discuss more about Elaine and his feelings on the engagement. I think once I'm done with it I'll wrap up this month's update and start the editing process.

For the Royal Sorcerer tier: the mini-game is coming later today!

[May mini-game](#)

[May 20, 2023](#)

The chosen theme of this month was another chapter 4 scene, this one featuring Mordred running off to Gareth for comfort...and to share certain shattering revelations. All told from Gareth's perspective!

Last month also featured Gareth, you folks really like him :) He'll sit out the next poll though - since I also kinda ran out of scenes with him for the moment, haha. Anyway, on to the game!

Link: <https://lamagirl.itch.io/gareth-revelations>

Password: RevelationsGameGareth

If you find any issues - typos, inconsistencies - let me know here:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSdmXmRPJfqmoDd4oO4-QwhZiel4yk63j4EguWecpl5mBy_IKQ/viewform?usp=sf_link

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[May 27, 2023](#)

I'm almost done with the update! I've wrapped up writing, but there's some more editing that needs to be done, so I'm aiming for a release on Monday.

As for the short story featuring Arthur, it'll be posted it over the weekend!

I also have some ideas to develop/tweak some aspects of the dragon lore that I'm really excited about! I've been thinking about these for a while.

[Playing in the forest](#)

[May 28, 2023](#)

It's a heated summer day, with a crystalline blue sky clear of any clouds that may mellow out the sun's relentless rays. The cracked, parched earth itself seems to emit back the overwhelming warmth, and the woods, with their tempting shade, offer little respite from it all, the very air stifling. Yet nothing can smother your over-abundant energy.

You're beaming as incandescent as the sun – how could you not be? Arthur's here, and it's been months since you've seen him. You exchange letters religiously, but it's never quite the same as having him here to talk and play and sometimes, just stay in comfortable silence. So anytime he carves time out of his kingly schedule to come visit, you take full advantage of the opportunity.

The summer heat has never slowed you down, either. It'd be a shame to stay all couped up indoors or languish on pillows under a canopy – no matter how alluring a pitcher of cold, sweet tea may be – when every fiber of your being craves some excitement.

When you told Arthur that you *needed to move*, needed to do something fun instead of liquifying in the heat, he just laughed and said you reminded him of Kay. He enthusiastically agreed to your suggestion to play and so, equipped with wooden toy swords and lots and lots of water, you were headed for the woods that cradle the Castle grounds.

It's always interesting to note the shift in Arthur's demeanor, when he's not playing his Kingly role. Dressed just for the occasion of trekking through the woods in a comfy, unassuming tunic as he is, you wouldn't even guess he's a King.

The woods are the perfect playing ground, nature itself offering plenty of obstacles and advantages to make your game challenging and keep you on your toes.

“So, why are we dueling?” Arthur gamely asked, tossing his sword in the air to effortlessly catch it again by the grip. It traces a tall arc underneath the verdant canopy before it falls back into his waiting hand, fingers closing confidently around the grip.

You don’t always do this, but adding a storyline and imaginary stakes to your game always makes it more fun; it gives you a thrill and purpose.

You scrunch up your face in thought, tapping your fingers against the wooden, dull blade as you try to come up with something interesting. The fiercest, most gripping sparring session you had was when you managed to borrow a group of training dummies to act as your foes. Half of them ended up destroyed and burnt, but the knights were quickly appeased when Arthur not only brought in replacements, but more dummies than were ruined.

Your dragon friend and Elewen couldn’t join you today – their presence would have been eagerly welcomed, but they’re otherwise engaged at the moment. Elewen has been invited by their family for a flight out to the hills and a picnic. Heat doesn’t affect the dragons as harshly as it does humans – they are able, in general, to weather the elements far better than you.

Ah! But you have an idea now.

“We’re dueling over a legendary treasure trove, that we both laid claim to.”

Arthur nods and readies his stance. “Let’s start.”

Your swords meet, the *thunk* of wood resounding across the woods. You take your game earnestly, throwing yourself into your roles and strikes as you jump over roots and duck behind tree trunks. You deftly scramble up low branches when you manage to run ahead of Arthur, only to pounce on his back as he comes into view beneath you. He proves himself just as stealthy in return, jumping out in your path from behind bushes, while you ran around clueless to his whereabouts. He used your surprise to land a hit squarely in your abdomen, just as you had used your drop on him to land on in his back.

Arthur may have been forced to give up on becoming a knight when he ascended the throne, but he hasn’t neglected the skills he’s learnt over his years as a squire; he’s a worthy opponent, even if he doesn’t have the same prowess of someone like Accolon. He makes up enough for it with enthusiasm.

It’s not all just playing, though. Now that your own scales have come out, you can practice summoning them with Arthur, and show him the progress you’ve made in between your reunions. You have rather good control over their emergence and withdrawal and the extent of skin you want them to cover. So you’ve incorporated this into your play-fights – the ones you conduct deep into the woods, where no one can catch a glimpse at the ruby red glinting on your skin. If your sword strikes a strip of scale armor, it doesn’t count as an injury. The added rule has made your games even more difficult and exhilarating.

You run through the forest, striking and parrying and yelping when a hit of the dull blade lands. Your voices echo through the trees and spook the poor, warbling birds. Your wild trek has led you all the way

to the river, where you stand poised in waiting, blood singing in your veins, drumming in your ears. You can hear Arthur up ahead, boots pattering against the dry soil.

Arthur springs forth from the bushes, ready to attack –

– only to trip over a thick, slithering root sticking up from the earth. He totters, hands spread out. You make to help him, but he's already regained his balance as you reach out. That's it. That's your opening. His feet may be firmly planted back on the ground, but the momentary staggering has left him vulnerable. So you draw back the helping hand, and proffer instead your sword. You tap his side, exploding in a victorious: "I win!"

Arthur admits defeat with a grin. "Indeed."

Your duel over and adrenaline slowly subsiding, you need a rest. You crawl over to the riverbank, dipping your arms up to your elbows into the refreshingly cool water. With how sweaty you are, damp clothes clinging uncomfortably to your heated skin, you might as well submerge yourself completely into the water. You don't do it though, regardless of how tempting it is. Instead you cup your hands and wash your face, run your wet fingers over the back of your neck, letting the droplets lick down your spine. Arthur follows suit, splashing water onto his face, going so far as to kick off his boots and dip his legs in.

"Well, this was great exercise," Arthur chuckles, short-winded. "It reminds me of playing in the woods behind our home, with Kay and Lance."

It's a subject he's broached many times, always fondly. Even now, a gentle expression graces his face as he stares off into the distance, most likely tuning out the rows of trees and bushes lining the river.

"They were so sweet; Lance would go gentle on me and show me all the moves, Kay would put all his energy into it and make it entertaining for all of us. They both used to go easy on me, you know, let me win – I'll admit, I'm grateful they did, because I really did love winning. Once I was older I told them I don't want them to do it any longer. I already was a squire for a few years, and I wanted to see what they were capable of – and give myself a challenge. Lance is...really something else when he doesn't hold back," he laughs, but the sound is cut short, the smile replaced by a grimace. "I mean. Yeah." He falls silent, kicking at a rock underwater. The motion sends ripples across the rivers. "Kay is a great swordsman too. Confident – maybe a bit impulsive, sometimes."

He often does this – slipping into talking about Lancelot in that warm tone, recounting their adventures together or amazing qualities, which you are not privy to witnessing due to Lance's definitely not *amazing* dislike of you. Arthur tells you he's done his best to endear you to him, but you're dubious of his success.

But who cares about Lancelot? You're here to have a good time, and thinking of him does not help with that. You dismiss the thought as if it merely were an annoying fly.

"You're not holding back against me though, are you?" you ask him, angling a narrowed gaze his way.

Arthur laughs again, this time wholeheartedly. "Of course not! You asked me not to, so I won't. But I must say, at the rate you're fighting, you'll soon surpass me."

You puff out your chest, swelling with pride. You stand a while longer by the river, cooling off and chatting, before you pick back up your swords and start your game anew.

[Demo update](#)

[May 29, 2023](#)

What's new?

- More of chapter 5!
- Run into Morgana.
- More lessons with Teacher Damian! Find out more about Uther and the wars he waged.
- Have a talk with Gareth, if close.

Note: There's a couple things I've noticed that need tweaking, but it's nothing that'll break the game, just added flavor text; I noticed the only point at which you can define your attitude towards Lot appears when you show Elaine around, so I must also introduce it somewhere where everyone can select it, but it's not an issue for this update. Also, some flavor text if Mordred's crushing on Elaine, added in a certain scene. I'll try to do this tomorrow, because right now it's late 😊

IMPORTANT NOTE: There is one possible inconsistency bug that'll appear, if you use a save from where the last update ended; apparently, I haven't properly declared the variable which stores whether you gave Elaine the tour or not, so it can potentially affect the Morgana scene (it'll assume you didn't give her the tour). I'm not sure if it will, but if it happens, that's the issue. So sorry for the inconvenience! (the quick-start character creation should do the trick, though!)

Link: <https://llamagirl.itch.io/the-bastard-of-camelot-beta>

New Password: UpdateBOC896

If you find any bugs or typos, have any suggestions or simply wish to leave me feedback, here's a handy dandy Google form:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSc7F8P0TtGRrucAzhU9j57I29IELyFBdcU7TxyyxQ9HMFsKgg/viewform?usp=sf_link

[June POV-shift minigame poll](#)

[May 30, 2023](#)

If you'd like to suggest any scene from the demo to be added on the next poll, you can do so through this Google form:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSdz8L0mDqvf11V2z5_7Zdalcd0WZp0UsdSFK9kSZ7bN_1Sywww/viewform?usp=sf_link

Dragon racing with Elaine (chapt 5)

3%

Elaine is given a tour of the castle (from the inner courtyard to arriving at the lodge/chapt5)

9%

Finding Galahad at Mordred's spot by the river (befriend/charm routes, chapt 3)

42%

Mordred finds out the truth about their conception, seen through Morgana's POV (chapt4)

26%

Gawain confesses his crush/Mordred confesses their feelings (chapt3)

20%

Poll ended Jun 2, 2023 · 66 votes total

[Merlin brings you an exciting vision of the future!](#)

[Jun 2, 2023](#)

Hi folks, I have some very exciting news to share with all of you! For once, Merlin doesn't bring you a vision of doom.

I've been talking with James from Infinite Stars, and [I managed to secure Patreon trial access to their content as a thank you for all your amazing support!](#) Your trial will allow you to access the Infinite Stars Patreon content at the Lieutenant tier, including the latest Patreon version of the game.



Let me introduce you to Infinite Stars, a science fiction visual novel with fantastic world building and a great story. You play as a "Mah'Abeu" shrouded in secrecy, sent on a secret mission to intervene and prevent the collapse of the fragile Human and Cephilusk alliance.

You can customise your Mah'Abeu with over 600+ possible choices, and 114,000+ words of story as you choose your pronouns, your gender, and hundreds of other actions that subtly shape your character's personality and relationships.

To celebrate, we have some awesome things in store for you! You can play [this short little scene](#) where Merlin shares one of his curious visions about the future. What's more, you can also customise your Mah'Abeu and play as Galahad du Lac's great-great-many-great grandchild, who still resembles Gally in appearance!

Aaaaaand as an extra little treat for everyone who's been showing their love and support for The Bastard of Camelot, I will be making the very beginning of chapter 5 public! (Note: it's not the whole of the Patreon/Kofi demo content, but enough to give you a taste of the new chapter and a look at Elaine!)

On top of that, you can jump straight into it with the shiny and new quick-start character creation. [Play the update here!](#)

[Give them a follow on Itchio](#), or download Infinite Stars on [Steam](#) (without the Patreon content.)

If you like what James and his crew are doing, [please consider supporting them on Patreon](#).

I hope you enjoy this cross-over, and if all goes well, we'll consider doing more fun promotions like these!

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Jun 2, 2023](#)

Hi folks! So, after updating the demo last week for May and correcting typos, I took a break and indulged in my obsession for *I was a teenage exocolonist* (highly recommend this game!) before going back to writing for Boc.

I'm working on a scene I'm very excited about, which entails taking a trip into town to the Temple of the Lady of the Lake, with both Mordred's and Elaine's families! Just a lovely outing 🧡🧡

On a note less related to the game, I was on a short trip last week and went on a little trek by the side of a small waterfall, a steep climb, occasionally narrow with just like, a drop to your side and some slippery portions - got my shoes wet, but hey it was fun, and I'm surprised that I did not get dizzy from the height. I couldn't help but think of Mordred and Nimue trekking through the woods, haha. Those two really love their expeditions into the forest.

[June short story poll](#)

[Jun 4, 2023](#)

Time to vote on the RO to be featured in the second short story of the month! Since Galahad won last time, he will be sitting out on this poll.

Nimue

29%

Gawain

19%

Elaine

4%

Isac

27%

Sophie

4%

Agravain

16%

Poll ended Jun 7, 2023 · 73 votes total

[Short story second poll](#)

[Jun 8, 2023](#)

Woooo, Nimue won! It was a tight battle between her and Isac, tho 🙄 I'm excited to see other ROs being voted! On to the second round of voting, to choose what kind of Mordred/what kind of dynamic to be featured.

Flirty, confident Mordred who wants to get close to her

20%

Sweet, easily flustered Mordred crushing hard on Nimue who wants to befriend her

43%

Mordred who is wary of Nimue and her motivations, yet feels drawn to her and will get flirty

11%

Similar as above (wary of her yet drawn to her), except this Mordred is also easily flustered

27%

Poll ended Jun 11, 2023 · 56 votes total

[Current demo password](#)

[Jun 9, 2023](#)

Someone mentioned in the google forms that they're having trouble accessing the Patreon demo (password not working) so I'll be posting it here again, aaand later today get around to finally doing a pinned post for the latest update and other monthly information, like which character/what theme won the votes? I think it could be helpful. And more organized.

But if anyone is having trouble with accessing Patreon stuff I highly encourage you to reach out in a dm here, or even leave a comment on a post, I try to check the forms regularly but not always as frequently as immediately after an update, and I don't receive notifications unlike Patreon.

So, here's the link again and current password:

Link: <https://llamagirl.itch.io/the-bastard-of-camelot-beta>

Password: UpdateBOC896

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Jun 10, 2023](#)

Hi folks! This week I've continued working on the Temple scene mentioned in the last blog. It's a longer scene, haha, and has all sorts of things happening: family outing with the Leudonus and Beauregards (not awkward at all, promise), a cute little Elaine interaction, an angsty exchange with Morgana, and more!

I've also been writing for the short story on Knight tier (and above). This one's featuring Morgana, on her journey from Avalon to the Continent, with the occasion of her forced engagement, and shows us the voyage (which Morgana mentions to Mordred in chapter 2) and her short stay in Tintal.

Anyway, I'm going to post some sneak peeks for the demo soon! 🙈

[Sneak peek](#)

[Jun 16, 2023](#)

You shrug, licking your lips. "Being a squire is hungry work."

"Couldn't fathom doing it myself, honestly." He bites on his own apple, and you both munch in silence. Then: "Great family outing, isn't it?"

You scoff, then choke. As you splutter and hack and wheeze, Gareth pats your back comfortingly.

"Best not to talk about it, then," he says. "There's something else I wanted to tell you, though."

You wipe tears from the corner of your eyes. "Oh?"

He casts a wary glance back to the riverbank, then guides you farther away from the altar, into the thicket of trees.

"I talked with mother."

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Jun 16, 2023](#)

Hi folks! Not much progress to report on the demo - though I have worked on it as well - since I decided to turn my attention to the Patreon content for the most of the week.

The Knight short story, featuring Morgana, will be posted tomorrow!

I've also been writing for the mini-game for the Royal Sorcerer tier, and I'm close to finishing. I still have a bit of work left to do on the "charm Galahad" route, but the "befriend him" one is done.

And I'll be posting another teaser!

[Sneak peek](#)

[Jun 16, 2023](#)

Beatrice Beauregard steps forward, the patter of her dainty shoes on the tiles barely audible over the rushing of the water. "We have a Temple of the Lady of the Lake too, built on the same river as our Castle is built upon, though it is some way from the grounds."

Gareth's face lights up with keen interest. "There was quite the scandal leading up to it's construction, as I remember reading."

Lot cuts his gaze to him, eyes narrowed in sudden alarm. He stands still, like a hunting dog catching whiff of prey, taut with tension and anticipation.

If there's any offense to be derived from Gareth's remark, the Beauregards do not pick up on it. Elaine tilts her head, confused more than anything else. "Was there?" she asks.

[Short message](#)

[Jun 17, 2023](#)

So, I'm about to post the Knight short story, but before doing so, I thought I'd give some context: this one, featuring Morgana leaving Avalon and arriving in Tintal, picks up recounting the events leading up to Morgana's wedding to Lot, which started in another story - the first Knight tier story I posted on Patreon, actually! Now, the new one does sum up the premise of the previous one within the first lines, but I wanted to mention this for anyone who hasn't read that story, or who may want to re-read it.

You can find it by selecting August 2022 in the search bar :)

Now on to posting this month's story!

[Morgana's journey to the Continent](#)

[Jun 17, 2023](#)

When Morgana was fifteen, she was betrothed to Lot. King Uther and Lord Merlin had personally journeyed to Avalon to deliver the dreadful news and drag her off the island.

There never was a question of accepting –it was not a proposal, but a mere fact she was informed about, thrust upon her as a supposedly advantageous union. Morgana failed to see it as anything else but a way of ruining the happiness she'd managed to find, after they'd already taken everything from her.

Morgana had cried throughout the night and the little sleep she got was fretful, plagued by horrid visions and rendered her more sick than rested.

They set off for the dock in the morning. It was a beautiful morning, bright and clear. Too bright and too clear; the light threw into relief her sunken, bloodshot eyes, the weary lines of her face. It pained Morgana to behold herself in the mirror and see her emotions so naked and raw on her features. It pained her even more to see it reflected on her family's faces.

She'd resolved she wouldn't cry before Uther and his dour-faced, blood-garbed retinue, yet the tears came unbidden as her family saw her off at the pier; as she buried her face in Augustus' tunic, or clung to Gaius, who squeezed her back as if he'd never let go. The guards had to pry her off Junia, who held on desperately. Once pulled back, Morgana was struck by the girl's expression, turned on Uther and Merlin; she'd never seen that commingled fury and fear on her.

Morgana set off towards the Continent in Avalonian garb, of the same azure as the Le Fay blue. She was a clear, bright rivulet among a sea of blood – weaving through hostile, enemy land that strangled her course. Merlin was the first one to take note of the particular choice of color, and the snake pendant hanging by her neck.

"A fitting attire," he said, smiling, "given that we're headed for Tintal."

It'd been a long time since Morgana had last visited the Temple in Tintal, and she'd been yearning for her next visit; a desire now poisoned and twisted by circumstances.

Morgana affixed herself at the stern of the ship, fingers digging into the polished wooden rail. Her tears had dried against her red-hot face, blazing in anguish, and she blinked furiously against any new deluge that threatened to spill. She would not cry, not anymore, not in front of *them*. It'd serve no other purpose but to delight her tormentors.

Morgana kept her gaze, hazy and stinging with unshed tears, stalwartly fastened on the quickly shrinking Island. Once, she had read that long ago, sailors had devised a most cruel and brutal way of punishing people at sea. They called it keelhauling, and it was as awful as its name implied; they'd loop a line around the ship and tie the unfortunate to it, proceeding to drag them along the keel. Every pull would shred and tear and rip, every tug would bring a new wound and new pain.

That's how Morgana felt, as the ship sped away from the Island; her wound deepened as the space between her and Avalon gaped larger and larger, as the waters beneath ran deeper and deeper, opening like an abyss ready to swallow her up.

Morgana kept her gaze on the island – on the three tiny figures on the shore she had to intently squint to hold in her sight – even as the ship was engulfed into the shroud of mist embracing the Island and its waters, even as her vision filled with woolly white and her skin prickled with the magic suffusing the air. She breathed in deeply, filling her lungs with it, letting it cleanse and alleviate, if only briefly, every hurting crevice of her being.

Then they were out of the foggy ring, out into the larger sea, Avalon obscured, lost along with a piece of her.

Tears gathered anew in the corners of her eyes. But she wouldn't cry. She dabbed furiously with her palm. They stung, as if someone had poured saltwater into them – her whole body ached, as if she were one big, raw, open wound drowning in saltwater.

There was no island in sight now, so Morgana looked down at the waters, whirling and white-capped where they parted for the ship to pass. She stared into its unfathomable, blue depths, and wanted nothing more than to lose herself there. To dive in and swim back all the way to Avalon. And if she couldn't, she'd still rather chuck herself into the sea than go to the Continent and marry that horrid man. Morgana leant forward, railing pressing into her stomach, as if ready to propel herself downwards. Yet she didn't. A bitter laugh bubbled up her throat. They'd just fish her right back up. Or she might drown before they did – they may be glad to let her.

If she were going down, they were going down with her.

At least Junia and her dads wouldn't have to witness it.

Morgana leant back from the rail, lest some 'helpful' sailor got it in their mind to pull her away, thinking she might actually take the dive into the depths below. Instead, she let her eyes flutter closed and focused on the steady rocking of the ship – on the tranquil waves undulating underneath its sturdy hull. They were too calm, too placid. Not anymore.

It wasn't hard. All Morgana had to do was open herself up to nature – let the anguish and wrath within spill like poison. It stirred the sea, slowly like building tension, like boiling water. It agitated the air, a briny breeze turned wind turned gale beating furiously against the sails.

The frenzied waves were the first thing the sailors took notice of. *Sea monster!* One of them called out, only to be promptly laughed off with a dismissive "*It's just currents, you idiot*". A third one joined far more soberly, squinting at the fluttering sails: "*There's a storm brewing.*"

That they were right about.

She was going to raise a storm the likes sailor would recount, in hushed, somber tones, for years – that is, if they got out alive.

"That's not a storm," Merlin cried out, voice thick with urgency. "That's ma—"

He was cut off by an abrupt, vicious tilt to the left. It sent the sailors and guards scrambling, slipping, and teetering, tossed about like toys of a petulant child. Morgana clung on to the railing, watching them struggle to regain footing as the ship tipped once again, steeper yet. The waves rose high and split over the deck. Pouring over confused faces. Feet slipping on the slick, wet boards, armor clanging against masts. Morgana was drenched too; she could taste salt on her tongue, deliciously vindictive and unforgiving.

The water roiled all around, a sea at storm – but there were no clouds, just strong, whipping wind and angry waves, rumbling like some great beast rising from the unexplored bottoms of the sea to bring destruction upon them.

“Morgana!” Merlin shouted over the din of the wind. He’d fought his way to the stern of the ship, putting up magic to clear out a path for him through the chaos. “We’ll all sink!”

“Then sink we will!” she shouted back, throat sore and scratchy.

Morgana wasn’t sure she could stop it even if she wanted to. Nature revolted in concert with her being, but she did not guide or control its wrath; much like her emotions, it lashed out wildly and blindly.

Now aware of the unnatural nature of the storm, the sailors and guards scrambled their way to Morgana with hectic determination. Merlin had fallen to his knees, not felt by a wave, but working. Scribbling away into the wooden boards with a carving knife, moving with unwavering precision even as the boat rocked and creaked awfully against waves intent on taking it apart, against wind resolved to tear into the sails and knock down the masts.

Morgana contemplated the sea and surrendering herself to it. They couldn’t stop her, not now when she was so close to sinking this ship down along with Uther and Merlin and these blood-stained goons.

Another wave came, and the world turned upside down. It wasn’t the ship that had tipped over, though – only Morgana, tumbling about the floor. She saw the planks, the blue sky, then the planks again. The air had been knocked out of her lungs, replaced by saltwater, burning its way through her chest.

She tried to get up. She made it as far as her knees and hands, coughing up water, skidding and sliding with every erratic tilt of the ship. Swaying in rhythm with her panicked desperation.

Hands grasped her. Fingers dug into her arms, closed firmly against her wrists, pinned her in place. As if that would help. The storm raged on.

Morgana struggled. She banged her knees and elbows into plates, bit into exposed skin. She trashed until a hit to the back of her head turned the world around her black.

When Morgana came around, there was something wrong with the world.

It was but an ill-defined uneasiness, filtering in hazily through her wool-stuffed head. An understanding above her mind's current capacity to grasp, as if the world had shifted just a little bit off its axis.

She was in a wood-paneled room, laid out on a bed and staring at the ceiling, and her skull blazed with a headache. It took but one moment to ascertain they were still at sea. The waves, now calm again, gently lulled the ship, crashing against its hull in a soothing, familiar lullaby.

Morgana tried to push herself in a sitting position – all she managed to do was wiggle awkwardly, finding opposition.

Her hands were bound. Wrapped tightly in plain, twine rope that cut into her skin. What made her stomach drop, however, were the twin bracelets clasping both wrists. They were unassuming bands of metal, easy to take for a simple, understated fashion statement.

They were manacles.

It explained why the world felt so weird. So strange. As if everything was ever so slightly duller. The light dimmed, the sound dampened, the air thinner. She couldn't see, but she knew the bracelets to be etched with powerful runes on the inner band pressing against her skin – suppressing her magic, keeping her from using it. She could feel it within, but she was cut off from the world around her. If she focused, she could feel it all – the air, the water, the fire sizzling at her fingertips – but couldn't touch it, as if perpetually out of reach, just a hair's breadth away yet unable to grasp it.

Motion at the corner of her vision caught her attention with a painful prickle.

"Morning, Morgana," Uther drawled, raising from his chair. A grin sat too comfortably on his face, wide and toothy.

"Fuck you," Morgana snapped back.

He threw back his head and barked out a laugh. It grated on her nerves, made the blood simmer in her veins.

"You know," he said, leaning against the wall of the cabin. It must have been the Captain's, Morgana decided, taking it the great oaken desk and affixed cabinets of liquor and pinned up maps. Or perhaps it was Uther's. That made her hate it all the more. "That little tantrum you threw out there—"

Morgana scoffed. That was not a tantrum. To call it that was to belittle her emotions and her powers.

"—that could easily constitute treason. An attempt on the King and his Royal Sorcerer. It could mean a lifelong sentence in some dingy, forsaken dungeon. It's not to be taken lightly." Despite claiming so, Uther spoke as if talking to a naughty child, holding over their head a punishment of no more playtime for a month.

Morgana glowered at him, trying her best to look uncowed even as his words cut deep.

"I'd rather you execute me," she spat out, coming off as incensed as she was desperate.

Uther's smirk turned sharper. "I know. Well." He slapped the wall with a dull, meaty *thump*, slipping back into his boisterous and loud joviality. "We'll dock soon. Aren't you excited to see your former home?"

He departed, leaving Morgana with those cruel words careening about her skull.

They shed her twine shackles, but not the bewitched ones, before coming off the ship.

The day was as bright and clear as it was on Avalon. The sun shone brilliantly over the calm sea and cobblestone streets. The port was buzzing, as was the town; and above it all Tintal Castle rose. It stood atop a forested hill; it was the castle's grounds and so-called gardens, more tended wilderness, with pathways harmoniously carved along dense, verdant thickets than artfully planted, subdued flowers and trees. There was a tamed garden too, of pretty rose bushes and the likes, in the heart of that small forest; an explosion of colors in spring and summer. Of course, Morgana had never seen it for herself. All she knew was what her mother had told her, always speaking so softly and wistfully.

The closest Morgana had ever stood to the Castle was at the base of its hill, craning her neck to see it in full. It filled her vision, made her feel so small even as it stirred within her a yearning so violent it hurt, bigger and stronger than her frame. This Castle was supposed to be her mother's. It was supposed to be hers. It was like facing something more than building, stone and brick. She was standing before history, a testament to what was stolen from her: family, power, land, legacy.

Her mother had always wanted them to meet at the Temple perched on the cliffside, its grounds giving way to a narrow strip of sand. It was the one place they could call haven, the one that offered them solace and shelter. The one place that still felt a part of them, a home to the Le Fay.

Morgana was soon shepherded towards a carriage – a big, fancy thing the likes you didn't see on Avalon, where they would have considered it an excessively gaudy display of wealth and power. Its wood was painted red, that bloody, bright red of Pendragon scales that she'd come to despise, proudly embossed with the golden, roaring dragon and accented with copious amounts of gild. Uther Pendragon had to be loud and garish and bold in the most obnoxious of ways.

She rode with the King and Merlin, curling up on the cushioned bench opposite them, huddled in a corner as far away from them as possible.

"Now Morgana," Uther said, as jolly and cruel as ever, "you be polite with our hosts, hear me?"

Morgana didn't want to *hear him*. She wanted to wipe that insufferable grin off his face. Blaze it with fire that she could not summon – that seethed uselessly at her fingertips. He was enjoying this thoroughly, forcing her to see the countenance of her father's murderer throughout this dreadful journey, and now to be humiliated as a guest in her own home, stolen and besmirched by traitors. To be so *kindly* received by the man who facilitated the massacre of her court.

Morgana took a deep, rattling breath and closed her fingers around her serpent pendant. Underneath her hand, she could feel her heart beat a wild, anxious beat, as if wanting to burst out of her chest. It filled her whole ribcage, making it hard to breathe, and even think. The trees outside the window were a dizzying, green blur as the carriage wound up and up.

She'd pictured Tintal Castle many times, reconstructed from her mother's tales and chronicles she'd read. Now she both dreaded and longed to see it up close, knowing that whatever she'd see, it'd be marked by the blood spilt, even if it'd been long washed and scrubbed away.

The carriage screeched to a halt before the Castle, and Morgana found herself paralyzed. When the footman came to see them out, she waved away the proffered hand, stumbling out on her own.

There he was. Bernard Allard – *the traitor* – standing before the entrance with his happy little family of *traitors*. A wife with a perfectly polite smile and small, earnest child, all three of them decked in refinery. Tintal blue refinery, with the Le Fay golden serpent that did not belong to them depicted on their garments.

It felt strange, to brim with so much fury yet not have the wind wail along with her pain. The air was still, calm, sweet. The trees stood in reverential silence, muted betrayal.

They were pleasantly received. Uther and Bernard clasped hands. patted their shoulders and laughed heartily at jokes only they understood. Maybe they were laughing at her. Maybe they were relishing their victory again. Lord Merlin saluted the family, displaying his usual, elegantly subdued manner that stood in such stark contrast to Uther's unfettered enthusiasm.

Morgana, for her part, couldn't bring herself to put on even the faintest simulacrum of nicety. She stared blankly at their greetings and well-wishes for an engagement she never consented to, glared at *Duke Allard* as he inquired after the voyage.

Morgana kept all her answers clipped and laconic. She didn't smile, she didn't laugh, and made no pretense of politeness. Once presented to her chamber – guest quarters, far larger than the bedroom she'd had back on Avalon, outfitted with its own bath chamber – she planted herself by the window, staring down at the forested hill, cobblestone street and narrow strips of beach, fancying Igraine doing the same in happier times. She obstinately refused the summon to dinner when a maid came by. She had lost all appetite, and the sight of those vile traitors – Allard with the all too pleasant smile as he talked like he owned the Castle, Uther with his smug, wicked glee – would assure she'd get nauseous, too.

The maid acquiesced, returning later with a tray of food and drinks. Morgana expected Uther or Merlin to come drag her down to dinner, berating down on bad manners, but she was mercifully spared any such nonsense, left to her own devices.

It suited Morgana just fine.

She was not completely spared of their presence, though.

Merlin had come to her bedchamber later that night, carrying a daintily wrapped package. He set it down on an empty chair and said within she'd find garments suitable for her future station.

Lothiangarments. Morgana glowered at the package, the teeming underneath her skin urging her to chuck it into the fire – staring as if intent on setting it afire with her gaze alone. Had she not been rendered magicless, she might have made the blazing vision true with a flick of her wrist. The fire in the hearth still presented an opportunity, as did the window. She restrained herself for the moment.

Merlin studied her expression and smiled, that stupid, infuriating indulgent and patient smile of his and said: "And if this particular outfit is not to your tastes, I can readily provide another."

There was no escaping the Lothian fashion, as there was no escaping her marriage.

Merlin turned to leave but stopped, one hand on the knob. "A word of advice, Morgana. Making enemies is unwise, especially now. Uther has never been kindly inclined towards you."

Morgana huffed: "As if *you*'ve been."

Merlin kept on smiling his infuriatingly indulgent smile. "I might have been."

Morgana jerked to her feet. "What you are is duplicitous. Drop the act, Lord Merlin. Stop pretending as if you care – stop pretending you are not bitter." A cruel, sharp smile split her face. An intoxicating, smug rush pulsed through her veins. "I, a child, bested you. Doesn't it drive you up the walls?"

"As I said," Merlin smoothly intoned, "making enemies is unwise."

But you've already made an enemy out of me, Morgana thought as he slipped out the door.

[June mini-game](#)

[Jun 20, 2023](#)

The chosen theme of this month was a chapter 3 scene, featuring Galahad as the POV. More specifically, it's the part when Mordred finds Galahad by the river in their usual spot, and decides to try either befriending or charming him.

This one actually featured quite a lot of little choices that need to be set in the beginning, there's quite a bit happening behind in the code, haha.

Link: <https://llamagirl.itch.io/galahad-meets-mordred-by-the-river>

Password: GallyGameRiver698

If you find any issues - typos, inconsistencies - let me know here:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSdmXmRPJfqmoDd4oO4-QwhZiel4yk63j4EguWecpl5mBy_IKQ/viewform?usp=sf_link

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Jun 24, 2023](#)

Finally wrapped up the Temple scene I've kept mentioning throughout the weeks! It's still in need of polishing - editing and the likes - and there's one part where I may add a choice for Mordred to...intervene or not (keeping things vague sorry!) but otherwise I'm happy to have this scene done. It took me more than I anticipated, and got bigger than I expected, but I hope you'll enjoy it! And you get to see the Temple kitties again :)

I'm also currently working on the Champion Knight short story featuring Nimue and Mordred - I'm aiming to finish it and post it later today!

[July mini-game poll](#)

[Jun 24, 2023](#)

If you'd like to suggest any scene from the demo to be added on the next poll for the POV shift mini-game, you can do so through this Google form:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSdz8L0mDqvf11V2z5_7Zdalcd0WZp0UsdSFK9kSZ7bN_1Syww/viewform?usp=sf_link

Someone sent in a suggestion for another route of the Galahad river encounter, and I just wanted to say that I saw your entry and while I won't include it now since we just got a Galahad POV, it'll be added in the next round of voting.

Dragon racing with Elaine (chapt 5)

6%

Giving Elaine a tour of the castle (chapt 5)

12%

Mordred finds out the truth about their conception, seen through Morgana's POV (chapt 4)

41%

Gawain confesses his crush/Mordred confesses their feelings (chapt 3)

41%

Poll ended Jun 27, 2023 · 66 votes total

[Out in town with Nimue](#)

[Jun 24, 2023](#)

You'd sent a letter up to the Royal Sorcerer Tower, asking Nimue if she'd welcome your company. It's been years since you were little kids, collecting seashells on the beaches of Avalon, and you'd like to reconnect as friends now that you're in Camelot to stay. You received no note in response. Instead, you were greeted the next day by Nimue herself.

She flagged you down as you were returning from training with the other knights – standing up the hill, hands patiently folded against her bodice, watching you with a lop-sided smile. Your breath, already short from exertion, caught in your throat as you wondered how long she'd been observing you with that keen, green gaze of hers; your mind ran wildly through all your strikes and parries and guards in search of any moment that may have embarrassed you.

She was not there to critique your performance, though. She wasn't there to say much at all besides informing you that she had errands to run in town the next day, and that you were welcome to join her by the castle gates at nine sharp.

And so, at a quarter to nine the next morning you're poised by the gates.

Nimue greets you with a languid smile, its tilt almost mocking. "I see you are very eager to join me."

There seems to you there's an unspoken implication in her tone, in the curl of her lips. You merely smile and say: "I wouldn't have sent the note in the first place if I wasn't."

She slips her empty, wicker basket in the crook of her elbow and thrusts her chin forward. "Let's go then."

You set out down towards the town on foot. The air is laden with the heady, heavy, and sweet fragrance of the linden trees, made all the more cloying by the suffocating heat. Despite the relentless sun and air devoid of any breeze that may give respite, Nimue looks unfazed and ready to take on the day. Granted, the morning still affords more gentleness than noon would, but the streets of the town, buzzing and overflowing with humans and dragons alike, don't help with the heat and stuffiness.

"Such a beautiful day, isn't it?" Nimue remarks without a trace of irony.

"It is – but the heat is kind of overwhelming."

"I like it," she says. "I prefer it to the cold and snow of winter. Besides, it's the perfect time of the year to go for a swim to cool off."

That you can't argue with. Perhaps you should suggest you do just that the next time you hang out; it's only been a few minutes out in the sun, and you already want to peel off your clothes and jump in the lake.

"What errands are we running, anyway?"

She shrugs. "Just picking up some potion ingredients, ink, paper, other sundry stuff. Nothing particularly exciting. But I also want to visit the market. Not because there's anything I need to buy. Just for us to..." a smirk tugs at the corners of her lips as she taps her index against her chin in mock contemplation, "*reconnect as friends*. As you said."

You stop by a couple stores, the first situated on a main street, with a proud display of its magical and mundane merchandise, and the second stowed away on an alley barely wide enough for the two of you to walk side by side. Your arms brush more than once, your shoulders bump just as much, and Nimue has to carry her basket before her. You can't say you mind the proximity, even if it sends waves upon waves of warmth creeping up your neck, as if the heat permeating the air wasn't enough.

Once done, you slowly wind your way through the bustling streets towards the even *more* bustling market. It sprawls over a great square, rows upon rows of stalls centered around a stately fountain. The merchants arrive early in the morning, when the light is dimmer and gentler, and close up their stops under the bleeding, fading sky. At this time, the market's in full swing.

As Nimue said when you set out, she's already bought all she needed from the two shops you've previously visited, so now you're free to roam about aimlessly and take your time admiring everything the market has to offer.

Nimue stops you at a garment shop. She grazes her fingers over the shawls hanged up on a rack; the fabric rustles with a soft susurrus like rushing water. Then her hand closes around a corner, and she pulls to unravel a shawl of midnight black, embroidered with twisting vines of deep green. She drapes it around her shoulders and inspects herself in the mirror propped against the stall's wall.

"Does it go well with my stays?" Nimue asks, palm settling briefly against the fern-colored bodice.

"It's pretty," you say, considering the garment in earnest. "It goes well with your eyes."

Said eyes dart to you, catching your gaze in the mirror. You shift from one foot to the other and dip your gaze to escape her scrutiny. You can't quite read the expression on her face, whether you've given your infatuation away. Sometimes it feels as if her eyes bore straight into you, peering into all the crevices of your being, reading you like an open book. Other times, it's almost like she's *teasing* you. Leaving you to wonder if she can tell by your gaze, or words, or just the galloping of your heart, beating as if to burst out of your chest, like you wish you could summon the courage to pour out your feelings.

Nimue turns around and lets the scarf hang off her shoulders. She opens her mouth to say something, then halts completely as her eyes alight upon something behind you.

She steps around you and before you can even make sense of what she's found, stuffs something big and heavy atop your head.

"There," she says, angling you towards the mirror.

You stare at the abomination of a hat: large-brimmed to a ridiculous extent, so that it may shield from the sun not just your person, but your companion too. It's dyed the ugliest of browns – drab and dark and putting you in mind of something very unpleasant – and adorned with threadbare jaundice yellow flowers and feathers plucked out of ten different birds.

"I look stupid," you say, holding up the brim of the hat to look at yourself. It's so ridiculously overwrought with ornaments that it's sagging over your eyes.

"What do you mean?" Nimue asks, biting back a smile. She flicks the peacock feather, watching it flutter with gleaming eyes. "You look grand. You know what would complete the look?"

"A jester's outfit?"

"Those boots over there," she points at a bright red pair, forsaken in a corner of the stall as if someone had dumped them in a rush and never looked back. "Those that are so long and pointy enough to be considered swords with soles."

"Why have a blade when you can stab people with your shoes, right?"

Nimue wears a perfectly serious expression as she says: "It's what I always tell the knights."

That's what finally cracks you up.

You discard the hat and leave, but not before Nimue buys the shawl she's tried. You wander about more, stopping at a perfume stall to smell all the different fragrances till you're seized by a fit of sneezes. You search through crates of books, both old and new, talking about the ones you've read, and the ones she knows from Gawain's enthusiastic recounts.

As the morning stretches into noon, you make your way towards the fountain at the center of the market, enticed by its gushing water. You're lucky to find an unclaimed spot on the edge of the marble basin.

Nimue wastes no time hitching her skirts up to her thighs and kicking off her slippers to dip her feet in the pool. She cups her hands out to catch the cascading water, then sluices it over her face. It beads her lashes and slicks down her throat, soaking into the neckline of her short-sleeved chemise.

She blinks furiously, face scrunched up, until her vision clears. You can't help but snort.

Nimue shoots you a look. "At least I'm cooling off."

"I thought you liked the heat," you say.

She shrugs one shoulder, rinsing her forearms. "And getting to splash about water is the best thing about the heat." She glances at you. "Won't you dip your feet too?"

You eye the water longingly. Unlike her, you are in the unfortunate position of wearing boots that reach halfway up your calf. Undoing the lacing alone will leave you in a pool of water. A part of you wishes you'd just step in, shoes on.

Mind set, you pull up a leg and starts unlacing.

Nimue closes her eyes and tips her head back, relishing the ricocheting droplets coming off the fountain. With one hand raised, she lazily beckons a fine mist of water to wash over her face and shoulders. Your fingers, busy with teasing loose the laces of your boots, slow down and still completely as your gaze lingers on her. Your eyes follow the cascading sheet of dark brown hair that reaches halfway down her back – you wonder if it feels as smooth as it looks. It's kept out of her face by a green scarf knotted at the nape of her neck, serving as sun protection. You scour her profile - damp and glistening a cool bronze - from the curved slope of her nose and the sharp lines of her jaw to the small, serene smile on her lips.

"No soaking your feet then?"

Nimue rolls her head to the side to face you. You rip your gaze away to your fumbling fingers, tightening instead of loosening the boot's laces in your efforts to look busy.

"Hey." She plants a palm between you and leans in. Pulled as if by a string, you raise your face to meet her eye.

There it is, that gaze again. Keen and piercing and curious, as if she wished to throw into relief every nook and cranny of your being, to leave you bare and vulnerable, while betraying little of her in return.

She's so *close*. Every breath fills your lungs with a faint scent of jasmine that reminds you of warm, briny nights in Avalon, sitting on a bench in the garden, watching moths fly by, drawn to the alluring, gilded

shine of the lamps. Circling around the fire, mesmerized, the way you feel pulled to Nimue. You want nothing more than to give in to that flame and let her consume you. Your skin already burns at the proximity, feverish and tingling.

A splash of cool water is quick to subdue the heat. As you jump back and splutter, Nimue chuckles.

“You looked like you needed to cool down,” she says.

Face buried in your hands, you mumble a dazed, “Thanks.” It comes out as more of a question. The water does feel refreshing against your cheeks, at least.

There’s rustling of skirts and shuffling of shoes. “Come on.”

You peek between your fingers to find Nimue’s proffered hand. For once, her smile looks softer. *Tender.*

“Let’s go back to the Castle before we melt.”

You take her hand and get up. For a few moments, your fingers linger clasped – time slows down, and your vision narrows to encompass only her emerald green eyes. Then she lets go and turns around, setting off into the crowd.

You have no choice but to follow.

[Demo update](#)

[Jun 30, 2023](#)

What's new?

-More of chapter 5! (it's a big one)

-Visit the Temple with your family and the Beauregards. Just a lovely family outing :)

-Kitties!!!

Hope you enjoy it! The whole update encompasses just the Temple visit, but there's quite a bit happening



Link: <https://llamagirl.itch.io/the-bastard-of-camelot-beta>

New Password: BocUpdate370

If you find any bugs or typos, have any suggestions or simply wish to leave me feedback, here's a handy dandy Google form:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSc7F8P0TtGRrucAzhU9j57I29IELyFBdcU7TxyyxQ9HMFsKgg/viewform?usp=sf_link

[Mini-game poll \(explanation below\)](#)

[Jun 30, 2023](#)

So, we got our first tie in a poll :) More specifically, in the POV shift mini-game poll, between Gawain's scene and Morgana's. I decided it's best to do a second round of voting to decide which one moves forward (which I really hope doesn't end in yet another tie lol, I'll just take my pick or randomize it in that case).

I would have posted this poll earlier, but last I checked the voting was still ongoing and didn't expect to end with a tie. Then I got too busy finishing up the demo update as well as handling some personal business, and completely forgot to check results. So, on to the voting!

Mordred finds out the truth about their conception, seen through Morgana's POV (chapt 4)

55%

Gawain confesses his crush/Mordred confesses their feelings (chapt 3)

45%

Poll ended Jul 3, 2023 · 71 votes total

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Jul 2, 2023](#)

Coming in a little bit late than usual since the demo update must have been pretty indicative of what I'd been up to in the last week 🙄 And I wanted to see if anything came up in the feedback forms that needs mentioning or clarifying. So far it's only been typos and a small bug - I'll have them all fixed and update the demo either later today or tomorrow.

So yeah, this week I've been focusing on wrapping up the update. I'm happy I finally got out this Temple scene! It's actually a bit I drafted pretty early on when I started working on chapter 5. I'd have my word editor open to write the beginning of the chapter and instead I was on my phone, furiously typing away Morgana's whole speech.

And now I'm working on the next scene, where we see Accolon for the first time this chapter. There'll be a choice to define your relationship with him in the aftermath of chapter 4, as there was with Morgana. Also, Mordred finally gets the chance to swordfight Elaine! If they wish to.

Lastly, this update we got a mention of the triad of faeries native to Lothia, the Keepers. Fun fact, they're loosely inspired by *ie/le*! Since my Lothia is based on Romania, I wanted to draw inspiration from Romanian myth and folklore. They are faerie-like, feminine mythical creatures similar to nymphs. They're usually found at night in secluded areas, in forests and glens, dancing naked - as one does, if *one* is a mystical woman of folklore. They live in the woods, skies, abandoned houses and crossroads and possess magical powers.

As for the Keepers in Boc, I'm still on the fence about certain details of their specific powers/what powers they grant onto those who pray to them.

I'll go on to edit now!

[Short story poll!](#)

[Jul 3, 2023](#)

This month we're choosing from friends/family/Lot, who can't claim the first and the only thing making him the second one is a piece of paper. Note: Arthur won previously so he's not going to be featured on this poll, but he will return for voting next time!

Morgana

9%

Accolon

43%

Gareth

36%

Lot (if you like pain)

12%

Poll ended Jul 6, 2023 · 69 votes total

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Jul 9, 2023](#)

Hi folks! I'm currently on vacation, but I've managed to slip in some writing. I've worked on the Knight short story for this month, which picks up where the June one left off. It was actually supposed to be one big story, but got way too big so I decided to split it up. It's not done yet, but a lot of the writing is already finished or drafted!

I've also started some prep work on the mini-game, setting up variables and the likes, and jotted down some more notes for the scene I'm working on in the demo - the sword fight one.

[Second short story poll](#)

[Jul 12, 2023](#)

Accolon won the poll for this month's short story! Time to vote on the type of Mordred you wish to see featured.

Defiant, punky and mischievous Mordred.

32%

A playful, high-energy and cheerful Mordred.

9%

Sweet, calm and affable Mordred.

58%

Poll ended Jul 15, 2023 · 77 votes total

[Jul 14, 2023](#)

I'm back from vacation! I've worked on the demo as well as finished the Knight tier short story which it will be posted over this weekend.

In terms of the demo, I'm currently on the swordfighting scene - getting some more details of Mordred's training, as well as offering the opportunity for them to finally take Elaine up on her duel if they want to. Hoping to give you some teasers next week!

[Morgana's stay in Tintal](#)

[Jul 16, 2023](#)

Before moving on from Tintal, Morgana wanted to visit the Temple. Surprisingly, her wish was not spurned. She was, however, punished for it with Merlin's company.

They set off on foot in the morning, closely followed by armored, armed guards at a distance Morgana reckoned 'respectful' to one's royal charges. They might as well have been prison sentries, seizing with apprehension each and every move Morgana made. She was loathsomely, uncomfortably powerless with the twin, silver bracelets clasped around her wrists.

Morgana knew it was perfectly ordinary for nobility to have such escorts, but it still struck her as odd and foreign to be walking down the street with the steady, heavy patter of decisive boots and harsh clang of plates always at their back. Growing up in Avalon meant that as soon as she and Junia were considered old enough to take care of themselves, their only chaperone was the echo of two concerned dads fondly shouting out warnings as they rushed out the garden. The town and the beach and even the wilderness of the island was safe for them to tread and explore.

More disconcerting than the guards' foreboding presence was Merlin's attempts at cordial conversation. He inquired after the quality of her sleep, her liking of the food and the last time she'd visited Tintal and the Temple. Morgana alternated between giving perfunctory answers, as to not show how he affected her, and giving no answer at all. Mostly she just took in her surroundings, surveying the woods-like garden that cradled Tintal castle at its heart. Then, once down the hill and out the gates, she trained her gaze on the terracotta roof of the Temple ahead.

There was a welcome pause in the conversation, which Morgana hoped would extend until they reached their destination and she might finally extricate herself from the sorcerer's unpleasant presence; her hopes were quickly dashed.

"I still consider it such a shame you turned down my offer to become my apprentice," Merlin said, voice smooth like calm water washing over pebbles. Attempting to soften their edges, polish their surface – trying to lull Morgana into a false sense of comfort, as if he were someone she could have trusted. It was all a sham.

She scoffed in reply. "Would you have really taken me as your apprentice? Surely you couldn't think I'd accept, after everything you did to my family."

"The war is over," he said.

Was it? The Kingdom sure liked to act like it was, but for Morgana it was still raging hot-red through her veins.

"If I were your apprentice," she said, "I would have staged a tragic little accident." Not before learning everything she could, of course; she liked to think she wasn't quite that foolishly rash.

Merlin seemed far more amused than threatened or irked by her truculent confidence. "Oh? I assume the accident would entail poison."

Morgana didn't reply just in case she might actually see that plan through. She'd learnt more about poisons than her tutors were comfortable with. She'd read about concoctions whose proof of use was hard to discover, though they were just as hard to purchase – at least through what most would consider just means.

Once it was clear Morgana would not fill the silence, Merlin went on speaking like they were having a friendly conversation. "You think it foolish that I'd ask you to become my apprentice, given your evident...resentment." Resentment was an understatement. "But I thought that we may come to understand each other. I was offering you an opportunity the likes you couldn't elsewhere encounter. After all, Morgana," his lips curled in a long smile, "you show such potential. A pity you decided to let your magic run wild."

She thrust her chin forward. "It makes me stronger."

"It makes you unpredictable," he countered, intent to undercut her smugness. "And that's not always a good thing."

She didn't care. Merlin was simply bitter that she'd not once, but twice taken him by surprise; that the only way to subdue her was by using the one thing that would completely stem her powers. She'd relished throwing him into the wall like a ragdoll, when he made his so-called 'generous offer' of apprenticeship, and witnessing the horror in his eyes, followed by that glimmer of embarrassed rage.

She'd savored, too, that confusion that warped his expression as the waters rose and roiled around them with furious intent, ready to swallow the ship.

"Instead, you preferred to become an apprentice of the Lady of the Lake. I reckon it fits with your family tradition," he said, "and it's quite the virtuous undertaking, but it severely underuses your talents."

A waspish response promptly materialized on her tongue, but she bit it back and let the patter of her sandals on the cobblestone be her only answer. It wasn't as if all she ever did on Avalon was fulfill her duties and lessons as apprentice of the Temple; she'd studied magic and potions far beyond what her tutor, Claudia, expected of her. Hours upon hours of research and practice taught her not only the craft, but how to be her own, second tutor.

With a dizzying spike of panic, Morgana wondered whatever her marriage would mean for her magical studies. Surely the Lothian court wouldn't dare deny a sorcerer her craft; if anything, the bastards must be delighted to receive one into their royal family and bestow the power of the Le Fay – the ones they destroyed – onto them.

Bile shot up her throat, bitter and acid. Her meager breakfast lodged into a lump ready to be upchucked on the side of the road. She pushed it back, along with the dreadful thoughts of what that *bestowing of power* would entail for her.

"Would it have been enough for you, Morgana?" Merlin asked, intensely earnest. As if he truly sought a genuine answer and wasn't merely looking to provoke her. "Would life as a Priest on Avalon been enough for you?"

"Yes," she primly replied, but it was a lie. She'd known for years that it wouldn't have been enough. She'd always have a hollow within her, dug out by all who had ever wronged her family. No matter what she did, she could never quite fill it up, just shallowly cover it. Lay a canvas over it, disguise it as steady ground – but it was a trap, one step over enough to send you spiraling downwards. She was happy on Avalon, as happy as she could be – but a part of her would always be writhing and itching for more.

Now that she'd lost that life on Avalon, that part of her was slowly gnawing at the whole.

Merlin said nothing more until their arrival at the Temple, letting Morgan stew in her thoughts.

It took all of her self-control not to spring into a dash upon glimpsing the wrought gates of the Temple. Each leisured step they took was agony, piercing and impatient as it stabbed at her chest. There would be no salvation awaiting, but there was the promise of respite and a priest she was very keen to see.

The Temple was as she remembered, and as she had rendered it on canvas in oil to gaze upon whenever she grew melancholy. A lush garden thrived within the walls, as bountiful as it was beautiful. They wound up through the open gates, down the cobblestone path flanked by lemon trees, roses and red valerian; further out extended neatly-tended squares of thyme and mint and rosemary, and stone benches shaded under the canopy of fig and pomegranate trees. She's lounged on those benches on

stifling hot summer days, seeking comfort in the shadow and briny breeze blowing from the sea, talking for hours with her mother, or Nana, or Junia.

Merlin didn't stop by any of the benches to converse though, which was a relief. He guided them directly to the main building that stood at the heart of the garden, where the offices, study rooms, lounges and library could be found. There were other structures raised on the sprawling Temple grounds, visible through the greenery: the adepts' quarters, the clinic and infirmary, the boarding house that welcomed anyone in need of help and shelter. They were all quite similar in appearance: pristine white and square, topped with terracotta red roofs. Carved pillars of stone supported their marble-floored terraces, and honeysuckles had been coaxed along the walls to frame doors and windows.

The double doors of the main building were thrown wide open, beckoning all wanderers inside. Merlin stepped aside and with one gallant sweep of his arm, allowed Morgana to pass through first. She did so, holding her head imperiously high even as her heart beat a wild rhythm of desperation.

The familiarity of the place eased the tightly-coiled tension of her muscles, if only a little. The blue-and-green tiles under her feet, the mosaic on the walls depicting praying priests and flowing rivers, the faint smell of honeysuckle and susurrus of voices permeating the air were all familiar and soothed her senses.

Then she reached out to feel the magic, and the illusion of comfort broke into a million shards.

She should have been able to feel it in full, in a place of worship such as this. Years and years of priests and devotees praying and drawing upon the Lady's power would imbue the place with a sliver of her magic, would leave its imprint on everything. She strained with all her might, yet she could only glimpse but not grasp that magic, looking out the window at the sea: watching with longing the glittering of the water yet unable to dip in. Her manacles cruelly cut her off from all of it and made the power simmering around her muted, subdued, like the washed-out colors of an old painting. She tried to take comfort in whatever she could find.

Fortunately, the guards were made to wait just outside the building; their boots on the tiles would have only further trampled on her tattered nerves and disturbed the sweet calm of the Temple edifice. She walked side by side with Merlin, greeting the people who either bustled by, oblivious to their identity, or stopped in their tracks, eyes wide with recognition. Their gazes landed reverentially or warily on the Royal Sorcerer, but all lingered warmly on Morgana.

They made their way towards the core of the building, whose architectural particularity set it aside from the others in the compound and rendered it more similar to the houses Morgana grew accustomed to in Avalon: the chamber at its middle had no roof, opening up to the skies. And there, under the square awning of the building, stretched a pool of clear, still water, rendered diamantine by sunlight.

The atrium was buzzing: people were passing through, pouring from the corridors around the cloister; walking leisurely or standing along the pool, hands clasped against their priestly robes of Avalonian cut; sitting on the benches by the wall in conversation, lecture or contemplation.

Their arrival was welcomed with a chorus of pleasant surprise and warm greetings. Morgana had no doubt that soon, the entirety of the Temple would know of their presence.

They swarmed around them, their enthusiasm and curiosity more palpable than the magic imbuing the Temple. Merlin responded to their greetings as affably as he did to the Ducal family, putting on that gilded veneer that hid all the rot and blood underneath. She was in no disposition to smile, yet she found within herself the strength to act with the geniality she was due to show the Temple and its people. Her effort, though valiant, was none too successful if she was to judge based on the expressions – ranging from confused to apprehensive to outright concerned – angled her way. They gave her space, keeping a respectful distance away from her and their questions short.

She didn't need to do much talking, anyway; Merlin was glad to hold court himself, saying how they were merely passing through Tintal in their journey and had to pay a visit to the Temple. He refrained from mentioning either motive or destination of their travels, and people tacitly understood it to be a topic not to prod. Morgana preferred it that way. She was in no mood to contend with whatever questions might stem from the news.

She was far more preoccupied searching for a familiar face in the growing crowd. The figure found her first.

Nana didn't need to jostle or shout her way through the throng. People promptly fell to the side, clearing a passage for her straight to Morgana. This time, her smile came easily.

"My dear girl, welcome back."

She opened her arms, and Morgana melted into the embrace.

The tears she'd been fighting were unleashed. She clung onto the woman as if she were a lifeline and could give no coherent answer to her greeting. When Nana pulled back, one look at Morgana's face was enough to give her pause. Without a word, she veered her away from the crowd before anyone could spy her glistening cheeks. Morgana firmly kept her face cast down, hoping her hair may conceal her face, and followed her.

The priest took them out the building opposite from where Morgana came, into the gravel yard that overlooked the sea. She kept her hand gently clasped around Morgana's arm, and guided her through the garden to a secluded, shaded spot under the fig trees, where the shrubbery may protect them from prying eyes.

Morgana sat down on the bench – the stone cool even through her gown – and sniffled.

"My dear girl," the woman crooned, squeezing her fingers with affectionate pressure. "What brings you here? What happened?" Her eyes, which had been so bright upon setting sight on her, were now soberly dimmed.

Morgana took a moment to compose herself. She swallowed her tears, and wiped at her face till all that was left was anger, burning as hot as her skin.

"I am betrothed," she bitterly said, drawing out the words to avoid dissolving into tears again, "to Duke Lot Leudonus. Against my will, might I add."

"That's impossible," Nana breathed out, appalled.

"I wish it were so."

"How?"

Morgana's nose scrunched up in disgust. "Because Uther loathes me."

Nana cursed under her breath, releasing a string of expletives towards the King that Morgana only half caught. She all but spit at the end, feigning the gesture yet not deigning to mar Temple ground.

"Goddess bless you, Morgana. I know there's nothing I can say to make this better, but please, promise me you'll stay strong. The Goddess – the Temple – its priests, we will always be here for you, dearest girl."

There was no other choice for her. Morgana would not let Uther squash her under his boot as he did the Kingdom; he'd stripped her of her power and liberty, but just like her mother, she would defy him any chance she got.

The woman spoke again, more to herself than Morgana: "It's like Igraine's marriage all over again." Her faraway gaze, cast over the shadowy, leafy mass of shrubbery, had a grim look that suggested far more horrid visages unfurling before it.

Nana sobered up with a sigh, turning back to her. "Would you like to go pray?"

Morgana held up her hands. "I can't. These are not mere accessory."

Nana inspected the twin bands of metal and shook her head. "Monsters."

Face set with determination, she got up. "I'll get that *Royal Sorcerer*," she said the title as if it were an insult, "and get him to remove those shackles immediately. Not even he can deny you the right to pray, not if he cares about the Temple as much as he claims. Wait here."

She marched off. Morgana expected to see the Royal Sorcerer brought back dragged by his ear like a naughty child.

Nana did not, in fact, drag him by the ear, but her demeanor was as cool as that of a disappointed parent.

Morgana shot to her feet as they approached.

"I assure you, my lady," Merlin was telling Nana, wearing that same indulgent smile, "that we saw it necessary for everyone's safety, including Morgana's own."

She balled her fists but said nothing.

"She is perfectly safe within Temple walls," Nana countered, and gestured towards Morgana. "Now if you will, Lord Wyllt."

He met Morgana's eye. His was as dark and unfathomable as dangerous, murky waters. "Gladly."

There was a muttered spell – the *password* – followed by intense tingling in her wrists. Then the dam broke, and magic came pouring down over her. Flooding her being. She could feel it yet again, all at once and rendered keen after their absence. It was almost too bright, too loud, too much – but she drank it all in, reveled in it, an excess on the senses that she did not mind, no matter how overwhelming.

Nana looped an arm around her, putting herself between Morgana and Merlin. "Good. Now let's go."

Morgana suspected that the manacles would be clasped right back on her wrists as soon as she was away from the Temple, but all that mattered then was that she was free, and she could feel everything again. She was stretching her senses, her magic, like sore limbs that had been couped up too much in a small, cramped carriage.

They made their way down the stone steps onto the beach. It was more pebbles and stones and gravel than sand, which did not inspire a desire in one to remove their shoes. Morgana did, however, once they reached the Temple proper.

It was an elevated stone platform that much like a regular, wooden pontoon, stretched out into the sea, as wide and long as a feast hall in a castle might be.

She relished the sensation of the tiles, warmed by the sun, under her bare feet, and idly followed the swirling of the mosaic with her eyes as she walked. On both sides of the Temple, evenly spaced out, stood marble basins. Each were as intricately adorned as the floor tiles, with patterns in blue and green meant to reproduce the fluid, graceful effect of rippling waves. These would be filled with river or lake water as to allow one to sluice it over their face without fear of salt stinging their eyes, which was not very conducive to attaining clarity of mind.

There was no one else at the Temple but them. Nana stopped before one of the basins, but Morgana continued ahead. She walked all the way to the edge of the platform, where wooden stairs descended into the sea. Mosaic steps would have been more fanciful, but sleek, wet floors of such nature did not mix well with keeping one's footing.

Morgana climbed down. Each step creaked as water lapped at her feet, dampening her gown. She got halfway when she stopped to take it all in – the tranquil, glimmering sea seemingly extending endlessly, cradling Avalon somewhere in its watery embrace, farther than she could see.

Then she dived.

The water closed over her head, and her ears rang.

She felt electrified. The water was refreshingly cool against her heated skin which teemed, just beneath the surface, with the magic she'd been forced to hold within. She surrendered herself over to the waves, floating on her back. Slowly moving her arms around her in wide arcs, willing the water to follow her beckoning.

Morgana prayed to the Goddess, speaking in whispers easily lost in the crashing waves. It soothed her pain, like the healing balm infused with magic the priests make to slather on wounds, that smelled faintly of the sea and tingled on the skin. She couldn't pray for a dissolution of her engagement, but she could hope to find a moment of peace, a moment of serenity.

Morgana could have laid there, soaking in the saltwater and in the magic of the Goddess for hours. She did get close to one hour. By the time she climbed back up the wooden stairs her skin had pruned and coldness had seeped well into her bones, but she felt calmer, stronger and braver, even as her wedding to Duke Lot loomed on the horizon like storm clouds.

She would face this, too.

And one day, she would be that storm cloud casting its shadow on Camelot.

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Jul 23, 2023](#)

I've finished the Elaine sword-fighting scene I kept mentioning in the last weekly blog. I extended the scene with a portion I didn't initially anticipate, but I really love the resulting interactions that you get, including the opportunity for some romantic moments! Or just friendly banter, which was just as fun to write.

Then I took a break from working on the demo and turned my attention towards the mini-game, which I'll be focusing on for now to have finished and ready to post! This one will be...angsty, since the vote decided on Morgana's POV of Mordred finding out the truth of their conception in chapter 4.

Also, I've planned out the second short story, featuring Accolon and a little kid Mordred, which I hope you'll find as cute as I do!

[Sneak peek](#)

[Jul 23, 2023](#)

"This is really nothing," she says as Robin trots away to a cabinet. They grab the required tin can without a moment's hesitation or thought; they could navigate the consultation chamber blindfolded, and treat you just as well.

"I've had so much worse," Elaine reminisces, the dreamy, far-away look on her face more suggestive of pleasant memories than the injuries she prattles on about: "Like broken bones. And ribs. Well I mean, the ribs are bones, right?"

Robin keeps a calm, impassive face as they say, "I see," and "Yes," but you know that look. That flashing flick of the eye that encompasses Elaine from head to toe, scanning as if they could find whatever's amiss, as they would a cut or bruise, to clue them in as to why someone would speak like that. It's the same kind of look they turn on Morgana when she says the most threatening of things with the sweetest smile.

[Sneak peek](#)

[Jul 23, 2023](#)

"Well, if I knew I had such eager audience I would have put on more of a show," you say with a wink.

"Oh?" Elaine seizes you up with interest. "Well, you have your chance not only to give me a better, closer show," her hand closes around the hilt of her sheathed sword, "but to include me in it, as well."

A smirk settles on your lips. "What an alluring proposal."

"Is that a yes?" she asks, hand shifting up to reveal to you a sliver of naked blade. "Or are you afraid?"

"Oh, I enjoy a challenge. The question is: are you one?"

She grins, baring her teeth now. "You'd be surprised."

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Jul 28, 2023](#)

So, I'm working on wrapping up everything for this month!

The Royal Sorcerer mini-game is going up soon after I post this weekly blog, followed by a poll for next month's game theme, and I'll be posting the second short story (Champion Knight and up) either later today or tomorrow morning.

As for the demo, all that's left is to go through the content and edit and look for bugs, which I'm hoping to all do today - but expect the update itself to be posted sometime tomorrow. It's going to be very Elaine-centric! Mordred finally gets the opportunity to duel her - or not, it's up to them of course. But if you're looking forward to more friendship/romantic moments with Elaine, or simply want to find out more about her, this update should offer you all that!

Also, Accolon makes his appearance for the first time this chapter.

[July mini-game](#)

[Jul 28, 2023](#)

The chosen theme of this month was a chapter 4 scene, when the truth of their conception is revealed to Mordred. You'll get to read the conversation between them and Morgana through the latter's eyes!

So, let's have a closer peek inside Morgana's mind.

Link: <https://llamagirl.itch.io/morgana-explains>

Password: StoryMorganaPerspective

If you find any issues - typos, inconsistencies - let me know here:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSdmXmRPJfqmoDd4oO4-QwhZiel4yk63j4EguWecpl5mBy_IKQ/viewform?usp=sf_link

[August mini-game poll](#)

[Jul 28, 2023](#)

If you'd like to suggest any scene from the demo to be added on the next poll, you can do so through this Google form:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSdz8L0mDqvf11V2z5_7Zdalcd0WZp0UsdSFK9kSZ7bN_1Sywww/viewform?usp=sf_link

Dragon racing with Elaine (chapt5)

11%

Giving Elaine a tour of the castle (chapt 5)

22%

Gawain confesses his crush/Mordred confesses their crush

48%

Finding Galahad at Mordred's spot by the river (staring contest route, chapter 3)

19%

Poll ended Jul 31, 2023 · 64 votes total

[Trip to the beach](#)

[Jul 29, 2023](#)

Accolon raises his sword. His face is set with resolution, voice unwavering as he says: "The peculiar beast was like nothing seen before. It stood up on half of its hundreds legs, wiggling the others in the air, and was four men tall, with a rippling, bristling crest, fangs as long as stalagmites and claws as sharp as daggers. It towered over, slobbering and puffing, each breath as strong as a gale and stifling as a fire."

You draw a sharp inhale and shift on the warm sand, utterly captivated. "What then?" you ask in a whisper. You've heard the story before, yet you always find it so exhilarating a tale. It conjures such vivid images of lands unknown and strange creatures and adventurous feats the likes you can only hope to achieve too, when you'll be all grown-up and a knight.

Accolon's gaze flits from the misty horizon to you, the brave, lofty facade cracked momentarily by a tender smile.

“Our mighty hero does not back down,” he says, thrusting his sword higher, stabbing at the briny air. “Sir Briar keeps their blade pointed at the creature; they are small yet undaunted in the face of such threat.” Accolon, however, hesitates. He glances at the open storybook in his other hand, eyes scanning over the lines. “Yet the beast did not attack. It lowered itself back down on its many, caterpillar-like legs, and slowly slithered closer to our hero, leveling them with all four sets of eyes. Briar tensed up and brandished their sword, but the creature yet did not attack. This puzzled the knight; moving just as carefully, they pointed the keen tip of their blade at the ground and put aside their shield.” Accolon lowered his wooden sword and, in lieu of shield, flipped close the book and set it down atop the blanket. “Gently, they placed their palm atop its head; it felt soft and fuzzy. The beast nudged their hand back, and Briar understood: there was no monster to slay, just a friend to be made. The End.”

You pick up the book and scour the pages with your eyes. The letters and the words they form are odd, indecipherable symbols as foreign to you as magical runes are to Accolon. Yet you don’t need to comprehend the print to say: “This isn’t how the story goes.” At least, that’s not how your mother read it to you.

“No,” Accolon concedes. “I suppose I wasn’t all that fond of the initial ending, so I thought I’d amend it a bit. I hope you don’t mind.”

In the original version, as Morgana read it to you as she tucked you to bed – voice low and hushed yet brimming with an intensity that kept you hooked on every word – Briar fought and killed the beast, spearing it through their enchanted sword. They returned to the Lord who had sent them out on the quest victorious, and were celebrated with lots of gold coins and music and dance.

You smile up at Accolon. “I think I like this ending better.”

“I’m glad.”

You stare back down at the book, flipping the page to find the illustration of Sir Briar standing with their sword unsheathed before the eldritch creature. When your mother got you the book, you showed it to Nimue; she called the beast cute.

“Accolon?” You raise curious eyes to him. “Did you ever fight giant beasts with dagger-sharp talons and fangs like stalgn-stalagnites-”

“Stalagmites,” he kindly offers. “And no, I’ve never seen anything like that, let alone fight, which I can’t complain about. I did, however, see something else. It was deep in the woods – back in Lothia – and it was far smaller.” He pauses and you wait patiently as he gathers the words to describe it to you. “About the size of a butterfly, and very much insect-like in countenance, yet unlike any type of insect I’d seen before. It seemed to glow.” His eyes, too, seem to glow at the memory. “With gossamer wings and a reedy body, and far too many legs.”

An abundance of legs does seem to be an often recurring feature in magic-infused creatures.

“Would you like me to read you something else?” A mischievous smile pulls at the corners of his lips. “I could change the endings again.”

You scrunch up your nose in thought and leaf through the storybook – colorful, lushly rendered illustrations becoming a blur as you do – and shake your head. “I want to go to the water.”

He gets up and takes your little hand in his. “To the water we go.”

The calm waves lap at your feet pleasantly cool. As the morning sun climbs higher in its cradle on the cloudless sky, over the barrier of fog surrounding the Island, the sand is growing warmer, as do the rays on your skin. It’s not uncomfortably blazing yet, but beads of sweat form at the nape of your neck. Either way, Morgana said you should be perfectly safe after she’d slathered her specially concocted cream on you; you just nodded earnestly, despite having no such worries that needed assuaging.

You roam aimlessly up and down the shore for a while, asking Accolon some more questions about his adventures as a knight, but you soon turn your walk into a little searching expedition for seashells.

You plunge your hand into the clear shallows where you caught a glimpse of pink. It’s a seashell, fan-like and bigger than your thumbnail. You hand it to Accolon who slips it in his pouch – it’s starting to bulge.

“Mighty fine collection you’re gathering,” he remarks.

You nod sagely up at him before going back to peering into the waters. “Yes. And I want to do something with it.”

“Oh?”

“I want to make a necklace for Sera. Do you think she’d like that?”

Accolon beams. “She’d love that.”

“I just don’t know how many seashells we need,” you say, tapping a damp finger to your chin. “Her neck’s so big I can’t even wrap my arms around her.”

“Well, let’s look for some more then.”

You look together, judging each seashell carefully, and you ask Accolon that he keeps the secret, since you want it to be a surprise.

“I want to give it to her before you leave back to Lothia,” you add and he smiles, though it’s not one of his usual sunny smiles. While soft, it’s tinged with sadness – a sadness that always bleeds through as his journey to the Continent draws closer, that he tries to conceal around you every time.

To distract him from the sadness – that’s now tugging at your chest, too – you slash further along the shallows and say: “I think we need even more seashells.” Which is true; what you didn’t tell Accolon is

that you plan to make a necklace for him too.

Your quest has led you to a group of rocks, sheened and slicked by water and algae, that start off on the sand and slink into the sea. You wade closer; you may not find shells, but there's always a hubbub of sea life in such places, as your mother and Junia had shown you.

"Careful," Accolon calls out. "The rocks are slippery."

You skirt around the rocks, keeping your soles firmly on the sand, but you do squint your eyes to spy for any movement through the gently-undulating waves.

And there, where water gathers in a pool carved out of a crevice in the stone-

"It's a crab!"

Barely larger than your palm, sand-colored with grayish-green accents, it scuttles sideways and out of view and your movement.

"Indeed," Accolon says, biting back a smile. He squints up at the sky, then asks: "Do you think we've found enough shells?" When you nod, he hefts you up in his arms. "Then let's go get ready for lunch."

[Demo update](#)

[Jul 29, 2023](#)

What's new?

- More of chapter 5! (it's a big one)
- See more of Mordred's squire training
- Duel with Elaine - or don't
- A very Elaine-centric update all-around, with both platonic and romantic moments!
- Accolon finally makes an appearance this chapter

Hope you enjoy it!

Link: <https://llamagirl.itch.io/the-bastard-of-camelot-beta>

New Password: NewUpdateBoc824

If you find any bugs or typos, have any suggestions or simply wish to leave me feedback, here's a handy dandy Google form:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSc7F8P0TtGRrucAzhU9j57I29IELyFBdcU7TxxyxQ9HMFsKgg/viewform?usp=sf_link

[Demo patch](#)

[Jul 31, 2023](#)

Just updated the demo to patch the issues that were reported (typos/bugs). Thank you so much for the help! 💕

Hope you all have an amazing week!

[August short story poll](#)

[Aug 1, 2023](#)

Time to vote on the RO to be featured in the second short story of the month! Since Nimue won last time, she will be sitting out on this poll.

Gawain

9%

Elaine

22%

Isac

8%

Galahad

39%

Sophie

9%

Agravain

12%

Poll ended Aug 6, 2023 · 74 votes total

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Aug 4, 2023](#)

This week I've continued working on the demo - in the next update, we'll see how Mordred's magic lessons are coming along, and they'll get to read their correspondence, if they have any. I also want to do some little edits for the last update that came out (specifically, expending a bit on the conversation you have with Elaine after the duel).

Otherwise, I've written a more detailed layout for the scenes ahead; I knew, on the whole, what I wanted, but I didn't have all details down, and I added, changed and took out some stuff.

[Second short story poll](#)

[Aug 9, 2023](#)

Galahad won! Time to vote on the Mordred to be featured in this month's second short story. Last time, the vote went to the defiant Mordred who loves to challenge Galahad, both being in love yet oblivious; this option will be sitting out on this poll.

Flirty, confident Mordred who loves teasing Galahad; very much aware of their own crush

23%

Defiant Mordred who loves to challenge Galahad again but this one's aware of their crush and hate it

21%

Sweet, gentle Mordred who wants to befriend Galahad; crushing hard on Gally

56%

Poll ended Aug 13, 2023 · 77 votes total

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Aug 11, 2023](#)

I've continued work on the demo - Mordred gets another opportunity to spend time with Elaine before the guests arrive. They retreat to Mordred's room to hang out, talk a bit, and...perhaps have another romantic moment, this one uninterrupted.

I've also written the Knight tier short story featuring Sophie. It still needs a bit of editing, and it'll be posted around the beginning of next week.

I've also done a bit of work on the mini-game, mostly setting up things.

Have a great weekend!

[Small announcement](#)

[Aug 15, 2023](#)

With the occasion of writing this month's Knight tier story, I took some decisions regarding character names, to better keep in line with lore. So, Sophie is now...Sofie :) And you might know from tumblr that her twin's name is Magnus, which it still is (second name, at least). His first name is Rafael.

[Sofie sneaks out](#)

[Aug 15, 2023](#)

Sofie laced her boots, fastened her cloak and stole out the door of her quarters. She navigated the narrow, steep cobblestone streets by moonlight and kept to the alcove of shadows, just in case one of the apprentices or priests found themselves sleepless and staring out the window. She knew all recesses and back alleys where one might slip through the cracks, but she faced no issue as she slunk along the walls no more out of place than the moon's beams.

It was a balmy night, the overwhelming heat of the day rendered clement by the dark and the crisp, briny breeze that came from the sea. The island had quieted too, the incessant, relentless drone of cicadas giving way to the softest of sounds: the gentle swaying of foliage, the distant crash of waves, and the light, brisk patter of her boots.

There was movement in the shadows. Someone was waiting for her at the awning of the great passageway ahead.

Sofie smiled, slid her hand into Lucia's and pressed her lips against hers. "Have you been waiting long?"

"You're right on time."

Not everyone was on time, though. As Sofie and Lucia made their way down the sloped passageway – arching high and proud to stand as entrance and exit from the fortress wall of the Temple – nothing but the night greeted them. They walked down the stone pier to the boats stationed there, all empty and dark, and scoured for one in particular. The unassuming, sea-weathered dinghy waited tied to the furthestmost left, as Emilia had promised.

At first glance, the boat looked as desolate as the others. Then something stirred within, and a figure rose from the swarm of shadows, crowned with black hair cut out from the night itself.

"Well hello," Emilia, her closest friend in the world, smiled up from the bottom of the dinghy.

Two more emerged: Silas, messy-haired and timid, pipping out a "hi" akin a chirp, and Julian, cheery and ready for their adventure. All three had taken shelter in the shallow belly of the boat, crammed and shrouded by the shadows Emilia had manipulated to deepen and engulf them. It was perhaps too much of a precaution, though they didn't want to risk some stern priest ruining their fun.

They were all set to go, except they were still missing one person.

Predictably, it was her brother who was late.

"Are we sure he didn't fall asleep?" Emilia asked as Sofie slipped on the bench next to her. "Should someone go fetch him?"

Sofie shrugged, a playful smile tugging at her lips. "If he doesn't show up soon, I say we go and let him swim to the shore."

Emilia chuckled and summoned the shadow to envelop them again.

The sea lulled the little ship on its gentle waves. It rippled on around them, set alight with a diamantine glimmer where the moonbeams touched it, dark and unfathomable everywhere else. It stretched on towards the shore of Ituscia with its hills raising like a giant looming in the distance; a couple lights blinked at them from the beach.

When Rafael finally arrived, he did so as if sauntering in at a party. He had a predilection for dramatic entrances, and a love for being seen and admired. He took his time climbing down the steps and walking up the pier, giving a carefree wave as greeting.

Both Julian and Silas jumped up to offer their help. Rafael took both proffered hands, angling a sweet smile to each.

“What took you so long?” Sofie asked, tone flinty.

“I had to get ready,” Rafael said, in that glibly and annoying manner. He settled on the bench next to Silas, who immediately nestled into his side. “Style takes time,” he added, running his fingers along the golden cuffs on his braid.

Indeed, he had styled himself rather thoroughly. Her eyes had grown accustomed enough with the darkness – and even if they hadn’t, she could still have seen the way his lids and cheeks glistened with gold, and noticed the fancy garments that peeked underneath the plain cloak.

“I too styled myself, and I didn’t take so long,” Sofie argued. Well, it did take long, but she was mindful enough to start early on her preparations. She’d traced purple under her eyes, drawing the line far beyond their outer corners, ending in a thick wing-like shape. It was a process that took time and attention. “Besides, you don’t look quite inconspicuous, do you?”

Rafael studied her with a critical eye. A wicked smile flickered over his lips as he reached forward and pulled aside her cloak to reveal the skirt: light violet, embroidered with white lace like climbing flowers.

“Neither do you.”

She snatched the cloak out of his hands with one quick, firm flick. Still, her voice was light. “At least I don’t glisten like a beacon.”

“Shut up.”

“Because you have no defense.”

“Because I’m the prince.”

Sofie smirked. “Yet I’m older.” By mere minutes, but it was a fact she was glad she could dangle over his head.

“Both of you shut up,” Emilia smoothly intervened, “before we’re found out.”

Julian untied the boat and pushed it off the pier, then sat down to row. Out of them, he had the most experience and heartiness for it. On many occasions he’d set out towards the shore to fetch trinkets and treats the adepts had forgotten to request with the usual ship that came and went, earning himself a long string of favors to collect.

As the dinghy slowly drifted, Sofie cast her gaze to the island they were leaving behind. Eschia stood dormant at the heart of the cove, cradled by Ituscia. And well protected it was. In the distance, on each side of the awning of the bay, where arms of land stretched but did not meet – the gape giving way to the vastness of the sea – stood sentry mighty towers. Sofie could only see them vaguely silhouetted against the sky, watching for anyone coming from the outside world. A handful of young apprentices and two crown heirs sneaking out to the village were no threat.

Eschia was the largest and one of oldest cloisters dedicated to the Twins’ faiths – melded together on the island for adepts of both fae to come and study and practice. Previously, Sofie and Rafael had only visited during one of those pompous parading the royal family was wont to embark on, to be shown around on stage while the Council of Nobles took care of everything behind curtains. Thinly-veiled curtains, to be honest. Anyone with a brain at court knew who really ruled.

For a year now, however, the royal twins had been living on Eschia, and had yet another year of residency ahead of them. For the two of them, this *extraordinary apprenticeship*, as it had been called, had less to do with faith than it had with optics. The heirs and the Gods worshipped across Ituscia were both twins, which meant each of them were pushed since childhood to seek patronage under one of the fae. The decision of the apprenticeship had been taken, by formal accounts, to honor the Gods; in reality, it was to show the strength of the bond between Crown and Temples. To Sofie, it simply solidified their roles as dolls to tout, as prizes to flaunt. It was *extraordinary* since there was no expectation to learn, as any other adept would at a Temple. For all the Council of Nobles cared, this was a vacation for them. After all, there never was much expected from the royal twins.

Yet Sofie yearned for more.

Still, political plots aside, Sofie loved it on Eschia. It offered a good respite, and plenty of time to attend to her own academic interests. The Temple housed quite the impressive library.

Besides, it wasn’t as if the twins learned nothing of the Gods’ magic. They’d been praying to their respective idol since they were young children, and had come to have a rudimentary grasp on magic – limited, and mostly for show. Rafael had been taught how to play with light, a party trick he employed to entertain guests. Sofie learned how to blend amongst shadows. Practical, though she had little interest in merely lurking in the dark. She was set to be in the light – to be truly seen and heard.

As the distance between them and the rocky shore of Eschia grew, Sofie decided to kindle the conversation: “I heard Duke Salvatore has arrived in town.”

“And I believe a dinner invitation will come promptly, too?” Rafael said.

“Doubtlessly.”

“Oh, how marvelous it must be,” Lucia cooed, “Attending fancy dinners and balls and banquets.”

They were marvelous: sumptuous affairs where you could always count on delicious food and excellent wine. The guests themselves – well, that was an other matter entirely. There was plenty of pleasant company to be had. People with charming personalities and witty remarks, guests with good humor and terrific dancing moves. It wasn't all gild; even if they kept the veneer of it, you could still see through the cracks, especially once alcohol got involved.

Parties at court were exciting, yet could be dangerous terrain to tread. It was part of the thrill of it. One needed to be careful with their speech and how they carried themselves. One night at a feast, and you could end up with friends or enemies.

“It's fun,” Sofie agreed. She took the girl's hands in hers and held her gaze with a sweet, long smile. “I should take *you* to a fancy dinner at that fancy restaurant in town. It'll be so much more fun than dinner with some boring duke.”

Lucia giggled in response.

Chatter continued, shifting between royal parties to priestly studies. Silas, student of the Sun, spoke of a practical test he was afraid to fail, while Julian reassured him with the benevolent loftiness of one in the upper year. Emilia talked eagerly about her task of walking in the shadows, tonight offering good practice.

“We're going so *slow*,” Rafael complained, spearing through a lull in the conversation. They'd covered half the distance to the shore, but that was not enough for this Royal Crown. “If he had a Solomoni sorcerer,” he continued, clicking his fingers in a burst of sudden inspiration.

Sofie cut in to correct him: “Solomon.” They'd met a couple of the sorcerers – Lothian, faring from the Continent and journeying to Ituscia.

“Same thing, same thing,” he waved his hand dismissively. “If we had one, we'd be there in an instant.”

Sofie was quick to pop his ambitious vision. “And the wind would flay us alive.”

“I was speaking metaphorically.”

“I wasn't,” she retorted without skipping a beat.

Julian joined in, huffing as he turned the oars in the murky water. “How about you row for a change, Raf? If I'm not quick enough for you.”

“Oh no, I know you love it so much,” Rafael chuckled, the sound silvery. “I hope I didn't offend.” And to truly make sure, he leaned in and placed a kiss on Julian's cheek.

That melted away any disagreement.

Until a new one arose. As they were nearing the beach, Lucia asked a crucial question whose answer should have been obvious: “Which tavern do we go to?”

“Not that last one,” Rafael immediately said, in that definitive, imperative tone he often employed in courtly matters.

Sofie had to agree with him. It had been a safe choice, in terms of not getting recognized. They came in cloaked, yet no one spared them a second glance. The tables and floor had been sticky with various substances, though – might have been booze, might have been blood, and perhaps others she refused to think about – and the drunk crowd had a penchant for getting rowdy. Still, Sofie had gleaned interesting tidbits from a couple intoxicated patrons at the neighboring table; they harbored understandable discontent at the state of their employment, wrapped up in many a creative expletive.

“If we don’t want to be caught, we should still stick to the taverns near the docks,” Sofie said.

“Or we could just take a walk on the beach,” Silas piped in, head tilted back to gaze up at the sky. “The night is so beautiful.”

They all craned their heads as if on command. Beautiful was an understatement for the expense that reigned over them. Overwhelming in its vastness, bewitching with its dark canvas of twinkling stars and gauzy, mysterious swirls of deep purple. Such a mighty beauty could be humbling.

Sofie found it inspiring.

“We could,” she whispered, sounding almost reverential.

With that, it was decided. Julian and Silas were to buy them flasks of wine and ale – the alcohol was still an essential part of their plan – while the others waited on a shadowy strip of beach.

Not as adventurous an outing as she had anticipated; but as she lay on the cool sand, Lucia’s legs intertwined with her, looking up at the sky, she couldn’t complain.

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Aug 18, 2023](#)

Hey folks! This week my work on the demo has mostly been focused on edits and small additions based on feedback I've received, especially regarding Elaine and her romance. I've added a choice of how Mordred feels about crushing on/pursuing her, given the whole engagement thing. I haven't updated the demo yet, though; the changes will be posted along with the rest of this month's update.

I'm also been writing for the Royal Sorcerer mini-game - it's the confession scene with Gawain in chapter 3 - which I'm hoping to finish over the weekend.

I'll be posting some sneak peeks in the following days!

[August mini-game](#)

[Aug 22, 2023](#)

The chosen theme of this month was a chapter 3 scene, more specifically the Mordred-Gawain crush confession! It comprises all paths - whether it is Mordred, Gawain, or both who come to confess, including the alternative where Mordred turns him down despite the feelings being mutual.

Fluffiness and angst awaits!

Link: <https://lamagirl.itch.io/gawains-love-confession>

Password: GameConfessionGawain

If you find any issues - typos, inconsistencies - let me know here:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSdmXmRPJfqmoDd4oO4-QwhZiel4yk63j4EguWecpl5mBy_IKQ/viewform?usp=sf_link

[Sneak peek](#)

[Aug 22, 2023](#)

"Snake," she says, standing before your vividly painted wardrobe. "The Le Fay symbol, right?"

"Right."

She glances at you where you sit crossed-legged on the rug by the fire; her hair cascades over the back of her jerkin in flaxen ripples. "Why a snake?"

Well, if you were to ask many at court nowadays, it's been conceived in a bout of dreadful divination for the sole purpose of befitting Morgana's current status as Camelot's number one undesirable. While

surely a very creative take on the origin, the actual story contains a literal serpent rather than the metaphorical one they consider your mother.

"It's said the fae that gave our line magic - and, well, our name - first showed themselves as a serpent." Elaine makes a series of hums as she studies the wardrobe with more interest. You turn the question on her. "Why swan?"

"Because they make for a vicious symbol?" When you stare at her pointedly, she relents with a chuckle. "It comes from the Swan Knight." She rolls her eyes and pulls at a loose thread of her sleeve, grumbling, "Because I guess we have the most risible of names."

[September POV shift mini-game poll](#)

[Aug 23, 2023](#)

Time to vote for next month's mini-game!

If you'd like to suggest any scene from the demo to be added on the next poll, you can do so through this Google form:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSdz8L0mDqvf11V2z5_7Zdalcd0WZp0UsdSFK9kSZ7bN_1Syww/viewform?usp=sf_link

Dragon racing with Elaine (chapt5)

12%

Giving Elaine a tour of the castle (chapt 5)

14%

Finding Galahad at Mordred's spot by the river (staring contest route, chapter 3)

25%

Nicol's (the Duke's kid) POV of Mordred and Morgana arriving in Tintal (chapt 2)

49%

Poll ended Aug 29, 2023 · 69 votes total

[Aug 27, 2023](#)

This week I've continued work on the demo - more edits and a scene with Elaine where you get a soft friendship/romantic moment. I'm trying to wrap things up for this month's update. After all, it won't encompass all of the scenes leading up to the arrival of the guests as I had initially wanted (there's a little scene with your dragon friend and an Elaine POV that I didn't get to finish) but I'm glad to have taken a step back to implement the feedback received this month.

I've also finished the Champion Knight tier story! It needs a bit of editing and polishing but I'll be posting it later today.

[Caught in the thunderstorm with Galahad](#)

[Aug 27, 2023](#)

It all started with a couple gloomy clouds hanging ominously on the horizon. You first took notice of them as you were talking with Saphira, one of the local dragon representatives that had called for the The Round Table's assistance. The sky had been clear when you arrived in the morning – having set flight at the crack of dawn, a fact your dragon friend would not let you forget, beaming their drowsy irritation into your head. *Blame Galahad*, you'd reply. *He insisted we be there as early as possible.*

You don't blame him for rushing, though. The way Saphira described the situation, it seemed like a rather contentious matter but it turned out far easier to settle than anticipated. You could have made it back to Camelot in time for dinner, if it wasn't for the storm.

By the time you finished your business, the clouds have swooped on you, dark and baleful and oppressive, reigning over the sky as far as you could see with your eye. You barely made it to an inn before the downpour started.

"Mighty storm outside," the innkeeper remarks, pen poised over the ledger, gaze pinned on the watery deluge beyond the window. A tree branch bangs into the glass as if begging to be let inside. "Doesn't look like it's going to let up soon."

As if to strengthen their claim, thunder crackles above.

The innkeeper turns to you with a brilliant smile. "Time to find you four some rooms."

Lodgings for the dragons are quickly found, and a servant comes to usher them away with a promise of a hearty dinner for later. Meanwhile, you are left with the innkeeper, pressing their lips tightly and tutting over the ledger. You would have been more than content sharing a room with your dragon friend as you've had many times before, but the innkeeper insisted on finding something for you.

"We're almost full," they explain.

Laughter and music and light spill through the great oak doors beyond the entrance hall. The buzz of unintelligible conversations coalesces with the merry tune of violin and flutes. While the world outside is dark and raging and cold, the parlor of the inn is a bubble of mirth and warmth.

"We have a group of merchants as well as a traveling musical troupe spending the night," they add. "It's almost like a fair in there."

You glance to Galahad. "Gawain would have loved to be here, wouldn't he?"

He nods with a small smile.

"Ah-ha!" The innkeeper holds up their pen in victory. "But I do have a chamber for you."

It's a very lovely room, save for one issue.

There's only one bed.

Galahad stares at it as if you'd just been led to the den of a slumbering monster that may pounce if you make on wrong move. Your legs certainly feel one step away from one, rendered as liquid as your insides.

"It's the only chamber we have left. I hope it's up to your liking?"

Galahad shakes himself off and dips his head graciously towards the innkeeper, who bustles away with a smile.

The cozy lushness of the chamber allows weariness to finally come crushing down on you. The sight of fluffed-out pillows and smooth linen sheets remind you of the bed you were forced to abandon before the night was even over, and bring on a keen need to slip into it.

But you won't be doing that alone.

And Galahad looks none too eager about it.

He places his satchel on the ground and eyes the bed as if weighing up a possible enemy.

In turn, you consider him. "Does this arrangement make you uncomfortable? The bed, I mean."

Violet eyes – made all the more darker and deeper a purple in the dim light – flash to you, surprised. “I-No.” He pauses, then asks: “You?”

“Not at all.”

With that, some of the tension leaves his shoulders.

Truth be told, you’re far from uncomfortable. The thought of sharing a chamber – bed – with Galahad summons nothing but a flutter of excitement.

“I promise I won’t accidentally kick you in my sleep,” you add, drawing a snort of amusement from him.

“Will you intentionally then?”

“If you hog the blanket, maybe,” you tease. “I don’t know if I can even reach across to you, though. The bed may be for two, but I reckon it’s big enough to fit a third person in it.” Lots of space to be had between you, so to say.

“I’ve shared smaller beds. With Gawain, and Nimue. It’s not an issue.” His gaze rakes over you – quickly so, as if to confirm the truth of his statement – before he looks away altogether. “I should stoke the fire.”

You rush forward in a clang of armor. “I can do it. Fire magic, remember?” You wiggle your fingers in his direction, summoning a small sparkle to their tips, but Galahad spares only the briefest glance your way, nodding to let you go ahead.

You kneel before the hearth where embers sizzle from a dying fire. You toss in a couple logs then, cupping both palms over them, will the flames to rise, strong and hot-red.

You glance up at Galahad with a smile. You find his attention already on you, his cheeks ruddier than before – too quickly to be blamed on the heat. Gooseflesh licks up your arms and you can’t lay the fault on the fire, either.

“We should call after a servant,” Galahad says, and it’s enough to rouse you to your feet.

The next hour passes mostly in a blur. You relinquish your armors, take hot baths and have a hearty supper brought to your chamber to enjoy by the fire. Once the silver trays have been taken away, Galahad settles back comfortably in his armchair, nursing a cup of tea and staring into it as if the most captivating theatre play unfolded within.

Behind him, rain keeps on battering against the windows. The servant wanted to draw the curtains shut but you’ve asked them not to. With the windows so tall and wide and pointed towards a ridge of mountains, you’re truly given an impressive show. The storm calmed down for a bit while you were eating only to now return in full force, thunder cracking louder, lightning flashing brighter.

The revelry downstairs is intent to rival it in uproar, though. Upbeat music can be heard even over the patter of raindrops and every now and then a wave of rowdy laughter reaches your way, dampened through the floor yet no less cheerful.

"You don't have to stay on my account," Galahad says. "I'm sure you'd find more lively company with the patrons downstairs."

Well, it really is a toss coin when it comes down to how people will react to your name and the attached reputation – there are those intrigued and those repelled and, on the best of days, those that don't care at all.

"Be that as it may," you say, "I prefer *your* company."

He smiles. It's such a mellow expression that once you could only hope to find bestowed on you.

Your friendship with Galahad has unfurled slowly and delicately like a blooming rosebud. You're past frowns and suspicious looks thrown your way – they're now directed sideways. Wary glances to the outside world, as if Galahad was afraid it may turn on him any moment. Often, the moments you share seem like guilty indulgences he allows himself.

You settle down in the armchair opposite him, plush and velvety and a treat for your tired self. You fold up your legs and nestle closer to the fireside, briefly closing your eyes to focus on nothing else but the warmth against your cheek.

Beyond the glass, a vein-like streak of electrifying silver spears the sky.

"This reminds of a story from when I was a child," you say. "Of the traveler caught in the rainstorm seeking refuge at a cottage in the woods."

"Only for their host to turn out to be a fae and the next day there was no house to behold?" Galahad finishes for you. "Let's hope we'll still have a roof come morning."

You stand by the fire a little longer, talking of stories and faes and thunderstorms. Once you've both drank your warm tea, you decide it's better to head to bed so you might be well rested for the road back.

You slip between the sheets, each on their side of the bed. There's plenty of space between you that you don't even so much as brush against each other as you settle in, yet despite the distance there's a certain intimacy to hearing his soft breathing in the darkness, the slight rustle of fabric every time he moves.

It doesn't pass much time before you realize the sheets you have won't be enough to keep you warm.

"There's only one duvet," you say after rummaging through both the cabinet and the wardrobe. You hold out the comforter – it feels fluffy and silky under your fingers. It's made to accommodate more than one

person, but doesn't account for the space the two of you have left between you. You'd have to huddle...close.

You glance at Galahad over the duvet. His face, limned in dim, gilded light, is inscrutable.

"You can have it," he says without hesitation.

"We could share," you venture, and a shiver runs from the crown of your head all the way to your toes. "If that's alright with you."

Galahad just nods. You get back into bed and slowly scuttle close together. Your knees bump lightly, and your hands graze against each other, but neither pulls away. His warmth breath caresses your cheek, skims across your lips.

You're definitely not cold anymore.

"It's alright?" you ask, your voice barely louder than the whisper of sheets.

"Yes," Galahad murmurs back, just as gently.

A content smile curls your lips as your eyelids grow heavier. "If we really were to wake up to no roof or inn," you say, thinking back on the traveler's tale, "I'd still feel cozy and safe."

His fingers twitch next to yours, as if to reach out. Instead, they merely brush against them. A feather-like touch, small yet comforting.

"Me too," he replies.

You fall asleep to the sound of the rain and Galahad's breath.

[Demo update](#)

[Aug 29, 2023](#)

What's new?

More of chapter 5! (it's a big one)

-Mordred gets to read their correspondence, or reflect on the lack of letters

-Small magic lesson

-Spend some more time with Elaine before she's swept up in the bustle of the wedding. Have a sweet platonic moment, confess your feelings, express your concern over the marriage.

And also, edits!

Some of them very relevant in order to get the right text/choices during the Elaine scene mentioned above.

-I went back and added more clueless romance options for her (though as the chapter is right now, Mordred always figures out their feelings in the scene after the duel in the healing room)

-Added a new variable in the healing room that's important for getting the right romantic scene/choices

-Also added an option to define how you feel about crushing on her given the engagement (this choice comes up in the Temple scene, when talking with Gareth/Morgana/Isolde) and as such added text to reflect this choice during romantic moments

-There have been some other small edits after the duel, such as Mordred remarking it's unexpected of Elaine to be so good with a sword.

Note: As it is now, if you're making confession or flirting with Elaine in this update doesn't account whether Mordred is dating Gawain - the narration and/or Elaine herself should be bringing this up. I'll be adding this branch in the following days, but I really wanted to get the update out first.

Hope you enjoy it!

Link: <https://lamagirl.itch.io/the-bastard-of-camelot-beta>

New Password: UpdateTBoc16

If you find any bugs or typos, have any suggestions or simply wish to leave me feedback, here's a handy dandy Google form:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSc7F8P0TtGRrucAzhU9j57I29IELyFBdcU7TxxyxQ9HMFsKgg/viewform?usp=sf_link

[Demo patch](#)

[Aug 30, 2023](#)

Just wanted to let you all know I've updated the demo with fixes for the bugs reported so far! I think I caught them all but if I missed anything, please do let me know in the comments or the Google forms linked below.

I'll be coming back with some more rounds of editing later (formatting, flavor text, etc), but I wanted to get these issues out of the way as quickly as possible.

Edit: Went over some more bug reports/issues that weren't fixed properly initially and updated the demo.

Handy dandy Google form:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSc7F8P0TtGRrucAzhU9j57I29IELyFBdcU7TxyyxQ9HMFsKgg/viewform?usp=sf_link

[Elaine romantic scene bug](#)

[Aug 31, 2023](#)

Alright, think I figured out why people keep reporting there being missing text in the romantic variations of the scene with Elaine in Mordred's chamber.

For anyone confused - yes, if you directly confess to Elaine or pay her a compliment, there should be text between that and the following choices, also some varying descriptions if you don't confess but still crush on her.

There's an issue but not a bug in the code; I think part of it can be blamed on using old saves BUT there's also the issue of me forgetting to account for certain things. I actually feel pretty stupid about it now.

You see, I went back to the Temple scene and added some choices. When asked your opinion of Elaine, if it's romantic (and strictly the ones where Mordred is aware of their crush, so that rules out the clueless ones), you get an added choice of how you feel about it in regards to the wedding and Gareth. Is there any guilt - any fear that you're putting yourself and Elaine in a difficult situation - or are you perfectly ok with everything? Which is all very fine. Until I realized that if you choose not to take that romantic option then but still romance Elaine? Screws up the flavor text. Also, if you're using an old save and didn't replay through the Temple scene to make that choice? Also screws up flavor text.

I'll get it solved in the following days but I do need to think a bit about how to approach this. It'll most likely be a combination of adding another opportunity to make that choice of how you feel about the matter and 'soft-blocking' the player so that this chamber scene is the last opportunity to try to get a romance with her in this chapter.

Until then, if you want to get the scene properly, I'd say make sure you do the Temple scene and chose a romance option marked with ♥ to receive that newly added choice. So sorry for the trouble!

I will be updating the demo with some more small edits (phrasing, typos, fixed letter bugs) later today.

[Short story poll](#)

[Sep 4, 2023](#)

This month we're choosing from friends/family/Lot, who can't claim the first and the only thing making him the second one is a piece of paper. Note: Accolon won previously so he's not going to be featured on this poll, but he will return for voting next time!

Arthur

15%

Morgana

13%

Gareth

36%

Lot (if you like pain)

36%

Poll ended Sep 8, 2023 · 67 votes total

[Demo edits and additions](#)

[Sep 6, 2023](#)

I've updated the demo with some edits and small additions! So, let's go through the more substantial ones:

-Various typos/phrasing/issues fixed

-Added a small mention of Accolon in the Temple scene, motivating his absence

-Broke some of the longer pages into more, shorter pages, but I think they're other places too where I need to do it

-The whole mess with Elaine's romantic scene not displaying properly should now be fixed, but let me know if you're still having trouble/feel like there's missing text. Also: I know I initially said I'd account for the possibility of trying to initiate a romance with Elaine while still dating Gawain but ultimately I decided against it. If you choose you're still sweethearts with Gawain when reading the letters, you won't be given more romantic options/scenes with Elaine.

-An updated relationship stats page! It's more detailed now and actually reflects where you are with that character (unless you notice something incongruent/missing, in which case there's a bug so don't hesitate to reach out)

-Guinevere is now mentioned if you kept in touch with Arthur! She's been introduced to Mordred off-screen and they've been corresponding too, which means her first appearance in chapter 5 will play differently based on your relationship with Arthur.

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Sep 9, 2023](#)

This week, I've been fixing little issues that came up with the demo. Also, in terms of edits, I've added some choices in the convo with Accolon after the revelations of chapter 4; only for the routes where Mordred feels betrayed, so they can potentially voice their hurt towards him and not just Morgana.

Otherwise, I've also been working on the mini-game for September, featuring Nicol! It's an interesting one.

There's a couple more bugs and typos left to deal with so I'll get to it this weekened, but I wanted to say that I won't make any substantial updates to the demo this month. I've done my best to update it monthly - even though it's not listed as a Patreon feature, I wanted to keep to it as to make steady progress and always have something to show you - but I won't be able to do so this month. I'm going through a big move so I won't have as much time to write and I don't want to stress myself over it. However, all the Patreon rewards - short stories and mini-game - will be posted as usual.

[Mini-game poll \(to solve the tie!\).](#)

[Sep 9, 2023](#)

So, Gareth and Lot ended up at a tie, so let's make a quick second vote :) If it still ends up at a tie...I'll just randomize it!

Gareth

58%

Lot

42%

Poll ended Sep 11, 2023 · 69 votes total

[Short story second poll](#)

[Sep 12, 2023](#)

Gareth won, woohoo! Time to choose a Mordred (all with a very close relationship with Gareth, of course!)

Defiant Mordred who doesn't mince words

45%

Cheerful, playful Mordred

7%

Sweet, calm Mordred

48%

Poll ended Sep 16, 2023 · 75 votes total

[September mini-game](#)

[Sep 12, 2023](#)

The chosen theme of this month was a chapter 2 scene, more specifically Mordred and Morgana's visit in Tintal, seen through the eyes of the Duke's oldest son, Nicol. This was an interesting one!

Link: <https://llamagirl.itch.io/the-dukes-son-pov>

Password: NicolGamePlay

If you find any issues - typos, inconsistencies - let me know here:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSdmXmRPJfqmoDd4oO4-QwhZiel4yk63j4EguWecpl5mBy_IKQ/viewform?usp=sf_link

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Sep 16, 2023](#)

Hi folks! Not much to report on beyond the fact that I've been working on the short story for this month (Knight tier and above) which features - for the first time - Agravain! I'm really excited to share it with you :) It's almost finished and will be posted at the beginning of the week.

Otherwise, I won't be posting a demo update, as I said in my last weekly blog, but I do have some little snippets from a draft I was working on for an Elaine POV that I'll be sharing soon 🙄

[Agravain's roll of thread](#)

[Sep 19, 2023](#)

Agravain's whole life would come undone, all because of a roll of sewing thread. Not that their life had ever been as neat and put-together and lovely a thing as that roll. No, it had always been a tangled mess from the moment they were born, and kept growing knottier and knottier.

The roll now stood in the middle of the table, lone and accusatory, limned by a shaft of light. The thread was a beautiful, deep amethyst purple that had caught Agravain's eye. Interest quickly turned to dismay as they realized that their coin pursue would only be able to cover the fabrics they'd picked. So they bought the latter and made to snatch the former. They didn't agonize much over the choice but they

were now lamenting their carelessness. The bustle of the market had lulled them in a sense of security; who could keep track of what nifty fingers were doing when everyone was reaching out to feel the textiles or examine buttons?

Unfortunately for Agravain, the peddler had a hawk's eye. His hand came down in a vice-like grip around their wrist, twisting it as to reveal the stolen roll nestled in their palm. No amount of protestations or denials of the theft – they were simply picking it up to look at it better, they were intending to buy it, it's all a misunderstanding – could convince the vendor otherwise.

What followed was a humiliating march towards the nearest guards' station where the ones in charge of overseeing the entrance hall loitered about, chatting without a care in the world. They scrambled to put on a serious expression as the peddler went on about the crime. His diatribe attracted forth one of the older guards, who sauntered onto the scene eating an apple. This face Agravain knew well.

Lina Becker often came round the castle on official business, strutting around in her shiny armor with the guards' emblem embossed across the chest and the Camelotian-red cloak fluttering behind her.

She didn't look the least surprised to see Agravain there. "Rivlin," she said, then took another bite of her apple. "What brings you here?" She spoke as if they'd met each other in the street on the way to buy groceries.

In response, Agravain crossed their arms and scowled at the floor. The day was getting worse and worse.

Before the peddler could launch again into his heated explanation, Becker shuffled them all into a chamber and grabbed a younger guard on the way to jot down the account of the theft. While the peddler swung his arms around and spoke with indignant passion, she scribbled dutifully away. Becker listened, eating unbothered as if it was a funny little anecdote.

She chewed unhurriedly. The sound– crunchy, wet, loud – gnawed at Agravain's flimsy nerves. Then she said: "These are serious accusations, Rivlin. A squire stealing? Doesn't spell a trustworthy future knight."

The words, and the careless way in which they were tossed, prickled the back of their neck. The dread was quickly followed by a red-hot wave of anger.

All for a stupid roll of thread. Pretty, purple, quality thread that would have looked so nice on the garments they needed to patch and the ones they wanted to make. It didn't even cost that much. The peddler could have slapped their hand away and chased them off with a tirade. Agravain certainly wished they could have just dashed off, but their legs liquefied the moment his fingers locked round their wrist. Beyond the mist of panic, they knew running away would do them no good.

Unless they could have lost themselves in the crowd.

The peddler balked. "They're a squire?"

Agravain bit the inside of their cheek, hard enough to sting.

Becker stepped outside to order someone fetch Sir Elias, deciding to let him handle the situation as he saw fit. A courtesy – not towards Agravain, but towards their mentor.

The wait was torture. It dragged on and on to the point that Agravain hoped the vendor would grow tired of it and return to his cart. But he was mulish and craved justice. So Agravain bit their lip, dug their nails into their arms and pinned the table with a frown.

They wanted to believe Sir Elias would come, solve this mess, and agree to let everything be forgotten; as angry as the vendor was, he couldn't step over the words of a knight for just one roll of sewing thread. Yet a part of Agravain feared this would be the point at which Elias realized they were more trouble than worth – and decided to cut the cord.

Blood drummed in their ears; it was so silent in the chamber, yet so loud in their head.

This wouldn't be the first time they'd got caught up in some commotion that Sir Elias had to come in and settle, thought it'd never entailed stealing before. He wouldn't just toss them to the side like that, would he? After eight years of training and dedication, he'd see them through. He had to. It was in both of their interests.

And if he did discard of them as one did of a dull, damaged sword? Eight years of hard work – eight years of dedication – eight years of grinding their teeth and pouring over books and sweating on the training ground for nothing. It could be release; it's not as if they'd chosen this path for themselves, as if they wanted to serve under a House that loathed them. What release was it though, to be left with nothing, to lose the lifeline and sink to the bottom and drown there.

No. They needed this. That was why they trained till they bled. All of it had to be worth something, all for the chance to escape this place.

Their skin itched. Their body was too small to contain so much writhing, squirming dread. Unwittingly, they'd started bouncing their legs – to calm themselves, to give an outlet to that mounting tension. It kept growing and growing, a cauldron bubbling and spitting and boiling, about to overflow. Was this what the vendor wanted, to see them slowly unravel like sewing thread that'd slipped between your fingers?

When the door finally swung open, Agravain flinched.

Today was Sir Elias' day off duty, and they couldn't fathom it made him any more well-disposed to deal with this matter. Yet he took the time to don his armor – it explained the torturous wait – as a statement, no doubt. He could have come in his lord's clothes. They were fancy, but they didn't command the authority shiny plating did, bearing the Kanev family symbol, which Agravain abhorred.

The younger knight stood up straighter with a tinny clink of armor. Becker simply smiled.

All Elias yielded to them was a cordial nod. Then he turned his gaze on Agravain. His face betrayed nothing and that was the worst.

"I understand Agravain's been accused of theft," Sir Elias flatly said.

"Yes," the peddler cut in and held up the roll of thread between thumb and index. "Of this!"

Agravain wished the floor would just gape open and swallow them whole. All this fuss over that little thing; what a pathetic theft it made for.

Elias' blank gaze shifted from the thread to them, but Agravain dared not meet it directly. "Is it true?"

Agravain gave their reply to the table. "Yes."

"I see."

This was it, then. The unraveling of the thread, the severance of the string. No more knighthood, no more promise of a better future.

No more taunting of how they'd fail at it anyway.

Elias turned to the vendor and said: "How much for the roll?"

Agravain took in a sharp breath. They flicked their gaze up at him, numbed by relief. The knight's face was carved stone.

The peddler lifted his chin and told him the price. So little coin for someone like Elias, so much trouble for someone like Agravain.

Elias weighted the peddler's answer then reached into his satchel, producing considerably more than was asked for the thread. "The coin for what was taken," he said, "and some more for your trouble, with the hope that this doesn't need further mentioning."

The vendor looked finally appeased. "Of course," he graciously accepted the offer. Off he went, so preoccupied with his heftier purse that he'd left behind the roll of thread.

It continued to stand on the table, near a knife notch in the wood. The shaft of light that'd framed it was slightly askew as the sun moved up into the sky.

Becker strolled forward with a wry smile on her lips. If Agravain had been in a good enough mood to pay compliments, they'd have found her to possess a certain rougeish charm about her – and rogueish ways about herself, too.

"How much for *my* silence, huh?"

Elias' chest raised the tiniest bit with the quietest sigh, but his fingers still shifted towards his satchel. The young guard's eyes darted between them, wide and alarmed.

"I'm jesting," Becker said, clasping a gauntleted hand over his shoulder. "Don't worry, old friend, this stays all between these four walls." She glanced at the younger guard, who nodded earnestly.

"Could I have a moment alone with my squire?"

Becker saluted him and headed for the door. As she closed it behind her she called out, amusement tinging her tone: "Stay out of trouble, Rivlin." Like this was all a grand joke.

The door clicked shut and Agravain was alone with Sir Elias. They finally dared look at up his face.

Now that the others were gone, the shield had lowered. Agravain wished it hadn't. There was still a certain flintiness to his features, but the disappointment was plain to see as well.

"Why did you do it, Agravain?" He spoke calmly, almost softly. Less like a guard asking questions and more like a parent admonishing a child after mischief, trying to get to the root of it.

Troubled had cleared and so the cloud of anxiety was slowly dispelling. Through it seared anger. "I bought everything else I got from him," they said, with more heat than intended. The way the vendor spoke, one would believe Agravain had cleared their shelves of every fabric and needle. "I bought them with my own coin, but I needed the thread too, and I didn't have enough, so..."

"You stole it?"

They tried to slip it underneath their sleeve as they had times before with other little things, when the need arose.

Agravain's siblings had no such cares as them. Whatever they asked for was provided and they didn't even need to know the cost of it. Anything could be summoned for their convenience.

When it came to Agravain, their basic necessities were met. They had food on the table – hearty food, so their body could sustain such extensive training as being a squire demanded – and they had clothes on their back. Linen, not the nicest or softest but durable enough. The tunic they wore now too had been an unimpressive brown they spruced up with embroidered green leaves. They'd grown accustomed to its scratchy texture too but the tension had rendered it salt ground upon their raw skin.

"It wasn't even that expensive," Agravain grumbled. "The fabrics cost more, and I paid for them."

"You could have stolen one meager needle," Sir Elias said, "it'd still be theft." Agravain's jaw set but he went on, mellower: "If you really needed thread, couldn't you have gone to the castle tailors?"

Their shoulders slumped. This was wearing them down worse than waiting quietly in this room for their fate to be decided. How many times hadn't Agravain went to them? And they were kind enough to help,

but there was so much they could do and so much they could offer.

"I already went to them recently," they said.

"I could have given you the money if any of your garments needed patching."

There were those who tried to wear it thin, but Agravain still clung to some pride. Pride that allowed them not to grovel at the feet of a man who told them to renounce frivolous little ideas and pour their all into the sword and the craft and the study of a knight. They gave no answer. Sewing, for Elias, was to be practical. Agravain balked at his lack of imagination.

"Agravain." Elias' tone had hardened again. His palm came down to rest splayed against the table and he leant forward, demanding their attention. "You've been given a great opportunity. Do not squander it on petty theft."

They huffed and muttered, "It wasn't petty."

"Did you say anything?" It was a challenge – one Agravain was wise enough not to take.

They breathed in deeply through the nose. *Don't bite the hand that feeds.* Even if that hand is a closed fist.

"No, sir," they said.

"Good." Elias paused, shifted then put his hands on his armored hips. "One day, you'll wear the armor and bear the sword and be able to afford all the damned thread your heart desires. But until then, you must behave yourself. Lest you wish to blow all these years of hard work and become a scullion or stable hand."

There was no rancor or disgust in his tone yet it nettled Agravain all the same. Sir Elias spoke of it as a punishment. One he didn't wish to deal, but punishment nonetheless, in the form of a job nobody could possibly want. They weren't glamorous careers but they were what the court so heavily relied upon. Those pompous asses talked and thought of them like this, yet where would they be without their servants? The ones working silently and diligently and tirelessly. Scrubbing their shit, cooking their food, washing their clothes. Keeping their horses fed and combed. They were the ones who had to put up with their employers' whims and tempers. It could be such a thankless job at times, as they'd learned from their mother.

Indeed, Sir Elias was right; Agravain didn't want to serve the likes of nobles.

"Yes, sir," they said. There was a bitter taste of bile on their tongue.

"Let's go then. Gather your things and we'll return to the castle."

Agravain grabbed their satchel and followed after him but not before snatching up the roll of thread. Sir Elias watched them from the doorway with an inscrutable expression. It was disappointment, or perhaps resignation. Agravain had just failed an unspoken test.

They didn't care. They'd been through so much for that damned roll of thread, they might as well take it and make the best of it.

[Sneak peek](#)

[Sep 20, 2023](#)

"Don't do this to us, Elaine. You don't want this. Neither of us do. We won't be happy, and we won't be satisfied, and we'll only end up with regret and resentment."

Fear seared through her veins, a potent poison. Her defenses came up, barbed and sharp.

"Don't you do this to me!" Desperation spiked through, splintering her voice. "I don't want this for us either, but what would you have me do?"

Llama's note: Sneak peek from an Elaine POV draft I'm working on (for next month's update). The first speaker isn't mentioned, but it's not Mordred if you were wondering.

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Sep 25, 2023](#)

Hi folks! I'm so sorry for coming in late with the weekly blog. Over the weekend I was busy finishing packing then hit the road for the move and in the flurry of it all, completely forgot about posting. Not that there's a lot to update you on, as I haven't had much time to work - but I did finish the Gareth short story for Champion Knight and up tiers! It still needs a bit of editing but it'll be posted sometime this week.

Once I'm all settled and things have calmed down, I'll be going back to writing and getting an update done for October.

[Learning tricks](#)

[Sep 27, 2023](#)

“Paw,” Gareth requests.

Max tilts her head to the side. In the process, one fluffy, floppy ear turns inside out over her head. You chuckle and flick it back in its position.

“She’s so adorable, but she still has enough to learn, doesn’t she?”

Gareth smiles and scratches in her favorite spot under the jaw. “She’s learned a couple things already. She knows how to sit and lie down. And the others, we’re working on. A little bit every day, aren’t we?” he says, voice notching higher and sweeter as he no longer addresses you. Max stares back at him with beady, dark eyes.

It only took meeting Max, when she was but a tiny pup playing with her litter mates, for Gareth to fall utterly in love with her. Lot had brought him to the kennel to choose one of the puppies to have as his own, and she’d charmed him with her friendly nature and wet brown eyes. While he had to wait until she was a few months older and no longer suckling on her mother, Gareth visited her often. You happily accompanied him – you wouldn’t miss on a chance to pet and play with those cute little critters.

“Alright,” he says. “Let’s try again. Paw, please.” He holds out his own hand, palm up, with the elegance he’d ask someone to dance.

Max stares at it then yanks up one leg, slamming her paw against his hand.

“Thank you.” He slips a little treat from his pocket and offers it to her. “What a distinguished gentledog.”

“Quick learner, isn’t she? You’ll have her prancing about and doing tricks in no time.” You reach out to run your fingers through her fur; it’s fluffy and thick and soft, coming in shades of beige, gray and black. “Reckon she enjoys it, too, doesn’t she?”

“We’re definitely trying to make it fun for her. Like we’re playing, but it’s play we must take seriously.” It conjures distant, fuzzy memories of your mother dressing up magical lessons as little games.

Gareth goes on: “The kennel master says dogs need both mental and physical stimulation.” The corner of his mouth twitches up. “Something to learn, like I have my books.”

“What’s the physical stimulation to reading?”

“Fetching the book from the shelf,” he replies, to which you snort.

Max, seeing as no one's asking anything of her right now, flops down on her side and paws at the air, demanding that all attention be rightfully channeled towards her. You both gladly oblige, two set of hands scratching and patting her.

"I...would like to take Max trekking through the woods, though, from time to time," Gareth says.

"Would you?" Hope and surprise color your voice. Gareth is not in the habit of traipsing through the forest, not without you emboldening him to do so when he's spent too much time reading or solving assignments. It's not that he's adverse to a good walk; in fact, he's very eager if you propose one to town, especially if your journey includes visiting various shops. Books, garments, trinkets, it's always fun to scour over them with you. 'The wilderness' can be a tad daunting, he says, but he does appreciate the respite it offers from court life. You get the sense he's mostly just indulging you and mother.

He notices your expression and smiles knowingly. "You and mother always insist I do more exercise, and that's what Max needs too, so might as well try braving the woods."

"Well," you say, a smile curling your lips, "I'll be very glad to have both your company. And I promise I'll start you off with the easier paths."

He lets out a small, relieved sigh. "You better."

You spend some more time fluffing up Max and talking about exercise before Gareth decides to try the tricks again, this time letting you issue the command.

'Max, paw.'

She places one paw in your palm – it's comically oversized in proportion with her body – and you close your fingers around it, shaking politely. "How do you do, Lady Max?"

Lady Max gobbles the treat you offer as reward, staring at you with an open mouth that looks very much like a wide smile.

You can't help it. Hands sunk into the woolly scuff of her neck, you lean forward and place a quick peck on the top of her head. As you do, a potent whiff forces its way up your nose, making your whole face scrunch up as you pull away.

Gareth regards you with sparkling eyes. "Yes?"

"Nothing," you say as the dog settles down on your lap, cushioning her head on her paws with a big sigh. "Max simply has a...distinct aroma." It's not unpleasant, though you're not used to it either; it reminds you of the grass and soil.

"I know. Mother says my quarters *reek of dog* now." It's no wonder; Max, having graduated out of the dogs kennel, now resides in his rooms, and often ends up sleeping in his bed despite her own comfy one placed by his. "But I've grown accustomed to it. It can be strange in the beginning, but it becomes

comforting. Like the smell of ink on parchment, or of the leather that binds pages, or even that musty, sweet scent of old books.”

“In short, you’re utterly enamored with her.”

He laughs and doesn’t deny anything. Instead, he smiles down at Max and softly rubs at the base of her ears. “Would you like a pet someday, Mordred? Perhaps a cat? You’re awfully fond of them.”

A wistful smile catches on your lips. When you were little and living back in Avalon, you had a couple cats often visiting your home; basking in the sun on the tiles, hunting bugs in the garden, purring and nuzzling against you while you sat on the recliner. Morgana was as fond of them as you were, and parting with them when you left – and finding yourself with no other furry companion – was indeed quite a change. Nowadays, you seek feline affection from the cats roaming the castle grounds and the ones at the Temple.

“Perhaps,” you say. “I’d like that. Maybe once I’m older, and in Camelot, I could get one. Or two.”

Max jerks onto her back, whatever drowsiness descended upon her before evaporating. She tries to nibble at your fingers but you quickly reach for her twine toy to chew on, as Gareth taught you.

“Looks like it’s playtime,” he says. “Maybe we could teach her fetch?”

[October mini-game poll](#)

[Sep 27, 2023](#)

Time to vote for October's mini-game theme!

If you have any suggestions to be added to the next polls, leave them here:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSdz8L0mDqv11V2z5_7Zdalcd0WZp0UsdSFK9kSZ7bN_1Sywww/viewform?usp=sf_link

Dragon racing with Elaine (chapt5)

5%

Giving Elaine a tour of the castle (chapt 5)

9%

Finding Galahad at Mordred's spot by the river (staring contest route, chapter 3)

44%

Swordfighting with Elaine (chapt5)

42%

Poll ended Sep 30, 2023 · 57 votes total

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Sep 30, 2023](#)

So, finally got some time to work a bit on the demo! I'm writing Elaine's POV that I mentioned before; still a draft that I need to tweak and polish. That's all for now, but looking forward to writing and updating and showing you all how chapter 5 continues! There's so much in store, from characters' returns to characters' introductions and of course, drama 🙄

[October short story poll](#)

[Oct 4, 2023](#)

Time to vote on the RO to be featured in the second short story of the month! Since Galahad won last time, he will be sitting out on this poll.

Gawain

36%

Elaine

23%

Nimue

11%

Isac

15%

Sofie

2%

Agravain

14%

Poll ended Oct 8, 2023 · 66 votes total

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Oct 6, 2023](#)

I'm back into the swing of things, working on the game! I'm currently writing a scene that involves Mordred's dragon friend and Felix - a fun little bit before the frenzy of the wedding. I actually took a break from Elaine's POV to work on this part since I wasn't really satisfied/in the right headspace for it; that one is a rather emotional, wrought scene 🥹

Once both of these are done, I can start writing the most anticipated part: the arrival of the wedding guests! I've already jotted down some notes.

[Short story second poll](#)

[Oct 12, 2023](#)

Gawain won this month's short story poll! Time for the Mordred vote. Note: I'm not including the sweet, shy Mordred this month to give other personality types the chance to shine.

Flirty, confident, smooth Mordred

43%

Spunky, mischievous Mordred who is crushing hard on Gawain

40%

Spunky, mischievous Mordred as above, but this time oblivious about their crush on Gawain

17%

Poll ended Oct 16, 2023 · 63 votes total

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Oct 14, 2023](#)

Hi folks!

So, I finished both the little fun scene with the dragons that I mentioned last week, as well as Elaine's POV. Given the progress, I decided to turn my attention to the Patreon content before I work some more on the demo.

The short story for Knight tier and up is written, but needs some editing and polishing first. I went with something that'd fit the season, so we have Gawain and friends sneaking out into the woods to find faeries on equinox night. I'll be posting it tomorrow!

[Sneaking into the woods](#)

[Oct 16, 2023](#)

Gawain had been looking forward to tonight ever since they concocted their plan. He'd came up with the idea, though it wasn't original by any means: every equinox, each solstice, year after year, there were people who donned fae-like disguises and stole into the woods in the hopes of encountering those they were masquerading as.

"Do you think we'll meet any faeries tonight?" Gawain asked, bouncing in his seat. He'd scarfed down his food, eyes perpetually flitting to the growing darkness past the window, and now nursed a cup of tea that threatened to spill.

His partners in crime – Nimue and Galahad – had come up to his chamber under the pretense of spending the night. They all told their parents they'd play board games and eat roasted chestnuts by the fire as they had other autumn equinoxes before, watching the merry procession of Priests pass by the lake down the hill, making their way towards the forest. Not even they venture too far in.

"Depends," Nimue said. "I told you. It's not unheard of, but it is rare."

"And it's for the best," Galahad piped in firmly.

Nimue fixed him over the rim of her cup. Tendrils of steam framed her smirking face. "It's that what you think when you go hiking to the heart of Avalon to pray to the Goddess?"

He met her gaze headlong. "You know it's not the same. If I met the Lady of the Lake, I'd expect her to be kind, but not just any faerie. We have stories to warn us of that."

All this gloom and uncertainty and anxiety – surely, the fae were a bunch of varying demeanours, from the fickle and mischievous to the sage and helpful. People were tricked; people were aided; people befriended and angered the fair folk and, in those cases where magical bloodlines sprung up, loved them. All these accounts, be them true or not, intrigued Gawain.

He said, "But we have stories of their kindness, too!"

"It's...a coin toss," Galahad conceded.

"And even then, can you be sure which side the coin falls on, until it's too late?" Nimue's eyes gleamed. Her expression bore none of the caution that Galahad's did.

"It's going to be alright," Gawain said, mostly addressing him. "We're going to be very nice and polite to any fae we meet. They like that, so they must like us too then."

Gally studied his face – his unfaltering, encouraging smile, made all the more wider by his mounting enthusiasm – and finally smiled himself.

"And what if we do meet a mean fae?" he asked, but his tone was light.

"Then"—Gawain's gaze darted to the sturdy leather boots by the door—"we run. Really fast."

There came a knock at the door: quick, chipper and percussive. Gawain bounded to open it, delighted to find his parents waiting outside. *Finally!*

His father called out, swinging his arm: "Ready to go out into the woods, you three little rascals?"

"Of course not," Nimue replied from the table, very earnest and very calm. "That would be incredibly foolish and reckless of us."

"Well, I guess we're all going to be incredibly foolish and reckless tonight," his father rejoined.

"Are you joining us?" Galahad asked. He glanced at Gawain. "I thought we were sneaking out."

"We are," Gawain said. "With my parents."

Sure, that wasn't the intended plan, not from the start. They'd agreed they wouldn't be telling their parents, for various reasons. Gally's would have been nigh impossible to talk into allowing him on their nighttime adventure, though Merlin and his would have been amenable to it. Regardless, there was a thrill to the secrecy and sneaking about, of doing something they weren't supposed to do. A giddy rush, so much so that he couldn't help but tell his parents all about it. They had countless tales of mischief that Gawain had raptly listened to. His stealthy enterprise echoed theirs. He couldn't wait to have his own daring-do stories to share with them – that they could be proud of! So he blurted out everything, and his parents were eager to join.

Galahad didn't look quite as excited, though. His shoulders drew taut round his neck. "Did you tell my parents?"

"Lance's a good friend," father said, "but not a good sport. So, no."

Galahad relaxed.

"That's why we need to be very sneaky," mother said, speaking in a hushed, conspiratorial tone. She held up one finger to her lips. Both Gawain and Nimue mirrored the gesture, exchanging glances and biting back smiles. "Alright, is everyone ready?"

They slipped on their boots, warm and thick-soled, then grabbed their cloaks and masks. The former they'd adorned with fallen leaves, a patchwork of blood-red, rusted-brown and fresh-green; they'd sown acorns and cones as shoulder pads. The masks they'd painted in the same autumn shades to match their cloaks and crowned with twigs, and felt fashioned in the shape of animal ears. His parents too had their own pair of masks, made the other night with Gawain's aid.

Gawain's mask was more green than brown or red. A verdant, summer green he found himself most drawn to when Nimue arrived with the paints. The boughs that sprung up from the frame were heavy with leaves and the ears peeking between them were small, rounded and fuzzy, much alike those of a bear cub. Underneath his cloak, he'd put on a lovely jerkin, cozy but elegant. If he were to meet a fae, he wanted to look his best.

They set off, making a show of slinking along less-trodden corridors and glancing round corners before rushing forward on tip-toes. They passed guards, but they barely batted an eye. Masked and cloaked as they were, it was far from a strange sight on equinox night. Many people dressed up like this – the fair itself brandished booths overflowing with various fae-like disguises – to parade about town, dance and drink and spook poor passer-byes who can't so readily differentiate between the human and the magical when shadow and light play tricks on the eye.

Soon, they were out into the cool night, underneath a cloudless sky. Gawain craned his neck far back to catch the whole expanse of twinkling stars, hundreds – thousands! - of little gems everywhere the eye could see, gauze-like strips of deep purple twining around them. There were planets, too, though he'd only seen those with Nimue, using the telescope in Merlin's tower. He wondered if faeries could fly so high as to reach them.

As they made their way across the castle grounds, down the hill and towards the woods, there was but a subtle breeze rustling the trees and blowing at their capes. All in all, a wondrous night for an escapade.

Gawain had to keep watching his step. His impatient feet would lead him ahead of everyone else and he'd then have to run back to fall into step with them before repeating the process, again and again. Everyone moved so slow! He could see the treeline, beckoning, taunting, calling to him. He'd often found himself gazing longingly in its direction over the last week, counting down the days to the equinox. The fair in town and the feast in the Great Hall were great entertainment, but he kept thinking of the celebrations the fair folk would have. He'd read stories of the Deer King's feast, held many years ago when his Hall's doors opened to each and every who managed to find the place. Lord Merlin had traced their steps, long after it had fallen to decay, remaining but a ruin of the splendor it once was.

Gawain wished he could see it with his eyes.

Shadowy figures awaited them at the edge of the woods. Not faeries, but two dragons talking among themselves.

Ariawen and Callum greeted them, all dressed up in their masks and cloaks and necklaces of cones and acorns. There was a similar moment of confusion as there was for Nimue and Gally back in Gawain's chamber upon his parents' arrival. They were both fine with the additions – if anything, it seemed to him that Callum was quite relieved to have adults among their group. He'd been the most reluctant of them all on the plan even as Gawain reassured him that they'd be safe, especially having him by their side, with his sharp claws and fire breath.

Finally, they could set off into the woods.

The shadows were deeper and cooler between the trees, moonlight slipping only through slits, thin and silvery. His parents lighted torches and Nimue summoned a flame to the palm of her hand to guide the way. They kept to the well-trodden paths for the most part – they wanted to find fae, not get lost – and when they went off them, minded their step. Well, the others did, at the very least. Gawain found himself quickly lost in the mysterious scenery, scouring the darkness for any sign of a magical creature. Mistaking misshapen trunks and twisted boughs for strange figures, and the rustle of scurrying critters for otherworldly whispers. It was merely the fancy of his over-eager brain, seeking desperately for what he wished to find.

The most interesting thing he spotted was an owl. It was enough to exercise his imagination.

"Imagine," he said to Gally, "that the owl was actually a fae, transformed! Watching us, stalking us." He paused, boots crunching on the carpet of leaves. "Maybe it'd want humans to follow it to some magical place."

A small, amused hum came from beneath the mask. "Sounds like the sort of story you'd love to write."

"Indeed!"

They walked and walked, but nothing quite as exciting as the owl sighting happened. At some point, Gawain and Nimue had fallen at the back of the group, where they followed along to a chorus of dry leaves crushed underfoot.

She looped her arm around Gawain and leaned in close to whisper, “Your parents have been running us in circles.”

“What?”

“We’re not that far into the forest, just circling about,” she continued, sounding pleased with herself for having figured it out. “They’re clever; and clearly afraid of what resides deeper in the woods.” She turned her face – and unreadable mask of green moss – to stare off into the deep, impenetrable darkness between the trees. If he had to guess, she had a longing spark in her eyes. He’d caught it there before, when she was looking out the window.

“But we’re not afraid of the fae, are we?”

“I’m not,” Nimue said. Amusement tinged her words, like he’d said something funny. “But you, are you still not? Now that we are into the night, into the forest, surrendered by creatures who can navigate far better than us with our human ears and human eyes? With senses not fit for this time, unlike the wolves that prowl in search of food? Are you not scared?”

Gawain wasn’t afraid, not as long as the fae were nice. He’d be mighty disappointed if he encountered a mean one. And even then, it’s not as if he was alone.

“No!” Gawain brightly replied. “I have you all by my side.”

“What a touching sentiment.”

The cool breeze carried a murmur of voices. Both snapped their heads in the direction of the sound. Gawain’s pulse quickened; his resolved steeled. With renewed enthusiasm, he bolted for the foliage, tugging Nimue along.

Behind, his mother called him back over. But Gawain couldn’t miss his one chance.

He and Nimue burst forth from the shrubbery, boots skittering on broken twigs, and came face to face with a group of–

–surprisingly mundane looking faeries.

“No luck yet,” Nimue said, stating the disappointing obvious.

The masked, robed figures spooked. They yelped and stumbled back, and one got so far as to dash away before another stopped them and reassured them, “They’re just children.”

And they were just a gaggle of Weaver’s apprentices, by the look of their clothes and brooches.

“Gawain,” his father broke through the bushes, “are you alright—Ah. We’re not the only ones in search of fae, are we?”

The group fretted and dithered to give an answer, many a whispering and elbowing taking place amongst them until they confessed and relented to his father’s offer to escort them out of the woods.

“It’s best we all retire for the night,” his mother said as they guided them all, “with a warm tea and good spook story to tell later, hmm?”

Her tone was encouraging, but Gawain couldn’t help the pit of disappointment carving itself in his chest. He fiddled with the edge of his cloak, pulling and swishing it around himself, shoulders rising and falling with heavy sighs every now and then.

“Disappointing night?” Nimue asked, knowingly.

“Yes! I shouldn’t have got my hopes so high, but the woods always look so mysterious on nights like these. Well, more than they usually do. I thought...I don’t know what I thought,” he finished, slumping forward, leaning his weight on Nimue with yet another sigh to punctuate his words.

She halted, then turned him around to face her. She was still wearing her mask, patched with bits of moss and pressed flowers. She’d painted the area around her eyes black so that their green would stand out – and stand out they did, glinting like gems in the flame summoned from her palm.

“Gawain,” she said, “Am I fae enough for you?”

He chortled. “You are! Though,” a teasing smile pulled at his lips, “your father’s even more fae.”

“Yet my father won’t party with you in the forest, like you wanted to.” She twined her fingers with his, raised her arm and twirled him underneath. Gawain giggled.

“Watch this.”

With a sweeping gesture, she sent all the fallen leaves in a whirlwind – dancing and spinning around them.

Tonight wasn’t such a disappointment, after all.

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Oct 20, 2023](#)

So, having finished and posted the Knight tier short story, I turned my attention back to the demo and finally started writing the guests' arrival scene. Now, I haven't gotten to any meaningful guests yet - just a description of the frenzy of it all and a little conversation with Elaine - but the Royal carriages are approaching 🙄

I've also worked on the mini-game for this month, featuring the chapter 3 scene of Galahad and Mordred deciding who gets to stay by the river spot with a staring contest. Not done yet, but it's going well!

That's all for this week. I hope you all have a great weekend!

[October mini-game](#)

[Oct 24, 2023](#)

The chosen theme of this month was a chapter 3 scene, Mordred's encounter with Galahad by the river, seen through the latter's eyes. This time, we'll see the version in which Mordred comes down to chase him away from their spot, proposing a staring contest to settle the winner.

Link: <https://lamagirl.itch.io/staring-contest-with-galahad>

Password: ContestGameGally

If you find any issues - typos, inconsistencies - let me know here:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSdmXmRPJfqmoDd4oO4-QwhZiel4yk63j4EguWecpl5mBy_IKQ/viewform?usp=sf_link

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Oct 28, 2023](#)

Hi folks! This week, I've focused on wrapping up and polishing the update, as well as writing the Champion Knight tier short story.

The short story will be posted shortly! As for the demo update, I may wait until tomorrow morning to post it in order to check for more bugs but either way, it's coming very soon! Once I update I'll be going into more details about what's new and the changes I made to certain dragon lore parts, as well as some other little tweaked bits that were added 🙄

[To the autumn equinox fair with Gawain](#)

[Oct 28, 2023](#)

For a month now, the upcoming autumn equinox is all Gawain's been talking about. He's been telling you how excited he is, as if you can't tell by the width of his smile and the rush of his words. He said it'll be even better this year because of the musicians expected to visit; that the town never disappoints when it comes to entertainment, and that the Castle is always decked with decorations most beautiful. He took you, Nimue and Galahad out shopping weeks in advance for materials to craft your faerie masks, which he intended for you to wear at the feast that'd be held in the Royal Hall.

There's no question to whether you'd go to the town fair, too. Gawain expects all his friends to accompany him to the event of the month. And while you're very much thrilled to go, you have a slightly different proposal which you'll hope he'll find tempting.

So you flag Gawain down one evening and present your plan. You tell him that you wish to head down to the town fair, just the two of you. You'll join up with the others later, of course – but for a couple of hours, you say with a sweet, long smile, you desire his and his company alone.

You left with a promise to meet in front of the castle and the sensation of Gawain's lips lingering on your cheek.

It's equinox day, and you're walking arm in arm with him down the hill towards the town. It's a sweet, clear, mild autumn day which Gawain deems perfect for a festival.

He gives a little sigh and leans into you; a curl of chestnut-colored hair brushes against your cheek. "Autumn is always so inspiring, you know?" he says as he eyes the golden canopy of the linden trees that flank the road.

"Don't you say that about every season?"

He waves a hand vaguely to dismiss you. "It's because every season has a reason to be inspiring. A different reason."

You go on talking about seasons, their merits and Gawain's latest poetry until you reach the town. If you thought the castle was lushly bedecked, than the festival seeks to outshine it completely. Garlands upon garlands of rusty leaves, wildflowers and cones adorn each building, draped across the facade like climbing ivy, and stretch between rows of stalls, creating woodsy archways. The deeper into the bustle you wade, the louder music grows – not just one melody, but ten different tunes swirling about you,

merry and upbeat, slow and enchanting. Enticing scents waft through the air, guiding you to the food stalls, and colorful, vivid displays vie for your attention.

Gawain himself can't make up his mind where to go first. He wants to see and do everything, but doesn't know which direction to set off.

"You said you wanted to see the musicians," you helpfully supply as Gawain stands at a crossroads of booths, tapping a finger against his cheek and a pointy shoe against the cobblestones. You can't tell whether the movements are in beat with any of the tunes floating about, or a melody of his own.

"Exactly! And that's the dilemma. Where to first?"

You tilt your head and listen. The nearest music you can hear is merry and lively, like something one might dance to. You tell Gawain, and your course is set.

There is, indeed, dancing. As soon as his eyes alight on the crowd of skipping, whirling fair-goers, Gawain spins around and thrust out his hand with a determined smile. "Dance with me!"

You take his proffered hand, gently folding your fingers around his, and bring it slowly to your mouth to place a kiss on the back of his palm. "With pleasure," you murmur against his skin, feeling him shiver underneath.

Gawain pulls you into the dancing fray with a grin that splits his flushed cheeks. You arrived just in time for the start of a new song, when tired, heaving pairs leave for refreshments and eager, energized newcomers jump in. The melody starts slow and calm and you both slip with ease into position. Years of feasts and festivals and etiquette lessons have honed your skills, and you know Gawain to be just as skilled a dancer, and exceedingly eager to boot.

You hold out one arm and press your splayed hand against Gawain's. Your free arms fold behind your back and you circle around each other, taking long, graceful strides as your gazes stay locked. There's a sheen of iridescent green on his lids that render the lustre of his brown eyes brighter. Everything else around you fades in a blur. The only focus is Gawain, his gaze an eddy that pulls you ever closer, keeps you ever anchored – and in the sweet depths of his eyes, you see your own enraptured face reflected.

As the song picks up, you change stances. You place a hand on the small of his back, against the smooth brocade of his pumpkin-orange doublet, while he rests his on your shoulder. Your other hand takes his, twining your fingers. Gawain leans in and so do you, till your chests brush against each other and your breaths commingle, hot against your cheek, nose filled with his rose scent, soft and green.

You twirl and sway and bound around, pulling away only to come back into each other's arms with aplomb.

The song is over; you stay for another, then another, till you're breathless. You leave the dancing ring, spent yet exhilarated, hands still twined.

Gawain proposes that you get something to drink, *right now*, before his throat grows anymore parched*.*

"It's like breathing fire," he complains of it, bouncing on his heels as you wait in line for mulled wine. "Oh, do you smell that?" Gawain sniffs the air as a small breeze billows the steam in your direction. "I think I'm drunk just on the scent of it."

You eventually get your cups of mulled wine and wonder off at a leisured step through the fair, gawking and stalls and making banter while you sip on your drinks.

You take a long swig, eyes fluttering close as its warmth pools inside your stomach. "Mulled wine," you say and catch Gawain's gaze. "Almost as sweet as you."

"So poetic," he chuckles. He turns his head away, then halts completely. "Mordred, Mordred," he pats at your arms and points his cup towards a booth ahead. "Look! Plushies!"

Plushies, all tenderly crafted by the seller who receives you with a warm smile and invites you to take a look. You're sure Gawain will want more than to take a look, if his enthused expression is anything to go by.

Gawain considers all the plushies in earnest, gnawing at his bottom lip. He shifts closer to you, head cocked as he scours the display. "They're all so adorable, aren't they? I *must* get one. How about that fox? It has a playful look about itself."

You nod, step forward and fish in your pocket for the necessary coin.

"Here," you hand Gawain the fox with a wry smile. "Something to remember today by."

He takes the plush and hugs it close to his chest. "You didn't have to. But thank you." He plants a kiss on top of the fox's head and chuckles. "I love it."

You walk around a little bit more, but soon find yourself winding your way to the fountain, where you manage to claim a spot on its ledge. Gawain plops down immediately, plush fox seated on his lap, and pats the spot next to him.

"I told the others we'd meet by the fountain," he says as you sit down. The mulled wine has rendered the world around you fuzzy, and your own feet mellow. "Reckon we should just wait for them now."

Behind you, the fountain warbles, a silvery, crystalline susurrus that you let fill the spell of silence. Gawain inches closer to you, till your thighs touch, and leans his head against your shoulder with a small, content sigh.

"Today was amazing," he says, reaching out to twine his fingers with yours.

You nestle closer to him and close your eyes. You can only agree.

[Demo update](#)

[Oct 29, 2023](#)

What's new?

More of chapter 5! (it's a big one)

-Elaine's POV. Note that it doesn't come up where the demo last left off; it takes place right after the magic lesson scene and before bumping into Elaine in the inner courtyard.

-Play wingman!

-Greet the guests! So far, the only guest you're actually greeting is Elewen. But Arthur, Guinevere, Merlin and the others are on their way! How does Mordred feel in anticipation of finally meeting the Royal Sorcerer? 🗪

And also, edits, edits edits!

One of them is very relevant in order to get the right text/choices during a little convo you can have with Elaine while waiting for the guests to arrive.

-Added a new variable in Mordred's chamber scene with Elaine; it keeps track of your romantic status with her, so it's very important to replay through it again, otherwise you'll receive her platonic scenes

-I think it mentioned in a previous update that Mordred also keeps in touch with Guinevere if they're close to Arthur. In chapter 4, we find that Guin regrets missing Mordred's birthday party due to a spell of illness. Additionally, Guinevere knows about Arthur being their father, the prophecy and everything else. This info has been added in chapter 3, where Guin is mentioned alongside Kay in Arthur's POV. And if you choose to spend time with Arthur by the river, either to bond or find out more about your Pendragon powers, Mordred gets a chance to ask him if Guinevere knows.

-Some of you may remember that a while ago I teased some tweaks to dragon lore. Rant below!

Dragon lore rant

Well, I've finally incorporated the lore changes in the game (though there may be bits that need editing). So, what's the changes? Dragons don't have the same concept of gender as humans do. They have no sexual dimorphism, which is now a newly introduced fact, but it's one I don't think I ever mentioned before. The way dragons reproduce is pretty similar to birds. There are some dragons who lay eggs,

and some dragons who fertilize them, but it's didn't lead to them classifying themselves on that binary. So, all dragons are referred to by they/them pronouns and gender-neutral terms in the story now (and if you see otherwise, it's because I missed that part and I ask you kindly to let me know about it!) I've tried to go through all instances and replace the uses of other pronouns, but there's still some editing and polishing that needs to be done.

A second change that I've been meaning to add: the names of the dragons that we see in the text are their "human names": a lot of dragons and humans have taken to choosing a second name that would be easier for the other party to use. There's a mention of it when you meet your dragon companion. Their actual name in their language isn't written out, but it's described similar to how I describe a dragon's speech in other instances. Note that Mordred doesn't introduce themselves by a "dragon name" there; it'll be included later.

Hope you enjoy the update!

Link: <https://lamagirl.itch.io/the-bastard-of-camelot-beta>

New Password: TBCDemoUpdate

If you find any bugs or typos, have any suggestions or simply wish to leave me feedback, here's a handy dandy Google form:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSc7F8P0TtGRrucAzhU9j57I29IELyFBdcU7TxxyxQ9HMFsKgg/viewform?usp=sf_link

[Royal Sorcerer tier changes](#)

[Oct 30, 2023](#)

I'm making this post free for all to read, so those in the concerned tier as well as those who consider joining it can see this.

The perk that is unique to the Royal Sorcerer tier is a monthly mini-game that consists of a demo scene, told from a different POV. I've been turning this matter around in my head, and I decided that I'd like trying a new schedule for writing these games; more specifically, a mini-game done every two months.

I hope the news isn't too disappointing. I love the mini-games - they're fun writing exercises that allow me to delve in a character's mind, and I know people love them - but I'd like to shift some more attention onto the demo itself. The part of chapter 5 that's coming up is a very exciting one, but also abundant in variance, due to all the different relationships Mordred has, and how they navigate them.

So, things will look like this: there won't be a new mini-game in November, but I'll put up the poll with options so people can vote on the theme. The mini-game itself will then be posted in December.

[November short story poll](#)

[Nov 1, 2023](#)

This month we're choosing from friends/family/Lot, who can't claim the first and the only thing making him the second one is a piece of paper. Note: Gareth won previously so he's not going to be featured on this poll, but he will return for voting next time!

Arthur

53%

Morgana

8%

Accolon

11%

Lot (if you like pain)

29%

Poll ended Nov 6, 2023 · 66 votes total

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Nov 4, 2023](#)

I've been editing the update and fixing issues as they got reported, as well as continued working on the demo. I'm currently writing the reunion with Arthur and Guinevere's introduction! Next guests arriving are Gawain and Galahad.

That's about all for this week. I'll start posting some sneak peeks soon!

[Second short story poll](#)

[Nov 9, 2023](#)

Arthur won! Time to vote on the Mordred to be featured in this month's second short story. The playful, cheerful, high-energy type will be sitting out on this poll since they won last time Arthur was chosen.

A defiant, spunky Mordred who doesn't mince words

29%

A charming, smooth, confident Mordred

15%

A sweet, gentle, patient mordred

55%

Poll ended Nov 14, 2023 · 78 votes total

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Nov 11, 2023](#)

Continued work on the guests' arrival! The hosts have greeted Arthur and Guinevere, Gawain and his family have arrived, Galahad is back (though he has no time to chit-chat right now). Currently I'm writing Merlin's and Nimue's introduction. Afterwards I'll be taking a break to work on the Knight tier short story of this month. It'll feature Isac!

[Sneak peek](#)

[Nov 11, 2023](#)

When she reaches you, Guinevere takes both your hands in hers. Her lively, kind brown eyes have a comforting effect on you, like a cup of hot tea on a cold winter day. It thaws away all worries, letting you bask in the moment. "I hope you're well."

"Perfect right about now," you reply.

"I could say the same." Arthur, having given his well-wishes to Gareth and Elaine, now approaches you with open arms.

[Mini-game poll for December](#)

[Nov 14, 2023](#)

Time to vote for December's mini-game theme!

If you have any suggestions to be added to the next polls, leave them here:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSdz8L0mDqv11V2z5_7Zdalcd0WZp0UsdSFK9kSZ7bN_1Sywww/viewform?usp=sf_link

Dragon racing with Elaine (chapt5)

17%

Giving Elaine a tour of the castle (chapt 5)

15%

Swordfighting with Elaine (chapt5)

69%

Poll ended Nov 24, 2023 · 48 votes total

[Sneak peek](#)

[Nov 14, 2023](#)

Goddess, he looks so pompous in his fancy little clothes. Gold-trimmed doublet, ruby buttons. It may be proper, fashionable Court attire, but he makes it look so silly by virtue of being well, himself. Even if the gold suits his sun-kissed, warm complexion. The bright red overpowers the gray-violet of his eyes, which is a shame, because it's a very lovely shade. It does mellow his gaze, though.

Silly. Definitely silly. You don't find him dashing at all. Why does he keep staring at you?

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Nov 18, 2023](#)

So, I've done all the writing I wanted for this month's update - though I may try to squeeze in the outfit choice as Mordred heads to the party before wrapping up work. As is, the update ends just as they're arriving at the party and wondering what shenanigans to expect tonight. That being said, I'm finished with all the guests' arrival scenes. It still needs to go through editing and polishing, but I'm happy with the progress.

I've also done some little edits to earlier chapters - typos, making some choices clearer, replacing the dragons' pronouns with they/them in scenes I overlooked, rewording/adding a couple paragraphs to Morgana's first POV in chapter 3, to see more of her thoughts. There's some other little edits I'd like to do, possibly in Nimue's scene in chapter 1.

I admit, writing Merlin's and Nimue's introduction took me a bit! Which was a surprising, since I found Merlin rather easy to write in the short stories I've written on Patreon. I reckon I've put some pressure on myself, stressing about how interesting his intro in the game feels and how he comes across, given that so many people are looking forward to meeting him and interacting with him. I had to remind myself that while Mordred can definitely have their impression colored by Morgana's very vivid description of his character - and I want it to be felt in the story - they're also seeing the sorcerer with fresh eyes, and don't have either their mother's or Arthur's experience and history with him. And now that he's introduced, it'll be fun to explore what Mordred makes of Merlin and all their possible dynamics.

I've also been working on the Knight tier short story, which features Isac and his dragon friend, Owen, going on a trip in the woods to an old Deer King Temple.

[Isac goes on a trip](#)

[Nov 24, 2023](#)

Isac knocked the arrow, aimed, then let it spring loose. It sliced through the air and landed into the trunk with a dull thump. Between the bark and the sharp tip a jaundice-yellow leaf was trapped, nailed back to the tree it was seeking to flee.

Behind him, Owen huffed. "Show-off."

Their gravelly voice sounded utterly unimpressed, but they eyed the lodged arrow with interest.

"I have the skill," Isac glibly replied, performing a little curtsy. "Why not flaunt it?"

He clambered up the tree with ease, retrieved his arrow and, as the freed leaf glided down to join its brethren on the forest floor, he splayed his palm in its place, where the keen point had burrowed deep and left a dent in the bark. He reached out with his magic – it rushed through his veins like sap through roots – and concentrated on the tree and everything within. His palm warmed and tingled as something shifted underneath. When he pulled his hand back there was no groove in the trunk, as if the arrow had never been there.

He petted a thick branch. "Good as new."

This was a detour, though it wasn't as if they were rushing to their destination. He had as much a duty to the Deer King as he did to himself to have a good time with his friend. After all, it wasn't every day they got to visit an old, secluded, all but forsaken temple deep in the woods. Well, not this particular one, at least.

Though forsaken was not a fitting descriptor; he was here to ensure that.

As they ambled between the fir trees, Isac grabbed an apple from his satchel and tossed a second one at Owen. They caught it mid-air and gobbled it right up.

"So-" they licked the length of their maw, dagger-sharp teeth peeking out "-how long are we making this trip?"

"My mothers said to take our time." At Owen's pointed look, he amended: "No longer than five nights. Afterwards they'll consider us captured, killed, or filthy deserters who ran away to join Camelot."

The last part was, of course, a jest. Isac would sooner go through the former two than betray his family and community.

"So, we can take our time for now," he concluded, twirling and turning an arrow between his fingers, watching the blurred, dizzying arc it traced.

They'd only been away for two nights; two more and they'd be soaring the sky back home while birds stirred in their roosts, singing the first notes of the morning.

"Why," Isac tilted his head towards Owen, a wry smile hanging off his lips. "Are you eager to get rid of me?"

The dragon puffed out a tiny cloud of smoke and gently batted their tail against his side.

For all their playful nettling, none of them was eager to get rid of the other. They tried to carve out as much time as they could for their adventures, wherever they carried them – high up in the mountains and deep down in the valleys, over little towns and through less-trodden roads. They'd set out for the thrill of it, the rush of flight, the mysterious allure of nature, the promise of long-forgotten ruins. It was easy to motivate their absence when they twined their pastime with duty and turned each venture out into an opportunity to gather resources – fruit and game to eat, herbs for medicine – and precious, delicious intel.

This time, their task was a fairly easy one. They were sent out with provisions, blankets, and a map. The latter was relatively new, no more than half a decade old, with well-defined, whitened rims where it folded but with clear, vivid ink showing the mountain ridges, the forested plains, and the path that led to a temple. A small, unassuming temple that had many, many years over those of the parchment that marked its location. The map had been painstakingly copied after its worn-out predecessor, which in turn had been a translation of another, all tracing back to the original that sat somewhere in the archive, yellowed and frayed and shelved for its preservation.

It was this latest descendant that he slipped out of the satchel and studied now. They were drawing closer and closer – a few more steps, one more turn, and they found themselves at their destination.

They stepped out of the dappled shadow and into the light-bathed glade, carefully weaving their way through a carpet of wildflowers. As they brushed against them, a subtle sweetness wafted upwards.

The temple stood ahead, wedged between the trees, as meek and modest as any other wooden hut. Moss and lichen had thrived atop its roof and covered it in a bristly mane of deep green. One might think it was nature reclaiming what once belonged to it, but it was as intentional a detail of its construction as were the stones that constituted its foundation.

Owen had to wait outside. Their head and long neck made it through the door and that was the farthest they could go. They were content to instead curl up before the hut and rest their chin on the threshold, watching as Isac headed inside.

Akin to the rooftop, the shadowed alcove within was overtaken by nature. He brushed his fingers against the sponge-like, emerald expanse of moss that suffused one of the walls– the wood beneath was visible only in places. He relished the feeling of it– soft, damp and cool against his skin. The moss that grew within the hut was not of your common variety; it was imbued with a sliver of magic that lent it healing qualities. This particular kind was harder to come by, and usually only found deeper into the wild.

Isac set to work. He started by fortifying the wood – the walls and roof and beams and floor – so that the hut would stand the test of time and continue to be a shelter for any that sought it out or chanced upon it. He dusted the long bench and changed the bedding in the sleeping cot. He spruced up the plants that needed the little aid and talked with Owen as he went about his chores. The dragon mostly lounged, head on the threshold, limbs tucked underneath, and moved only to stretch their muscles, and once to fetch Isac a bucket of water.

He was about to settle down and call on the magic of the Deer King when Owen shifted, alert.

“Someone’s approaching,” they hissed.

Isac’s hand moved towards his belt where his dagger hung. In another time he wouldn’t need to reach for his weapon in a temple. But he’d never known those times, and these lands were no longer safe for those of his kin.

He inched closer to the door, keeping to the shadows of the hut. Owen lifted to his feet, intently watching the treeline with him.

The figure that emerged into the glade looked none too threatening. They walked with a brisk, lively step as you’d expect of someone trekking through the woods, and appeared to be carrying no weapons, unless you counted the walking staff they used as one. Isac was of the mind it shouldn’t be completely discounted, yet the newcomer seemed far from eager to wack it against Owen’s head.

Instead, they raised a hand and waved at the dragon. Wrinkles flared out around their dark eyes and silver streaked their long, braided auburn hair.

“Hello,” the traveler called out in the dragon language; the rough tones rolled clumsily off their tongue. “I’m sorry, I don’t speak your language all too well,”

“Lucky I speak yours,” Owen said, and inclined their head in polite greeting.

Isac decided to show himself.

He leaned against the door frame, crossed his arms – as to evince no intention of pulling out his knife – and offered up a charming smile.

“Good day, fellow traveler!” he brightly said. “We didn’t expect to see anyone else around here.”

“Neither did I,” the traveler returned, “but it’s a welcome surprise.”

“So you’re here to visit the Temple?”

They nodded.

Once, there used to be signs by the main road that would guide one towards the hut. They were torn down after the wars Uther waged. Nowadays, only those with prior knowledge, lost or exploring came

upon it.

"If you don't mind me asking," Isac began, "how did you chance upon this place?"

"Oh, it's no chance," they said, as he suspected, and reached one hand inside their bag. Isac followed the motion with sharp eyes but unless they planned to stab him with a brooch's needle, he were in no danger.

The traveler pinned the brooch to their green robes' lapel and smiled. The jewelry was gold spun in the shape of a stag's head, antlers twisting into tree branches. "I am a Priestess of the Deer King."

Whatever tension was still left seeped away. "I am neither priest nor apprentice," Isac said, "but I am an adept."

He moved out of the way to let the Priestess inside. They propped their walking staff against the wall and scoured the inside with their eyes.

"You cleaned," they remarked.

"I have."

"Do you intend to spend the night?"

He shook his head; black curls fell against his eyes. "My friend and I prefer camping out under the night sky. No, we were just making it a bit more welcome for whoever stumbles upon it." He gestured towards them with a flourish. "Like yourself, for example."

The Priestess chuckled. "Even if I didn't 'stumble' upon it?"

"Even then. Have you traveled far?" he asked.

"Relatively so," they said, settling on the bench with a sigh. They patted the seat next to them in invitation. Isac obliged. "It's worth coming. I may have undertaken the journey with more effort and time than when I was your age, but I still came. I've always been fond of a good trek in the woods." They glanced at Owen, who had curled up outside before the entrance. "Though I suppose you might have done less trekking, more flying."

Beyond the hut, birds warbled. Every now and then a gentle breeze would sweep through the trees and rustle the leaves, sending the autumn-rusted ones swirling to the floor. If he listened close enough, he could almost hear the rushing of the nearby stream.

"So, you've been coming here for years?" Isac asked, propping up one ankle over his other knee.

"Mmm," the Priestess nodded, staring at something beyond the door. "Every once in a while, when I'd also set out to visit friends, lend a help, satiate my need for an adventure by going up to other Temples.

Bigger ones,” they waved a hand to encompass the poky space, “where people reside for more than one night. But I fear I spoke quite a lot about myself. You say you’re no priest.”

“Yes, I am but a humble adept,” he said, with affected modesty, too exaggerated to be taken seriously, “come here to do a bit of praying and dusting.”

“And I’m here to keep him company,” Owen supplied, “and observe he does all his tasks.”

“Oh yes,” Isac smiled, “what a mighty job they do, *supervising*. And lounging.”

“Earned rest after all the flying they must have done,” the Priestess said. “Or perhaps not so much. Have you two traveled long?”

Isac and Owen exchanged a quick glance. Then the dragon said: “Long enough to warrant the rest, definitely.”

“I am a bit surprised someone as young as you would know about this tiny place in the woods.”

After the wars, as the dust settled and what remained unconquered of Ulm refused to bow to the tyrant that had trampled all over the Continent, faith of the Deer King dwindled. It never disappeared – it was a fire not so easily snuffed out – but it became subdued, carried out as if almost in fear. The Deer King was too enmeshed with them, the so-called traitors, his grandparent had once said. Camelot didn’t want any of its citizens looking up to the Deer King or its descendants with too much sympathy or conviction.

And so Camelot smeared their names and twisted everything in their favor.

“I am not a Priest,” Isac said, “but my grandparents are, and they came here before. And now I do.”

They scrutinized his face. Then their eyes darted down to the sheathed dagger on his belt, shifted to the dragon lazing in the sun. Calculations were taking place behind that gaze, Isac could tell: adding up the details. Whatever conclusion they came to, they made no remark of it, and didn’t pry further.

They three of them spoke well into the afternoon. The Priestess had quite the suite of stories to tell, from the humorous to the insightful, of their years in this station. Isac and Owen were mostly content to listen; when they talked, they skirted artfully around the truth, but embellished no more than was necessary. As the setting sun turned the woods ablaze, they made camp near the hut. The Priestess explained she’d rather leave the little temple unbothered, for someone else who might find their way there and need it.

As he lay down on his bedroll by the simmering fire, a smile still lingered on his lips. He hadn’t expected they’d have company, but it’d been pleasant. For as much as he enjoyed his little ventures into the wilderness with Owen – as much as the woods beckoned to him, a call he always so eagerly answered—he longed for companionship and society. The warmth and comfort of his community; the music and drunken voices of a tavern, the bustle and commotion of busy town streets. The simple joy of sitting by the fire with friends and cousins, talking the night away.

He wondered if the Priestess realized who he was. Had he confirmed it, would they have treated him the same way? He thought back on the way they carried their brooch in their bag, on the way he and Owen deftly danced around the truth. There had been no exchange of names; no one asked, no one provided. Yet even with so much to hide there was kindness, grace and cheer aplenty to share.

[Weekly developer's blog](#)

[Nov 26, 2023](#)

Hi folks! This week I've been working on the Patreon short stories, as well as editing and polishing the upcoming demo update. I've also went back all the way to chapter 1 to rewrite some bits of Nimue's interaction. I added a new question you can ask her, about her affinity for divination.

If you remember, I said in a previous post that I had insecurities regarding Merlin's introduction. I have to say that upon re-reading and editing I feel better about the scene, and I'm looking forward to showing it to you all very soon!

Right now I'm writing the second short story for Patreon, which I'm aiming to finish today and post either later tonight, or alternatively tomorrow.

[Painting with Arthur](#)

[Nov 28, 2023](#)

You set the canvas on the easel while Arthur carefully picks each paint bottle out of the basket, arraying them on the table along with the brushes.

As you take out the last of the supplies – the jar of turpentine – he stands akimbo and surveys your set-up, gaze lingering on the startlingly white square of empty canvas. Beyond it the river snakes through the trees, its gurgling bright and silvery. You've made camp in your favorite spot by the river – without your dragon companion, who is currently out flying with Elewen.

“Alright,” Arthur says. “Where do we start?” He gives a small laugh, equal parts excited and nervous.

This is where you take on, slipping into your tutor role. You've been preparing for this ever since Arthur expressed an interest in trying out painting – which he knows you to be so passionate about. Ever since

that letter prior to his arrival you've asked mother to restock all your paints, and went out together to buy canvas and wooden frames, bigger and smaller.

"First," you say, "we stare. And maybe squint a little bit."

Arthur falls dutifully in line besides you, hands folded at his back.

You smile and sweep a hand over the idyllic forest scenery. "Think of what you want to paint exactly, for a start."

"Well, the river and the trees and the sky." He waves a hand through the air, trying to impress his vision upon you. "This little corner of nature, I suppose." You nod, so he goes on: "Do I need to squint now?"

"Yes," you say, utterly earnest. "Look at the scenery. Not at the details, but the form of it. The shapes within it. They're like our building blocks. Also, the—" you purse your lips and tilt your head hoping the correct word will shake loose from somewhere within. "I want you to pay attention to the colors, but not their hues. We're interested in which are the darkest, and the lightest."

Arthur is not completely in the dark concerning the concepts you're about to breach. Due to his whittling experience, he has an eye for shapes, how shadow and light interact – he understands the world around him so well as to be able to make it into something new, to interpret and translate what he sees. He turns unassuming wooden blocks into statuettes of lush detail, of realistic and stylized cuts alike. He has also painted in oil before, albeit on his wooden sculptures, which means he knows his color theory well enough that you needn't lecture him on that front.

All that being said, it is an utterly different craft you're talking about now, with its own approaches. Nevertheless, you trust he'll be able to keep up well with your instructions.

Not that you think your explanations are hard to follow. You speak patiently, in spite of all of your enthusiasm, as you go on about shapes and colors, about distant and closer planes. Arthur listens intently as he settles before the canvas, and mixes colors according to your advice. He scrunches up his nose when he dips the brush in turpentine – the smell of it is sweet yet potent. After years of watching Morgana paint and working alongside her, you're well accustomed to the scent of the thinner, as well as that of the paints themselves, so much so that you find them oddly pleasant and comforting. Even if after a while the smells start scratching at the back of your throat.

You start off by sectioning the canvas in three planes: the sky, the trees, the ground with the slithering river. You direct Arthur to narrow his eyes til the details blur into each other, til all he sees is a haze of hues and basic forms that you want him to translate on canvas.

There's something almost self-soothing about breaking down the steps you take, the knowledge you have; of relaying it onto Arthur as Morgana did onto you, gently guiding your little hand to show how to trace the brush against the canvas, explaining in detail how or why she mixed paints.

Arthur's thoughts are also turned onto Morgana. "You said your mother taught you, didn't she? While she stayed at Camelot Castle, I heard she used to spend a lot of time painting. Out in nature, as long as the weather allowed. I spotted her a couple times, with Accolon and little Gareth accompanying her. Sometimes she was alone, though."

You're surprised to hear Arthur mention *that* period of time. He barely brings it up on his own, and if a conversation ever veers too close in its direction he quickly redirects it. It's obvious that a sense of unease clings to those nine months your mother spent in Camelot leading up to your birth, and it's clear your conception lies at the heart of his discomfort. You don't like lingering on those thoughts, either. Those slimy thoughts that remind you of the Le Fay blood shared between you, Arthur and mother.

So you push them down and focus on Arthur's soft-spoken voice. "She's very skilled, from what I've seen." A strange expression passes over his face – you can't decide if it's a smile or grimace or something in between, but it's rueful all the same.

You don't pry; instead you seek to iron out over this moment with some encouragement.

"You're doing great," you say as he draws the foliage. He applies the green with a delicate hand less suggestive of precision, and more of insecurity, like he might damage the painting any moment.

You assured him the beauty of oil paint lies in the ease of remedying a blunder, as well as making later changes. He just needs to relax and have fun with it. Besides, even if he does bungle something, you won't fault him for it. Let's say it simply lands the art...a certain level of stylization.

"Thank you," Arthur inclines his head at your praise. "I have a good tutor."

You smile as a swell of pride washes over you.

"I'd say you're faring better than me when you taught me whittling," you say, thinking back on your very first attempt.

As you're now showing Arthur how to paint in oil, so had he taught you how to carve. He'd responded with the same enthusiasm you did to his request when you asked him to tutor you. He bought you your own tools and walked you with patience through the process, his passion for the craft plain to read. It was a blast, and brought you closer; it's nice to return the favor, introducing him to something that means just as much to you.

You'd wanted to carve a dog, since Arthur's so fond of them. It all went relatively well until a poorly-executed cut of your knife lead to the wooden sculpture's decapitation.

He chuckles good-naturedly. "But you weren't deterred. You whittled on and the dog came out very cute." He glances at you. "I still have it on my desk."

It melts your heart to think of that first, misshapen yet oddly endearing carving attempt. It sits atop Arthur's desk among his skillfully-crafted statues, for him to look upon and smile wistfully, remembering

that peaceful evening spent carving and looking forward to many more like it.

“This is...shaping up, isn't it?” Arthur says hopefully, tilting his head as he inspects the canvas. “It reminds me a bit of whittling – going on from basic forms and blobs to create something.”

After a while you take a break to munch apples, drink tea and simply languish by the river, watching as sunlight renders the waves diamantine. You don't loiter much, though – Arthur is intent on finishing the painting before the sun slips too further down on the sky, so you may be back in time for dinner. You mostly hover by his side, alternating between painterly advice and amiable chatter. Sometimes you'll step in to show him how to execute certain brushstrokes and where to apply certain colors.

When he's done, you both stand before the easel, taking in his work.

“It's alright?” It's half request for reassurance, half uncertain question.

“It's great,” you say, smiling up at him. It may not be one of Morgana's elaborate, expert pieces; it has a simple composition and he executed it well, with care and, most importantly, with heart.

“It'll take a good while for the paint to properly dry,” you say as you begin packing up the art supplies, “but you can take it back to Camelot with you if you store it properly.”

Arthur stares a moment longer at his work before looking at you. “Actually, I want you to have it. If you'll have it.”

You halt just as you are placing the paint bottles in the basket, glass chiming like bells, then turn to him.

“Of course!” You can't keep the smile off your face, and neither can Arthur.

And you know exactly where you'll hang it in your chambers.

[Demo update](#)

[Nov 29, 2023](#)

What's new?

- More of chapter 5! (it's a big one)
- Greet all the guests
- Meet Merlin

- See Nimue for the first time in years

- Some more edits: some bits of Nimue's conversation in chapter 1 have been reworked and a new dialogue option has been added, a couple of edits done to Morgana's first POV in chapter 3

Hope you enjoy the update!

Link: <https://lamagirl.itch.io/the-bastard-of-camelot-beta>

New Password: UpdateDemoTboc64

If you find any bugs or typos, have any suggestions or simply wish to leave me feedback, here's a handy dandy Google form:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSc7F8P0TtGRrucAzhU9j57I29IELyFBdcU7TxxyxQ9HMFsKgg/viewform?usp=sf_link

[Important announcement](#)

[Nov 30, 2023](#)

Hi folks,

Hope you're enjoying the update. I have updated the demo with some fixes.

I will be taking a break from writing for December and will be disabling payments for the month. If you are already subscribed you will not be charged and you will still have access to the backlog and the updated demo but I won't be adding any new content for the month of December. New members can still join during the pause in order to get access to the backlog and they will be charged upfront. The mini game for the Royal Sorcerer tier will be postponed till January.

The reason why I'm doing this is I developed a repetitive strain injury on my dominant hand, which is currently aching and stops me from being able to type. I've decided to take the month off from anything that would put more strain on it as to let it rest and recover. On top of it the holidays are soon coming up and I will be traveling to spend time with my family.

Rest assured I have good things planned for you when I return in January. Next update will see the party begin proper and Mordred will get a chance to catch up with Nimue, and more. As for the Knight tier short story I will be trying a new format: journal entries written by one of the sorcerers who played a key role in creating the dragon bloods.

Since I can't jot down any ideas like I usually do, I have begun taking voice memos instead.

I will be coming back in force in the new year and taking better care of my hands!

[Some more news](#)

[Dec 31, 2023](#)

Hey folks it's been a month since I disappeared now I'm back with news. First off I want to say thank you all for your support and patience. I will kindly ask you to extend me some more, because I've come to the decision to take January off as well. I'm keeping the billing paused so if you're already subscribed you won't be charged for the month.

I'm not thrilled about it. I badly wanted to jump back into writing with the coming of the new year, but unfortunately my hands don't agree with me. I can tell you that the issue seems to be with the ulnar nerves. So I've been resting, taking ibuprofen and doing light exercises, and I'm planning on seeing a doctor soon.

I have missed writing but I've been getting some work done by voice memos in which I outline scenes and detail plotlines, dialogues and descriptions. So all in all I did make some progress, and managed to keep myself entertained by thinking about BOC.

I'm feeling better now and I'm hoping that I'll be recovered by February. Overall it's been a very good year and I'm very proud of the writing progress I've done. I want to thank you all for your patience and support and wish you a happy New Year!