

Diva Rumina Games Patreon by Thomas Bell

(16/January/2023 - 31/December/2023)

[Short story_poll](#)

[Jan 16, 2023](#)

Clothing Niall who's thinking straight thoughts (Niall's POV)

Antonia saving Hati from the Optio (Antonia's POV)

Floyd saving Hati from the Optio (Floyd's POV)

Hati trying to kiss Quinn (Quinn's POV)

Camilla poking her finger into Hati's mouth (Camilla's POV)

Tinsae talking about leaving (Tinsae's POV)

Marcus spending time with his family (background)

Niall spending time with his family (background)

Camilla spending time with her family (background)

Tinsae spending time with her family (background)

Quinn spending time with Hati's family (background)

67 votes total

[Minigame_poll](#)

[Jan 18, 2023](#)

I almost doubly forgot about this poll, forgive me 😊

Hati giving a spa day for Robus (Marcus pouts that he wants to be bathed, too)

Dinner with Marcus and the Optio. It's going to be awkward.

Marcus is sick. Gotta pee in his soup and/or take care of him.

Archery lesson from Marcus. He's being an ass about it.

36 votes total

[Bloopers](#)

[Jan 26, 2023](#)

I want to introduce you to a character that got cut. His name is Crispus, a blond-haired Legionary with a fashion sense and a big mouth on him. He was one of my favorites. However, the RO count was already too damned high, had to let him go. Parts of him are now Quinn and Niall. It's like they cannibalized my poor boy. Anyway, here is his introduction scene that I wrote a couple of years ago.

As I'm making my way out of another training day of fighting the damned dummies, a man appears out of nowhere next to me.

A Legionary. What does he want from me?

There's a lock of blond curly hair falling on his freckled face. He swipes the hair away before clearing his throat. As he shifts his gaze to the ground I follow his lead along his sinewy shins all the way to the flashy green-red socks. The socks have gaping holes for his well-maintained toes.

I look at him with a blank expression. Why is this unknown man showing me his socks? Furthermore, why does he look so proud of them?

"Well? What do you think?" He urges me to share my thoughts. However, as he reads my blank expression with little difficulty, he rolls his eyes.

"These, my friend, are the latest trend among the Praetorian Guard." He stretches his other foot at me as if a closer look would convince me of their worth.

#"They're... nice."

"Nice?" He sighs as he lowers his leg back down. "I suppose I can live with that." He nods with some approval as his eyes stroll down my figure.

*if clothes = "cheap"

"Oh my, those are some rags." His approval quickly shifts into the complete opposite as he takes a hold of my worn tunic to investigate it.

"Hey!"

"The textile is so old it's almost crumbling to the touch."

"What? No it's not!" I peer at the cloth with a deep frown. I know it's not the poshest of clothes but it's not [i]that[/i] bad.

"I should give you mine."

"I don't need your charity."

"Green is your color, let me get back to it."

This man doesn't listen to me at all! Anger starts to take over my confusion.

*if clothes = "fine"

"That's quite an impressive apparel." Without warning, he takes a hold of my tunic to investigate it.

"Hey!"

"Such a great quality of needlework." He mumbles to himself, ignoring my protests. Why is this man fondling me with no shame? Anger starts to take over my confusion.

#"Praetorian Guard?"

"Oh, right. You're an Auxiliary. Briton?"

I nod, not really sure if I should entertain this conversation.

"The Praetorians are the imperial guard. They're the best of the best." He halts for a brief moment, a wistful look on his face. "They can just sit back in Rome and relax. While we're stuck here in the North freezing our asses off."

"Excuse me?"

"Sorry, sorry. You live even norther than this place!" He raises his hands in defense. "You must've gotten used to it. However, one could get used to the smell of shit but it doesn't make it less shit."

"Excuse me!"

There's a shit-eating grin on his face now. "You're too easy to tease. It's your grim face that just begs for it. But I'm sorry, I shouldn't offend your homeland."

Now he's insulting my face. Anger starts to take over my confusion before I even have time to register his apology.

#Just stare at him.

I really have no words for this man.

After a moment of standing on his one leg, he cusses and throws his hands in the air in an extravagant gesture.

"Why must I suffer here with these uncultured swine?"

"Are you calling me a pig now?"

"Yes, yes I am, and every other man in this blasted Legion."

As I'm left to figure out who this man is, why is he bothering [i]and[/i] insulting me, he provides me with his name, as if I needed it.

"I'm Crispus."

Before I can answer, or require information on why I should care about his name, we're interrupted.

*page_break

"Soldiers."

A deep voice calls to us, drawing both of our attention to the imposing man clad in Centurion's apparel.

Marcus.

Is he following me? I frown in instinct.

His eyes find mine but his usual sadistic smile is gone. Instead, there's a hint of annoyance.

"Lord Centurion." Both of us salute him.

His attention is drawn to the blond man next to me. In his feet, to be more exact.

"What in Jupiter's name are those ridiculous pieces of garment, soldier?"

"Why, Lord Centurion, these are my socks."

"...Take them off."

I start sidestepping away as the two Romans battle over fashion statements. "Stay where you are." A stern command makes me stop on my feet.

[RO poll](#)

[Jan 26, 2023](#)

Sooo, about next month's mini game... It's polling time.

More Marcus

Marcus and Niall

Niall

Quinn

Marcus and Quinn

Quinn and Niall

Camilla and Marcus

Camilla

Camilla and Tinsae

Tinsae

Quinn and Camilla

Marcus and Legate

Legate lol

Floyd

Marcus and Optio

Brick

43 votes total

[Fun time with the family, Marcus edition](#)

[Jan 28, 2023](#)

It's a rare occasion to have the whole family under one roof. Well, except for...

I will myself not to look at the spot where she used to sit. I wonder when father is going to re-marry? As if she didn't matter. As if she could be replaced. I tighten my fist. First, he kills—

"Oi! Marcus!"

I groan at Hilaria's grating voice.

"You've got a wife yet?" She asks. Always doing everything she can to annoy me. She flutters her lashes and gives me a grin.

Worst of all: father perks up.

For fuck's sake. He loves to talk about my imaginary marriage.

I will have to shut both of these fools down before this gets out of hand.

"Oi, Hilaria. You've got a successful poem yet?"

Hilaria's face falls as a collective 'ooh' runs through the dining hall. It's led by Niall's resonating voice. Ha, the absolute brat. He's the only one who I can trust to have my back. Hilaria blushes in anger as she prepares for a counter-attack. You shouldn't start anything you're unwilling to finish, you monkey arse. Marcella puts her hand on Hilaria's arm to calm her down.

Marcella, as if she was ever the voice of reason. She looks at father with a sly smile. Always yearning for his attention and approval. Father nods at her as he'd do to a dog.

"That was mean, Marcus," Gaia whispers next to me before placing her hand on my arm. I wasn't even going to continue, why are they acting like this is my fault?

I sigh. Besides, it's the truth. She's wasting her potential; her chance to be a successful poet. Instead, she parties and wastes time. Just the other day, she had puked on her new shoes; shoes that I bought

her. She wasted the shoes, she wastes her life. I would call her a waste of a human being but it might be too much.

"Marcus, apologize to your sister at this instance," father says and I almost laugh at the words he's spouting out.

Of course, he'd say that. Always loving the appearance of having any semblance of control.

"Dada." Gaia's soft voice is only heard because the dining hall is silently awaiting my retort. "I saw the new statue you had purchased. It was as if looking at Jupiter himself."

Father relaxes and gives her favorite daughter an easy smile. "I'm so pleased to hear that, my dove. Bronze really suits his magnificence. And the movement of the cloth! Beautiful."

He starts blabbering about the statue and the sculptor as if it would interest anyone in this room. Hilaria hides a yawn, and even Marcella struggles to appear as if she's listening. Gaia barely looks at my direction, yet the soft smile on her face is clearly aimed at me.

Finally, when the food is taken away and the drinks are being served, I gesture to Hilaria to follow me to the hallway.

"I'm—,"

"Sor—," we both start.

Then, like the monkey she is, she runs to my arms and gives me a quick squeeze. "I'm sorry," she says.

"I'm sorry," I say against her hair and give her a small smile when she retreats. "Monkey arse."

"Donkey dick." She laughs and I chuckle with her.

[One Anxious Man](#)

[Jan 29, 2023](#)

"My Lord, it's your turn," Victoria says.

I give her a blank stare. She cannot be implying that I should do that in front of... you?

Haha. Of course, there's nothing wrong with that. Why would there be? We're both soldiers, it's to be expected. Sometimes you see your fellow soldier's bare butt. That's just how it is. I've seen plenty of male arses in my lifetime. This is nothing new. Now you're going to see mine, nothing wrong with that.

Right?

You look at me expectantly. Oh, crap. I'm the one who's making this weird. This is totally normal, I shouldn't hesitate, otherwise, it's not normal. I should just strip and be done with it.

Why is my breathing so shallow? Ah, crap! It's more frantic than is normal for a human being in a completely normal situation.

You might think it's because I'm excited. Or aroused!

Just relax, you big oaf! You're actively making things worse! Hati will think you're a pervert!

- "Please, bare your arse right here," you say.

Why would you say it like that?! Do you see my uncomfortable state and take advantage of it? Are you mocking me?

You look at me like a lynx. Evil lynx.

You're pure evil, soldier, I will remember this. I will put a sewer rat in your pants and watch you dance.

- "I'm not going to look," you reassure me.

Oh, crap, now I made you feel like you need to reassure me. Now you definitely think that I think that this is not normal and don't think that we're not just soldiers baring our butts to each other. That I think this is something more than that.

Stop that. Just take the tunic off and be a man.

"Do you want to help my Lord to undress?" Victoria asks you as if the most normal thing.

Well, it is! But it isn't?

I almost groan at the question. Why? Why would she do that?

Of course, it's not normal for a soldier to undress his superior officer, even I know that!

Why does my heartbeat pound in my ears?

Alright, this is bad. I do not want to undress in front of you.

Why?

Well, because.

Why?

Agh! Why does it matter? I just don't.

And to think that you're going to help... Why do I have the sudden urge to run to the wild and never return?

My feet itch, they're ready for a sprint of a lifetime. Alright, stay put. I'm the Tribune. THE Tribune. I'm an important man. A mighty man. Yes.

I can take this.

I brace myself for your touch that's to come.

Alright. Bring it on. I can take it. Give me your best shot.

Oh, you're quite close. You study my frame.

Your gaze is not at all what I expected from a soldier studying his fellow soldier.

No. Your gaze looks like you might be... interested.

Your lips look—

OH NO.

NO.

I'm NOT going to put you in danger. Please...

Stay away from me.

[Sneak peek](#)

[Jan 30, 2023](#)

Here are a couple of little snippets of little date scenes I've scribbled. They're going to happen sooner or later. This is from an archery date with Camilla:

Camilla's back turned to me. She doesn't turn to acknowledge my arrival, nor give me a grunt of greeting. Her posture is impeccable, her whole body is transformed into an extension of her weapon. Her shoulders are toned by years of archery.

Arms tightened, she's prolonging the shot for a few heartbeats. She's waiting for me to see this.

Release. Bullseye.

She turns around and throws me a lopsided smile. Her hair is tied into a loose knob, and strands of hair frame her smug face. She looks barely drained by the physical work.

Show-off.

And Marcus is quite sick, you can either take care of him or try to murder him (as per usual):

Marcus lies on his back, his throat naked and vulnerable. His chest rises and falls with labored breaths.

#He's defenseless. My hand wanders to my dagger.

Almost as an instinct, my hand finds its way to the scabbard of the dagger. It'd be so easy.
[i]Almost too easy.

Then, Marcus's cold and sweaty hand grabs my arm with unexpected strength.

[Short story poll](#)

[Feb 13, 2023](#)

I'm just cackling at the confusion when someone hasn't played Camilla's scenes and sees that option for the first time.

Oh! And hit me up with any Q&A questions you might have! Anything goes.

Antonia saving Hati from the Optio (Antonia's POV)

Floyd saving Hati from the Optio (Floyd's POV)

Hati trying to smooch Quinn (Quinn's POV)

Camilla poking her finger wherever (Camilla's POV)

Tinsae hugging the crap out of Hati (Tinsae's POV)

49 votes total

[Marcus poll](#)

[Feb 14, 2023](#)

Welp, here's the poll. Will also put up an RO poll for the next month. I mean, last month Floyd almost won but you might have been pulling my leg with that one. I'm not sure if I should put Marcus as one of the options. Probably not. What if there's another rebellion? (There nearly was last year. There were pitchforks and everything.)

Dinner with Marcus and the Optio. It's going to be awkward.

Marcus is sick. Gotta pee in his soup and/or take care of him.

Archery lesson from Marcus. He's being an ass about it.

Hati is trying to seduce the Legate with love magic to get their revenge. Marcus finds out. Marcus is confused.

34 votes total

[Next month's RO?](#)

[Feb 17, 2023](#)

For the minigame, that is.

More Marcus pls

12

Niall

2

Marcus/Niall

3

Tinsae

1

Quinn

2

Camilla

3

Legate

6

Floyd

6

No more Marcus. Please, no more.

1

Poll ended Feb 27, 2023 · 36 votes total

[A self-righteous fool](#)

[Feb 23, 2023](#)

Floyd saving Hati, Floyd's POV

Anger and adrenaline burn the insides of my thighs as I run to the officer's office. I hardly notice familiar soldiers hailing after me as I pass them by, nor disgruntled officers left waiting for a salute that never came.

I will not let them hurt you. You do not deserve whatever they have in store for you.

I don't know what made the Optio so angry at you and it doesn't even matter. Nothing excuses what he tried to do. To strip someone against their will? Inexcusable. I have never stood by when something like that happens in front of my very own eyes and gods help me I'm not starting now. To think that he would even think that no one would interfere... Disgusting.

I've seen my share of men like him. They will die. And if I claim to know who deserves death, it's those types of people.

However, I've seen my share of men like me, too. Too eager to put their noses where they don't belong.

They, too, will die, in the end.

Counter-argument: Everyone will die, sooner or later.

"It was me!" I shout as I enter the officer-filled room. Our Centurion, Marcus, stifles the beginning of a relieved smile before it has time to blossom. An inaudible sigh leaves his lips as his shoulders lose some of their tension. The others are too focused on me to notice but I did. Why would he be so relieved to see me?

Ah, and there you are. The little ball of hatred, angry at the unjust world. You look like you didn't expect me here. Of course, I'd come. You're part of the team. I smile at you to soothe your nerves but you're too on edge to return it.

Understandable. It's time to ease some of the weight from your shoulders.

"It was me who disobeyed the orders. I stepped in."

I look at Marcus. The tenseness that plagued him seemed to lift as soon as I stepped into the room. I wonder why he doesn't want you to get punished, either. For some reason, he seems to be fighting the urge to look at you.

Ah, I see. The smile that he killed reincarnates on my lips.

He cares. He cares if you get hurt. He's a good, if not a misguided, man looking after his friend. I hope that he continues to do that if I—

"40 lashes."

Ah, shit. That's going to hurt.

I hope my children won't mind too much. The little rascals. I hope they will remember the things I've taught them: Don't pick your nose until it bleeds, don't eat snow if it's discolored with mud, poop, or pee, and always do the right thing.

Is it selfish to give your life for another even if you have small ones waiting for their father at home?

I'm unsure.

This is what's right. To help you. I hope they will see that.

Or perhaps I'm a selfish, self-righteous fool. Either way, I'm here.

[Bloopers](#)

[Feb 24, 2023](#)

I found this interesting little blooper that involves a character that got cut out. Their name is Landulf, and they were Hati's bodyguard. And this one is a bad ending. I've been toying with the idea of introducing a couple of bad endings (there wouldn't be that many and it's still something I'm just considering. Also, there will be a save system to help out). Anyway, Hati is disobeying an order to kill Landulf. This happens:

#“No.”

*goto death

*label death

Landulf's eyes widen. “No!” They yell before someone smacks them on the head.

I turn around to face Marcus. My eyes are defiant, and my words mark my death sentence.

He flinches. It's a flinch reserved only for me to see, his features give nothing away. "But..."

I raise my head in acceptance.

“So be it,” he says seemingly without emotion. “On your knees.”

I fall on my knees with grace and control. Small rocks under my knee almost penetrate my skin, but strangely I feel... nothing.

Marcus raises his sword.

Sun glistens so bright from its surface I'm almost blinded. But I still look.

Despite the bleeding, Landulf crawls to squeeze their arms around me. They tighten their grip and bury their head onto my back.

"Please, I'm not worth it," they whisper.

"I love you." I take a deep breath and close my eyes.

Is this... peace?

Finally.

Everything is how it should be.

...Father. I'm meeting you soon.

A swing.

A thud.

*ending

I would not write a scene this way if this happened in the book now that the characters are more fleshed out and there are plot changes and all that. This is just something to keep in mind the next time you're enjoying yourselves during Saturnalia or floating in a private bath pool: remember that you could just die in the next scene. Both of you. *retreats while laughing evilly*

(ok ok I gave up on the idea of killing the ROs in the first book, don't worry~~)

[Q&A](#)

[Feb 24, 2023](#)

X: Since it's the month of love, let's talk about it. Who was your first love?

M: First love? As in... the first one you ever had sex with?

N: I think they mean romantic love. Sex isn't love. Necessarily.

M: 'Romantic love'? Tell me the definition.

N: Marcus, just say you haven't loved anyone and—

M: I just want to make sure that I understood the question.

X: Do you need more time to—

M: Alright, so, let's say you don't dislike someone's company too much.

N: Oh, dear.

M: And you would mind (a little) if they decided to screw your dad instead of you, for example.

N: What the—

M: Is that romantic love?

X: ...I suppose the definition depends on the person, yes.

M: Then, I've loved before! My love knows no bounds.

X: That's great. Well, what about the others? Camilla?

C: I won't tell.

M: Mother dearest, are you blushing?

C: I am not. I will skin you alive.

Marcus laughs. Camilla doesn't.

N: I don't think I want to tell either.

X: That's not how this goes. Our audience demands honesty.

N: But I don't want to...

Camilla gives Niall an understanding nod.

C: Just to make this clear: Can you love someone romantically but don't know if you ever want anything physical?

X: Of course. Again, depends on a person.

C: I see.

Niall nods.

X: Care to elaborate? Both of you?

C: No.

X: Highly disappointing. I suppose I can't make you. (Can we make them?)

C: Who are you talking to?

X: The producer confirmed that we can't make you.

T: My first love was a man who was murdered.

C: What?

T: It was my fault that he died.

X: That sounds... dramatic.

T: ...I'm sorry that I spoiled the mood.

C: Why didn't you tell me? I'm so sorry.

T: I'm sorry, I just—

M: Wait a moment. If we are counting platonic love, doesn't family count?

N: But it's not romantic love. Besides, Tin said that—

M: But how? How does 'romance' change things? If it's not sex, then what is it?

C: This is not the time, you absolute—

M: I really want to know, this is highly important. Oh, right. I'm sorry to hear that, Tin. He sounded like a stellar man.

T: ...

M: But you've lived with the knowledge for years, now. I just found out that—

N: That you can love someone without wanting to have sex with them?

M: I knew that, of course! That's how relatives are! But why is there a third way to love someone?

N: Marcus. You're dense.

M: You're one to talk!

X: Tinsae, do you want to talk about that?

T: No, please, it's alright. Marcus seems like he's having a crisis.

M: I'm just wondering why you all seem to act like this is something I should know. It's annoying.

N: Well, familial love is platonic and it's not based on physical attraction, right?

M: Yes.

N: Romantic love is based on physical attraction.

M: So, sex is love. As I said.

N: ...No. It's not like that at all.

Marcus groans.

N: You don't love prostitutes, right?

M: I don't care for prostitutes.

N: I didn't ask that. It's just... sex isn't love. Do you think that those people who visit prostitutes love them?

M: But then... what is it? What is love?

N: You know what? You'll know when you know. Or, perhaps you won't. That's alright, too.

M: Great. It doesn't sound like you know the answer, either.

N: Perhaps not...

X: Quinn, you've been quiet.

Q: I love Hati.

X: They were your first love?

Q: Yes. Well... kind of. Maybe no?

M: See? It's not an easy question, even if you all make it out to be.

Q: You have no idea...

N: You loved someone before Hati?

Q: Many. Or none at all.

M: You're even more confused than I am.

[Sneak peek](#)

[Feb 24, 2023](#)

Someone's eating a pomegranate in the future.

"It's dull. You're the most powerful man in the world and people just keep trying and trying to take it away from you. I mean, gods damned, get over it, wait for your turn! However..." He takes a bite of the pomegranate before spitting the skins on the table. Red juice flows freely from the corners of his mouth. "I can appreciate the tenacity."

The sweetness of the fruit mixes with the metallic scent of blood. It almost makes me gag.

[Short story poll](#)

[Mar 17, 2023](#)

These will be really spoilery, though, so if you haven't played the new update yet and don't want to be spoiler, please flee now.

Marcus ruminating on his life choices in bed after killing for Hati (background)

11

Camilla ruminating after killing for Hati (background)

5

Niall ruminating after killing for Hati (background)

2

Tinsae ruminating after killing for Hati (background)

1

Quinn thinking about what happened after they killed for Hati (background)

1

Hati crying in Marcus's arms (POV)

25

Hati crying in Camilla's arms (POV)

2

Hati crying in Niall's arms (POV)

2

Hati crying in Quinn's arms (POV)

1

Hati crying in Tinsae's arms (POV)

2

Tinsae stabbing the Optio (POV)

1

Camilla stabbing the Optio (POV)

1

Niall stabbing the Optio (POV)

1

Marcus stabbing the Optio (POV)

10

Quinn stabbing the Optio (POV)

0

Quinn selling Hati to Camilla like they were cattle (Camilla's POV)

5

Hati trying on a tight teeny tiny tunic (Niall's POV)

9

Poll ended Mar 24, 2023 · 79 votes total

[Mini game poll](#)

[Mar 17, 2023](#)

For some choices, I will sprinkle in Niall, as well. Just because I like writing LT. And I like Niall. I like them both, they're my bois.

Hati is trying to seduce the Legate with love magic to get their revenge. Marcus finds out. Marcus is confused.

13

Spending time with Marcus and his sisters

5

Gathering trip with the Marcus and Niall (bending = butts)

10

Archery training with Marcus and Niall

4

A forest walk with Robus and Marcus

8

Poll ended Mar 24, 2023 · 40 votes total

[Weekly rambling](#)

[Mar 24, 2023](#)

Hello there! Sorry for missing out on last week's rambling. It's always a chore to publish a new update and I basically forgot all about it.

Since there are so many new people here (hello there! thank you for being here!), there are some things I feel like I want to say about... stuff and thangs.

First of all, thank you so much to all of you who have already provided me with feedback. There are things I kinda knew could be a problem but was too exhausted to fix them just yet. I've started fixing things and I should be done at least by the public update (eg. you can tell Quinn to shut the hell up. They do deserve it lol).

There were some things that came up in the feedback that reminded me that it would be best for me to explain to you my process with this massive story. I know there are many approaches to making a game and I might change things in the next one but this is how it goes for me right now:

There are a lot of things that I'm planning on changing during the editing phase. Yes, there will be a lot of editing. This is definitely not the end product. I know there are writers who publish a WIP that is almost ready as it is but that's definitely not me, not right now. I've been pushing out unfinished content so I can pay bills and keep writing, basically. It's not ideal but it had to be done this way. There are not only polishing issues (transitional scenes, typos, grammar errors) but also storytelling issues that will be resolved once I feel like I've moved forward enough with this 1st draft. Here is a list of some things that will change during the editing phase (discounting polishing):

- more flashbacks with Hati's family
- more scenes with the Legate and the rest of Marcus's family (eg. his sisters). This also includes the reason why the Legate is hanging out with you lol.
- more reactions to Quinn's shenanigans
- more exploration of Hati's personality and motivations
- the code is atrocious. I need to think about what variables I need, what stats to use, and how to track the relationships
- will probably write in more flirting options and manipulating stuff
- more scenes with the unit (I need to add two more people there lol. There are supposed to be 8 soldiers in contubernium but I didn't want to get stuck developing more side characters)
- more gender-related choices/scenes/flavor text
- more balanced routes, basically. Camilla's needs work, and so do Niall's and Tinsae's. And Quinn's. And Marcus's. ...Never mind, they all need work.
- more... everything. Lol. That 'lol' is my emotional support lol.

Yes. It's a lot. And it's not even all of it (dancing scenes from Samhain come to mind, need to flesh those out too. And will change them into poly/LT territory). The thought both scares me and excites me because I know how to make this story even better. The excitement vs horror ratio depends on the day, really.

Welp, anyway. The next update will happen behind closed doors (for you patrons and beta testers). Will let you know more about it once I'm closer to getting it done.

Oh, and here's the feedback form:

<https://forms.gle/3qMtjh2dPZXKvgxXA>

[Mini game RO poll](#)

[Mar 24, 2023](#)

More Marcus?

More Marcus 

12

Maybe Marcus and someone else with him?

5

No more Marcus. Just no.

0

Quinn

3

Niall

3

Camilla

3

Tinsae

2

Floyd

5

Legate

2

Umm... Optio's ghost.

4

Poll ended Mar 29, 2023 · 39 votes total

[Last service](#)

[Mar 28, 2023](#)

Crying Hati/Marcus's POV

Zoilus weighs heavy on my shoulders. I distinctly remember telling him not to eat so damn much. Wouldn't have thought that his disobedience would lead to this. Fuck.

Just focus on the mission, everything else comes after that. Why I did what I did, what does any of it mean, everything comes after.

Right now, we need to focus and keep our emotions in control.

Just as I'm about to tell you to get a move on, you stumble on your feet.

'How are you that clumsy', I almost ask, but when loud weeping sounds fill the air, I halt my tongue.

Uh. Oh, shit.

I look around. This must be the worst place for... that.

"Hey..." I want to say that Zoilus wouldn't care if you wept for him. He'd beat some sense into you and call you a wimp. But I don't think you're crying over Zoilus's early demise.

Stress, maybe? I mean, it can be stressful to almost get murdered. Utterly normal reaction.

Alright, what do I usually tell to the men who break down on my watch?

I tell them to get that shit out of my sight when they're in the middle of a mission. Afterward, we can talk. Not now.

I glance at you. Wouldn't work. You'd probably try to beat the shit out of me. Or cry harder. Perhaps, you would obey but your eyes would be filled with poison when you look at me.

I may be wrong but you look like you need some reassurance.

So, a new plan. You want reassurance? I'll give it to you.

"There there," I say as my hand lands on your head. Little movements, not too much pressure, just like petting a cat. One might be able to play rough with dogs but you would most certainly flee.

- "Seriously? 'There there'"

Your sarcastic voice asks. I do have to applaud you for sticking up to your will to annoy me even through the tears.

Marvelous, really.

- You flee my touch.

My hand is left hovering in place. Oh. Of course, you wouldn't want to be touched by me.

What did I expect? Stupid.

- You remain in place.

I keep petting you. It's considerably less awkward if I think of you as Tinsae's little cat. You seem a bit tense but at least you're not running away. Or crying louder. So, it seems to be working. I would, in fact, call this a success.

- You continue crying.

This reassurance tactic seems to be insufficient. In fact, it doesn't work at all. I hope I'm not just making things worse. What else could I do? I can't just pick you up in a hug, that would most likely make you angry on top of being sad and shocked.

You raise your puffy face to look at me. I expect anger, fear, and anything in between. Instead, there's disgust.

"Ah!" You shout.

That's a fitting reaction, too.

"Why are you still holding him?!"

Oh, right! I didn't even realize that Zoilus was looking at you, too. "Sorry."

At least that took some of the awkwardness off. Thank you, Zoilus. One last service to your Centurion.

[Mar 28, 2023](#)

Marcus ruminates on the killing

As I stare at my empty bed, there's only one thing invading my mind: I killed him.

My blade sank deep into his back. It tore his veins, it ripped his muscles. I made sure that he'd never see another day.

I should've seen it coming, what he was planning. But I never knew that he'd go this far. I want to say that he wasn't acting himself but... Was he? Did I just refuse to see the real him?

My belt lets out a loud thump when I throw it on the floor.

"Shit!" I rub my face. "Fuck fuck fuck." The string of curses does nothing to help me understand why he would attack you like that.

Nor does it help me understand why I did what I did.

Why didn't I just shove him away? Why did my hand dart to my knife? Seeing you underneath him did something to me. It made me act on instinct, like I didn't have time to think.

I sink into my bed and keep rubbing my face. I killed him.

For you.

Why? It's one thing to lie but this... this is weird.

Is it a false sense of duty that makes me save you over and over? Is it guilt? What is it?

The tunic that I wore when I murdered for you weighs heavy on me. I think there's a splatter of his blood on it.

I quickly take it off and throw it on the wall. "Fuck."

Shake it off, you idiot. What's done is done. Who cares about whys? It's done. He's dead. I killed him and I buried him. He's dead.

I killed him the same way I've killed the others.

My hand wanders to the scar on my face. Your father... Why did it feel different? There have been so many.

There have been many eyes on me, scarred by what I've done to them. To their loved ones. So many lives ruined because of me.

Why did your hateful gaze make any difference?

Did it really? Am I just dramatizing it all? Wasn't this just for fun? Am I not having fun?

Robus's cold snout pokes my hand. I pet her, barely realizing my actions.

"Yes. So much fun." Listen to me laugh.

Robus whines as an answer.

Then, as my hand wanders over the eye that I almost lost for your father, I get it. I know it deep in my heart but I would never utter it out loud.

I smile. Of course. It's so obvious.

You're what I deserve. Your hatred when you look at me is my condemnation. The things that I've done... I deserve to be reminded of it all when I see you. When you cry in my arms I need to know it's because of me. All those people I've killed cry in my arms in the shape of you. The children I've torn from their families weep with you. They howl in pain through you.

I'm an evil man. Your mere existence is my punishment.

It's my duty to keep you alive.

"Woo woo."

"Your opinion doesn't count, Robus."

[Bloopers \(kinda\)](#)

[Mar 29, 2023](#)

I was searching for a suitable blooper for this month (sorry for being so late, btw. Had a violent case of stomach flu I'd rather not dwell too deep into) but I didn't find anything interesting enough to share. So, instead of a blooper, I decided to share with you some possible plans I've had for Hati's powers.

So, magical systems are hard. If you give too much power to the characters, people start to wonder why they won't just swirl some fireballs at the enemy and be done with it. Like, is that the Emperor? Now it's barbecue.

I have a set of laws for the gods, and I like to keep the magical elements to a minimum. The curse of balding is a nice little trick, could be considered a coincidence but is actually Hati's doing. There was this list I encountered that had lowkey druidic abilities that could work in a low-fantasy setting. It included:

- bees are drawn to the druid
- the druid can encourage the fire to slightly grow or diminish
- people are keener on opening up to the druid
- the druid can predict weather changes
- a lot more could be brainstormed. Little things.

There is an instance when Hati can possibly get more powerful in their druidic abilities, and I was wondering if it would come up in some of these ways. Could be fun. Will have to think about this. Also, would like to hear your thoughts, too!

[A meeting/sneak peek](#)

[Mar 29, 2023](#)

There's an interesting meeting taking place in the next chapter 🗨️

A person is sitting cross-legged underneath an ancient oak. Their head is shaped like the skull of a deer, but, instead of bone, it's oak bark. The horns on their head are made of thick branches. The golden torque on their neck gleams underneath the many stars illuminating the forest with their dim light. Their skin is striped with black tattoos, they circle their slender body like snakes.

They don't say anything. Instead, they study me. The aura around them would suffocate me if my heart wasn't at peace. If they willed it, the earth would open up and swallow me whole. If they willed it, I would just cease to exist.

But... For some reason, I'm not afraid.

[Marcus poll](#)

[Apr 17, 2023](#)

possibly feat. Niall

Spending time with Marcus and his sisters

4

Gathering trip with the Marcus and Niall (bending = butts)

10

A forest walk with Robus and Marcus

13

Hati wakes up from a nightmare and comforting ensues

20

Poll ended Apr 24, 2023 · 47 votes total

[POV short story poll](#)

[Apr 17, 2023](#)

Also, if you have any, please send me your Q&A questions!

Hati hugging Camilla (POV)

3

Hati crying in Niall's arms (POV)

9

Hati crying in Tinsae's arms (POV)

1

Hati crying in Quinn's arms (POV)

14

Quinn selling Hati to Camilla like they were cattle (Camilla's POV)

11

Hati trying on a tight teeny tiny tunic. Also, Quinn is a big meanie (Niall's POV)

21

Quinn gives Tinsae bad vibes (Tinsae's POV)

7

Poll ended Apr 24, 2023 · 66 votes total

[Sneak peek](#)

[Apr 24, 2023](#)

A snippet from Camilla's bath scene 🧐🧐

"Do you want company?" A sneaky smile rings through her words. It's difficult to know if her aim is to rattle me, or if she's seriously asking. The question makes me shift my position to better cover the tattoo/my breasts. She couldn't possibly see anything: she's looking at my back, but if she were to come closer...

"What are you doing here?" I ask. My voice is tight and wary.

"Just checking in," she says. I can hear no footsteps. She doesn't circle to take a look at me. Instead, she's waiting.

An anticipating silence hangs in the air.

My skin tingles at the thought of her being so near me. So near to the truth of who I am.

Then, a ludicrous thought: I could tell her.

[Intrusive thoughts](#)

[Apr 26, 2023](#)

Quinn offers their clothes to Hati/Niall's POV

"That won't fit," I say as your friend offers you the clothes from their back. They're a small fellow, they remind me of those little dogs who yap at you despite their size. Your friend ignores me, as they've done many times before tonight. They don't even spare me a glance of disdain this time. Instead, they start taking off their tunic with the conviction of a flamen.

I shake my head and turn away to give you privacy. Your friend doesn't. Your relationship with them is difficult to unravel. It's as if they hold you close to their heart but at the same time, they don't care about you. It's a weird contrast that makes me feel uneasy. Worry over your safety lingers at the back of my head every time I turn my back and leave you alone with them, even if only for a moment.

I turn back to you, and the uneasiness that was weighing on my chest dissolves as soon as I see you. The tunic that's now on you is small but that much was already given. Besides that, it's also dirty and unkept, as if the owner didn't care about maintaining their clothes, as if such things were beneath them. Blood-red doesn't suit you. Something about the color makes the pit of my stomach feel heavy.

Your frame is too powerful for that piece of clothing. Seeing your naked biceps, however, makes me almost frown. It's so cold and all you have is that tiny tunic. Neverminding the worry, however, my gaze starts to follow the veins in your bare arms, unsure where else it should be aimed at.

Finally, I realize that you're looking at me.

Uh. "You look good. The tunic reveals your, uh—" What? Don't go there! You absolute idiot.

Your friend gives me a quick glance. There's not a trace of mischievous glee in their eyes, there's only malice.

With the speed of a serpent attacking their prey, they say: "It reveals your beautiful muscles, he was going to say."

No.

"Nice, nice muscles." Your friend gives me a little grin.

You want to fuck Hati, huh?

Blood escapes my face.

No no no no.

Why are they talking like that? How did they know? What was the voice? Another surge of intrusive thoughts? Why didn't they sound like they usually do? It didn't sound like the men picking apart how I look like, how I sound like, how I should act, and who I should love.

It didn't even sound like me.

Or do you want Hati to fuck you?

I look at the fiend who sounds like they're talking in my head. Their gaze pierces my soul, all-seeing and all-knowing.

I'm naked and they see everything. Every inch of my body, everything that makes me flinch in this world. Every little lie I've ever told, every secret I hold. They see it and they will exploit it all.

Their grin widens.

"He imagines what it's like to—"

"NO," I shout, only to realize that my voice is raspy and devoid of hope. You turn to me. There's a small smile lingering on your lips. Or was it concern that I saw? I don't know. I'm too... I need to calm down.

The intrusive voices are uncomfortably loud today. That's all there is, they're just intrusive thoughts. Your friend caused it by being such an unsettling person.

Finally, the feeling passes. Your friend gives me a little grin, this time the mischievous kind. It's as if they were only misbehaving. Looking at the cat-like grin causes me to doubt everything that just happened.

Sure, the voice in my head sounded like your friend. However, I'm clearly just overwhelmed by what happened.

Right?

[Sneak peek p2](#)

[Apr 28, 2023](#)

I didn't come up with an interesting blooper, so here's another sneak peek. Bathing fun times with Marcus:

"So, you don't mind bathing with me, huh?"

I sigh.

"I knew it. You want to soak in the same water I've blessed with my bodily fluids."

"...Your what now?"

"What do you think I do in this pool when you're not here?"

I look at the water in horror. Is he talking about masturb—

But, before I can continue the unholy thought, he bursts out laughing.

"You should see the look on your face!"

"You were joking, right?"

"That's for me to know and for you to find out."

He's being a childish ass, nothing new here.

[Q&A](#)

[Apr 28, 2023](#)

These are the hard-hitting questions you folks had this month.

Which ROs would still love Hati if they were a worm?

- Tinsae would build you a wonderful worm palace and leave you to live your best worm life. She'd think about you and love you from afar.
- Niall would build you a portable worm home and keep you with him forever and ever.
- Camilla would hire someone to take care of you. She'd love you but wouldn't touch you. She'd sing to you and talk to you about her day. You couldn't answer, cause you're a worm, and Camilla wouldn't mind.
- Marcus would love you. You turning into a worm must be because of what he did. It must be his destiny to love you even in your worm state.
- Quinn would put you in their pocket and carry you around, denying you of your right to live your natural worm life. But at least they'd love you.

If the ROs could go anywhere or do anything in their world, what would it be?

- Camilla would return to Rome to her family. Then, she'd take her family far away from Rome.
- Tinsae would probably travel to Asia. China or something. She would see if that country is free of pain and evil.
- Niall would go home. But he's not sure where his home is. So, he'd probably go where Marcus goes.
- Marcus would go to the past and stay there.

- Quinn would return home and make things the way they were before. Or, they would go to Rome and kill everyone. Depends on the day.

How would you rank the ROs on a protective and jealous scale. who's the most and who's the least?

- From the most protective to least protective: Niall, Tinsae, Marcus, Camilla, Quinn.
- From the most jealous to the least jealous: Quinn, Niall, Camilla, Marcus, Tinsae. (They can all be quite jealous except for Tinsae. Others are either really jelly or mid.)

How would you describe the ROs personality in four words? good and bad

Tinsae: Compassionate. Independent. Afraid. Uncommitted.

Camilla: Fierce. Hateful. Loyal. Reckless.

Marcus: Apathetic. Adrift. Reckless. Creative.

Niall: Anxious. Protective. Obliging. Loving.

Quinn: Neglectful. Passionate. Adrift. Hateful.

On a scale of 1-10, how touch and/or affection starved at the ROs? And do they know it or deny it?

- Niall: 10. Knows that is touch-starved. Wants and needs hugs. Lives off of hugs.
- Marcus: 7. In denial of his hugs needs.
- Camilla: 3. It's a rare occasion that she'd need hugs, even rarer that she'd say it out loud.
- Tinsae: 7. Knows that hugs are great and won't say no to a hug.
- Quinn: 3. Doesn't need hugs but hugs nonetheless.

As a bonus: a couple of **NSFW** questions (please skip these if you're not interested). Also, things might change as the story progresses.

Do the ROs like butt stuff?

Hasn't tried, would try for Hati: Niall & Quinn

Hasn't tried, not interested: Marcus & Camilla

Tried, likes: Tinsae

Are the ROs top, bottom, or versatile?

Top: Marcus and Camilla (Camilla won't budge, Marcus might)

Versatile: Quinn (preference to top), Tinsae (preference to bottom), Niall (both are fine)

[Weekly rambling](#)

[May 16, 2023](#)

So, smut's been on my mind. I've written some smut, researched some smut, and thought about the new smut tier. (I can't get over the fact that my job is *researching smut* now.)

Also, been thinking about the other tiers and the changes that take place in next month.

Here are the price changes to the tiers:

Frog: 5.50€

Penguin: 9.50€

Fox: 19.50€

I'm going to create new tiers altogether and delete the old ones (next month). The new tiers will be published on the 1st of June and then, I will ask you to move your pledge into the new one. I would've just changed the prices if it was possible but Patreon doesn't allow it (probably so no patron is charged extra without their knowledge, which is definitely fair).

The NSFW tier (the Fox one) is going to get a price increase because smut will most likely take more time for me to write than the SFW stuff did.

Also, here are the new tier benefits:

Bee: Stays the same (early access will not happen for a while though. I will publish new content to the public and there will be early access available for y'all but not for a good while.)

Frog: Stays the same but with access to the closed alpha.

Penguin: Monthly (N)SFW Q&A and more in-depth sneak peeks. The backstory shortie will get deleted. Will most likely post some world-building stuff, too. History rambling, basically. But that's something that I'll have to see if I have the energy to do. Perhaps a bi-monthly thing? I can poll you about this later.

Fox: SFW mini games will be gone and NSFW mini game will take their place.

Voting will most likely stay as it is.

Thank you for your patience with me as I try to navigate these changes. Change is a lot more work than I anticipated. Also, I'm learning to code as we speak so I can publish the new update! I'll try my best to publish it this month but I'm a little doubtful. Haven't given up hope yet, tho.

Anyway...

As always, thank you for being here. I really appreciate it. ❤️ I hope you all have a wonderful rest of the week!

[Short story poll](#)

[May 18, 2023](#)

Camilla ruminating after killing for Hati (background)

5

Niall ruminating after killing for Hati (background)

13

Tinsae ruminating after killing for Hati (background)

2

Quinn thinking about what happened after they killed for Hati (background)

10

Hati hugging Camilla (POV)

5

Hati crying in Tinsae's arms (POV)

3

Hati crying in Quinn's arms (POV)

20

Quinn selling Hati to Camilla like they were cattle (Camilla's POV)

11

Quinn gives Tinsae bad vibes (Tinsae's POV)

5

Poll ended May 25, 2023 · 74 votes total

[The first NSFW RO poll](#)

[May 18, 2023](#)

I wonder who's going to win...

Marcus

41

Niall

10

Tinsae

2

Camilla

9

Quinn

7

Poll ended May 25, 2023 · 69 votes total

[Weekly rambling](#)

[May 24, 2023](#)

So, I've been a little sick. I've got flu that keeps boomeranging: I think I'm fine and then it comes back like lol no. It's been a week already and now I have a fever again. It's highly annoying and I try to write as best as I can but try to also rest so I'm not prolonging it. Welp, anyway.

When the flu-boomerang left me alone for a while, I wrote my first proper smut scene! I tried to tackle Marcus and Camilla but they wouldn't budge. Then, I had a divine inspiration for Niall's smut and it all snowballed from there. I will probably post a sneak peek of that scene. 🙄 It turned out quite good (if I may toot my own horn).

Also, just as a reminder: since there's only a week left of this month, this is the last week to get the backlog of the SFW mini games. I will most likely put the backlog into the Blob tier, though. Perhaps the SFW tier will make a comeback at some point but I'm not sure.

Here is the SFW mini game backlog (quite a lot of Marcus, yes):

- Bathing Robus with Marcus
- Bathing with Marcus and Legate
- Distracting Marcus
- Gremlin Makeover (with Tinsae and Camilla)
- Io Saturnalia (all of the main ROs)
- Legate the Sugar Daddy
- Magic, Mayhem, and Marcus
- Marcus is Unwell
- Shopping Spree with Antonia and Marcus
- Snuggling with Quinn in the Mill
- Sparring with Niall
- Two Drunk Men and a Gremlin (Niall and Marcus)
- Unfortunate Sleeping Arrangements (Marcus)
- Waking up from a Nightmare (Marcus)
- (the last one will be starring Niall and Marcus)

Anyway, as always: thank you so much for being here!

[Sneak peek](#)

[May 24, 2023](#)

Below a sneak peek of Niall smut (NSFW!).

“What—” His voice is low and husky. His gaze shifts to his growing dick before quickly turning away.

#Take hold of his cock.

Without a warning and with a harsh touch, I take his semi-hard cock in my hand.

The action makes Niall groan loudly and bend over, he gasps for air as he looks at me, his messy hair shielding his heated gaze.

His erection in my hand grows even harder, it pulses with need against my palm.

“I—” He starts again.

“Do you want this?” I squeeze him and he bends lower.

“Yes,” he groans through his teeth as he looks away.

“Look at me,” I order and he obeys. I move the hair off his eyes and give him a smile. “Good boy.”



Will move on to Cam and Marcus now that I got the hang of this.

Carefully Chosen Words

May 27, 2023

Hati crying/Quinn's POV

Well, that didn't go as planned. No matter, I suppose. New plans, new me.

A sob draws my attention.

Are you... crying? “Hey?” You look like you're crying.

You look away. Alright. You definitely are crying.

“There's a tear running down your cheek,” I say and show you, fighting the urge to lick it. I don't think I've seen others lick their loved ones' tears, perhaps that's weird. But they're salty and it makes me feel closer to you.

You almost roll your eyes at me. Oh, right. Comforting actions. So, no tear-licking, no cheerful words, nothing of the sort. Would innuendo work?

No. Some part of me says it's wrong, it doesn't fit the situation.

And I said that I wouldn't read your mind. What if just a peek, though?

No.

Alright, so—

You look at the meatsack and your breathing quickens to the verge of hyperventilation.

A part of me understands the reaction. However, he was meant to die. He wanted you to die. It was meant to happen this way. I would've never let him kill you, so your reaction is, quite frankly, wrong.

I was always there, watching you. Making sure you were alright.

But, you don't see it that way. In fact, I think you thought you were going to die.

You bend over, your hyperventilation worsening.

I think this is the time to offer you some physical comfort.

So, I grab you tightly in my embrace. Hugs always work, right?

- "No! Let go of me!"

You shout at me. Fear oozes from you. Who is it that you fear? It couldn't be me.

You fear me.

Why would you fear me, out of all people? You're my reason to live.

There's something in your eyes I can't quite put my finger on, there's the prickly smell of something seeping out of you like a festering wound. Like you don't... trust me. But why? I've been nothing but a helpful friend, a trusted ally. I've kept my word, I'm here.

No, it must be because you almost died. It's the shock that's to blame.

"I understand," I say. I don't. "I acted strangely." Did I? I suppose I did.

You did.

I know how to do this, alright?

"I think I was..." I search for the right words. "In shock." I definitely wasn't. I was just angry. "I was angry at the idiots who didn't come to save you." Yes, that's the truth. I wasn't angry at you. You're trying your best.

"But it sounds like you're just using me."

"Using you?" Of course I am. You should use me, too, I'm really useful. But no, you look like you don't want me to say that. "I'm sorry for making you feel like that." That's the right thing to say. You look a little more at ease but only barely.

"I didn't realize how startled you were." That's the truth. There was no need for that.

"How could you not?" You ask.

You talk about this as if I should realize I'm in the wrong. It's strange.

You are in the wrong.

But how?

No answers.

"I'm sorry," I say. I am. I'm sorry for not being able to understand.

You look disappointed.

Something twists in my stomach. Ugh, I hope I'm not catching the flu. Weak meat is so prone to illnesses.

- You lean into the hug.

"I know this is scary but I'm here for you, alright?" I say the right words. Is it scary? I don't know. Let's think about it: Yes. Being alone is scary. Being away from home is scary. You probably did fear that you were going to die, so that's scary, too. And you smell scared. So, the only conclusion is that it was scary. Relief makes me nod to myself. My chosen words were just the right kind.

You look like you believe me. Another surge of relief. Even if, at first, I doubted the first part of the sentence, the rest were nothing but the truth. I will be here for you. I've always been here for you, just as you've been here for me.

Always. Right?

Right?

Right.

I give you another squeeze to reassure you.

[Bald Spot](#)

[May 28, 2023](#)

The aftermath of the killing/Niall's POV

"Could I borrow Robus for a while?" I think I need a hug. No, I'm certain I need a hug. However, it's a shame that Marcus was at home. I'd preferred to grab Robus and leave without seeing him. He always smells when something is wrong.

He'll poke me till he gets the answer.

And this time, I can't give it to him. I'm sure he'd understand but—

Marcus squints his eyes at me. "You look like shit."

"Yes, thank you. Could I—"

I yelp as he grabs my arm. He quickly lets go with his brows furrowed.

"Why are you so jumpy?"

"I'm not."

"What's wrong?"

I look away so I don't have to meet his gaze. "I can't tell you right now." He wouldn't believe me if I lied. He sees right through me.

The frown on his face lingers until he says: "Don't tell me you learned about your accidental lovechild?"

"What? Is there a—"

He bursts out laughing. "Not that I know of. You'd make a good dad, though."

I sigh. "This is not funny."

"No, it doesn't seem like it." He shakes his head and calls for Robus. "Fine. You can coddle Robus for the night."

Robus gives me a bark as a greeting and we're off. I choose to ignore Marcus's stare as we walk to the wagon.

—

After assuring Paios and the others that I'm fine (no, nothing is wrong, I'm just tired, you can go to bed, yes, let's meet in the morning), I retreat to my room with Robus sauntering after me.

"So, Robus... things happened."

Robus yawns and starts making her way to the bed. It's wide enough for us both, she's used to sleeping next to me.

"I won't take too much of your time, I just need to talk a little, alright?"

Robus curls into a ball and looks at me, probably urging me to continue. Or asking me to be quiet. I choose to believe the former.

“Alright, so, basically... You know the Optio? He was a bad guy, right?” He was. Yes.

Robus yawns.

“Sure, he wasn't the worst or anything like that.”

Seriously? Am I trying to justify it?

Robus looks at me with one eye open.

“I told him not to beat the recruits. That they'd get better results if they were treated better.” But he took his orders from Marcus, not me. And, Marcus said that the balance of carrots and sticks is a healthy diet for the recruits.

I still think they'd fare better with carrots without the side of sticks.

I sigh and slump down on the bed. Ignoring my usual shoe-related rituals, I kick the soggy things off. They make a thumping sound when they meet the wall.

“I told him to stop...” I look at the shoes without seeing them.

Robus pokes her snout at me.

“Right? That's what I said. It's not that he deserved it but—”

“Woo woo!”

“Shh, quiet! No one should hear us.”

Well, you shouldn't talk out loud about killing your colleague, you idiot. I sigh and realize that my head is hurting and there's something in my fist.

I frown at the sight of it: there's a chunk of red hair.

Did I just... That's just great. I'm a murderer AND I have a bald spot.

[Bloopers](#)

[May 28, 2023](#)

Hati recounting a dream that they saw is something that almost made its way to the next chapter. However, I felt like it was too early for that. So, this is both a sneak peek *and* a blooper. How efficient!

“Someone was ripped apart.”

It didn't feel like a mere dream. The vividness of the mental image still shoots a violent shudder through me. It's as if I was there, it's as if I still am. The shrieks still fill my mind. The smell of violent death. The other... sounds.

I open my mouth to tell them about the rest. Tell them about the grunts, how meat was ripped apart, how it was followed by munching, gnawing of the tendons, slurping of the blood, crunching of the bone. However, try as I might, nothing comes out. If I don't tell them about it, perhaps there's a chance I'll be blessed with forgetting.

[Weekly rambling](#)

[May 31, 2023](#)

First of all: I'm sorry for not being able to push out the update this month. There's a lot to be done and being sick for a week didn't help the situation.

Some good news, though: I managed to get Twine working for me and I'll be able to host the update properly on itch.io. It even works on mobile, my number one fear was that it wouldn't.

(For those of you who don't know: I have to code the rest of the game in Twine because CS cannot be used in Patreon content unless it's released to the public in a month. And I don't feel comfortable with doing public updates anymore, so this is what I had to do. This doesn't mean that I won't be publishing the game via HG, though.)

I am trying not to feel overwhelmed by this all, the code change, the new tiers, the update, and how it should be out already. I should probably learn how to celebrate victories, like learning to code in a different language and managing to write proper smut (which is a whole new field of writing for me).

Anyway, you can change into the new tiers until the 20th of June. I recommend changing the tiers tomorrow at the earliest (the 1st of June). All of you frogs, penguins, and foxes, if you don't remember to change your tier on time, don't worry, I will remind you via PM before deleting the outdated tiers.

Also also, the last minigame will probably be late. I'm sorry about that. I'll let you know.

Anyway, as always: thank you for being here. I couldn't do this without you.

[Next month's smut RO?](#)

[Jun 2, 2023](#)

Niall

22

Camilla

11

Tinsae

5

Quinn

26

Poll ended Jun 15, 2023 · 64 votes total

[About the tier and how this works](#)

[Jun 3, 2023](#)

Hi there!

Just wanted to let you all know how this new tier works. So, I used to send the SFW scenarios out via email. However, that method of handing out the game didn't work on mobile. This time I will host the smut on itch.io and give you all the password to access it. It will work on mobile, it's going to be more efficient. This month's Marcus smut is still a work in progress, unfortunately. I will do my best to get these done by the beginning of the month so you all will have enough time to savor the smut.

I'm doing my best to get this one done next week.

Thank you so much for being here! 🌸

[Weekly rambling](#)

[Jun 7, 2023](#)

Hey hey!

So, this month is going to be busy. I will take things really slow next month, I would almost dare to call it a vacation. Before that, however, I will have to finish up the update and write this and next month's smut.

Welp. Lot of work to do.

But, things are getting better and better in my personal life and I feel like I have more strength to write without stressing about it too much. It's getting better. And if there are nasty people on the internet (like the person sending me hate messages last weekend on Tumblr), I won't dwell on it too much. I think it would've rattled me a lot more in the past. Self-care goes a long way.

Anyway, I think I will just get back to writing now. But before that, thank you for being here. ❤️

[Weekly rambling](#)

[Jun 15, 2023](#)

Hi there!

It's been a rough week. I received some new hate messages and it's difficult not to let them get to me. Mostly because I'm still recovering from the burnout and all that. Would be easier to deal with those sorts of people if I was at full strength.

I really need that vacation haha.

I will get the update out this month, however. It's going to be a dirty draft (it means that some scenes are wholly unfinished and there are placeholder words like **niall is shocked** or **marcus acts like an ass** lol), but there are already many fleshed-out scenes that it will probably be a fun read anyways.

I will probably have to write the enby and trans routes at a different time, just because I need sensitivity readers to check the content before publishing it to you all. Just letting you all know how the process goes.

Also, I should probably remind you all to update your tiers. I will delete the old ones next week and you won't be able to see the new stuff that I release.

Anyway, as always, thank you for being here.

[Smut poll](#)

[Jun 16, 2023](#)

Quinn won! I didn't expect it, tbh, there has been a pattern where Niall wins after Marcus. So, I didn't think to specify if y'all want female or male Quinn. I mean, the amount of extra work when Hati can be either sex is laborious enough, I don't think I can handle Quinn being either male or female too. 😊 So! A quick poll.

male Quinn

77%

female Quinn

23%

Poll ended Jun 23, 2023 · 60 votes total

[Short story poll](#)

[Jun 16, 2023](#)

Short story poll time!

Also! Remember to send me your QnAs! Either for me or the characters. I'm a bit empty with those at the moment so anything helps 😊

There is no Marcus this time either because I think I've exhausted the dude's POV scenes for now. At least I didn't come up with any interesting scene I could write from his POV and I didn't receive any suggestions so here we are. The new update will provide more content again.

Quinn thinking about what happened after they killed for Hati

3

Hati hugging Camilla

3

Camilla ruminating after killing for Hati

1

Hati crying in Tinsae's arms

1

Quinn selling Hati to Camilla like they were cattle (Camilla's POV)

15

Quinn gives Tinsae bad vibes (Tinsae's POV)

4

Tinsae ruminating after killing for Hati

1

Hati trying to smooch Quinn

26

Camilla poking her finger into Hati's mouth

9

Tinsae talking about leaving

1

Tinsae stabbing the Optio

3

Camilla stabbing the Optio

2

Quinn stabbing the Optio

2

Niall stabbing the Optio

Poll ended Jun 23, 2023 · 86 votes total

[Finally](#)

[Jun 19, 2023](#)

The smut is here.

This scenario is a little toxic. Unfortunately, no healthy Hati is ready for any sexy times with Marcus. Even if the reader is ready to forgive him, Hati is not there yet. They hate his guts.

Yet they ended up having sex.

So, this happened.

Anyway. Thank you all for your patience!

the link: <https://haleym.itch.io/defiledheartssmut>

The password is: X9*t#SO0e9&iH

Also yes, the "game title" and "the author" are there, just ignore those lol. I didn't know how to change them. I never claimed to be a good coder 😊 Just click new game and you should be good.

[yet another smut poll](#)

[Jun 20, 2023](#)

Lol sorry for spamming you with the polls. But since Marcus's smut showed me how much work it is to write both male and female Hati's scenes, I'll have to write the next one from either f or m Hati's POV. So... which one? I mean, sure, hand things or whatever would work but just in case.

Thank you for bearing with me haha.

male Hati

38%

female Hati

62%

Poll ended Jun 27, 2023 · 60 votes total

[Sneak peek](#)

[Jun 26, 2023](#)

In the progress of finishing up these scenes:

Apparently, there's nothing else to talk about. He whips his belt off in a single, confident motion. Then, he slips off his tunic, leaving him standing in front of me with nothing but trousers on. He gives me a self-assured grin, one that I should've known he would give me.

Great. A strip show.

- Try not to look (but still look).

- Mockingly stare at him as if interested.

- Look away.

This duo will have to wait till the next update:

"Hati, please excuse us, we were passing by. We thought you bathed already."

"He's slow, as always." Camilla scoffs.

"I just got here." I frown.

"We're so sorry," Tinsae says. Camilla starts saying that she isn't but from the sound of it, Tinsae elbows her into silence.

[Sneak\(er\).peek](#)

[Jun 26, 2023](#)

A little continuation of the striptease show.

- Inspect his scars.

Now that there are no other people around, it seems more intimate than the last time I saw him naked in the public baths.

Now, I can examine his naked body. See every scar his skin wears.

And there are so many.

He's seen his share of battle. So much so that it's a miracle he's still alive. His arms are striped with scars and there's a long one on his stomach. I wonder who did that one. They almost got him.

"Where did that come from?" I ask, interrupting his one-man strip show.

"Huh?" He looks at the scar I'm pointing at. He pouts. "That's not important right now."

[Rotting Meat](#)

[Jun 27, 2023](#)

Quinn rejecting Hati's kiss/Quinn's POV

I look at your sweet face whilst holding your chin. Your sweet, oblivious face. It makes me feel bad, at times. Looking at it. Touching it without really feeling. There's the decomposing meat between us, hindering me from truly feeling you.

"My flesh and bones are still here," I say to comfort your peril. They are. For the time being. And when the flesh is nothing but rotting sustenance for maggots, are you going to weep over its fate? Or over yours for staying behind? Would you beg me to take you with me?

I think I wouldn't like that.

I think I should.

"I love you." I love you like a drowning man would love a rope. Or perhaps like a farmer loves the sun?

"How can you say that you love me and talk about dying?"

Love has nothing to do with death. Love doesn't care about decaying flesh. It's the memories love has a hold of.

Then, without a warning, you lean in to kiss me.

Your eager lips meet with mine. They stay at the entrance, their eagerness turning into hesitation. Where are the fanfares? The joy of greeting an old friend with open arms?

But no such greeting arrives.

Instead, I stand there, like a tree, unable to move, unsure if I even want to. It's a curious feeling. Not something I'm used to. Was there a time when I would've returned the kiss? Of course.

But it'd be wrong. I know it would be. The circumstances are different.

Why should I care about such things? You're eager. I should use that.

No. You'd care about it. You'd be hurt. And if you care, I should care. I need to please you. I need you to be happy and unhurt.

"I'm sorry," you blurt out.

"Don't apologize." Your lips taste sweet. It brings memories of times long dead and forgotten. Did I taste them before? Even if I didn't, I imagined it. So many times.

I've always been watching.

Your face darkens. There was an exchange uttered that I didn't hear. Do you feel rejected? "Are you alright?"

- "Let's just change the subject," you say.

Oh. Good. That blew over quicker than I feared. What a nice surprise.

- "Why won't you kiss me? If you love me?"

My sweet little ravenling, things are not that simple.

"You'll lose me." You will. This body will fail us both. It wasn't meant to carry this load. It will rot away like a useless lump of meat that it is.

And you'll be sad. Even sadder than you will be later. Even sadder than you would've been?

I shouldn't tell you.

I should.

But it would only hurt you more. If I'm to protect you from being hurt, if I need to prepare you for what's to happen, why would I do that?

No. I shouldn't.

"I've accepted my fate," I say to ease your mind. I haven't. If I accepted my fate, I would've never come here to this gods-forsaken land with its disgusting squatters.

But I'm unsure what I should do. You're the only one who can help me. And you will. You're already helping. We just need to keep this thing going. Let's not rock the boat. It might fall over. I might pull you with me to the depths of the ocean.

I'd hate that.

[Q&A](#)

[Jun 28, 2023](#)

What each of the ROs would do in a modern AU?

Marcus would be a professor of literature at the university. He'd also write poems in his free time and lurk in his high-end apartment that his father paid for.

Camilla would be a martial arts instructor. She, too, would lurk in her (much more modest) apartment and order a lot of food online so she doesn't have to see people.

Tinsae would be one of those classy ladies who have a ton of charity work, she'd probably be like a... real estate agent. She'd make a ton of cash and give it away. Also, she'd lobby and try to affect the politics for the better.

Niall would be an Instagram influencer with millions of followers. And a Youtube beauty guru with an equal number of subscribers. He'd have a social media manager to delete all the hateful comments so he doesn't have to see them and ruin his day.

Quinn would have their own pyramid scheme.

Some cute facts about the ROs:

Camilla walks and talks in her sleep. Doesn't cook and isn't interested. Will buy you flowers and gifts. Can easily see if you're upset and will be there if you need someone to talk to. Isn't good with words but is a good listener. Prefers action over words.

Marcus cooks quite well. Isn't that good with words when it comes to relationships but tries his best. Can be quite dum dum when it comes to relationships. Can't probably see if you're upset. But when he sees that something is wrong, does everything in his power to make it right. Brings food when you're hungry (good at spotting when people are hungry, not when people are sad).

Tinsae doesn't know how to cook but tries her best. Loves good food and appreciates people who know how to make it. Will offer moral support if sees someone cooking. Would love to learn. Will tuck you into bed at night. Willing to do silly things, like dance like a crab with you. Is careful not to wake you up in the morning.

Niall can't really cook. Loves to eat Marcus's cooking. Will express his feelings without holding back when in a relationship. Is emotionally quite intelligent and can clearly see if you're upset. However, might also be in his own head a bit too much and might miss it. Will be profusely sorry about it. Willing to do silly things, like dance like a crab with you. Will warm your cold feet between his thighs during winter.

Quinn can't cook. Eats crap. Will call you lovely even if you look like crap. Can miss if you're upset because they spend too much time in their own head. Can have a hard time navigating feelings but does their best to cheer you up if you're sad.

[Weekly rambling](#)

[Jun 29, 2023](#)

So, my vacation is soon upon us. I will continue to write Patreon stuff despite the vacation. I'll do the short stories and probably continue working on the next update, too. But I'll do it slowly and in a relaxed state, vacation-like. Just for the heads up: I won't do the ramblings next month, at least weekly ones. Perhaps one to let you know that I haven't perished during my camping trips? I'll still do the Q&A (please send me your questions if you have any, I'm running short on those) and the short story, and post a few sneak peeks. And ofc the monthly smut (Quinn won the poll).

That's a lot of writing about to happen during your vacation, I hear you say. Yes. I suppose it is. But there's the fact that I'll give myself permission not to check on social media or interact with work-related issues. So, I won't be on Discord next month. Nor any other social media. I will check Patreon from time to time, so you can send me a PM here if you have something urgent.

And about the update... The scenes are still quite disjointed. I'm not sure if I feel comfortable with releasing them to you all. However, Niall's smut is in an acceptable state, so I can put that here for you to enjoy while I finish up Marcus's scenes. I did write a great Tinsae scene out of the blue. I always love it and hate it when the scenes come to me out of order. Like, Tinsae, girl, wait for your turn, I'm writing Marcus's striptease, smh.

Anyway, as always, thank you for being here. ❤️

[Niall smut](#)

[Jun 29, 2023](#)

Here is the link to Niall's smut: <https://haleym.itch.io/dhtb-patreon-wip>

Password is niall_smuttt

This Hati is quite commanding. There will be other scenes for other Hatis.

It takes place during the baths. At a later date, I will add the option to not feel comfortable with someone touching your genitalia. However, there's no such option as of now. Hati has just revealed their identity to Niall, Niall has panicked about Hati prancing about all druid-like with a death sentence hanging above their head. That's the main source of his anxiety. If Hati is female, he's anxious about someone finding out about that and killing Hati. If Hati is male, he's anxious about someone finding out about the fact that he's a Pictish druid and killing Hati. So, either way, he's anxious about someone finding out and killing Hati lol.

I think it's fitting that the first thing I'll release from the bath scenes is smut. I mean, I feel like that's all I've been thinking and writing about for the past month and a half.

[Vacation rambling](#)

[Jul 11, 2023](#)

So. I've enjoyed the first week of my vacation (as much as I can, I was sick lol). Some of you already know this, but I've been pushing myself too hard for the last year and a... Over a year. Two years? And it got to me in the form of a burnout. I pushed through the earlier chapters by sheer power of will despite being a full-time mom, having a day job, and taking care of my dead father's estate. Looking back on it now, I don't know how I did it. Then, in December, I started writing full time. It was the only viable option for me at the time if I wanted to keep writing. If I didn't do that, I would've had to scrap this project.

Next, I had to make sure that I could get enough money out of this so I could provide for my family. If I didn't make enough money, I would still have to look for another job and scrap everything. So, I had to push myself to write more, to write better, to research a different "genre" of writing (smut lol) to be more

proficient at it, and find courage to share it to you all despite me being new at it. And, I had to learn to code in a different language. All the while feeling guilty about not writing more and more quickly.

So, there hasn't really been any time to rest. Writing became more and more laborious, even if I still found those moments where the text wrote itself, like the Quinn's latest short story. My days were filled with me thinking how I should write or me staring at the same sentences I've already written. And when I wrote, I just kept thinking how much more I should write, how nothing I wrote was enough. I felt guilty about not being active on social media, not marketing this properly, not letting those people who are not on Patreon to know how I'm doing.

I was exhausted.

Before I decided to nope out of here and run to my vacation, I tried to push myself to pull an all-nighter and finish the update like my life depended on it. But, even my body was failing lol. I felt sick to my stomach and I made the difficult decision to just give up. (Turns out I had a stomach flu that lasted for a whole week, yay.) I didn't want to push myself anymore without getting time to recover. Pushing yourself for months and months is a one way ticket to the Burnout Land where some authors never come back from. I really didn't want to end up there.

So, I'm having a vacation. I'm recovering. I reached the point on Patreon where I don't have to worry about money so much, where I could finally say that this is now officially my job and I don't have to think about having another one. I can just focus on DHTB.

And that's all thanks to you.

You all have my heartfelt thanks.

Well, anyway. This turned out to be long. Again, thank you for being here. I hope you all have a pleasant summer. I'll be back in August! (Well, I'll still write the short stories and the smut and all that but you know.)

[Smut poll woop woop](#)

[Jul 21, 2023](#)

Ok. I have a few ideas for every RO scenario and I have an inkling on who's going to win. Buuuut, it's still polling time.

Just so you know, I'm writing the Quinn scenario as we speak (as I speak... write), so please don't worry about that. It's still coming 🥰 slowly. But I like what I've written so far, it's a totally different vibe from Marcus's toxic route shenanigans.

Anyway, next month's smut will feature...

(You can vote for multiple choices!)

f!hati x Niall

29

m!hati x Niall

11

m!/f!hati x Legate (yes, I'm serious. I have a scenario in mind, sorry not sorry)

29

m!hati x Tinsae

3

f!hati x Tinsae

6

m!hati x Camilla

3

f!hati x Camilla

11

Poll ended Jul 28, 2023 · 92 votes total

[Smut's progress update](#)

[Jul 24, 2023](#)

Hi there!

Since I'm taking my sweet time with the smut (sorry about that!), I just wanted to pop in here and let you know that you will be able to access the smut next month for a couple of weeks. I won't change the

password till the 15th of August (at least). So, you won't have to hurry with reading the thing. Thank you for your patience :)

[Quinn smut](#)

[Jul 28, 2023](#)

Hi there! Here it is. A little toxic again but that's to be expected from Quinn. Next month's victim will be Niall, it's going to be a little more wholesome than these two rascals have been.

Anyway, I hope you like it!

<https://haleym.itch.io/defiled-hearts-patreon-smut>

Password is: dhtb_patreon_smut

[Optio's POV/short story](#)

[Jul 30, 2023](#)

Hi there, since it was my vacation month, I basically decided to write what short story I felt like writing. This came to mind. Spoiler warning, I suppose. It's the Optio's POV before he attacked Hati:

Another uneventful night at the tavern. Fucking hells. Should've just bought a whore.

Marcus promised to accompany me. Yet, he didn't show up. Must've been busy. He's an important man after all; could never hold that against him.

My lonesome steps echo in the too familiar street.

No. Not lonesome.

Someone else's steps join mine. The sound makes me halt. Thieves?

Fucking hate thieves.

"Just try it, motherfuckers. I'll gut you," I shout at the empty street.

No answer.

Suddenly, my brain conjures up an image of me as a scared, lonesome lamb. And the person watching me is a hungry lion. The hair at the back of my neck stands up as the muscles in my legs strain, yelling at me to flee.

Flee? Me? I let out a chuckle. I've killed tens of men and no thief could best me.

I shake my head. Why so jumpy? Pathetic.

Look as I might, there's no one here. I let out a sigh. Stupid. Stupidity. I—

There's a person standing next to me.

A short, blond-haired little shit peers at me underneath their cloak.

I chuckle at the sight. What a puny fool.

However, the sound that was supposed to be a chuckle comes out as a pitiful groan.

They give me a smile that bares their teeth. They seem almost pointy.

I take a step back. Why am I afraid of that little creature? "Who're you?" My voice is flooded with terror.

The creature doesn't answer. I squeeze the hilt of my sword but the feeling of leather doesn't fill me with the usual confidence.

It's as if... I knew that I couldn't kill them with a mere blade. As if it's almost pathetic that I would even consider attacking them.

It's as if I should just surrender to my fate. Accept whatever they have in store for me. Just lie down and wait for them to open up my belly and eat my entrails.

Finally, the silence is broken by their emotionless voice: "You will die tonight."

"Huh?" Their words ring true. I have no choice but to believe them. "Now?"

They point me towards the road to the barracks. "Go."

I don't want to go. I'm scared. There's a load of lead in my stomach and my feet feel as heavy. I think of my mother. The last thing she said to me was to shut my filthy mouth.

Fear.

Regret.

Then, the unnecessary feelings subside. Instead, rage fills me.

kill

Who?

A stupid question.

The image of that pathetic little shit fills my mind. Yes. I will. Kill. Kill the little shit.

The person looks after the man. There's a small smile dancing on their lips. They're not in a hurry as they start walking after him.

[Q&A](#)

[Jul 30, 2023](#)

I didn't really receive any questions for Q&A so I came up with something. 😊

Do the ROs have any bad habits?

Niall: negative self-talk, putting up with abusive behavior, excessive buying habits

Tinsae: not getting enough sleep, workaholic tendencies

Camilla: excessive alcohol consumption, irregular eating habits, rude af, manipulative, hateful

Marcus: gambling, doing and saying things just to spite others, selfish

Quinn: too much sugar, unhealthy diet, selfish, really manipulative... murderous. Hateful.

Do they believe in love at first sight?

M: No.

C: No.

T: No.

Q: No.

N: Yes?

*What living person do they most despise?

*M: His father

N: His biological father

C: The Emperor

T: Her mother

Q: Those stupid Romans

[Back to work rambling](#)

[Aug 12, 2023](#)

Hi there!

I've been stalling to write this rambling. I don't know, I felt like I should share something groundbreaking about, eh, my vacation, I suppose. Feels a bit silly to say it out loud lol. I mean the gist of it is that I feel like I've recovered creatively and feel excited to write again. I wrote Pathfinder fanfic, started a new Roman vampire WIP (just for fun, of course, I'm still focusing 100 % on DHTB), read a lot, gamed a lot, did everything to rekindle my passion for writing. And I feel like it helped.

Also, I felt good enough to open up my anon asks on Tumblr again. It's a risk but it's a fun feature.

I'm not going to announce any deadline for the update, I feel like deadlines can be quite redundant at this point. I need to keep writing and coding and start putting out chunks of it all for you to enjoy. Maybe I'll surprise you next week, maybe at the end of the month. Who knows!

Also, about smut:

Niall won the smut poll for this month. So far, there are two smut stories in the Fox tier: f/m!Hati x f/m!Quinn, and f/m!Hati x Marcus. They are both kinda toxic, will probably have to write something wholesome for a change haha. But the toxicity thing is something to keep in mind in the future update, too: if you rush things with the ROs (since things have not cleared yet and there are grudges and stuff), the sex scenes will probably be a bit toxic. The most egregious example of this is Marcus. He's not ready, Hati is not ready, so the sex scenes will reflect on that. But since I will write about toxic relationships, I didn't want to shy away from writing sex scenes that are on the toxic side. Things can be healthy with every one of them, others just take more time.

Anyway, thank you so much for being here and being patient with me.

[History Rambling](#)

[Aug 16, 2023](#)

Yay! The first history rambling. If you didn't know, I have a Master's Thesis on history, so this is my jam. Even so, I didn't want to do this earlier cause I did a lot of research before I started writing, and I will do so later as I begin editing, but not so much in the middle of writing the first draft. And, I was a burnt out poor bugger of a writer before, didn't want to add to my workload any more than necessary. But still, it was nice to collect my thoughts about this stuff. Next month, I will talk about Roman baths (that's my jammiest of jams), but now I wanted to focus a little on druids and the Celts because I happened to read a really solid book on druids during my vacation.

So, druids. An important topic for the game. Did you know that the druids probably didn't even exist in the form that's been popularized in the last few centuries?

This requires some explanation.

As you may or may not know, druids didn't really write. Wasn't their thing.

(As a side note, fascinatingly enough, druids might have known Greek. This comes straight from Julius Caesar himself and it might not be true, but it's still an interesting thought. Coincidentally, Hati's ability to know Greek is actually quite lore-friendly lol.)

So, since the druids didn't care for writing, they can't directly speak to us from the past. There are sacrificed bodies found in the bogs, altars, symbols, little things to gather how things might have been. But those are fragments, little pieces of a massive puzzle we'll never be able to truly see. Imagination has been filling the rest of the gaps for the past centuries. Imagination, and the accounts of the Romans (like Julius Caesar).

However, every Roman who's written anything about the druids could've had their reasons to distort the reality for their benefit (or perhaps they didn't know any better and relied on rumors). The reason doesn't have to be malicious, of course. However, that's something you have to keep in mind and you can't take anything at face value when reading primary resources (primary resource is "a source of information that was created at the time under study"). That's basically the basis of the study of history.

For example, one of THE primary sources when it comes to druids is Julius Caesar (other Romans who talked about them relied on 2nd or 3rd hand information). Buuuut the old Caesar boy might have distorted the reality of the druids a little to fit his political agenda. He wanted to subjugate the shit out of the Celts but he needed a good reason for it. He may have wanted to portray the Celts as similar to Romans (thus worthy of subjugation), so he may have bent the truth a little and painted the picture of druids similar to the Senate, holding political and religious power. The image of the druids holding a highly esteemed office in their tribes comes from Caesar.

And, after Rome fell, the image of the druids kept changing. England, Ireland, Scotland, they all had their own nationalistic reasons to paint a certain picture of the druids. (Wasn't super interested about

that part of this history but you can read more about it if you are interested.)

And since all we have of the druids are the few archeological evidence, and the Romans who may have either distorted the reality or relied on hearsay, the reality of the druids is difficult to get a grasp on. Who did they worship? How? What did it entail? Who even were they? There are no definitive answers.

This frees me as a writer to come up with my own lore, so to speak. You may have heard about the human sacrifices the druids conducted? A couple of sacrificed bodies in bogs? Proof to be considered. But was it mainspread? Who knows. Why am I talking about human sacrifices and the game?

Oh, I'm sure it's nothing, don't worry about it.

The dilemma with the druids is similar to Celts as a culture, too. There's so much you just don't know. First of all, they're a big mass of people with different customs and all that. So much information is lost, so much of it comes from Romans (who were dicks to the Celts). Again, freeing for a creative mind. But also funnily enough, this can be worrying. What if readers take my picture of the Celts as gospel? Because it's most certainly not. It's another interpretation. The stuff that happened historically (invasions etc.) are easy enough to prove but the cultural stuff? Religion? Difficult. Romans wiped the poor buggers off the map by the means of violence and assimilation (as Romans had the tendency to do).

So, Hati is in the right to curse the stupid Romans.

And! If we're talking about Caledonia and the Picts, that's an even bigger "who the fuck knows" territory (pardon my French). The "fact" that they painted themselves blue and fought naked? Probably not. Occasionally to scare off a couple of Romans? Perhaps. Who knows.

Anyway, end of rambling. If you want to read more about the druids and how the image of them came to be, I recommend "Blood and Mistletoe: The History of the Druids in Britain" by Ronald Hutton. "The Picts" from Tim Clarkson offers some insight to the Picts themselves. I can recommend more reading material about this topic later.

[Sneak peek](#)

[Aug 16, 2023](#)

So, I've been experimenting with different Hatis. I know that the customization has been a little limited in the earlier chapters but I plan on expanding it now that I've got the hang of their character and what they can be. One of the Hatis you can play as is quite bloodthirsty, downright psychotic at times. So, if that's your Hati's thing, great! Here's a little sneak peek from an upcoming encounter with Niall.

His throat still pulsates with life, but not for long. I push the blade down, slowly, savoring the moment. My eyes widen at the sight of his blood. The thrill of the kill hastens my breathing, my—

“Hati!” The future corpse shouts.

I blink at the voice.

“Niall?” Recognition makes me loosen the grip on the dagger.

“Uh? Could you put the knife away?”

I suppose it's got something to do with me reading a lot of vampire novels during my vacation. And playing as Dark Urge in BG3. Got inspired. And it does fit Hati's character.

[Short story poll](#)

[Aug 18, 2023](#)

Squad looking at Hati interacting with different ROs (Camilla/Niall comes to save Hati from the Optio, Marcus in the public baths...)

48

Quinn gives Tinsae bad vibes (Tinsae's POV)

2

Camilla looking at Hati's freckles/scars

5

Quinn selling Hati to Camilla like they were cattle (Camilla's POV)

6

Niall and Antonia defiling Marcus's (1st edition!) scrolls (Antonia's POV)

4

Cockpunch (Antonia's POV)

11

Poll ended Aug 25, 2023 · 76 votes total

[Smut RO poll](#)

[Aug 18, 2023](#)

m!/f!hati x Legate (still, yes)

65%

m!hati x Tinsae

0%

f!hati x Tinsae

7%

m!hati x Camilla

9%

f!hati x Camilla

20%

Poll ended Aug 25, 2023 · 46 votes total

[Weekly rambling](#)

[Aug 19, 2023](#)

I'm keeping this short this time:

Writing! Feeling good about it! I can do this!

Was going to keep my weekend free (it's good to have days off) but I've got an inescapable itch to write. And that's such a good sign! 😊 I mean after all the burnout stuff this is a relief.

[Niall smut!](#)

[Aug 24, 2023](#)

Yay! it's Niall's turn! There are quite a lot of little branches, the scene ends multiple times. Some branches have smut, others don't. Would probably do it differently in the main game but now it's a non-issue since you can go back and read every branch.

Anyway, I'm quite pleased with how it turned out. This scene will probably end up in the game one way or another cause I really like the premise and would like to explore it with the other ROs, too.

Again, I won't change the password at least till 15th of September or later. So, no need to rush.

Welp, hope you enjoy.

<https://haleym.itch.io/defiled-hearts-patreon-smut>

The password: patreon__smutttt

[Weekly rambling](#)

[Aug 30, 2023](#)

I never quite know what to ramble about when I'm in the middle of trying to push out the update. I could moan about Twine and how clunky it feels after CS but it's not like complaining about it would make it any easier. 😊 (It is hell a clunky though.)

Basically I've been writing, coding, and trying not to stress about that too much. Having fun with Marcus and Niall as they bicker in the baths with Hati. I came up with important plot stuff for Tinsae again. Tinsae just keeps getting fleshed out, that lady is leveling up like crazy. Actually, I did come up with highly important plot stuff that included all of the ROs. Felt like another breakthrough and it really helped with the bath scenes, too. I think I struggled a little with the bath scenes because they're one of the first scenes where you actually can have a conversation with the ROs without any interruptions. I also think that I overthought it too much in the midst of my pre-vacation stress. Like, I know it's not the best approach with this kind of project but I've always thought that I can go back and edit if something doesn't work right. This time, however, I lost the sight of that mindset and thought that the bath scenes should be *perfect*. Pacing should be perfect, the revelations should happen just in the right moments...

But no. They shouldn't. The 1st draft's main purpose is to exist. So yeah. That's something for me to keep in mind as I keep going.

Back to writing!

Oh, also, next month's smut's chosen RO is... the Legate. I know. It happened. But I have a strong hunch that Camilla with female Hati wins the poll after that. I'm just finishing up the POV short stories now (they're from the POV of your squad, little scenes where they look at Hati interacting with the ROs). Last month's POV short story was quite spoilery, it was the Optio's POV, what happened to him before he went to try and stab Hati.

Anyway. As always, thank you so much for being here. And thank you for your patience.

[Q&A](#)

[Aug 30, 2023](#)

Warning: these are spoilery, and the characters wouldn't admit some of these things freely.

When you were a child, what was one thing you could always be sure of?

M: That mother would be there for me.

N: That Marcus would be there for me.

C: That my family would be there for me.

T: That no one would be there for me.

Q: That Hati would be there for me.

What is your religious belief?

M: I don't fuck with them, they don't fuck with me.

N: I'm fearful of the gods.

C: I hope that one of the gods will save me.

T: I love one and she loves me.

Q: Hehe.

How do you deal with stress?

M: Physical activities.

N: Shopping. Selfcare.

C: I eat and drink.

T: I go where people are.

Q: I'm not stressed.

What is your greatest regret?

M: I couldn't save my mother.

N: I couldn't stay home.

C: My family is in danger and I'm not there with them.

T: Losing my baby and my husband.

Q: I couldn't save anyone.

[Sneak\(ier\)_peek](#)

[Aug 30, 2023](#)

"I'm so glad you're here. I've got a gift for you!"

A gift? In a damp cellar? If Quinn is so happy about something, I'm not sure if...

But then I see what Quinn is pointing at.

A gagged, bound man, lying on the floor, trying to scream but nothing but muffles come out.

"Ta-da!"

At least Quinn seems to be happy in the future. Good for Quinn ❤️

[Squad POV short stories](#)

[Aug 31, 2023](#)

Here are the scenes where Camilla or Niall saves Hati from the ditch digging. Then, there's Marcus in the public baths prancing about naked.

Brick's POV:

Dig. Dig. Dig.

Mud. Mud. Mud.

Not bad.

A woman. Clad like a highborn bitch. Too fancy for the mud.

You look at her. Everyone does.

But. You look like you know the bitch. And the bitch knows you.

Wouldn't fuck with that one, Hati.

Your funeral.

Floyd's POV:

A woman appears, and a highborn at that. Beautiful yet deadly, like wolfsbane. The Legate's wife.

Her poise is that of a wildcat, her gaze as sharp as her teeth. Her features betray no other emotion but silent disgust at us, at everyone around her.

A shudder runs through me and I quickly look away before she can feel my gaze on her.

Instead, I look at you. And what I see makes me want to snatch you and run for the hills: You look at her with recognition. No, you don't look; you stare at her. You stare at her as if you didn't know that even the merest of glimpses could give you a death sentence. And she... She gives you the smallest of peeks. The curtain of disgust falls from her face for the briefest moment, revealing something else entirely: curiosity.

Or is it... Attraction? Dear gods, I hope not.

Worry takes a grip of my stomach and I fight the urge to grab your shoulder and shake some sense into you.

I just hope you know what you're doing with that one.

Pec's POV:

Tribune. A nice surprise. He doesn't usually visit us.

Little braids here and there decorate his glorious auburn mane. Poised like a mighty warrior, big as a statue of Zeus, he walks to us. He throws a glance at me and I perk up. Ah, crap, I'm covered in mud.

I faintly realize I'm smiling like a fool. And from the corner of my eye there's someone else looking at him, too.

You. And he looks at you. As he does, his demeanor changes: he swallows almost nervously, his posture grows smaller.

And you. You look at him like he's your equal.

Don't tell me, Hati: You're already fucking him? Ah, man, that was fast. I didn't even get to call dibs on him.

Kegan's POV:

You squeeze your tunic on you and look around. I wish I could help you.

I mean, I totally get it, I don't like it either. There are naked men sizing each other up, treating the place like a cockpit. It's better to avoid those gazes and stick to your group, there's safety in numbers.

However, you look *really* uncomfortable. As if there was something more to it. But I might be imagining it. I have an active imagination.

Then, Lord Centurion appears. Your whole demeanor changes from worry to something else entirely. It's as if you're ready to pounce at him, to tear his limbs off one by one. I—

I look away to interrupt the violent thoughts.

I get it. He's a jerk. If this was a cockpit, he'd be its keeper.

But, I won't say anything. I look at the water, try to look as small as I physically can. It's easier that way. They will usually leave me alone that way.

Usually. Not the Optio, though.

But I see you from the corner of my eye. You look like you're wordlessly challenging him.

And Lord Centurion looks at you. And sees only you.

There's a connection. But I'm not sure what kind it is. Why would you look like you want to kill him if there was anything more to it?

I'm sorry for posting this so late this month! 😞

[Weekly rambling](#)

[Sep 8, 2023](#)

So, I've been super inspired and made great progress. Progress on coding (Twine doesn't feel as clunky and I'm getting the hang of it), on gameplay, and plotting.

I think that the coding has been sluggish partly because I had no idea what to do with the stats. I mean, that does have the tendency to slow things down. The other problem was Twine, too, but that was to be expected. When I was writing the earlier chapters, I highly disliked the opposite stats I used. With some stats it works, with others not so much. Do I need both disciplined and stoic stats? They're not the same but they're different enough so what should I do with them? I kept forgetting to use some of them, and kept being annoyed at how to track the stats properly.

The answer came to me in the form of elements.

Now, there are four personality types: fire, air, earth, and water. Those might be familiar to some from modern astrology. However, I will make them my own. They could affect the gameplay in the form of Hati's powers, too. That's to be seen, but it's an interesting thought that I will likely explore further.

Anyway, here's a quick summary of how the Hatis differentiate from each other:

Fire Hati: Undisciplined, bold, prone to emotional turmoil.

Earth Hati: Disciplined, stoic.

Water Hati: Mellow, empathetic.

Air Hati: Observes, deflects.

And just so you won't think that I'm restricting your gameplay, here's an example of how the stats work when it comes to manipulation:

In the update, you can be asked what your relationship with Marcus is. Then, you can choose to think that you want to kill him (who wouldn't?). Then, this follows:

(Earth:)

Briefly reminisce in the thought of killing Marcus but my features give nothing away.

[[It would be just.]]

(Fire:)

"I'll be close with him when my dagger pierces his belly."

[[Did I say that out loud...?]]

(Air:)

Briefly reminisce in the thought of killing Marcus. But this is not the time.

[[Change the subject.]]

(Water:)

If I opened my mouth right now, I would most likely incriminate myself. Lies don't leave me easily.

[[Instead, I give him a smile.]]

(none of the stats are dominant:)

I'm unsure what to say, how to answer the question without incriminating myself.

[[He gives me a long look.]]

So, earth is disciplined and can hide their feelings and lie to people's faces. Fire has the tendency to blurt things out but is charismatic enough to fix the situation. Air deflects and makes others do their dirty work for them. Water is efficient in emotional manipulation. They all have their strengths and weaknesses.

I hope I made some sense! It's still in draft state but I like it so far. The stats won't automatically change everything, you can still choose what to say and what to do. However, in this instance it was appropriate to make it a stat thing. They will pop out from time to time.

It's actually been bugging me a lot that I haven't got a clear vision of Hati. They're kind of a blank slate that sometimes shift between fire and air Hati, sometimes I remember to put some stoic earth tones, sometimes I forget the empathetic water. This way, I can keep an easier track of the different Hatis, their strengths and weaknesses stay clearer in my mind, and the flavor text will make more sense to the roleplaying experience.

These Hatis were already here. I just needed to give them a name and a face, and contextualize them better.

So, all in all, such a good week. I'm going to get back to coding since that's ceased to be a pain in my butt, too.

Yay!

But, as always, thank you for being here!

[Weekly rambling](#)

[Sep 16, 2023](#)

Just a quick one this time. I'm writing, working with Twine feels more comfortable, the Marcus scene alone is getting long, but I can see the finish line. I'm hopeful and excited despite definitely feeling the pressure of getting this chunk of an update out already.

Now, back to work.

But, as always, thank you for being here. ❤️

[Smut poll](#)

[Sep 20, 2023](#)

Hey hey! Still working on the Legate (with the update this feels like I'm crunching a little), but it's time to look at next month's smut. Based on earlier months I think we know the winner but it's still time for a poll.

Camilla (with fem Hati)

Camilla (with male Hati)

Tinsae (with fem Hati)

Tinsae (with male Hati)

48 votes total

[Short story poll](#)

[Sep 20, 2023](#)

I hoped the update would be up before this month's short story poll but alas...

It's really close though. I'm aiming to get it done this week, send it to a couple of people to see if it's too much (there are scenes that require some look-overs and one scene that might be too much lol).

However, I couldn't wait with the poll anymore. It's heavy on Tin and Cam because I haven't really written anything from their POVs.

Also! If you have any Q&A questions, please let me know.

Quinn selling Hati to Camilla like they were cattle (Camilla's POV)

Quinn gives Tinsae bad vibes (Tinsae's POV)

Tinsae ruminating after killing for Hati

Camilla ruminating after killing for Hati

55 votes total

[Weekly rambling](#)

[Sep 25, 2023](#)

I sent out the dirty draft to a couple of early birds and received the first chunk of feedback. Will polish the thing this week, add a few more scenes, and hopefully it's finished by Saturday. I got a little carried away with the amount of choices (it's a lot), and the Marcus bath scenes alone are like 20k words long. I'm not sure if I should write Camilla's or Niall's scenes next, but I won't take as long with them as I did with this one (I know how to Twine now, that was a big hindrance).

I'm also working away on the Patreon goodies, will definitely get them done in a couple of days. Just as a reminder: if you've ever unpledged and didn't have the time to see your month's extra content because I posted them at the end of the month, please don't hesitate to email me (divaruminagames[at]gmail.com). Wouldn't want anyone to miss out on content! Ofc, I wouldn't want to make a habit out of this, this month was just a lot.

Anyway, as always, thank you for being here!

[Wolf Meeting A Bear](#)

[Sep 26, 2023](#)

Meeting Quinn in the forest/Camilla's POV

The friend of yours looks at me. They wear a smile they must think looks innocent and playful.

But, in truth, it's a predator measuring the worth of another. A wolf meeting a bear.

A liar knows their kin.

What is their lie, I wonder.

However, there's something else about them, something I can't quite place. Something that sends shivers down my spine. They pay no mind to their head injury, their gaze is not disoriented, their step is steady. It's as if I didn't strike them at all.

It's...

You shift beside me, reminding me not to get lost in my thoughts. You're stuck in the middle of this, stuck with them. I wonder if you know their true scent of danger. Or are you blinded by your friendship? Or...

Are you in on it?

You said that they can be trusted. Are you actually that foolish, or do you think that I am?
Either way, the answer is vexatious.

/

You didn't sound sure of their trustworthiness. Can't you utter the truth in their presence, or have you not made up your mind?

No matter, at least you know something is wrong with them. A small grace. Unless it's all an act.

"You two can bond," they say with glee in their gaze.

They're pushing you to me, that much is obvious. Why?

You don't seem sure, either. The sentence makes you peer at them with a hint of uncertainty. The sight calms my mind, if only a little.

Then, your friend hits the Optio's face. The bones give in easily and a loud crush echoes through the forest. They hit it again and again, and every one of their swings is fueled by animalistic rage. It's a sight that's too familiar, a face that could be mine.

I look away to notice that there's something on your skin.

Blood.

A peculiar sight, one that I'm all too eager to explore. Does it belong there? Should I help you?

No. It doesn't belong. It looks wrong, somehow. Blood shouldn't taint your skin.

And before the thought can punish me further, I pull out the vial of wine.

/

Yes. Blood becomes you, it looks like your second skin. You should be covered in the blood of your enemies.

It's almost a shame to wipe it off.

The familiar scent of wine caresses my senses as I help you in your bloody peril. I take a step toward you, fully in control, fully knowing it's a dangerous path to travel. You look at me, and the conviction shakes a little in its foundation. Your body heat penetrates the cloth, it warms my fingers.

Reminds me that you're alive.

The sickly sweetness of the blood combines with the wine's vinegar as I quickly leave your vicinity.

I don't look at you as I leave. I look at your friend. Their face is bloodied red as they give me the widest of smiles, their white teeth shining like washed-up skulls in a midnight river.

[Q&A](#)

[Sep 29, 2023](#)

What are the ROs' heavenly virtues and deadly sins?

*Sins***:****

Quinn: All of the sins. All of them. Gluttony, yes. Envy, yes. Wrath, yes. Pride, yes. Lust, probably yes. Greed, probably. Sloth... No. So, probably all of them but sloth.

Niall: Envy. Sloth.

Camilla: Pride, wrath, envy.

Marcus: Pride, wrath, envy.

Tinsae: Greed, pride.

*Virtues***.****

Quinn: ??? Does Quinn have any heavenly virtues? No. The answer is no. Well, perhaps diligence. They're out there working hard.

Niall: Kindness, charity, patience.

Camilla: Diligence. Every other virtue is buried deep.

Marcus: Diligence. Every other virtue is buried deep.

Tinsae: Kindness, charity, patience, diligence.

Useless talents?

Marcus: Can disappoint everyone. Also has nice handwriting.

Niall: Can pick things with his toes when he's too lazy to bend down. Also knows birds by their singing and when there's a predator bird nearby. An excellent human pillow. Can sleep everywhere.

Camilla: Never forgets a face. Can army crawl incredibly fast.

Tinsae: Can recite whole parts of books from memory. Can also do kick-ass embroidery. Knows where every major criminal and/or celebrity is buried, and how they died.

Quinn: Has a lovely singing voice but rarely sings.

[Sneak\(ier\)_peek](#)

[Sep 30, 2023](#)

I have a whole scene about the gang going to see the races but I don't know what to do with it. Perhaps it will come up later. Here Marcus explains the factions to Hati:

"Reds have the most fanatical fanbase. They are frantic. There was this one time when one Red charioteer died during the races, and a fan of his threw himself into his idol's funeral pyre."

A bit extreme.

"The Reds and Whites are on each other's throats, they're the oldest of the factions. Whites have the most experienced, and respected, charioteers. Some of the charioteers circled around the factions before ending up with the Whites. This one man of the Whites raced until his late 50's."

Niall chimes in: "I prefer Whites. I like underdogs."

"That's where you're wrong, dear Tribune. Greens are objectively the best. They have the best charioteer around: Musclosus. His horse is legendary, together they've won over a hundred races." He has almost a dreamy look on his face.

Niall catches my eye and mouths to me: 'A fan.'

One of Marcus's useless talents would have to be his extensive knowledge of sports trivia.

[Bloopers + Sneak Peek](#)

[Sep 30, 2023](#)

Here's a little blooper from the bath scenes with Marcus:

"I do bathe Robus here."

"What?" I grimace at the water.

"Just kidding. I bathe him in my father's pool."

"Your father's? Does he know about that?"

He shrugs.

"Is that why you invited me here?"

"Muddy season," he says as if it explains everything.

And a little sneak peek of what's to come with the girls' (bathing) night out:

Then, the silence of the baths is disturbed: "I told him to leave or I'll shove it up his arse."

Camilla?

"You didn't!" Tinsae's scandalized comment follows. Then, they both start laughing. They shouldn't be here.

[Weekly rambling](#)

[Oct 2, 2023](#)

So, I'm a little hyped for finishing the update. And I can't wait to start working on the next one (probably Niall's turn next). My writing routine has been established and I feel like an actual professional writer. Which is a weird feeling. But that's... me? Yes. It is. Anyway.

I think I will spend this week plotting the rest of the book. I know where I'm going with it but things have changed a little. And since we're closing in on the finish line (I can vaguely see it in the horizon), I need to prepare myself properly so I won't get stuck and won't create any plot holes or accidentally create humongous branches that lead nowhere or serve no purpose. My notes are still a big mess, I have no recollection of important names and dates that I should know of, the branches are scrambled in my brain... I need to try to be more organized. Lol.

Also, there's the matter of smut. This month will be Camilla's turn (with female Hati). I'm still working on last month's Legate smut (with sex-variable Hati), I'm a little late with that one and I thank you for your patience. Last month was a lot and I'm proud of myself for ploughing through it.

Also! Last month's short story was about Camilla. This month is probably Marcus's month cause the new scenes were about him and... well, call it a hunch.

Anyway, so, this week I'll be plotting and organizing my notes, writing smut, more smut, and celebrate the victory of overcoming last month. That's a good plan.

Thank you for being here! You rock.

[Legate smut!](#)

[Oct 6, 2023](#)

Thank you for your patience, the smut is finally here. (The other ROs' smuts are also there, as per usual.)

Here is the link: <https://haleym.itch.io/defiled-hearts-patreon-smut>
and the new password: patreon_smut_whoop

[Weekly rambling](#)

[Oct 15, 2023](#)

Hi there!

Wow there's a lot of new people. Welcome! Thank you so much for being here! ❤️ I hope you liked the new update! And I hope the Twine setup wasn't too much of a hassle. I couldn't offer you the access to the closed alpha if I kept using CS (they have that sort of rule). Had to learn Twine and it was an... experience.

I've been sketching a lot of future scenes, not only for the next update but also further down the line. Plotting took priority at the start of this month and the rest of the book looks quite good. There shouldn't be any surprises but I left myself some wiggle room. So, an ideal situation!

Next week I'll finish this month's Camilla smut, and continue working on the next update. Will also start sketching other Patreon goodies just so I won't post them at the last minute like I did last month. 🤗
Busy week ahead.

I aim to post the next update as soon as possible. I already have quite a lot written down and I'm optimistic about the date. I already know which scenes to post and will probably keep the updates on the smaller side just to keep the flow going. I have a deadline in mind but probably won't share it just yet because I don't want to disappoint anyone just in case I get sick or something. (It's the flu season and I haven't caught anything yet. I'm suspicious.)

If you want to, please throw some questions my way for this month's Q&A. And POV short story suggestions. I will put up a poll tomorrow.

As always, thank you so much for being here! ❤️

[Short story_poll](#)

[Oct 16, 2023](#)

POV short story poll! Please DM me if you have any more suggestions, I'll make sure to put them into the next month's poll.

Marcus did an oopsie and made Hati cry (Marcus's POV)

30

Niall invades the bath (with towels). Notices Marcus at the door (Niall's POV)

Tinsae saves Quinn's and Hati's butts during Samhain (Tinsae's POV)

6

Marcus almost kinda washes Hati (Marcus's POV)

36

Poll ended Oct 20, 2023 · 80 votes total

[History rambling](#)

[Oct 17, 2023](#)

About poop and condoms (About historical accuracy in fiction writing)

So, historical accuracy is always an interesting topic for me to consider. As a historian— I definitely can't use that title. Well, as a person who formerly aimed to be a historian, I really like to stick to facts. As I've established, ancient history is filled with 'who knows!' facts and stuff like that so that's its own challenge. However, there's also something else that's giving me a pause when it comes to historical accuracy:

I've gotten some feedback that there are too many poop jokes in the game. It was an accident of sorts. I mean, sure, I'm no stranger to poop jokes but it wasn't planned at all. I was fresh out of my Thesis and my mind was filled with Martial and his stupid (lovingly) poems about poop on the roads. I read so many research books that liked to remind me about the poop on the roads. And I mean, there was! There were so many animals on the roads, horses, mules, oxen, whatever, everywhere. And they poop. So, it's only natural.

Well, anyway.

So, the poop 'jokes' happened because it's actually historically accurate. And that's me as an author painting you a picture of a normal street view in a Roman town. But I definitely should think about the genre I'm writing in. I mean, my main genre would have to be romance. So, here I am, painting the streets with poop in the name of realism even if the main focus of the story is to bang hot Roman people. So...

Ok. That's a choice.

And I will definitely give that a thought when I start editing lol.

I've also gotten a few questions about ancient condoms. And I'm like yeah you don't want to know about that stuff in a romance story. Even I have my limits. Poop on the streets? Sure. Animal intestine

condoms? Not so much. That's a mood killer.

Well, it isn't a bullet proof fact that Romans used animal intestine condoms. It's actually quite difficult to know what sort of protection they used. Condoms have a tendency to deteriorate during 2000 years and people weren't keen on sharing their condom stories (mainly highborn men wrote, I don't see Pliny or Seneca sharing their sexual adventures). There even were (and still are) some rumors circulating about that Romans used the intestines of their fallen enemies as condoms.

That's... something.

I can only imagine the glee of those Roman soldiers eager to share that story to put fear of Rome in their enemies. 'Stand against us and we'll use you as condoms!'

Yeah. No. Clearly a bunch of propaganda.

That's just something that came to mind. I've started drafting a history rambling about the patronage system in Roman society (it's more interesting than it sounds, trust me) but this is something that came up with a few other writers and it was an interesting thought. How much historical accuracy is too much? How much of that depends on the genre you're writing in?

Definitely interesting, not something I gave any thought to previously.

As a sidenote, I will have to share with you some poems from Martial, he's hilarious. I'm sure it's just a coincidence that he happens to be Marcus's favorite poet. But, I mean, it fits. Marcus is down to earth, he has a dirty mind, ofc he'd like Martial.

Anyway. Thanks for coming to my history rambling. I promised you a rambling and an incoherent rambling (about poop and ancient condoms) you received.

[Weekly rambling](#)

[Oct 22, 2023](#)

So, I've been writing. A little slower, it's been one of those slower weeks. However, the scenes that I did write were really integral for the future plot development so it's not so bad. (I'll post the sneak peeks next week.) And Camilla's smut is coming along well enough and I like what I've written so far.

Welp, slow weeks come and go. I can't wait for the new one to start so I can report on something more substantial.

Anyway, as always, thank you for being here!

[Sneak peek](#)

[Oct 25, 2023](#)

Did Marcus make you cry? Worry not, a certain someone might have your back.

He hesitates to touch me, to wipe my tears away. His large hand hovers over my cheek.

Then, another runaway teardrop escapes me and every trace of hesitation leaves him. Gently, like handling something all too precious, he wipes the tears off my skin.

"What did he do?" he asks. His tone is accusatory, he knows it was Marcus who caused this. Then, a frown. "No, it matters not. He will pay."

[Q&A](#)

[Oct 27, 2023](#)

Even if I like this sort of "the gang gathers together to answer questions" kinda thing, I realize that it has its limitations cause there are things they wouldn't say in front of each other. So, I added some context in between their answers when needed. Hopefully it's not confusing! Anyway:

X: "Let's start with a classic question: What is your favorite food?"

C: "Cheesecake."

Quinn nods approvingly. "I need to try that."

C: "They need to be soaked in honey."

Quinn will definitely try some cheesecake later.

N: "I love pork and apricot stew."

X: "Alright, what about the—"

N: "And passum-braised pork shoulder with grape must cakes. That's so good."

X: "I see—"

N: "And one time this nice lady brought me a bowl of roasted lamb with dates. It was really good."

X: "That's nice, what about the others—"

N: "Also honey-glazed prawns are really good. And—"

M: "Niall. We get it. You like to eat."

Niall pouts and falls silent.

X: "Well, now. What about the others?"

T: "I do love cabbage the Athenian way. Oh, and you should definitely try squash Alexandria style if you have the chance. It's absolutely delightful."

M: "I eat whatever keeps me going."

X: "There's nothing you especially like to eat?"

M: "Something you can cook outside. Game stew? Porridge with herbs?"

X: "Nice. What about Quinn?"

M: "If you say 'cookies' I'm going to—"

Q: "By all means, finish that sentence and see where it takes you."

X: "No fighting. What were you going to say?"

Q: "Cookies."

A communal groan runs through the room.

Q: "What? Is it my fault that your violent, barbaric country has nothing else to offer?"

C: "Try pancakes. They're delicious."

Quinn tries to appear nonchalant but will try some pancakes later.

X: "Another question. What is your favorite physical feature?"

C: "My arms."

She wouldn't say it but her toned arms show off her rebellion against what is expected of women in Rome.

T: "I really like my breasts."

Camilla nods approvingly.

T: "They're round and soft and I like to show them off. But they're also not too big so my back won't hurt."

Another approving nod.

But they also serve as a reminder of things that were lost.

N: "People have told me that they like my butt. And thighs. And arms. And—"

X: "What do you like?"

There's a pause. That's not something he's really considered before. "...My...eyes? They remind me of my mother."

M: "I like my hands."

A soldier and a poet would perish without them.

Q: "Do I have to answer?"

X: "Yes."

Q: "There's nothing I love about this rotting lump of meat."

Awkward silence.

X: "Alrighty then. Well, have a good rest of the day, folks. Until next time."

As a side note, if you are interested in ancient Roman recipes, here's a couple of good sources:

<https://tavolamediterranea.com/category/edible-archaeology/>

<https://www.britishmuseum.org/blog/cook-classical-feast-nine-recipes-ancient-greece-and-rome>

I've tried some recipes before and they were pretty good. Just be prepared to use fish sauce, Romans loved their garum in everything (they even put it in their wine).

(Who puts fish sauce in their wine wtf.)

[Camilla smut](#)

[Oct 27, 2023](#)

Sorry for keeping you waiting. But here it is! The password won't be changed for a month at least so please don't worry about that. Hope you'll like it!

Link: <https://haleym.itch.io/defiled-hearts-patreon-smut>

Password: patreon_smut_beeepboop

[Weekly rambling](#)

[Oct 27, 2023](#)

Hi there!

So, this month I've been plotting and sketching future scenes but it still feels like it's not enough work. Sure, I came up with a way to improve on an already great chapter that I've been looking forward to write. The new revelation pretty much changes the tone of the rest of this book and I had to scrap whole chapters to make it happen. It's going to be great and a lot of work (totally worth it though). Quinn's shenanigans needed some work to plot through, as well as future characters that are yet to be introduced. And sure, I've been working on the next update, quite a lot actually. But... I still think it's not enough? Like, I expected more from me and I'm disappointed that I'm not churning out new content immediately after the last update. And that's not a good mindset to be in.

So, all in all, I think that this tells me that I need to take a few days off, think about something else entirely, not worry about writing. (Coincidentally, that's usually when I write my best scenes. But let's not talk about that lol.) If I won't post a new rambling next week, please don't worry. I try to take next week off of social media. I'm feeling excited about everything, about how far I've come and how many exciting scenes await, how I can support my family with my writing, how the story is getting better and better, how my writing is improving, how the characters and their arcs become clearer...

But I need to stop and admit that I'm a little tired. And could use a little rest. Perhaps I should've done that sooner lol but better late than never.

So, I will rest a couple of days next week.

(As a side note, next month's smut's RO will be Tinsae. She's the last one on the list so there needn't be any poll about it. Short story will be up tomorrow. And the sneakier peek. Then I'm going to sleep a little

(a lot).)

But, as always, thank you for being here! You're awesome.

[Trembling hand](#)

[Oct 28, 2023](#)

Marcus's POV/the bath scene

"Yes. You may wash me," you say.

I'd be lying if I said that I expected it, your willingness to let me touch your naked skin.

But are you willing? You look more like you've swallowed something sour.

I would laugh at the sight of it but there's something holding me back. And there's something else giving me a pause, too: I don't think I'm exactly thrilled about this, either.

Why?

And it looks like you're thinking about it, too. You peer at me, expectantly. I'm almost afraid of what you see when you look at me. I can only hope my hesitation doesn't show in my features, I don't even know why it's there in the first place. I should've probably thought this through.

You close your eyes, thank the gods. I didn't need you peering into my soul like Justitia.

Your skin is still smooth like a piece of fresh parchment, you haven't seen your share of battles. Your parents did a good job at shielding you from the evils of the world.

Before I brought it to your doorstep.

My hand catches my attention.

It trembles.

Disgust seeps into me, the sight of it makes me grimace. What's wrong with me?

I should just give you a teasing massage and be done with it. I should make a mockery out of the situation.

Perhaps I should just take you. Defile you more than I already have.

The thought twists my stomach, forces bile into my throat.

Fuck fuck fuck. I rub my face and try to hold in a disgusted groan.

Disgust? At myself?

I steel my mind and shift closer to you, eager to get this over with. You're going to wonder if something is wrong if I keep this foolishness going.

Your naked, vulnerable skin glows like ten braziers, it radiates their heat tenfold. I dare not to touch it.

What the fuck is wrong with me? Of course it's not going to literally burn me.

But I still can't will my hand to touch you.

"Don't tell me the mighty Lord Centurion is afraid of washing a lowly barbarian?" you ask. Your words mock me, as they should. I would mock myself with you if I could be certain that my voice wouldn't crack.

/

You hold your breath and await my touch.

You're going to have to wait for a long time because there's something seriously wrong with me.

"Marcus?" you ask. My first name in your lips feels too intimate. Why do you feel so comfortable with using it? Is it another part of your ploy? To confuse me further?

"You should wash yourself," I say and almost flinch at the strained sound of my voice. I should definitely just leave. Why did I even come here?

Why did you let me here?

You move away from me, your burning heat subsiding with it. Fuck.

Why am I like this?

The cool wall of the pool makes me close my eyes. I don't want to look at you, it makes things complicated and I don't like it.

The air is heavy with fuckery. Your scrutinizing gaze lies heavily on me again.

"Don't think," I say to myself more than to you. Neither of us should think. Or perhaps that's what brought us here in the first place.

Perhaps one of us should've thought, after all.

[Sneakier peek](#)

[Oct 28, 2023](#)

So! No direct sneak peek from any future scenes this time but there is something I wanted to share with you. In yesterday's rambling I talked about an important chapter I improved on. Some of you might have guessed it already but it's Saturnalia. I was already super excited about that chapter but I realized that it's the perfect opportunity for a masquerade!

Hati can dress up as a woman if they want to, they will wear a mask if they want to. It's going to be super branchy when it comes to the costumes but since it's going to be near the end of this book, I'm pretty sure I can handle it.

I need your help with coming up with appropriate couples costumes! Male/male, male/female, female/female, whatever you come up with. Or perhaps creatures, vegetables, whatever!

Pluto and Proserpina? Hippo and crocodile? Carrot and cabbage?

Greek mythology, Egyptian mythology, Celtic stuff, Roman stuff, anything goes.

Please, DM me, send me a Tumblr anon ask, share it here in the comments, whatever you prefer. Thank you!

[Weekly rambling](#)

[Nov 10, 2023](#)

Hello there!

The rest was well needed. I managed to plot the rest of the RO background stuff that had been bugging me, it was like a clog in a sink drain was removed. And I really love what I came up with, it was like it was there all along but I just didn't see it.

Plotting can be an annoying part of the process, especially when you just need to move forward. Like, it's definitely needed, of course it is! I can't just barge forward without a plan, especially if I don't want to come back and rewrite stuff. But it feels like it's not work, you know. It doesn't add to the word count.

And that's just a silly, silly thought.

But, thankfully, that's done with.

And now I've been focusing on working on the next update. It's coming along swimmingly, mostly because the plot stuff got resolved. I'm confident to say that the next update will be out this month.

As always, thank you so so much for being here, you're awesome!

[Progress update](#)

[Nov 10, 2023](#)

Hello there!

Just wanted to let you know where I am with my writing and all that jam. After the last update, I had to focus on plotting the rest of the unresolved stuff that had been bugging me for a good while. Now, I can safely say that they're resolved. And I've continued to work on the next Patreon update that I will aim to get out this month.

My plans are clear and I'm going full steam ahead.

Last month, I also released a Marcus short story for my patrons (it involved a scene from the Patreon demo) and some sapphic Camilla smut. This month is Tinsae's turn.

Anyway, back to writing. Thank you so much for your support💕💕

[Bloopers](#)

[Nov 10, 2023](#)

This character got cut altogether because of the change in backstory plans. It's a shame, really. I was looking forward to this one. However, I'm looking even more forward to the new things that the change brought with it.

Gotta kill your darlings, I suppose.

A woman follows him, no less formidable than the man who preceded her. Her head is covered by a helmet with purple horsehair. The softness of her dress is contrasted with the very real

spear in her hand.

She scans the room and there's no doubt there's a pair of sharp eyes hidden beneath the emotionless golden mask covering her face.

[Short story poll](#)

[Nov 13, 2023](#)

I liked the idea of writing little scenes where the ROs talk about Hati and stuff. So, those options are now there. I doubt they'd talk to Quinn tho, so Quinn will have to chat up their grandma.

Tinsae and Marcus talking about Hati and stuff

27

Niall and Camilla talking about Hati and stuff

4

Quinn talking with their cookie shop grandma. About Hati. And stuff.

8

Tinsae saves Quinn's and Hati's butts during Samhain (Tinsae's POV)

0

Niall invades the bath (with towels). Notices Marcus at the door (Niall's POV)

24

Poll ended Nov 20, 2023 · 63 votes total

[Sneakier peek](#)

[Nov 16, 2023](#)

Just wanted to share you something that showcases how the personality elements come to play in the scenes. Here Hati has chosen to be angry at the Twins and the personality elements affect the outcome:

Instead, I bury my face in my hands and try to stifle a shout of rage.

fire

I can't. It escapes me, igniting my innards with righteous anger.

"FUCK YOU!" I roar at the frog, at the altar, at the Twins themselves.

I bend down to hold my knees, grind my teeth, the fire within me burning smaller, more pathetic.

I'm alone. The Twins have forsaken me.

earth

My jaw is tightened as I bury the fire within me, suffocate it with dirt and dust to reclaim control of myself.

It helps. There's the familiar numbness within me but its power is still brittle.

I look at the frog. It died for nothing.

I'm truly alone. The Twins have forsaken me.

water

I close my eyes and drown the rage within me. But, the rage proves tricksterous, for it turns into that of profound sadness that grabs my innards, twists them, it makes me bend down and breathe heavily.

I'm alone. The Twins have forsaken me.

I killed the poor frog for nothing.

air

All but ignoring the rage within me, I take a deep breath of the cold winter air, fill my lungs with it, feel a little calmer.

But there's hollowness within me, a hole in my chest that refuses to leave even if the burning fire did.

I look at the small critter that I killed for nothing.

The Twins have forsaken me. I'm alone.

So, they basically come up from time to time in highly emotional scenes.

[About next month's smut](#)

[Nov 16, 2023](#)

Hi there!

Since next month is the month of Saturnalia, I thought that it's only proper that the smuts would be snuggly winter smuts and they should include all the ROs (not, like, in the same scene. That would be an unsexy bloodbath). However, it's a lot of work. So, they won't be as interactive as the usual smuts have been. Hope that's alright! I mean I might go overboard with them but I definitely try not to so I won't perish.

And in January, it might be a fun idea to start going through multiple ROs at the same time. Like, threesomes. They would be Hati's dirty dreams. Let me know your thoughts!

[Weekly rambling](#)

[Nov 19, 2023](#)

Hi there!

So, it was a good week of writing. I worked on the next update a lot. The scenes I ended up writing this week are pretty much all related to Hati and some side characters. And it's been so much fun! I'm aiming to get these out at the end of next week. Fingers crossed.

I just realized that I should get everything done in less than a week if I want these out next week. Welp, I will definitely try haha. Many important scenes are already kinda done, will just probably have to focus on the smut parts next so I won't have to rush them.

It's been such a good feeling to actually enjoy what I do. I did enjoy writing before of course, but the burnout made everything more difficult. It was difficult to construct scenes, figure out what should happen in different plot points. It was more difficult to get immersed in the scenes. But now, things flow more freely, ideas come to me easily, I love this feeling. And I will treasure it now that I have the means to do it.

It's all thanks to you, of course. I wouldn't be able to write this story without you. So, thank you! ❤️

[Q&A](#)

[Nov 23, 2023](#)

Spoilers ahead:

ROs' favourite seasons?

- Tinsae is fond of winter. She hasn't experienced snowy winters before so she's savoring every moment. Will beat your ass in snowball fights. However, doesn't have the best tolerance for cold so will be found under multiple blankets when at home.
- Camilla loves the fall. It's dark. It's moody. The celebrations of the dead are great. A true goth girl at heart.
- Niall loves the spring. It's the best time to collect herbs. He loves to roam the wilds and watch how nature comes alive. Will be found sitting beside river beds, listening to the flowing water, will probably chat up a frog waking up from its winter slumber.
- Marcus prefers summer. He's resilient to hot weather so it's fine. Summer is peak warring season so he's used to traveling that time of the year. Loathes winter, you're stuck in one place and it's boring af.
- Quinn doesn't have a clear preference but would pick spring. Their unholy powers are the strongest during that time of year I mean no forget that lol nothing to see here.

How easily could the ROs be convinced to do something that goes against their moral compass?

- Niall is hands down the easiest one. A true people pleaser at heart, he's easily influenced. Doesn't have a clear moral compass.
- Marcus could be quite easy if you knew which threads to pull, at least for Hati. His moral compass isn't that rigid. Although he is very stubborn too so...
- Quinn would be difficult to influence if it was anyone else but Hati. Hati will have to get the full picture of the situation they're in before they can make use of this information.
- Tinsae has the strongest sense of moral compass but she is struggling with it, too. Can be influenced.
- Camilla is the most difficult one to go against her moral compass, even if the said moral compass isn't quite clear to her. Is quite headstrong and will bite if pushed. Can be influenced, though, you just need the right tactic.

However, there are things none of them would ever do.

What are the ROs weapons of choice?

- Tinsae: Poison. Would hesitate to kill but if necessary, will offer a nice goblet of wine with a touch of nightshade.
- Camilla: Bow. Has been practicing archery for years.
- Niall: Charm! If it doesn't work, spatha. Prefers longer blades.
- Marcus: Is an exotic weapons nerd but also loves the classic gladius. Could give you a lecture about the topic.
- Quinn: Whatever works. Wishes that they could tear people apart with their bare hands. That's normal, right?

[At Home](#)

[Nov 24, 2023](#)

This is written in omnipotent 3rd person, it just seemed most fitting. I'll go with the assumption that both Tinsae and Marcus harbor some feelings towards Hati. The conversation takes place after Tinsae finds out the truth about Hati.

"Marcus," Tinsae starts as her gaze lingers on the steam lazily climbing up from her cup. The light conversation takes a quick turn.

Marcus shifts nervously. The tone in her voice holds more weight to it, it makes him straighten his back, it's as if he's waiting for reprimands from a senior officer.

"Yes?" he asks with some hesitation. He quickly takes a sip from his cup and grimaces at the liquid. Bitterness spreads in his mouth.

Tinsae raises her gaze to meet his. She's prepared for battle. It's a war she does not want to wage but she's ready.

"You've toyed with Hati's life."

"No. Well—" The denial leaves him easily but hesitation makes him stumble over his words.

She raises her hand in annoyance. Marcus falls silent as he retreats to himself.

"If you truly valued them, you wouldn't treat their life with such levity."

If there was something he wanted to say in his defense, he doesn't utter it out loud. Conflicted emotions run through him. And to think that someone would point them out to him so plainly, almost ruthlessly, is

unexpected. But he should've expected it.

Tinsae continues, her voice still tense, still seeping with disappointment: "They told me what happened. You should've told me."

"I—" He knows it's true. He should've. But he didn't.

"We need to get Hati out of this place."

"It's not that easy. They will be hunted—"

"Excuses. Rome's reach does not extend over its borders."

"Yes, ma'am." He looks at his cup.

"You can't just keep them here for your entertainment."

"No, ma'am."

Tinsae sighs, it deflates some of her ire. "I asked if they wanted to leave."

A worried frown spreads across Marcus's features. Would they leave so soon? How would he feel about it?

"What did they say?"

"They'll think about it. They still need to find the little ones."

Marcus lets out a relieved sigh he barely takes note of. "Any progress?"

"Yes. The slaver who sold them travels to meet me soon. I will take Hati to meet her."

The frown on his face deepens. "Don't let that maniac do anything reckless. They're prone to bad decisions."

A tense smile lingers on Tinsae's lips. "I will try."

Marcus drinks the rest of the coffee in one go with a disgusted grimace. "Thank you for the poison." He stands up.

Tinsae's laughter rings across her shop. "Please don't insult my beverage, young man."

"I'm a year older than you!"

"You don't act like it."

"You act like a grandmother."

"That's not an insult." A smile dances on her lips as she sips her cup. "Before you go, don't you want to hear what I have to say about your poem? The one you wanted my opinion on?"

"I—"

"It was lovely." Another relaxed sip. "It had alluring Northern influences to it. I wonder who inspired you?"

Faint blush creeps into Marcus's features. "You're teasing me."

"I am."

"You're a mean woman. Meaner than you look."

"Only when I need to. Now, I believe you were leaving?"

Marcus gives her a pout before stomping away. But there's no anger in his step, at least none that is aimed at her. He will still come to visit her later.

Something about her makes him feel at home.

[Legate's Day](#)

[Nov 24, 2023](#)

So, let's imagine Legate's normal work day. He's up at sunrise, sitting on his chair in his lavish house, waiting for his clients to come and pay him a visit (salutatio). It's unclear if the poor sods (clients) had to visit their patron every morning but they did it often enough that some of them were pretty pissed about the custom.

So, who are clients? In this instance, the Legate would be his clients' patronus, he's a senator after all. Being a patronus means that you use your influence, protection, and authority on another man, client. This relationship is an integral part of Roman society. Clients attended their patronuses' trials, public everyday activities, and dinner parties.

Some patronuses treated their clients better than others. Some patronuses let their clients wait at the door while they were sleeping (in the morning, when he clients could be in a hurry to meet another patron. rude). I don't think Legate would do that. He's too interested in his public persona to do that. He keeps up appearances.

Or tries to.

So, Legate greets his clients. What then? Then, he's off to more work. He's the highest ranking man in the camp, he must be busy. However, busy work requires an early bath.

Or something like that.

So, he and other Romans head for nearby baths around noon (lower class people later than that). People bathe, socialize, get invitations to evening's dinner parties, it's such an important part of the day. Even Emperors could visit a nearby public bath. Usually, public baths had some vendors selling simple lunches. You'd eat, you'd get cleaned, you'd chat up your friends. Good times.

Then, it's time for the dinner party.

One cannot overemphasize the importance of dinner parties for high class Romans. If you ate alone at home with your family, you're a weirdo, what are you doing, get out of here. If you were left alone without a dinner invite, your night was ruined, your crops were left unwatered (this meant that you had no political friends). There are poems about desperate clients trying to get an invite for the night's dinner party. Legate wouldn't have had this problem cause he's the one holding the parties. He has all the political power. Dinner parties were the place to strengthen your relationship with your allies, clients, or proteges. The invitees depended on the evening.

He's full, he's happy, he's off to sleep.

So, that's about it. That's basically a typical high-ranking man's day in Rome. Lots of socializing and eating and bathing.

[Weekly rambling + Sneak peek](#)

[Nov 27, 2023](#)

Hi there!

As you might have noticed already, no update last week unfortunately. I had some coding issues and then Quinn happened. And I missed last week's rambling too. I was supposed to put this post out yesterday but my household has been sick and it was a little hectic weekend. I just hope I won't get sick. T_T Really don't need that right now.

But, I'll try to put the update out this week. I'm super happy with the scenes already, will just put this month's smut out first (tomorrow or tonight). (If you ever need a smut password from me cause you missed the publication date and don't have access to Patreon anymore, please don't hesitate to contact me. My email is [divaruminagames\[at\]gmail.com](mailto:divaruminagames[at]gmail.com). Wouldn't want anyone to miss out on their content!)

Here's a little sneak peek of Quinn's shenanigans:

[[Try to evade them.]]

I can't do it without being suspicious. They're right there waiting for me, I have to walk past them.

I look at the sky as if deep in thought, I hasten my step, and hope for the best.

"Hati!" They shout after me and I can't help but to face them. Their grin widens as they reach me. "You can't escape me."

"Apparently not."

A pout. "Hey wait, did you try? I was just joking."

Hati couldn't get away from them, neither could I.

Lol.

As always, thank you so much for being here. You're the best.

[Smut link + password](#)

[Nov 28, 2023](#)

Edit: It's done! Thank you for your patience, I had a case of influenza but it should be gone now. Anyway, I'm back to work!

I am such a dum dum.

I didn't realize I could just post the password here so you can save it and I'd just upload the smut when it's ready.

I'm polishing the smut but unfortunately I've been feeling a little sick so I've been slow. Whatever illnesses that are flooding the town right now is taking a hold of me.

So, the future password will be: patreonsmuttening

The link will be the same: <https://haleym.itch.io/defiled-hearts-patreon-smut>

(The password will change eventually but not before full month has passed. At least.)

I'm sorry I'm taking forever, thank you so much for your patience.

[Weekly rambling](#)


[Dec 4, 2023](#)

Hi there!

So, I think I mentioned in the last rambling about some nasty flu taking rounds. Well, it found me. I've been sick for a week now and trying not to worry about the deadline that made a whooshing sound as it went by.

This sucks but I try to focus on getting better. Should've probably gotten a flu shot. Hindsight and all that.

I better be able to get back to work properly this week. T_T

Thank you for your patience and for your support. 

[Weekly rambling](#)

[Dec 16, 2023](#)

Hi there!

I'm here, crawling back from my deathbed (yes I'm being melodramatic). Well, I got better few days ago already. However, my kidlet got worse so I've been taking care of them while writing the best I can. Definitely not how I planned to spend my December but here we are. I've given up hope of getting the update out before Christmas. I missed 2 weeks of work. Sure, sick leaves are a thing for writers too but it doesn't mean I have to like that fact. So, that sucks. I will of course continue to work on it and try my best, I'm just being realistic at this point. T_T

Just as a heads up: I'm writing little Christmas short stories for the Frog tier. They involve all of the ROs. Those scenes will continue as smut scenarios for the smut tier. Been slowly building up my Christmas spirit up with these even if all of December has been quite shite so far lol.

I probably need to end this on a high note. Uh, well, um. At least the flu is probably gone now? And you are awesome! Your support means so much for me. Thank you.

[January's smut RO](#)

[Dec 22, 2023](#)

So, I have a few ideas for January's smut. At first, I thought that I'd go for dream scenarios but I feel more strongly about these ones as of now. They're not dreams, they're as canon as WIP stuff can be. So, which one will it be?

Reciting poetry with Marcus

29

Eating with Niall

2

Bondage with Quinn

8

Poll ended Dec 29, 2023 · 39 votes total

[Pinned Against a Snowbank](#)

[Dec 24, 2023](#)

It's snowing. Properly, like in the North. The snow here tends to lean towards wet slush. Now, it's powdery.

Proper snow.

The crunching of the snow beneath my feet mixes in with the roaring laughter carrying from a nearby tavern. There's distant music. It almost makes me want to join the festivities, down a pint of hot cider or two.

Almost.

Something red flashes before my eyes and I shout, falling back onto the heap of snow. Someone sits on top of me, shielding my eyes.

"Someone could kill you so easily." The predatory, yet somehow playful words make my skin crawl before I realize the tone is all too familiar.

It's Quinn.

"Let go of me!"

"But why? I enjoy you being pinned down by me." They snicker.

I groan. "What do you want?"

A shrug. "Just a little talk. I haven't seen you in a while."

"And whose fault is that? Where have you been?"

"Around."

"Can't we talk inside?"

"Don't you like the snow? It's the good kind. Like at home."

"It's not when you're pinned against it."

"You're clothed properly. Now..." They fix their position, their groin swiftly grinding against my hips. It's difficult to say if it was an accident or intentional. "How are you?"

"Fine."

"Just fine?"

A pair of men dressed as a carrot and a cabbage walk past us. The carrot gives us a curious look.

"Keep walking," Quinn snarls at him like a guard dog. Then, the predatory sneer leaves as quickly as it came, and they look at me with a smile. It's a smile wider than what they've worn since we arrived in Rome.

"You seem happy."

"I can't be happy during Yule?" They feign ignorance before puffing in excitement. "I just couldn't wait to give you your gift."

"That's not why you're happy. You're lying."

"Yes. But I do have a gift for you."

They grab me by the neck of my tunic and kiss me, hard. Too hard. Their teeth click against mine, they pull my clothes so violently that I can't breathe. It's as if they're drowning and I'm their last lifeline. I grab their cloak, unsure if I want to push them away.

I inhale, desperately, only to become overwhelmed by their warm breath that smells of ash and oak. The scent is familiar, nostalgic, it sends a jolt of warmth through me despite the mild panic banging at the back of my head. A pained sigh escapes me.

Finally, they let me go, panting, smiling. "Well?" When I don't immediately answer, they give me a puzzled frown. "Wasn't it good?"

"What? I—"

"I just wanted you to feel good. I can try again?"

"What? No, it was fine. I just—"

They grab me again and kiss me, this time a little gentler, with more control, making sure that I can breathe properly. However, they still cling onto me too hard, push their lips against mine with too much force, still almost violently.

"Better?"

"Why are you—"

"Because you should kiss the one you love. You already tried to kiss me but I think I was distracted."

"By what?"

"Things." Another frown. "I think I'm bad at this. Can I practice on you?"

"I'm getting cold."

Quinn pouts. They still cling onto me, making it difficult to breathe. Snow freezes my back and I can't move.

"Can I at least bite you on the nose? It's such a cute nose..."

"No. Look, the kiss was nice but I'm getting cold. I just want to—"

"Shh." They silence with their finger on my lips. "Don't move a muscle. I can warm you right up." They give me a grin and shift their hips.

"No. Inside. Now."

"Pfft. Fine."

[Dec 26, 2023](#)

Saturnalia/Yule smut coming soon! Since half of my month went down the toilet, I'll share you with the link and the password now so you won't miss them when I actually post the said smut. Remember to bookmark the link and save the password if you unpledged from the smut tier this month! I'll wager the smut will be postponed till early January but I'm trying my best. Thank you so much and I hope you have/had a nice holiday if you celebrated it!

Link: <https://haleym.itch.io/saturnalia-smut>

Password: holiday_smut_

Edit: ok it's finally up, thank you so much for your patience!

[Drinking game with Niall and Marcus](#)

[Dec 26, 2023](#)

"Oh, please. I could lift that rock. Easily," Marcus's voice claims.

"Well, I already did. And I can confidently say that you couldn't," Niall answers.

I peek from the doorway to see them puffing their chests at each other. Different sized goblets and snacks litter the table.

"You're full of shit. Let's go outside right now." Marcus stands up.

"Now? But it's cold..."

"Are you from the North or Petraea?"

Just as Niall is starting to defend himself, his eyes find mine and his face lightens up. Marcus turns to me and smirks.

"Well, look at you, sneaking up on people like a little rat you are."

Niall punches Marcus on his arm. "Don't call Hati a rat."

"But of course, my deepest apologies." Marcus rubs his arm, his words oozing sarcasm.

"You asked me here. Have you two been drinking?" I ask the obvious.

"No," Niall starts before looking at the goblets. "A little," he corrects himself.

"It's a good thing you're here, moron. I was getting bored."

"You don't have to start acting mean just because Hati is here."

Marcus frowns. "I don't act mean. I... You know what? Fuck off. Both of you."

"Are your pent-up emotions overflowing? Is it the alcohol?" I ask innocently.

Marcus's eye twitches. "My what?"

Niall shoots me with a stealthy smirk. "Anyway! Sit down, Hati, we're both glad you came."

Marcus opens his mouth to say something but decides against it. He slumps on his chair with a frown on his face.

Niall offers him a plate of cheese. "You need to remember to eat. You'll feel better."

Marcus rolls his eyes but still shoves some offered cheese in his mouth.

Niall sits next to me. "I bought this bottle of alcohol from a merchant who claimed it's from Serica. It's a gift for Marcus but I'm sure he's willing to share."

I smell the alcohol and grimace. The smell is strong, stronger than any alcohol I've smelled before.

"What is this poison?"

"It's exactly that. I did a taste test on Marcus." Niall pokes Marcus on his side whose frown deepens. "He seems to be alive still." Niall smiles at me. "I thought that you'd like to join our little drinking game."

"Are you sure this is not poison?"

"Hati. Don't you trust me?"

I give him a long look. I don't want to say I don't but—

Niall nods. "Say no more, my friend, say no more. I will taste it. Then, if I live, you can join us."

I shrug and he takes it as a yes.

"Propino tibi!" Niall exclaims and downs a small glass of the poison. The liquid fills his cheeks as his eyes widen.

"Swallow, you fool," Marcus says.

Niall's eyes fill with water as he squeezes his hands into tight fists. Finally, just when I'm sure he's about to spit it out, he swallows.

"By Morrigan's ass cheeks!" he shouts.

Irritation flashes through me. "Keep Morrigan's ass cheeks out of your mouth!" I will not tolerate such blasphemy!

"You're right, I'm sorry, I—"

Marcus starts laughing. "Hati. What did you say?"

"I said—" Then, I realize what I said. Heat rushes to the tips of my ears. "It was metaphorical!"

"So I could literally take a bite out of the old crow's sweet cheeks and you'd be fine with it?"

"I will wipe the blasphemous grin out of your—"

Niall claps his hands. "Alright! Let's begin the game!" He pours some of his poison into three glasses. "So, the rules are as follows: We take turns and ask the other to do something. A dare, if you will. If they don't do the thing, they have to down the pois— I mean the drink."

Marcus raises his brow at him. "Really? Drink or dare with Hati?"

"Yes? What's wrong with that? It's a fun game."

"Sure. Your funeral." Marcus smirks.

I shoot Marcus another evil eye before turning to Niall. "I'm not sure I like the sound of this."

"Hati. Please. For Yule."

"Yule is about gifts and food and family."

"And drinking," Niall adds. "Drinking gifts!"

I sigh. "Fine. Just one round."

Niall grins victoriously. "Great! Who starts?"

Marcus says, "You, obviously. This was your idea."

"Alright. What do you need me to do?"

Marcus has an evil grin on his face. This is not going to end well.

"Kiss Hati," he orders.

Niall frowns. "What?"

"Kiss Hati."

"Why would you want to see that?" I ask. "What's wrong with you?"

"Just do it, Tribune."

However, Niall has already emptied his glass before he can even decline the offer. He coughs at the taste and tries to act like nothing of note happened.

Marcus laughs. "That was fast!"

I try not to pout. He didn't have to act like the thought is wholly offensive to him.

"Look, you made Hati sad," Marcus mocks him.

"I'm not sad. I didn't want to kiss him either."

Niall tilts his head, and something flashes through his features before he nods. "Right. No kissing dares, Marcus."

Marcus sighs. "Fine. Whatever. Boring cunts. My turn now."

A few turns pass us by and no one is willing to do the dares. I asked Marcus to kiss Niall, Marcus asked me to remove my clothes, Niall asked Marcus to shut up. (Of course, Marcus refused to be silenced.)

Everyone would rather drink than do the dares.

The alcohol is indeed strong. Slowly, however, I've grown to appreciate the taste. It's fruity and exotic, its aroma is intoxicating in itself.

I don't mind it. But I also think I shouldn't indulge it for longer. My head feels a little too light for my liking.

"Niall," Marcus's words slur slightly. "Kiss Hati."

"Again with that?" Niall groans. "No. I refuse. You can't just keep asking the same thing over and over." Niall refuses to look at me as he continues to reject me. He looks a little ill by the thought. Or is it the alcohol?

How rude. Am I that unkissable? I know I shouldn't be offended, I'm trying my best not to.

I turn my squinting gaze to Marcus who looks altogether too pleased with himself. He's always playing his shitty little games with that shitty little grin glued to his face.

"I can and I will, Lord Tribune. I will ask you until you—"

But he can't continue the thought, since I grab the neck of his tunic and smash my lips against his. A surprised hum vibrates against my numb skin. A scent of leather with a hint of something floral mixes in with the alcohol in his breath. The scent of Marcus.

I yank him closer to me, almost violently, all but refusing to process what I'm doing.

I was supposed to exact revenge on Niall for acting like the thought of kissing me repulsed him. However, I'm not sure if I thought this through. I'm almost certain that I didn't.

Marcus's lips are tight against mine, and it takes only a moment to realize that he's smiling.

No. Not smiling. Grinning. I can feel his shitty grin against my lips.

I push him away and stifle a yelp of disgust. Disgust towards myself, towards him, towards this whole game.

Without thinking, I just down another drink without anyone even asking me to do that. Anything to take my mind off what I did and to drown the taste of him still lingering on my lips.

Marcus laughs. Of course he does. "You know what, Hati? That's what I love about you. You're such a force of chaos. Niall, don't you agree?"

Niall quickly looks away when our gazes meet. "Uh. Whose turn is it?"

Marcus chuckles. "Mine."

"I don't think we should continue..." I rub my face and grimace at the sensation: my flesh is numb.

"We absolutely should, we'll play this until someone passes out."

[Sneak peek](#)

[Dec 29, 2023](#)

"By Jupiter's throbbing cock, Hati, you sounded like a banshee." Pec joins the conversation with his helpful remark. He gives me a quick and drowsy look over before diving back underneath his blanket, muttering something about morning horns and gods-forsaken-hours.

Floyd throws him a reprimanding look but the man is presumably already asleep. "Are you alright?" he asks me, his voice tight with worry.

A scene with the squad coming soon!

[Q&A](#)

[Dec 29, 2023](#)

What are the ROs sleeping habits like? Do they snore?

- Niall sleeps easily everywhere, anytime. Sometimes he wishes he would never wake up.
- Camilla's sleep is easily cut short and she can't fall asleep again. She lies on the bed and stares at nothing before getting angry and getting up. Her resting bitch face might be the result of sleep difficulties.
- Tinsae snores. Just a little. When she's lying on her back. I think it's a problem with her tonsils.
- Marcus knows how to fall asleep efficiently, he uses the military method. He tries to sleep at least 7 hours, that's the amount of sleep he needs to be the most efficient.
- Quinn finds the concept of sleep terrifying. Anyone could kill them while they're vulnerable.

If the story was reversed and it was Hati that killed the ROs parent, how might the RO go about extracting their revenge?

- No matter which parent you offed, Camilla would do exactly what bloodthirsty Hati is doing. She would hunt you down and kill you. Probably when you sleep. With her bare hands. Not necessarily because she loved her parents, it just means she'll be left alone with her brother and it's your fault.
- If you were to kill Marcus's mother, he would hunt you down and kill you. Perhaps he'd toy with you first, taunt you, ruin your life, then he'd stab you in the heart. He wouldn't feel regret. If you killed his father, he'd probably thank you. (Just kidding! Or would he lol.)
- If you were to kill Tinsae's mother, she'd be relieved. She wouldn't thank you but she wouldn't hold it against you, either. If you killed her father, she'd send mercenaries after you to bring you to trial. She wouldn't feel particularly bad about that death either though.
- Niall is tricky. If you killed his 'biological' father, he'd feel relieved. Then, he'd feel bad about feeling relieved. If you killed his 'biological' mother, however, it's a different story. Perhaps he'd find you and kill you. Then, perhaps the regret about it would eat him away till there's nothing left. Perhaps he wouldn't try to get revenge and let the grief eat him away.
- Quinn would hypothetically murder everything and everyone you hold dear, then you.

ROs' pickup lines

- Tinsae: When I look into your eyes, I see a kind soul.
- Camilla: You're like a fine wine, the more I drink, the better I feel.
- Niall: Your beauty makes me truly appreciate being able to see.
- Marcus: I'm gonna make you wetter than the Colosseum during a boat battle.

- Quinn: Was that brute bothering you? I can dismember him.
- (as an extra: Floyd: If you were a vegetable, you'd be a cute-cumber.)

[Sneakier peek](#)

[Dec 29, 2023](#)

[[Do I need to offer them more blood?]]

The life of a frog is indeed a wretched thing. It's a small, insignificant thing. I can offer you more.

Murder?

[[Sacrifice wouldn't be a mere murder.]]

Sacrifice is necessary, natural. It's what the gods demand.

It's justified.

The thought is tempting. I need to reconnect with the Twins. And, perhaps, they would look upon me with more grace if I gave them the ultimate sacrifice.

But, who to offer? And is that truly what the Twins require of me?

Something to consider.

[[Of course not.]]

No. Of course I'm not going to resort to human sacrifices.
I just need something bigger. Like an elk, a bear.

Something with more life force. Something to make the Twins listen.

A peek into Hati's murder thoughts if you were to pick a choice alluding to it.

[Happy New Year!](#)

[Dec 31, 2023](#)

Will get back to my (more) regular schedule next week!

(Hopefully your celebration is more fun than mine lol, doggie does not appreciate this day.)