

Diva Rumina Games Patreon by Thomas Bell

(04/January/2025 - 30/June/2025)

[November smut \(out now!\)](#)

[January 4](#)

Thank you all so much for your patience, the smut is finally out 🙏

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

Password: patreon_november_smut_

[December smut \(out now\)](#)

[January 15](#)

Hi there! As I'm trying to catch up on my schedule after my illness, this month's smut (Marcus+Quinn) will be released next month (the 15th day is my last deadline). So, please write down the password and the link if you unpledged this month (and don't have the email notifications on). Also, thank you so so much for your generous patronage! Please follow my Tumblr or Patreon's posts to see when I release it. So, this link doesn't have the game just yet, please use last month's link to access the old smut.

Edit: It's out now! There are two branches depending on the first choice (to kill or not to kill) so please make sure to check them both out 🙏

Thank you!

link: <https://haleym.itch.io/december-smut-and-backlog>

password: patreondecembersmut

[Progress Update Rambling](#)

[January 17](#)

Hello there!

This post contains spoilers for the upcoming update.

So, I've been working on the new update. The Saturnalia chapter starts off with a ritual and a sacrifice to Saturn. Hati and the gang take part but the group's conflicts make it harder to focus on the ceremony. Camilla is blaming Tinsae and Hati for something she refuses to elaborate on, Niall is ready to throw hands at Marcus, and Quinn is being an overall nuisance, sniffing the air for Hati and blurting out plot relevant details when the mood suits them.

I'd say it's a good prelude for the evening's costume party.

Funnily enough, there's a version of Niall who doesn't know about Hati's identity and is blissfully ignorant about everything. That is the only Niall not wanting to throw hands at Marcus at the moment. Sure, he's still worried about Hati because Marcus is clearly up to no good and is still endangering Hati's life by being so careless about his apparent favoritism that could lead to rumors. However, he still doesn't know the extent of things.

And this is the chapter where Camilla's mask starts to crack, so that's exciting for her. Things start to reveal about her and she's *not* happy about that.

This chapter actually changed quite a lot, there was supposed to be a whole wrestling match because that's historically something that legionaries and auxiliaries did during winter months when the soldiers were bored out of their minds. One such match ended up in a full blown fight between legionaries and auxiliaries. It would've been fun to have something like that but I realized that it would just take up space and not really amount to anything plot-wise, not even character-wise because everything that would've happened there could just as well happen in another scene, or has already happened. So, I cut it. Another big chapter, poof, gone (alongside with the horse race one). I will post some bloopers from those scenes that I had already written, it was one of my core chapters I was sure would happen. Alas, need to be flexible and realize when something is just a dead weight.

Apart from the Saturnalia drama, I've been working to make the UI look better. Finally, I'm quite happy with the look, HTML tried to beat me up but couldn't (it did beat me up for several nights when I stared at it with my eyes dry but in the end, I rose to victory). The new update will be uploaded with that UI yay. It's nothing fancy though (or too distracting or overly designed), just new title/chapter fonts and pics and links and colors.

But yeah, everything is going well enough. I've been squinting at the earlier chapters, itching to start to edit them in a way that suits the new chapters better. (Like the personality stats and making better sense of the different relationship routes.) However, I think it would take so much of my time that I will still solely focus on continuing to push out new scenes and chapters. I know my writing and the handling of coding has improved and I would like to put that knowledge into the public demo but the demo has been there like that for a couple of years, might as well be a few months more. There will be, for example, more information about Hati's family and their past life in the form of flashbacks but I've been debating on when to start writing those, because they will need to be added into the earlier chapters.

Anyway, just something I've been pondering. For now, better to focus on the RO routes and the main plot. Everything else can be added later when I start to edit. The main thing is to get to the 9 - 10th chapter and start to worry about editing then.

So, that's one big ramble, that's enough for now haha. Anyway, thank you so so much for being here, I really appreciate your support. Thank you, and I will do my absolute best to push out the update this month.

[Sneak peek](#)

[January 22](#)

[[Move behind Tinsae to shield myself from Camilla's anger.]]

Tinsae is more used to her friend's hateful stare than me. Let her handle it.

"Really, druid? Hiding behind Tinsae like a scared child?"

There's drama in the next update.

Niall frowns at my agitated state. "Is there a problem?" He aims his words at Marcus.

Marcus shrugs and looks away. "Here to ruin the mood?" he asks.

"I'm doing exactly that if your mood includes making Hati upset."

More drama!

[Short story poll](#)

[January 23](#)

Camilla outs Hati and Tinsae gets pissed (Tinsae's POV)

7

Camilla gets bitten by a gremlin Hati (Camilla's POV)

18

Camilla outs Hati and Tinsae gets pissed (Camilla's POV)

8

Quinn tests Hati to see if they'll admit that they saw Cernunnos

18

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

4

Poll ended Jan 27, 2025 · 55 votes total

[Flash poll](#)

[January 28](#)

Usually the race isn't this tight so here's a flash poll between the two.
May the best pegger win!

Niall gets punished (and pegged) by Hati

42%

Hati gets punished (and possibly pegged) by Camilla

58%

Poll ended Jan 30, 2025 · 52 votes total

[Sneakier peek](#)

[January 28](#)

The love triangle and Niall's solo shenanigans got cut from this update because those two are the most complex coding-wise. Niall's code is as chaotic as he is. So, it'll have to wait till next month.

Instead, you can finally see where Quinn hangs out:

"You're staying here?" I frown at the sight of a small lair of blankets in the corner of the mill. The floor is littered with flour dust and footprints – both mice and humans.

"Yes," they say, as if not understanding the meaning behind my question.

There's a lone brazier fighting off the winter breeze creeping from the cracks of the walls. It's a losing battle. I tighten the cloak around me.

A lone mouse scurries past us in fear. At least it's a mouse, not a rat.

"It's..."

- "Nice."

Marcus gives you a new reason to cry:

Tears gather up to my eyes. To think that the torment of not knowing is over, at least when it comes to them.

"Are you crying?" he asks, a worried frown taking over. I doubt the worry is wholly aimed at me. He's not the best at giving comfort to others. "Do you have the handkerchief I gave you?"

- "That was one of the most insulting gifts I've ever received."
"So, no?"
"No."

And Camilla is losing her marbles:

Whatever happened in her bedroom this morning has left her mind in shambles.

I recognize the look on his face. It's exactly how I've felt when I've seen things I'm not supposed to see.

[Q&A \(sort of\)](#)

[January 31](#)

Another Q&A AU scenario kind of thing. *What would the ROs (with Hati) do when given a baby to take care of?*

Marcus and Hati

"A baby?" Marcus asks when I enter the room with the baby in my arms.

"Yes."

"Don't tell me you adopted it."

"No, he's here just for the evening."

"Right. Are you expecting me to help with it?"

"Yes."

He sighs deeply. "Fine. It's not like I had any plans for the day anyway. I'm at your disposal." His tone is only slightly sarcastic.

"His diaper needs to be changed."

"Why won't you—"

"Please?"

Another deep sigh. "Fine. Give him to me."

Marcus takes the baby in a practiced manner. He knows what he's doing. It shouldn't be a wonder, I suppose, he's taken care of his little sisters, after all.

However, the baby disagrees with being handled by Marcus. He starts screaming.

"Now, now, no need to cry. Let's make you a little less like Mr. Poopy Pants, alright?"

I bite my lip to stop myself from laughing.

"If you laugh, you will change the diaper yourself," he says between his coos.

"A little giggle?"

"I'll allow it."

Tinsae and Hati

"What a wonderful little bundle of joy you have there!" Tinsae coos at the baby before we even have a chance to enter the room. "Who are you, little one?"

"He's here for tonight."

"You are?" She gasps in an exaggerated manner. "What a lovely little visitor you are, yes you are. Welcome to our home."

The baby coos happily at the welcome ceremony.

"There is some baby formula that I keep just in case, I hope the brand is suitable for him. I think I have diapers—"

"He got all the necessary equipment with him."

"What a good caretaker you have, little fellow, yes you do, yes you do," she coos as she holds the baby's hand gently.

I laugh at the show with the baby.

She smiles at me. Warmth radiates from her like rays of sunshine.

"What?" I ask.

"You're good with children. I love that." She takes a step towards me and places a kiss on my cheek. "I love you."

Camilla and Hati

"What is that?" Camilla asks with a frown when we enter the door.

"A baby."

She gives me a confused frown. "Did you steal it?"

"Why would I... No."

"Alright." She turns back to her book. When I walk closer to her with the baby in my hands, she gives me a confused look. "Do you expect me to do something?"

"Yes. You need to take care of him with me."

"I do?" She gives me a frown. Then, she sighs. "Fine. What do I need to do?"

"Change his diaper."

"You're shitting me."

"No, the baby's the one who's shitting."

"Oh, ha ha. You're hilarious."

"I know. That's why you love me."

"You're testing it." She sighs and looks at the baby. "At least he's cute. Fine. Let's get this over with."

Niall and Hati

Niall walks up to me and the baby with a confused smile on his face.

"You have a baby," he says.

"Yes, I do."

"Is it... ours?"

"No, just here for the evening."

Niall sighs in relief. "I mean, I like babies, I was just a little—"

"Not ready for adoption and/or pregnancy just yet?"

"Exactly. Everything needs to be perfect for the little one. But yes, this little fellow. Hello." He smiles and waves at the baby.

The baby looks at him, clearly not sure what to think.

"You are so cute, did you know that?" He leans in before swiftly backing off. "Oh, gods, and you smell like sewage."

"Niall! Don't shame the poor kid, he can't help it."

"Right, I'm sorry," he quickly apologizes to the sewage baby. "What can I do to make it up to you?"

"Change my diaper," I say in a high-pitched voice.

Niall gives me a frown and I give him a sweet smile in return.

He sighs in defeat. "You know I can't say no to—" The rest of the sentence is unintelligible as he takes a deep breath, holds it, and takes the baby in his arms.

"You know you can't hold your breath the whole time?" I say.

With another string of unintelligible wheezing, he scurries off to the bathroom with the baby.

Quinn and Hati

Quinn grimaces at the sight of the child. "What is that?"

"A baby."

"But... Why?"

"Why a baby? He needs to be looked after for the evening."

"But..." They're still looking at the baby as if it's the most confusing thing they've seen in a while. "Why would you agree to do that?"

I shrug. "I don't mind babies? I think they're cute."

"Cute?" Another confused grimace. Then, they peer at the baby's face. "Hehe, yes. It is kind of cute."

"Do you want to hold him?" I ask.

They flinch away. "What? No! What if I accidentally kill him?"

"You won't. I trust you."

"You really shouldn't!"

The baby coos at Quinn.

They point at the baby. "Look, even he's agreeing that I'm not to be trusted."

"He sounded more happy than—"

"No, straight from the horse baby's mouth, don't trust me. I'll look at it from afar."

[A wolf circling a barn](#)

[January 31](#)

But there's another wolf inside

Hati bites Camilla (spoilers, please be warned)

"If you tell anyone what I told you here today..." I look at your lips. They would look good bleeding. "I will kill you." I lean even closer, reveling in the fact that you're holding your breath in anticipation. Like a little lamb, listening to a wolf circling the barn. "And I won't be swift with my blade."

No. I know all too well where to cut, how to make it slow. Make it last for days.

I've always been an efficient student. The teacher was a lousy piece of shit but I learned.

My resolve hitches at the thought of him.

He's not here.

I bury the memory deep within. I numb my mind, my senses already dull with wine.

I've spent days watching people wish for the sweet release of death. How long would it take before you begged? You're resilient, I'll give you that.

I like that about you. Like a little rat, you're here, alive, despite all the odds stacked against you.

A twinge of guilt needles at my chest at the sight of your face. I'm not sorry.

Maybe I just hope things were different. That it wouldn't have to be such a sorry little thing like you.

Ah, but look at you. Gawking at my lips like everyone else. Predictable, boring, something that will be used against you.

And you will enjoy every bit of it.

Just before the climax, you will enjoy tasting me. I will let you.

You lean closer.

Then.

Pain flashes through me.

“What the fuck?!” I hear my voice but I barely know I said it.

Pain rips the memories back to the surface, lays it out for everyone to gawk at.

Once again, I’m naked and alone with him. Bloody. I almost scream and almost make him smile. He wanted me to scream.

No.

No. I’m not there. I’m here.

I’m here.

I look at you.

There’s blood on your lips. The blood is mine.

I touch my lip and it’s true. It’s bleeding. You made me bleed. No one’s made me bleed before. Not after him.

Nauseating stab of rage pierces through me. You, a lowly little shit, think you can bite *me*?

I will drown you in this fucking pool and no one will miss you. Like a useless little rat, you will drown in a dirty pool, trashing for help that will never arrive.

I would watch light leave your smug little eyes and watch as your face turns blue and purple.

I could. Oh, how I could. No one would bat an eye. What’s one little soldier compared to me?

The thought makes my heart race in a state of frenzy.

I should kill you.

But first—

I smash my lips against yours. The pain makes me sing. I force my tongue inside your mouth, I'm the one penetrating you, I will—

You pull my hair. Another stab of rage. You keep touching me like him. I almost laugh.

I should kill you. I should—

But I'll make you beg first.

[Progress update rambling](#)

[February 6](#)

So! The new update is out and it's time for a new one. Again, I'll strive to get it out this month. This one will probably mostly include the LT and Niall route that was left unfinished in the last update. They shouldn't take too long, though, so I might also start the preparations of the evening's Saturnalia party. But at the very least you can expect Saturnalia morning scenes for the love triangle and Niall.

The closed demo at the moment conveys pretty well what kind of routes there will be in the finished game. (Although I still need to add a more discreet revenge Hati for Marcus's bath scenes, the black widow Hati is missing from there because the killer Hati took so much space with their absolute lunacy.) Also, all the personality stats have taken their final form in the shape of personality elements and other miscellaneous variables. So, I've started to spend my evenings editing the very 1st chapter. The editing journey will be long and tedious but it's preferable to get it done alongside with the new updates so I won't be spending too much time in the editing phase after the story is finished.

Other than that, I don't think there's much else to report on. Lots of work to do but feeling good about it.

Thank you so so much for being here and supporting me on this journey! This wouldn't be possible without you, thank you ♡♡

[January smut \(out now!\)](#)

[February 15](#)

Hi there! This month's smut will be released next month (the 15th day is my last deadline). So, please write down the password and the link if you unpledged this month (and don't have the email notifications on). Also, thank you so so much for your generous patronage! Please follow my Tumblr or Patreon's

posts to see when I release it.

So, this link doesn't have the game and the backlog just yet, please use last month's link to access the old smut.

edit: it's out now! Since what happens is technically canon, you can only play this scenario as a male Hati. Sorry about that, the scene got big enough as it is 🙊

I'm not sure if Legate will ever find Hati's sex out because it would end badly for them.

link: <https://haleym.itch.io/january-patreon-smut>

password: january_smutt

[Short story poll](#)

[February 17](#)

Hati cries in Marcus's arms after learning about the siblings' fate (Marcus's POV)

37

Floyd thinks Hati might be losing it after their vision ramblings (Floyd's POV)

10

Hati takes care of Quinn's wound (Quinn's POV)

11

Camilla has a minor breakdown and assaults Hati (Camilla's POV)

10

Tinsae's thoughts after witnessing the said assault (Tinsae's POV)

4

Poll ended Feb 24, 2025 · 72 votes total

[March smut poll](#)

[February 24](#)

A sweet, wholesome date with Niall (Niall takes charge and takes care of you)

14

Monstrous Hati stalks Tinsae in a dream (Hati's darkest desires manifested)

5

Monstrous Hati stalks Niall in a dream

2

A sweet and sensual date with Tinsae

6

Teasing Niall in a temple (he refuses to be sacrilegious)

5

Celtic sex magic with Niall

11

Celtic sex magic with Tinsae

11

Visiting an underground orgy with Tinsae and Niall (Niall has an aneurysm /jk)

13

Hati cursing Niall with a horny curse

20

Poll ended Feb 28, 2025 · 87 votes total

[The Handkerchief](#)

[February 25](#)

Hati finds out about the siblings/Marcus's POV

Oh, no, you're about to cry.

I knew that the small ones have been weighing heavy on your mind and yes, I knew this might happen.

Nevertheless, I wasn't prepared. Fuck me sideways, I wasn't prepared.

You keep swallowing, trying to keep the tears from flowing. And a part of me prays that you'll succeed. If you succeed, we could just pretend this didn't happen. It would be the best outcome for the both of us.

Then, it's over.

A teardrop falls down your cheek. There is no pretending now.

You're crying.

"Are you crying?" I ask. I don't know why I asked, I can see it clearly with my own two eyes. Maybe I asked just to buy some time, just to fill the air with a voice other than your sniffing. The sound makes me feel ill, like I should do something about it, but I can't do anything. I have to make it stop.

You don't want it to be true, either, for you lie. "No," you say, despite the tears falling down.

Then, a realization makes me sigh in relief. You've got the handkerchief. It might not solve everything, but it's something.

- When I remind you of the gift, you insult it and start laughing. It is slightly offensive, but the reaction is not wholly unwelcome. In a way, the gift helped. You look happier.

In a sad way.

- "No?" I ask after you call it 'the most insulting gift' you've ever received. A bit of an exaggeration, but you're entitled to your wrong opinion.

"No," you confirm.

At least you stopped crying. Maybe. You're on the edge of letting all your pent-up emotions out again.

Not good.

- Another sigh of relief. You have it. Good.

I watch you wipe the tears away.

It makes me feel better. I helped. But you still look like you're about to cry.

No. Of course it didn't solve the situation. I need to—

"Afraid you'll have to comfort me?" you ask, reading me just right. You're getting dangerously good at it.

And all I can do is to surrender the information. "Yes," I admit. "I will if you ask me to."

That's all I can do. I will suffer the consequences of everything I've done.

Even if it means... This.

And you confirm my fears to be true. You want to be comforted.

I sigh. There's no one else around, at least for a while. And I already promised.

So, I take your body into my arms.

And it feels off.

To touch you.

To feel your body so close to mine.

To feel you breathe tensely against me, clearly realizing what a mistake this was.

But then, you say something that makes me grimace even deeper.

"Thank you."

No. 'Thank yous' are absolutely out of the question. You take that back right now.

"You don't need to—" Of course you don't need to apologize, this whole situation is grotesque. There is no need to—

"I want to," you say, stubborn as always.

The tone in your voice is clear. There is no fighting you. You want to thank me. Me, out of all people, you want to thank *me*.

The thought almost makes me laugh.

But fine. Let's play by your rules. Maybe this is just your way of stabbing me with words. To make me play along so you can point out how ridiculous this is and I should've just kept my mouth shut.

"You're... welcome?" You're welcome that I'm the reason they were sold like animals and I should be happy that they were bought by that temple and not by some—

"Don't ask. Just say it," you say.

Your words make my head hurt, they make me ill. Why are you still there, glued to me? So close I can feel your heart beating.

But there's something about those words that makes me want to obey. To stop thinking and to just accept my fate and say, "You're welcome."

My voice feels off to my ears, silent and shameful. I don't deserve to say that.

Wrong, all of this.

I look off to the distance, hoping this torture will be over soon. But I don't make the first move.

You will stay there as long as you need to.

[Sneak peek](#)

[February 26](#)

Hustling to get the update out! Some sneak peeks of what's to come:

[[Kiss his bloody knuckles. He deserves a treat for what he did.]]

His breath hitches when my lips touch his skin.

"What are you doing?" he asks, his voice hoarse with emotion.

But at least Quinn is enjoying themselves:

[[“You were watching?”]]

“From afar, yes. I’m growing to enjoy Niall and I don’t mind you spending time with him.” Quinn has a wide smile on their face. “He’s a good asset to our cause. A great choice, my friend.”

[Q&A sort of thing](#)

[February 27](#)

If the ROs were arrested, what would they be arrested for?

Camilla

Camilla sits on the jail bed with a scowl on her face. She doesn't seem happy to see me but I know it's all part of the tough girl act she has going on.

She scoffs. "Took you long enough."

I look at the guard. "On second thought, maybe we should leave her there."

She gasps in absolute betrayal. "You little shit, if you walk out I will—"

The guard nods. "Sure. But you won't get the payment back."

I ponder on his words. It's a lot of money to be thrown out into the air.

Camilla's eyes are filled with absolute fury as she stares at me through the bars. At least her wrath is the silent kind this time.

I sigh, theatrically. "Fine, open the door." Unleash the beast.

Camilla steps out with as much dignity as she can muster. She doesn't thank me, she doesn't utter another word, she just stares directly in my soul.

"You're welcome," I say with a bright smile.

As we walk away, I give her an expectant look. One would expect an explanation. When nothing of the sort leaves her pouty lips, I say, "Do you know how much it costs to bail someone out for murder?"

She grunts.

"Why did you kill the guy?"

She groans. "How should I know that people can die from throat punches? I do not want to talk about it."

Tinsae

Tinsae quickly gets up from the bed to greet me with a shameful shake of her head. "Oh, dear. You didn't need to come." She sighs as she struggles to look me in the eyes.

"Really, Tin? Unlawful threats?"

She takes another shaky breath. "The conversation didn't go as planned, I lost my patience and I'm fully responsible for it."

"What happened?" I ask as she gracefully waits for the door to be opened for her by the guard.

"Well, I told the man in question that my associates would make his life more difficult if he didn't stop trying to evict an orphanage. Then, I told him that he will have to live with the consequences of such actions and that I would..." She clears her throat. "Castrate him."

"You said what?"

"Indeed. And, regretfully, he had a recorder on."

That clears the picture.

She gives me a small smile when she gets out of her cell. She continues, "Of course, I had no real intent on castrating the man, and I know the threat is awfully violating. I was just angry and..." She sighs. "No. There are no excuses. Nothing good comes out of losing your temper."

"It's alright. I'm sure he'd deserve it."

She sighs deeply before giving me a warm, but tired smile. "Thank you for coming."

Marcus

Marcus lies leisurely on the hard bed. He looks like he's in no real hurry to get out of the cell. He grins when he sees me. "Took you long enough."

"I was thinking of leaving you here to rot."

"You're just saying that, I know you love me."

I scoff and gesture at the guard to let the idiot out. I already paid for his release and there's no refund.

Marcus steps out of the cell with a self satisfied grin on his face.

It just makes me sigh. "Resisting the police? You couldn't just show your license when asked?"

He shrugs. "Fuck the police or something."

I raise my brow at him.

He scoffs. "I didn't do anything. The asshole needs to get his eyes checked out. They had no reason to pull me over, so I had no reason to show my license."

What a stupid reason to get arrested for. "They told me that you were pulled over because your tail light was broken."

He tightens his lips into a thin line.

"Are you going to say 'no, it's not'? Because it is. I told you to get it fixed. Gods know I told you so many times."

He remains awfully quiet and his lips remain a line.

There's a part of me that wishes to poke him till he lies bleeding on the ground. In another world, maybe I would've. But in this one, I'm merciful. He already knows that he's an idiot.

Quinn

Quinn lies dramatically on the floor with their hands grasping out from between the bars.

"Are they fine?" I ask the guard. They look dead.

"I poked the creep like 5 minutes ago, they're fine. They're just dramatic."

"Quinn," I say.

After hearing my voice, they open their eyes and give me a bright smile. "You came!" In a flash, they're up and holding on to the bars.

"Of course I came," I say with a sigh.

"Hurry up!" Quinn says to the guard trying to find the right key to the cell door.

The guard looks at me. "Are you sure you want them?"

I sigh again. "I'm in too deep."

The lock clicks and Quinn steps out of the cell with a smile. I won't return the smile, not before they explain themselves.

"Why did you stalk a man, threaten to burn down his home, and try to steal his dog? You had full gas tanks with you when the police arrived."

"The dog was too good for that bastard."

"What did he do?"

"It was the idiot who fired you."

"Oh... Oh." It was. They didn't tell me the victim's name but I saw the neighborhood in the news. It looked familiar.

Things make a little more sense now.

And it makes me take a deep, deep breath. "Please don't try to burn down people's homes for me." I don't know why I have to say it but this is where we are.

"Sure. I won't 'try'."

"Quinn! You won't try and you won't do, is that clear?"

They groan. "Ugh, fine."

Niall

Niall sleeps soundly on the hard bench. He looks quite comfortable, I'm not sure if he even wants out.

I clear my throat. Nothing happens.

"Niall!" I shout and the man finally wakes up, falls on the ground with a loud thump, and groans in pain.

"Are you alright?" I ask.

"Oh!" he yelps when he sees me. He gives me a bright smile as he rubs his bottom. Then, he realizes the circumstances of our meeting. The smile dies instantly.

He sits down on the bench, ready for my judgment.

"You..." I take the note where I wrote down the reason for his arrest. "Rode a bike over a crosswalk."

That has got to be the stupidest reason anyone's ever gotten arrested for, the police officer must have felt overtly officious that day. I didn't even have to bail him out, they were just waiting for him to wake up.

He nods with his eyes on the floor. "There are no excuses. I'm guilty."

I nod. At least he admits it. "You're a bad boy, did you know that?"

His face flushes red and he clears his throat. "Yes, I know. And I'm deeply ashamed."

"As you should." I turn to the guard who looks extremely uncomfortable for some reason. "You can open the door, he's learned his lesson. Have you, Niall?"

He nods meekly. "Yes, I have."

[Sneakier peek](#)

[February 28](#)

Saturnalia fun with Quinn hits a little different:

“Quinn, what are you doing?” The question is accompanied with a tired sigh. What am I doing here, running after them?

Instead of an aggravating grin or a carefree smile on their face, they turn to me with terror in their eyes. Their voice is but a whisper as they say, “You can’t be here.”

The tone of their voice makes me crouch next to them. “What do you mean?”

“You can’t be here,” they repeat, their gaze darting to the darkness that surrounds us. There’s nothing, at least nothing I can see. But Quinn isn’t lying. This time I’m sure of it.

And there is something in the air. Something wrong. The hair at the back of my neck stands up.

“They’re going to smell you,” they whisper.

“Who?” I whisper, not sure what else to say. If I even should—

A branch cracks with a deafening bang and Quinn grabs my arm. Their grip is strong, too strong for their lithe frame. It almost stops the blood flow in my arm. I want to tell them to let me go but no words come out of my mouth.

I should be quiet.

[Biweekly rambling](#)

[February 28](#)

So, another update is out, and a new one is coming up next month! The next update will include a lot of coding but thankfully, I’ve gotten better and better at it. The costume variation (along with every RO being in the same place at the same time) will probably be the most code-heavy thing I’ve written so far but I’m ready. The costume options will be: two sexy outfits (femme and masc), one cute outfit, and one non-revealing serious outfit. There probably won’t be any matching outfits with the ROs. It sucks, but I will have to save that for the editing me (I might have the time to add matching outfits with the ROs later but I’m not sure, I’m focusing on moving forward for now.)

I’m itching to get more updates out and to keep writing. In the past, I used to feel really drained after every update, it felt like climbing a mountain. Now, they feel more like small, manageable hills. 💪

Anyway💜

Thank you all for being here! I literally couldn't do this without you. Thank you❤️❤️

[Sneak Peek](#)

[March 11](#)

Next up, Pec has gotten wind of your budding relationships...

Floyd frowns. "No, we don't have to start talking about Hati's private—"

But Pec doesn't care. He looks like he's about to explode. He's apparently been bottling this inside for a while now.

"Listen up, lads," he announces as if he's delivering the news of the century. "It's not just one. It's two."

"Two?" Kegan gasps. When he feels my gaze on him, he looks away with his cheeks flushed. "I'm just surprised, not judging."

Floyd sighs. "It's none of our business to judge anyone. I—"

Pec wears a wide smile, happy to have his audience's undivided attention. He takes a breath and says, "It's Lord Tribune and Lord Centurion."

Silence falls in the room. Even Brick turns his gaze on me.

[Flu/smut delay](#)

[March 14](#)

The smut will be delayed due to flu-related reasons. I'll keep you posted! The fever rose so high that my attempts to write despite the brain fog ended up not going that well. This might affect the length of this month's update (another 10k?) but I hope I'm able to work properly next week.

Anyway, thank you for being here! Sorry about the delay. 🙏 I'll crawl back to bed.

[February smut \(out now!\)](#)

[March 21](#)

Edit: It's out now!

Hi there! This month's smut will be released next month (the 15th day is my last deadline). So, please write down the password and the link if you unpledged this month (and don't have the email notifications on). Also, thank you so so much for your generous patronage! Please follow my Tumblr or Patreon posts to see when the smut is released.

So, this link doesn't have the game and the backlog just yet, please use last month's link to access the old smut.

Link: <https://haleym.itch.io/february-smut-and-backlog>

Password: feb_smut

[April smut poll](#)

[March 25](#)

Visiting an underground orgy with Tinsae and Niall

22

Celtic sex magic with Tinsae

6

A sweet and sensual date with Tinsae

6

Monstrous Hati stalks Tinsae in a dream (Hati's darkest desires manifested)

9

Poll ended Mar 31, 2025 · 43 votes total

[Progress update rambling](#)

[March 30](#)

So, remember when I said that I was getting back on track after my influenza?

I was. For a week. Then I got a lung infection as a complication.

I wish I was joking 😞

I've been on antibiotics for a couple of days now and I've started to feel better. I had a foolish hope that I could still finish some chunk of an update. There's 10k words done for the new update, but due to me being on my deathbed (AGAIN), not all of them are coded yet. They're really scattered and I can't release it in that state.

I'm sorry. I've been super frustrated about all of this. At least I'm starting to feel better so I'm able to start working again.

I'm sorry again.

[Short story coming soon](#)

[March 31](#)

As I'm still recovering, here's a password and a link to the itch page where I'll put this month's short story when it's ready (this is just in case some of you unpledged (thank you so much for your generous pledge!)).

link: <https://haleym.itch.io/furious-frog-march>

password: march_frog

[Penguin stuff coming soon, too](#)

[March 31](#)

Same thing goes for the rest of the Penguin tier benefits 🙏

link: <https://haleym.itch.io/enraged-penguin-march>

password: penguin-march

[Sneak peek](#)

[April 8](#)

"No."

"Not even just a little peck?"

"Is that a kink of yours? Stay away from my toes."

...

"Can we talk about something other than burning people?"

"Oh?"

"It dampens my party mood a little."

"We wouldn't want that."

Party writing and (horrendous) party coding is in full swing!

[Progress update rambling](#)

[April 15](#)

Hi there!

As you might have noticed from the sneak peek, I've been slowly getting better and gotten back to work. The amount of work that's overdue is a little overwhelming, but I'm doing my best. One thing at a time and all that...

The smut will be a little delayed as I'm working to get the rest of the stuff out that's overdue. 😊 I'm really sorry about that.

But, the positive thing is that the Saturnalia chapter's been so much fun to write so far. Gone are the uncomfortable baths and smackdowns, now it's time to party down. Sure, things might take a darker turn after the party and the rest of the book might be a little grim, but for now, we're having a good time. And drama will ensue, naturally, but that's fun, too!

Thank you so much for your patience as I'm struggling with my mortality. This spring really ended up kicking my arse.

[Sneakier peek](#)

[April 23](#)

In the next update, Quinn is helping you with the outfit for the night and with the gifts. Also, they're there to remind you how low their expectations are in regards to your relationship.

"You are such a good friend," they say with a fond smile. "The best. You don't want me to die."
"Of course I don't want you to die. What kind of a—"
"And I think that's beautiful. That's what it means to be a friend."
"That's certainly the bare minimum, yes."

And, of course, you should definitely be able to choose how you feel about the party:

The scent of sweat, perfume, and grilled meat assaults my nostrils as I open the door to the tavern.
Movement litters the floor, people smacking each others' backs, opening their mouths wide in laughter. There are vegetables and gods on the dance floor, swaying to the music.
Amateur musicians battle over being heard the loudest over the drunk singing and shouting.
Someone bumps on my shoulder, muttering curses over me blocking the doorway.
There's a whole pig slowly roasting in the open fire.
- I love it. (party_animal to true)
- Get me out of here. (party_pooper to true)
- Let's just get this over with.

Lol despite my hurry after the avalanche of illnesses, writing's been fun.

[Short story_poll](#)

[April 24](#)

some of these are from the update that I'm currently rage-coding to get out 🐱

Quinn and Hati shop for gifts (Quinn's POV)

5

Camilla broods in the party (Camilla's POV)

5

Tinsae has fun at the party (Tinsae's POV)

4

Niall has fun at the party (Niall's POV)

10

Hati takes care of Quinn's wound (Quinn's POV)

7

Camilla has a minor breakdown and assaults Hati (Camilla's POV)

10

Tinsae's thoughts after witnessing the said assault (Tinsae's POV)

5

Poll ended Apr 27, 2025 · 46 votes total

[Smut poll for May](#)

[April 24](#)

Hati curses Marcus with a horny curse

15

Hati curses Camilla with a horny curse

7

Monstrous Hati stalks Tinsae in a dream (Hati's darkest desires manifested)

5

Hati curses Quinn with a horny curse

5

Marcus is drunk and lacks inhibition

17

Hati gets punished by Quinn

8

Monstrous Quinn stalks Hati in a dream

7

A nice cozy evening with Tinsae

4

A sweet, wholesome date with Niall (Niall takes charge and takes care of you)

6

Teasing Niall in a temple (he refuses to be sacrilegious)

2

Quinn's first official date with Hati (they're really happy about that)

5

A nice cozy evening with Marcus

5

A nice cozy evening with Camilla

2

Poll ended Apr 30, 2025 · 88 votes total

[Progress Update Rambling](#)

[April 30](#)

Hi there!

So, the new update is out! I hope you enjoyed it as much as I enjoyed writing it. There was some stuff I cut from the update cause they didn't have all their choices ready yet (like Niall's scenes), so it'll be easy to get back to writing the next update (that will be out next month! or else! 🙄 (my face at the universe for trying to off me)). Also! There's a certain infamous smut scene from the smut tier that will definitely make their way into the Saturnalia celebration, I'll see if I can squeeze it into the next one. I can see something happening with certain ROs, too, but will have to see if the scenes develop naturally in that direction. I don't think there will be time for much smut after the celebration, because... things. Because of things. Lol. Will have to see how things turn out!

Now it's time to hustle the rest of the overdue Patreon stuff out. This month's short stories will have to wait till next month, because last month's smut and shorts have been waiting their turn as I focused on the update.

https://www.instagram.com/reel/DFfc_NDohTV/?igsh=MTE5a2ZzYzhsNDEybA%3D%3D Was this me during this month? Yes. Absolutely. Just stress dancing and writing away.

But I made it and now I'm back.

Thank you for your patience. I couldn't do this without you. 💛💛

[Frog tier link \(short coming soon\)](#)

[April 30](#)

So, here's the link for the Frog tier short that will come after I'm done with my other overdue stuff due to my gods' forsaken past two months. If you unpledged this month (thank you so much for your generous patronage!), please write the link and the password down if your email notifications aren't on.

Thank you!

link: <https://haleym.itch.io/april-frog-tier>

password: aprilfrogsunite

[Penguin tier stuff coming soon, too!](#)

[April 30](#)

The same thing goes for Penguins, too. 🙏

Link: <https://haleym.itch.io/april-penguins>

Password: april_penguins_woop

[March's Niall smut out now!](#)

[May 5](#)

Edit: It's out now, thank you so so much for your patience 🙏

Hi there! This month's smut will be released next month (the 15th day is my deadline). So, please write down the password and the link if you unpledged this month (and don't have the email notifications on). Also, thank you so so much for your generous patronage! Please follow my Tumblr or Patreon posts to see when the smut is released (or if it's delayed just in case I have the plague again).

So, this link doesn't have the game and the backlog just yet, please use last month's link to access the old smut.

link: <https://haleym.itch.io/march-smut-and-backlog>

password: march_smuttt

[A poll for the degenerates](#)

[May 6](#)

Should I release one smut for free for the other peeps? Also, here's a survey of which smut I should release, if you don't mind the idea. (I didn't include the most recent ones, the options are mostly older.)

<https://forms.gle/BFdU2gQsFZdHBFMy7>

Yes, go for it

100%

No

0%

Poll ended May 16, 2025 · 43 votes total

[The Rotting Sack of Meat \(March short\)](#)

[May 13](#)

Hati cleans Quinn's wound/Quinn's POV

I look at your beautiful face. The little creases on your forehead look beautiful when you frown.

"Why didn't you take the bandage off?" you ask. Your voice sounds a bit tight. You didn't like what you saw when I showed you the leg.

Who cares about the leg? It'll be all over soon, anyway.

chop chop chop the whole leg off

"I didn't want to look at it," I say. It's the truth. It's disgusting, like everything about this rotting sack of meat. "It feels weird and it hurts, I just ignored it." It feels weird, but I'm not sure if it hurts. It's just... There. Throbbing, whining, begging for attention. Annoying me with its existence.

rotting

disgusting

meat

"Sit on that chair so I can take a better look," you say and I obey. It's nice when you pay so much attention to me. It makes me feel like how things used to be. When things were better.

Now, at times, you flinch when you look at me. It makes me feel right, but weird, but right, but weird.

wrong wrong wrong right wrong

I prefer this. When you fuss over me.

You roll your eyes at me when I say as much.

"How is it?" I ask when you look at the wound.

- "Bad. Really bad," you say.

That much is obvious. The smell of rot creeps into my nostrils from time to time.

Unpleasant.

"If you don't let the wound breathe, it will get infected." you say. Your face is distorted with a myriad of emotions, so much so that I can't even keep track of them.

You're displeased. That much I can tell.

"How do you know that?" I ask. It makes me feel a certain way when you know something I don't. Exciting.

You say something about your mother.

the bitch

the provider

Something about medicine. You look like you care about it.

I remind you that I'm dying, that one shouldn't worry so much about this. It's a bit silly.

Don't worry about the rot.

And you look like you don't care for me saying that.

You look quite angry. You feel angry. Your anger seeps into my brain.

"I didn't know what to do about it..." I say. It is true. I didn't know, and I didn't remember to ask. My words make you calm down a little.

I prefer it, somehow. Right now.

- "Fine. Don't worry about it," you say.

You give me a smile that almost looks genuine. Your worry creeps into my mind like a dark cloud.

But I applaud your ability to lie. Seeing it makes my chest feel lighter, it clears up the sky.

You offer to clean the rot. It sounds like a chore, a useless task.

Your face betrays your worry. I already knew that you're worried, of course, but there's something else. Fear. Even if my fate doesn't matter, you look like you care.

You fear for the inevitable. And, for some reason, I soak in your fear like a sponge, taking it in, and something about it makes me—

"You look like you're worried," I say. My breath feels heavier.

die I will die I will die I don't want to die save me save me

shut up

shut up

"I'm not worried," you lie. It's not as convincing now.

shut up

It's a good thing that you're worried! It means you love me. It means that you'd rather see me live.

I will live for you, you'll see.

Bile tries to rise up to my throat. Disgusting. I need to sit down.

Weak, rotting sack of meat.

[Q&A sort of thing \(March\)](#)

[May 13](#)

Hati treating the ROs' wounds and how they got them

Tinsae

"You don't have to—" she tries to say, but she flinches as she takes a step back. The wound paints her white dress red.

"Don't be foolish, just sit down."

"But..." She looks at the door behind her before giving me a resigned sigh. It's followed by a quick, grateful smile. "It's silly, I know. I just... Fine. Thank you."

She sits down on the chair, giving her dress a quick look and a sigh.

"I really shouldn't wear white," she says.

"It's not often you're covered in blood," I note.

"I do get covered in different sorts of secretions from time to time."

"Right. The children." I wrinkle my nose. Eoganan used to wipe his snot on my cloak.

"Yes, the children." Tinsae gives me a relieved smile. She seems happy that I understand her plight.

"I need to lift up your dress right now. Is that alright?"

"Of course, dear. Do what you need to."

I hold my breath as I roll up her silk dress to reveal her naked thigh. The wound is deeper than I thought.

"What happened?"

"You oughtn't judge, dear, but... It was one of the children. The bigger ones."

"One of the bigger children stabbed you?"

"It was an accident. She's troubled. I told you not to judge." She gives me a small, reprimanding frown.

"I didn't... Well, I did. But I understand. I didn't expect it to be this deep. I have to stitch this up and—"

"Oh? You can do that?"

"Mother taught me, yes."

"Extremely impressive. I'm a little squeamish about blood, but I would love to see you work."

Camilla

"No."

"I can see that you're bleeding, Camilla, don't be an idiot."

"No," she repeats the word like a temper tantrum throwing toddler.

And I give her a stare. One that means that I'm serious, that I'm backing down, and she will sit down on that chair or she will not hear the end of it. I can be persistent. She knows that.

She purses her lips in annoyance. "Fine," she says with a scoff and sits down with her arms crossed.

"You're acting like a child."

"You are acting—" she starts before realizing how much of a child it would make her sound if she finished that sentence. Instead, she chooses silence.

I smirk at the one-woman show.

And she gives me a deeper frown in return.

"Now, I need to lift up your dress," I say as a warning.

"That much is obvious," she says, looking grumpier than ever.

I sigh and reveal her thigh. The wound is deep, but clean. "So, someone cut you?"

"He's in a much worse state than I am," she says with a smirking scoff.

"I can imagine. I will stitch it up, but—"

"You can stitch up a wound?" she asks. She looks impressed and intrigued.

"Mother taught me. She said that druids ought to both kill and heal for the gods."

"Hm. Show me how to do it."

Niall

I touch Niall's skin and his breath hitches.

"Don't be so jumpy. You're making me self-conscious," I mutter as I try not to focus on his prominent, and quite naked, thighs.

"Sorry," he says. "It also hurts a bit."

"Oh, right, sorry," I say. I did manhandle him a little too roughly. "So, you stumbled on the stairs...?" His flight was a magnificent thing to behold. His landing, not so much.

The protruding stick on the ground was just bad luck on his part.

He clears his throat. "The last step came out of nowhere."

"So, it just grew there?" I smirk.

He frowns at my teasing. "Please, I'm feeling silly as it is."

"Sorry. And I'll be gentle this time."

"I... Appreciate it." But soon enough, the appreciation vanishes as his eyes widen at the sight of my needle. "What are you going to do with that?"

"I need to stitch—"

"Oh, no. No."

"It's going to leave a massive scar if it's not stitched up."

"A..." Niall takes a deep breath. "An ugly one?"

"It's going to look like a bulging eyeball, yes."

Niall grimaces at the mental image. He looks at the wound, the needle, and closes his eyes. "Fine. Do it."

Marcus

"So, you really just want to touch me, is that it?" He gives me a smirk.

But I won't fall for it. "Just take your pants off."

"So, you—" he starts, but I won't let him finish it.

"Take your pants off, or I'll rip them off myself."

He falls silent, but my words do nothing about the smirk on his face. And I have a feeling that it will stay there forever more. That damn smirk is the permanent kind.

Still, he drops his pants—unnecessarily theatrically—and sits down, waiting for me to take the next step.

"Walk me through what happened," I say as I try not to think about the fact that I'm touching his naked skin.

"I was hunting. There was a tree with knife branches and it stabbed me."

"A tree stabbed you?"

"The angle, the speed of my muscled sinews, you know how it is."

"I really don't." I frown at the deep wound. "How did you... Nevermind. I need to stitch it up."

"You really just want to see me bleed."

"That, too. Now shut up and let me work."

He obeys my command. With his eyes closed, he waits for me to finish.

[Progress update rambling](#)

[May 15](#)

Hello there!

I've been working my butt off to catch up on all my overdue stuff that was left in shambles after the weeks of being sick. I'm also moving into a new apartment this month (which means I'll finally get my own office! yay!), so it's been quite hectic.

However! Things are moving along quite well, despite all that.

SPOILERS:

Niall's drama that was left in a cliffhanger is coming up together nicely (Marcus is also there to act as an unsolicited Cupid), the girls are fighting, gifts are being thrown at people's faces... Honestly, I thought this was going to be a nice little chill party filled with dancing and flowing dresses and tunics and wolf monster rib cages, but of course it's filled with flying gifts, fights, and Camilla throwing insults like 'bitch' and 'slut' around. Well, I guess I expected it, especially the latter part.

It can also be nice, of course. There are gifts being exchanged, not just thrown at people's faces. Hati gets to shake their booty on the dance floor, sing, and drink. And, for instance, Marcus is just there, seemingly just happy that Hati is there. The least dramatic man of them all, at least for the night. And you can throw that all in his face later, naturally (I hope I have the time to write that scene into the next update).

END OF SPOILERS.

The smut that was meant to be out today will be delayed a little, but it will be released at least until early next week, perhaps sooner. It's just not quite finished yet, not with all the catching up still going on. Thank you for your patience!

Anyway, just wanted to let you know where I am.

Thank you so so much for being here, I wouldn't be able to do this without you. Thank you.

[Free smut!](#)

[May 16](#)

Hi there! Just wanted to share a free smut scenario with y'all (with the smut tier patrons' blessing). It's an AU scenario of how the night of Samhain with Tinsae and Camilla could've ended if things went a little differently.

link: <https://haleym.itch.io/free-smut>

password: free_smut!

[April smut out now](#)

[May 21](#)

edit: it's out now! thank you for your patience 🙏

As I'm playing an unfortunate game of catch-up with my schedule after my avalanche of illnesses, this month's smut will be released next month (hopefully, most likely, before the 15th). So, please write down the password and the link if you unpledged this month (and don't have the email notifications on). Also, thank you so so much for your generous patronage! Please follow my Tumblr or Patreon posts to see when the smut is released (or if it's delayed).

So, this link doesn't have the game and the backlog just yet, please use last month's link to access the old smut.

Link: <https://haleym.itch.io/april-smut-and-backlog>

Password: april__smut*

[Bloopers](#)

[May 22](#)

You were supposed to be able to give cookies for Quinn as a present, too. Had to cut it out because of time, and because the bone amulet made narratively more sense.

- A bag of cookies I made. Poorly.

I clear my throat. Maybe I should've bought something, instead. I burned almost all of them, and the rest taste a little...

Weird.

But still, I give them the bag.

"Cookies!" Quinn takes one and puts it immediately in their mouth. "I was so hungry, thank—" They frown and stop chewing.

I clear my throat. "I tried my best."

"They're a little different from what I usually eat," they say, their tone overtly cordial. "It's... Interesting." They give me a quick, reassuring smile. "But different doesn't mean bad, of course. It's really edible, thank you."

"Edible?"

"Yes, mm. Really edible. Thank you so much. I will definitely eat all of these."

"When you say it like that, it sounds like you won't eat them."

[Short story_poll](#)

[May 23](#)

Hati gives Quinn a gift (Quinn's POV)

7

Camilla broods at the party (Camilla's POV)

7

Antonia witnesses her uncles acting like fools during Saturnalia morning (Antonia's POV)

20

Marcus broods at the party (Marcus's POV)

21

Niall has a blast at the party (before noticing Hati) (Niall's POV)

5

Tinsae's reaction to wolf monster/Arminius Hati (Tinsae's POV)

4

Poll ended May 26, 2025 · 64 votes total

[Sneak peek](#)

[May 23](#)

Sapphic bonding with Camilla coming up

“Oh?” She talks about the famous poet who loved women. “What do you think of Sappho?” I ask.

“I...” She gives me an inspecting look. “I think you’re trying to get a specific answer out of me.”

“I would never.”

“I think that she was a formidable poet, worthy of Catullus’s respect.” There’s a long silence as she ponders on her next words. “And I... Can’t deny that the love of women she had was...” She gives me a quick look, almost shy. “Intriguing.”

[Roman Calendar/May](#)

[May 24](#)

I’ve been reading Roomalainen kalenteri by Arto Kivimäki (Roman calendar). And it made me want to share with you some monthly rituals and festivities Romans had for each month; or at least if people are interested in hearing about them.

So, let’s start off with Romans and weekdays and months in general. Romans didn’t really think of time in terms of weekdays. They worked for seven days, and every eighth day was the market day (nundinae). It was when the countrymen shaved their beard and went off shopping (and to do other important stuff in town, like vote and conduct any possible stuff for legal proceedings). They still had other days off, since they had so many celebrations during every month. Like, for example, every 15th day was Idus, which was dedicated to Jupiter and was a common day off.

Anyway, to focus on May specifically... So, during May, or May the 14th to be exact, a bunch of Vestal Virgins, other priests, and some high-ranking officials went off to the bridge of Tiber. With them, they brought 30 life-sized dolls to be thrown off the bridge. It’s suspected that, in the olden times, they used to throw mature men off the bridge instead of dolls (men over 60 years old). The festival was really old and no one during Augustus’s reign really knew what it was about. Still, they deemed it important, and the festival continued for a long time after.

So, celebrate the 14th of May by throwing a doll off a bridge? Maybe?

Also, during May, it was time to clean your horns. On the 23th of May there was Tubilustrum, “horn cleaning festivity”, when horns that were used in sacrificial rituals were, indeed, cleaned. It might also be that war horns were cleaned on that day, too.

It was time to clean a lot of horns and Romans wanted to make a party out of it. I can't really blame them.

As a more morbid side note, on the 1st of May (in 37 AD) Antonia Minor died. She was Caligula's grandmother, with whom he had allegedly a good relationship. He really liked his grandmother. Allegedly. However, Antonia had a bad habit of criticizing Caligula's certain activities and undertakings, which he didn't particularly care for. So, he did what any dictator with a low self esteem would do; he ended up forcing her grandmother to commit suicide. Only yes men were allowed in Caligula's circles.

Anyway, I will write another one for next month if this is something people are interested in. I myself will dedicate every May the 23th to horn cleaning from now on.

[June smut poll](#)

[May 26](#)

There's a bonus choice of a man you've yet to meet. The introduction scene will come up in this month's update.

Quinn's first official date with Hati (Quinn is really happy about it)

12

A sweet, wholesome date with Niall

9

A sweet date with Camilla (she's trying, alright?)

5

A sweet date with Tinsae

1

Monstrous Hati stalks Tinsae in a dream (Hati's darkest desires manifested)

1

Hati curses Camilla with a horny curse

6

Hati gets punished by Quinn

12

Practicing fun little spring Celtic rituals with Niall

7

Joker option: Looking for the man dressed as a Golden Eagle

11

Poll ended May 31, 2025 · 64 votes total

[Flash poll](#)

[May 28](#)

The race was a bit too tight, so here's the top 3 and let's see what comes of it!

Quinn's first official date with Hati (Quinn is really happy about it)

22

Hati gets punished by Quinn

14

Joker option: Looking for the man dressed as a Golden Eagle

13

Poll ended May 31, 2025 · 49 votes total

[Sneakier peek](#)

[May 28](#)

Legate will play a big role for the rest of the party. You can interact with him directly, or watch from the sidelines as he wreaks havoc to the rest of his family members. We're talking about arranged marriages, locking people up, sending people back to Rome. I didn't expect that to happen in that scale, even though I knew he was coming to the party. That's on me, I should always expect more drama.

How Camilla's night will end:

There's nothing but pure hatred in Camilla's gaze.

Legate asks through his teeth, "Why do you insist on making me look bad? Do you loathe me so?"

Then.... Here's a snippet of the direct way you can interact with the Legate.

I throw his tunic aside and smile at the sight. There it is. The instrument of my revenge, completely unshielded by pants, at my mercy.

Smut tier patrons are familiar with the scene. I had to modify it quite a bit because there is, of course, more context now. I'm not sure if I can include the whole scenario for the upcoming update since I'm drowning in moving supplies at the moment, but I just wanted to let you guys and gals and nonbinary pals know what I'm up to. This next update will include meeting up with the stranger in the party, gushing with Tinsae about your outfit (or, not gushing, depending on the outfit), and some interesting dialogue with the Legate. I really urge you to try different outfits and reactions when meeting with the stranger, I was having a mild aneurysm while coding.

Like. Look at it. And that's just a little teeny tiny "he walks up to you" scene. Then, there's the outfits added to how you reacted and... Whew.

He stops only a couple of steps away from me, almost standing too close, almost invading my personal space without any regard for my comfort. He stares at me in complete silence.

- predator

I know this game all too well. Instead of showing any sense of discomfort, I give him a smile.

- if masked

He might not see it, but he does notice my relaxed body.

- else

I might be mistaken, but I think he returns the smile.

- prey

I stifle the urge to take a step back. I won't tear my eyes off him, either. I've already shown him weakness, I refuse to add to it.

This is, of course, my own doing. And I do enjoy it lol, otherwise I would just do something else with the costumes and the code.

Anyway, thank you for being here! I'm so tired between the moving and the cleaning and the writing and the outfit coding that I'll go and slumber now. And hope the code works when I test it tomorrow 🙄

[May Frog](#)

[May 29](#)

Shorts are still a little behind at the moment, so if you unpledged (thank you for your generous patronage!), you can still access the short via this link and password when I release it later. So, there's nothing yet, this is just in case you unpledged and want to read the short when I release it. Thank you :)

Link: <https://haleym.itch.io/may-frogs>

Password: may_froggies

[May Penguins](#)

[May 29](#)

Same goes for Penguins! 😊

Link: <https://haleym.itch.io/may-penguins>

Password: mayypengus

[Progress Update Rambling](#)

[June 4](#)

Hi there! 💛

I updated. I moved. I cleaned.

That was an intensive week and a half. But I survived! And I have a new office! Yay!


I will coat the walls with fanart I've purchased over the past couple of years. It will be glorious. Mainly Baldur's Gate, Hannibal, Disco Elysium, the games and series that have been most inspirational to me as an author. Teehee.

Anyway.

I was a little bummed about not being able to finish up the Legate's scenes before updating, but they will come out this month. I'll try my best to finish up everyone's party scenes before the end of the fun part of the party. Something might come up, though, since despite me knowing what the party will entail, the characters might still surprise me and add to the workload. They have that tendency, they like to do that. Besides, I realized that I need to add in some side character scenes, too. I doubt they'll be that long, just something additional for those who enjoy their squad and the animal companions.


I had a wild idea of adding another big variable that would've changed the trajectory of the couple next chapters. Thankfully, I decided against it. I know it would be a fun addition, but I have to think about what adding a variable does to the reading experience vs. how much it takes off my time. So, I'm definitely mindful of not adding too much work for myself, while still hopefully balancing between giving enough choices and variation.

I'm being very mindful and very demure.

Soo, yeah, I think that's about it. More party fluff and drama and possibly smut coming up later this month in the next update (well, I mean, smut is already coming, but to what extent, I don't know yet). And, as always, thank you for being here! I couldn't do this without you. 

[May smut out now!](#)

[June 15](#)

edit: it's out now (and on time!). This one takes place in a world where nothing bad happened after Saturnalia 

Two past smuts have been a little late, but this one should definitely come out before the 15th of June. Unless I catch the Plague again. But that's unlikely (knocks on wood).

Anyway, please write down the password and the link if you unpledged this month (and don't have the email notifications on). Also, as always, thank you so so much for your generous patronage! Please follow my Patreon (or Tumblr) posts to see when the smut is released (or if it's delayed).

So, this link doesn't have the game and the backlog just yet, please use last month's link to access the old smut.

Link: <https://haleym.itch.io/may-smut-and-backlog>

Password: mmkaymay_smut

The Wreath

June 23

Camilla attacks Hati (Camilla's POV)

The wreath on my pillow sneers at me.

It laughs at me. It laughs at my stupidity. At my naivety.

Of course he would find out that it was me who sent the letters. I made sure the tone was neutral, I made sure that it sounded like it was just a worried citizen who loved his country with all his bleeding little heart.

But still, the wreath is there.

Think logically, I snarl at myself. Brainless cunt, think logically.

It can't be him. He couldn't have found out about me, I've made sure of that. He doesn't know that I'm here. I've looked over my shoulder this whole time, I haven't seen his spies lurk about like little rats they are.

Tinsae, it must be her.

She's the only one who knows.

I've never been able to trust anyone in this lifetime, why would she be the exception? She is the only one that makes the most logical sense.

It must be her.

I don't even have to ask why she would do this. It must be money. Money and power, maybe even change in legislation, something to help the situation of the children she cares so much about.

That makes the most sense, that is the only logical explanation. She needs more to help others, and I'm to be sacrificed at the altar of her altruism.

And you. I've seen you with her, plotting, whispering. I've seen it with my own eyes.

What is your excuse? A safe journey back to your shithole of a home?

I blink, and the wreath is torn apart, lying on the ground. I stomp on the golden leaves.

The real question is if you sons of whores actually told him, or if you just put the wreath here to make me go mad.

I cackle at the thought.

If you called him, if you did that... A grin tugs at my lips. "He will kill you first. I'm to be left alive, to be tormented until he ends me himself. He won't make the same mistake of letting me live again." But you will be the first victims.

Oh, how you'll wish you never did this. How you will scream like pigs to be slaughtered.

The high-pitched screams that will drill into my brain, never to leave me in peace. I will live with the nightmares when you are buried deep in the ground.

The wreath is left broken into hundreds of pieces as I start making my way out. I look at my hand. It trembles.

I squeeze my fist tight to stop it. Focus, you worthless piece of shit.

Later

I look at you and feel nothing. You talk about meaningless things, as if nothing's changed.

No, there is something. Stirring rage at the pit of my stomach.

To think that you, out of all people, would try and sell me to him. You were supposed to be just a dull little piece of shit, lost and confused, easily used.

Did you want me to feel vulnerable and afraid?

You failed.

I will end you.


"Camilla what are you—"

[Progress update rambling](#)

[June 23](#)

Hi there! It's time for another rambling, and another update is coming up later this week. It was a challenging couple of weeks to write after the absolute crunch I had to put myself through with the moving. However, it's gotten better and better. And I love my new little office. There's a view of the forest from my window as I work, and it's a vast improvement to my previous communal cellar study thing I had to use before. There, the only view was the dirty couch that someone used as their toe nail clipping location.

The update is coming along nicely enough. My aim is to finish up the fun part of the party in this update (fingers crossed!). That will conclude the most code-heavy part of this book, which is a relief. When I was writing the outfit variants, I kept thinking how my day's work is going to be a minute's read for one playthrough and... Well. I suppose that's IFs for you. But that's behind me now! Although, I suppose Niall is still missing his outfit reactions. (Noooo...)

Anyway, I'm working and feeling good. I hope you are all staying safe out there! And thank you so much for being here, I couldn't do this without you. 

Also, I found this little snippet from my notes. It took a moment to realize who's this 'she' we're talking about.

- She steals logs from Marcus when he tries to feed the fire. He has to chase her across the yard so she won't chew the said log and get pieces of wood in her system
- She's terrified of snowmen
- She chews exclusively Niall's shoes. Niall would like to know why

(Robus lore)

[Short story poll](#)

[June 23](#)

Hati gives Quinn a gift (Quinn's POV)

8

Camilla sees things at the party (Camilla's POV)

5

Antonia witnesses her uncles acting like fools during Saturnalia morning (Antonia's POV)

24

Tinsae's reaction to wolf monster/Arminius Hati (Tinsae's POV)

6

Niall has a blast at the party (before noticing Hati) (Niall's POV)

9

Poll ended Jun 30, 2025 · 52 votes total

[July smut poll](#)

[June 24](#)

If you have any scenario ideas/wishes, please let me know (you can hit me up with a DM, too!)

A quiet, peaceful morning with Niall

7

Infiltrating Camilla's room in the middle of the night

6

Trying to get Tinsae to stop working for just a moment

2

Monstrous Hati stalks Tinsae in a dream (Hati's darkest desires manifested)

3

Hati curses Camilla with a horny curse (she won't break easily)

4

Practicing fun little spring Celtic rituals with Niall

5

Joker option: Looking for the man dressed as a Golden Eagle

Hati acts like a chaos gremlin, Niall is forced to punish them

18

Poll ended Jun 30, 2025 · 54 votes total

[Sneak peek](#)

[June 24](#)

He frowns at the present as his hand wanders to his hair in thought. His eyes widen in realization.

“It was you.”

“What?”

“My hair’s been falling off. I thought I was just—”

“Growing old? It happens, you can’t possibly blame me for it.”

“You...” The frown on his face deepens. “You wouldn’t tell me if it was you.”

“I really don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Hati, I swear to the gods above, if I find out it was you and I actually lose my hair—”

Peeps are getting their gifts!

[Sneakier peek](#)

[June 26](#)

The update turned out to be quite Niall and Camilla heavy with snippets of Marcus (like giving him the gift and, um, some other Marcus moment). There’s still some dancing with Camilla and Niall I’ve yet to write, but I’m most satisfied with finishing up the Legate scene. It was dramatic lol. The scene in question is from an old smut I wrote over a year ago, and I was pleased that the climax scene was in such a state that I didn’t have to alter it too much. Way to go, past me.

The dance scenes with Niall and Camilla are so different that it’s been funny to compare them. First, there’s Niall, fishing for compliments, living on Hati’s approval, and dancing silly with them. Then, there’s Camilla staring at Hati from the couch, moving in for a kill, whispering about death. Girl is intense and

her mental health during the night isn't helping her case. She appears in other ROs' routes, as well. Her story line is quite important for the night.

There is still a Tinsae dancing scene missing, but I doubt I will be able to finish it for this update. Devastatingly, there won't be any Marcus dancing. The toe episode was sufficient, I think, and Marcus isn't the one to dance.

Meanwhile, Quinn is out there living their best life doing Twins know what.

Niall being disappointed with Arminius Hati (Arminius may or may not have been Niall's background's inspiration...):

He sighs at my outfit. "Hati," he starts. There's a mix of disappointment and tired amusement in his tone of voice.

"I'm just here to remind the people what happens when they turn their backs on barbarians," I say with an innocent shrug.

He lets out another tired sigh. "I'm sure most of them will think of it as a bad joke. Most of them might not even remember."

"I think they do. Arminius killed three of their Legions. That's impressive."

"That's not impressive, that's—"

"Don't you think you could follow the man's footsteps?"

He frowns at my words.

"Your fates are pretty similar in nature. Maybe your road would—"

"No," he says. "Please don't joke about that."

I'm not joking, but I hold my tongue. For now.

And how Camilla's night continues:

"Is that Camilla?" Marcus says with a small frown.

There's a red-headed woman lurking in the shadows. She has ditched the mask, and her eyes are squinted as she peers into the crowd.

"Is she alright?" I ask.

"She seems a little deranged," he says, his tone almost worried. "More so than usual."

Also... More drama happens in Niall's route. The poor beef man gets all the drama and he just wanted to enjoy his party in peace.

Anyway, back to writing!

[June smut coming soon](#)

[June 27](#)

As per usual, my deadline for the smut is the 15th of July.

Please write down the password and the link if you unpledged this month (and don't have the email notifications on). Also, as always, thank you so so much for your generous patronage! Please follow my Patreon (or Tumblr) posts to see when the smut is released (or if it's delayed)

So, this link doesn't have the game and the backlog just yet. Please use the last month's link to access the old smut.

Link: <https://haleym.itch.io/june-smut-backlog>

Password: junesmutt.

[Roman calendar/June](#)

[4 days ago](#)

Hi there! I realize that me posting these at the end of the month prevents you from celebrating these holidays when it's proper. You could maybe save these for next year? Or maybe the Roman gods don't care that much, maybe they're not that picky.

Again, the main source for this information is Arto Kivimäki's Roomalainen Kalenteri.

Anyway, Romans thought that May and the beginning of June were a bad time to get married, because it was deemed a highly unlucky time period. (Romans were highly superstitious and there were so many unlucky days in a month.) In June, there was a long period of unlucky days (from 7th to 15th) when you shouldn't basically do anything because you would only fail. I've been thinking how to showcase this part of the Romans more in the game, too. Will have to see where it makes the most sense.

On the 1st of June, Romans celebrated the goddess Carna. She was an ancient goddess whose domain was the human body (she also protected infants and homes). Romans sacrificed beans with

lard and spelt to her, hoping that their digestion would work properly because of that for the next year. Those foods were deemed beneficial for gut health. Celebrate the next 1st of June by making a dinner out of those ingredients?

On 3rd of June, Bellona, the goddess of war (who is believed to be Mars's sister, maybe wife, maybe daughter), got her own temple in 290 BCish. Appius Claudius Caecus was fighting against Etruscans and Samnites (who occupied Italy along with Romans), and in the heat of the battle, he belted out "Bellona! If you grace us with this victory today, I promise to you your own temple!" Bellona answered the call, and the Romans proved victorious. Bellona got her own temple in Campus Martius. The temple was extremely important for Romans in terms of war, since there wars were announced against enemy states. There was a small space in front of the temple that represented the enemy territory. Fetial, a priest whose duty it was to formalize the many wars Rome waged, threw a spear at the spot and boom, it's war. It's interesting that such an important temple was dedicated to a war goddess whose story has been forgotten and she's just "someone close to Mars, I guess".

On the 7th of June, the temple of Vesta's doors was opened to the public. Well, unless you were a man or an unmarried woman. There was, apparently, one man who could enter the temple when they were opened, and he was rex sacrorum (a priest whose name is freely translated into "sacrificial king" and I think that sounds neat. He was kind of the guardian of the Vestals). And on the 9th of June, Vestalia took place.

If you're not familiar with the goddess Vesta, she was the goddess of the home stove and family. As expected from the "no men allowed in the temple" thing, not much information has been preserved from the cult of Vesta. The priests were women, they were chosen for the role when they were 6 to 10 years old (the family they were from didn't have to be a patrician family, it was enough that they were freeborn). Their office lasted for 30 years and they had to remain virgins for that whole time. After retiring, however, they could do whatever they wanted. (As a sidenote, I've always thought that an IF where the main character was a Vestal virgin would be interesting.) The stakes were high, of course, since if they lost their virginity during their priesthood, they were buried alive.

To come back to the Vestalia, when the temple doors were closed on the 15th, the temple was cleaned from the dirt of the visitors. Only when the dirt was cleaned and thrown into the Tiber could one continue with their court proceedings in Rome (which was apparently prohibited for a while, in my understanding because of the unlucky days). And I mean the day was marked in the calendar as "quando stercus delatum fas", which means "court proceedings allowed as soon as the dirt has been cleaned". Which, I think, is kind of funny.

Also, on the 7th of June, fishermen celebrated Tiberinus, the god of river Tiber. I'm sure they threw one heck of a party (even though the day was dies religiosus, too, which meant that it was an ill omen day. Fishermen, however, don't seem to have cared but partied on.)

On the 9th of June, in 68 AD, Nero killed himself. Before dying, he lamented: "Qualis artifex pereo!" (What kind of artist the world loses in me!) He was an asshole (to put it mildly) and I don't think that the world gave two hoots about losing him or his artistry.

Carrying on...

On the 13th of June, the best party in Rome was thrown. Flutists, which was a highly important profession because of its strong ties in religious ceremonies, started a party that took three days. They put on makeup, dressed up as women, and began fiddling their flutes all night long, disturbing everyone in their wake. I don't know if I prefer this party over the horn cleaning one, but at least it's a close tie.

On the 24th of June, there was a festival dedicated to the goddess Fors Fortuna. It was also the celebration of the summer solstice. People gathered across the Tiber river to watch tiny boats float across the river and eat and drink. Fors Fortuna was one of the few gods whose worship welcomed slaves in their ranks, too. Probably because her domain was luck, and luck doesn't discriminate because of social ranks. Or, probably because one of the old kings who built the first temples for her was a son of a slave. Either way, slaves were welcomed to take part in Fors Fortuna's worship. Maybe during 24th of June, send a little boat to sail along the river to celebrate the goddess of luck.

That's about it for interesting June things.

[QnA sort of thing](#)

[4 days ago](#)

Hati is drunk and the RO takes care of them

Quinn:

"Why did you fall asleep on the floor? Wouldn't it be more comfortable in your own bed?"

"What the—" Quinn is talking at me and I'm not even sure where I am.

"You know this is a dangerous location for sleep. I saw someone eyeing you earlier."

"Who—"

"He's not eyeing anything anymore."

I frown at their words and only half of them make sense. I don't know how I ended up sleeping on the floor. I'm not sure about anything.

"I feel a little ill," I admit. The room is spinning a little too quickly.

Quinn sighs. "Please don't vomit. My nose is on the verge of giving up already."

"I'm not sure if I can hold it in, but I'll try my best."

Quinn gives me a small frown. “You are in no state to walk back home. You might get eaten by monsters. They might rip you to pieces. Maybe they’d use your head as a ball to play with.”

I frown at the mental image. “What?”

“I walk you home.”

■ Marcus:

Marcus gives me a little chuckle.

“What?” I ask, irritation starting to take the better of me.

“You are drunk,” he says.

“You are drunk.” I throw it back at him. He’s not. I don’t know why I said that.

“You can’t go back to the barracks like that. What if you slip and die?”

“Wouldn’t you like that?”

“It would take a load off my chest. A big, Pict-sized load.”

“You’re a—” But my rebuttal is lost in the sea of chatter in the tavern.

Marcus shakes his head at me, as if he was a disappointed mother. “Can you walk?”

“Can *you* wa—”

“Gods, Hati, stop that. It’s embarrassing.”

“You’re—”

“Yes, yes,” he says with a sigh and forces me to stand up.

“What the—” I start, but he interrupts me again.

“Now, lean on me and for the love of gods, stop talking. You’re an insufferable drunk.”

How dare he? I almost flee from his touch, but realize that leaning against him is much preferable to walking by myself.

Fine. Lead the way.

■ Tinsae:

"By the Goddess, dear, are you alright?" Someone's warm hand touches my forehead. The scent of sweet fruits and roasted nuts makes me smile to myself.

"At least you look content," Tinsae says with a little laugh. Still, she sounds worried.

"I'm fine, don't worry about me," I say with a slur. "But if you could caress my forehead a little more, I wouldn't mind."

She lets out a brighter laugh, it sounds relieved. It almost sounds like she thought I was dead.

Of course I'm not. I'm just... Lying on the floor, it seems. My head is spinning.

I open my eyes to see her looking down at me with little creases of worry still lingering on her forehead.

"I think I'm a little drunk," I admit.

"You think?" she asks. Her voice is both exasperated and amused. "People could've..." she starts, looks around, and sighs. Finally, she gives me a small smile. "The most important thing is that you are safe. And alive."

"Of course I'm alright," I mutter and try to get up. It proves a little more difficult than I anticipated.

With the help of Tinsae, we finally manage to get me up. I lean against her and whine, "My stomach hurts."

"It's because you're a raging drunk, darling," she says and starts leading me back to her place. "I will give you something for the pain."

Camilla:

Someone kicks me in the shin. The pain makes me open my eyes.

"What the fu—" I start.

Camilla stares at me. "Blackout drunk," she says accusingly.

"I'm not," I say in defense, but I'm not quite sure where I am. I will have to make sense of that first. It seems that before I was rudely woken up, I was peacefully sleeping in the corner of a tavern.

Camilla sighs. "You could get robbed and killed, you idiot."

"Why do you care? You evil witch."

Instead of insulting me back, she says, "You can't walk." It, too, sounds like an accusation.

"I'll show you—" I try to get up, but I can't. Stupid legs proving her right.

Another exasperated sigh leaves her. Without another word, she yanks me up and gives me her shoulder to lean on.

“Stop manhandling me, you—” I start to complain, but it's evident that she's stopped listening to me.

She mutters something under her breath, whether it be insults or annoyed prayers to her gods, I can't quite make sense of it.

She does help me get to my room. All the while cursing me and my family line.

Niall:

“Hati?” Someone's concerned voice wakes me up from my slumber. I know that voice. It makes me frown.

“I'm sleeping, leave me alone,” I say and bury my face in my hands. The table makes for a poor pillow, but it'll do.

“You can't sleep here,” Niall says. “What if you're kidnapped and sold to slavery?”

“What—”

“What if someone murdered you?”

Panic festers in his words and I'm left confused by the cause of it. Yes, I was sleeping but—

“By the gods above,” he mutters under his breath, and suddenly I'm lifted into the air.

“What in the—” I start, but it's no use. I'm already in his embrace, dangling in the air like a helpless bride. Besides, my head is spinning. I can't put up a fight. All I can do is to accept my fate.

He all but runs back to the barracks with me in his arms, his chest still tight with worry.