

Depths of the Venom Tide - 515SuDeVeTi

©2025 BrazenWolfe Tabletop, All Rights Reserved, Permission Granted to copy for personal use.

The fisherfolk of Starbrook were renowned for their ability to land the biggest fishes using their traditional rods and nets. But when their nets come back empty and destroyed, their rods break and their bellies go empty for weeks at end there is a problem.

Something large and dark stirs within the water and the rising tides of the wet season are meant to bring a flurry of fish. But when a fisherfolk is attacked at the water's edge while bringing in the only full net they've had in weeks they call for help. Will the party land this catch or will they be left empty handed in the village of Starbrook?

DM: (A large intelligent predatory creature has entered its breeding season and has started attacking fisherfolk who are catching its prey and venturing too close to its nest.)



The relentless rain had accompanied the party since their journey through the Messota Valley, drenching the towering trees that shed water like falling teardrops. A fellow traveller had warned them that the wet season was approaching and that Starbrook was known for having the best fish for sale. Yet, upon entering the bustling village,

crossing a fast-flowing river via a modest stone-and-wood bridge, they found themselves amid chaotic negotiations over fish that hardly lived up to their reputation. The supposed bounty was less impressive than anticipated, dampening their expectations.

Their true purpose lay beyond the marketplace, leading them to the merchant's hall in search of Rei. The middle-aged man wasted no time, greeting them in a hushed urgency before ushering them through corridors adorned with silken curtains into a small but functional room. Inside, a woman named Sil lay in bed, a healer tending to a fresh wound on her midsection. She had been fishing when a reinforced net, meant to withstand sharp rocks and lurking predators, had unexpectedly drawn the attention of something far more dangerous. Others had suffered broken rods and torn nets, but her injuries were the worst, signaling a dangerous shift in the predator's behaviour. Rei's tone grew grave as he explained that whatever was lurking beneath the waters was no longer merely preying on the fish, it was targeting the villagers. With trade agreements hanging precariously in the balance, he turned to the party with a determined question: Were they the ones who could hunt this beast before it was too late?

DM: (Although aware that there were problems the party didn't have much information before coming to Starbrook. While they don't really have a mayor or leader, Rei happens to be in charge of most of the larger mercantile contracts. Refer to **515MoRiTi**)



Despite not being fully healed, Sil Kilnen insisted on leading the party to the site of her attack, unwilling to let her injuries slow their pursuit. Though mostly human, the slight points of her ears and her effortless movement through the tangled undergrowth hinted at a deep connection to the wilds. She navigated fallen logs and dense brush with ease, though a misjudged landing caused her to momentarily clutch at her wounded midsection. Brushing off concerns, she urged them forward, her golden-highlighted curls soon secured in a tight bun against the persistent rain. As they pressed on, the forest's leeches eagerly sought out the party's legs, but none could latch onto Sil, who moved with practiced precision toward the river.

Upon reaching the riverbank, Sil abruptly halted, her gaze narrowing on the shifting shoreline. What had once been the water's edge had noticeably receded, an unnatural occurrence considering the ongoing rain and the onset of the wet season. With her filleting knife in hand, she cautiously advanced, revealing to the party where the attack had taken place and where she suspected the creature had lurked. Strangely, the deep part of the river had diminished into a stagnant pool, its flow reduced to a mere trickle. Broken rods and torn nets littered the shallows, tangled among branches and weeds along the water's edge. Observing the

sluggish downstream flow, Sil exhaled, determination setting in. Their hunt would not begin here. First, they needed to uncover what was obstructing the water, only then could they continue the search.



DM: (Sil has a lot of difficulty with moving how she normally does but she wishes to be rid of the creature that attacked her. If asked she will refer to being dragged into the water before something but at her side catching mainly her fishing leathers before this burning sensation caused her to lose consciousness. Refer to **515TuSiKi**)

The party finally traced the source of the disrupted water to a crude yet effective dam in the middle of the stream. The obstruction had caused the wet season river to swell, flooding an established pool and submerging tree trunks that had once marked the river's edge. As they surveyed the water, their attention was drawn to leaves drifting across the surface—a seemingly innocuous sight amidst the swirling currents. But then they noticed that some branches moved unnaturally, resisting the flow as though something unseen clung to them beneath the water.

Sil spotted the anomaly moments later, her voice sharp with urgency. Declaring that the creature that had attacked her was trapped within the branches, she scrambled up the dam's sturdier sections, ascending a rocky outcrop with practiced agility. The others followed as she swiftly cast a weighted silken rope toward the branches. The moment it struck true, the rope went taut, and Sil was nearly yanked into the water, barely managing to brace herself against a nearby tree. The creature's strength was far greater than she had remembered. As the party joined the struggle, they could feel the sheer force of their unseen opponent. Minutes passed before they finally



gained ground, only for the tension to suddenly snap, sending them sprawling into the soaked earth. Expecting a monstrous fish, they hauled in the branch, only to find it stripped clean, its bark scarred with saw-like markings. As they examined it, the surface of the water broke—the gleam of two watchful eyes emerging as the creature inched closer.

DM: (The creature is a huge freshwater octopus that has a venomous bite which even melts through materials. Refer to **515WeLaCa**)

The churning surface of the water conceals the threat until it's too late. As the party moves cautiously along the dam's edge without warning the water explodes in a torrent of writhing limbs. A giant beaked face is revealed as tentacles erupt from the surface, the powerful tentacles snaking across the rocky outcrop, searching with terrifying speed while two intelligent eyes watch from the water's surface - A scorch-venom Octopus.

DM: (Refer to the map on the next page and refer to **515ThMeRi**. The Scorch-venom octopus is a cunning predator who will flee when they realise their life is at threat where it will hide amongst rocks and debris at the rivers bottom. It's a very challenging creature as it will use its ink cloud to hide and attack from hiding when able to.)

One limb crashes down, splintering a nearby log, while another coils around a startled adventurer, dragging them toward the water's murky depths. The sheer strength of the creature sends ripples through the flooded river, turning the once-passive pool into a swirling battlefield. A tentacle lashes out, striking against the embankment, sending mud and debris flying as the party scrambles to react. Blades flash, arrows soar, but the octopus is relentless- tentacles darting and striking, forcing them into retreat. The creature does not fully reveal itself, remaining half-submerged, its gleaming eyes watching with cold intelligence as it picks its targets. One by one, adventurers struggle against its grip, narrowly escaping its crushing grasp.

