

Felkirk's Foot Traffic - 525SuFeFoTr

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When the first feet hit the streets it was already too late, the invasion was already on the way. The streets are flooded with silent steps as the scouts and cutthroat rushed through the streets to sew chaos. But the invasion force didn't plan on a group of adventurers being in the city, nor plan on them taking charge in the efforts to route out the base of operations for these invaders.

DM: (The Party is resting in Felkirk while they prepare for this next adventure when the port-city is invaded by an external force. This adventure is part 1 in three and focuses on the party disrupting the messaging and chaos-sewing actions on the streets near the docks that the invaders are creating.)



From the quiet hum of a city settling into night, the sudden eruption of cries and hurried footsteps shattered the calm. The stone-paved streets outside echoed with the sounds of chaos. What began as distant noise

turned grim when the tavern door burst open and a bloodied night watchman was hurled through, his chest marked by deep knife wounds. With laboured breath, he gasped a warning: someone had seized control of the streets. His words barely fell from his lips before he collapsed unconscious, overcome by his injuries.

Beyond the threshold, the streets churned with masked figures darting between shadowed alleyways and the bodies of guards who lay still and silent in the frost-bitten dark. From this grim tableau emerged a scene of ruthless precision. A cloaked assailant tackled a guard, driving a blade into him with practiced ease. The suddenness of it all was staggering. Realizing their act had been witnessed, the killer charged toward the onlookers with unwavering speed, her movements sharp with deadly intent. Yet it was merely the opening stroke. From the dim edges of the street, her allies circled in, ready to strike while her presence held the gaze of those in her path.

DM: (This encounter should be a relatively straightforward, **Moderate encounter**, with a leader creature and a few minions who try to flank for the leader. Refer to **525MoNiSiFe**)

The last enemy barely hit the ground before the sharp rhythm of armoured boots echoed through the air, announcing the arrival of a night watch patrol rounding the corner. A forest of drawn weapons glinted beneath torchlight as the guards swept in, taking in the aftermath of the fight. One among them, a young woman with a spear and a stern scar, stepped forward. Her bobbed blonde hair barely masked the jagged scar that ran across her face, a mark of survival that framed her demand: an invitation cloaked as an order to follow her to the new captain.

As the group was hurried through city streets bristling with tension, it was clear the conflict was far from over. Faint sounds hinted at deeper unrest; shouts, crashing masonry, the rumble of distant explosions. Lieutenant

Cinella Tanner, as she later introduced herself, briefed them grimly: their stand was the first reported success against a larger, coordinated assault, one that had already claimed high-ranking lives and levelled the city's barracks. The reception at the new command post was anything but warm. Captain Svene Unwik, blistering with frustration and unwilling to entertain civilian aid, dismissed them without a word. Cinella's return was tight-lipped, her fury quiet but focused as she led them away, once again swallowed by the unrest clinging to the city's bones.



DM: (Defeated in spirit but not in cause Lieutenant Cinella starts to think about what she can do to stop the invaders and she is sure that the party can help. She starts to take them back a longer way to buy her more time to think of a plan. Refer to **525TuCoSt**)

Tension clung to the edges of Market Street as Lieutenant Cinella led the way back toward the Lost Anchor Inn. Her earlier fury ebbed with each step, replaced by a steely focus. Weapon in hand, she and her watchful escorts scanned the path ahead for the tell-tale signs of their masked foes. The scent of danger lingered in the stillness of the merchant alleyways, heavy with the possibility of another ambush. Pausing near the alley's mouth, Cinella cast a glance back and confessed her frustration that their help had been dismissed, remarking that the infiltrators had to be nearby, given their swift and silent movements. Their conversation was cut short by the hurried passage of four cloaked figures racing past the alley and vanishing eastward. The speed of their flight confirmed what Cinella both feared and hoped. The enemy's base of operations was close. Wasting no time, she disguised her armour beneath a dark cloak, exchanged her spear for a blade, and prepared to blend in. Her request for aid came solemnly, acknowledging the personal risk she was taking. Before any answer could be given, opportunity knocked in the form of a lone operative slipping out of a nearby shop and sauntering down the street. With caution and luck, this could be the lead they needed to uncover the heart of the enemy's presence.

DM: (Certain actions can be taken here to follow the infiltrators which have the party following their instincts, survival and tracking skills or just using their perception to locate their quarry. Stealth and finesse are also crucial in this situation. Refer to **525WeFoInBa**.)



The dim glow of lanterns spilled from crooked wall sconces inside the nondescript warehouse, casting long shadows across barrels, scattered bedrolls,

and stacked crates. Through the dusty glass panes, subtle movement betrayed the presence of figures within; furtive gestures over maps, the muted scrape of boots on timber. There was no mistaking it. This was the hub they had been hunting.

Cinella crouched beneath a window, her breath visible in the chill, eyes narrowed as she counted the silhouettes. Just as a plan began to form, a sharp creak from a nearby shutter gave them away. One of the infiltrators inside turned too suddenly, eyes catching a glimpse of movement. A muffled alarm went up. The warehouse doors burst open and several cloaked shapes spilled into the street like ink across parchment, blades flashing in the dark.

DM: (Refer to the map on the next page as well as **525ThFeSt**. The encounter should be **Challenging to Very Challenging** as the party have to face off against the boss, several minions/footmen and even some specialist units who may jump in to defend the hideout. Refer to **525FrFoRuSh**)

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