



THE SPIDER SILK SEAMSTRESS

Among academics, Sir Richard Harlowe was a well-regarded, if eccentric, scholar of folklore—known for his vivid storytelling and far-fetched theories. To Hargrave House, he was a trusted friend whose expertise in Fae lore and magic proved invaluable on numerous occasions. The news of his sudden death comes as a shock—even more, the manner of his passing. Sir Richard's body was found at his desk, strangely hollowed and preserved, wrapped head to toe in delicate silver thread. What's more, he was set to present a summary of his life's work at the Blue Feather Society, a private salon where curious minds explore the more esoteric subjects not discussed in formal institutions. Sir Richard was convinced that creatures of the Fae realm, or "the Other Crowd," had infiltrated London, and he supposedly had new evidence to support his theory.

Ms. Abigail Walker, chair of the Blue Feather Society, reveals that Sir Richard had been courting Hazel Beaumont, a mysterious seamstress whose magnificent fashion designs—and, apparently her company—have proved irresistible to a number of London's artistic and academic elite. Each of her other suitors have also vanished, though no bodies have turned up.

Pose the following to the hunter with the highest Sensitivity (or whoever you choose in the case of a tie): Hargrave House is familiar enough with Fae magic to recognize its manifestations in the manner of Sir Richard's death. How do you know that Ms. Beaumont is no human, but a dangerous Fae creature in disguise?

Questions & Opportunities ?

HOW IS THE CREATURE ENSNARING HER VICTIMS? (Complexity: 4)

Resolve the Threat by allowing a hunter to be lured by the seamstress as bait, then capturing or destroying her.

WHAT IS THE CREATURE'S TRUE NAME? (Complexity: 6)

Resolve the Threat by learning the creature's true name, gaining power over her and dismantling the binding rituals which sustain her in the human realm. Fae names can take many forms—ask the players if it is: a fleeting series of images, a song or poem, a word unknown to human tongues, or something else.

WHAT DOES THE CREATURE TRULY WANT? (Complexity: 8)

Resolve the Threat by striking a bargain with the creature in accordance with ancient Fae customs. Ask the hunters what it is, or choose from the following:

- The hunters declare who is under their protection—even suggesting alternative targets— and allow the seamstress to continue her work.
- The hunters establish a Fae embassy, helping to integrate with human society—the creature will not kill other humans, so long as she is not threatened.
- The hunters assist the creature in a ritual that opens a passage back to the Fae realm—she will depart, as long as one of the group goes with her (narrate an epilogue where that hunter retires).

So long as this agreement is kept, Hargrave House has access to the custom move Draw the Veil (see Rewards).

The Mask of Glamour

- ☐ Each hunter narrates a flashback to a time when they peered through the veil and glimpsed another world beyond this one.

The Weaver

Mistress Beaumont is a fashionable middle-aged seamstress of captivating beauty, layered in fine silk veils, scarves, and extravagant gowns. But this is a facade. Beneath hides the Weaver, a spider queen from the Fae realm who conceals her true shape with glamour. Newly emerged in London, the Weaver has taken up the role of a reclusive seamstress, catering to the desires of the wealthy, feeding on their affection and binding them with promises to maintain her dwindling powers. When she no longer has a use for them, she wraps them in a final cocoon of silk and displays their desiccated corpses in her parlor as permanent members of her growing court. While she favors the more subtle tactics of mesmerizing her victims, the Weaver is deadly if cornered or faced alone. A single hunter would be no match for her many swift limbs, paralyzing venom, and mastery of binding magic.

Quote: "My followers all have exceptional taste, never settling for the drab and mundane things of this world. They come to me because I offer a chance to be transformed into the person they always dreamed of. Tell me, what does your heart truly desire?"

IF HARGRAVE HOUSE IGNORES THE CREATURE...

More influential persons will disappear or become bound in her web of manipulation. Allies may become unwitting enemies, interfering with the work of Hargrave House. The Weaver seeks to recreate her own Fae court within London by binding and collecting the most beautiful specimens, especially those with an inclination to the avant garde or the supernatural—perhaps their predisposition to the ephemeral makes them more easily ensnared.

Moments

A pair of dapper gentlemen draw stares as they emerge from a private carriage, their suits shimmering with unearthly hues in the lamplight.

A prize rose bush, enveloped in spider webs; something flutters inside.

The sounds of a lavish party from a distant balcony. Glimpses of colorful lanterns, costumed dancers, mesmerizing layers of music.

An elderly bachelor dines alone, gazing vacantly out of a restaurant window as each course is placed before him and removed again, untouched.

A veiled heiress in shimmering satin laughs theatrically at the jokes of her entranced suitors.

High on a wrought-iron gate, a struggling monarch butterfly breaks free from a spiderweb, but soon spirals to the ground, its wings still trailing gossamer thread.

Dangers

THE SISTERS SENDULLA

Twin assistants to the seamstress. Always seen together, only at night. Always wearing veils of black lace, elbow-length satin gloves, and iridescent ribbons which seem to move on their own. They work with ferocious speed, producing a full dress or suit in a single day. They work even faster on any prospective "models" who catch their eye—a hunter with the Condition **Most-Beloved** will draw their attention immediately, and find it nearly impossible to avoid being pursued.

Quote: "Aren't you a pretty one? A pity about those clothes. You should meet our mistress—what a vision you'd be, once she's worked her magic on you!"

CAUGHT IN THE WEB

Encounters with Mistress Beaumont, however fleeting, expose the unwary to her Fae spells of binding and manipulation. These are subtle at first, leaving a dream-like impression and a desire to see her again. Later one may be compelled to seek out her services, or offer gifts to gain her favor. Inevitably, victims are marked by her touch, allowing her to observe them from afar, steal memories, and draw upon their hearts innermost desires like the strings of a puppet. Direct encounters may inflict the Conditions: **Infatuated, Mesmerized, Obsessive.**

Locations

SIR RICHARD'S FLAT

Books and papers stacked from floor to ceiling, a nest surrounding a mahogany writing desk. Dusty cabinet of curiosities, artifacts from a lifetime of travel. Simple wardrobe of plain tweed suits. A bed rarely slept in.

Paint the Scene: *Sir Richard was clearly obsessed with his work. What signs indicate he had uncovered new proof of his theories?*

SAVILE ROW

Vibrant, bustling storefronts. Tailors laboring by lamplight. Relentless displays of luxury and excess.

Paint the Scene: *They say a perfect fit makes you feel like a new person. How do the wares on display tempt you to reinvent yourself, even assume a new identity?*

KEW GARDENS

Winding paths and secluded benches. Lush arboretum blooming with rare flowers. Towering glass greenhouse—a wonder of modern architecture.

Paint the Scene: *The gardens are a world of their own—a marvel to behold. As you pass beyond the walls, what gives you the sense that you've entered another realm?*

AN APOTHECARY

Elegant, gold-trimmed facade. Tall windows lit by filigree lanterns. Rows of glass and ceramic jars loom over a dark stained counter. A gilded green sign lists treatments and remedies for those chasing youth, or staving off the inevitable.

Paint the Scene: *What modern afflictions are treated here? What remedies only offer false promises?*

THE MIDSUMMER MASQUERADE

Dazzling mirrored lanterns. A maze of statuary and potted plants. A swirling throng of costumed revelers dance masked at midnight.

Paint the Scene: *Guests travel from afar to attend this event each year, each one more beautiful than the last. What love interest or old acquaintance do you hope to meet here by chance?*

MISTRESS BEAUMONT'S PRIVATE WORKSHOP

Dozens of lamps hang from the ceiling, their flickering light seeking to escape. Shelves overflow with cascading bolts of expensive cloth, walls overgrown with grasping vines and withered flowers. Suits and gowns of exquisite craftsmanship line the room, connected by faint silvery thread and frozen in uncanny human gestures—instead of mannequins, they are posed on the hollow bodies of former suitors.

Paint the Scene: *The bodies dressed and preserved here have been arranged with obsessive attention to detail. How does their presentation mimic the setting of a Fae court?*

Side Characters

ABIGAIL WALKER, A FRIEND OF SIR RICHARD

Tightly bound hair and stiff posture. Severe expression over tiny spectacles. Smokes a black briar calabash pipe. As Chair of the Blue Feather Society, she frequently exchanged letters with Sir Richard, debating his more outlandish theories. She did not approve of his courting Ms. Beaumont.

Quote: *"Of course, his theories were nonsense. But we all loved him for those outrageous stories. If only he'd had a thimble-full of good judgement, he'd still be with us."*

CHARLES WORTHINGTON, A TEXTILE MERCHANT

Slick hair. Overpowering cologne. Twinkling blue eyes. Charming to no end, praising the virtues of his fabrics and the fine taste of his customers in the same breath—but bears a grudge against Ms. Beaumont for dismissing his wares as inadequate for her needs.

Quote: *"I don't know how Ms Beaumont achieves that shimmering effect, but I assure you it's nothing but a cheap trick. Now, if it's something dazzling you're after, might I suggest some Bengal silk in this striking lily pattern..."*

MANIK CHANDRA, A COACHMAN

Impeccably maintained carriage, uniform, and moustache. Far more observant than he lets on. Always has a book on hand for long waits, and sometimes feigns a poor grasp of English to avoid tedious banter—or to eavesdrop on loose-tongued passengers.

Quote: *"Day and night, one grand house to another, the rich are all the same—but one would be shocked to learn the things they trust to a servant's discretion."*

Side Characters

JENNIE SNELL, A SERVANT GIRL

Wild curly locks, simple dress with pockets, haunted expression. Blind since birth, she is deft and nimble with her hands. Once apprenticed to the seamstress but ran away.

Quote: *"Work for her? I did the best I could. She scarce let me sleep, though. I never want to hear that horrid singing of hers again." (shivers)*

VIOLET THORNE, A DAME

Dour expression. Scathing wit. Most extravagant hat in the room. Lady Thorne has patronized the fashion scene since the first storefronts opened, witnessing the rise and fall of countless aspiring fortune-seekers far more notable than yourself—so trust her when she says something strange is afoot.

Quote: *"Yes, yes, mysteries abound! It's a miracle I haven't tripped over any this morning, with only this cane to keep me from tumbling to an untimely and tragic demise. Now, find me a barman in this vicinity capable of serving brandy without a dead fly garnish, and we'll have solved something for the newspapers to write about."*

ORRIN BLACKWOOD, A PLAYWRIGHT

Magnificent nest of feathery hair. Bright silk vest. Ink-stained fingers. Always has paper on hand, prone to spontaneous poetry. Mainstream audiences are "incapable of understanding" his work; instead he hopes to see his finest play performed as the finale of the Midsummer Masquerade.

Quote: *"I do believe the Fae walk among us, and indeed inspire our greatest works—I like to imagine that Shakespeare performed his Midsummer play for Oberon's court..."*

SYLVIA BELLEROSE, A SOCIALITE

Statuesque in corset and shawl. Extravagant jewelry, heavy eyeshadow. Silver cigarette holder, posed dramatically. An amateur occultist and voracious gossip, she is rumored to have had a fling with one of the Sendulla sisters, yet somehow managed to survive on amicable terms.

Quote: *"...hadn't even heard of the Symbolists, can you imagine? I said, darling, if it doesn't have the power to utterly consume me, body and soul, what's the point?"*

VINCENT POMEROY, A BACHELOR

Obnoxious perfume. Overpriced, ill-fitting suit. Woeful expression. Perpetually unmarried, he follows the advice of every advertisement in Gentleman's Magazine to improve his appearance and prospects. Has heard of a seamstress whose suits have no rival.

Quote: *"I take upon myself every improvement a gentleman should, but I fear it is no use—perhaps I am cursed with ill fortune."*

SWAPAN TAGORE, A CHEMIST

Bright smile. Crisp white collar, stained apron. Fidgets when standing still. Both a skilled practitioner and shrewd businessman, he simply offers the services his customers demand—not every new balm and elixir has its advertised effect, but he could have told them that, if they cared to listen. Not above dealing in questionable goods, in order to settle a family debt.

Quote: *"Of course my treatments are effective! Do you take me for some mere hawker of miracle cures? Now, as I was saying, the best thing to lift your spirits is a fresh cocaine tonic—or pills, if you prefer."*

Custom Move

DRAW THE VEIL

When you invoke the powers of the Fae realm to obscure the true nature of a person, object, or situation, roll with Presence.

On a 10+, your deception goes unnoticed. Roll with advantage when acting to maintain it.

On a 7-9, as above, but an unknown Fae entity takes interest in your actions.

On a miss, you unknowingly violate an obscure aspect of Fae etiquette. Take the Condition Trespasser until you make amends.



Clues



- ☐ Curious silver spiderwebs appearing in unlikely places.
- ☐ A crude iron ornament, markedly out of place when worn or displayed alongside more precious materials.
- ☐ Sealed jar containing spider husks, bundled herbs, and a patch of human skin.
- ☐ Letter of apology from an apothecary; a rare and unusual ingredient is no longer available.
- ☐ A crimson silk corset or vest, interior lined with thorns—a set of matching gloves bear tiny, near-invisible hooks across the palms and fingers.
- ☐ A trail of moths fluttering about at midday, drawn toward an open window.
- ☐ An unopened love letter, penned on luxurious imported paper.
- ☐ A curious pattern stitched on the inside of a jacket in silver thread.
- ☐ A Side Character complains of frequently getting lost near Savile Row, stumbling across the same storefront display each time.
- ☐ A bouquet of roses wrapped in a fine silk scarf, fresh but curiously preserved.
- ☐ A Side Character is obsessed with the latest avant-garde fashion craze. (*What is it?*)
- ☐ Overdue bill for an expensive suit or gown; a handwritten note in spidery letters warns the customer that “nothing worthwhile is without cost, and the price must be paid.”
- ☐ A letter calling off a marital engagement: “I regret that no worldly explanation could suffice.”
- ☐ A severed human hand, dessicated but well-preserved, wedding ring intact.
- ☐ A book of fairy tales, bound in pale blue leather and silver embossing. Comments and corrections are scrawled in the margins in an elegant script of unknown language.
- ☐ A midnight carriage bearing a green lantern, its window curtains drawn, passing at breakneck speed.
- ☐ A trail of finely-tailored clothing—outer layers, then undergarments—cast away without care.
- ☐ An everyday object, typically crafted from iron or other metal, has been replaced with wood or bone.
- ☐ An oddly placed indoor garden, grown wild—roots and vines twisting eagerly around antique furniture.
- ☐ Moonlight lingers brightly along a specific path, and nowhere else.



Rewards



- ☐ Flawless suit or gown, somehow perfectly tailored to your measurements; add it to your Personal Quarters.
- ☐ Sir Richard's silver rimmed monocle. Allows the wearer to see through a disguise or spot a hidden Clue. Add it to your Personal Quarters.
- ☐ Music box, inscribed Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy—however, the tune it plays is unrecognizable, causing strange dreams and delirious visions. Add it to your Personal Quarters.
- ☐ A Venetian mask painted with crescent moons and stars. The world appears more colorful through its eyes, but may cause temporary blindness if worn too long. Add it to your Personal Quarters.

