Since time immemorial, mankind and the gods of antiquity have held an uneasy relationship. Plague, famine, natural disaster-their displeasure has been remembered in myth and legend for aeons. What is often less well recorded is the magnitude of their battle against the Titans, their progenitors and ancient foes. Whether the roiling bones of the earth or the frosted breath of ancient winter, each Titan in its greater aspect was a concept born at the beginning of all existence incarnated as a plane of existence driven by the urge to self-propagate limitlessly. More force of nature than sentient being, each Titan boasted a handful of avatars personifying certain overriding facets-each a powerful being on par with the greatest of gods, but similarly warped by their progenitor's primal urges.

In due time, the gods retreated from the world. With the advent of human civilisation came chains of Fate that threatened to set pantheons against each other, or through faith change them beyond all recognition. Safe in the Overworld, a plane of limitless potential from which all divine life springs, only seldomly do the gods now visit mankind in mortal guise.

All that has changed with a single event: The escape of the Titans. Sundering their prison in the Underworld and damaging the realms of the dead, the Titans have reentered the Overworld for revenge and the reclamation of their rule. As war breaks out in the heavens, the Titans have begun seeding the world with their spawn. But the gods, compulsive meddlers themselves, have a recourse for such things.

Heracles. Onamuji. Sigurd. Many are those sired by the gods, but it takes a formal visitation from a deity to awaken their nascent powers. And now, you have an opportunity to be among the lucky few-for the war goes poorly enough for the heavens above, that increasingly gods resort to siring new children with mortals in order to create new worthy champions to their causes. Bound by fate, blessed and cursed by the expected duties of your pantheon as it guards against both its rivals and the encroaching Titans, like them you will come define and be defined by the legend of yourself as it resounds the age. For such is the fate of a

Scion (1st edition)

You have ten years to discover where destiny begins and inheritance ends. Take 1000 Choice Points (CP) and embrace life among the divine. You may be any human age or gender. You may start anywhere, in any nation of the modern world.

Origins

Each of these origins includes a specific background that may be considered a true Drop-In origin.

Scion: Born from the gods, whether out of love, caprice or necessity, it is your destiny to contend against the offspring of the Titans as well as the machinations of rival pantheons. Though little may differ about you to the average man on the street for now, the divine ichor awakened by your parents' visitation leaves you capable of great strength, wisdom and charm beyond mortals-usually with a tendency to favour the approach which your parent favoured, but not always. Beyond that, you have the capacity to use the divine power of Purviews: The fundamental forces that define the world, exercised when Zeus casts a thunderbolt or Balder lightens up the world with his natural charm. For like the gods, you can channel the power of Legend: A measure of your mythic weight and divine glory that shapes the very fabric of reality. Long-lived and healthy as you are by mortal standards, it is by advancing your Legend that you can one day attain the true eternal nature of the gods by replacing your physical body entirely with divine ichor. The glory of larger-than-life deeds and setting an example virtuous in the eyes of your pantheon restores your Legend while gradually advancing your apotheosis, which can in turn be used to fuel your miracles-and while heroic feats are required to truly improve your attunement to divine forces, the pool of divine glory from which you can draw from at a certain stage of advancement also gradually refills over time-refilling

Later you will have the opportunity to determine the degree to which triumph and achievement have brought out the legacy of your divine blood, but know that if Fate doesn't send adventure your way, the gods will. While much differs between the many pantheons of the world, all expect a certain degree of participation in the war against the Titans. The following are among the most influential pantheons still active in the war, from which you can choose freely to be descended from a member of.

Your starting age is

1. **The Pesedjet:** Among the oldest, if not necessarily the wisest, of the pantheons are those who claim a legacy that goes back over 7000 years, and a legend entwined with the banks of the Nile river. From Atum-Re (or as he became known as since Isis conned him out of his true name, Ra) whose barque marks the travel of the suns, to Anubis who serves as judge of the Underworld every Egyptian deity is deeply concerned with *ma'at*: A form of cosmic justice expressed through social order. Scions of the Pesedjet are often expected to express similar dedication and dispassionate enforcement of the order the Pesedjet uphold, though of course in a position of authority and respect commensurate with being their parent's hand in the mortal world. It is imperative to the Pesedjet that everyone must know his or her place, and each post must be filled with the right person. The Pesedjet's greatest strength is their experience with imposing long-lasting order in a chaotic world. Their greatest weakness is commitment to stability at any

cost, preferring minimally disruptive solutions and trusting in old patterns to maintain the status quo.

2. **The Dodekatheon:** For such a well-known pantheon, the gods of Olympus have had a murky slew of origins since they became prominent among the Greeks 4000 years ago, yet continued evolving as a pantheon for several millennia after. In one area are they united: A yearning, and appreciation for personal excellence in service to humanity known as *Arete*. It is as important, in the Dodekatheon's eyes, for most humans to know their place as it is for some to rise above their stations and create new patterns of individuality within mankind as a community. But do not be mistaken-the pursuit of excellence for them can and has led to complacency, caprice and arrogance as much as it has diligence-encompassing Ares' bloodlust and Aphrodite's fickle whims, as well as Athena's impartial wisdom and Hades' diligence. The most recently favoured Scions of this pantheon are invested with tremendous trust and the belief they can truly change the world, even as history and mythology have given many examples of those who succumbed to ruin and damnation. The Dodekatheon's greatest strength is its willingness to rise to the challenge, exalting human and divine endeavour against the Titans' machinations. It's greatest weakness is the crippling hubris many of its members suffer, truly believing they can win out against the inevitability of Fate.

3. **The Aesir:** They come from the land of the ice and snow. The Aesir are, at once grimly steadfast in their ordained roles come Ragnarok, but also passionate and expressive. The Aesir promote communal stability as a hedge against the harshness of the world, yet also emphasise personal rights and individual honour-going so far as to seek justice for a single person, in defiance of family and nation. Boisterous and warlike, the Aesir salute their own Scions' quests to seek improvement and justice in life even as they hope their children can help avert Ragnarok: The prophesised ending of the nine worlds that compose their divine realm. The Aesir's greatest strength is its combination of independence and tribal loyalty, with mighty warriors such as Thor cooperating seamlessly with spellcasters such as Frigg (also known as Freya) and even the dour warden Hel against both their divine rivals and Titanic foes. Apart from their old rivals the Vanir the Aesir have interbred with many frost giants despite the giants' status as Titanspawn of Ymir, the Titan of Frost who Odin and his brothers slew aeons ago-resulting in allies such as the noble Skadi, and the infamous trickster Loki who stands as an exception to many if not all of the Aesir's values. Their greatest weakness is a fondness for aggressive solutions and as a result a great many enemies, as well as an obsession with the Fate that binds them deeper than most pantheons which leads to them asking for prophecies from nearly everyone.

4. **The Atzlanti:** The Aztec gods have no name for their pantheon since their murky emergence between 3000 to 4000 years ago, gaining their name from other divine tribes. Those divine tribes also frequently complain they are capricious and cruel in a way they are not, being literally thirsty for blood from the sacrifices their supplicants once offered up to them-sometimes

animal, all too often human. To the Atzlanti, continuity is all. The preservation of the sun and moon's ordained cycle, the shining of the stars on their proper schedule-it is the maintenance and defence of these facets of the natural world that the Atzlanti use to justify their sacrifices, and even other pantheons acknowledge their methods-though distasteful-have proven effective in the past. There is even some individuality beneath their practices; while Huitzilopochtli's thirst for blood was (in)famous from the practices of his chosen people the Aztecs and Tezcatlipoca is the pantheon's bringer of discord and vice, Tlazolteotl delights in sweeping aside both physical and emotional filth while Quetzalcoatl sincerely encourages mortals to live joyfully, create beauty and achieve their highest ambitions. While Atzlanti Scions are often thus given great leeway by deities unconcerned with the future, an undercurrent of unease stems from the value of one's child as a sacrifice. It is unclear to the other deities how much of this is genuine necessity and how much a crippling addiction; Huitzilopochtli seemingly needs buckets of blood for his great workings while Quetzalcoatl seems to only need a drop for most.

5. **The Amatsukami:** Ruled by the solar goddess Amaterasu, the Amatsukami are the heavenly divinities of ancient Japan. While they themselves frequently claim to have ruled "forever", other tribes estimate their age as somewhere between the Dodekatheon and the Aesir. The Amatsukami's focus is on the continuity of nature and it's interactions between the living and non-living, all to create beauty formed by states of change. No action is truly separate from any others in their eyes, and to properly balance individuality and community to cooperate with nature is to better have the whole serve divinity. Amaterasu herself personifies the archaic, stately honour which the Amatsukami hold as paramount in all interactions-and this focus on personal dignity is why after all these years, the divine father Izanagi comports himself with tremendous regret for his behaviour to his wife Izanami. All too often their own members fall short of this ideal-such as the boisterous, violent and ugly Raiden or the fiery-tempered Susano-O. The Amatsukami's greatest strength is its genius for multi-layered, "ecological" solutions to complex problems which often keep it's Scions out of the conflicts entrapping those of other pantheons. It's greatest weakness is the time it takes for them to be implemented and tendency to avoid the most direct route due to the gods' wish to perfect their solution, as well as their overwhelming rigidity in terms of social decorum.

6. **The Loa:** The Loa are all the divinities of ancient West Africa, transported through slavery to the Caribbean and Americas. Gods only a few hundred years rub shoulders with gods who have existed for millennia. Each deity in turn can call on an array of spirits, minor divinities and borrowed Catholic saints (nobody's *quite sure* what's going on with those last ones), to the mockery of more elitist pantheons. But the Loa brush aside such mockery, for their priority is on building thriving communities full of peace, prosperity and happiness rather than worrying about the greater state of the cosmos. As a growing pantheon the Loa remain personally in touch with an active community for worshippers, and in their eyes one prosperous village or town is a far greater achievement than saving or destroying the world. The

rambunctious Baron Samedi even forgoes disguising himself to attend his own celebration in the mortal world, while thunder-lord Shango defends justice wherever he goes. Even Legba, keeper of the spirit gate and Damballa, father of the Loa are fond of having their mortal vessels do party tricks. Needless to say Scions of the Loa are treated with immense respect, honour and familial affection given the Loa's belief their pantheon has not yet finished growing, and their greatest strength is a compassion between deities and worshippers alike uncommon in most pantheons. Their greatest weakness could be that this same compassion wears at their hearts when their worshippers come under attack.

7. **The Tuatha De Dannan:** 4000 years ago to hear them tell it, the Tuatha came to Ireland from Tir na nOg, the Land of Eternal Youth. Several successions of immigrants had already come to that land, from races of men claiming descent before the Biblical Flood to the vile Fomorians: Deformed, hideous creations of the Titans with the occasional beautiful throwback. The Tuatha De Dannan were forged in battle with the Fomorians, with tactics ranging from the proud Dagda's hotblooded mastery of warfare to the seduction that resulted in Lugh being sired from a daughter of Balor. Fierce-tempered, proud and noble, many conflicts between the Tuatha and other pantheons derive from their responsibility towards their mortal followers and the poor treatment other deities practice by comparison. The Tuatha uphold personal responsibility and independence, scorning cowards, weaklings and shirkers-yet also highly prize artistic ability, and perhaps fear Fate more than the Aesir due to the lack of deities among them who can work directly with prophecy despite being similarly bound to it. This extends to good treatment of their Scions-pushing them to grow and seek great deeds in battle, even as they shower them in hospitality, praise and divine gifts so long as the Scions prove worthy of their expectations. The Tuatha's greatest strength is their strict code of conduct preventing inviting between them. Their greatest weakness is an overconfidence and tendency to solve problems by running at them screaming.

8. **The Celestial Bureaucracy:** Hundreds of thousands of deities, or *shen,* make up the Chinese pantheon, forming a Celestial Bureaucracy that supervises both mortal life and universal concepts. Over the millennia the original 8 ministries have expanded over time due to necessity or bureaucratic infighting, though all consistently answer to the executive post of Jade Emperor. Deeply entrenched in their practices is the belief that all existence partakes of one indefinable essence-the Dao-which manifests as contrasting principles such as darkness and light. The doctrine adhered to by the Chinese gods thereby forms a set of rules enabling people to live in harmony with each other, as well as the benign order of the universe. Obedience of authority is balanced with passion found in the heat of battle and love, and many gods of the Celestial Bureaucracy were actually mortal Scions gladly inducted into the bureaucracy's ranks for their dutiful service. While Guan Yi, Lord of the Magnificent Beard is touted as a success story to the Celestial Bureaucracy's ways, many of its older deities behave in more lackadaisical fashion. Fuxi for example does not typically wear his serpentine form when personally advancing human welfare and culture, and the rambunctious Monkey King

Sun Wukong's journey from Titanspawn to God was so turbulent that many shen believe Hundun itself created him-while just as many enjoy watching him flout the pantheon's decorum. The Celestial Bureaucracy's strength is a combination of seniority, sheer numbers and logistic aptitude that has let them face the onslaught of multiple Titans at once when the treacherous water god Gongong broke the sky. Ironically, it's greatest weakness is its own bureaucracy sometimes getting in the way of anything being done.

9. **The Devas:** Deities of the Indian subcontinent that esteem order and harmony, the Devas toil diligently to instil their ancient understanding of the world in their believers to achieve a feat not easily attained even for a god: *Moksha,* liberation from life's cycle and even Fate itself. A longer perspective than many other pantheons has instilled in the Devas that their battle with the Titans is truly eternal and without an absolute victor-unless one were to separate oneself from the cycle itself. This is not to say the Devas do not live passionately in the present: Kali treads the edge of madness and beyond in personifying the destruction that renews the world, while despite falling out of practice the war god Indra renews his strength in anticipation for the Kali Yuga-an age of vice and strife the Devas see as part of a larger cycle, to the chagrin of other pantheons who believe more action should be taken as the danger of apocalypse looms. As for their Scions, the Devas view them with tremendous warmth; equal parts beloved children, future allies against the Titans and potential replacements in the pantheons. In many ways, as a pantheon the Devas have nothing but strengths. Ancient as their religion is, their religion is a major one in the modern world with adherents numbering nearly a billion strong, and a constant supply of new demigods to bolster the pantheon. It is the Devas who can boast the loudest about loyal subjects without resorting to fabrication or nostalgia. Perhaps the fear and envy mollified by respect that the other pantheons feel to the Devas is their only weakness-particularly the seething Atzlanti, openly hostile but stopping short of making such powerful enemies.

10. **The Yazata:** Their origins lost to time, the gods of Persia seldom speak of their origins and the only certainty is that they probably originated at the same time and area as the Devas of India. Once ruled by Ahura Mazda, god of light and truth, they fought against the lies of Ahriman throughout history. Under Ahura Mazda's rule the Yazata also made a point of preserving good relations with the minor divinities, demigods and lesser immortals in their territory-for Ahura Mazda accepted all in his fight against Ahriman. Since disappearing into the Overworld for centuries, Mithra of the sun has since taken Ahura's place of power. The Yazata concern themselves with transcendence, uplifting the world to a more righteous state befitting the example given by Ahura Mazda. In this manner the beautiful Anahita safeguards people and blesses fertility, while the covert moon goddess Mah dismantles corruption from within and Sraosha maintains an unshakeable dedication towards supporting and encouraging those around him. Much is expected of their Scions with regards to the Yazata's way of being, but in exchange they are more than willing to bestow advice and gifts to aid their offspring. The Yazata's greatest strength is their integrity and disciplined generosity. It's greatest weakness is an

inflexibility and self-righteousness that has sometimes made it difficult for them to work with other pantheons.

11. **The Yankee Pantheon:** Youngest of the pantheons, most of the Yankee Pantheon's members are less than 200 years old. But what they lack in experience and tradition, they make up for with innovation and the will to seek the next great breakthrough. Their members range from immigrants of other pantheons to local gods swept up into the pantheon's formation, to what are theorised as spontaneous products of the nation's collective ideals-especially beings such as Rosie the Riveter and Uncle Sam. Pecos Bill was never even born to anyone's knowledge, but simply rode in from the desert one day as the fully grown God of Cowboys. In some cases there is a degree of overlap: Columbia, sister to Britannia and Marianne as a former Scion of Athena, is a patron and travellers and protector of immigrants who optimistically supports those who pursue their dreams. The Yankee Gods favour Scions that show the same can-do, determined belief in the American Dream that they embody, helping those who prove willing and ready to help themselves. Their greatest strength is a firm desire to bring about a better future for both the individual as well as the community. Their greatest weakness is their tendency to sometimes narrowly define this community to exclude many of its owns members, leading to infighting-and a certain degree of isolation from other pantheons.

12. **The Allied Pantheons:** But the newly minted American deities weren't the only ones deeply affected by the Second World War. In Europe, a collection of nationalist deities banded together in cooperation against what seemed an existential threat to their followers, and like the American pantheon they comprised both folk heroes and older powers playing new roles. The British pantheon in particular is proud and stalwart, their aggressive colonialism having drawn some enmity from other pantheons but also leaving them footholds in many influential realms. Britannia, a Scion adopted by Athena and risen to godhood in her own right thousands of years ago, is austere and domineering as ruler of the British pantheon but also open to change and a well-loved ruler. By contrast Robin Hood plays the trickster of the pantheon, serving as a kind of opposition party to Britannia's decrees. As for the rest of Europe, Marianne-sister to Britannia-embodies the hopes of those during the French Revolution, and is prone to fits of both passion and rebellion. The Soviets in turn have suffered particularly terrific overhauls as a result of Veles invading the dreams of Vladimir Lenin while disguised in Perun's form, taking revenge on Perun defeating him in ages past by convincing Lenin that communism would transform Russia into a land of honour and justice. As a result while the Russian pantheon includes the Citizen, the faceless incarnation of the Soviet Union's ideal of communal patriotism, it also includes the Baba Yaga: A fickle and terrifying spirit who has been known to kill for transgressions of etiquette, and adheres strictly to the morality of an older world. The wars frequently found the Allied Pantheons wracked with desperation; too often Scions lacked the proper equipment, qualifications or loyalty-a lesson the pantheon has taken to heart. The Allied Pantheons' greatest strength is the unity and community they developed by necessity over multiple world wars. And apart from inexperience in the greater

movements of the cosmos, their greatest weakness is that many of their original pantheons were caught in a drastic upheaval reflecting those sweeping across the nations that once worshipped them.

13. **The Nemetondevos:** Approximately 3,500 years ago, a group of deities appeared among the Gaulish tribes of Europe in circumstances unique by several different measures. For one thing, their "Titan" Orgos is said to have once been a mere avatar of the Greater Titan of Darkness Soku-no-Kumi, yet later joined his Legend to one of Terra's avatars to create some of the few gods born on Earth, among mankind. Ignorant of their origins until they grew into their powers, these gods became fiercely loyal to their humans and eventually came to settle in the Underworld rather than the Overworld to be with them after death. Sickened by the rapid dissolution and assimilation of their culture after Roman conquests, the Nemetondevos retreated to their Underworld enraged against the Dodekatheon for being the Romans' patrons. Yet when the Titans escaped, the damage caused to their realm revealed a peculiarity in the Gaulish soul: Some of the valiant dead Scions merged with the souls of their distant descendants, gifting them a weak ichor that took many Visitations to awaken.

    For the Nemetondevos, the survival of mortals is paramount over loftier aspirations. Fearless and valiant, the Nemetondevos are particularly ardent about personally defending and supporting mankind in their hour of direst need. Belenos is a truly pacifist god, exalting courage and giving hope to man whether his current guise is a doctor or singer. By contrast, Andarta is the perfect incarnation of the wandering warrior, despising the weak even as she puts her life on the line to defend them from harm. Mighty Taranis is keen to enforce his order and justice wherever he goes, while the untalkative Gobnhios forges most of his pantheon's Birthrights singlehandedly and is keen to pick up this newfangled nanotechnology thing. Needless to say, even by the standards of the kinder pantheons the Nemetondevos have an especially warm and intimate relationship with their Scions-especially those of the fertility goddess Nantosuelta, a violently protective and pampering mother who goes so far as to assume the form of their friendly neighbour, supportive teacher and loving girlfriend before formally awakening their powers. **Should you wish, you too may be the reincarnation of an ancient Gaulish Scion remembered as a champion of their people such as Vercingetorix or Boudicca** in which case the pantheon will be overjoyed to be reunited with one of their older kin. The Nemetondevos' greatest strength is their proactive involvement with humanity, and fierce valour. Their greatest weaknesses are their deep grudge with the Dodekatheon limited their cooperation with other pantheons, and the overconfident assumption that since their ordained doom by Fate has already come to pass they are exempt from further repercussion.

    As a final note, the Nemetondevos are one of the few pantheons not specifically singled out for attack by a Greater Titan. While they have had the misfortune to anger the Matrones, three goddesses who stand as an embodiment of Fate like the Norns or Moirae, Orgos himself died long ago in mysterious circumstances.

14. **Atlantean (Drop-In):** You're a Scion of WHO?! No, that's impossible. All records of the Atlantean nation's hubris were destroyed when divine punishment was visited upon them…or so most believe. And yet, stranger things have happened in this world due to the whims of Fate. It seems that whatever circumstances led to your existence were beyond even Fate's anticipation, though. Let's start from the beginning. More than 9000 years ago there was once an aggressively intelligent people with a society-wide interest in exploration and ancestry partaking equally from what would become the modern populations of Africa, India and Australia. Though highly advanced and more than able to defend itself, it was also a largely peaceful civilisation interested in exploration and trade more than conquest. It's gods too, were relatively benign by deific standards. Badarus embodied the nautical wonders of the natural world, and the spirit of exploration that defined Atlantean culture. Kuros was swift as thought, while his sibling-lover Demosia shifted between the most beautiful of goddesses in a full moon and the most hideous during a new moon. Skaft, it is said, began life as a mortal man who created all the tools the Atlantean people needed to settle into cities. His mate Heshon was the bounty, luck and plenty of the jungle as well as it's danger-unkempt but beautiful, and living like an animal.

    It was therefore something as a shock to the other pantheons that the Atlanteans ceased worshiping their gods and began to venerate the Titans. The truth of what exactly happened next is unclear, but what is known is that the Atlanteans became vile heralds of the Titans and released a mystic plague over the world. At some point, its own pantheon vanished as well. In response the other gods obliterated Atlantis so severely their souls were barred from any afterlife, an entire continent was shattered, sunken, renamed Antarctica-and nearly all memory of Atlantis vanished.

    Except you, Scion of a lost pantheon.

Titanspawn: To hell with the gods, and the order they exert on the world by right of conquest. Your ways are the old ways, the chaos beyond mortal ken and the uncontrolled supernatural voracity of the forces that resulted in the world. Born of a Titan to indulge it's nature or fulfil its will, you remain as individualistic as any mortal though-for now at least-roughly as dangerous and talented as a newly awakened demigod. Like Scions, you too can draw on Legend to empower yourself and strengthen your supernatural power over time with one major difference: While various pantheons espouse differing but generally rigorous standards of moral behaviour befitting their value systems, the atavistic urges your creators express and reward are more akin to vices such as animalistic appetite and craven ambition. While no force actually compels your loyalty to a given Titan or it's avatars, know that the largesse shown by individual avatars to you may vary.

…it's worth noting not every Titanspawn bares their fangs against the gods, though. Some gods, like Loki and Sun Wukong, were actually adopted into the pantheons eventually while others like the dwarfs chose to ally with the gods rather than their progenitors. Some pantheons are more amenable to such relationships than others; the Pesedjet and Olympians are rather unforgiving, while the Aesir rather welcoming

and the Devas even willing to favour Titanspawn which prostrate themselves before them.

Myth and legend is full of all manner of malign but sub-deific supernatural beings, and by default you may be something akin to an ordinary centaur, giant-or dwarf, trading physical dominance for skill great enough to craft Birthright relics: Artifacts capable of conferring and empowering the Purviews of the gods and titans, or having other unique abilities. In many cases as with demigods, your naturally long life brings with it greater power with age, perhaps to greater extents than the partially mortal Scions-such that all elder giants, regardless of worldly experience, are more powerful than their younger kin. You could even be a Nemean, an unnaturally large and powerful mundane animal infused with the power of the Titans, or a mortal empowered by another powerful Titanspawn such as a once-mortal gorgon. For now, you are only a significant threat to a newly awakened Scion-though subsequent choices may raise your personal power beyond the default. Whatever your nature, you are adapted for living within a specific Titan's environments as comfortably as humans are adapted to the mortal world, and in general access to Purviews is much less common for your kind in exchange for having superhuman physical abilities or stature, as well as certain unique supernatural powers such as walking through shadows or erasing memories. The following are some of the more well-known Titans participating in the war against the gods:

1. **Akhetaten (Light):** The Titan of Light is a realm of eternal brightness beyond what is tolerable by the world. From blinding fields of pure white snow, to the relentless heat of the desert, to the burning focus of a laser, much of Akhetaten's interior is bare of life. This desolation extends to his spiritual hierarchy, for the Titan avatar Aten mercilessly and pre-emptively slaughters any contender avatar to arise from the Titan, while reshaping it's Titanspawn into a subservient hierarchy to him. Aten's attitude and devotion are as unceasing as his brilliance: To destroy resistance, annihilate opposition with his cleansing light and crush others' will with his own. This has sometimes led to a degree of blindness from more subtle tactics, like the nomenclative strictures derived from Christianity that Thoth has used to limit the hierarchy's existential utility.

2. **Terra (The World):** It is the nature of the Titan whose core concept personifies that which the world mankind lives in partakes of the most to grow, and nurture. But as nature produces both the lamb and apple as well as the parasitic wasp and poison ivy, so too is this growth not always benevolent from a mortal understanding. Much of Terra resembles the mortal world, but without the touch of mankind upon it; lush rainforests and harsh deserts alike dot its environs. Gaia, the all-mother, is dominant among the avatars as much through admiration of her ideals and cooperation as her personal leadership. Gran Bois supports her goals since they will save his beloved plant life from mankind's encroachment, while the carefree and benign Jord supports her proclivity for carrying to term all the children she has with her lovers. Even the avatars who envy or reject Gaia's ways feel their own goals are served by hers-not to mention of the mighty Hekatonkhires and Gigantes that Gaia is uniquely suited to creating.

3. **Muspelheim (Fire):** A vast plane of flame and ignitable material is perhaps predictable from the Titan of Flame, but less so the degree of industrialisation that has overtaken it. This is the doing of Surtur: A 300 foot fire giant who can swell up to a mile tall, with a grotesquely oversized torso and skin so hardened by flame he resembles a golem of coal. Surtur expresses all the worst behaviours of dictators the world over, and actually prefers to keep the other avatars in line through fear more than genuine devotion. Sequestered away in his workshop, Prometheus is content to ignore the others when not channelling the brilliance of fire's innovation to better Surtur's war machine while Kagutsuchi amicably feigns obedience. As for the Titan's troops, armies of fire giants among other beings of flame await Surtur's goal, and perhaps the primal urge of flame itself: Burning all existence to cinders.

4. **Ehekatoyaatl (Sky):** No land taints the fathomless heights and stormy expanses of the Titan whose nature is all wind and the untamed heights of the stratosphere, it's reaches in near-constant motion. Where once Uranus' ambitions and lust once held sway over much of the Titan's power, since his castration by his son's sickle the beautiful and gigantic man has lost all of his passion. Instead it is the proud and sadistic Huracan who proclaims himself the sky Titan's ruling aspect, the giant viper replacing one of his legs twitching in fury at mankind's affront to the sky for daring to leave beyond it. And curiously Tuisco resembles the Norse god Tyr in all ways short of being genuinely identical for reasons unclear to all-even himself, even as the otherwise excellent strategist he believes sincerely that it is his destiny to bring about Tyr's death and claim his place among the Aesir. All native inhabitants of Ehekatoyaatl are adapted to a realm of endless sky, from the coatls not loyal to the Aztec gods that dance among the lightning fields to the nemean peacocks and cloud people that man it's cloud fortresses.

5. **Soku-no-Kumi (Darkness):** Beyond a mere absence of light, the Titan of Darkness is defined by an oppressive smothering of all perception. Sounds are dampened, echoes are week, and caverns and tunnels hold all things deemed too unclean or unwholesome to see the light of day. The extremism of Mikaboshi, whose ambition is to dissolve existence into chaotic nothingness and darkness to the extent of despising the gods for binding themselves to human physicality-even preferring to exist as expanses of vast emptiness within his greater Titan so profound his elemental form rends apart real things, has won him the allegiance of the other Titan avatars. Such is his reach that the gigantic Erebus has been imprisoned by Mikaboshi's ambitions, reduced to doing little more than comforting the weaker inhabitants of the Titan of Darkness who fulfil his vision of a world where all mortal life dwells in the caverns beyond the reach of light. Somewhere between the two of them is Huehuetoetl, a decrepit man who wishes to blind all the world with his powers of perception destruction. From beings of living shadow to strange, blind tribesmen, the inhabitants of Soku-no-Mikumo often navigate with senses uncommon in the mortal world to navigate it's thousands of winding warrens and avoid the disease-ridden forest of organs.

6. **The Drowned Road (Water):** No path winds its way through the Titan of Water, for it embodies all that is deep, suffocating and isolating about the ocean. Without an ocean floor, the eddies and pressures of its waters render everything potentially an undertow. The dominant avatar of the Titan is Mami Wata, whose upper half is a woman more beautiful than any on earth, whose lower half is that of an eel, and who wishes to bind all the world-and especially it's men-to her with shackles of love. Supporting her rule is Ran, whose partnership belies a future struggle for power-for while she too lusts for men, she prefers her lovers as drowned corpses slaved to her will. The remaining Titan avatars are often too fractious or atavistic to exhibit such ambition, such as the shapeshifting Nu who most takes the form of an enormous frog while drifting through the water to consume any vulnerable prey and the imprisonment-maddened Tethys. While most of the Drowned Road's natives encompass all aquatic species that have ever lived on Earth adapted to its crushing depths, mystical beings such as sirens and land-dwellers warped into sea creatures or undead by the avatars' whims also live here.

7. **Crom Cruach (Earth):** If Terra is the property of the Earth that permits life and growth to arise, then Crom Cruach is earth and filth in its most deathly, stagnant state where nothing but rot thrives. Amidst the claustrophobic, dark and sediment-filled silt of the Titan's tunnel-innards there is only dissolution, from which maggots and worse forms of decay burst out like ripe boils. Even most of his titanspawn are corrupted from living things, rather than born properly as from other Titans. In times past the Fomorian king Balor was its foremost champion, falling in battle only to Lugh's spear. His wife the hideous hag Cethlenn is the Titan's current dominant aspect, and also a seeress who simply wishes to destroy the world out of spite with her twisted aberrations for her husband's death. Another dread avatar of the Titan is Crom Dubh: A vast, hideous humpbacked old man who created the dwarf-like Fir Bolg by rolling clay into little balls and has never forgiven the Tuatha for gaining his children's worship and admiration-though both creator and creations still think rather fondly of each other. The formorians themselves, a rare native race of Crom Cruach born from Cethlenn and Balor's marriage, resemble giants at least seven foot tall in many respects-but are often far more hideous, yet able to conceal their otherworldly nature among mortals. Their nobility, the so-called "bright ones", are instead gifted with an otherworldly beauty-and are more powerful, as elder giants are to their younger kin.

8. **Hundun (Chaos):** Hundun the Unmanifest, who is Adharma and the Void Heart of Infinity, terrifies the Chinese pantheon in ways no other Titan does for as chaos discarnate he cannot be defined-and therefore by definition, simply could not be bound like the other Titans. Insofar as it wants anything, it wants the world-and even other Titans-to dissolve back into the primordial chaos before time. There is one way to see and visit Hundun directly: Ask a god who has mastered Chaos as a purview to become The Void, and step into a mind-shattering view into everything and nothing-if you dare. And once within him, there is a natural tendency to project

fantasy-realms manifested from desire, fear and obsession upon Hundun's un-substance-yet paradoxically, the only escape is to force stable form and definition on it with sheer force of will by imagining a portal out of him-and expending an iota of Legend. Where other pantheons find Titans physically encroaching on their Godrealms, Hundun gibbers in the Shen's dreams and his whispers push them to argument in an incoherent stream of blind impulses and terrible desires. So unstable is Hundun that it never emanates a true avatar, but simply empowers willing, power-hungry gods with its essence. It was by Hundun's hand that the lesser god Gonggong broke the sky. It was by Hundun's power that Chiyou nearly conquered heaven and earth as a being as powerful as any Titan avatar-and ironically, has proven an adept coordinator between Titans. And when Hundun deigns to, his substance ejects titanspawn into reality. Such beings include distorted animals whose touch is a painless but swift death and are in turn direly wounded by salt, and rotting hounds the size of oxen.

And for originating from the being that, by definition, is the least entangled in Fate's design it goes without saying that should you wish it-you may truly have no history in this world.

9. **Vritra (Drought):** Vritra, who is drought, is the other known Titan who remains an enemy of the gods and yet stands unbound but where Hundun's very nature simply made him undefinable, after defeated in open combat The Great Thirst simply shrank from its preferred form as a mountain-sized serpent into a form so small it evaded the gods' notice, burrowing into the earth to regain its strength through feeding. The expanse of Vritra's landscape-form is a featureless desert long since bleached bone-white, dotted with the occasional ruined fortress and literally pulling at every ounce of liquid-and sanity-in those travelling within it. An environmental hazard strong enough to kill mortals near-instantly, and risk madness and deprivation even to the Devas without proper preparation. The most dangerous aspect of Vritra is Danu, rumoured once to have been water incarnate yet driven to a terrible, maternal madness upon birthing Vritra-giving of her very life to provide for her offspring, who in turn sometimes unconsciously takes on her form to honour her as his original and satisfying meal. And on at least one occasion Vritra consumed a god of the Devas only to release him as Ravana: The lusty and aggressive aspect that sires his armies. Apart from these rakshasas, humanoid shapeshifters who change form so rapidly they seem to lack a true one, the shed skin of Vritra also gives rise to nagas: Incredibly powerful giants with humanoid torsos, serpentine lower halves and powerful commensurate with the least of true gods wielding power over fire, earth and the sun.

10. **Zrvan (Time):** Once seen as a force truly beyond human comprehension and the prime emanator of interaction itself, Zrvan represents time unbound from delineation of past, present and future. While not as overtly malevolent as most Greater Titans, Zrvan's indifferent chaos itself risks unleashing the madness of time without limits upon the world. Unique along with Hundun, Zrvan lacks specific environmental features due to embodying a non-physical construct. Instead, visitors who somehow find their way into

him come to a replica of wherever they enter Zrvan from, in which everything constantly ages, renews, resets and otherwise changes temporal state with no rhyme or reason-as if every moment was represented at once. His dominant avatar is Ahriman, who holds the world as an awful and stagnant place that should be twisted beyond rhythm or pattern, even as he himself is the herald of all that entropic and falsely perceived about time. Ahriman's greatest servants are Aehsma Daeva: A selfish god of madness, rage and lust who strengthens where the Yazata weaken, and Azhi Dahaka: A world-destroying dragon pinned beneath a dormant volcano in Iran whose wounds give forth vermin. The soldiers of Zrvan are Deevs: Great, hulking brutes that bow in servitude to those who defeat them-while the Drujs are seducers and horrid hags that embody all that is anathemic to nature.

11. **Remnant of Ymir:** Oh, so you wish to be a Jotun or dwarf. Or perhaps with certain choices, something born from his death like a dragon, or with stranger associations with him such as a calf of his primordial cow. Are you certain? Truly, there is little to recommend about being a surviving creature of Ymir, the Titan of Frost slain to catastrophic effect on the world-except perhaps, the prospect of intermarriage with the Aesir pantheon if you are an agreeable sort. But this opportunity won't be denied you, should you wish for it.

Perks

All perks indicated under a certain background's title are discounted by 50%. Some perks are also free or doubly discounted to a specific origin from one of those backgrounds, as indicated below. Discounted 100 perks are free with one exception: Among the perks **discounted specifically for Scions and Titanspawn in general, one 100 CP perk is free while the others are 50% off.**

A Heroic Saga (Free, Scion only): As mentioned earlier, initially the majority of Scions are not far above normal humans in terms of physical capability. While there is a tendency towards good health or at least hardiness, for the most part they are little changed at a first glance. Their divine powers are relatively modest. It is at this level that it is possible to pass through as much of a solid substance as a single step could take you, negate a single act of harm against the innocent or heal or inflict wounds miraculously as a kind of lay on hands effect. But in addition to those the mundane abilities and aspects of the Scions are elevated by association with their divine parent, inheriting a spark of Ptah's wisdom or Aphrodite's beauty. Even now a particularly fit Scion could pick up a car and hurl it hard enough to scatter thugs like bowling pins, while a particularly charming Scion could out short commands like "Freeze!" and a particularly intelligent one's mind could function as a mental calculator as long as they know all the figures involved. **The Purviews and defining abilities of your parent will define which abilities or Purviews are easiest for you to master, but all can be improved with time and great deeds.**

…but perhaps you'd like to skip the earliest stages of your divine life? Should you wish you may purchase **one** of the subsequent, optional advancements in divinity representing either a VERY eventful life shortly after your Visitation not long ago…or an unusually momentous twist of Fate that resulted in you coming into your divine powers much sooner than expected.

- Dawn of Demigodhood (300, Scion only): Some Scions' lives are fraught with equal parts excitement and danger, while others bear a naturally strong attunement to their divine parents. And while this tends to attract the attention of stronger Titanspawn, as more ichor infuses their form more and more of their human frailties can be shed. It becomes feasible at this point for a particularly fit Scion to throw a javelin 113 miles away with the same accuracy as they could hit with a human throwing range, a particularly charming Scion to literally blind others with their beauty and a particularly intelligent one's mind to communicate with and control complex technology such as an active computer. Their divine powers are also strengthened. It is at this level that a Scion can tame and store a miniature pet tornado still powerful enough to devastate much scenery while precise enough to carry around the Scion at a hundred miles per hour, leap through any fire they can stand in then instantly emerge from either another fire in his line of sight or one they've bolstered with their own divine power, and teleport then reappear in view of a charge they've marked when they are in danger.

- Apotheosis (600, Scion only): Of every Scion who receives a Visitation, perhaps one in a hundred survives to become a demigod. And of those, less than one in a thousand has the good fortune to reach their full potential as a deity. It's not enough to merely be capable and powerful enough to survive against impossible odds-it's necessary for those odds to manifest in truly momentous, world-changing events such as the ongoing Titanomachy. And now, you're part of that unique group. In attaining godhood your body has become a construct of pure ichor inhabited by your immortal spirit. You may take on an immaterial form, immune to physical damage yet also physically unable to affect things with your normal range of motion-and more importantly, vulnerable to absorption by the Greater Titans. Additionally, you gain the skill to create weaker physical bodies-Avatars of yourself, if you will-to interact with the material world. Deprived of much of your supernatural power, these forms also greatly blunt the twin perils of Fatebinding and the Fateful Aura-and like any skill, this one can be improved with time and practice. In addition, one's state as a being of pure ichor yet able to carve out a physical body comes with certain abilities that bear further scrutiny. Perhaps most importantly, whether or not you do so you are capable of siring more Scions with a mortal partner-or more gods with a divine one.

  It should go without saying the physical traits of gods are staggering, defying physics. The strongest of gods can lift the *USS Ronald Reagan* aircraft carrier, throw it forwards until it disappears into the horizon, and eventually catch it coming back around the world. The most charismatics can, with some effort, plant societal ideas so pervasive that within an hour even the gods themselves could be carrying body pillows around in public.

As for the most intelligent of Scions, in turn they can nullify supernatural charm with their own counterarguments. But even these examples are not the **Ultimate** expression of a god's mastery of the mundane. **These abilities are exhausting even for the greatest gods.** With ultimate mastery of manipulation, a trickster like Loki could set in motion lofty but absurd goals like arranging for Zeus to strike down the Liberian ambassador to the United Nations on national television. With ultimate charisma, Baldur can delay even Greater Titans from consuming him-and in tandem with his ultimate appearance he has charmed the iron heart of Hel herself AND the giantess warden assigned to him. And with ultimate strength-if the likes of Kali can get her hands on something, it can be broken. She can separate tectonic plates, tear open Tartarus' walls, break through the layers of the mundane world itself and even knock down a Greater Titan or wrestle it into submission. Only ultimate stamina can withstand such an attack, either by nullifying all damage outright or reviving the wielder herself.

Likewise purviews at this level are the forces of nature recorded in myth and legend. A god of the sun may enact the miracle of nuclear fusion between their hands-whether to inflict devastating damage or precisely transmute materials into gold, uranium or other elements. A god of the sky can change any sort of weather to any other, regardless of season or part of the world. And a god of chaos may use any mundane, non-living item at hand as if it were any other mundane item with a modicum of compatible action-such as pulling out the laces of a football, and having it explode exactly as a grenade somewhere else. Or eating a grenade like an apple, for that matter. But beyond that, at this level gods may become true Avatars of their purview: Cataclysmic incarnations of Fate-woven cosmic power that can do practically anything within the purview for a short while, including many things only semantically or mythopoetically associated with the purview. For example in becoming the Arbiter, the Avatar of Justice itself, a god could gain a single unblinking eye that sees in all directions and whose gavel silences all dissent. Mortals cannot commit unrighteous acts in the Arbiter's sight, and no being can lie to its face. Past sins burn until confession is made to all, whether mortals or gods. And when defeated, it was the Arbiters' compulsion that forced the Titans to remain in their prisons. If it must be said, **becoming an Avatar is exhausting even to gods like Ultimate Attributes.**

Sanctum (Free-300, Apotheosis only): As a god grows into his power, his Fate and the world's become irrevocably entwined. At least one facet of this existence is wholly to the god's benefit: The formation or discovery (the specifics of this are unclear) of a Sanctum-a private pocket realm designed to suit the god's every whims. While these realms usually appear in the Overworld, they can also manifest in the Underworld or terra incognita if those locations align with their nature. Such locations can be as simple or as ornate as its owner desires, shifting like clay to their whims, and will follow you in future worlds as a little slice of the Overworld (or Underworld, or a well-hidden place out of the way) you may be able to expand further with great efforts of Legend. Such sanctums can be inhabited by supernatural beings devoted to the deity such as tlaloques or nymphs, and while

typically the advancement of Legend is required to grow and develop a Sanctum with your investment here you can get a leg up on other newly minted deities.

For free you may have a relatively small sanctum for a God the size of a grand mansion in the mundane world, but for 50 CP you may manually improve the scale and grandeur of your Sanctum. For 150 CP you could instead own a sanctum measured in square miles, with a large manor-sized building as the centrepiece and ample grounds appropriate to your nature. For 250 CP you could own a Sanctum enviable even to other gods: Equal to a fair-sized country in the mortal world with anything from desolate wastelands or small cities throughout it, and a central structure for your private dwelling that itself is equal to a 50-100 CP Sanctum in every way. And for an additional 50 CP you may equip your Sanctum with an Axis Mundi: A place or item that binds the mortal world to your divine sanctum by esoteric means. An example being Kalfu's dark crossroad, which leads him to any crossroad across the planet fabled for deadly motor accidents-from which you can also use to re-enter your Sanctum.

A Monstrous Fable (Free, Titanspawn only): Though also technically created from the line of divine beings, Titanspawn vary far more in stature and capability. And for free, you may be a typical member of a Titan's brood-the kind that gets cut down in droves by any hero of myth truly worth their mettle. What you may be here amounts to only examples, and as mentioned before is not an exhaustive list of all that you could define your nature as. You could be a typical giant: 8 to 15 tall and in the make of humanity, possessed of mystically powerful blood that can make mortals or animals their thralls and divine strength and stamina to compensate for their tendency towards stupidity. Certain breeds of giant just as the Oni are even stronger, or in the case of the Jotuns wield low level Purviews of War or Frost. Conversely the Shinobi, dark assassins of Mikaboshi, resemble jet black mortal silhouettes who share a collective intelligence capable of telepathically communicating with each other, teleporting short distances through shadows and innately fail to make noise in any and all circumstances. It should be noted that while the specifics are unclear, **it is much less common for younger Titanspawn to achieve the heights that Scions do when confronted with opportunities for grand conflict** and so you may wish to consider an improvement to your pedigree.

- Nemean Evolution (300, Titanspawn only): At this level you may be a true monster out of legend, one who could be a major challenge even to the more renowned demigods of myth. Often your physiology itself comes with great innate advantages, even if you may lack the comprehensive Purviews and divinely empowered attributes of Scions. One example is a sibling to the original Lernaean Hydra: A thirty foot long serpent with venom and blood so poisonous it's bite can inflict agonising death on even divine beings while even its breath contains a measure of poison, and of course a fantastic regenerative ability shared by all its heads as well as its main body-unless cauterised by fire. Alternatively you could simply be an unusually large and powerful giant, such as the famous Daidara-bocchi who stands more than 300 feet tall and carved rivers, lakes and mountains by hand until the gods exiled him to the Overworld. Or the original Sphynx, who apart from being a physically powerful creature with supernaturally deadly claws has a kind of

cosmic awareness that grants the answer to any single question it is asked by another sentient being. Your choices are many, whether you wish to resemble a terrifying dragon or a seductive nymph. Last but not least, if you fancy yourself as deserving more respect than fear as a child of the original divinities then like a certain sorceress you may have a more humanoid appearance. While you would lack the comprehensive mastery of divinely elevated attributes which demigods focused on a certain approach would boast, your immaculate form would be something of a jack of all trades in intelligence, physical prowess and charm-knowing virtually all the tricks and nuances there are for anyone short of a true deity. In a certain process or approach you also enjoy considerable supernatural benefits sufficient to replicate virtually any non-pantheon specific Purview effect with a bit of work and preparation up to your level of divine power and the ability to create artifacts or unique abilities capable of such, whether you are a potion-brewing sorceress or a legendary warrior. Overall, you would be a match for all but the strongest of true gods.

- Terror of Typhon (600, Titanspawn only): If it is rare for a Scion to approach a god in pure might, for a Titanspawn of your calibre to exist is a true miracle. It is not that it is utterly unheard of for virtually all Titans have monsters who cause the world to tremble with their tread, but rather that your existence typically owes more to the will of a Titan avatar or a whim of Fate than your own efforts. Regardless, it is at this level that one can be not just a mortal animal warped by the touch of the Titans but a mortal animal 100 times the size of your mundane kin and warped by the touch of divinity. Typhon, the hundred headed dragon of Greek mythology, his mate Echidna or the thunderbirds of Native American myth are all examples of beings on this scale. So are the “Seraphim” of Akhetaten: Winged humanoids that stand a mere 13 to 30 feet tall by comparison that can fly at 600 miles per hour and whose blows and light blasts burn like the touch of the sun itself. And so too is it possible to be one of the Gigas, serpent-legged giants so strong that Hercules himself would be hard-pressed to wrestle one and they could have long ago battered down Mount Olympus if they found weapons durable enough to sustain their might, or their cousins the Hekatonkhires: Amorphous beings every bit as divinely strong, whose amorphous bodies are all but untouchable to attacks that do not incorporate fire, electricity and extreme cold and can shapeshift rapidly enough to manifest the mountain-hurling hundred hands that legend attributes them. And should you have chosen to be one of the rarer humanoid Titanspawn even lacking the Ultimate mastery and Avatar capabilities of the gods your miscellaneous Purview-like powers could let you hold your own against them, and your methodology could save or endanger pantheons if allowed to come to fruition.

Heku (Free for Pesedjet/300): The ancient Egyptian understanding of the soul identified a *ren* (name), *sekem* (energy), *ba* (soul/personality), *ka* (corporeal life-force), *akh* (postmortem union of *ba* and *ka*), *khabit* (shadow) and *sekhu* (the body’s physical remains). With these techniques, the gods of the Pesedjet and their offspring can wield various effects to channel or manipulate these components even upon other gods. Even if you are not part of the Egyptian

pantheon's lineage, you may pay to gain access to this Purview through some anomaly of nomenclative magic. At low levels of mastery a Scion may recover Legend when someone speaks of their exploits or they see them recorded in print somewhere, and they may flare the light of their Sekem as a blinding blaze to cow those around them. At higher levels a demigod may attach an artificial scarab to a corpse in order to perfectly preserve it and immediately banish it's soul to the underworld where it came from, create a cartouche seal that binds sentient beings in place by their shadows and perform a form of astral projection that grants a golden form with functional beetle-like wings as well as energy blasts of spiritual power. At the greatest heights of mastery a god may ritualistically anoint bandages in his blood to make them instantly heal fresh wounds (and crumbling to dust with their work done), or uncovering the true name of any being to exert nearly irresistible compulsion on them. It should be noted that the True Names of Titans cannot be discovered and understood by divine minds, and that unintelligent or non-sentient creatures have no True Names.

Arete (Free for Dodekatheon/300): The Olympians and ancient Greeks alike venerated excellence-as long as it wasn't an act of hubris against the gods themselves, of course. Thus have they developed a Purview for excellence itself, propelling their mundane actions to greater heights. Even without the blood of Olympus in your veins, you may perform similar feats of excellence. Simply put, this Purview empowers the normal, mortal range of abilities you have though at low levels this may seem little more than a quick recovery from a misstep or a mild action movie stunt. Greater mastery of Arete does not meaningfully deviate from the baseline functionality of improving mundane actions but rather further bolsters the Scion's divine prowess. A god who has mastered Arete can shoot arrows, play music, wrestle and so on in ways exceptional even by the standards of other deities.

Jotunblut (Free for Aesir/300): The blood of the Norse gods has long comingled with that of giants through ancient marriages, and it has remained strong enough to be exploited. By shedding it for mortals and animals to consume, they may secure their loyalty and empower them in the image of the giants of Norse myth. Even without Aesir blood someone in your ancestry, somehow, also married a Norse giant. At low levels of mastery, this is effectively little more than an especially quick-acting form of doping with the benefit of also gaining your new thrall's loyalty for a month or so. Greater mastery of the Jotuns' legacy lengthens the thralls' loyalty by months and empowers their strength and toughness to just barely touch divine levels. At the highest point of mastery a mortal can be converted into a true Jotun. **If it needs to be said, should you be Titanspawn and a giant as, well, *an actual giant* you have all of the previous abilities among others** although the Aesir's defeat of the giants in ancient days does grant *at least* one final application: The power to use their godly blood to cure a thrall of giant blood, stripping their boons or transfigured form as well as freeing them from unnatural loyalty.

Itztli (Free for Atzlanti/300): As grisly as the Atzlanti's traditions are, there is a genuine power in their practice. Many of the rites performed by the Aztecs both placated and empowered their gods to ensure timely performance of their duties, and through these techniques a Scion can straddle the line between performing

and accepting a blood sacrifice. At low levels of mastery a Scion may regain Legend from shedding blood by taking a hit deliberately in battle, or ritually shed their blood for their divine parent in exchange for a reward of Legend. Greater mastery permits Scions to shed the blood of others for Legend, with the shedding of an irreplaceable part of the body granting greater yields, and bolster their courage as well as their Legend ranking by consuming a still-beating heart and ritualistically slicing open the skin of their chest to reveal the heart bursting with inextinguishable red flame for a short while-after which the demigod's flesh restores itself. Divine mastery permits blood sacrifices on a large scale to be received en masse, and the transference of Legend energy between deities by comingling their fluids somehow. The greatest art of this practice is also its most solemn: By sacrificing a family member, the practitioner may permanently increase his Legend pool for a year. The more divine the sacrifice, the more potent the sacrifice is-with a mortal relative contributing scarcely more than a third of a fully matured god's Legend, but a fully divine parent doubling it.

Tsukumo-Gami (Free for Amatsukami/300): Shinto belief holds that every physical object has a spirit, known as a kami, that varies in power with the importance of the objects they represent. It's…not exactly clear how this Purview works in parts of the mortal world or other Godrealms where the Shinto understanding should logically not hold sway, but somehow it just seems to. At low levels this can coax information from lamps and convince stoves to slightly bless the mundane use of them. At higher levels, through flattery the Scion can create even replicas of large, complex objects such as boats by flattering the spirit and gain mystic possession of objects by bamboozling their kami with incense. At the highest levels of mastery, objects can be wholly duplicated by the kami or told to autonomously perform their function on the god's behalf and with his skill-such as having a car drive itself, or a sword float and fight his foes. True masters can actually sever the kami of an object and transplant it somewhere else, deleting any supernatural powers the original object once had.

Cheval (Free for Loa/300): Possession's such an ugly word. The Loa would say that rather, this technique of the Loa lets a Scion assume the role of "*met tet*" or head spirit in someone's life. At low levels you can exert control over a mortal's actions, see through their perceptions or briefly exert total control over their body for a short while-although in all cases, the target has a chance to resist through sheer will and divine power. At higher levels one can actually listen in on their "horse's" thoughts, trap the victim's spirit in their own body while making their body a truly obedient slave and control multiple mortal victims simultaneously. At highest mastery a god may guard someone he has possessed against other attempts at possession, subsume others' bodies into himself and apply the principles of Cheval to Titanspawn as well as mortals.

Enech (Free for Tuatha de Dannan/400): Translated as "face" or "honour" frequently, in the eyes of the Tuatha one's Enech is worth and honour tied up in the schemes of Fate itself-something to be constantly improved. And just as Fate demands more of heroes and gods, so too do they gain more from the oaths they swear by it. Even without the Tuatha's patronage you have somehow also attained a measure of Enech for yourself. At low levels of mastery this permits a Scion to swear or lay a Geas, a binding oath, on themselves or another. In exchange for this

oath, whenever it is upheld in a way that makes one's life more difficult or through some sacrifice he regains Legend from the act-yet when he breaks it, until he regains more Enech he loses a rank of Legend. At higher levels the Scion may actually regain legend and will-or restore it to those around them-by boasting of their virtues and achievements. At the highest levels, steeped in Enech the Scion can renegotiate his own place in the universe. He may bond himself with a piece of land, intimately knowing it's condition and gaining access to a Purview associated with it (or learning new abilities related to it should he already have access to that Purview) and also protecting him with improbable coincidences. He can even lay a geas that slays the receiver if broken (and successfully granted), change the details of an existing geas or withdraw himself from interaction with a certain Purview as it interacts with the world for several hours. This can leave the Scion unaffected by any and all violence yet also incapable of inflicting it, disengage from the concept of travel so that he can simply will himself wherever he wishes to be as long as he has a decent idea of where he's going and even waive off death long enough to seek a more permanent solution.

Taiyi (Free for Celestial Bureaucracy/400): The "Great Principle" of the Chinese pantheon refers to the universal law of transformation. As qi flows and changes according to the principles of Yang and Yin, manipulation of it can notionally transform anything into anything. At low levels of mastery, this can shape qi into a negation of other Purview powers used against the Scion or modify a certain technique for one Purview to be used for another-using the ability to talk to snakes to conjure glowing spirit snakes with the power of the sun, for example. At higher levels, it becomes possible to reshape a motorcycle into a nuclear fuel rod by touch, telekinetically hurl spears or turn living things into inanimate objects. At the highest levels this can transform ghosts into lesser immortal beings or reshape the environment into a magical realm.

Samsara (Free for Devas/500): Even the gods are subject to Fate's whims and fancies, and the Devas are no exception. Where the Devas differ is their response: To do everything in their power to break the chains and free themselves from Fate's binding-and gaining great grasp over the influence of Fate's interaction with the rest of existence in the process. At low levels of mastery, this permits prediction of the likely effects of Fatebinding and reflecting supernatural powers such as Purviews against opponents with lower Legend. At higher levels this permits creating objects-even complex ones like firearms or supplies of chemicals-from nothing that last for a day, forcing other beings to forget their supernatural abilities and staving off death (though not damage) for living beings across an entire city for a day. At the highest point of mastery this provides a significant step towards the ultimate goal of moksha. After a meditative trance, a god with this power can remove themselves from Fate's grasp entirely for a day. No magic can affect the god, nor can other Purviews. Neither Titans nor their avatars nor *most* other gods nor mortals can sense the god-who can freely move between different realms of existence as an effort of will. However Fate does not like to have an outsider meddle in its affairs, and consequentially when the liberated god wishes to physically interact with the physical environment he must spend points of Legend to do so.

Asha (Free for Yazata/300): A difficult to translate concept, Asha can be understood to mean both “truth” and “right”. In the cosmology of the Yazata what is righteous is true, what is evil is a lie-and righteousness united with truth is truly mighty. At low levels, Scions can wield the principle of Humata (Good Thoughts) to grant supernatural reserves to their own mundane attributes-or to others. At higher levels Scions can summon the Amesha Spenta to aid them: Six principles of the Persian understanding of the world that can grant access to or empower the Purviews of Fertility, Earth, Fire, Water, Sky and Animal. Such abstract concepts are manifested as an aura around them that empowers a single Purview at a time. At the highest degrees of mastery, It is possible to manifest the Amesha Spenta as a spirit who can do naught but move and wield their Purview but cannot be harmed by mundane force. True masters of Asha can also use the fundamentally existential principle of Asha to create their personal, seventh Amesha Spenta for whichever purview not specific to a certain pantheon.

Industry (Free for Yankee Pantheon/300): The hard work, resourcefulness and progressiveness that fuelled the United States’ ascent to power in the modern world takes on a divine bent for the Yankee Pantheon. At low levels, Scions may find supernatural reserves of endurance and productivity, or repair damaged equipment with a whack of the wrench. At higher levels, one can manifest a recent supply of small items such as clean socks or rolls of currency on their person, and manifest spirits of entropy to sabotage mechanical equipment. At the highest levels, gods may mass produce equipment with a wave of their hand, improve any device no matter how advanced the original design is and conjure a small nuclear weapon packed with soul-searing radiation.

Civitas (Free for The Allied Pantheons/300): This unique purview was created during the fires of war, as a necessity to share resources among their followers. At low levels, Scions may transfer small amounts of health from themselves to others and instantly share ammo to nearby allies. At higher levels, demigods can share their speed, strength or other attributes to their allies-including their innate capacity for defence. At the highest levels, gods may advantageously distribute injuries across an entire group, and even create a subconscious psychic network for a squad that enables intuitive and discrete cooperation as well as the sharing of divinely empowered attributes by different individuals.

Scire (Free for Atlantean/500): This long-forgotten purview represents that which the Atlantean culture once extolled: Knowledge based on understanding the workings of the World and its component parts. With it, a hypothetical Atlantean Scion could potentially master and manipulate the full range of modern technology in ways other gods seldom even consider. At low levels, this enables intuitive understanding of even hidden consequences stemming from simple objects or tools, and lets the Scion instantly transfer information from sources of knowledge such as books, rune-covered tablets or flash drives. At higher levels this lets demigods manipulate technology remotely, immunise equipment to environmental conditions and include or exclude any targets they wish from effects that target an area. At the highest levels, gods can erase a fact from public knowledge and anticipate connections from nearly any chain of events. Moreover, their supreme understanding of universal principles grants them a limited power to nullify consequences. Entire cities could crumble as an enemy god or Titan tried to strike

them down, but they would stand unscathed. However, this cannot nullify Fate and therefore fails to work on Fatebindings or Fateful Aura effects. For this reason a God in Avatar form's power cannot be ignored either since that being is performing Fate's work through a certain concept.

Deuogdonio (Free for Nemetondevos/300): If Samsara represents the struggle to free oneself from Fate, in many ways this Purview represents embracing it. Just as the ancient Gallic lords surrounded themselves with clansmen who entrusted their lives to their lord, this Purview celebrates the bond between god and man. Practitioners of this purview develop a mild resistance to Fate-based effects such as Fatebinding and even Magic itself. At low levels, this enables the transfer of Legend to mortals granting them greater resistance to mystic effects and prowess, or amours a mortal Fatebound to the practitioner lightly in mystical armour against all ills. At higher levels this may confer divine traits to mortals, expend some of the practitioner's own vitality to save a mortal from death by injury and strengthen or weaken the bonds of Fate. At the highest levels this immersion into Fate extends to cutting some or all of their Fatebindings, negating the supernatural deference the Scion may inspire in mortals and forever free a mortal from the effects of Fate entirely at great cost i.e. a rank of Legend to tear the grand tapestry of Fate asunder and recompose the weave. Without that mortal in it, that is. While this power can also be used to sunder effects from the Magic Purview, be wary that a mistake risks annihilating both Scion and mortal from Fate for all eternity-such that even the gods would not remember them.

Luminous (Free for Akhetaten/300): Filled with the primal light of Aten, the indigenous lifeforms of Akhetaten are too beautiful and radiant for lesser beings to even challenge without great will. Even overcoming it to do battle is usually only a temporary measure, although greater divine beings are immune to it. Worse-all such beings are capable of self-destructing by detonating their Legend in a fiery burst. Such beings are immune to the Sun purview when it is used by a lesser divine being, and thus thrive in the unbearably bright expanse of Akhetaten's environment, though attacks incorporating the Darkness or Water Purviews are quite effective on them. As a side note, despite Aten's preferences such beings are actually capable of dimming their light to infiltrate other groups at will.

Geotic (Free for Terra/400): Fundamentally connected to the life-affirming nature of the primordial biosphere, the creatures of Terra boast astounding regeneration-restoring both broken bones and gut stabs within seconds. Supernaturally effective damage, however, heals merely at a natural rate-and a being must be both within Terra's realm (or at least a location deeply marked by her power) and maintain contact with the earth to enjoy these benefits. Last but not least while beings with lower legend ratings cannot damage Geotic creatures with the Earth purview, attacks incorporating the Death or Sky Purviews rend them as sunlight rends vampires.

Infernal (Free for Muspelheim/300): Possessing bodies of inexhaustible coal that burn constantly at incredible temperatures, Muspelheim's creatures typically wear a corona of red flames-which intelligent creatures can turn off for a short while for the cost of a single Legend point. The heat and range of this fire increase with the strength of their overall divine power, though typically not to drastic amounts.

Completely immune to non-magical fire as well as the Fire Purview itself when used by lesser divine beings, the Water and Sky Purviews are greatly effective against Infernal resilience.

Aerial (Free for Ehekatoyaatl/400): Immune to the worst hazards the skies of Ehekatoyaatl can manifest, it's native lifeforms can fly effortlessly and are immune to a wide swathe of effects ranging from storms to cold. Moreover, a life aloft in the Endless sky charges them with electrical energy that bolsters their attacks and lashes out at any which strike at them. Aerial creatures are immune to attacks from the Sky Purview from lesser divine beings, but their resilience is weakened against the Darkness or Earth Purviews. And for 400 CP, you too can share these traits-whether you have wings of your own, a cloud-like physiology or simply inexplicably levitate.

Miasmic (Free for Soku-no-Mikumo/300): As frightening as the Luminous beings are glorious, the creatures of Soku-no-Kumi inspire a supernatural terror that requires lesser beings to fight off even temporarily-though like the Luminous beings, this fear has no hold on more powerful divine beings. As a final defence, for an immense effort of Legend per second Miasmic creature can become beings of pure shadow, perfectly defended against all effects that do not incorporate fire or light. Naturally immune to the Purview of Darkness, Miasmic creatures' resilience is sorely harmed by the Fire and Sun Purviews.

Piscean (Free for The Drowned Road/300): Fashioned by the Drowned Road to live perpetually in the crushing depths of the ocean, such beings are utterly immune to oceanic pressure and drowning one way or another-at least, when it is not enforced by a divine being like Tethys. The blessings of the Titan also make them prodigiously enduring and resilient to physical damage. Immune to the Water Purview from a lesser divine being, the Earth and Fire Purviews can crush the flesh of Piscean beings with aplomb.

Mathean (Free for Crom Cruach/300): To survive in the chalky depths of Cron Cruach is to absorb a certain portion of his corrosive toughness. A lethal venom that may be delivered by bites or blades is somehow secreted from its creatures, and as partially calcified beings they feel no pain and are unhindered by all but the worst wounds. The crawling of maggots in their brains also inures them from insanity, if only from a lifetime of madness. As a final act of spite, on death such creatures collapse into fine, cloying, poisonous powder. Mathean creatures are immune to the Death Purview from lesser divine beings, although the Health and Sun Purviews batter them easily.

Chaotic (Free for Hundun/500): Hundun's Titanspawn are heralds of the blind madness beyond reality's veil. They are surrounded in clouds of dread omens: Rains of blood or other unnatural substances, swarms of insects or other strange phenomena. The delineation between phenomena and creature is difficult to pinpoint; most attacks-be they mundane or divine, and however powerful-can deal no more than a glancing blow to the creature. Even if the attack is normally powerful enough to kill it outright, such beings dissolve and reform in a handful of seconds. The physiology of living chaos also permits them to pass through any opening less than air-tight like the shadow forms of Miasmic creatures, and renders

them immune to the Chaos Purview wielded by a lesser divine being. But as with most things, there are exceptions. When these creatures have eyes, attacks upon them deal full damage as usual-perhaps due to some semiotic association between perception and form. Moreover, not only do the Guardian or Justice Purviews exert power as if their wielder's Legend was higher than the Titanspawn's but without great will the power of these boons can force the Titanspawn into full solidity for a few seconds. These are not, however, the most powerful traits that belong to the Chaotic emanations of Hundun. Their actions are utterly immune to Prophecy unless the creature somehow becomes Fatebound in some way. None can foretell the actions of Hundun's creatures or predict where the Titan may empower a God as its avatar, though with this alone you are *technically* not considered to have agreed to the usual boon Hundun offers discontented deities, you may share the traits listed above without being a spawn of Chaos. Expect considerable suspicion and alarm from those around you, beyond even that which would be directed to those with the templates of other Titanspawn.

Suhkese (Free for Vritra/300): Pushed to near death by mystic dehydration, the creatures unfortunate enough to dwell in Vritra's parched maw have their skin pulled tight across their bones, their muscles hardened and their will concentrated by their thirst. Unnaturally durable and inured to pain, their blood mixes with the dark sludge that is Vritra's-bleeding at a near crawl so that they take far less damage from blood loss than most. Worse, upon wounded they emit a foul smelling dust that magically sucks all moisture nearby-withering well-watered plants, evaporating puddles, interrupting nearby torrential rain and even staggering Scions by tugging at the Ichor within them. Sukhese creatures enjoy no true immunity to any Purview, but because fire and the sun both feed Vritra's droughts these Purviews are significantly blunted when used against a creature of Vritra. Conversely water has become nearly unrecognizable to them, rendering Sukhese creatures especially susceptible to not just the Water Purview but all water or fluid-based effects. One limited exception exists: Vritra's obsession with collecting amrita for himself and destroying it to hopefully deny the Devas their divinity renders what is normally a lethal bane to Titanspawn merely somewhat damaging to the Sukhese.

Aionic (Free for Zrvan/300): Inured to the temporal anomalies inherent to a plane of boundless time, a maelstrom of that same misplaced time surrounds it's native residents. Sudden bouts of decay or reversal as time flares and flickers ravage any being in their vicinity, unless the Aionic creature suppresses this effect with a single Legend point for a short while. However, gods and those with some other form of eternal youth are at least immune to direct consequences from the warped time-though their clothing and belongings may still be affected if not similarly eternal. As such, Aionic beings are immune to the Stars Purview, which regulates time as well as starlight due to an interlinked understanding of the two from ancient men, when deployed by a lesser divine being. However, not only does the Fire and Magic Purview's effects pierce their defences but Aionic creatures also find themselves hard-pressed to defend against them.

Scion

This Is Happening (100 CP): It's not every day that an Aztec god descends from on high to demand you carve out your best friend's heart, because he's a co-conspirator with the forces trying to destroy the world. Adjusting to the realisation that there's so much more to your reality than the mortal world you grew up in can be troubling to some, but not to you. You've got the right mix of guts, intuition and common sense to roll with a drastic upheaval to your understanding of reality, and put your best foot forward. Not every Scion adjusts this smoothly, but damn Fate-you're going to hit the ground running and try to avoid your life becoming a tragedy.

Divine Breadwinner (100 CP): Okay, so you've adjust to fighting chimeras on Tuesday and navigating Jotun politics on Thursday but where do you find the time to live a normal life? Well, traditionally the children of the gods have had a high aptitude for mundane living as well as feats of legend and the modern era's no excuse to let slip those standards. Whatever your mortal age and occupation, you've got a tremendous aptitude for it. You're the salaryman who always gets his work done with time to spare, or the historian who churns out new essays every other week. Even if you're younger or have a more casual approach to life, nothing's stopping you from being a hotshot skateboarder when you're not fighting on the plains of Valhalla.

Virtuous Example (100 CP): While the gods can seem callous, prideful and vindictive at times, fundamentally it would be more accurate to say the correlative strictures of Fate aligned their value systems with those of the civilisations which claimed them as patrons. It's not always easy to reconcile the equal weight the Loa place on harmony and vengeance or to avoid the divine surge of emotion that an imbalance of them can bring, but you get by better than most. You have a good knack for fitting in with your parent or most frequently interacted with pantheon's system of norms without sacrificing your perspective as a former mortal or whatever you were. To you, rather than frightening and alien your pantheon's virtues are a source of deep emotional strength in these trying times.

Divine Decorum (100 CP): Empathy is one thing. Social graces are another. While the Amatsukami are particularly fierce about minding your manners, nearly all gods expect a certain amount of respect and formality from their Scions-which you have learned to provide. You won't be caught casually swearing around Lakshimi or making the faux pas of talking about the CCP to Guanyin, because you have the equivalent of a crash course in comporting yourself with dignity, humility and grace with the pantheon you either descend from, or interact with the most. This may come with certain esoteric knowledge like the proper performance of a tea ceremony for those affiliated with the Japanese gods, or among less refined pantheons a talent for holding your liquor while drinking with the Dagda.

Do Not Go Gentle (100 CP): There is one trait every pantheon finds laudable-the heroic will to act swiftly, and decisively, when a zombie is trying to claw off your face. Not only are you physically in shape for your age group, but you have the battle-hardened instincts of a professional commando. If you're worried that in your first encounter with a hydra you'll freeze up or wet your pants, fear not-those around you might actually have to hold you back from strangling it with whatever's nearest to you. Because you've got the tenacity and clearheaded control over your

own adrenaline dump of a true warrior, even if you may not necessarily have all the training. But if you were to find a willing teacher, you'd be a quick study in combat, stealth and all the other skills useful in a war as well.

Claimant of Regalia (200 CP): Just as the gods took power from the Titans and made it their own, Scions can claim a certain measure of the primal energy of Titanspawn and gain supernatural benefits from it. Exactly what this is varies, ranging from the famous skin of the Nemean Lion that Hercules wore as armour to the self-made weapons of more humanoid foes, but why leave behind such a fine tradition? You're the envy of many a hunter or scavenger, adeptly skinning hides or rummaging through the cache of a downed Titanspawn for just the right blade that represents the lion's share of their mystical power-which depending on the specimen could be provide anything from a temporary capacity to breathe underwater to a focus for a Purview. Moreover in future jumps, when you slay malevolent supernatural beings if you take the effort to look there'll always be something useful for you to take from them too. Of course completely disintegrating a foe will *usually* leave behind something useful, as in this world particularly dangerous, ill-fated or spiteful foes can leave behind detrimental trophies and sometimes the only thing to claim is from a terrifying world-serpent is the noxious venom pooling from its fangs. Nevertheless there'll always be something, if you're willing to get your hands dirty.

Fated Correspondence (200 CP): In the infancy of their divine life, many Scions form bonds with Scions from other pantheons as a sort of informal adventuring party, compensating for their individual weakness with numbers. Too often these bands drift apart when they come of age and their parents call on old commitments, but with you around this might not come to pass. Fate has given leniency to you and those fatebound to you, ensuring you'll have a good many opportunities to reconnect, stay in touch and cooperate with friends across different pantheon lineages. You may still be arrayed against each other by inter-pantheon politics, but at the very least you'll have enough time to hang out together outside your divine duties and make it clear that it'll never be anything personal between you. And there's a good chance you could keep your friends on the same side, anyway.

Duck & Weave Fate (200 CP): Nothing in the universe can escape the pattern that Fate weaves to bind all elements of Creation into a unified whole. Nevertheless, it can't be denied that the power of human imagination has a great deal of influence over Fate itself-so what if It were possible to make use of that? While you can't outright escape the grip of Fate with this alone, what you can do is blunt it's more controlling and negative circumstances upon you and those you care about with a little creativity in invoking the cliches common to stories. Instead of letting your girlfriend get kidnapped and ransomed for the nth time for example, by surprising her with a romantic gift you could "change genre" into a more benign series of events in your lives. Probably confusing some nearby evil minions who were preordained to pick up someone Fate's suddenly decided is better off elsewhere.

Born in the Right Era (200 CP): Few gods would admit to being uncomfortable in the modern era, but it can't be denied many of the norms of the Godrealms were popularised in more ancient eras of human history. You might just be the catalyst

to change that, though. Whether by coming up with deft ways to store the fury of the storm in your motorcycle engine or imbuing the principles of justice itself into your phone's apps, you have a deft talent for combining the forces of the divine with modern technology. This isn't the true integration of technological systems into supernatural forces-rather you're great at using the former as foci or channels for the latter. Should you gain the power to create Birthright-worthy power as a true deity, you might replace Cupid's bow with some guns that can shoot people into love.

Trials and Tribulations (200 CP): It's the belief of many gods that power shouldn't be merely conferred, but earned through challenges. The Olympians hold to this so strictly they demand mortal and lesser Scion supplicants scale the steep cliffs of their Godrealm to hold audience with them-but they won't find you daunted by these demands. When you are set tasks, limitations or tests of worth by higher forces like the gods you find yourself excelling to perform them. In a game of riddles you'd make startling leaps of deduction, and while you'd be no better a fighter most of the time when asked to showcase your skill with a sword to an audience you'd fence like you've spent months practicing.

Right Hand of Fate (400 CP): Three Purviews stand aside from the others, due to their deep relationship with Fate. Prophecy offers glimpses into future events. Mystery grants an understanding of bizarre, seemingly random events and how they connect. And Magic permits the direction and influence of Fate itself. You are now deeply skilled in all of these Purviews even if your parent had no sway over them-and if they did, your power over them would advance at a frightening speed to your peers. Crucially, instead of just to recoup Legend you may use the sacrifices of Magic to defer being fatebound to those you interact with. Should you achieve true godhood, you would exert power over these purviews comparable to the Moirai themselves-a terrifying prospect to many gods, for being reduced to little more but mouthpieces for Fate's inscrutable force they are dangerous to interact with. And unlike them, you retain great agency in directing your fate and others'.

All-Seeing Eye (400 CP): Thoth. Ganesha. Fuxi. There are those among the gods renowned for wisdom beyond their peers, and held in high esteem for shaping civilisation as well as bringing remarkable wonders to their pantheons. And even as a newly awakened Scion you're a well-read polyglot, human calculator and more. And as you advance your divinity (or should you have already started as more godlike than the average Scion) you shall stand out as well learned among your peers, not just matters of intellect and wit coming naturally to you but your perception sharpening like a hawk's. In the fullness of your divinity, it would seem clear Fate intends for you to attain the taxing capacity to instantly deduce any scientifically determinable fact or see anywhere in the world at the limits of divine prowess as your immaculate mind continues to grow in wisdom-and with great effort of wisdom, perhaps one day fables will be written of how you became a storied sage even among the gods of wisdom.

Beloved By All (400 CP): Be it Amaterasu's stately radiance or Erzulie's passionate sensuality, the gods have long known that beauty and charm are a forces of nature unto themselves. And even among other Scions of your Legend bracket you're exceptional beautiful, an inspiring leader-and thus capable of astounding feats of

manipulation. These charms are intrinsically bound to your Legend, blossoming to heights far beyond your peers whether you naturally come into your own as a deity-or start off on higher footing than most. As a deity, it would be clear that Fate intends for you to be one of the most beloved beings in all existence. Your beauty-or even your striking hideousness-could form a radiant, massive vision that breaks the minds of mortals into love or terror and even haunts the dreams of other gods once you reach the divine heights of beauty you seem naturally suited for. Play your cards right, and you could charm even Titanspawn and certain Titan Avatars to the side of your pantheon; it is sometimes said the Titans especially loathe the Aesir because of their cultural enthusiasm and skill at luring away their offspring and emanations. And though it seems almost unthinkable, your ever-blossoming beauty might one distant day become even wondrous than the gods who *currently* exemplify beauty itself.

Alternatively, if this is your taste this perk may make you be to ugliness what it nominally is to beauty. In time, your hideousness would strike fear even into the hearts of the gods themselves.

Weathering The World's Weight (400 CP): The delineation between divine physicality and raw power is thin in the eyes of many. When Sun Wukong routed many of Chinese Heaven's armies as a mere Titanspawn his unkillability and chaotic prowess became part of his Legend. When Thor fells armies of frost giants, he is the raw power of the storm. And whatever your beginnings, it's become clear you're unnaturally strong, resilient and swift even among your peers. A born warrior and athlete, upon apotheosis yours would be a tremendously destructive power even among the gods. Your Legend resonates strongly with feats that blur the boundary between miracle and might, and with enough adventures under your belt you too could race so fast time seems halted for environments and other deities alike for a few seconds or take a single blow from an angry Greater Titan on your abs with no harm. And though the feats of strength required to advance even further defy imagination, even this is not your limit.

Golden Child of the Heavens (400 CP): Good heavens, you're popular with your pantheon (or well, Titan if you're not a Scion). Even if you didn't choose one of the more amicable deities to be descended from, your divine parent is unusually doting and patient with you-showering you in Birthright artifacts (possibly literally, some gods are weird), giving you first pick from their minions and servants and even offering a surreptitious amount of divine aid. The rest of your pantheon also regards you as something of a darling nephew; while they are no less idiosyncratic in their unique value systems, you are accorded far greater affection and familiarity than even many other Scions could dream of. There may be exceptions among the most vicious deities, but even the underhanded Set would at least not single you out for his ambitions-and if you were actually descended from him, you might be the only true family he has. The networking opportunities of this are limitless, even if you aren't particularly charming. In future worlds when you retain some relation to the gods, expect a similar amount of pampering.

Holy of Holies (600 CP): Fascinating. Are you, perhaps, a throwback to the age in which there was far less difference between the Titans and gods? For one thing, you're exceptionally skilled at divine transformations of all kinds to the point of

pushing the limit of what's possible for them, from the shapeshifting capabilities of the Animal Purview to the Purview Avatar transformations themselves. You learn to master such abilities at an astonishing rate, and they cost significantly less while lasting much longer for you to don where such limitations apply-and where such a conflict is relevant, your transformations are much more powerful than those for gods of the same type. But your most astounding talent is the capacity to develop new Avatar transformations for all Purview-like divine powers in this and future settings, at least once you have mastered them to a similar extent as the comprehensive mastery of conventional Purviews is needed for conventional Avatar transformation. This includes pantheon-specific Purviews, perhaps letting you become an exemplar of giantkind or an incarnation of the concept of sacrifice among others-and with enough training and experimentation, you may unlock new Avatar states for particularly broad Purviews or Purview-like forces. With this, it's possible to develop new Avatars for Magic, Mystery and Prophecy from the Wyrd which covers them all.

First Among Divinity (600 CP): Like men, not all gods are created equal. Atum-Re was once almighty in magic and nearly untouchable by the rest of Creation, until Isis conned him out of his name-diminishing him to the level of other gods. Zeus, mighty among gods in his own right, has a decree from Fate that stands as much a curse as a blessing: Such is the potency and heroic deeds of his children, that it is foretold a son of his siring will overthrow him in time. It seems Fate has chosen you to enact some great role as well, because even if you are not already a god yourself you have been granted a similarly great advantage-one that defines your Legend and makes your life either far easier or more eventful. You have a wide discretion on how to define its nature and history; Baldur's immunity to true death-though not damage-is a working of his mother, bolstering his Ultimate stamina with a number of other protections from fire, the forces of the sky and all weapons that recognise him. Just remember that no power granted here is truly without a hidden, subtle weakness. While mistletoe is no poison to Baldur for example, it does bypass his divine resilience.

Lord of the Gallows (600 CP): It's never been clear why Odin and Loki were once blood brothers. Perhaps it was their shared determination in defiance of an unavoidable doom, or perhaps it was a quirk of Fate to bond those who would strive against together. Whatever the truth, there's something of their hardscrabble rejection of predestination in you too. When you face absolute or certain forces such as a prophesised doom upon your entire pantheon, for you there will be opportunities to thwart it. The coming of Ragnarok could be avoided if you're not *quite* truly Aesir in blood, or if you have an artifact to transplant your soul into one yet young enough to not have received that doom. A Titan on a rampage could be made vulnerable with the right artifact, or by carefully reading every prophecy to understand which band of Scions to send through it's maw on a mission against all reason and logic. It's not always immediately apparent how you can cheat Fate, but with enough might, wit and charm there'll always be a way for you to come out ahead of the odds.

Adoptive Legacy (600 CP): Not all Scions are truly born of their pantheons. Some, sired by other gods, are ritualistically claimed by others with their consent for one reason or another. Usually the original deity's legacy disappears and is overwritten

by another's but…something seems different, in your case. You have miraculously retained the Purviews of another deity-your true parent-in addition to those of the pantheon member who claimed you, including their pantheon-specific Purview. Where Purviews overlap with your true parent's, you master them by leaps and bounds compared to your peers. This is not just an opportunity to be an Olympian-Aesir hybrid, but incorporate the legacy of a more obscure Pantheon or one fallen on hard times such as the refugee Sumerian or Mesopotamian deities. Little is known about their pantheon-specific purviews, though feel free to draw from the listed examples for inspiration.

And if taken as a Titanspawn, this does inexplicably make you an equal to your Scion half-siblings in every way. Try not to think too hard about how a Hydra ends up on the Celestial Bureaucracy, the myths sure didn't.

Born of Fate (1000 CP): …you've got to be joking. Even by the standards set by myth and legend, this makes the likes of Diomedes and Indrajit look downright mundane. To put it mildly, not only do you have a great knack for taking on insurmountable odds and coming out on top, but virtually all your Fatebound relationships have nothing but positive outcomes for you in the long run and the few negative results are absurdly mild by the standards of myth. With this, a gaggle of misfit and newly minted Scions could blunder straight through the plans of far more experienced Scions and the machinations of a trickster god-and take them to the giddy heights of mastered apotheosis that some Scions have failed to achieve over many millennia. It's almost as though the mortal concept of a hero is steering Fate to smile down on you harder than it has on nearly every hero of the past.

Make no mistake, your plot arm-ahem, Legend makes you no more formidable to the enemies of the gods on its own, but somehow their best laid plans seem to sunder before your interference and even when driven into retreat you frequently find new, grateful allies pledging their support with a modicum of assistance or discover that greater powers like your divine parents have coordinated to defeat your enemies for you. Insurmountable hurdles are made uncertain by your involvement, such that a giant who theoretically is your better in absolutely every relevant Purview and attribute could be made a fool of by the cheating terms of his contest with you. And when you succeed in Legend-worthy feats, the rewards are proportionately grand to their achievement. Even in times of peace, the world-shaking thunder of your Legend levies few consequences greater than having less time to spend with your old comrades or feeling a little patronised by your pantheon rather than, say-the insanity and agonising death that Hercules had to endure before his ascent to Olympus. This bizarrely unfair narrative momentum is intrinsic to your Legend, to the extent that while it won't be easy, or clear-cut, or certain by any measure there is a CHANCE that at the pinnacle of apotheosis, you could somehow bring about an end to the Titanomachy at great effort and with the support of the other pantheons. Or at least bind enough of the Titans to make victory a long shot for the remaining escapees. If this carries on, expect your divine family to be split between joking about you having discovered the Purview of Providence or seething in envy-only to find the winds of fortune preemptively turn against them.

Titanspawn

Born To Be Wild (100 CP): The Titans would make of the world a lawless, chaotic wilderness-and not necessarily out of malice, but simply as an extension of how they embody their concept to the exclusion of all restraint. Fortunately, like all their children whether inducted into their ranks by an infusion of life force or sired from a long and (in)famous line you're able to live off the grid easily. You know how to hunt and fish with little more than is available in nature, how to read the weather and a dozen other skillsets modern man have forgotten. Even without your powers, you'd find land untouched by civilisation or the laws of the gods as familiar as your own backyard.

Postmodern Bogeyman (100 CP): On the other hand, just because you're a cyclopean monstrosity doesn't mean you can't work a boardroom given the opportunity. Many Titanspawn aren't the hulking brutes many are stereotyped as, and you're no exception. You may not necessarily have an actually outstanding amount of technical training, but in one occupation you can do your job well enough to never cause complaints despite having three heads and a fiery breath. You also have some means, whether by retracting your more monstrous parts or simply casting highly specific illusions, of blending into modern society to do your job. It won't stand up to too much scrutiny, but at the very least nobody's going to run you out of town for being a big man with a skin condition who wears a large trenchcoat everywhere.

Vice Guy (100 CP): It's a hard sell, getting most people onboard with empowering the Titans to claim revenge against the gods. Yet you're an experienced spin doctor and you won't take no for an answer. You know exactly how to frame the Vices espoused by the Titans in ways that tempt the darker angels of human society-being particularly persuasive to those who feel maligned by their present circumstances or victimised by treatment from the gods. For those entirely lacking In supernatural experience, you're equally good at good old fashioned bribery, blackmail and outrage farming.

The Old Ways (100 CP): If the gods are somewhat out of touch with modern technology, the Titans and their avatars are (with one notable exception) utterly disdainful or indifferent to its use. Small wonder that like most of their creations, the weapons of war you're accustomed to using date from another time. Be it the sword, the bow, the axe or something more exotic yours is the fitness and training to fight in melee with weapons invented before gunpowder. And this isn't the elegant yet limited repertoire of a duelist, oh no; your training is made for the battlefield, and encompasses using the terrain to your advantage as well as improvised weapons. Though this is wholly mundane skill, depending on your true age it could be many lifetimes' worth of it gathered from your battles over the years. Should you wish, you could be an experienced martial artist or brawler with your bare hands as well.

Fated Foes (100 CP): They say that knowing is half your battle, and your kin have taken that to heart. Choose a pantheon, nominally but not necessarily the one your

kin is the most opposed to, and you now have a layman's knowledge of their history, customs and temperament. This won't tell you all the details like what Apollo's favourite flavour of ice cream is or what he's actually like in person, but at least you won't confuse him with Helios and recognise the scope of Olympus' long feud with Terra. Your kind is experienced with dealing with a certain pantheon, and even at many removes rumours about your feuds and dealings trickle down to form your base of knowledge. Just remember, the other half of that battle is violence.

Legendary Devourer (200 CP): It goes without saying that monsters are infamous for killing and eating those around them, but what many fail to consider is the benefits some gain from their untamed appetites. Like the mythical gashadokuro, you can regain your reserve of Legend simply by killing and completely devouring mortals and divine beings alike. Divine flesh yields far greater Legend than mortals of course, unless done on a *very* significant scale this is unlikely to increase your overall Legend ranking and do keep in mind you need to eat the *whole* corpse to get the benefits. Still, it's a quick and easy way to recoup your resources if you like the taste of long pork.

Malleable Mind and Body (200 CP): Many Titanspawn can bewitch the senses-only to reveal their own forms may not match reliable observation. With this perk, you can join the tengu, the Jotuns and too many more to list-or be an exceptionally powerful user of these gifts if you have such powers already. Your illusions fool all the senses and can be astoundingly complex for the effort put into them. Even an average Jotun could walk on fresh snow without seemingly leaving footprints or bewitch a sheep to look like a man. But a Jotun powerful enough to challenge a god could enchant the Midgard Serpent to resemble a cat, the Vanir goddess of Old Age to resemble a harmless old maid and the edge of the sea to resemble a drinking cup. Your shapeshifting will similarly grow with age and Legend, from being able to assume one or two animal forms to eventually adopting any human or animal shape indefinitely with a certain restriction (such as always being your original gender) at a god's level of mastery. With this, you may leave your enemies constantly doubting your true nature and condition.

Dread Gaze (200 CP): From the basilisk's killing gaze to the Gorgon's trick of turning flesh to stone, many notable Titanspawn can do tremendous harm with a mere glance. Whatever your form and nature, you too have this gift. This does not necessarily require you to slay with a direct gaze-that's merely the most directly deadly option available here. Instead of the Gorgon's legendary hideousness you could weave sophisticated illusions to affect the senses, or hypnotise others with a glance-though all effects require meeting a target's eyes directly. You could even be as beautiful as the Gorgons are hideous, driving others into uncontrollable desire or reverent awe. And because of your wise investment here, like the modern crop of Gorgons you have a technique-be it yet more illusions, or simply a second layer of eyelids-that can restrain your gaze without affecting your vision. Should you already be a Gorgon, basilisk or similar being you inexplicably have a second gaze-based power you can use reflexively, and at will.

Elemental Vitality (200 CP): The Jotuns are a people in exile. Since the death of Ymir at the hands of Odin and his brothers, their chieftain Utgard-Loki (no relation

to the trickster god; he's a Muspel boy) has pursued a cautious détente with the Aesir knowing that the closest Titan avatar to his kind, Surtur, actively desires the destruction of all there is. Yet they continue to survive in Jotunheim's icy wastes, thanks to the inherited affinity of ice they have-and which you share. Choose a Purview-a concept broad enough to be encompassed by a Titan. While you lack the fine control the gods have over it, you are capable of creating vast amounts of it at will for tiny expenditures of Legend. Even the weakest Jotun could easily freeze up to 10,000 gallons of nearby water at will. Better yet, you may rapidly heal injuries to yourself by exposing your injuries to such elements and spending yet another miniscule amount of Legend. And should you already have been a Jotun yet taken this perk anyway, your mastery over ice will be the envy of your kind.

Primal Passion (200 CP): Though inferior by dint of heritage, Pan was nonetheless a god from birth-and once spurned from Olympus, his spiteful alliance with the Titans degraded him into something more akin to a demon. And like his children the satyrs, you have the ability to fill those around you with an overpowering urge to revel in their most base desires. For beings less than gods this must be channelled through a focus such as a musical instrument or a dance, but for beings equal to even the least of gods this can affect crowds at will. You may steer the exact vice satisfied by those you target-whether heavy drinking, uncontrolled mob violence or the orgies Pan's name became associated with. Furthermore, you may imbue a supernaturally powerful and contagious emotion into this effect-such as the mindless panic that Pan spreads. The decadence and vice you spread is pleasing in the eyes of the Titans, and an excellent way to create conditions of Vice befitting your nature.

On a side note, as a creature of sensuality you are also a *fantastic* lay, whether you have a grizzled masculinity or a sultry sway to your body. You're the kind of lay nymphs have to be to keep up with their godly lovers. You're the kind of lay that people would be willing to give up their life energy for.

Living Maelstrom (400 CP): While very much a LITERAL moniker for the legendary Charybdis, you are not obliged to be an actual somehow-living hole and this instead represents the great connection to the Purviews that the Titan Avatars and greatest Titanspawn have. Simply put, where young Scions are lighting fires you are tossing trucks with pillars of flame. Where demigods are becoming and co-locating through flame, as a being of equal power you'd bring all the fury of a pyroclastic flow with you when you fall upon a town. And if a god of fire thinks he knows everything about fire, you'd develop a unique ability or two that proves him wrong in addition to your own dire mastery of fiery destruction. Your power over Purviews is not as unrefined as the gods may wish to believe, and if an aura of whatever you bring to bear surges around you in battle it will be because you instinctively will it's every motions with the precision of a composer. Furthermore your physicality, charm and intellect become somewhat entangled with your Purview advancement; in time you may gain an appetite as voracious as the flame you wield, or a hide as tough as the earth you beckon forth.

Touch of The Titans (400 CP): What a fearsome power. Are you like the Shinigami, an actual manifestation of death? Or are you descended from the feared Obsidian Butterfly? Either way, you have the simple and deadly power to bring death with a

touch. Your blows, unarmed an armed alike, are supernaturally deadly in a way science can't explain-sufficient to kill all but the hardiest beings short of a god with a single good strike. Worse, to touch you or even swing a weapon at your flesh against your will is to taste a shadow of that death as well-perhaps half as much as that attack. Of course, you could be something yet stranger and bring another abstract concept to bear with your touches. Chaos, justice, lust-while not many will likely be as deadly as the grip of the grave itself, all will be equally inexorable when incarnated through you.

Monstrous Progenitor (400 CP): Some specimens of monsters, like the original Phoenix or Coatl, are simply of a greater scale than their lesser ilk. Whatever your original make you are an extremely powerful specimen of your kind as well-great enough that with this alone even an ordinary Jotun could stand as a peer to gods. While this remains true for a Scion or god, it also manifests as a certain otherworldliness and feral intensity similar to Kali's rages, the Monkey King's perpetual chaos or Loki's malice and a physiology alien even by divine standards. While all gods from certain pantheons may have animal heads or stars in their hair, you may sprout twin draconic dragons from your shoulders like Azi Dahaka or have hair you may literally enter the night sky through; similar traits manifest for a Titanspawn as powerful as a god. But that's far from your only gift. Yours is a peerless knowledge of breeding and heredity, such that you could use mortal sciences to create new races of monsters loyal to your will. Your most potent means of creating life, however, remains in your loins.

Whether as a man or a woman, your chiselled physique commands respect as much as your sensual curves attract those around you-and should you possess the power to change forms, this warrior-like sexual appeal will persist across them all. Even with mortal stock, you could create Titanspawn of incredible power-to say nothing of a divine partner, of which the child would partake of both your natures while retaining the capacity to gain far greater might rapidly through their life. Angrboda, your equal, sired the apocalyptic Fenris Wolf and World Serpent as well as the death goddess Hel with her onetime consort Loki. Who knows what your children will come to resemble?

It should probably go without saying that not only are you an even greater lay than before, but your reproductive endurance defies all reason and logic. A woman would, naturally, be able to spawn the greatest monsters of Norse mythology despite one being half-dead and the other being a serpent with no medical complications. A man would be capable of rutting with a woman hundreds of feet bigger than him and not just outlast her, but leave her exhausted yet fully satisfied.

The Industrial-Titanomachy Complex (400 CP): Like Prometheus, you've been touched by the fires of progress. Such is your divine skill at the forge that you can forge technology capable of both withstanding the sweltering interior of Titans-and doing considerable damage to the strongholds of the gods. Beyond mere intelligence, your skill jumps to dizzying heights even without a formal understanding of your work and your powers naturally converge or develop new abilities to stoke the forge, enchant the blade and perform numerous other tasks even as your mind buzzes with intuitive leaps about constructing wonders. From

tanks capable of blasting holes in Acopa's defences, to assault rifles that can survive a siege of Olympus' slopes you can fashion all manner of marvellous, deadly devices capable of multiplying the force of a fire giant horde considerably. The elemental intensity of Titans or gods can even be used to reinforce such weapons, to the extent that you could even build a giant robot capable of devastating Asgard that can remain under layers of lava indefinitely, with an iron bridge as it's miles-long sword. Incidentally, if you lacked the innate ability to forge Birthrights as Tengu and dwarves are able to from divinely touched materials this perk definitely grants you that power.

And should you already have considerable supernatural prowess with the forge as a Scion or Titan, you would be considered talented enough to serve as a worthy apprentice to Hephaestus himself. It would still take time to learn all the ways of his craft. But what is time to an immortal? Already you can build automatons sophisticated enough to imitate human beings-and weapons capable of felling gods or Titans.

Toxic Rejuvenation (400 CP): It's a curious trend that monsters of myth with terrifying venom also tend to be extremely difficult to put down. Like the original Lernaean Hydra, of which you are an equal in regeneration and venom if not necessarily being a 30 foot snake who survived the original myth. In addition to healing lethal wounds in seconds, choose a biological extension from your torso; heads are traditional, but you could also regrow arms or legs or…other parts. Each time an arm is severed from you, you regrow two in its place with no loss of coordination or mobility-and with each additional limb you have, your regeneration rate quickens.

Furthermore, when you wholly consume a Scion or similarly divine being you may choose to sprout two such limbs. You also have a venom so potent, if deployed from your mouth even your breath would be deadly-although if you wish it may have a different effect. It could be a paralytic, a hallucinogenic, even an aphrodisiac-though it will be similarly potent. It could even be infused into your sweat or squirted from a gland rather than your fangs, and regardless of where it's from it runs in your blood too-making you naturally immune to it, if it needs to be said. Lastly, your head is exceptionally immortal even by those standards, and regenerates away damage from any being with less overall divine power than you. So powerful is your regeneration that you could swiftly regain your whole body from that head as long as it isn't trapped under a boulder or similar obstacle.

Seed of Evil (600 CP): It is hubris on the gods' part to think their gifts cannot be improved by their forbearers. This extends even to the creation of Scions themselves, something certain Titan avatars may soon prove willing to experiment with. Your origins were probably rather dark, considering how a misanthropist like Gran Bois would probably treat his partner-let alone the lecherous Ran or solipsistic Aten. And through them, you are now the Scion of a Titan Avatar with the same potential for power and independence as the Scions of the Gods, and optionally the form of a human if you did not already have it. Not only do your Purviews reflect your parent', but you have access to the Epic Attributes of the gods. You do require the trophies of other Titanspawn to use your Purviews at

first, though. Finally, you gain power with remarkable speed compared to your god-sired brethren-and certainly far faster than most Titanspawn.

Like many gifts of the Titans this gift is a poisoned chalice; mastering your Purviews tends to come with a monstrous twist to your powers. And whether in the form of living snake hair from mastering the Animal Purview or the innate power to add thunderclaps from mastering the Sky while this does grant additional capabilities, it also tends to err towards making it easier to endanger other mortals. Furthermore, you can rapidly accelerate the growth of your divine powers by succumbing to the Vices of the Titans-to the extent fully replacing one Virtue with a Vice would immediately increase your Legend at will. As for what happens at the point of apotheosis, it's…admittedly somewhat unclear whether your destiny is to be made in your parent's image or that of the gods. On the one hand, nominally you should grow into your parents' image as a Titan Avatar but then again Loki was once an ancient Titanspawn himself before defecting to the Aesir's alliance. Whether you grow up to be a new facet of your Greater Titan or a god in your own right is largely for you to discover. Your intimate connection to dark, primal urges will persist in future worlds in which you will find it easier to gain or improve divine power of all sorts by listening to your inner lizard brain. May the heavens have mercy on those who get in your way, for should you crave power you'll likely have none.

Bane of Pantheons (600 CP): There are certain enemies of the gods who defy categorisation into their ranks or the Titans' truest emanations, yet seemingly embody a kind of ordained existential threat to their survival. Two of the most famous of these are born of divine and giant blood, and even now strain against the power of the greatest Aesir working in concert to restrain. The Fenris Wolf, and his brother Jormungandr are beings closer to the scale of Titan avatars than other Titanspawn yet not bound to serve or represent the Titans directly. Within you is the potential to join the ranks of such powerful beings, much to the gods' despair. You have a trait, such as the sons of Loki's ability to change size and grow ever vaster or Hel's dominion over the unworthy dead, that grows indefinitely over time with potentially apocalyptic force-whether by bolstering your innate traits or granting you power over a Purview commensurate with the greatest gods. Moreover you have one or two highly feared means of harm that is a near-death sentence even to the gods. Fenris can breathe flame and sunder nearly anything with the full force of his bite, while Jormungandr has a venom that can fell gods.

And should you already have achieved full apotheosis, you can count yourself their equal. Your traits are commensurate with those of the greatest gods: You boast complete, Avatar-level mastery of 3 Purviews, are completely unable to wield 3 other Purviews and have great control over every other Purview. All divine attributes of the approach-physical, intellectual or social-you prefer have been comprehensively mastered to the extent of attaining Ultimate control over them, while all others are *merely* very powerful even among gods.

Your true power, however, is that despite you full agency you enact Fate in a way-as the correlative doom to the gods. Against a specific pantheon your schemes and attacks alike sunder best laid plans, tear through defences with even greater harm than what your tremendous power should already represent and generally inflict

cascades of lasting losses for the pantheon. You are fated to be their destroyer, and unlike the sons of Loki there seems to be no prophecy on how you could be slain. They can try to bind you with magic and divine intervention when you have yet to fully realise your power, but in the fullness of your godhood such tricks bow to the weight of Legend you bring to bear. Ironically, the surest way to avert your destruction is also the course of action nearly all gods find the most alien: Reconciling a lasting peace with you, at which point Fate will grant you the ability to "restrain" your extant growth into a form *merely* commensurate with the most savage and powerful gods-freeing you from your destiny to destroy. Until then, Fate itself empowers you beyond your limits to see the twilight of the gods. If the Titanomachy goes on long enough, perhaps your jaws will clamp around the sun to snuff it out. And once you'd laid low, moved on from or somehow made peace with your pantheon, Fate will reveal the next one to earn your enmity will become your newly preordained prey.

Cosmic Immortal (600 CP): Certain creatures of the Titans are not just undying, but actually have their life woven into the fabric of reality. Such is the case for the Great Phoenix-the original phoenix-who stands as a symbol of death and renewal, its remains bursting into flame if slain to be reborn in an hour. Or the Great Cyclops, a mysterious being of Muspelheim whose flames regenerates any damage dealt to it so quickly as to render it indestructible. As long as it dwells in its forest of flames within the Titan of Light, anyway. Like these beings your boon is simple yet highly powerful: A form of comprehensive, true immortality that doesn't just preserve you but encompasses a means to restore you from deleterious effects. While you have a wide discretion to define the terms of your immortality, keep in mind that the more comprehensive the terms of it are the more limitations you must accept on it. The Great Phoenix *might* be slain by the actions of an Avatar-level mastery of a Purview, if a god were willing to risk destabilising the basic function of all rebirth throughout the cosmos. On the other hand, Aten's own immutability to all effects is dependent on his solipsistic belief that he is the one real being in existence-a mentality even he cannot indefinitely maintain.

Remembrance of Titans (600 CP): How ARROGANT of the gods to defile the endless possibilities of the primal ways of being by donning insipid FORM. You though, you are a true adherent to the old order of things before the arrogant usurpers started tainting the so-called Overworld with "having bodies". It seems some Titan's avatar or other, possibly Mikaboshi himself if you are a literal creature of darkness, has blessed you with an existence capable of forging a closer relationship with your patron Titan. You now exist primarily as a phenomena dominant in your Titan. While Mikaboshi is quite literally the darkness awaiting all things, as a child of the Sky Titan you could be the ever-renewing power of the storm or as a child of Hundun you could be the inherent yet inevitable entropy in all complex systems. At a minimum you are utterly immune to all attacks that inflict physical damage, poisons and disease, and an environmentally expansive ongoing effect powerful enough to greatly affect even the gods-such as the mercifully localised reality-annihilating touch of the voids passively accreting in the Titan of Darkness. You also have extreme awareness and insight into what you encompass, and great control over the environmental conditions you propagate-as a tsunami as influence over water. Needless to say, this tremendously empowers Living Maelstrom if you have that perk as well.

Nearly all physical attacks short of an Ultimate attribute can't harm you as a result yet based on your other choices and self-defined form from elsewhere in this jump you may manifest the physical form many would assume to be your real body anywhere your phenomena-body is. You may also defend yourself and manipulate things with amorphous extrusions of your element-self; while the touch of Mikaboshi's tendrils risks driving others mad with a hysterical fear of the dark yours may have different effects. Rejoice, for you are one with the Titans in a way few could understand-but remain cautious for a few things can wrest you from your glorious inchoation. Creative use of a divinely empowered attribute or a Purview Avatar can accomplish this, as can certain mystical effects targeting your physical form.

Should you take this as a Scion, you instead sublime into an elemental phenomena based on one of your parent's Purviews.

Fertile Soil (600/1200/1800 CP): It's not often that Gaia and her jealous rival Kamimushi cooperate so thoroughly on a task, nor for Jord to focus on it. But in anticipation for the coming battle, out of concern for their precious children, they have decided to bless another with their own unique powers over fertility-and who better to bless than a forward young Titanspawn like yourself? Each has her own 600 CP perk to…endow you with, and if you benefit for a discount the first time the other purchases may be discounted as well. Each empowers you with an aspect of the natural order itself, slowly improving as your own overall divine power does from the following baseline effects.

From Kamimushi, you obtain an impossibly quick form of parthenogenesis. As a woman you can give impregnate yourself and give birth at will, painlessly and in fact with a shadow of Kamimushi's joy for all her children, at a top speed of a new child every five minutes. As a man, you suffer the indignity of actually needing a target-any natural phenomena or solid object, even a bonfire in a pinch-but your strong seed permits you to create children even quicker with but a single spurt from your manhood. As either, you have full and reflexive control over the timing of your children's birth. Either way, such children emerge fully grown and deeply loyal to their parent-and run the full gamut of nearly any natural lifeform and any supernatural being short of an actual god from this world. Although beings with a Legend rating will require commensurate expenditure of Legend, with this you can sire chimerae, minion races, even new lesser kami with tremendous ease-as your Legend replenishes swiftly simply from the feat of creating new life, which is intricately bound with your nature. Your greatest children, lesser immortals by definition, would equal Scions at the highest reaches of demigodhood. A final blessing is also given to you out of anger against her fellow Titan Avatar Coatlicue for claiming her children after death: With only a small, additional amount of Legend per child, you may grant all your children a form of true, all-encompassing immortality commensurate with their overall divine power that you may freely design-or as it were, set on automatic should you have a favoured form of immortality. While lesser lifeforms may merely be unkillable save by a more powerful divine being or force-and perhaps a specific material and/or herb in exchange for greater might (though perhaps left physically mangled until they regenerate, or only possessing one truly immortal body part from which the rest

regenerates), even beings on par with demigods may have immortality surpassing the gods. And of course, your stamina and resilience are mighty even among gods simply to either sustain the miracle of birth, or propagate it. As a woman, a demigod could attack you with a sledgehammer as you give birth yet find you easily fighting back without risk to the baby. A nice side effect of this particular blessing is that should you wish it, any sexual act you perform with a partner may result in a pregnancy. The effects may be…unpredictable for certain acts, whether certain children a "born" as a sneeze that rapidly assembles to adulthood or the fluids on your back be nourished by your sweat or heat into a whole, hale new child. But be assured both you and your partner will not just survive the act but feel a profoundly rejuvenating euphoria in it surpassing any pain. Like an excellent massage, a good night's sleep and a rollercoaster rush all at once, even when such experiences are as traumatic as Izanami's labours.

Which is where Gaia's blessing comes in. With Gaia's blessing, you can shape the form and powers of your children like a master composer to create new life-and empower it to heights capable of challenging the gods from birth, before constantly growing stronger. If Kamimushi's blessing permitted you to birth or sire any living thing of this world, Gaia's blessing lets you make new, bold lifeforms to defend the rest of her children from those who would exert undue authority over the world itself. From man-shaped hurricanes, to giant lions with dozens of heads, to living jungles, to beasts powerful enough to bear the world on their backs indefinitely, to solid insect swarms all of your children can treat the laws of biology, chemistry and physics more like artistic suggestions than functional limits while being fully viable and endowed with strange forms of immortality. Even identity and individuality are no true limits for your children, for the power of the natural order's originator enables you to create natural phenomena and formations as easily as singular beings, and create both through any of your biological processes at will. With your tears, you may create a storm and lake over a region as well as great spirits presiding over both if you wish. With your sweat, you may sculpt clay and sediment then have it rapidly grow into an island replete with a Legend-enriched ecosystem-perhaps an entire continental shelf, given repeated efforts. Or even a world if you work at it long enough. However unusual, as above all your children will instinctively love you protectively. As a woman your birthrate is significantly slower than that which Kamimushi's blessing would provide, though you could still sire several each day. Likewise, as a man it would take far more seed to raise a child but you could still sire many children moulded to your liking. Importantly, children you create inevitably gain supernatural powers similar to those shared by a powerful partner. Finally, this blessing offers greater strength, stamina and resilience than any other here. Your flesh and bone is as tough as the bones of the earth, your blood does not leave your body against your will and while you heal no more swiftly even snapped bones will reconfigure and even the World Serpent's venom can be withstood like a mortal fever with this. That is until you exert filial piety: The traits of ecosystems and natural phenomena you birth or sire may be symbiotically such that your health and Legend recuperates as per Jord's blessing when standing within them just as Gaia herself manifests as a woman of earth and stone whose hair is Spanish moss and who lays down roots where she stands still. You may incorporate more of your ecosystem onto yourself to grow larger-perhaps as large to whatever you are as Gaia's typical form is to mortal men, before further exerting yourself to grow even larger-and with time and

practice perhaps even integrate your more singular children into a temporary fusion to wield your shared might, wisdom and beauty as one (though that will take far greater effort than an environment). Finally, with an effort of Legend comparable to an Avatar transformation you may transform this symbiosis into a titanic warform comparable to Gaia's serpentine transformation-a form which let her shield her giant children against a god's Avatar at great cost, and nearly crush to death Hercules at the pinnacle of his godhood. Whether you take such a similar animalistic form, maintain a humanoid one wreathed in natural phenomena, become an all-devouring swarm or choose another, you cannot be mistaken for anything less than nature red in tooth and claw.

Last but not least, Jord's blessing enacts her role as the sexual act incarnate. Your beauty is an observer's ideal of their opposite gender, and your mere presence exerts a yearning for breeding that can leave even arouse the most inhuman of spirits, leave the most chaste of virgin goddesses weak at the knees and even debase other normally dignified Titan Avatars into a romp with you. Your sublime flesh can bring long-dead ghost to climax. Though no more resilient, your divine ichor regenerates your form and Legend so swiftly from carnal pleasure that the efforts of a magma and granite-studded behemoth many times larger than you would do well to even lightly bruise you after being brought to climax. Even a Hundun-spawn fractal melody of time-warping light and space-warping shadow undulating in the rough form of a beast can be driven wild with lust, and your pleasure would just as swiftly restore your form from unwanted change. When you turn the unfettered force of your carnality on another god, you can even shackle them to you as a loyal, remodelled slave to your whims. At first those broken to your whims may merely be conditioned at your pleasure to abandon their Virtues and adopt the Vices of the Titans, but over several encounters as their desire for you overwhelms their identity, your partners could gain divine powers embodying their enslavement to your touch. Perhaps the leash and shackles donned by your trophy husband in bed could become extending, god-shackling weapons in battle once he has been trained to wear them proudly in public. Or the brand and piercings on your concubine become powerful Birthrights.

And while this is technically not the full gamut of Ultimate beauty, were you to attain Ultimate beauty then confront another with it this boon would cause you to utterly outshine them. Purview Avatars associated with the sexual act, such as that of Health or perhaps whatever Avatar manifests in the name of Love, are similarly bolstered. As Gaia gladly bears all the children sired by Jord's many escapades you too may share the joy of childbirth with different partners. As a woman, any other woman Fatebound or otherwise mystically associated with you (such as by geas, or blood relation) may have the pregnancy transferred for them to carry to term. As a man, you may instead decide which of several partners that currently hold your seed will be the one to give birth to your child-potentially granting the child supernatural inheritances from both mothers as well as yourself. While it would take great supernatural power to reject this privilege, fear not; without significant and specific interference your child will either safely be returned to your womb for birthing if you are a woman, or be at least given a fair chance to be carried to term in the nearby area's very environment if you are a man-and instead gain supernatural traits associated with said environment.

Items

All items are discounted under the relevant origin header by 50%. You may choose ONE 100 CP item to be free, all others are 50% off.

General

Divine Firepower (100 CP): Fancy! You've got either a pair of low calibre firearms, or a powerful rifle that's been given a divine enchantment with range and impact commensurate to the gun's make. Ever wanted a pair of Berettas to do the job of Cupid and Anteros' bows with more style? Or a shotgun that busts through walls with the fury of the storm? Now's your chance. Such weapons still require ammunition, but mundane ammunition will do and depending on what power you invoke it's bullets may leave no physical harm. Each either channels the power of one Purview per firearm (potentially two different ones if you took the dual guns option) or a unique power commensurate with the examples above. That poor minotaur or hoplite has no idea that you've updated divine weaponry for the 21st century. This item may be repurchased for additional (sets of) firearms.

Scion

Many of the divine relics here are normally inaccessible or unavailable to members of foreign pantheons from the ones who forged them. However by purchasing here you are given either an inexplicable duplicate of one such relic, or alternatively may create an original relic with similar capabilities linked to your own pantheon or Titan.

Harpe (100 CP): The blade that Perseus wielded when he set out to slay the Gorgons, this crescent-shaped weapon has often received great dread from Titanspawn. Unusually sharp, it's far deadlier than most weapons of its size. It also bestows the Purviews of Chaos and War on its wielder, making them an unpredictable yet powerful warrior.

Gris-Gris (100 CP): Whether made from children's dolls or traditional images of gods or spirits, a gris-gris is a small cloth pouch that contains a sampling of common items with magical correspondences. From herbs to coloured stones, scraps of sweat-soaked cloth to gunpowder, salt and red pepper, these items are often employed as tools in Voodoo. Through the Health Purview it grants you can gain great luck, or through the Mystery Purview make trouble for your enemies. Potentially, by modifying the contends of the bag with the proper knowledge other Purviews can be gained.

An Irish Spear (100 CP each): Crafted from the largest bone in the body of a sea serpent, the Gae Bolga is notorious for dispensing numerous barbs into the flesh of those it's struck into. When the legendary hero Cuchulainn wielded it against his best friend Ferdiad and his own son Connla, ripping the spear from their bodies was almost instantly fatal. A measure of the son of Lugh's prowess lives on in the spear, allowing it to grant the Purview of War to its bearer.

The Spear of Lugh himself is no less glorious, brought from the city of Gorias in Tir na nOg by Lugh and used to wound Balor of the Evil Eye. Made of oak with a head of milky white crystal, the spear's head drips blood fierce enough to burn lesser materials unless submerged in the Dagda's cauldron. Enchantments have been place on the Spear so it can be safely stored in a space outside this dimension but perpendicular to its wielder, allowing him to summon it forth and return it to that no-place when done. With the Purview of War it grants, the spear dominates in battle. With the Purviews of Fire and Sky, it casts attacks of lightning and ice as well.

And for the listed price OR as your first free item, you may gain one of these weapons.

Spirit Master's Seal (100 CP each): The Celestial Bureaucracy creates a number of seals which represent honourable status, and compels service from the lesser spirits that serve under its gods. Consisting of a wood or stone cube three inches square carved with archaic Chinese symbols, when the Scion wishes to summon spirits he may write out an appropriate talisman on coloured paper, stamp it with the seal and imperiously command the spirit. And while these nominally only hold clout in the Celestial Bureaucracy, for an additional 100 CP each you may gain an additional seal that exerts power over the lesser spirits of other pantheons such as nymphs or ancestral ghosts.

Rune-Inscribed Relic (100 CP each): How would you like to enhance an item you already own, with a little Aesir trickery? Rather than having power of their own, the Norse runes of this world focus the divine power of their writers into specific meanings. For example, the sun rune *sowilo* would grant access to the Sun Purview. You may inscribe an item you already own with up to **two** Purviews by "importing" them into this option to have a rune or two inscribed on them.

The Titan-Seeking Spear (200 CP): In ancient Greece, this ornate weapon was stained with lamia and drakon blood. In Northern Europe, it was carried into hopeless battle against dark elves while in the Aztec capital it skewed hundreds of tzitzimime (world-destroying female demon skeletons with snake penises). It's origins unknown, the Titan-Seeking Spear is a six-foot polearm made of bronze (or brass, the records are a little unclear) with a tip stained by blood that can never be wiped clean. And now, this mystery for the ages has ended up in your hands. The spear grants access to the War Purview, and is perpetually sharp. If the owner wills it, any supernatural guides such as oracles or wise men can be seen and heard in the light reflected from its shaft, permitting two-way communication. The blood of the slain Titan on its tip can spawn five warriors from the ground when driven into it, each a mighty man of old. Finally, once per day the spear simply cannot miss it's mark at the moment of truth-so long as it is struck against a Titanspawn.

Yasakani no Magatama (200 CP): A necklace made of small, curved jade beads, this relic is one of the Imperial Regalia of Japan. In legend, it was hung atop a mirror outside the cave Amaterasu hid within to lure out the goddess with its beauty. And like the mighty Japanese goddess it came to symbolise, it wields great power: Providing access to the Fertility, Sun, War and Water Purviews.

A Fountain of Amrita (200 CP): It is the nectar of the gods. Their nourishment, and a refreshing break even from the hardships only a god can know. It's damn delicious, if that needed to be said-and you have a whole fountain of this delicious, creamy golden liquid. Where even the god Indra himself has a special flask to hoard this morsel, you have a magnificent fountain of the purest grade Amrita mounted either in your Warehouse, in a property you own or simply somewhere convenient in this world. The Amrita which issues straight from the central fountain is the purest grade stuff, directly restoring Legend with each cup, but pools just beneath it capture and dilute it into the Amrita that merely restores one's will with sheer delight and even lower pools reduce it to a delicacy capable of healing supernaturally grievous wounds. Lethal to Titanspawn, this ichor can have devastating effects on mortals and non-Legend-touched animals. You could drive the Devas to envy merely by making known your ownership of this wonder-or their friendship by sharing it with them.

Chac Mool (200 CP): An enormous stone statue depicted a reclining man with a bowl on his stomach, the Chac Mool was once used to catch the hearts of the Aztec empire's sacrifices. Such tools have also become useful for Scions of the Aztec pantheon in the modern era, despite weighing several tons. They double the Legend reward given by any Itzli boon if the blood from the ritual is placed in the Chac Mool's bowl, and also grant it's protector access to the Sun purview.

The Golden Servants of Hephaestus (200 CP): A six inch wide golden disc that can sprout three-tentacle-like legs and a dozen thin tendrils tipped with some common tool, these automatons are superb and speedy craftsmen created by the smith god to aid in his work. One can disassemble an automobile fully in half an hour, all are naturally brilliant in all forms of craftsmanship and you have a dozen. Beyond their slavish obedience to your projects and skill, the golden servants have the personality of a loyal, affectionate dog-communicating with bells, clicks and whistles with each other. On the other hand as being fashioned from gold enchanted by Hephaestus himself, they will also never wear out or break down unless deliberately damaged and are superbly sturdy despite their flimsy appearance.

The Cauldron of Dagda (200 CP): A treasure from the otherworldly city of Murias, the Dagda's cauldron is the divine solution to an army walking on its stomach. When filled with water, it never empties unless the cauldron is deliberately tipped out and drained. Through the Health Purview it grants the Cauldron can also heal practically any wound short of death. But the Cauldron's most famous power is its power to create enough solid, nourishing food to feed an army. Food like beef stew, hearty chicken soup or mounds of ribs smothered in barbecue sauce that can win turn a grim battlefield into a jolly feasting ground-or bring humanitarian aid where it is needed most.

The Sword of Light (400 CP): Known as Claiomh Solais, the Sword of Light was another relic of Tir na nOg wielded by Nuada against the fomorians. Through the Purview of the Sun, when unsheathed it glows with a brilliance that blinds titanspawn and mortals alike. Through the Purview of War each swing it makes is sharp enough to slice a man in half, while the Purviews of Guardian and Justice make it every bit the force of righteousness it appears to be. As a tribute to its

legendary wielder, the sword's light also creates an illusion to make it appear as though the wielder's dominant hand has been transformed to silver.

Gandiva (400 CP): When the fire god Agni fell ill and attempted to consume an entire forest for sustenance, Indra sought to thwart that destruction with a powerful storm. Agni enlisted the aid of Arjuna, who distracted Indra's showers long enough for Agni to finish his meal-and forged a bond between the hero and god. This ornate bow of solid, yet flexible oak is the very weapon (or a convincing replica) employed for that feat, longer than most bows and it's drawstring fashioned from the very thread of Fate itself. It can never be burned nor broken by mere force, and it grants it's wielder the Justice, Magic and Fire purviews. One weakness lies upon this weapon: The bow cannot fire anything if wet, and using the bow often attracts rain and storms due to Indra's anger with the deception. Perhaps if you somehow won Indra's favour, this drawback could be lifted?

San Greal (400 CP): A mysterious artifact most definitely associated with Christian iconography, even the gods seem confused about whether this relic dates back to the Tuatha de Dannan's mythology or the more famous King Arthur legend. It appears to be a humble wooden cup with no handle, wider than it is deep. When a normally drinkable liquid is poured into it, this relic removes all drugs, poisons, dirt and other impurities to render it fit for consumption. Furthermore when a Scion expends a miniscule amount of Legend, the san greal can transform that liquid into a powerful healing potion that can heal any malady or wound short of death, or *maybe* the worst poisons or diseases the Titans can bring to bear. On top of everything the san greal offers the Health purview to its owner, and while normally it can only be wielded by a truly pious holder it appears to recognise you as a worthy wielder.

The Flame of Liberty (400 CP): Gods are not the only expression of Legend in the Overworld. Where archetypal feats of ancient craftsmanship resonate with symbolic importance in both the realm of the gods and the imaginations of mankind, certain sites can become a mystical portal of sorts into the true, Platonic ideal of that site or monument-called Touchstones. You now own a marvellous statue comparable to the Statue of Liberty itself or the historical Colossus of Rhodes, which grants access to the Touchstone that is the archetypal Colossus itself. Standing tall on a circular seal of gold surrounded by water, its visage is beautiful. Depending on the viewer it can wear a heroic man's strong features or a patrician woman's, but it is always the archetypal symbol of freedom. A passageway at the hem of the statue's robes leads to what is also it's exit, and it's greatest treasure: The golden bonfire of its torch, whipping wildly in the winds. Fate has mandated that those who come to see the glory of freedom must experience it, and not only do the flames not burn flesh before releasing you back to the real world but with an effort of will one who can wield the Fire, Guardian, Justice or Sun Purviews can fully replenish their reserves of Legend. More than anything, the Colossus stands for the celebration of freedom as an ideal itself, radiating optimising and noble courage to all who bask in its glory. Even the grimmest heart can be moved by its stately warmth.

The Growing (Purview) (400 CP each): The legendary Xireng looks like a lump of clay and loam, seemingly only capable of a limited form of creating the Earth

purview's substance. However a Scion with access to that same Purview can create unlimited quantities of rammed Earth without even spending legend, and even form simple shapes with it such as dikes or platforms. And should you not like Earth for some reason, you may choose to purchase a clump of another Purview somehow held together, which given access to said Purview will let you generate similarly endless quantities of it shaped by your will. Try not to think too hard about how spontaneously generating Justice or Guardianship or Health actually looks like.

The Book of Going Forth By Day (600 CP): This antique strip of papyrus includes a collection of 192 spells (and thus, grants the Magic Purview), and an account of Osiris' resurrection. So too does the book permit the miracle of resurrection for a recently dead soul, lasting a month of actual earthly time by journeying through the Egyptian underworld and typically culminating with the weighing of the deceased's heart against the feather of truth. Some Scions have reported visits to other lands of the dead, while others have reported that more Scions participating in the ritual can accompany and aid it's possessor if he will vouch for them before the Gods.

The Apples of Idunn (600 CP): A wondrous orchard is now yours, full of marvellous trees with precious fruit. While normally the joy and power of the Aesir goddess Idun herself nurtures these beauties, some other force sustains them on your behalf. Thus, you own a supply of the famous apples of immortality equal to the one that supplies all of Asgard. Within seconds of eating one, a mortal returns to the biological state of their early 20s if they're older than that, and find all their wounds, physical ailments and diseases restored to perfect health. Even gods and other immortal beings are bolstered by the apples; their vitality is bolstered for weeks after eating a single apple, their Legend is completely restored and their will refreshed and the Legend cost to activate the next few instances of any divine power short of an Ultimate attribute or Avatar form is utterly waived. Each apple is an infusion of divine power, and the source of Asgard's heroic resolve.

The Wrath Made Thunder (600 CP): From Zeus' thunderbolts to the mighty Mjolnir, some of the greatest weapons of the gods invoke the heavenly fury of the sun, sky and storm. Somehow you too have come into ownership of such an ownership. At a bare minimum it is an intensely sacred weapon, providing access to the Guardian and Justice Purviews. One other Purview it confers reflects its nature, as Mjolnir embodies Thor's command over the storm. But above all it provides a unique destructive power commensurate to an Ultimate attribute or an Avatar expression of an appropriately direct Purview. Wielded by a god that has already reached the pinnacle of such might, it could be said such a weapon lets that deity go even further beyond the already unquantifiable might such forces provide. Beyond that, you have great discretion in how to define your new weapon; it may even be something like a crown or cloak to represent the mystic or charismatic intensity provided. Let even gods look on in awe, for should the Titans dare challenge you with this weapon in hand there is only one sensible response to them: I SAY THEE NAY.

The Tiller of Destiny (600 CP): Not all weapons are feared for their destructive force, but rather for their capacity to reshape the mortal world. Gungnir, Odin's

spear, is one such example-though you may bear another weapon or regalia more suited to your pantheon or Titan should you wish. Whatever you choose, this relic is great in the Purviews of Magic, Mystery and Prophecy as Mjolnir is in destructive power. With this artifact, even a mere mortal could Fatebind an ever-growing circle of supporters to realise his wildest dreams. A languishing country could see its economy revitalised, and national pride restored in mere weeks. Certainly this Relic could have a uniquely lethal power or two on par with Gungnir's own, but it's greatest power is the potential to influence the hearts and minds of mortals on a grand scale. Make no mistake, if taking the reins of Fate through the will of mankind was that easy some manipulative god would have done it long ago-but with this in hand, the possibility is at least something more than a pipe dream.

The Keys to Durance Vile (600 CP): That foul, wretched place. Do you really want that responsibility? If the Colossus is the Touchstone that stands for freedom, than Durance Vile is the Touchstone born from the Tower of London, the Bastille, every salt mine and concentration camp there has ever been. It personifies the place where men go to Hell while yet living, and resembles a small, rocky island like Alcatraz. No swimmer can reach the mainland vaguely visible in the distance, and the island's air ranges from as hot and heavy as the Devil's island to the chill of a Siberian gulag. Fences of stone, concrete or barbed wire cross it at random. And at its centre squats a lumpen quadrangle maze of a building, filled with all the tools of interrogation and facilities of every prison there has ever been-everything from medieval torture chambers to equipment for electroshock and lobotomy. Eldritch, inescapable hounds straight out of the Wild Hunt patrol the island, and worse-a cruel warden surveys the prison. His appearances changes between every icon of authority there has ever been, but in every form his eyes are cold, gray stone like his heart. He is a being on par with a god, yet though they sometimes employ him they do not speak of his origins. He is immortal as long as prisons exist, and anything he claps in restraint personally simply cannot break free. It would take powers of interplanar transportation such as a certain Psychopomp power, an Avatar transformation or killing the Warden to free oneself from the prison-and all pantheons are wary enough of the consequences to treat it as neutral ground, for should the unthinkable happen Fate itself would demand another take the Warden's place.

You, happy fool that you are, have somehow come into ownership of Durance Vile without needing to be the Warden. You even own a set of keys that permits you to enter and exit the place from any door, and a visitor's pass proving your status. In fact, to the man's bewilderment he appears to take orders from you now. Be careful with the clout you now wield. This is the place the gods use to imprison their enemies, or their less civilised kin.

Titanspawn

Bloody Useful (100 CP): This man-sized jar is engraved with the caduceus of Hermes, symbolically indicating the purpose of the Gorgon blood within it. For purified and enchanted, this blood is a wondrous curative to all manner of

mundane poisons or toxins. Whether injected or imbibed, the plentiful jar refils by itself through some enchantment and also offers access to the Magic purview. Like Asclepius was renowned to, certain rituals the blood of Medusa was famed for may be possible with much study into the ways of magic and the properties of monstrous blood-most likely extending its healing powers to wounds and diseases, although rumours of resurrection are probably exaggerated.

Completely Trustworthy Business (100 CP): A respectable company with a minotaur at the head of the boardroom isn't something you see every day, mostly because the businesslike minotaurs of the world are cunning enough to not get caught. Whatever order of being you are, you now own a similar respectable business in society which runs smoothly and turns a decent profit by itself. While mostly used as a front to advance the schemes of the Titans, if you ever feel like getting into the world of business it's quite a decent starting point.

Titan-Touched Weapon (100 CP each): Swords alight with the flames of Muspelheim. Axes rimed with the frost of long-dead Ymir. Even if not truly equals to the storied relics of Scions, the many Titanspawned races frequently bear weapons wrought to withstand and harness the power of their progenitors befitting the heyday of the first civilisations to record them. You own half a dozen or so such weapons, including a quiver for bows and other ranged weapons, and while lacking in the raw power of Purviews such weapons are usually more durable than their mundane counterparts simply by merit of being designed for giants, tengu and the like.

Nemean Arms and Armor (100 CP each): How macabre, to wear the skin of a potential sibling or the fangs of a comrade in arms into battle. But desperate times call for desperate circumstances, and the power of the gods' children brooks little restraint from those who would battle them with a decent hope for victory. You now own either a set of weapons carved from a common Nemean creature's fangs, or a cured and tanned cloak wrought from one's hide. The former are steeped in violence enough to grant access to the War purview, while the latter are durable enough to be nearly impossible to properly work without supernatural powers of craft as well as tough enough to put modern Kevlar to shame. This item may be repurchased to obtain additional cloaks or weapons, should you wish.

Gold of the Under-Folk (100 CP each): A wealth of jewels is now yours, in quantities vast and quality precious enough to take up several treasure chests-and hidden in a secure location of your choice. Whether a gift from the dwarfs or the Fir Bolg, the high-carat diamonds are of better make than any that a mortal miner could find while the gold in this hoard is of great enough purity to leave indents when bitten into. You may choose to have a mix of such jewels or a hoard comprised solely of silver, rubies, emeralds and so on-all of which are certainly a secure way to bribe the greedy among society. This item may be repurchased for an additional hoard of jewels each time.

Huracan's Quauhololli (200 CP): A wooden pole ending in a hard ball suited to breaking bones, Huracan's weapon of choice is far deadlier than the blunt weapon is appears to be. With all the speed of a soaring gale it moves preternaturally quick in a wielder's hand, and strikes with far greater accuracy than a weapon of it's

make normally would. Furthermore, it can also fire lightning bolts over a short distance-one that can be amplified with the Sky Purview. Last but not least, the weapon fails to function for anyone save its rightful owner-you, in the case of this replica.

Legendary Toxicity (200/400/600 CP each): There are some beings so toxic, that even the gods and their kin can be brought low by their bite and blood. A great jar full of one such concoction that seems enchanted to be inexhaustible is offered to you, and repurchases here will gain you identical replenishing jars of different venoms. For 200 CP you may obtain the hair-venom of the original Gorgons, a powerful bane against all that lives. For 400 CP you may gain the blood of the Hydra: A poison so deadly it can bypass many forms of divinely enhanced stamina and is not just fatal to Hercules and his ilk, but agonising. And for 600 CP, you can receive a jar of the terrifying Midgard Serpent's own toxic bodily fluids. The jar you'll own is resilient indeed, for its poison dissolves most containers and is far more lethal than either of the previous poisons. Thor, strongest of all the Aesir, would be hard pressed to save himself from this deadly concoction.

A Garment of Snakes (200 CP each): Few beings share the Aztec Devouring Mother's fashion sense, but it seems you're something of a traditionalist yourself. Like her, you own a skirt of writhing poisonous snakes that furiously snap at anything that dares attack the wearer-and have poison as deadly as any Titanspawn's. Long enough to entangle an enemy grappler's limbs or in a pinch serve as a sort of early alarm system, the snake-skirt is surprisingly comfortable to wear once you get over the constant sensation of slithering and somehow doesn't need food, rest or drink. And never snaps at or otherwise discomforts your…the parts of you you'd really rather not get bitten by snakes, so to speak, unless you're somehow into that sort of thing. You may repurchase this item to gain other articles of clothing with similar traits, such as hats or cloaks.

Ouranos' Xiphos (200 CP): Pity poor Ouranos, for ever since his castration he has been so drained of life and paralyzed with ennui that were he to know someone was running around with a duplicate of his masterwork weapon, he probably wouldn't even care to tell his peers. Castrated not just physically but spiritually by his son Cronus, these days the Titan avatar has little better to do but contemplate his mutilation while his cloud nymphs dance vainly to excite a libido that no longer exists. Sharper and more accurate than any mundane weapon of it's make, this weapon is normally too large for a human-sized being to wield but feels light as air in your hand. Moreover, with a small investment of legend it can be charged with electricity so fierce it would burn foes as silver burns werewolves for one strike-a final glimmer of Ouranos' former majesty.

A Sacred Cave (200 CP): Under a series of tunnels and shafts is a huge, beautiful cavern larger than any mortal stadium. A spring gushes from one end through a series of low terraces into a deep crescent-shaped lake, and a pair of flaming braziers flank an altar on one of the few outcroppings of land in it. This cave has two purposes: As long as they are lit, the braziers greatly confuse your location to all mystic and Fate-based senses-tying you to this cavern if you are not within it, or to a faraway location if you are. The second purpose is that it's waters are an equal to the famed oracle of Delphi that Gaia once wielded before Apollo seized

it. Such is its power that even a god of Mystery or Prophecy would find their efforts to divine the future greatly enhanced by soaking in its water, allowing the normally motherhood-focused Gaia to exceed Prometheus' notorious foresight in subtler ways. Such is it's closeness to the World Titan Terra herself that constant use risks coming to its notice yourself-and while this spells the loss of consciousness for most Scions, a true child or ally of Terra might be able to solicit her blessings through this meagre link.

Elemental Armament (400 CP each): Erebus, the deposed ruler of the cavers, carries a massive blade 30 feet long and weighing six tonnes fine enough to rival those of many other gods-although his own great power means he does not require it to channel a Purview for him. As a living shadow it resizes itself to suit it's true wielder, and by flowing around any conceivable aperture can wield it's uncanny sharpness against any mundane armour not completely airtight. Conceivably it would provide exceptional stealth attacks too, nearly invisible at night before it subtly cuts foes at the ankles or bending around unusual angles to strike. You too bear a similar weapon with one caveat: While it will always resize itself to suit your scale, it may be of a different Titan's nature if you would prefer-with appropriate powers depending on its composition. A spear of light may burn its targets on contact for example, while a flail of chaos would likely leave the space left in its wake exposed to Hundun's raw madness. This item may be repurchased should you wish for more than one such weapon.

Divine Butchery (400 CP): A grisly set of items is now yours-three small body parts, which may be from any one Titan avatar or several. As Aten (praise his name!) has severed the tip of his little finger, eye and one of his testicles (praise his wisdom!) to suit his goals, you too may find various uses for these body parts. With the right Purviews, likely Health in addition to whatever Purview the avatar was most associated with, one can shape Titanspawn creatures as powerful as the original, cosmically immortal Great Phoenix from these body parts. Moreover simply imbibing them would endow even beings this powerful within greater might, such as the effective indestructibility of the Great Cyclops of Muspelheim fuelled by its home's fires or the divine might of the Ice Jackal. Should all three body parts be from the same Titan, together they could guide one to the Avatar and bypass certain divine yet intangible defences erected by its power such as the light with which Aten obfuscates the location of his power. And while speculative, it's possible such a collection of body parts would function as a powerful focus for Magic, Health, Justice, Guardian or Chaos-based effects given the provenance of shed parts in myth and legend.

Oh, and for clarity's sake such items are marvellous divine replicas still considered the Avatars' body parts for all mystical purposes. Expect some confusion if you pluck on Ran's heartstrings or play with Nu's tongue.

Andvarinaut (400 CP): Contrary to popular belief the dwarves are not fully developed creatures, but a larval stage for a more powerful beings: The svartalfar, or dark elves. No artifact exemplifies this link quite like their ruler Fafnir's wondrous ring. The curse of greed laid upon it has been bound to his will, and as the bearer of a similar ring you may drive mortals wild with Vice for months or even divine beings for days. The ring is also suffused with divine power that

renders his Legend rating two times as high for all purposes-including his reserves of Legend. Last but not least, an invisible barrier provided by the ring blunts all physical harm greatly.

Harbingers of Darkness (400 CP): Huehueteotl, the Aztec personification of blindness, appears a decrepit old man with two blind crows on his shoulders (eat your heart out, Odin). These crows are horrifying instruments of torture, for when they commanded they strike with power and speed rivalling many gods of war to rip out a target's eyes, nose, tongue and so on-leaving them with a particularly harrowing sort of sensory deprivation. Being more like the inevitability of sensory loss brought to bear than real animals, they simply cannot be slain or injured as you live-for they are your will to harm made manifest-and may simply disappear and reappear at will, to any cosmetic effect you find pleasing. Should you wish, you may gain a different set of airborne lifeforms that inflict a different condition representing the pantheon or Titan your nature hearkens to. Perhaps as part of Vritra, the withered fruit bats on your shoulders rapidly dehydrate your foes-or as a child of Terra, the swarms of butterflies forming over your shoulders actually hasten growth and fertility greatly-which of course, can itself be destructive in excess.

A Pair of Regalia (400 CP): Kagutsuchi, an outcast Amatsukami who meditated on the rage of Muspelheim before merging with it, has the rather eccentric habit of always being seen with a lit torch in one hand and a cup of boiling water in the other. It's certainly unclear if he MUST carry these items or simply choose to, but either way you own a similar pair of simple items you can take out from behind your back anywhere or dismiss into a subspace. While seemingly ordinary, Kagutsuchi can unleash a seemingly endless supply of boiling water from the cup in quantities vast enough to boil any within several meters. And while both weapons deal grievous heat-based damage even for divine weapons, the torch in particular does obscene amount of burning damage with each blow. Your own objects are similarly simple yet devastating, although they may have different forms of damage if associated with another Titan or pantheon.

House of Horrors (600 CP): A pox on Angrbodr and her dark ambitions. The vast laboratory complex hidden thousands of feet below a location of your choice you now own is an exemplar of the many projects she sows throughout the mortal world, seeking to create ever greater monsters (though mercifully, having never recreated horrors on par with her children by Loki). The complex includes enough supplies and modern weapons to outfit a small army, even a giant army should you wish, and indeed a small army (again, one composed of the more common giants if you wish) takes orders from you while guarding it. However it's real prize is the wealth of biological horrors within. Vast fluid-filled tanks and cocoon-like sacs vary in size from human to blue whale. Organic vine-like tubes riddle the facility, and great supplies of nutrients and unknown chemicals suitable for augmenting Titanspawn or even combining their traits into ever more monstrous forms are regularly shipped in by a mysterious benefactor at your behest. Within weeks, along with a deep knowledge of biology it would be possible to produce everything from giant acid-spitting lizards with human heads, to whale-sized masses of melded flesh every inch the equal of a Hekatonkhiere-and while this facility does come stock an extensive supply of relevant reading material, one prominent shelf

in particular contains instructions on various conditioning techniques to keep your creations *loyal*. With time and skill, it may be possible to overrun the mortal world with monsters-although conquering the Overworld with them is probably far harder.

A Mystical Island (600 CP): While you're certainly no prisoner to this piece of land, you might never want to leave anyway. White sand beaches surround this Mediterranean paradise, and powerful illusions protect it from sight unless you will them to dim. The animals here are a varied and numerous lot that are also incredibly obedient to you, and at the centre of the island rests a palace of marble more luxuriously furnished and decorated than any in the mortal world-spanning more than 3000 years of craftsmanship. Immortal servants of your choice on the scale of nymphs of incredibly skilled immortal humans attend your every whim, and some may have unique powers such as the Fate-reading powers of a sibyl. Yet all of that is put to shame by the divine power that runs in this island's fauna and flora. Any non-pantheon specific Purview application can, eventually, be duplicated through the correct mix of ingredients into potions from this island-though naturally, more powerful effects will be take more complex potions. Furthermore the wood of this island can be hewn into a wand capable a powerful transformation on touch, such as reducing mortals to animals permanently-or even divine beings without great endurance and inner strength. Such items function for you alone, and have no magical properties outside your grasp. This land is not just a palace for you, but also very much your lair and killing ground.

The Mask of Mikaboshi (600 CP): The famous Mask of Mikaboshi is a powerful relic of the darkness. It channels the Darkness, Death, Moon and Psychopomp Purviews with aplomb, but more importantly imposes form on the formless. Without even the expenditure of Legend, sticking it on the face of a ghost will make it as tangible as any living man until it is taken off again. And more importantly the mask can FORCE beings who can normally dematerialise to assume a material form, especially if they are restrained beyond being able to take it off. Should you wish, this mask or a similar piece of headgear may provide access to Purviews reminiscent of another Titan instead-in addition to holding a unique power as absolute and seemingly oppositional yet essential to the Titan's usual nature as taking on form is to Mikaboshi. Perhaps a circlet of Vritra would cause the being wearing it to drown in endless quantities the Titan's brackish blood (even if it could normally breathe underwater), or a hood dedicated to Zrvan grant the power to mould time in localised areas like clay.

Prometheus' Spare Workshop (600 CP): A great basalt box with skylights and black iron pillars from the outside, and a brutalist Greek temple from the inside, this is one of many outposts from which Prometheus has accelerated Muspelheim's technological standards into a full scale post-industrial revolution compared to the fire giants' Gigantes and Jotun cousins still basically living in Viking-era halls at best-and literal holes in the ground at worst. Scaled up for a giant, there are gigantic draftsman's desks, black iron slide rules the size of war clubs and a lot of harried fire giant assistants anxiously awaiting your orders-though as a concession, these tools may be resized on touch for your needs. This particular outpost can be divided into two sections: A massive factory that can produce munitions, firearms, ballistic missiles and even artillery on a scale grand enough to meaningfully

contribute to Muspelheim's war machine-and a more personal atelier full of divine crafter's tools favoured by the Titan avatar for personal projects. With the right knowledge, this section is the far deadlier side of the workshop; it's the kind of place from which Prometheus could forge a link of the old chains that bound him and a chip from the mountainside he was imprisoned on into not only a means of compelling or restraining others, but metaphysically binding yourself to that person in order to avoid any effect that would influence a greater being you were part of. Like say, the trinket Prometheus awaits a "worthy bearer" for that would immunise him to the death or binding of Muspelheim as a whole. This is the cradle for the vision of fire-wrought progress that he who earned the title Forge-Cunning among the fire giants would see for the whole world. Perhaps in time, it would even be possible to amplify the devastating effects of nuclear bombs with Muspelheim's undying flames.

The Black Feather Shroud (600 CP): A twisted, and blasphemous excuse for a relic, the closest connection to any pantheon that can be ascertained about this feathery shroud comes from Scandinavian sources. Ravens eating the sickness from Lemminkainen's heart and bones. Kings taking to the battlefield in the feathers of scavenger birds. A Valkyrie returning from death in the wings of a raven. All these, and more, are made manifest in the purplish-black light of power beyond the mortal world that radiates from this cloak. For one thing, it holds great power over life and death. A mortal corpse wrapped in the Black Feather Shroud will return to a false life at midnight each night, though as a mindless zombie-albeit one that need not continue wearing the Shroud to be reanimated. An ill individual donning the Shroud and sprinkled with pure or holy water is immediately cured of any disease, permanently. Anyone who wears the Shroud as the first nightly ray of moonlight strikes him gains a "second life's" worth of supernatural vitality, effectively doubling what wounds or other forms of harm they can withstand-and any damage taken that night vanishes along with this protection at sunrise. Though only one individual per night can be protected in this manner, that lucky person does not need to continue wearing the Shroud to enjoy it's benefits for that night and anyone can reuse it the following night. But that is not even near it's full power.

No, the Shroud's true power is to *devour the essence of a god, to obtain their power*. And apotheosis too, should the wearer be a lesser being. All that is required is some form of mystic link to the deity; a shared bloodline will do. With a shared bloodline AND the consumed blood of a Titan avatar, you could even attempt to siphoning the power of a Greater Titan to supplant it as an underlying force of reality-gaining tremendous power from this feat all the while. Ill omens fill the sky, and holy flames wreath the wearer as he gulps pure *amrit* from the agonised deity, absorbing their power through the literal stuff of divine potency. It will take several minutes at least, during which the drinker can be interrupted, but if successful the god loses their divinity and the drinker realises their own, generally related to their own divine lineage.

…for those who are not aware, the gods are generally extremely vindictive and vengeful about this kind of thing, and will almost certainly come forth in droves and employ their own conniving tricksters to reclaim their fallen brethren's

divinity and lay some form of cosmic justice on the perpetuator. Fate tends to favour such efforts.

Followers

Fate bonds Scions and the greater emanations or creatures of the Titans with loyal champions of varying prominence by means both formal and informal. Similarly, there is a correlative constant for lesser immortals to serve as guides and mentors to champions. This varies from being a form of summoning magic that can manifest warriors anywhere near the Scion, to simply a good relationship with a specific group-with considerable overlap. To secure your alliance in future worlds, you may start off with a positive relationship with such beings in this world to be carried over. These options may be repurchased, usually representing a larger force of troops but where specified some, including all 600 CP purchases, represent another ally of singular talent. Particularly significant followers gained here may become full companions, at your discretion.

All options are discounted by 50% for the background headers they are written under, however none may be taken for free.

Scion

Pieces on a Board (100 CP): While many cynics would agree that mortal men are just pawns in the games that gods play, certain mythologies take that stance quite literal. Like the simple figurines called Shabti buried with the dead to serve them in the next life, or the Chaturanga set pieces offered by the Devas which can manifest an elephant, chariot, cavalry and infantry. Each purchase grants one such unit of allies, or a similar unit. Such assistance is normally on the scale of 15-25 skilled mortal labourers or a slightly lesser group of unusual cavalry or specialists.

Immortals For Hire (100 CP): With membership fixed at 10,000 men, the Anausa (the Persian immortals) are an example of excellent organization for the ancient world. Without a pantheon to support them after the downfall of the Achaemenid dynasty by Alexander the Great, they work as mercenaries for whoever can pay their fee in Legend to sustain the myth of their grand company by returning their dead men to a semblance of life for a day per iota of Legend. Through this purchase you may obtain a similar detachment of 5 soldiers with thousands of years' worth of experience, such as the Myrmidons created from ants by Zeus himself. It should be noted that normally the Anausa would never work for a descendent of the Dodekatheon, and while this purchase overwrites that convention remember that relations are likely to remain somewhat frosty.

Sprites (100 CP): From gremlins to boggans to pixies, from brown-skinned goblins to the bakemono of japan to tiny dragonfly-like winged serpents, to even the ghostly disembodied heads sometimes seen in the voodoo pantheons, myth has no shortage of mischievous spirits. And with each purchase here, you may obtain a small army of them. Free complimentary container of some sort to use for easy

transportation with each purchase. Such beings can seldom use more than the least of a single Purview or some minor unique power like glowing, but apart from their walking pace-flight and sheer numbers these creatures are unfailingly loyal.

Warriors of Legend (200 CP): Some warriors of myth blur the lines between mythological creature and champions of mankind. Such as the Knights of the Red Branch: A group of legendary Irish warriors who fight without fear of death or injury, and are lightning rods for the forces of Enech. Or the Amazons, a tribe of beautiful cutthroat misandrists who seek powerful mates without affection-only to breed stronger daughters. Each purchase here will grant you a squad of 5 such champions. Again a caveat: The Amazons sincerely believe men are spiritually inferior to women and have no remorse for abducting them as breeding slaves or killing them when their use has expired, and while this purchase will bypass the normal outright refusal to serve a male Scion expect much resentment and grumbling.

An Actually Sacred Cow (200 CP): Despite the infamy of the Minotaur, a surprising number of the gods' allies have a distinctly bovine or equine build. Like the demons Horseface and Oxhead, who come in squads of five. Or the divine cow Surabhi, who emerged shortly after the birth of Lakshmi during the great Churning of the Ocean. Surabhi has divine stamina, wields minor powers from the Purview of Health and her milk is very sweet and hearty-replenishing the energy and vitality of the divine enough to temporarily bolster their resilience with several pints, although more than three pints or so risks a toxic overdose. To cap it all, she is a virtuous defender of the Deva way of life, and a charismatic speaker among other cows. Each purchase here either gains you a squad of five cow-themed demons a little tougher than mortal mercenaries, or a single mystical cow with Surabhi-tier mystical cows. Alternatively two of your purchases here may be converted into a squad of five Surabhi-tier cows.

Friends From Down Under (200 CP): Mara Secare is a succubus freed from the Underworld in the wake of the Titans' escape. A shapeshifter who can suit the lusts of any mortal armed with a poisonous stinger and the power to siphon health for Legend and recuperation from the living, she is quite knowledgeable about the Underworld and even wields minor powers from the Purview of Health when her seductive shapeshifting is insufficient. And with your investment here, not only is her plea for clemency to you sincere but she has four sisters equally warming to your patronage like adopted children. Each purchase here obtains another five vaguely demonic beings of uncertain mythological provenance, not all of which are necessarily sexual soul-eaters.

Heaven Sent (400 CP): Famed among the lesser immortals are the Valkyries-the agents of Odin who choose the worthy dead from battlefields. While considered agents of Fate, the Valkyries represent the heroic resistance against Fate, and the struggle against the inevitability of destiny. The Valkyries are divinely mighty and awe-inspiring, albeit still largely dwarfed by the gods in those areas, and command many lesser powers over ravens, Death and the Psychopomp Purview. Each purchase here grants a squad of five Valkyries or similar immortals who directly serve the gods' interests. An example being those Dai-Tengu allied with gods, who

are powerful martial arts masters and illusionists capable of forging Birthright artifact weapons.

Fair Weather Friends (400 CP): Many allies to Scions are as alluring as they are unpredictable. The Aes Sidhe of Irish myth for example wield bronze weapons enchanted with their own glamour that paralyze those they shoot, and are otherwise the equal of the Svartalves-and even more weak to iron. Kitsunes can be even more troublesome to deal with; while supporting the Amatsukami and other gods, their capricious nature compels them to be strange and unpredictable with their divine powers over shapeshifting, suggestion, manipulation and Chaos. A purchase here provides five such strange, fair allies. As a special aside while this technically does include the nymphs described later, for whatever reason those known to be on the side of the gods err on the weaker side of the species.

Divine Steed (400 CP): The Aztec Scions are blessed to ride massive, feathered serpents through the air while some Greek ones ride Pegasi. And with every purchase here, you can join the ranks of those with a divinely empowered steed. Keep in mind that the more particular a steed's preferred method of locomotion is, the more it tends to excel at it. While all divine steeds are incredibly fast and enduring, the Galapagos tortoise-sized spawn of Chukwa can outpace speedboats in water, does not need to come up for air and has a nearly impenetrable shell apart from its head. Each purchase here offers one such steed.

Draconic Vanguard (600 CP): The Chinese Bureaucracy includes a great many dragons, that are far more intelligent and cultured than their western brethren-though sometimes careless are bad tempered. The greatest are so powerful they are the equals of gods, while the least powerful can match a demigod's might. Each purchase here lets you make a new draconic friend, which *probably* draws from Chinese mythology given the poor relations between gods and dragons in most other mythologies. As a result this purchase also includes reptilian immortals of great power-such as the White Snake, a shapeshifting lesser immortal on par with the least of gods who tried very hard to be good enough to win a place in the Celestial Bureaucracy, but somehow failed and was imprisoned in the Underworld until recently.

Lost Along The Slow Path (600 CP): Well, well. You must be quite the charmer to have friends in places this high. You must have done something quite outstanding to gain a guide as influential as this. It could be one of the stronger Ghede, the lesser spirits of the Loa pantheon. It could either the Furies, who personify divine vengeance, or the Moirae, who personify Fate for the Greeks *and are damned dangerous to have as an acquaintance*. Or maybe some twist of Fate made you friends with Nephele: A perfect physical replica of Hera with great power over Fertility, the Sky and Magic (but none of Hera's other powers) and an immortality greater than even Zeus' own that reforms her out of the nearest breathable patch of air. Suffice to say there's quite a few immortals out there who have gone along with the gods' schemes, or at least not mustered a concentrated rebellion, but remained indifferent to their greater goals-until meeting you.

Godly Brethren (800 CP): Since when were you under the impression you were the first Scion to achieve godhood? There are those who have come before you, and

those who will come after you, and most but not all of the time their names are writ in legend. Like Wayland Smith, who fashioned brass wings to escape the court of Nidung after bringing ruin upon it for his imprisonment and torture. Or the famous Hercules, though many such as Herman Cortes and Himiko weren't recognised as such in life. In any case one such former Scion has seen something in you that reminds them of themselves at a younger age, and is willing to help you out. Each is quite a powerful specimen of divinity despite being younger than many gods, having reached the conventional pinnacle of Legend ranking. Do note that all the former examples are…embittered, to say the least, about their treatment by the gods so instead with each repurchase apart from another exalted figure of myth or history you may instead gain a miraculously well-adjusted sibling that has your back in the messy world of divine politics.

Titanspawn

Beastly Brethren (100 CP): Minotaurs, centaurs and Fenrir oh my. There's all manner of deformed, animalistic monsters from myth and legend who would relish the fight the Titans wish to bring to the world. And with each purchase here, you may gain 15 allies ranging from the uncannily strong bull-men of Greek myth, to the pups of Fenris' litter. Such beings are typically brutish and straightforwardly idiotic when it comes to combat, but rare exceptions have been known to exist- although **a single specimen as well learned and formidable as Chiron will cost 400 CP, subject to discounts**. It's just that modern society doesn't tend to reward a literate minotaur trying to earn a Masters in Finance.

Salt of the Earth (100 CP): Despite being Titanspawn themselves, dwarf-like beings the world over have been frequently ambivalent to the Titans themselves while often loyal to the gods. The dwarves born from Ymir's maggots were certainly quick to ally with the gods. Likewise the Fir Bolg of Irish legend were so dazzled with Lugh's skill and radiance, they quickly abandoned Titan worship and aided the Tuatha against the Fomorians. Whether or not you hold to the Titans' ways, you have somehow earned the loyalty of 15 such beings, who often have a singular power such as the dwarven talent for building Birthrights or the Fir Bolg's incredible power to shape earth. It's not so unusual from the small ones' point of view. It's just a matter of perspective when sooner or later, every master tends to come up short.

That Hideous Strength (100 CP): Certain beings of the Titans are formidable not through strength or wisdom, but the sheer horror of what they represent. Like the lesser gorgons created by the powerful originals, still retaining much of their venom and petrifying gaze. Or the wretched flesh beasts from the Forest of Organs deep within the Titan of Darkness, deformed examples of earthly life whose touch spreads a horrific contagion. Somehow, you've wrested the loyalty of 15 such entities that defy the laws of nature.

Giant Problems (200 CP): From the Jotuns to the natives of Muspelheim, to the cyclops and the deevs, there is no shortage of very large, mostly primitive heavy

hitters on any front of the Titans' battlefields. And for 200 CP, you too can have 5 average members of the various giant races sworn to carry your burdens. Yes, you can have a *highly unusual* mix of different giant races if that's what you're into. However, keep in mind this represents the rank and file among the giant races; the elders among their people **incur an undiscounted 100 CP surcharge** due to their greater mastery of native magics, shapeshifting and illusions. And the extraordinarily powerful breeds such as the Gigantes and Hekatonkhieres sired by Gaia **incur an undiscounted 400 cp surcharge for a single member to follow your lead** due to the awe-inspiring, pantheon-terrorising brute strength each brings to bear. Truly exceptional members of the giant races who rival the gods in intellect as well as might such as the abnormally massive Daidara-Bocchi of Japan are completely off the table, as are beings such as Surtur who stand as Titan Avatars as well as tyrants of the giant race. As a rule of thumb if it ever bedded a god, bested a god or is a big surly bastard destined to blow up the world it's probably off the table.

Aerial Assault (200 CP): The legendary Stymphalian birds of Greek myth and the razor sharp feathers their wings can propel are far from the only winged terrors in the Titans' ranks. And for 200 CP, 5 of these dread creatures attends your protection from on high. **For an additional undiscounted 200 CP** these avian terrors can represent even more powerful creatures. An often overlooked part of the Titanomachy is Shu's war peacocks: Highly intelligent and charming Nemean birds that comport themselves like dignified majordomos with fierce beaks and talons-through which the Titan avatar, or perhaps a similar wielder of the Sky Purview, can channel his powers through. Each some innate power over the Sky as well, and a great Legend pool on par with that of a god.

Aberrations of Mankind (200 CP): There are many ways for the Titans to twist and warp the human form. Virtually all the myths of uncontrollable human-animal transformation have some basis in the Titans' attempts to create new soldiers. The Atlanteans of old were mutated into water-dwellers. And of course, not all undead answer to the Loa. With each purchase here, you have wrested control of 5 distortions of the human model whose changed state offers unique advantages. Whether the sharp smell and tough hide of the wolf coupled with an unnatural strength and agility or the lack of need to breathe and a deathly hunger for the living, your options are plentiful. For **an extra, undiscounted 200 CP** this can grant you a **single** member of a particularly large or powerful undead specimen such as the gashadakuro, a gigantic skeleton.

Serpent Lords (400 CP): Myth is full of snakes that serve as the enemies of the gods, and in the Titanomachy this is reflected by some of the greatest enemies on the battlefield being rather serpentine. The Nagarajas of Muspelheim for example are each 50 feet in length and heavily armoured by their scales, with fangs as long as swords. If it wasn't bad enough they can spit their supernaturally lethal venom, their divine strength and swiftness is matched by a razor sharp wit for an animal. And for 400 CP, one of these notoriously territorial and bad-tempered apex predators joins your side. For **an extra undiscounted 200 CP** this or subsequent repurchases may instead be the subspecies called simply the Nagas. Apart from being even swifter and stronger, they boast some shapeshifting prowess as well as considerable divine power over Fire, Earth and the Sun. This hike in investment

also represents an alliance with both surviving Gorgon sisters at once, terrifyingly vengeful masterminds still mourning their sister's death.

Nymphomaniacal (400 CP): Ah yes. These. Well there's little shame in admitting why you want five of these, the Titans and their ilk certainly wouldn't judge you for your needs. For what it's worth each is a fairly powerful spirit in their own right. The Hyades, for example, have several lesser powers over the Sky. Other nymphs control the Purviews of Health and Fertility with equal prowess, and most are also divinely skilled manipulators. But what the hell, for the going price you have a unit of 5 divine spirits with incredible charisma, a breathtaking appearance and a lot of lust to spare you.

Heralds of Devastation (400 CP): Some of the most powerful servants of the Titans have a certain grandeur about them, being an expression of their primal nature. The more powerful members of Aten's court dimly resemble angels of Abrahamic myth, armed with blades of light as well as supernaturally potent blasts. Likewise the shinobi that serve as Mikaboshi's assassins are swift and silent as the living shadows they are. With each purchase, 5 such favoured agents of the Titans serves under your command. Alternatively **for an undiscounted 300 CP** you may gain the service of a Seraph or Shinigami, a far more powerful representative of the Titans than the former with traits capable of matching lesser gods and unique powers like the latter's touch of death.

Forsaken Consort (600 CP): You want to get in bed with WHAT?! Well, the world can only hope you were being metaphorical. To be frank there are a number of malign beings out there in the world which are female, desperate for company and incredibly dangerous even to the gods that are technically their greater. Like Itzpapalotl the Obsidian Butterfly, an abandoned and much diminished Aztec goddess gifted with the power to create new life with a thought, cursed to kill with the slightest touch (though certain, unique forms of immortality can surpass even this) quite skilled in the pantheon's native sacrificial magics. Or Circe, daughter of Helios (aka Aten under an alias) and the nymph Perse who was born fully grown as a beautiful woman and an equal to all but the greatest gods-who was bound to the island Aeaea out of their fear for her. Save for that binding, the legendary Titanspawn's only weaknesses are the herb molly and a libido long gone out of control from lonely years stranded on an island. The mysterious last child of Orgos, she who killed her father by illuminating the night in her grief over never joining her brothers and sisters from lacking the blood of the Earth, may be a candidate for this option too. With your questionable investment here, Fate can contrive for one of these ladies or a similar woman of power to be bound as your ally-and quite likely, your lover soon. The most troubling thing about your new friend is she has either languished from her full power or been unable to ride the currents of Legend that would let her realise it. Be warned: If you think you can handle a mythological yandere, there's a non-zero chance your adventures together could soon make clear that this isn't even her final form.

Giantess Queen (600 CP): The rulers of Muspelheim and Jotunheim are a breed apart from the rank and file of giants. Built on a scale closer to the least of the Aesir than their own ilk and often mightier than most of the Norse gods in a certain approach, such beings tend to be individualistic and ambitious as the gods

themselves. Sinmore, Surtr's daughter-bride and his somewhat disgruntled earthly seneschal, towers at 300 feet tall in her natural form and rivals the gods in both charm and might. While her relative Angrboda stands a mere 80 feet tall and is somewhat less of a warrior her profane genius, shapeshifting and divine prowess over Magic, Prophecy and Mystery more than compensate. The giantess wanders the Nine Worlds freely, abusing her status as Loki's former concubine to enable visits to Asgard's halls and trading secrets with Odin himself. And while they have their own roles to play in the design of Fate, through a likely similarly eventful past you too have your own giantess of exceptional pedigree among your Fated associates. Whether she is a mysterious ally of convenience or her faith burns for your sake is up to you.

A Gift From Gaia (800 CP): Was it because of some tenderness she saw in your treatment of her other children? Or to advance some scheme of her war against the gods? Either way, Gaia has entrusted you with a great honour indeed: One of her dracaenae daughters. Each stretches 100 feet long and has the torso of a woman but scaly skin, 10 squirming serpent bodies, as well as tails instead of legs. Though smaller than their Hekatonkheire siblings, they are no less powerful-trading in their protoplasmic immunity with not just the Geotic gift their mother provides many of her children, but also great power over the Purview of Earth. Each also has a measure of divine power over an additional Purview: Water, Sun, Sky and Fire-representing the Titan avatar their mother slept with to produce them. But perhaps the most terrifying thing about the dracaenae is that they are merely adolescents. They will grow rapidly over the year, perhaps attaining extraordinary strength matched only by the mighty children of Loki as they mature into the image of great Typhon from ages past. In short, your investment grants you the loyalty of a true princess of the World herself. Perhaps for now, the dracaaenae's greatest weakness is their extreme naivety. Utterly devoted to Gaia (and therefore, you since she has told them you are their new caretaker), the dracaenae have no experience with anyone but their mother and a few of her most massive beasts.

…also yes, if you want they can be *your* daughters with Gaia. In which case their additional Purview other than Earth can be any one you have access to.

Companions

Getting The Gang Back Together (50-400 CP): The gods may be fickle, the Titans inscrutable but at least those already near and dear to your heart can be counted on. Right? You may import up to 8 companions into a background of their choice for 50 CP apiece, and they gain 1000 CP to spend on perks, followers, items or advancements in Legend as well as the associated Sanctum. Alternatively, you may create new ones.

Finding Some New Blood (50 CP): With each purchase here, you are given an opportunity to recruit one of the denizens of this world to your side as a companion-and a guaranteed good meeting with one you choose. A fair warning is given: Most of the gods and many immortals are dead set on enacting their role

and authority in the world, even as they lament the crises that Fate lays at their feet. Convincing one to abandon their old loyalties and destiny is likely to be a heroic feat in itself.

Bringing The Band Up To Speed (400 CP, discounted Scion): The Fate of this world has a funny thing about good things coming in sixes. And bad things. And well-intentioned but jaded and cynical things. The point is early into your stay, you'll come into six other young Scions bound by Fate to accomplish great things together. Each is a new Scion, having only recently received their Visitation and has a mere 600 CP to spend on perks, items or followers but has a critical advantage over their peers: Each is also considered to have a lesser version of Born of Fate, representing the critical role in the Titanomachy Fate wishes for you all to play. Perhaps a sixth of it. Whatever feats of legend Fate intends for you to accomplish together, your mutual feelings of loyalty and natural camaraderie are most assuredly genuine. Individually, you're the kind of Scions who live up to the grandeur some actual heroes of myth fail to. Together, you're a force that could change the world if you just stick together-so bound by Fate that your new family takes up a single companion slot. And perhaps with you as an exception to the "rule" of 6, you might just be the key to them cheating the worst parts of their Fates.

If you're not a Scion, you're no less welcome to the band. Depending on your nature you might be the team mascot, or a cooler older sibling figure.

Family First (800 CP, discounted Titanspawn): It's an interesting coincidence that many of the greatest non-Titanic enemies of the gods are not bound together by ties of convenience, but a warped form of familial loyalty. From the grief and loss that defines Crom Cruach's current dominant avatar, to the maternal doting that drives many of Gaia's, to Surtur's aloof but uncharacteristically consistent affection for his concubine, to Loki's…complex and ambiguous relationship with his children just as the primal chaos before reality defines the Greater Titans, so too do the most primal relationships drive some of the gods' greatest enemies. At some point in your life, you too found a mate of exceptional pedigree and sired four extraordinary children with her.

Your mate may be either of divine or titanic lineage for the purposes of discounts, but whatever the case she is a divine being of the highest calibre, equal to either Apotheosis or Terror of Typhon in addition to further boons. Whatever her origins, her beauty is extraordinary even among the gods, easily the equivalent of Beloved By All and at great odds with her preference to living in the wilds like an animal. Certainly her beauty doesn't detract from the fight or flight instinct her rippling build and predatory confidence convey, for she also has Monstrous Progenitor as an inherent trait of her inhuman nature and 1000 more CP to spend. Your children are no less extraordinary, each being similarly at the apex of divine or Titanic life while boasting power equivalent to Bane of Pantheons in addition to 800 CP to use.

But the greatest gift of all provided by your family is unlike many enemies of the gods, your love for each other is uncoloured by strife. What malice and ambition your mate has is coloured by her very sincere affection, and her appetites are exceeded only by her zealous devotion to your wellbeing. Your children fight each

other only for your approval, and whatever your nature are highly protective of your honour. Fate normally ordains your kind to bring great destruction on the gods before being undone by their desperate efforts, but perhaps you can change the hand it normally deals?

Little changes if you were a Scion, other than the astonishment and relief from your mate that you actually survived the coupling if you were a newly awakened one. Optionally, your past in this world may include a broken pelvis that you may or may not still be dealing with.

Godrealm Customisation Section (300 CP, Scion/Seed of Evil/Adoptive Legacy only)

Asgard. Olympus. Tien, Iteru, Tier na nOg. The origin and formation of the famous Godrealms is mysterious indeed, arising at the same time as the gods' own ascendancy to power in the Overworld to impose form on its limitless potential. Perhaps you'd like to carry some of that potential with you from this world? The following section will allow you to customise a divine realm of your own, ruled over primarily by yourself and any allies. It is considered your "home turf" for any and all mystical or divine purposes, and supernatural effects that incorporate your Legend are generally felt more strongly here. This section works on Godrealm Points (GP) which you may increase by converting CP to GP at a 1:2 ratio. To represent the increasing power of Legend upon the Overworld, a stipend of GP equal to the "tier" of divinity (or scope as a Titanspawn, should you have the aforementioned perks) you purchased earlier in this jump is provided to you. Thus with Dawn of Demigodhood or Nemean Evolution you would have 300 GP while with Apotheosis or Terror of Typhon you would have 600 GP.

A fair warning: All things being equal, many gods will see a new emergent Godrealm as free real estate. To say nothing of how by default Titans will see it as a new battlefront to assault. While many Godrealms are holding strong thus far, due to the risk and complexity of the ongoing sieges, should you wish **you may choose to defer owning a Godrealm until after the jump** at which point for obvious reasons you will no longer have to fear rival pantheons or Titans barging in.

Optionally, whether or not you take the previous option any items, companions and followers may appear somewhere in the Godrealm. And in future jumps, inactive companions may live there as well. Should you, or your companions and followers sire Scions of their own they too may come to this Godrealm upon apotheosis through its Axis Mundi and joining its pantheon.

Divine Climates (Free): The weather and passage of seasons in Godrealms hearkens more to the gods' nature than any natural law recognised by science. Whether you dwell in a land of constant ice and snow, operate within a day/night cycle

dependent on the activities of the gods or experience the changing seasons when different gods leave or enter other regions they hold influence may be freely decided. While you are certainly more familiar with the ambient conditions and more adapted to them than most, you exert no direct control over them with this alone. Of course the Sky, Magic and other Purviews may effectively grant deities a grand amount of control over them anyway. Do remember that the dimensional boundaries of Godrealms are…unclear, to say the least. Suffice to say the sky is probably arbitrarily high, there's a fair chance without mastery of the Psychopomp Purview or other interdimensional travel abilities you'd just end up lost then come back somewhere else in the Godrealm eventually, and despite all that judging by various events in myth it's still possible to knock celestial objects askew, visit strange places up there or even break the sky itself to calamitous effect on the mortal world if you're a very violent or careless and strong deity.

The Far Side of the Horizon (Free): The landscape of the Godrealms is equally wondrous and unique, often reflecting the idealised paradises and allegories of myth than any gradual process of erosion. For free, you may have a pristine wilderness of any sort permeating your Godrealm with practically arbitrary topography as long as it remains at least somewhat resonant with the human experience. From a great river with distant shores that encompasses the entire realm, to the mountainous heights of Olympus, while the landscape tends to change somewhat less than the climate it too is largely outside the direct control of the gods-unless of course they wield power over Earth, Fertility and other associated Purviews. One notable commonality you may also have for free is that many pantheons have Godrealms that permit them a distant view of the mortal world-whether from on high, metaphorically at its centre or ambiguously immersed in it somewhere in a kind of divine subdimension. While it is *generally* impossible to actually leap from the mortal world to the Godrealm and vice versa, and certainly impossible for mundane means to enter the Godrealm from that vantage point, should you wish you may also have such a spectacular view-or keep your Godrealm more distant. And as with the sky, the topology of your Godrealm is more comparable to a pocket dimension than any continent on Earth.

Titanic Compact (600 GP, discounted Titanspawn): Nominally all surviving Godrealms are under constant siege by the Titans and their armies. However, even the barely sapient expansions of pure concept that are the Greater Titans have some conception of who is an ally and who an enemy. Thus, in recognition of your shared kinship you may rest assured that a Greater Titan NOT actively trying to tear down the place.

…alternatively, you could take this opportunity to cultivate a relationship with a certain Titan-and you're not limited to the most famous ones listed above. For 600 CP some aspect of your Godrealm's nature is so agreeable to the Greater Titan, it has partially colonised your Godrealm to form a symbiotic relationship of sorts. This is highly unusual but there is at least one precedent: Logos, the Titan of Justice who remained free simply by accepting limitations to her power, disappeared into the background behind the Egyptian, Norse and Greek pantheons. Perhaps Logos has decided your plane is more agreeable to her. Whatever the case, with this choice the Greater Titan permanently commits a portion of its infinite essence to your Godrealm in subservience to your rule, colonising yet

existing in harmony with your Godrealm and protecting it with its vast resources and Titanspawn. Depending on its nature, it may sublime into its workings as Logos has chosen to or manifest more directly as a celestial structure-a Godrealm within a Godrealm, so to speak. To say nothing about how it's cosmic power and mystical secrets could lend you power. Whether the Titan's own Avatars follow the colony into future jumps largely depends on their individual whims, but should you be able to convince them they are considered something between magical summons and followers-being part of the Titan's extension into your world.

Loyal Hounds (50 GP each): A breed of animal, either too small to ride or otherwise unsuitable to serving as transportation, has a particular affinity for you and your pantheon. From the hounds of the Wild Hunt to Hera's peacocks, they are to mundane specimens of their race what Scions are to humans and serve you loyalty. A thriving population that can be found everywhere in your realm's wilderness is granted with each purchase here, and this option may be repurchased to gain an additional breed of animal with an affinity to you and yours.

Fair Folks (50/100 GP each): Somehow, a group of Titanspawn or other lesser immortals has reached an arrangement with you, loyally serving as vassals and paying homage in exchange for your patronage. Whether dwarves or cyclops, such creatures are relatively common and have some means to earn their keep. For 50 GP these beings keep scattered, hidden outposts throughout your realm but for 100 GP they may have become populous enough to form an advanced, magical civilisation similar to the wondrous cities Falias, Gorias, Finias and Murias. This option may be repurchased to gain additional populations of similar beings.

A Head For Heights (50 GP/100 GP): The topology of your Godrealm is particularly mountainous, sufficient to form a natural defence against anything that can't fly. This can include very unusual formations of geography and grants you more direct control over it, like needle-thin mountaintops or deployable rainbow bridges that can lead anywhere in the realm. Additionally, for a total of 100 not only may this be a part of your Godrealm but your entire sky may have cosmologically significant features such as divine incarnations of the sun and moon or constellations deeply attuned with the power of Magic, Mystery and Prophecy.

A Foothold on the World (50 GP each): A location in the mortal world so strongly aligns with your Godrealm's mythology, that while you exert no direct control over it (yet) it can actually rejuvenate the Legend pool of you and any aligned gods who go there. An example being the British Museum's display of Egyptian culture, which benefits the Pesedjet. One such building in the mortal world serves your Godrealm and eventual pantheon this way too, and each repurchase here creates another.

Lap of Luxury (50/100/200 GP): From the halls of Bast to the changeable palace Aphrodite rules, some gods inhabit luxurious domains even by divine standards. For 50 CP your personal residence is decadence and lush even by the reckoning of gods, enjoying just about every mortal luxury you could desire from the finest perfumes to the richest feasts. For 100 GP, several such residences boast such décor in your land. And for 200 GP, not just every structure but even the water, land and sky of your realm have a beauty beyond the modern world. Waterfalls of

saffron, trees that grow leaves, flowers and fruit of jade and pearl, and stars that twinkle like a diamond hoard would be a common sight.

The Fat of the Land (50 GP): With all that lives in the land of the gods, some question how each hungry mouth's kept fed. You have one such answer: A variety of plentiful, replenishing and often surprisingly humane food sources common as grass throughout your Godrealm 's wilds and easily farmed with no penalty to taste or nutrition. Some examples from the Celestial Bureaucracy being the magical grain Muhe (Tre Grain) which grows on stalks 40 feet tall and five handspans wide. Or the Shirou (Seeing Flesh), a substance shaped like a cow's liver with two eyes that is the finest of meats and grows back instantly no matter how much is eaten. It also covers divinely perfected wood and fungi.

The Bounty of the Earth (50 GP): From the orichalcum of Greek myth to the metals from which Mjolnir was forged, many Godrealms have divinely touched materials from which Birthright weapons may be forged without the spilling of ichor by those with the talent. Your land runs deep with veins of such wondrous ore.

Planar Enfranchisement (100/200 GP): Why rule one Heaven when you can rule several? For 100 GP your Godrealm has numerous subrealms, like the various barques which are akin to smaller pocket dimensions for the Egyptian pantheon. Miniature worlds can coexist quite happily in one throughout your realm, and as more members join your pantheon some well-lived buildings may spontaneously form subrealms suited to their tastes or purposes. However for 200 GP you may not just have a dazzling array of subrealm levels, but an exotic set of natural defences related to the unusual topography of your world. Such realms may be like as esoteric as the Atzlanti's Acopa, forming entire layers of reality reached through esoteric passages like climbing through the smoke of a cook-fire or diving into a constellation. Or as complex and intricate as the Celestial Bureaucracy, in which the largest river flows with stars instead of water and a mountain range of fire as well as a black river guards the Godrealm from elsewhere in the Overworld.

Noble Steeds (100 GP): Animals fast enough to put fighter jets to shame dwell throughout your Godrealm, strong of will but intelligent and honourable to their gods. While often seeming ordinary at first glance, such creatures are strong and enduring to carry gods to war and back. This may include everything from powerful goats to the horses the Valkyries rely on.

Great River (100 GP): While you were always able to have rivers in your Godrealm, with this one particular river has a divine significance in your pantheon's life. Perhaps like Iteru, it consists of primordial waters covering most of the Godrealm from which the oldest gods arose-and perhaps, may give forth new ones. Perhaps it is a smaller river, but no less significant-like the Ganges of the Devas or the great river of the Celestial Bureaucracy that embodies the Milky Way itself. Either way, it contains great divine power and symbolic status. At your discretion this may be another cosmic body of water(y substances), like the Devas' ocean of milk. This option may be repurchased to have additional similar bodies of water, which may crisscross each other or in bizarre cases-result in skyborne rivers or rivers that flow consistently through other rivers.

Draconic Allies (100/200 GP): Dragons are often seen as a plague by many western pantheons, but in some of the eastern ones they help sustain the divine order. For 100 GP you have a population of dragons loyal to your rule somehow, in the make of those slain by Beowulf and Saint George-though still far more powerful than most lesser Titanspawn. Barring particularly strong or weak exceptions most are a good challenge for a mighty demigod, and while certainly sustainable as a population they are uncommon enough to seldom be seen in numbers. But for 200 GP not only is the population of dragons large enough to form courts throughout your land, but there are a few among their number powerful to rule as gods-and perhaps, diligent enough to seek to do so out of responsibility. Whether or not you formally acknowledge the dragon-gods as part of your pantheon, most regard you as a lynchpin for order in the Godrealm.

Modernisation (100 GP): Muspelheim has undergone quite the transformation thanks to Forge-Cunning's innovations. Why cling to the past like many older pantheons? Somehow, vast swathes of your Godrealm have been modernised with electricity, plumbing, public transportation and all the other hallmarks of civilisation somehow seamlessly fitting in to the essential makeup of your world.

Terra Incognitae (100/200 GP each): A Terra Incognitae is a part of the mortal world so steeped in Legend, that due to the influence of sceptical historians on the collective subconsciousness and therefore Fate they were literally ejected from the mortal world into a sort of subdimension stranded between the Underworld and Overworld. Many contain useful things to gods, whether directly or indirectly. For 100 GP you may choose for your Godrealm to border a Terra Incognitae which contains an advantage commensurate with a loyal force of modified mortal champions, such as the island residence of the Myrmidons. Or the life-preserving Plain of Joy (although one is encouraged to instead choose a Terra Incognitae that also restores injury, illness and pain.

For 200 GP it may instead be an advantage commensurate with the hidden Hesperides tree, sealed by Hera to deny mankind eternal youth and health (and it is rumoured, by eating the entire crop of 12 apples in one sitting a truer form of immortality akin to rising from the dead like the phoenix, rapid regeneration or imperviousness to harm), and it's draconic guardian. Or the disused Manu Passage which permits a one way short pathway to anywhere in the mortal world.

Spirits of the Realm (100/200 GP): While the kami of Japanese mythology are famous as the lesser spirits of all objects, similar beings have been witnessed elsewhere in mythology. For 100 GP your Godrealm may inherently have a thriving spiritual community of similar beings, from the abstract kami who can be commanded to reconfigure and modify their objects to the hidden folk of Norse myth that actually manifest as small humanoids that become very protective of those who treat them well. For 200 GP your Godrealm may also have powerful spirits that maintain and bless the natural order of the Godrealm-ones almost powerful enough to be a true god, including comprehensive mastery of a single Purview as well as invulnerability to any being with less divine power and the ability to dissolve into its element, but often far more alien in morality. The land-vettir who sided with the Vanir before their defeat by the Aesir are one such example.

Choosers of the Slain (100/200 GP): Though less powerful than the least of gods, the Valkyries are a formidable force in their own right. More importantly, by marking worthy mortals they gather an army fit to fight for the Aesir in Ragnarok after being bolstered into immortal Einherjar warriors. For 100 GP you have a similar system in place for your Godrealm, consisting of beings similar to the Valkyries who may select warriors based on your criteria of desired souls and a subrealm similar to Valhalla optimised for uplifting those warriors into powerful champions-though still far less powerful than gods. For 200 GP you also have an order of supernatural beings similar to the Shinigami or Seraphs almost as powerful as gods that stand guard for your warriors, and aid them against foes beyond their reckoning.

Nectar of the Gods (200/400 GP): Around the heavenly home of the Devas spans an ocean of milk, and when the world-shadowing jambu tree's elephant-sized fruit ripens and falls into the milky ocean beneath, it creates a sweet succour that beautifies all existence. More importantly for the gods, sometimes this fruit falls elsewhere and it's juices form a river of sweet liquid in which sometimes just the right amount of conditions permit sweet, sweet amrita to emerge. A similar event regularly occurs in your realm for 200 GP, requiring certain cosmological natural processes to create a substance similar to amrita that is wondrously restorative to you (even if you are a Titanspawn) and baneful to your enemies. It may not necessarily incorporate an ocean of milk; if you already have a great river subsuming your Godrealm it may bubble up from its depths like natural gas or rain from the sky like manna, for example.

But why go through all the hassle? For 400 GP you simply have *oceans* of amrita, ambrosia or a similar substance that is the pure essence of divine vitality in easy reach. Whether they pool just below your Godrealm, form a whirling vortex in some hidden cavern, occasionally flash through your lands in a torrential flood or are entirely isolated to a certain subrealm of pure bliss, expect jealous, thirsty Devas to be anxiously pounding on your doors if word gets out.

Axis Mundi (1 Free, 200 GP after the first): Like the Omphalos Stone is to Olympus or the World Ash is to Asgard, your Godrealm too has a cosmically important structure of some sort that permits access to a location or event in the mortal world. When so thoroughly wrought in the awe-inspiring legends of Godrealms, such structures often have ancillary mystical properties such as the runic wisdom Odin gained from hanging himself from the Ash or rumours of Nanautzin, who transfigured into the pillar of solar flame that binds each layer of Acopa to the mortal world, still somehow being able to "sire" Scions touched by fire. You have a wide discretion to define the parameters of your Axis Mundi, and for 200 GP you may secure an additional Axis Mundi.

Ritualistic Protocals (200 GP): Speaking of Acopa, travel along the Pillar of the Sun becomes increasingly difficult at the highest levels. The abandoned 10th Heaven constantly bombards visitors with fiery napalm-like liquid. The 12th is directly controlled by Xipe Totec, who sends those who wish to access the Axis Mundi on his level on quests of worth. And on the 11th level, all attempts to use the Purview of Prophecy automatically succeed if the seeker is willing to shed their blood for it,

and a labyrinth conceals Tlazolteotl's subrealm from outsiders. You too may have similar obstacles or rites throughout your Godrealm, which brutally smite outsiders and/or grant them divine boons for acting in compliance with your realm's principles. Generally a single rite holds sway over a division between subrealms, or different gods' influence. These do not impede you and your fellow properly enfranchised gods' passage throughout the Godrealm, though you may still enjoy any beneficial effects they provide.

Hammer and Tongs (Free/300 GP): Being at war and all, it's only natural the gods generally arm themselves well. For free you have enough smithies, ores and dedicated armouries to outfit a thriving pantheon with weapons and armour sturdy enough to stand up to divine combat despite seeming from an older, more savage time-all of which are worthy to be called Birthright relics. Or more archaic but equivalent facilities if your Godrealm hearkens back to one of the more primitive pantheons. However for 300 GP be it through skilled craftsmen, talented dwarves or sheer providence your Godrealm excels at producing those weapons considered devastating superweapons in divine combat. Relics like Mjolnir and Gungnir may still be masterworks of their kind, but even arming one in 10 gods of Asgard with such a weapon could spell disaster for their enemies.

Halls of the Gods (100-300 GP): The residences of the gods themselves can vary greatly across different Godrealms, and here you may determine the complexity of yours. For 100 GP before other modifiers, your courts may be similar to those of the Pesedjet, Loa or Aesir, having wondrous interiors but fairly mundane-if still quite reinforced-exteriors. Such residences can still be quite powerful of course; while being comparatively modest to some of the options below Atum-Re's solar barque is built of enough divinely glorious wood to flatten the forests of Lebanon and provides all solar light to the entire realm while proceeding on its fixed course between the Overworld and Underworld. For 200 GP, you may rule more complex settlements from a palace as magnificent as those of the Amatsukami or Dodekatheon. And for 300 GP, a great sprawl of marvellous buildings for specific purposes and not merely radiant, but cosmically significant palaces seldom witnessed outside the domains of the Celestial Bureaucracy and Devas populate your domains. Your own residence can be utterly absurd and cosmically significant, like Brahma's 800 miles wide bungalow or Surya's palace being a scant few miles in circumference yet being so grand within it can hold the sun.

Underworld (100-300 GP): While many pantheons have access to some form of underworld which those under a certain degree of their influence in the mortal world enter, not all exert comprehensive control over it. For 100 GP you may have a destination like Helheim, in which the souls of the unworthy dead in your eyes are punished out of sight, out of mind and barring a single god of uncertain temperament or truly heroic efforts out of your control. For 200 GP you may have an elaborate system build in place to winnow, nurture, judge and ascend souls under your guidance similar to the Egyptian and Greek gods. At this level of investment, should yourself or another die it may be possible with certain magical procedures to retrieve them over a long journey from passageways to the land of the death you oversee. And for 300 GP you may have a sprawling bureaucracy with numerous, specifically defined roles, intricate castes of punishment and many races of loyal demons or even more powerful infernal spirits dedicated to providing

the best afterlife aftercare aftersystem aftervailable. This degree of investment includes a system like the Celestial Bureaucracy's Office of Reincarnation, which can potentially permit an automatic reincarnation to any life desired in the mortal world, with full knowledge of past lives.

Noble "Steeds" (100/200/400 GP each): Whelp. Here we are again. It's no secret that despite seductresses making up a good portion of divine enemies, many pantheons have entire orders of spiritual beings that, despite being talented and powerful in their own right and often presiding over an aspect of the natural order, seem to exist mainly for the core pantheon members to have all the bedmates they could ever ask for. And each purchase here will add a thriving population of supernatural beings to your Godrealm. For 100 GP, this particular race is on the order of the lesser nymphs of the woodlands or lesser succubi. For 200 GP, this race can be like the more powerful Hyades or shapeshifters such as the White Snake. And for 400 GP, you have somehow gained the affections of an entire divine clan numbering in the hundreds-a force akin to the Vanir, who intermarried into the Aesir pantheon. Nominally it is assumed that such beings are fully intermarried with a pre-existing pantheon of gods and you merely have a spouse, several concubines or both from among their number, but technically nothing prevents you from marrying all of them yourself.

It's just very.
Very.
Inadvisable based on the mythological track record of deities who failed to keep it in their pants.

Beast For All Burdens (200/300 GP each): The Godrealm of the Devas rests on the back of the primordial elephant Maha-pudma, which in turn stands firmly on the back of the turtle Chukwa as it swims. For 200 GP apiece, your Godrealm may be physically and mystically braced against unwanted interference by a gigantic guardian beast similar to these noble creatures in some way. Only the mightiest heroes can withstand their mighty blows. Furthermore, for a one-time investment of a further 100 GP these beings somehow spontaneously generate offspring-avatars loyal to your cause. Somewhere. Somehow. Despite not being visibly seen to stop swimming and breed, or to our knowledge wielding divine power of their own. It just works, okay? Millions of baby turtles just…show up.

Of Things Feared And Known (200/300 GP each): The mysteries of Magic, Fate and Prophecy are many, and it's no coincidence the Aesir revere two separate sacred sites that provide great insight into all three. For 200 GP you have a location or artifact, be it a subrealm or a grand tapestry constantly weaving the fate of all beings as it is being made that stretches endlessly onwards, that provides great insight and power over such things. But for 300 GP your Godrealm includes a location deeply rooted in Fate's power like the sacred Well of Urd. It holds great wisdom, though it generally takes great sacrifice or art to pry its greatest secrets for your own benefit. Not only does it somehow empower your Godrealm as the Well's waters preserve the life of Yggdrasil and it's clay whitens the tree's bark, but three beings with great power and insight into Fate attend the Well. While the Aesir sometimes struggled to commune with the Norns, these ones seem quite

compliant towards your wishes insofar as they are also effectively terminals of Fate. Also while not required to be so, traditionally such beings are female.

Unsavoury Neighbours (+300 GP, can be taken up to 4 times): While many of the Titanspawn invasions are infrequent and unpleasant surprises, to some the war with a certain group has become intrinsic to their destiny. And should you wish, your Godrealm too may be linked to a subrealm full of millions of belligerent, powerful Titanspawn such as the Jotuns or the druujs. Or a smaller but more powerful group of belligerent god numbering a couple hundred. While this can be dealt with over time by means such as extermination, sealing and marriage (a tactic very favoured by many different pantheons), in the short term you may find yourself fighting the Titanomachy on more fronts than you expected.

Touchstone (300 GP each): Archetypal wonders reflecting concepts and objects rather than entities, as both the Flame of Liberty and Durance Vile prove Touchstones can be quite significant in divine struggles. Divine efforts resonant with the concepts they represent are greatly empowered. One such structure has a place in your realm, and under your control-such as the Great Henge that blesses all use of the Prophecy purview.

Hallowed Harrowing (300 GP, requires Underworld): Upon death and mutilation, Osiris was not lost to the world forever. This purchase may be thought of as a twist of Fate similar to his, bound to yourself and your Godrealm. When you are slain, so long as some remnant of you is brought to the Godrealm proper there is guaranteed to be a procedure that can restore you to the blush of life. Instead of some irrevocable change in your condition, death simply transport you to your own Underworld. You are given no special powers you do not already have to escape, but neither are you stopped from doing so if you have the ability. Nevertheless, others can greatly expedite your return to life-potentially resurrecting you with no loss of Legend rank. The Purviews of Magic, Mystery and Prophecy will reveal what must be done to perform this deed. The better designed (and present) your Underworld is, the more convenient this process becomes.

Arboreal Glory (300 GP): The glorious apples of Idunn and Hesperides are not the only divinely restorative fruits recorded throughout time. The Tree of All Seeds native to the Yazata's Godrealm is the progenitor of every plant, and naturally it's seeds can grow into any plant that has ever grown in the mortal worlds, and always takes root. It's juice is rumoured to grant incredible physical ability, mental clarity and immortality-even restoring the bodiless dead to corporeal life. Whether you wish for one grandiose tree or a grove similar to Idunn's, your Godrealm may boast a form of plant life potent enough for gods to lay down their lives defending.

Seat of All Seeing (300 GP): A seat in your residence now has a specific but highly useful ability: The power to see anywhere in the mortal world, anywhere in your Godrealm and anywhere in the Overworld not protected by the power of other pantheons or Greater Titans. This seat can be as ostentatious as any throne of the gods was ever imagined…or it can be discrete and out of the way to avoid prying eyes.

Harmony (300 GP): Humble and down to earth as it is compared to many Godrealms, the Loa's has a true rarity: Harmony between all inhabitants. While nothing stops you from maintaining good relationships or currying favour through good rule, by purchasing this Fate itself enacts a tendency for peace between all inhabitants of your Godrealm-save those designated as foes under Unsavoury Neighbours, who will find themselves greatly isolated from potential support. The effects of this are subtle but profound, the machinations of usurpation vanishing among those who know and strong bonds being forged in the heat of battle. Should your realm include spirits and lesser immortals, in time your good relations with the world around you could see you as beloved as Baldur.

Workshop of Wonders (400 GP): A workshop equal to Hephaestus' own is now situated somewhere in your Godrealm. While many Relics of the gods possess tremendous destructive force, the inventions you may build here (and that are already stocked on neat shelves) seem more miracle incarnate than construct. Palaces surpassing the greatest of mortal kings sit on assembly lines. Software that can rewrite civilisations or engineer one's collapse remain neatly stored, while the tools that can refashion the very universe itself are stored up from various schema of designs yet to be realised. One should not meddle too deeply in the affairs of blacksmith gods, because they are absent-minded yet prone to technical analysis.

Creator's Retreat (400 GP): It is a curious thing that some of the oldest pantheonic leaders left behind their subordinates for mysterious reasons. Ahura Mazda has vanished sometime after turning the tide against Ahriman. Ometeotl, creator for the Aztecs has never been seen to leave the impermeable 13th Heaven. Perhaps Satyaloka, the abode of truth to which Brahma sometimes retreats, provides an answer. For it is an empty and mysterious place accessible only to Brahma, in which is trapped Truth in its absolute form. And now you too have a concept bound somewhere within a discrete subrealm near your residence. Bathed in the absolute expression of truth, absorbing its energy and expressions, Brahma emerges from his chamber empowered by the fire and insight of total Creation-and for 3000 years he has used to chamber to ready the mortal world for an incarnation without any Titanic influences. So too are you too enriched in ways that empower all your divine powers to create-although should you think it appropriate, the concept may instead endow you with the capacity to preserve, or destroy on a similar scale.

Divinities Beyond Counting (200/400/600 GP, discounted Scion): Nominally you would start off as the sole ruler of the Godrealm regardless of your divine stature, but as some gods simply materialised from the Overworld you too may populate your Godrealm with deities other than yourself and those already with you. For 200 GP, a few dozen divine beings exist in the Godrealm along with you, mostly those barely above the greatest spirits in power but including half a dozen exceptional deities on par with the likes of Ares or Heimdall. For 400 GP you may have a few hundred divinities, including a great many Scions as well as many matured gods. A handful among them are also comparable to the greatest warriors, sages and performers of other pantheons. Your pantheon is comparable to the Amatsukami in scale, for whom "eight million" is more of a figure of speech than anything. And for 600 GP your pantheon can only be compared to the Devas and Celestial Bureaucracy. So expansive is your pantheon that it actually influences a significant portion of the modern world-from an inconsistent and widespread hold over a large

country such as China, or an extremely fervent following in a comparatively small but densely populated country such as India-and as a result of being so densely interwoven with the forces of Fate through human belief, your pantheon swells in power as well as numbers to join the Devas in aloof superiority to the others. Veritable armies of Scions do the bidding of the true gods for you in the mortal world. While even exceptionally powerful, wise and beautiful gods number among your kindred, a rare few powerful deities may defy the normal limits of deities to such a degree they have unconventional, expansive and/or esoteric goals of their-beings comparable to the likes of the Trimurti, Ahura Mazda or the Atzlanti's creator deity. Nevertheless, such beings still acknowledge your leadership whether or not you know better than they.

Drawbacks

Time After Time (+0 CP): Not a modern boy after all? With this option you may start sometime in the past, up to the first recorded interactions of the Egyptian pantheon with humanity around 9000-10,000 years or so ago. Your stay will be extended over potentially millennia up to your usual starting date. You will stand as a frontline witness to the pantheon's earliest battles with the Titans, or even the grand mystery of new gods coming into being.

Beyond the Kali Yuga (+0 CP): On the other hand, if the Devas are correct than all of this has happened before and all of this will happen again. Perhaps you'd like to see what becomes of humanity once you've carved your own Legend into this world, or determine how much truth there is to their beliefs? With this, your stay may be extended up to about 9000-10,000 years further from your usual starting date in this world. This is cumulative with Time After Time, meaning you may potentially stay for between 18,000 to 20,000 years here if you wish.

Parental Discretion Was Ill-Advised (100 CP): At some point in your past, your principle parent (or a major Titan avatar of your Greater Titan) deeply wronged you. Perhaps they denied you divinity simply for failing to bow low enough in a formal ceremony. Perhaps you grew up an orphan, never knowing your parents until they decided they needed more warm bodies for the war. However it transpired, you have a burning resentment against the gods of your pantheon or Titan that chokes your every breath-and while not fully illogical with that rage, you sometimes question who's side you're really on.

Eye of the Huracan (100 CP): Watch out for that truck, kid! You really should have looked both ways when crossing the street and…OH GODS, that truck was full of minotaurs! And they're on FIRE! With BAZOOKAS! In a nutshell, the aura of Fate around you is particularly slanted towards over the top violence and chaos, as if guided by the hand of the prophet Michael Bay and foretold by the prophecies of the Fast and Furious movies. While technically this does grant you quite a few opportunities to reaffirm your Legend, expect to have some important conversations ruined by the wall behind you exploding.

Somewhere, Odin Twitches (100 CP): Okay, this one's not so bad right? You've made a friend! A treacherous friend. A slimy, duplicitous little scum of the earth bastard with a bunch of daddy issues and an ego to prove to everyone in the room. You have, in short, met a deceitful little shit of a Scion who can be compared to the second coming of Loki himself-and Fate has bound you to each other as bosom friends, contriving reasons to have you bump into each other. For that reason your "pal" won't specifically target you in their machinations, but neither will they think twice about collateral damage, roping you into a scheme with all their manipulative prowess or trying to have you foot the bill for their latest fuckup.

YOU'RE TOO SLOW! (100/200/300 CP): Faster than a speeding Usain Bolt! More agile than a monkey in a china shop! It's…a human cultist of the Titans? Oh well. In another time and another place, one of the greatest challenges faced in this world was neither gods nor Titans, but the propensity of both to be fast as FUCK boy. How would you like a taste of that frustration? For 100 CP a great many blessings of celerity seem to have been spread among the faction that is your main enemy, sufficient to give them all a moderately divine boost in swiftness and agility. Even mortal men jump and flip like the wildest dreams of parkour enthusiasts and can even dodge bullets in a pinch, while correspondingly faster beings like harpies could dive bomb in and out of an office building with pinpoint precision. For 200 CP this extends to the logistical efficiency of your foes' tactics and planning, allowing rituals and ploys to be pulled off with impossible speed. And for 300 CP, your foes have somehow develop an obscure and complex ritual that can give any of their peers Ultimate Dexterity. One thing's for sure, when next you face your foes in battle you gotta. Go. Fast.

Demanding Dad, Micromanaging Mom (200 CP): …or perhaps your divine parent is somehow Fated to make the above come true? On the opposite side of things, for one reason or another your divine parent is determined to be a part of your life in a highly inconvenient way. They might make absurd demands for you to fight a hydra off the bat, and lambast you for failing to meet their expectations if you couldn't kill the thing. They might brag about you in front of other gods, and expect you to defend THEIR honour. Whether due to an excess of pride or particularly exacting standards, don't expect a lot of help. Or logic.

In The Grip of Madness (200 CP): Hera, or someone just as capricious, has cursed you with the psychosis that took Hercules. It may seem counterproductive to either side's effort to leave a potential ally wracked with madness, but that's gods for you. While with some effort you can retain something approaching sanity, if visibly distressed in most waking hours. You fail to tell ally from enemy without fail when stressed by battle, bark mad orders at the moon for not COMING DOWN HERE AND GIVING ME A HAND WITH THIS HARD BASTARD and generally are both a merciless and unpredictable killer. Sleep is no escape either, wracked with nightmares so fierce you may exert divine power unconsciously. While you can most definitely still fight, you struggle with much else.

The Other Kids (200 CP): Another band of Scions has it out for you, and boy are they unhappy. Led by a charismatic and driven chap with a dark past and an edgy katana, each has Purviews and Birthright relics that complement the other's shortcomings as well as a surprising degree of camaraderie and teamwork for utter

oddballs. It's unclear whether your life is just business or a genuine grudge from your pasts, but whatever the reason they're here, they're coming and they're MOTIVATED. They also seem shockingly proficient at raising their Legend ranking, which may or may not be due to Titan support behind the scenes-and just to be clear, they're a *different* gang to Kane's little team if you took a certain scenario.

Mikaboshi'd (300 CP): For one reason or another, a Titan Avatar recently decided your still somewhat mortal body was the *perfect* little vessel for a fragment of its will and being. You're all messed up now, likely deformed and possessed by a Titan. Expect constant struggles for dominance over your own body, nightmarish visions or even self-induced harm in a bid to coerce you to give up control and a lot of attention from loyal Titanspawn who'd like to see their master's figment get on top or stay on top-at least, until you somehow kill a being that's co-piloting your body and is mostly spirit. Some means may exist to save you in this world, but they aren't many and they won't come easy.

Martyr Without A Cause (300 CP): It would be too easy to set you a fate to die and be done with that, since plenty of folks have proven their mettle by cheating a nominally inevitable outcome here. No, instead you're Fated to arrive at the greatest, most intense battles of this world between the gods and Titans-and to seize victory for one side in a dramatic sacrifice. You might take an arrow meant for Houyi, only to find it was dipped in the World Serpent's venom-and it unerringly went straight through your heart. Or you might feel compelled to charge vaingloriously at Mithra right as he's knocked Ahriman on his ass-only to trip mid-charge as he wrathfully turns his divine strength on you. With the inevitability of the whirlpool, circumstances and commitments will push you into these situations and Fate will demand it's pound of flesh from you. Without giving a damn for what even surviving these events will likely do for your social life.

Behind Enemy Lines (300 CP): This isn't good. Forget your starting location, if you're a Titanspawn you're in the halls of Valhalla, and everyone's glaring at you like you just slapped Brunhilde's ass. Or if you're a Scion, you somehow ended up in the halls of Aten's palace and the words "BEHEAD THOSE WHO FELLATE THE PRETENDER ATEN! GOD, WHO ATEN IS NOT, IS GREAT!" are still ringing down the halls and you can hear furious flapping coming towards you some ways off. The point is you're deep in enemy territory and get this-whatever your specialities or elemental affinities, it's *always* the Titan or pantheon you're least suited for dealing with. Hmph, you're the greatest and are good at everything? Alright alright, it's the pantheon or Titan you hate the most. Good luck getting home, and better luck getting your pursuers off your back.

GIVE ME GOD OF WAR (600 CP): Hundun has heard your distant cry for more power, ever more power, and he will gladly assist. Each time you fight an opponent significant enough to merit a great impact on your Legend, Hundun will reach out and empower them with his dread touch. Keep in mind the power he normally offers at random is sufficient to tempt the generally straight-laced gods of the Celestial Bureaucracy astray. Worse, from that site his corruption will spread, and spread, emitting hordes of his Titanspawn and warping those around them. These cracks are apertures through which Hundun can act in subtler ways before being

sealed up, sowing chaos and discord into your life in a bid to continue offering you "help" where you "need it" until it seems you are a magnet for all chaos. Survive long enough and fell great enough foes, and Hundun may even attempt to physically manifest in order to "help you" "help him" "help" "you". Also for the record, if you took this along with In The Grip of Madness 1. Expect many of the eldritch horrors unleashed to resemble your deranged hallucinations and 2. It is most definitely an extension of Hundun H E L P I N G.

Awaken the Sleeping Tiger (700 CP): Well, now you've fuckin' gone and done it. The mortal world knows with abject certainty that the divine exists. Half the world is going through some sort of existential crisis, while the other half is engaging in a global internet flame war over who's a heretic and who's sacrosanct. Already the gods above struggle not to be twisted into unrecognisable forms, and while the Titans are laughing for now the more astute among them recognise the wide scale panic and anxiety could have potentially wide scale apocalyptic effects on the Overworld-right now, people are simultaneously finding, losing and denying religion. Imagine what happens when the hand of Fate turns against *concepts* once enough people stop and thinking about the ramifications of *those* having divine embodiments. And ironically, those best suited to stopping this particular apocalypse are also those least experienced in the ways of the gods-and thus, least fatebound to mankind.

Get cracking, or reality cracks.

Revenge of the Titans 3: The Sequel: Starring Jumper from the Jumpchain Series (800 CP): With this, upon your entry every Titan receives a prophecy that your sacrifice upon an Axis Mundi will set in motion the inevitable victory of the Titans. While their time together in the Underworld has done wonders for reaffirming hierarchy and organisation like they never had to in the first Titanomachy, with renewed motivation the Titans will coordinate against you as never before. Words can't begin to describe the suffering and devastation multiple gods among gods can exert upon you. And should you be a Titanspawn, the same prophecy is repeated to every pantheon…with victory for THEM secured by your sacrifice.

If there's any consolation in all this, it's that the Titans or pantheons' concentration is quite thoroughly distracted from whatever their original enemies were doing.

Scenarios

The Saga To End All Sagas, A World of War and ***The Hero's Journey*** cannot be taken with each other, due to Fate requiring certain Titans and gods to enact specific roles and schemes for them to come to pass. ***The Hero's Journey*** also requires Bringing The Band Up To Speed. ***Make (Insert Pantheon Here) Great Again*** cannot be taken by Deva Scions because the Devas are already pretty damn great. All other scenarios may be taken with any scenarios not specified as mutually exclusive.

Have You Seen Our Dogs?

In a struggle between Titans and gods, there is little room for sentimentality. Scarce resources are hoarded, conspiracies are counter-conspired against and when war breaks out the devastation can risk scouring civilisations from the face of history. In a war where the noblest participants must abandon their beloved devotees to shore up the warfronts and the vilest gleefully throw away their children's lives for more power, the desperation for survival is absolute.

And that's why after learning of each other's losses, Anubis and Hades have decided that desperate times call for desperate measures. Where many damned souls were lost when the Titans broke out of the Underworld, the guardians of two pantheons' actual underworlds were also flung out and cast into some part of the mortal world. Frequently needed for other duties, both Underworld gods have resorted to leaving several posters up enchanted only for the divinely empowered to fully recognise, promising a boon for anyone who can retrieve their pets:

Ammit, the guardian of Duat who was once charged with eating the hearts of the unworthy. And Cerberus, a great three-headed Titanspawn as long as a bus and twice as wide.

You are the first to see one of these posters, forlornly drifting in the mortal world's wind, and probably confused for being some sort of viral marketing gimmick. Hurry! While few demigods can be spared from the Titanomachy and fewer still will take this missive seriously, the favour of a god is a powerful lure. And the beasts aren't exactly pushovers.

Cerberus is a fairly stupid beast, at the intellectual level of a typical feral dog. While he has long been enchanted not to actively seek out Scions, he will readily fight and attack anything that startles him. Yet despite his heritage, he is a good and loyal pet to Hades. Divinely strong, resilient, equipped with a supernaturally deadly venomous bite and a snake-headed tail like his distant cousin the original Chimera, finding wherever he's wandered to is half the battle. Wresting him back to Hades without harming him is the rest.

Ammit is…somewhat cleverer. With the head of a crocodile, the front quarters of a lion and the hindquarters of a hippo it would be more fair to say she is not an evil

creature, but simply ignorant and horribly misguided. She knows nothing of mortal custom, social nuance and moral relativism. She simply judges mortals by Egyptian morality, and deems the ones that fail's (read: Most) hearts to be valid meals. While also divinely mighty and perceptive, she has also learned to conceal her true form behind that of a beautiful Egyptian woman to stalk her meals. Likewise, the challenge is now luring or wresting back an essential part of the Egyptian underworld's functioning to Anubis' presence.

Your reward is twofold: **For each pet you recover to its rightful owner, you will receive the gratitude of Anubis and Hades.** While in this world the greatest gain would be the associated good reputation with the Greek and Egyptian pantheons, each god is also more than happy to offer a mighty boon for services rendered. Many things within reason could be obtained, for the gods have deep pockets but their diligence leaves them few to lavish it upon. How does an ankh that that wards a household from the unjust or another helmet of invisibility sound?

Also, it appears Fate itself smiles on your deeds because not long after, **a small puppy-scale version of each pet will find you, yipping excitedly as it bonds with you as a follower.** While it will take quite some time for these to grow up, each will serve your will with the same loyalty it's larger counterparts serves their divine masters.

Make (Insert Pantheon Here) Great Again

Damn the Devas! We were about as old as them (hardly any younger, grumble grumble) and just as fine a pantheon! And that bastard Vishnu, incarnating as Buddha? What a two-faced cheater! Why should THEY hog all the worship? Why don't the mortals care for US nearly as much?!

Your quest, should you choose to take it up, begins when you run across a few members of your own pantheon having a roughly equivocal argument. The notion sticks in your brain: What *does* make the Devas inherently more appealing than your pantheon? Your challenge then is to convert a significant part of the human population into sincere worshippers of your pantheon and popularise their religion across the world until they are as popular among mortals as Hinduism and Buddhism combined is-if not exceeding it*. Give or take a few hundred million devotees. Nobody is keeping score, so to speak, you may apply all your divine attributes to the task and you have until the end of your stay. But do keep in mind *your own pantheon* might be seriously divided on the matter once they discover what you're up to. While the debaters might be secretly thrilled, the naysayers may decry your efforts for threatening to fatebind the pantheon to humanity like it never has before.

*A clarification: While the Celestial Bureaucracy DO draw tremendous faith through buddhism, taoism and numerous folk religions, the challenge for you there would be spreading a *singular* faith system on a similar scale.

Your reward, granted immediately upon completion, is a surge of Legend manifesting as 1500 extra Godrealm Points (GP) to be spent on improving your

personal Godrealm. If you did not already have a Godrealm, you gain one as part of your reward subject to all the usual stipulations, including waiving its existence if you would rather get a Godrealm after the jump. Frankly, the impact of such a surge in faith in your own pantheon is quite unpredictable given for the human tendency to impress particular impressions on established stories. You might find yourself raged at by deities suddenly changed by surges of Fate (Thor in particular is likely to be very, very unhappy about all the fanfiction about him and Loki, who isn't even his brother, or the insane hogwash about the Phoenix being his mother. It doesn't help Loki will find the whole thing hilarious on several levels) or showered with praise for revitalising your pantheon. Either way, Fate recognises the true architect of this cascading trend and duly accords you a measure of your own achievement in pure, creative potential.

Amitābha

Ah, Moksha. The end goal of the ironically named Samsara Purview, given it is the Deva ideal to extricate oneself from Fate's influence forever and escape the seemingly neverending tilt towards suffering it brings. But even great masters of Samsara can seemingly only sustain it temporarily, and furthermore Fate seeks to drag back the liberated to its embrace when they intervene in its affairs.

These, among other topics, may come up in a conversation you will soon hold with Brahma-whether in his personal realm or in one of his mortal guises. You will reflect on how Hinduism and Buddhism alike have done fairly little to advance enlightenment for the man on the street, given how the powers of Samsara require Legend to use at all. True, certain completely untarnished and pure existences *who also kept faith with the Devas* managed to find their way to Brahma's side over the ages but that's hardly an optimal state of affairs is it? Even Brahma would earnestly agree he'd help more people if the Kali Yuga wasn't nigh. You will, if you dare, set out to break the wheel of fate's spokes.

Your challenge is no small task. You will enlighten, TRULY enlighten humanity on a scale at least commensurate to the current population of faithful Hindus and Buddhists combined. The central problem is no mere test of faith; *the basic inability of humanity to wield divine powers directly* is a mindboggling hill to climb. Will you engineer great divine works and salvage powerful artifacts capable of influencing all humanity, while somehow performing your godly duties and justifying your actions to your pantheon? Will you attempt to Fatebind much of humanity to the very concept of Moksha? Will your boundless ambitions involve rewriting what it fundamentally means to be human?

Your reward, achieved when the requisite amount of humans beings achieve the permanent state of Moksha achieved by Brahma's adherents, **is the power to permanently sustain the state of Moksha. Not only that, you will be able to freely interact with the world without influence or even Legend penalty from Fate and teach others this state by spreading the Purview of Samsara through simple proselytization. Henceforth, Fate will truly have no hold on you and those you deem worthy-unless you wish it to.** It may seem a paradox to be Fated to liberate others from Fate, but the existence of Hundun and Logos certainly show

Fate is no stranger to paradoxes. Mind you, sharing your truly liberated state with others won't be easy and you'll be sharing the Purview of Samsara from scratch. But as the saying goes, the journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step.

A World of War, or: Hitler and Loki's Whacky Adventures

Oh hark at that Loki, he's such a prankster! Wait, he's serious? Oh dear. Well wind the clocks back and call me Churchill, because this particular adventure begins in the ash after the First World War.

You see, Scions weren't the only thing to be born out of the First World War. Where some Scions turned folk heroes and ascended as divinities, other gods sprang into being from seemingly nothing but mortal imagination-something that has apparently never been observed by the gods until now. Now, Loki conjectured that if the collective subconscious of mortals could truly bend Fate to fabricate gods, then perhaps Fate could be ultimately controlled by influencing the hearts and minds of mortals. A radical theory perhaps, but it didn't stop him from convincing the other Aesir that they might avoid Ragnarok with this experiment.

So Loki found his catspaw in one Adolf Hitler, and presented Odin's spear Gungnir as the Spear of Destiny. With it, Hitler roused a Germany gripped by the Great Depression into a booming soon-to-be war economy, and Loki thought himself very clever. The Norse pantheon set about developing an "Ultimate Reich" paid little attention to Hitler's frequent use of Gungnir to drastically change the mortal world leaving him veiled from the view of the Gods themselves by accident, so thick and tangled was the skein of Fate he spun.

A few years before this happened, Caligula (himself a deified Scion) managed to place Zeus into a deep slumber then impersonated the King of Olympus with particularly powerful illusions. Entitled and delusional, he wished to reclaim and expand the glory of the Roman Empire, which the other Olympians reluctantly obeyed out of respect for "Zeus" not his ambitions. And a few years after following the Japanese invasion of China, Amaterasu not only spurned the Celestial Bureaucracy's request that she exert influence with the Imperial family to withdraw troops but spurred by a belief in superior Japanese spiritual purity she shared with Emperor Hirohito actually sent Hachiman to storm the Jade Emperor's disorganized court in a shocking show of aggression. Quickly discovering they shared many of the same enemies, the Aesir, Dodekatheon and Amatsukami agreed to work together just as their patron nations formed the Axis Powers.

Subsequent battles between the pantheons set the tone for many of the actions taken in the mortal world. The Aesir struck at the nascent Yankee and European pantheons in a series of blitzkrieg-like strikes from their rainbow bridge, imprisoning gods and impounding their birthrights. The weaker pantheons, such as the French, carried out an underground resistance while the Soviets' tolerance for suffering let them hold out at the cost of tremendous losses. One of the most drastic moves came from the Underworld gods of the Axis powers resorting to opening the Titans' prisons to recruit their Titanspawn-something they would later

come to regret for fear that opening may have let their primordial enemies later free themselves. And all too soon, the Yankee pantheon would develop a weapon that even gods would fear-if only indirectly, due to the potential of annihilating every single Amatsukami Axis Mundi.

But brought back outside Fate to the year 1939, you're poised to change history-for better or worse. Your stay is extended up until what would have been the normal duration of your stay, if only to reap what you sow. As for your win conditions, they largely depend on who you fight for.

Fight in defence of the Allied powers, for the Yankee pantheons and British deities and Soviet gods, and your challenge is to win the divine side of the Second World War (which tends to reflect on the mortal side as well, anyway) in their favour before 1945.

Fight on the side of the Axis powers, and you must secure victory for those gods against the allies by 1946.

Your prize, in either case, is metaphysical ownership of three Touchstones significant to innovations or ideas during the war and the corresponding appropriate locations to access them through, which may be mounted in your Warehouse if you wish-or in the case of the true Touchstones, directly attached to your Godrealm if you have one. While you may use Durance Vile, The Great Henge and the Colossus for ideas, the Touchstones need only be significant to one or more of the countries on the side you fought upon. Generally representative of the better angels of human nature as well, however distorted they may be. However there are certain other achievements before this date that you may consider.

If you should expose Caligula's deception and awaken Zeus before this date, retribution upon Caligula will be as swift as the Dodekatheon's gratitude for working under an even worse blowhard than usual. Be wary, not only is the lesser god anxious about maintaining his image before his far more powerful peers but he has also roped in Quirinus, a jealous god of war and the wolf, into his schemes. As a gesture of unaccustomed gratitude, **a powerful Birthright relic associated with Zeus** will be given to you. It'll be something quite special with a unique power themed after the sky, perhaps even a replica of his own thunderbolt.

On the other hand, as mentioned earlier Hitler's machinations unintentionally (or so is assumed) concealed him from the gaze of the gods, who were further distracted by their own battles. When they uncovered the extent of his misdeeds, *even Loki was appalled by Auschwitz*. Callous and prideful as they are, many gods do not actually see themselves as evil and would swiftly work towards an age of prosperity in penance. While Hel took special care to ensure Nazi high command and Auschwitz's guards received the worst her realm had to offer, curiously Hitler's shade never appeared for any of the Underworld's gods. And while it has sometimes been speculated he must have been a Scion, it is no exaggeration to say that *even Loki, who sired the Midgard Serpent and Fenris Wolf, would be ashamed of having fathered Hitler*. And should you do Loki the immense favour of hunting down his little mistake, and bringing him to what justice the Aesir think he

deserves, apart from the sincere gratitude and remorse of the Aesir for the evil they have unleashed **your reward will be a mighty blessing from the Purview of Justice, that compels all those around you from miles-man and god alike-to cut through their justifications and machinations in order to suddenly know irrevocable proof of the unseen suffering they have committed commit.**

As a final note, by default Loki's experiment fails abjectly, whether because Fate's decrees remained in place because the Axis lost or the Axis lost because it was Fate's decree. It's unclear to this day whether he had a genuine shot of it working out; Fate is feared by the gods and regarded as wholly uncontrollable for a reason.

Perhaps you'll be the one to find out?

The Saga To End All Sagas

Oh, Hel. The day's finally come. Ragnarok's happening. The whole nine yards. It's events are being set in motion, and few if any stand a chance to stop them. For better and worse, Odin has come to believe you might be critical to preventing or at least surviving it, and will be keeping an eye on you regardless of your pantheonic parentage.

You will be given certain quests, directly and indirectly, by the All-Father during this event. But truly, your only task is to survive.

And let's be honest, you don't think Odin's the only god who has an investment in the damn end of the world do you?

Events will start off normally enough for modern Scions, guided by Odin's raven Hugin into bumping into a certain newly mined Scion of Loki's who happens to be uttering some ominous prophecies. You may fight giant business owners and seek the wisdom of old witches but too late, too late-the Jotuns have used an ancient artifact to call the Jotunhammer, a massive meteorite, to bring with it death and destruction on a massive scale. And as unprecedented resource shortages and sudden outbreaks of Fenrir wolves ensue, the first omens of Ragnarok's wolf age transpire.

So if you happen to have any means of stopping a meteorite, well-that would quite heavily derail Ragnarok. Otherwise, it would be a good idea to get off Midgard and get into the Overworld before the impact. And for a little while after.

It is at this point that other pantheons are probably getting rather upset about the whole thing. Be a real shame if one stepped in to interfere, huh? But be as that may, if you've survived this long **your first reward is your new companion Cybil Haldana, Scion of** *a real berk of a father that honestly, she really had been better off without in that orphanage. Oh, about her? Well she's a pants suit kind of girl who likes to act cool and competent, but even though she's started dabbling in the divine art of being a charming little know-it-all she's really in*

over her league here. Short red hair, grey eyes, pretty enough if you're into that sort of thing I suppose? Oh, and she does yearn for approval from other Scions. Gets all cheery, clingy and easy to please. I'll be blunt. She could really use a friend.

But events have their own momentum, and what transpires will transpire. Whether or not this happens, soon afterwards the foretold death of Baldur DOES and Hel closes off the normal means of reaching her domain. The All-Father will seek a meeting with you to tell that he knows of another means of access: An oil platform called Sleipner in the North sea, that has become a weak place between Midgard and the Underworld. Save Baldur from death, and sabotage Ragnarok! As prophecy utters in the swift decay of human morality and minions of the Titans infiltrate militaries to bring about mutually assured nuclear destruction and secure Midgard's destruction in fire and ice, you should seek to reach Helheim swiftly-

Hey! Has it ever occurred to you that the other Titans are probably quite angry about how Muspelheim's handling things? Hogging the spotlight with his so-called end of the world and all. Just a thought

-and along the way, Fate will push you to murder Hod. *Resist it! If you dare…* Who you see, happens to have been Baldur's killer.

Hey! Lemme tell you about Hod. He's the dark to Baldur's light, pitied and forgotten by even his so-called kin after he was blinded in a fight over his brother for the love of Nanna. They were all Scions at the time. He killed Baldur once, he only came back on a technicality, and the Aesir HATE a kinslayer so he's had that over his head. So that's Hod for you: Sad, lonely man shamed by Baldur trying to be his friend after everything, and terrified he's fated to doom him some more. He's got the lined face and pale hair of an old man, but the broad shoulders and strong hands of a warrior. A bit of a tragic silver fox, if you're into that sort of thing

Whenever you find your way to Hel's hall of stale blood and dripping serpent venom, you'll find something more daunting than a mere divine murder: A love triangle. At her table, Baldur will greet you with all the respect and warmth *that sot* that Hel won't show you *unless, heh, you wouldn't happen to be as cheery and pretty as our resident golden boy would you? Nice boy like you, could go a long way by showing some chest hair* though out of respect *and affection* to Baldur she will at least provide a genuine feast. Nanna, Baldur's wife, will watch events proceed sullenly from the same table. She speaks ill of Loki, and seems hard-pressed to carry a conversation. *And you should keep your eyes on that one.*

…

Baldur presents surprising kindness to his murderer, Hod, which may be somewhat explained by the revelation he had set up Hod to be his own murderer. His sword, Mistletoe, now having slain him twice will be divinely sanctioned to slay even Titan avatars-and it is imperative the Scions return it to the Aesir to use against Surtur should the worst come to pass.

Kept your eyes on the lady, right? Well look at little baby Baldur no, he's all twisted up on the inside and guilty of what he put his brother through. Now Hod, he sure as cow shit resents Baldur-not least because he STILL loves Nanna after Baldur won her heart all those years ago. Now Hel, Hel's easy. Don't get me wrong, that coldhearted bitch has only more coldhearted bitch behind those cold eyes-but take it from me: She loves Baldur. Not because she's lonely or hurt, but because she's a creature of the dark and all these years he's been shining like the sun at noon. Notice how she suddenly looks more dominatrix than dead woman, when he smiles at her?

Still. Keep your eyes on Nanna. There's a damn good reason she and Hel don't like the look of each other.

On the subject of resurrection, come the morrow Hel will reveal there are only two options: A god's sacrifice, Baldur's equal or one intimately bound to his Fate, or some transcendent act of defiance against Fate. All things in the Nine Worlds could weep for example, but these are the only two-

Like Hel there's only two options! Come on, transcendent defiance of fate? I'm sure there's another way you can pull that off. Start a damn protest against death! Invent nuclear fusion (or fake it til you make it) and get them hyped up enough to live a little!

You'll be likely sent to debrief Odin on upcoming matters. *Keep your eye on the lady.* Once gifts have been exchanged, you may be attacked by the dragon Nidhogg who told by an old giantess called Thokk *are you keeping your eye on the lady?* Has come to take vengeance for its offspring. Kill or drive off the dragons, as you will. Soon it will be time for the ceremony in which Hel will become The Reaper, Hod *if he's dead* will serve as the sacrifice if you *aren't ambitious* couldn't come up with anything and Nanna will try to stab Hod with a blade dipped in Jormungandr's venom out of maddened despair at the idea of remaining a disgraced ghost while her beautiful husband ascends to the living world-

EXCEPT SHE DIDN'T because you kept your eye on the lady! Right?!

Anyway.

Your reward for coming so far is the sword Mistletoe, granted to you by Odin from his belief you will wield it best in the coming war. It is a supernatural bane to gods and creatures of comparable Legend. So deadly is it that slaying the chief avatar of a Greater Titan could kill the entire being. Worse, as the blade that slew a god twice that twice came back from life, it can hold its victims between life and death. The wielder may demand a condition on the victim's resurrection-an oath even Titans cannot break, for the sword has been the nexus of fates beyond the power of even Titans, and is a weapon equal to Mjolnir.

Oh, but that's not all is it? Think back to what you really saw. Now I won't lie, ill-speech at the Norse feasting table can and has led to murders and vendettas but if, IF you really put on the charm you might just pull off something Norse sagas

forget about: A group therapy session! Think about it, if you can get Nanna to let go of Baldur you can save everyone a LOT of trouble! As for Hel and Hod, mayhap they should stop panting after people they can never have and turn to each other…or to you, handsome. Regardless, I have it on good authority that **should you seduce anyone you meet in Hel, you may take them as a companion**

And as Ragnarok accelerates, Odin's plans become yet more desperate and yet more disruptive.

He will send you to convince the Fenris Wolf not to attack Asgard, and surprisingly *to some* he will prove amenable. The Fenris Wolf simply wishes to live somewhere he can truly feel at home in, and while the Dark Forest may do the troll-wives there would require you to free them from the tyranny of their leader, Angrboda and her army of monsters *and that sounds like a crock of work and horseshit, so why don't you find him somewhere else eh? Or let him crash at your place, if you have one*.

He will send you to treat with Hel, asking her to fight with the Aesir by way of lavish boons he'll ask you to bear for her.

Don't trust the All-Father. He'll shower you in praise, then stick the knife in your back. I should know, he learned from the best. That token he gave you? Along with a complex ritual it'll let him swap out his soul with yours-or try to, at any rate. He's so desperate to shuck his Fate, he's willing to risk the deed blackening his very soul until he's more demon than god. Talk about a sunk cost fallacy.

At least here and now, I've got nothing to hide from those oiks anymore.

It will prove a hard bargain; Hel has no love for the Aesir, and her price will be for someone to swear to take up her mantle as master and torturer of the unworthy dead in the new world. Agreement to those terms earns the support of her and what forces she has left after Loki himself took many of them.

Attagirl.

Soon afterwards, the battle for Ragnarok will rage from the Overworld to the mortal world-with Loki at its helm. Muspel giants, dragons and other creatures will battle the gods. Even with the Fenris Wolf off the table, his children Hati and Skoll will take his ordained place and gain the power to devour the sun and moon. Your options are manifold. You could save the lives of many gods fated to die in this battle. You could confront Odin with *treachery eh, blood brother* his misdeeds. But all too soon Thor will face the Midgard Serpent, their battle will fling them from the Overworld to Midgard, and upon their mutual death Surtur and his armies will at last come to battle brawl over the mortal world. Your final battle, therefore, will likely be with Surtur-and soon, Muspelheim as the Greater Titan approaches his dominant avatar in preparation for the world's destruction and renewal. There may be survivors in the golden age beyond Ragnarok, but they will require gods-and old horrors from the last age may survive to haunt them.

Except that's just so much self-absorbed fatalist horseshit, isn't it? Because while this is all happening in one corner Mithra's tapping his foot and getting real cross, while in the other ole Baron Samedi would have words with thee.

Look at how many dominos have to line up for everything to go right. All those other pantheons aren't gonna just stand there and let Odin have his big day. So go on, throw a wrench in Muspelheim and the All-Father's game! They're both singleminded enough that enough of it'll play out whether or not someone stops that damn rock for you to get all their dues.

Whether you survived Ragnarok or cancelled it, your final reward is the inheritance of some of its dynamic power as the end of the world that energises the end to come. You constantly regain fairly small but steady amounts of Legend, perhaps less than a 10th of a god at the height of his power's every half hour or so-but a surefire means to keep fighting beyond what your endurance would normally allow. In addition when you witness the deaths of great divine beings or their foes, you may regain an additional bit of Legend. You may share out the fierce aura of the now-dead apocalypse to those you favour.

I think that's about it. You know what you have to do, derail this crazy train. Remember, fate ain't a cage to those who aren't afraid of it.

Oh right and if a Scion of Loki ever asks to fight on daddy's side in the coming war, tell her to cut it out won't you? Loki walks his own path, and it's not one anyone else deserves to.

The Hero's Journey, or: The Gods Must Be Crazy Dungeon Masters And Terrible YA Novel Authors (requires Bringing The Band Up To Speed)

Every now and then, there are stories told of heroes who truly redefine the term with their feats of heroism and sublime skill. Tales of singular prowess in which the greatest champions of the age strike out at its greatest defilers, and against all the odds come out on top.

From a certain point of view, this is one of those stories.

From another, it's…well, not that.

Your tale begins not long after your arrival, with the threat of a cult driving the gods themselves to manifest in the mortal world with you and your erstwhile group. It's incredibly awkward, like a PTA meeting. You are assured that an object at hand is incredibly important despite many if not all of the gods remaining frustratingly obtuse about exactly what it is you're meant to be doing. You, and your fellow Scions may be sent on obtuse tests of worth or fate all the while trying to find that damn cult. Guarding precious treasures. Wooing random women. Kicking Loki's ass. Oh yeah, Loki's trying to steal this incredibly important relic that the gods leave you to thoroughly research (it's the bloody Black Feather

Shroud). At least Baron Samedi, if he's someone present's daddy, does genuinely teach an important lesson about divine responsibilities and also grants the lucky Scion **a pack of cigarettes and a flask of rum** which honestly, is better than anyone else is getting out of that night.

Anyway you find out the cult has fused a legendary snake with a rollercoaster so now it has the combined power of a snake who wrestled Kratos (not the same guy you're thinking of, and way less of a big deal) and a rollercoaster. You also find a rival band of 6 Scions, all of whom have more deepseated edgy issues than the last despite being more or less adults, led by one Kane Taoka who's angry because his mom Amaterasu abandoned him as an orphan! He will now proceed to don the Black Feather Cloak and try to burn the divinity out of her unless someone beats his ass first.

Really.
You should beat him up.
But some utter contrivance of Fate will somehow let him and his merry gang escape even if you do beat their asses. And let Loki get the Shroud.

After an arbitrary but unusually short length of time after which **you and your fellow Scions will have advanced to demigods, or the equivalent thereof** this thrilling caper will conclude with Loki trying to set up some sort of meeting (and failing), to set up a meeting. This is largely due to airplane mechanical failure of all things somehow dumping you on Circe's island.

Where by some contrivance, there is ANOTHER band of Scions fighting a monster and losing! They scream for help. Will you answer? If you do then they'll come along and gasp at how POWERFUL, how EXPERIENCED their Scion senpais are compared to their humble selves! They would have been gonners without you, their clear superiors in the ways of gods, they will say. Your greatest challenge in this part of the journey is to keep a straight face and pretend like your divine parents haven't been plonking you in bizarre situation after bizarre situation with no rhyme or reason.

Circe doesn't want to fight. She does want to fuck, though. If you have a penis. Either way she gives you directions to Antarctica, which happens to be Atlantis, through some whibbly wobbly prophecy you have to follow. Do this and not only will you have to fight through hordes of vile Titan-mutated Atlantean fish-men, but you'll descend into the Atlantean underworld which is full of souls SO VILE the gods themselves turned their backs on them! And ON TOP OF EVERYTHING Kane and his merry gang SOMEHOW beat you there to the punch and are prepared to fight you UNDERWATER.

You'll get into the Underworld proper through Mr. Erebus. Get it? Get it, because the humans named it Erebus and so because something something Legend it's an Underworld access point. Anyway you go down a bit in that underworld and then go up some and that's where Mikaboshi and Kane jump you with their army of 6 onmyoji and 66 shadow ninjas to extinguish the 28,657 lanterns on the underground afterlife mountain which supposedly will let him overtake that

shithole of an underworld with DARKNESS and therefore merge it with the Titan of Darkness.

Mikaboshi himself will, at some point, start squeezing his fat ass onto the afterlife mountain's slopes. Piles of guts made of shadow start abruptly pouring from the sky.

Do you fight? Do you negotiate? You could try to do those futile things OR you could make a break for a convenient Overworld portal at the top of the mountain-which takes you through to a random stone table where the gods give a hearty welcome. You see, they'll blather as they shout you with gems, ambrosia and Birthrights, it was all a grand plan on their part to stuff the entire Titan of Darkness into this other underworld they're creatively calling NEW Tartarus! And your trek up that mountain was a metaphor for apotheosis, which means any moment now **you suddenly get to be gods** much to the awe of the new kids, who never knew you could become a god by going on a glorified hike! And that means Kane has ROYALLY fucked himself over by trapping himself with the Greater Titan of Darkness because your merry band blundered around following vague hints while the gods did all the heavy lifting! **Also, you get to keep Mikaboshi's mask because reasons**

Are you empowered yet? DO YOU FEEL LIKE A HERO?!

Oh by the way, to add insult to injury if the evil bastard now-demigod Scions have survived up to this point they are promptly adopted by their respective pantheons with a token "W-we're real sowwy, we pinkie promise never to be ungrateful brats again!" gesture. Some literally won't regret anything that happened other than they got caught. At least one has a contrived reason for redemption on the level of finding out a long lost sibling works with the gods, and is inspired by comparing their divinely enabled sex change to their own addiction to self-mutilation. I'm not saying you should kill them off earlier, but I am saying *a lot of sensible people would* if they knew Xipe Totec's batshit insane niece would grow up to get away from her misdeeds with a slap on the wrist and be rewarded with godly power.

Spurred on by your blatant, Ultramarine-like ability to tell Fate to go stuff itself, after yet another ambiguous yet overly short period of a human life the gods promptly start setting absolutely absurd missions. To wit: You are tasked to abduct various Titan Avatars so the gods can use them to reseal them into a certain prison.

You are tasked to infiltrate the Titan Akhetaten, where conveniently Aten has inexplicably shed 3 of his body parts to very buff Titanspawn with BIG DEXTERITY among their other powers. You will then need to fight Aten himself, who has apparently slipped into solipsistic dementia that makes him INVINCIBLE until you argue him into frustration. Although he thinks you're a delusion, maybe you could convince him HE wants to come with you and get tied up?

You are also tasked to infiltrate the Sky Titan and capture Huracan! Despite being a massively more powerful and experienced divine being (with massive dexterity), conveniently his nymphs all hate him and he has a magic bronze mirror in which he

has conveniently invested a lot of his power which you can use to seal him with anyway!

This goes on. Infiltrate Muspelheim and battle Surtur. Prevent Gaia from toppling Mt. Olympus, buoyed by the fact that her henchdaughters are very dim and trusting. Save the Loa from being guilted into suicide by Mami Wata, who stupidly shows her face to taunt a specific member of your band before trying to dream-seduce another. Inexplicably this incredibly powerful water goddess is terrified of exposing her true form despite being powerful even by god standards. It makes no goddamn sense that this seductive enchantress has stage fright but then it makes no sense that dreaming ABOUT Mikaboshi's mask and forcing it on her face in a DREAM forces her into her true form in the real world RIGHT NEXT TO THE SCION whose dream she was haunting which is absolutely a thing you can do.

This all culminates with several Titan Avatars literally tied up and dumped into Durance Vile. Except SURPRISE someone cut their ropes and now they're pissed and escaping! It's Loki! He's still got Surtur, and having nicked the Black Feather Shroud at some point he wants to EAT MUSPELHEIM THROUGH SURTUR and REPLACE THE CONCEPT OF FIRE and what this really amounts to is he now has random fire-based boss battle powers and you're fighting a trickster god in melee who just blew a lot of his Legend on becoming two different Avatars. I'm not saying this supposedly climatic battle with the true mastermind of this scheme is underwhelming compared to your absolute asspulls elsewhere, but it definitely is.

Anyway, play your cards right and if the other gods, who seem to be always 5 steps ahead of the plot except when they aren't, recapture the Titan Avatars or you paste Loki quickly and pitch in hard enough, you might just be able to leave a total of 5 to 6 Titans sealed away again! Wow! And your reward for utterly defying reason and logic despite somehow being considered "regular" Scions by the gods is **literally the friends you made along the way, since you can add that other band of hapless Scions to your group after everything. They do not have the absurd twist of Fate that is the only logical explanation for why you could accomplish this, but they do get 600 CP to spend on perks.**

They probably still think that everything that happened was totally legitimate, unless someone has very carefully explained the whole situation to them
Those fools.
Those beautiful fools.

The Good, The Bad and the Ugly

As William Faulkner once said, the past isn't dead. Sometimes it isn't even past. In this case, the past takes the form of the hadhayosh, the supernatural bull from Persian mythology, being stolen.

More than a century back from the modern era the wicked Ahriman raised up a villain called Zachary Hawk who ruined a fellow called Jim Shade and took his wealth like the tyrant Zahhak once ruined and usurped the ancient king Jamshid. Zachary, it must be said, was just about as wicked a man it was possible to be

without actually being a demon. It just so happened Shade was a Scion of the Yazata, and his fellow Scion Treat Fairdown left Hawk dead in the collapse of one of his mines. Alas over the years, two of his sons' clans set to infighting while the third went to California and escaped the mythic cycle of fratricide. All the while Ahriman never stopped pursuing his main goal: Releasing the monstrous Azhi Dahaka.

A big part of the feud was the hadhayosh, Treat's inheritance, which in recent years has been stolen by the spectre of Zachary Hawk in a bid to fuel a ritual that will let him live again. A ritual that will incidentally, free his namesake Zahhak.

Zahhak, the tyrant king.
Zahhak, with blood streaming down his head as the snakes on his shoulders eat from his brain.
Zahhak, imprisoned all those years ago for being host to the world-destroying dragon that would serve the Titan of Unbound Time.

You'll be wanted to head down to the sleepy little town of Siston, but be wary. Ahriman takes a personal interest in that place, and focuses Zrvan's power to occlude the cattle rustling. Time-slips may haunt your stay here, ranging from an hour-long march around town to finding out the sun's gone down in seconds. while the locals themselves know little about what's going on, other than a firm suspicion that "Sunny the bull" is supernatural.

Snoop around long enough, and Zachary will send gross amalgamations of man and motorcycle to come kick you out of town-which to be fair, is only a challenge to the youngest of Scions. The real issue is the clock is ticking on the sacrifice of the divine bull. Better hope you figure out you're looking for the Laramie Mountains, because between Fate's penchant for visceral excitement and Zrvan's bending of time chances are you'll likely arrive at a dramatically appropriate moment in the abandoned mine where Zachary died. And where he wields Zahhak's own lasso to pull out the spirit of the long-imprisoned tyrant.

Thwart the ritual, and as Zrvan's power breaks Ahriman takes out this failure on Zachary by flinging him back into the hell he rules. Be wary; apart from all the usual powers of a poltergeist and spectre Zachary acts as a conduit for Zrvan's time-bending power. Within a square mile he can blend the present with the past, phasing entities and objects in and out of time even if he is mercifully unable to actually travel back in time. But should you stop the ritual and/or kill Zachary, the grateful Yazata will grant you some of their treasures in the belief you are destined to be their true enemies' undoing in the future. **Your rewards are two of the great artifacts of Persian myth.**

Jaam-e Jam, the Cup of Jamshid grants you the Mystery and Prophecy Purviews. In addition, those who drink from it rapidly reduce severe wounds to nonfatal ones and completely heals nonfatal wounds. With a small amount of legend, the cup can also be used to see any location in the realm of existence the bearer is in not supernaturally obscured.

Shamshir-e Zomorrodnegar, the Emerald-Studded Sword, is no less formidable. It provides great resistance to the effects of any other Purview wielded against the bearer's wishes, and so great is the damage dealt by it with each blow that only supernatural means can heal it. With a curved blade and a jewelled hilt, the deev Fulad-Zereh once kept it by his side because it was his only weakness.

Let it finish, and Zahhak is ironically resurrected in one of Shade's descendants. Now merged with Zachary, it wields power matched only by a band of Scions who can be rightly called demigods and serves Ahriman by masterminding a dark empire. But Ahriman's true victory is a circumvention of the bindings of Fate that hold Azhi Dahaka: By creating parallels between Zahhak and Dahaka, Ahriman shifts some of the dragon's Fate onto Zahhak so that less of it holds Azhi in his prison. This path is just as harder, for Fate will conspire for *at least* one band of demigod Scions to start snooping around with the goal of interrupting the ritual. But should you succeed in defending the ritual to completion, Ahriman will reward you richly for furthering his ends. **Your rewards are the lasso used to by Zahhak himself in ancient days, a potent relic that grants access to the Death and Psychopomp purviews. By whirling it around, it can also dip into local underworlds and pull out ghosts to be interrogated-though it does not compel truth from them.**

Your second reward is the same blessing laid by Ahriman upon Zachary, permitting you to blend the present with the future. It's chief utility is for ceremonies that can only be performed at certain times, which this power is precise enough to MAKE it be the proper time where the ritual counts.

Should you choose to walk this dark path, be assured that at least Ahriman will make clear he expects his champions to cooperate against the gods, ensuring Zachary won't be angling to backstab you.

Also while even Ahriman will be a bit confused and taken aback if you really, really want this **if you like, you can solicit the same "blessing" he bestowed upon Zahhak all those years ago by received Ahriman's kiss on your shoulders and sprouting huge shoulder snakes. Mercifully these ones don't seem to have a hunger for brains, though they are still quite happy to gnaw at those of your enemies and equally just as good at coming back from most ways to kill them.**

Go Home

Stay

Move On

Notes

Fate is a strange, omnipresent force in this world, at once permeating the entire reality yet also unconsciously directed by mortal mythopoeic tendencies. As a Scion's Legend grows he becomes a magnet for calamity, ranging from natural and man-made disasters to Titanspawn attacks or attempted coups. In a sense, this is the result of the Scion's Legend being a self-fulfilling prophecy-creating momentous events so as to challenge and reaffirm his supremacy against them. The metaphysical gravity well doesn't just bend probability in order to further his Legend, but creates a phenomenon called Fatebinding. This ties the lives of people significantly involved with the Scion into specific roles, creating both boon companions and dedicated enemies. With mortals this risks overriding their free will, but even other Scions or gods can become entangled with them in this manner. Fortunately, the apparent success of the Devas do indicate there seems to be a way to escape Fate's strictures beyond the conventional means of the gods so feel free to come up with a way to defy Fate's strictures if you have one.

After this jump, you may fanwank how Fate interacts with you and anyone else from or imported into this jump going forward. Optionally you may convert your Scion or Titanspawn form into an altform if you'd rather Fate continue to operate as in this setting but only apply to it instead of your entire being. At the bare minimum, you will still be able to use the purviews of Magic, Mystery and Prophecy.

Adoptive Legacy and Seed of Evil also grant access to the Avatar and Sanctum abilities inherent to the gods by making you something more god than Titanspawn, and with either perk as well as Terror of Typhon you may purchase from the Sanctum section to improve yours since you are already a god for all intents and purposes.

Death is almost as arbitrary and inconstant between deities as Fate, in the grand tradition of myths. On the one hand, Izanami dying simply converted her into a goddess of the underworld despite her decaying appearance. On the other hand, there was something of an involved, magical process to Osiris' resurrection after his treacherous murder. On the third hand, Thor is genuinely in danger of being bitten to death by a giant snake, per a prophecy taken deadly seriously by the Aesir despite Thor theoretically having a chance to just walk off the Midgard Serpent's bite by RAW. Complicating the matter is the issue of Ultimate Stamina permitting a god who does not defend himself in time to simply resurrect himself, albeit with lower Legend ranking that can be restored with the usual slew of grand feats. In short: Death is *so bloody damn inconsistent, even in-universe* that you may freely decide whether a strict interpretation of death in Jumpchain applies or whether the essentially eternal character of divine ichor means that only a truly Fated demise or something on par with absorption by a Greater Titan qualifies as a "true" death for you-and everything else is just a case of Man Flu in which you have to hike out of one underworld or another. At the bare minimum, if you purchased Hallowed Harrowing for your Godrealm as long as the process is not greatly disrupted you can be assured that only Fated deaths or the actions of divine beings on the scale of Greater Titans or beyond stand a chance at putting you down for good in future jumps.

Speaking of arbitrary and ambiguous things: While the Hindu pantheon definitely exists, Scion basically shrugs on the subjects of Buddhism and Christianity. Some catholic saints are sometimes offhandedly mentioned to associated with the Loa, though it is unclear if these are actual saints or Loa spirits masquerading as them. Buddhism is sometimes mentioned in the writeups for the Amatsukami and Celestial Bureaucracy, but never in any detail about its validity. The closest there is to any of these is an offhanded mention about a "Sumerian storm god's" religion being co-opted by Aten's plan to expunge belief in all other gods and render the Titan Akhenaten supreme. It should be noted that elsewhere in Scion, the Sumerian gods are depicted as refugees from other Godrealms already overwhelmed by the Titans sheltering with the Egyptian gods…and potentially get caught in an attack by Akhenaten's forces no less. Make of that what you will.

After the jump, you will no longer be compelled by pantheonic Virtue given the breadth of experiences that await you elsewhere in the multiverse.

A World of War, The Saga To End All Sagas, The Good, the Bad and the Ugly and The Hero's Journey are all based on campaigns from the published Scion books.

Why do dudes come in 5s and more important dudes comes in 1s? That's just how the Followers background works in Scion for some reason. 5 mercenaries, 5 shadow ninjas or 5 Valkyries. Or 1 spirit/lesser god, in the case of a Guide.

Yes, you can repeatedly repurchase Beasts of All Burdens if you want to have a ridiculous stack of animals holding up your Godrealm that starts with two elephants dancing on a pin and ends with the strongest guinea pig in existence hoisting it up on his shoulders. Just know that nearly all the other gods and even Titan avatars will probably laugh at it.

Yes, post-jump Circe (or not!Circe the hypothetical OC who for whatever reason is confined to an island. Or mountain. Or underworld) does give Fate the slip and follow you out to the next jump. Assuming you don't contrive a way to free her first.

To be clear All-Seeing Eye, Beloved By All and Weathering the World's Weight do potentially permit access to Ultimate Attributes for Titanspawn. It's very rare, but not completely unheard of.

Is it possible to, theoretically, develop every extant Ultimate Attribute and become an Avatar of every Purview? Theoretically, by RAW it's simply a matter of time, performing great feats and your tabletop gaming group being willing to play Scion long enough for your character, specifically, to do so. In practice the lives of the gods are so eventful that even among the greatest of gods the capacity to become 6 different Avatars AND own 6 different Ultimate Attributes is uncommon. Generally only the Attributes and Purviews most key to the god's existence, such as becoming the Reaper for Hel, give rise to such development. Having said that, if you have the time to attempt it there is technically nothing stopping an enterprising god from attempting to accomplish this.

The weaknesses inherent to the various Titanspawn templates are not drawback-like restrictions on any other elemental immunity powers, conditions or abilities you have but rather reflect the innate affinities and adaptations of natives created from a sentient concept. It may be possible to find a way to mitigate or entirely eliminate them. Fate's weird like that.

A finite number of Purviews are described within Scion's published materials, although subsequent books indicated tacitly that those published are not exhaustive. Likewise where described, listed feats for Purviews are examples of their capabilities at varying degrees of mastery, not an exhaustive list of what Purviews are capable of which neither I nor White Wolf could comprehensively describe on the game's budget. Fanwank responsibly as to how many, if any, other Purviews exist, what else your Purviews are capable of and what their Avatar manifestations do.

The gods themselves are considered to be the ultimate expressions of pantheon-specific Purviews, and as such pantheon-specific Purviews do not have Avatar manifestations. Unless you took the perk Holy of Holies.

Scion: Ragnarok retroactively provided rules for the Illusion and Frost Purviews. Optionally should you wish, with existing great divine power and/or practice Malleable Mind and Body and Elemental Vitality may become full Purview mastery with all that entails.