

TITANS

ARISING

The background of the poster depicts a chaotic scene of destruction. Four large, green, scaly dragons with long necks and sharp teeth are shown in various poses, breathing fire and causing debris to fly through the air. They are attacking a city with tall buildings. In the foreground, there is a large, industrial-looking structure with pipes and valves, possibly a power plant or a factory, which is also being destroyed. The overall color palette is dominated by the green of the dragons, the grey of the city, and the orange and yellow of the fire and smoke.

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TITANS RISING

DÉTENTE	6	CHAPTER TWO: THE TITANS	24
INTRODUCTION	9	Ready-Made Characters	25
What's in This Book?	9	FERRO	26
CHAPTER ONE: TITANIC RULES	10	KAREN JAMISON	29
Origin	11	KOEI MAHOE	32
Character Creation	11	RICK TRAPPMAN	35
Playing Origin	11	UNLUCKY MERCENARY	38
Hero	12	TITANS OF THE ANNUNA	41
Character Creation	12	Lelwani, the Turncoat	41
Heroic Rules	12	Lugaldukuga, the Forgotten Father	42
Playing a Hero	12	Nammu, the Forgotten Mother	42
Demigod	13	Sebitti, the Seven Disregarded Sons	43
Character Creation	13	Birthrights	43
Demigod Rules	13	Relationships	44
Playing Demigod	14	TITANS OF THE APU	45
God	16	Chullachaki, Uneven Foot	45
Character Creation	16	Huallallo, the Man Eater	45
God Rules	16	Hurkaway, the Guardian of Uku Pacha	46
Playing Titan	17	Yacumama, Mother of Water	47
Titanic Callings	19	Relationships	47
Titanic Knacks	19	Birthrights	48
General Knacks	19	TITANS OF THE ATUA	49
Adversary Knacks	19	Hine-nui-te-pō, the Great Woman of Night	49
Destroyer Knacks	20	Mahuika, They Who Burn	49
Monster Knacks	21	Papatūānuku, The Grieving Wife	50
Primeval Knacks	22	Birthrights	50
Tyrant Knacks	23	Relationships	51

TITANS OF THE BALAHALA

Bakunawa, the Moon Eater
Si Siburanon, Keeper of Souls
Lisbusawen, The Ferryman
Relationships
Birthrights

TITANS OF THE BOGOVI

Chudo-Yudo
Likhoradka
Mavka
Birthrights

TITANS OF THE ILHM

Arsay, the Unspoken Wife of Death
Ba'al Hammon, the Child-Killer
Ea-Nāsir, the Known Scoundrel
Relationships

TITANS OF THE K'UH

Ak Ok Kimi, Turtle Foot Death
Camazotz, the Death Bat
Enanitos, the Rain Dwarves
Ochan, the Vision Serpent
Sak Baak, White Bone Centipede
Xtabay, the Hangwoman
Relationships
Birthrights

TITANS OF THE NEMETONDEVOS

The Creeping Green
The Devouring by Pieces
The Dream Smith
The Ore Dreamer
The Smallest Adversary
Relationships
Birthrights

TITANS OF THE PÁLAS

Danu,
Mother of Davanas
Māra, the One Who Delights in Destruction
Rāhu, King of Meteors
Vemacitrin, Who Lost Twice
Relationships
Birthrights

TITANS OF THE PLANT DÔN

Efnisien fab Eurosnydd,
King of Calculated Rage
Ysbaddaden, Chief of the Giants

52 Relationships 80
52 Birthrights 80

53 TITANS OF THE TENGRI 82

54 Arhan Hara Shutger, the Sun-Eater 82
55 Gal Nurma Khan, the King of Fire and Ash 82
56 Mayas Hara Toodei, the Mother of Darkness 83
57 Orgoli, the Master of Taiga 84
57 Relationships 84
58 Birthrights 85

58 TITANS OF THE YAZATA 86

59 Aeshma, of the Bloody Mace 86
60 Angra Mainyu, Lord of Daevas 87
60 Astwihad, He Who Dissolves the Bones 87
61 Naonghaithya, the Malcontent 88
62 Spazg, the Slanderer 88
63 Relationships 89
64 Birthrights 90

64 ZEMÍ OF THE TAÍNO 91

64 Guabancex, She Who Will Destroy All 91
65 Guahayona, the First Behique 92
65 Yayael, The Son Who Betrayed 93
66 Relationships 93
67 Birthrights 94

67 Titanic Plots 95

67 Æsir 95
67 Devá 95
67 Kami 95
67 Manitou 95
67 Netjer 96
67 Shen 96
67 Teōtl 96
67 Theoi 97
67 Tuatha Dé Domnann 97

74 CHAPTER THREE: 98 74 TITANIC STORIES

74 Storyguiding Titans 99

76 Storyguiding by Calling 99
76 All-Titan Bands 100
78 Mixed Bands 101
78 True Titans 103

79 The Second Titanomachy 105

79 How It Starts 105
79 The Doomsday Clock 106
80 Action and Alliances 107

Story Ideas	
Story Hooks	
I Hear He Paints Houses	
The Myth of War Movement	
Spoils of War	
Garbage Island of Exile	
Dance Floor Diplomacy	
The Monach Project	
Witch of Cordoba	
The Wide World of Nomad Games	
Story Tracks	
Divine Delivery	
Gone Fishing	
Family Affair	
The Light of Truth	
Prison Break	
Poison Apple	

109	CHAPTER FOUR:	
110	BIRTHRIGHTS AND	
110	ANTAGONISTS	128
111		
112	Birthrights	129
113	Creatures	129
114	Followers	130
114	Guides	130
115	Realms	131
115	Relics	132
116	Mythic Legacies	136
116	Arhan's Breath	136
117	Attar's Flaming Spear	136
120	The Dream Smith's Tools	137
121	Efnisien's Strife	138
124	Māra's Arsenal	138
126	Ochan's Divination Tools	139
	Papatūānuku's Gentle Guidance	140
	Ship of Storms	140
	Antagonists	141

DÉTENTE

While the weather was said to be clear and sunny, the sky above Columbia's head was nevertheless filled with swirling clouds. She looked into her powder compact, brown skin and hair that could be from any number of non-European sources or a combination thereof and honey-gold eyes that shimmered with her divinity, assessing her own looks against what people think about the standard "American." She watched as her guests set up their negotiation.

Karen Jamison, daughter of Juracán, stood at the head of a small picnic table, setting up a small but expensive charcuterie board. She smiled to herself with too many teeth as she set a bowl of ranch next to a tub of homemade hummus. Hiding from what little sunlight burns through the cloud cover under an oversized hooded sweatshirt sat Jennifer Walker, Scion of Aten. Finally, standing a few steps away from the table, was the statuesque Beauregard Prescott, Scion of Gaea. He went by BP. After introducing the three to each other, Columbia let slip her physical form and watched from the eyes of the Statue of Liberty.

"So, there's wine coolers, juice boxes, and...." Karen's voice trailed off, looking through her tote bag. "Did I forget a ding dang cheese knife?"

BP pulled a folding knife from his belt and handed it to her without so much as a thought. "Here. So, what the hell are we here for, even?"

"Dad wants the war, as he always has," Jennifer said in a small voice, not looking at anyone in particular.

"The war?" BP asked, looking between the two women.

Karen picked up a cracker from the board, spreading fig jelly on it using BP's knife and picking a slice of yellow cheddar. "The Titanomachy. War between the Gods and the beings they call Titans."

BP rubbed at his face. "For fuck's sake. No, can't be. Did your parents learn nothing from the last time? Things are pretty decent right now, and war is never a good thing for anyone."

"Things are, in fact, not decent. Not for those of us who have parents locked away." Jennifer retorted.

"Oh, and you think that Aten should be let out on the world? I remember that incident with The Luminary. Is that what we have to look forward to? The sun hanging unmoving in the center of the sky for hours on end? That doesn't sound too great for the majority of us who aren't powered by the sun," BP shot back with a dry laugh.

"I think there is a middle ground to be had," said Karen, finishing off her cracker and twisting off the top of a single-serve bottle of rosé. "If we all work together for each other's interests, instead of each of us going in for ourselves, we might prevail in ways previously unheard of."

When no one else spoke up, Karen took the opportunity to continue.

"I hear and see both your points of view, I do, and moreover, I thank you for sharing your opinions so unabashedly. That said, war is coming, regardless of whether we want it or not, and it's either continue on doing what we have been and only look after ourselves and our friends when it eventually breaks out on its own, or we organize now and start hostilities whenever we think would be the most advantageous for us."

"Is there a reason why we should trust you and yours?" Jennifer asked, finally making eye contact with the older woman. Her eyes burned with an interior light that Karen found painful to stare back at.

"Because no one wants a war on two fronts. Backstabbing each other while fighting 'the good guys,'" Karen answered, taking the time to pour the wine into a glass. She sliced cheese and meat with BP's knife, giving each plate a serving and putting one before each of her compatriots. "Would be disastrous for our goals, right?"

"How can the two of you sit there and talk about plunging the World into a war of apocalyptic proportions?" BP kept moving between the other two Titanic Scions. "Have either of you ever stopped to think that, say, our parents were wrong? That they

lost the first time around, and perhaps that was the best thing for everyone?" He said, his voice clearly struggling to stay at a civil tone. He looked at the glass of rosé set out for him and downed it in a shot. "Have we even considered a diplomatic option? To, perhaps, settle the hostilities with civility?"

Karen shrugged nonchalantly. "Perhaps, for some Pantheons, and feel free to pursue that, as it would be a welcome thing, more peace in the World. But, Gaed's son, do you think that Zeus would ever let any of the detainees in Tartarus out, much less grant them visitation rights?"

When his expression darkened, and he couldn't maintain eye contact with her, her smile widened even further in victory. "I do believe that is a smart idea. Negotiating with those Pantheons have a more open relationship with their Titans, but it can't be the only path forward. Right?"

Jennifer played with a slice of cheddar and a water cracker. "Letting some of them out to do whatever they please is not a good idea." Her voice was haunted, her sunlit eyes making the circles around them even darker.

Karen slid onto the bench next to her, gently rubbing Jennifer's back. At first, the younger woman looked as though she was going to rebuke Karen, but instead, Jennifer just closed her eyes and looked at the food on her plate. "I know. I know that some, like your father, would take the World over and be terrible if allowed to. This is why we can't let them just go off half-cocked. We need a plan, and we need accord between us before we push back against Godly aggression. Isn't that right?" Karen's voice was soft, and Jennifer's head bent further, the hood obscuring her face further. The sunlight dimmed as the cloud cover became complete.

Jennifer's nod caused a single tear to fall from her face, disappearing into the dark denim of her jeans.

Karen looked up at the still standing BP, who couldn't tell if her smile was genuine happiness or venomous glee, or which would be worse. "You can't tell me, in truth and good faith, that there are no victims on our side of the Titanomachy. That there is none who did nothing wrong, blameless for just going about their inconvenient natures or picking the wrong side. What would you have us do about them?"

BP seemed to grow taller, his skin becoming stony and his legs growing vines. When he spoke, his voice sounded like stones cleaving. "Don't pretend to care about them. Each freed Titan is another fighter for your war. You don't give a shit about their freedom or their plight."

Karen rose slowly, patting Jennifer's slightly shaking shoulders as she did. She made her way to BP, looking up into his face without a hint of fear. "No, I frankly do not, but the enemy of my enemy is my friend, and if it helps them out of the bind they're in..." She gave a little shrug. If the smile wasn't venomous before, it was now. "Do you really care if I give a rat's hiney about the problems they got themselves in while I got them out of it, BP? Or is getting them freed what you want, regardless of the why?"

BP withered, in some ways literally. The vines died and shrunk, he became about half a foot shorter, and his skin lost most of its stony texture. "I don't want them to be freed just to die in your war."

Karen took his hand, pulling him to the table. He slid onto the bench opposite Jennifer, who Karen sat next to. "Our war, and if we do this right, wisely and with a plan, we can make sure to limit the losses to the side that deserves them." She passed a hand over the board before taking a celery stick and dipping it into the ranch. "Let's figure this thing out."

Columbia watched from hundreds of feet above as the two other Scions nodded. She couldn't hear what was being said, as her ability to have eyes and ears all over Liberty Island was blocked by her own magic. BP and Jennifer ate as Karen talked, and Karen nodded and seemed to take their ideas on board whenever they spoke. Jennifer's hand still shook, but her eyes met those of the two other Titanic Scions, and BP remained his more mundane size for the duration.

As they left the island, BP walked into the base of the Statue to travel by touchstone. Karen collected the picnic into a trendy tote bag and strode into the sea. Lastly, once the Scion of the Hurricane was gone, the clouds broke, and Jennifer vanished in a flash of white-hot sunlight that seared even the Goddess of America's eyes but left Columbia cold. She'd just hosted what could have very well been the start of another war, and there was no one she could tell.



INTRODUCTION

The sight awed the mighty Izanagi, and he fled.
His dead wife, the mighty Izanami, growled, "He has shamed me!"
and sent the ugly hags of Yomi after him.

— The Kojiki

The First Titanomachy concluded millennia ago, with the Gods climbing over the shattered bodies of their foes to claim the thrones of the Overworlds. The defeated Titans lay buried beneath the World or imprisoned by the war's victors. But Titans have always lived on their own terms, and those do not include staying dead or in chains. One by one, Titans claw their way back up from their prisons and Underworlds. This time, they gather in shadows, growing in strength and numbers.

And by the time the most attentive Gods noticed the emptying graves and cells, the Second Titanomachy had already begun.

The start of the first war was obvious: When Apep hunted Re and Cronus devoured his daughter Hestia, the message was clear. However, the Second Titanomachy did not announce itself; it began with minor conflicts between immortals and has stayed a cold war, with tensions high and body counts low. Some still deny that the skirmishes and posturing constitute a war, but the dreadful truth slithers between their feet, just waiting to trip them. Some sue for peace, but every blow struck reverberates through the God Realms and Fate itself, drawing the Gods and their Scions towards the inevitable. It is only a matter of time before the struggle between the Titans and the Gods lunges from the shadows, setting entire Realms ablaze and even spilling out into the World.

That time draws nigh.

Now is the time of **Titans Rising**.

WHAT'S IN THIS BOOK?

Titans Rising builds on the foundations of **Scion: Titanomachy**, explaining the grand conflict between the Gods and Titans. It delves into the very heart of Titanhood, revealing that some Titans truly are just misunderstood and that conflict based on who someone's parents are is problematic at best. The book presents Titanic Scions — not just as playable characters, but as heroes, despite their bitter conflicts with some Scions with more established names like Eric Donner, Yukiko Kuromizu, and Little Mao. Can your

game's Scions repair the rift between Gods and Titans? How many Titans are better than their reputation and which Gods are worse than theirs? Whom can your Scions trust and who must be destroyed once and for all?

Beyond moral quandaries, **Titans Rising** also opens wide the doors of player options for Titanic characters, including new ways to engage in high-level gameplay as leaders of a besieging army who seek to reclaim their homeland from the Gods. And for games fighting on the Gods' side of the Titanomachy, there are numerous plot seeds, adversaries, and Birthrights to be used against the Titans and their Scions.

Titans Rising contains:

- **Détente** is a short story showing how a trio of Titanic Scions form an uneasy truce, putting differences aside to strike at a common enemy.
- **Chapter 1: Titanic Rules** explains how to create Titanic Scions of all Tiers: Origin, Hero, Demigod, and God. To help outfit these newly created Scions, there are 51 new Knacks for Titans. These rules also expand the dangers of Divine Rule with the ability to fight over Realms and even destroy them!
- **Chapter 2: Titanic Pantheons** provides in-depth profiles of 50 Titans from the 13 pantheons introduced after **Scion: Hero**. These profiles include their schemes and motivations, as well as resources their Scions might have. The chapter also has a Band of Titanic Scions (and one secret Draconic Heir) as ready-made characters to jumpstart your Titanic games.
- **Chapter 3: Storyguiding and Plot Seeds** delves into the challenges inherent to running a chronicle centered on Titans. Helping Storyguides to tell stories are 27 ready-to-use plot seeds, most of which are connected to several other seeds, allowing them to be used as plot arcs.
- **Chapter 4: Birthrights and Antagonists** details 60 Birthrights for all levels and types of Scions. It also features 46 antagonists, ranging in challenge from Notsnitsa — night terrors that could give an Origin-Tier character a good workout — to the Leviathan, a Primordial creature capable of destroying an entire pantheon.



CHAPTER ONE

TITANIC RULES

The problem is not that there is evil in the world.
The problem is there is *good*. Because otherwise, who would care?
— V.M. Varga, *Fargo* (2014-)

Titanic Scions are the heirs to untamed power. They are not just shepherds of their Purviews, they are living expressions of them — cunning as Chaos, patient as Earth, shining as bright and cruel as the Sun. As their Legend grows, their power blossoms into something overwhelming and wild, which they must either wrestle with or embrace.

At the Origin Tier, pre-Visitation Titanic Scions are all but indistinguishable from their Godly cousins. Many don't even have a Titanic Calling yet. The part of their heart that sings when an enemy suffers might one day blossom into the malice of an Adversary or the cruel satisfaction of a Tyrant, but today, it is still strictly human.

Everything changes at the Hero Tier. As a Titanic Scion tastes their first drop of true power, their nature can no longer be overlooked or denied. Every Titanic Scion has at least one dot in a Titanic Calling, granting them powerful Knacks that aren't inherently wicked but can absolutely push them in antisocial directions. Their Purviews grant Epicenters (**Scion Player's Guide: Saints & Monsters**, p. 97) instead of Innate Powers, which often combine greater strength with uncontrollable consequences. They also gain access to Titanic Mutations, which allow them to transform their bodies to reflect their inhuman heritage with rending claws, stardust flesh, or hair of deadly vipers.

At the Demigod Tier, the path to Apotheosis is fraught, but Titanic Demigods gain the raw power of Divinity Dice, Domain, and upgraded Birthrights — including the next step of their Titanic Mutations. Their Titanic Callings and Purview color their road to Apotheosis, helping them to embrace what they may soon become.

At the God Tier, Titans are world-shaking powers. They gain access to Divine Rule (**Scion: God**, p. 63), allowing them to shape Realms and make war upon their fellow divinities. Titans looking to cause a calamity can challenge themselves to destroy Realms entirely, becoming the authors of the apocalypse. Technically, Gods can do the same, but even the Theoi usually agree it's almost always a *bad idea*.

Throughout their journey, from the first steps of Origin to the last Realm-slaughtering blow of a true Titan, Titanic Scions are faced with questions time and again: Will you turn your back on humanity? At what cost? To what end? Are the Gods right when they spit the word Titan as insult and warning? What are you becoming, and what will it mean?

ORIGIN

At the Origin Tier, the Titanic power within a Scion is mostly quiescent, and many are wholly ignorant of their otherworldly potential. Born and Created Scions might be ignorant of their parentage, monitored infrequently as potential sleeper agents; others are raised with explicit preparation for their eventual Visitation by Titanic cults and monstrous guardians. In either case, discretion is usually advised, obscuring the potential Scion from rivals and enemy Gods who might take the chance to smother the next generation in the cradle.

CHARACTER CREATION

Titanic Scions-in-waiting use all the same rules for Character Creation as their Godly cousins (**Origin**, p. 94). Their heritage, known or not, usually colors their Pantheon Path — they might have a strange affinity for monsters or provoke unintended bad vibes from agents of their pantheon.

Origin-Tier characters begin with only a single Calling dot, and while Titanic Scions must still take their dot from one of their patron's Callings, they're under no obligation to choose a Titanic Calling (listed on p. 19) at this point. An heir to Chort could inherit his Trickster nature as easily as his role as an Adversary; Gaia's child might inherit a touch of Gaia-the-Creator rather than Gaia-the-Primeval.

PLAYING ORIGIN

Whether Titanic or God-born, Origin-Tier Scions are often ignorant of their potential, and if their progenitor takes an interest in them, it's likely from a distance. Some Titans remain indifferent to their progeny until they receive their Visitation. This is especially true of Titans whose nature leads them to create or give birth casually and frequently; other Titanic parents idly observe their Offspring, measuring their suitability to use as tools or agents. By contrast, Chosen Scions of this Tier are not just observed, but tested, goaded, guided towards not only accepting their Titanic nature, but embracing their patron and their agenda wholeheartedly. Those who are Chosen may come from Titan cults, raised up as potential prophets, but they are just as likely to be outsiders who catch the Titan's attention as a kindred spirit or useful asset.