

ONCE,
THERE WERE
MANY
GODS.

THEY
LIVED APART,
SOME
DECADENT.

SOME
DEMANDING.

BUT
ALL WERE
WORSHIPPED.
FEARED AND
LOVED.

UNTIL
IT CAME.

IT WAS
BORN OF THE
OUTSIDE,
A HUNGER MADE
MANIFEST.

IT WAS
THE DEVOURER
AND ALL WITHIN
ITS PATH WERE
LEFT WITH...

A dramatic comic book illustration. In the upper center, a winged figure with a crown and a long staff sits on a throne. The background is a chaotic storm of fire, purple lightning, and black jagged shapes. The scene is framed by a thick, black, jagged border that looks like a crack or a tear in reality. In the bottom right corner, a silhouette of a person stands behind a wrought-iron fence, looking towards the viewer.

AN
EMPTINESS.

BUT THE
THRONES OF
HEAVEN AND HELL
WERE ABLE TO
STAND AGAINST
IT.

THIS HUNGRY
THING--THIS
GODEATER--

--WAS CAST
FROM THE
REALMS OF THE
GODS DOWN
TO THE REALM
OF MAN.



FORCED
INTO
THE EARTH
ITSELF.

AND OUT OF
THE BLOOD OF
HEAVEN AND HELL'S
GREATEST WARRIORS,
THE GODEATER
WAS SEALED
AWAY.

BUT NO
SEAL LASTS
FOREVER.


THE
SEAL GREW
WEAKER AND
WEAKER UNTIL
EVENTUALLY THE
GODEATER...

WHISPERED.

NOT
ALL COULD
HEAR IT.
NOT ALL WHO
HEAR IT,
OBEYED.

BUT THOSE
WHO DID
WERE DRIVEN
TO...





SACRIFICE.



THEY WERE CALLED.



AND THEY CAME.



SOME WERE DRAWN TO YOU, AND WITH YOUR POWER, THEY WERE ABLE TO...



BECOME.



BUT THE
HUNGER THAT
POWERS THEM
ALSO
CONSUMES
THEM.



WITHOUT
YOU,
WITHOUT ME,
THEY
WEAKEN.



THEY ARE
NOTHING.



BUT
THERE
ARE MORE
STILL.

GORGED
ON THE BLOOD
AND FLESH
OF WHAT THEY
ONCE LOVED...
THEY COME.



FOR
THE LAST
SACRIFICE.

WAIT,
HERE?