

The God of Death

By Az12lol

A jackal of tall stature, black in color and with a thin but athletic build, dressed only with a loincloth at the waist and a pair of well-polished pure gold accessories, is the incarnation of death, the god of death was in his chambers, in the great hall of bones. He carefully observed the invisible scales of life and death, visible only to him and no one else, and frowned.

"Unacceptable," he says to himself.

The balance tipped slightly in favor of life, which meant that there were more living beings than dead. This is not the first time this has happened, but the frequency with which it happens is very rare.

"I'll have to remedy this myself," he adds, and with a single thought he opens a glowing portal to a smaller, more vulnerable world.

Many will see it as a cruel genocide. But he aloneHe is doing his job as the god of death by bringing death to entire worlds, bringing oblivion to countless tiny ones and absorbing their souls to feed his power and lustful desires.

—IN THE MORTAL WORLD—

In the mortal world, home to humans and billions of other living beings of various kinds, the last few years that had passed were nothing but peace, prosperity, progress and pure harmony, a time as peaceful as had never been seen before. presented, taking into account previous times. As a result of this, the human race, and to a certain extent the rest of living beings, have multiplied in recent years, and life expectancy has been increasing, thanks to advances in medicine and the better quality of life of which they could now enjoy.

Everything was peace, but that peace disappeared, never to return.

Without anyone on the mortal planet expecting it, a brilliant light appeared in the middle of the horizon, even brighter than the sun itself or any luminescent body that existed in the universe. A strong tremor shook the entire world, there was no living being that had not felt such fury coming from the earth.

Everyone looked bewildered at what they saw, when they were covered by a shadow the size of an entire country.

The golden age that had befallen civilization would come to a brutal and sudden end, all the result of divine will beyond their control and understanding. An impossibly large black humanoid foot with 4 toes and a black but paler sole emerged from the portal and slammed downwards, instantly erasing everything it stepped on. Great mountains were flattened and compacted, beautiful and extensive cities were destroyed and reduced to dust, destined to leave no lasting trace of their glory. And several hundred million lives were extinguished by the first step of the god of death.

The arrival of the deity took the human species by surprise, seeing how a huge dark gray foot of immense size was placed on the earth, tearing and crushing it along with millions of humans and their great ostentatious cities. The being that had arrived in their world was gigantic, bigger than any building, bigger than any rocky mountain, higher than any cloud floating in the sky, not even the most advanced technology planes could reach its head, so high. that he could see out of the sky, that he can see the small circumference of the earth.

It is almost safe to say that its current height is greater than more than 100 kilometers high.

For God, the mortal world was almost flat and unremarkable. just millions and millions of humans and other living beings that disturb the balance. The giant figure was imposing and terrifying, for insignificant humans.

Then the second foot also fell with similar catastrophic effect, bringing the total number of unseen deaths to just over a billion. To the tiny specks below, only the death god's feet and ankles were completely visible. The colossal god looked around, for with all life and mortal affairs, everything seemed completely insignificant to him. He only honored them with his presence simply because they needed to be sacrificed no matter what humans think about it, since their opinion is worthless. Despite being immortal, the god saw no reason to waste time, so he raised his right foot and took another step. The crust broke under its weight, millions of living beings perished, but not enough, not enough to restore the balance of the multiverse, this under the god's criteria.

The steps of the god of death were undoubtedly catastrophic, or rather, they were apocalyptic, the mortal world was irreparably damaged by the giant, it was like sand or gravel, a soft and fragile surface, his steps caused earthquakes that were felt everywhere. parts of the planet with a great force that devastated everything, the strongest and most devastating earthquakes that mortals have felt in their entire existence. Many began to panic and ran everywhere, but this was completely useless, nothing could save them from the devastating actions of such an imposing god who causes so much damage with so little while he only goes about his job so casually. Nothing could stop him.

The cities that many generations of humans brought very little to the feeling of stepping on smooth gravel bedrock. However, each crushed living creature brought a peculiar sensation, a pleasant little tingle of the soul that left the now useless and crushed mortal flesh and bones. The god multiplied that approximately a million times with each step, and it was actually quite pleasant to extinguish these mortals. Of course, the god of death showed no enjoyment he was experiencing, his frown remaining motionless as he methodically flattened the surface, erasing all traces of life. He had already calculated the optimal path before setting foot on the planet, and in less than 10 minutes he had already destroyed approximately half of the planet. The entire advancement of humanity as a whole amounted to little more than gravel and sand under the divine soles of the jackal god.

“Ah, mortals, so insignificant and foolish.” the god murmured.

Chaos, destruction and, above all, death continued to spread throughout the globe, while the giant god advanced as if it were just another walk. With much of the world already devastated, and therefore a good part of humanity crushed as mere land of no value to the deity, as well as all of its civilization and technology in general, none of that was impressive, not when compared to the power from the feet of such a great and powerful god. At this point, the few nations decided to launch a large amount of nuclear arsenal against the god, but of course, none of that helped. Only a few flashes were seen on the giant's feet, as well as on the lower part of his ankles, so small and insignificant.

As the god of death continued his steady march of total annihilation, he noticed something strange. Small yellow flashes appeared on or around his feet. I don't feel anything, not even an itch, he had simply noticed the slight

amount of light. Was this... some kind of retaliation? The god let out a small laugh. The sound wave that traveled down and upon arrival leveled several cities and reduced countless humans to bloody pieces, his involuntary reaction accidentally speeding up his work. Before, the god was completely indifferent, he had no mercy or malice towards these humans, as it was simply his job to wipe them out. But now? The god felt a little pride, because he was teaching them a valuable lesson that he thought in his mind: death is inevitable, and I am death.

And in fact it was, because there was no way to stop this powerful god, there was no way to change his mind, there was no possibility of escaping from him, of hiding, of avoiding him, not even his pleas were enough and they were also completely ignored by the deity, they fell into deaf hatred. Thus followed the great global genocide, as well as the almost total destruction of the earth, an apocalypse.

Although for him, the god, it was just another day of work, nothing new for him.

Unlike some of his brothers, the god of death took his job very seriously. It is perhaps the most important job there is, and no other god questions it. His footwork is extremely meticulous, each step measured for maximum lethality and destruction. Not a single living soul should be left on this planet, he has personally chosen carefully. Exactly 23 minutes, 43 seconds and 366 milliseconds after its initial arrival, it stopped dead. He allowed himself a few seconds to admire his work. This planet, once rich in life and culture, was now riddled with footprint-shaped craters, all of them presenting lakes of sweat and with a smell so lethal that it did not kill anyone, due to the total extinction of life on the planet. Land. Not a single living soul, not a single sign of intelligent life ever existing.

Truly a beautiful sight.

The previously green and blue planet became an inhospitable place, full of craters in the shape of humanoid feet with 4 enormous fingers, characteristic of a jackal like the god of death, it was like a desert that extended everywhere, with little or nothing of what that world had been before. In less than half an hour, the mortal world of humans disappeared from the existence of the universe, something that was nothing of great importance. Thus ended the

work of the god of death. with her feet, previously impeccable, now dirty and with everything that the stress stuck to her soles.

As he stands on the dead shell of a formerly living world, he gestures with his left hand. The scales of life and death appeared before him. To the untrained eye, it may appear that the scale has not moved at all from its unbalanced state. But it can be clearly seen that the favor had moved slightly towards death, by about one thousandth of a percent!

A good start, the god thought to himself, then he quickly calculates some things...

"But I will have to clear 345 and a half more worlds to completely restore balance," he said to himself in a low voice.

The god of death pointed with his hand once again while using one of his thoughts, another portal appears.

"I better get on with my job."

It will be a day of work a little longer than the god of death imagined. Your feet will do the dirty work.

END.