

I AM THALOS, ODIN'S OLDER BROTHER

Chapter 10: Your Killer Is Thalos Borson

When facing a giant several times your size, there were only so many strategies available.

Thalos hadn't tried to mimic the fabled David and Goliath slingshot trick—that tale was fantasy to begin with. Who could honestly believe a mere sling could bind a giant blessed with monstrous strength, or that a flying rock could kill a being whose skin was thicker than war-hardened leather?

What he had done just now had been a sudden burst of inspiration—if anything, it resembled alien-style internal sabotage more than any human legend.

He hadn't expected Ymir to bash his own wounded leg so violently—shattering it with one misplaced swing.

Now, from within the stinking, gaping wound, Thalos felt something surreal—it smelled... pleasant. He quickly realized it wasn't the blood itself—it was his own divine body craving it with such hunger that it overrode his senses.

Inside that gory hole, he felt a strange sense of homecoming.

He had to force himself out, tearing through the back of the wound just in time—had he lingered two seconds longer, he would've been smashed along with the rest of Ymir's leg.

A wounded, enraged progenitor frost giant was a terrifying thing.

Ymir thrashed and writhed, blindly trying to catch Thalos. In that tight canyon, he rolled and flailed with such reckless power that more than once, he came frighteningly close to landing a blow.

But Thalos, using his smaller frame and superior speed, dodged every attack—dancing through the whirlwinds Ymir's body generated.

The giant didn't notice the ice wall gradually forming at the canyon mouth—created from solidified frost, inching higher and wider. It trapped Ymir's

massive, still-bleeding body within the canyon, preventing his blood from flowing out and forming a massive pool.

Thunk! Thunk! Thunk!

Across that blood-drenched basin, Thalos darted nimbly. Every step scattered lightning and frost like exploding stars across the red surface.

Vapors of crimson mist followed him, sucked toward his divine body by an invisible force—absorbed into his soul and flesh.

Wherever Thalos passed, blood was purified—transformed into clear, icy water.

The basin deepened. The purified overflow spilled across the surrounding plains.

Ymir was trapped like a beast.

Thalos continued his relentless chase.

Exploiting the difference in reaction speed between the two, Thalos carved wound after wound into Ymir's body. After fifteen brutal minutes, the once-pristine behemoth was covered in gashes. There was no patch of unscarred skin left on the progenitor's mountainous form.

Then it happened again—another feint from Thalos drew Ymir's attack into his already-destroyed right leg.

This time, Ymir hadn't swung especially hard—but that leg was now the only thing bearing his entire weight.

The impact was just enough.

Crack.

Both legs were broken now.

There had been one final path to survival.

Ymir could've stayed still, let his regenerative power slowly mend his injuries.

But the fury... Thalos's endless harassment... it all broke him.

Enraged beyond reason, Ymir thrashed about, tearing his previously fractured left leg completely apart.

"RAAAAGHHH!"

A cornered beast was always dangerous.

Especially one a hundred meters tall.

Every time he rolled or flailed, the mountains trembled. Avalanches thundered down. The sky shook.

Thalos fired several ice-laced blades into Ymir's eyes—at first, he wasn't sure if they'd work.

But now he could tell: Ymir was blind.

The giant swung wildly in every direction, unable to see or aim. His massive fists struck everything within reach—including himself.

Blinded, bleeding, and mad with pain, Ymir hallucinated that Thalos had once again crawled into his body—gnawing, tearing, devouring his flesh from within.

So great was the torment that he couldn't think. Couldn't judge.

Once, a rockslide caught his ear. He attacked the falling stones, convinced they were his enemy.

Thalos had stopped attacking.

He simply stood at the edge of the blood pool, silent. Still. Letting Ymir bleed.

Slowly, his form grew.

From infant-like proportions, he swelled—becoming a true titan. Crimson mist wrapped around him, thick with frost. Every inhale pulled in red fog. Every exhale released white breath, pure and glacial.

Power surged through him. The giant's blood was rewriting his very being.

And yet—he stopped.

No more.

Too much, and he'd lose himself.

He wasn't willing to trade his Aesir lineage for raw power.

To become just another mindless giant would be a hollow victory.

Then he noticed two familiar figures sneaking toward him. He smiled and raised a finger to his lips.

"Shhh."

He waved them over.

Odin and Vili crept to the blood pool, wading in, eyes wide with awe as they stared at Ymir's shattered, writhing body.

"Big Brother," Odin whispered, "we're ready to fight again."

Thalos glanced at them—both had grown to six meters tall.

He grinned and shook his head.

"You foolish brother... there's no fight left for you here."

"Wha—?" Odin blinked, startled. "Ymir's almost... dead?"

"Yeah," Thalos said softly.

When prey is already dying, the best hunters wait—they don't strike.

Especially against a blind, dying giant. Any unnecessary blow would only give him a direction to attack.

So Thalos did nothing.

If Ymir came too close, Thalos would summon a blade of ice in the opposite direction—send the giant chasing shadows.

And Ymir would roll, crawl, crash toward that illusion—bleeding even more in the process.

How long had it gone on like that?

Ten minutes? Thirty? An hour?

Thalos couldn't tell.

Eventually, the behemoth's strength ran out.

Ymir, who once stood taller than mountains, lay collapsed—wheezing, shaking, gasping for breath.

The air he exhaled was neither hot nor cold anymore.

His soul still raged.

But his voice... was weak.

"The one... who killed me..." Ymir rasped.

"...tell me your name."

Odin grabbed Thalos's arm.

"Don't, Big Brother. He'll curse you!"

But Thalos said nothing.

He focused. Summoned all his remaining power.

His body swelled—ten meters, twenty, fifty!

He surpassed even Bor's limit.

And then, towering above the fallen giant, radiant with frost-charged might, Thalos looked down on Ymir and declared:

"Your killer... is Thalos Borson!"