

I AM THALOS, ODIN'S OLDER BROTHER

Chapter 11: An Ending? A Beginning? Or Something New?

Strictly speaking, "Borson" wasn't Thalos's surname.

In the early days of the Aesir, surnames were nothing more than a simple convention—just adding -son to the father's name to mean "son of so-and-so."

For example, Odin's children in the future would carry the name Odinson.

That's also where Earth's later Norse surnames like Nielsen came from—an evolution of this naming tradition into fixed family names.

When Thalos stepped forth and proclaimed his name to the fallen giant, Ymir looked... slightly surprised.

Then he grinned—a grotesque, cursed smile.

His eyes were blind, swollen and white, oozing thick, cloudy liquid like shattered lanterns. The entire left side of his face had been stripped of muscle and skin by Thalos's elemental blasts, exposing the bloody ridges of his jawbone.

His right arm was severed nearly to the elbow, hanging by a ragged flap of skin.

Yet he smiled.

A smile filled with wrath.

With loathing.

With the venom of a dying titan.

"You thieving little insect... So, you do have a spine after all," he rasped. "Let me ask you—do you dare give me the final blow?"

"Why wouldn't I?" Thalos replied calmly. He knew exactly what Ymir was doing—but agreed anyway.

"Then come," Ymir growled, spreading his arms wide and baring his ruined chest.

The air trembled.

An immense tide of frost elements gathered in response to Thalos's command. With a gesture, he summoned a massive spear of ice—nearly a hundred meters long—forming in his grip with a blinding flash.

Raising the colossal weapon high, Thalos thrust forward with perfect precision.

The frigid, gleaming tip pierced through Ymir's enormous chest like butter.

At that exact moment, countless chunks of corrupted flesh and frozen blood exploded outward from the wound like cannonballs, blasting the earth for dozens of meters ahead.

But it was meaningless.

Ymir's every counterattack had relied on the assumption that Thalos would come close—would engage him in melee like a proper giant.

That was the giant's way.

Not the Aesir's.

And certainly not the God from another world's.

Ymir's enormous heart stopped.

No more power remained to sustain his massive frame.

His life came to an end.

And yet... his hatred had softened.

"You really are a damned little pest," Ymir whispered.

That... was his final word.

Spiteful, yes.

But not the kind of curse the gods had feared.

Far off in the distance, a group led by Bor was sprinting toward them—dozens of female giants among them. Bor had thought they might arrive in time to join the final battle.

But...

It was already over.

Even sitting, Ymir was still more than sixty meters tall. Yet he now slumped lifelessly against the canyon wall.

Bor stared, his throat tight.

"He did it... Thalos did it. He actually killed Ymir! We've won!"

Trembling with elation, Bor raised both arms and roared to the heavens:

"Do you see?! All of you—LOOK! That's my son! Thalos, firstborn of the Aesir! The future of our people—Awoooooooh!"

The giants behind him had mixed expressions—some astonished, some overjoyed.

But the young giant women... their eyes sparkled, cheeks flushed red with admiration.

To betray their progenitor had been a terrifying decision.

If the Aesir had lost, they would've faced unthinkable retribution.

But now... the Aesir had won.

Just when everyone thought it was over, Ymir's massive body began to change again.

In an instant, he was engulfed in a blinding light—radiant and brilliant, like the birth of a star.

The light dimmed slightly, yet still dazzled the eyes.

And in the time it took to breathe once...

Ymir's body cracked.

From the wound in his chest, tiny fractures spread across his entire body—like an ancient glacier breaking under the sun.

He trembled violently.

And then...

He shattered.

Piece by piece.

To dust.

Everyone—gods and giants alike—stood frozen, stunned.

Odin gasped, "What's happening?!"

Thalos didn't answer.

He understood.

Not from experience, but from knowledge he had carried into this world.

Ymir was the first sentient being of this eternal frost.

His soul contained the essence of this realm.

In a way, this world had been shaped by his will.

Now that he was dead, so too was the world's core.

Without a force strong enough to reshape it, the entire realm would collapse...
back into chaos.

The worst possible ending.

Thankfully, this world had both a low floor—Odin—and a high ceiling—Thalos himself.

But for now...

There were other matters to handle.

Thalos spun around and shouted:

"Father! Mother! Everyone—follow me! Head for the tallest peak you can find! The world's about to descend into chaos!"

"What?!" Bestla yelped, then quickly nodded.

She gathered the female giants, fell in beside Thalos, and began climbing the mountain as fast as their huge legs would carry them.

Thalos had made the right call.

This primordial world of Ginnungagap had always been a collision point between fire and ice.

With Ymir dead, the frozen essence of the frost world was rapidly fading.

And on the other side...

The fire progenitor Surtr was still alive—raging, eternal, unstoppable.

Wielding his doomsday sword, he sent tsunamis of flame across the horizon.

As the frost dwindled, what would happen?

Thalos remembered well—on Earth, scientists had calculated the impact of melting the polar ice caps.

Now imagine this world—where billions of tons of glaciers all melted at once.

A flood.

A true, cataclysmic deluge.

So as they climbed, Thalos directed everyone to gather massive logs.

Hastily, they began building makeshift rafts.

Could he, with his divine power, create a floating ice platform to carry them?

Yes.

But after drifting through the void for a hundred years...

Thalos had grown cautious.

Divine power had its limits.

In the face of world-ending forces, even gods would eventually run out.

He hadn't clawed his way back from the edge of chaos just to be drowned in the very world he saved.

And just as he predicted—

Half a day later,

The flood came.

Roaring waves swallowed forests.

Swallowed mountains.

Swallowed nearly every surviving frost giant.

Except for one pair...