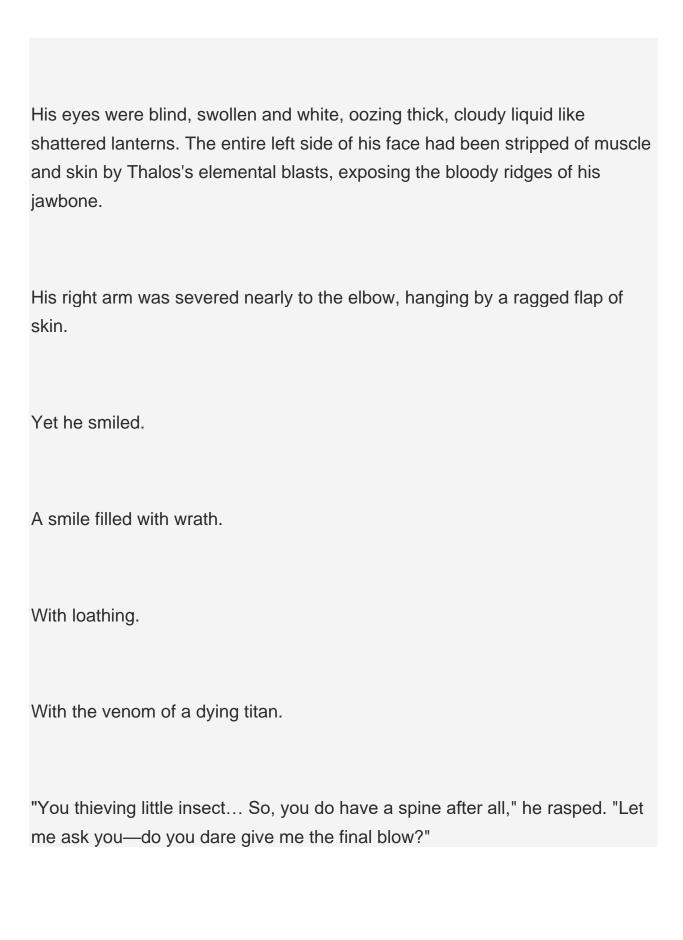
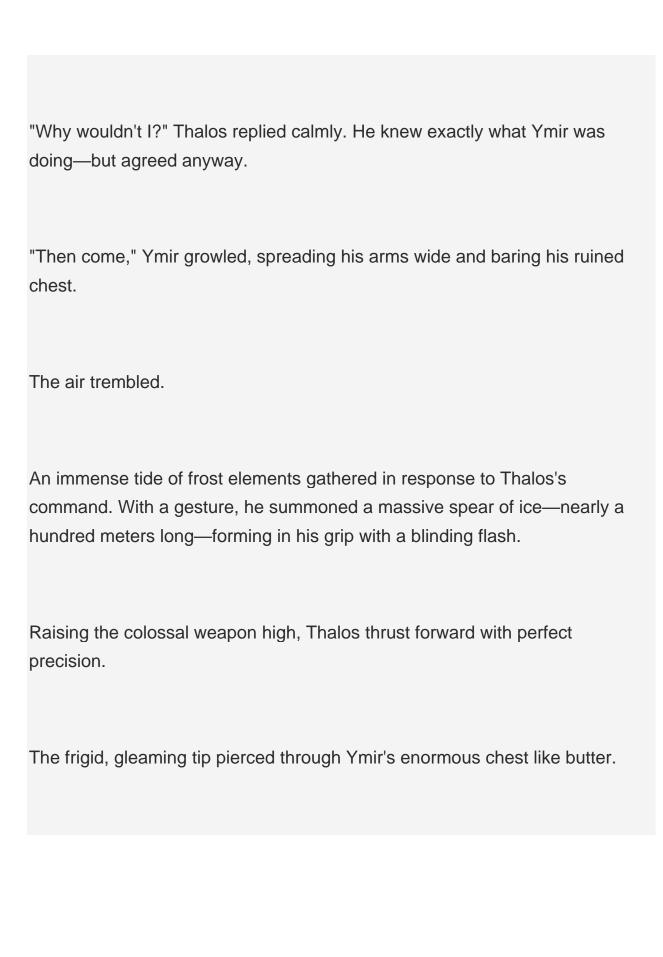
## I AM THALOS, ODIN'S OLDER BROTHER

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

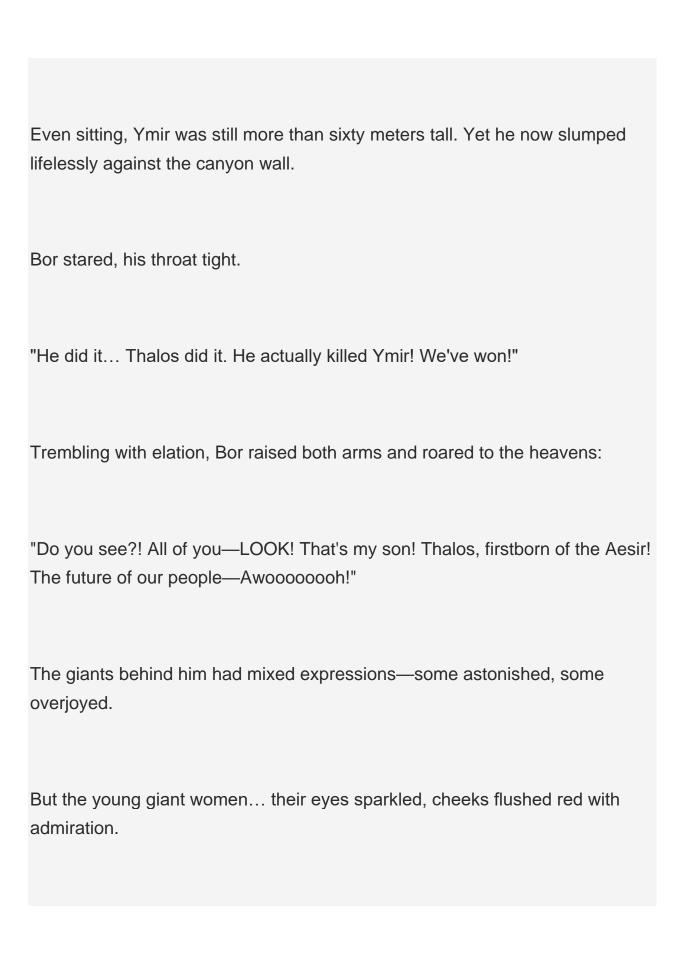
Strictly speaking, "Borson" wasn't Thalos's surname.
In the early days of the Aesir, surnames were nothing more than a simple convention—just adding -son to the father's name to mean "son of so-and-so.
For example, Odin's children in the future would carry the name Odinson.
That's also where Earth's 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.

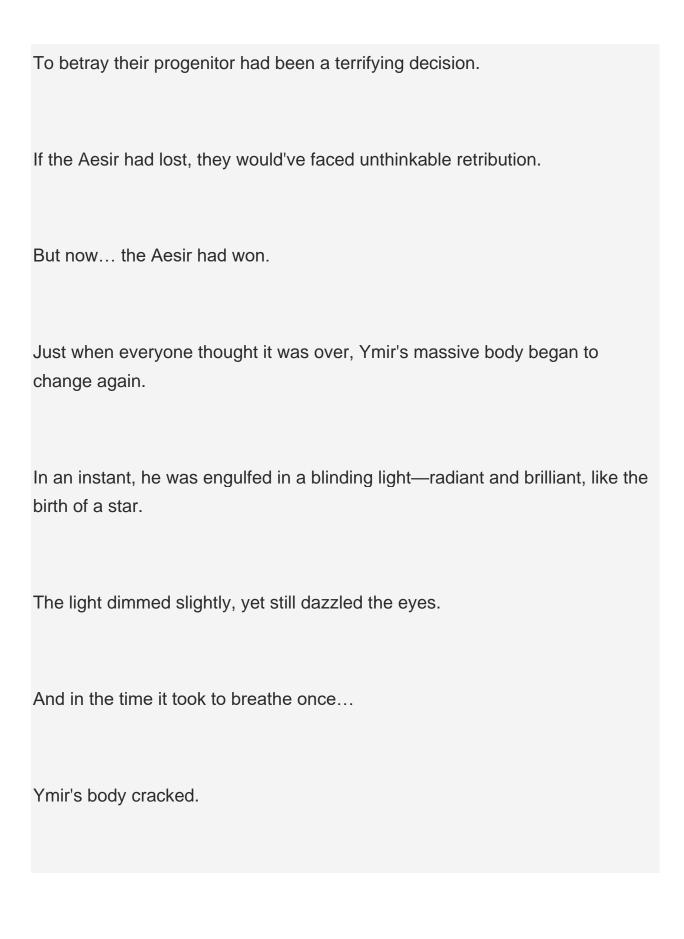




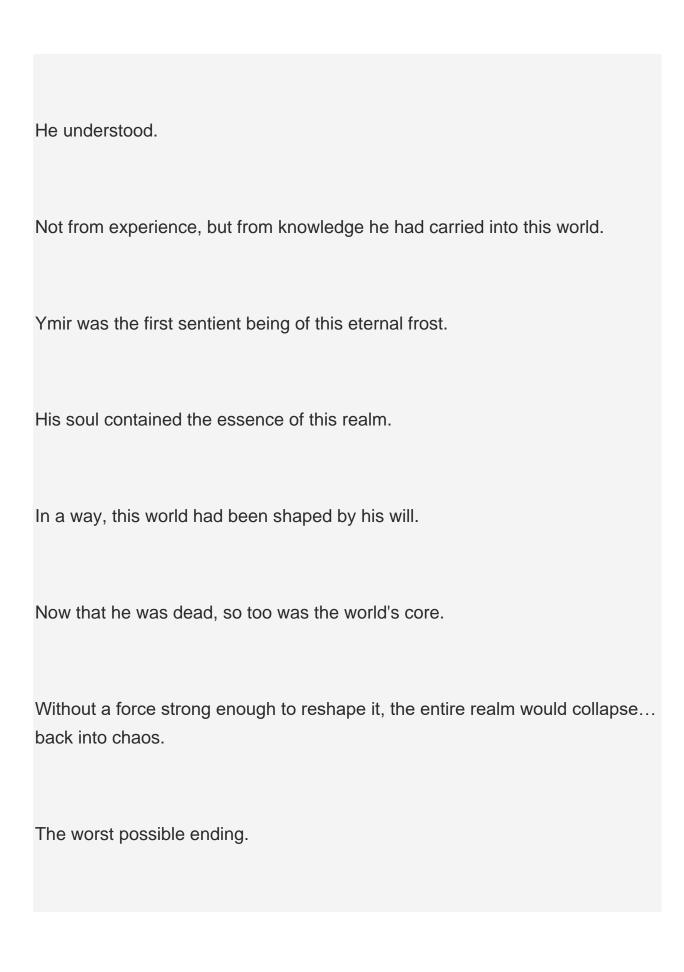
At that exact moment, countless chunks of corrupted flesh and frozen blood exploded outward from the wound like cannonballs, blasting the earth for dozens of meters ahead.
But it was meaningless.
Ymir's every counterattack had relied on the assumption that Thalos would come close—would engage him in 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.

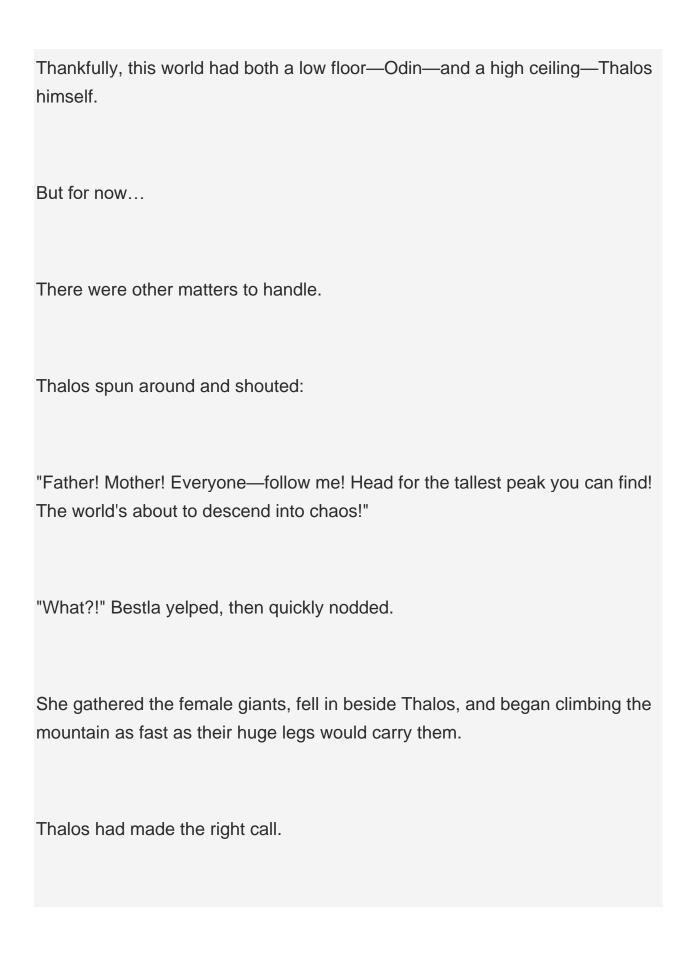
His life came to an end.
And yet his hatred had softened.
"You really are a damned little pest," Ymir whispered.
That was his final word.
Spiteful, yes.
But not the kind of curse the gods had feared.
Far off in the distance, a group led by Bor was sprinting toward them—dozens of female giants among them. Bor had thought they might arrive in time to join the final battle.
But
It was already over.

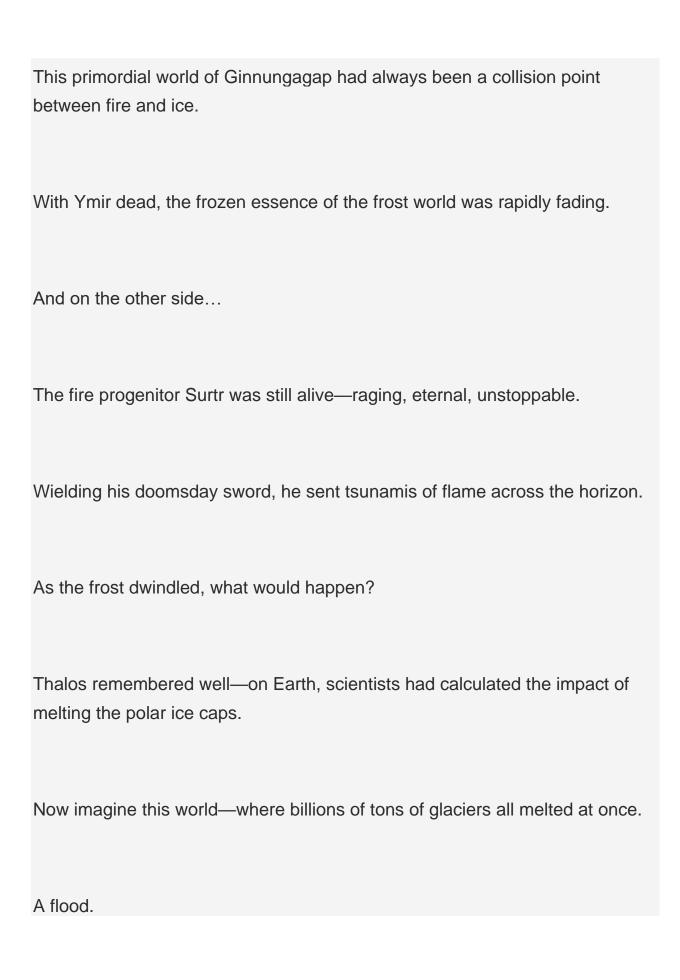


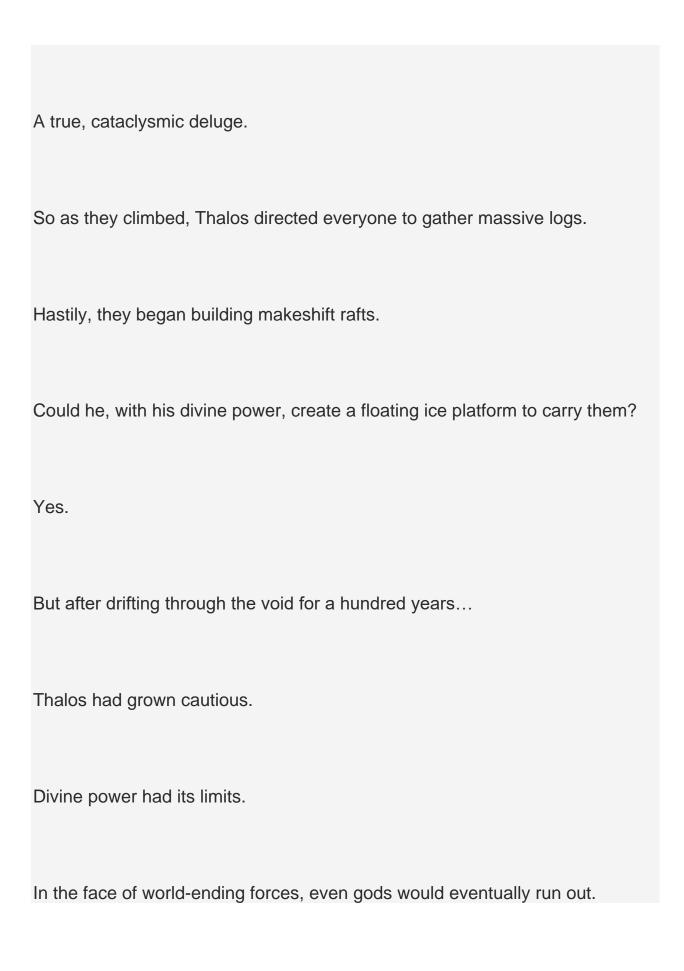


From the wound in his chest, tiny fractures spread across his entire body—like
an ancient glacier breaking under the sun.
He trembled violently.
And then
He shattered.
Piece by piece.
To dust.
Everyone—gods and giants alike—stood frozen, stunned.
Odin gasped, "What's happening?!"
Thalos didn't answer.









He 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