

I AM THALOS, ODIN'S OLDER BROTHER

Chapter 12: Bor Steps Down

The great flood tore through everything.

It drowned the last of the frost giants' dominion over this eternally dark, snowbound world.

Countless frost giants—those who had not reached the Aesir battlefield in time—were swept helplessly into the abyss, drowning beneath the endless deluge.

Only one survived.

A male frost giant, 25 meters tall and hunched with age—Bergelmir—and his wife clung to a rotting, ancient tree in desperation.

The tree was 120 meters tall, its core long decayed. Bergelmir only had to tear a few chunks loose with his claws before it crumbled open—transforming into a makeshift ark for the doomed couple.

As the glacial world melted into tempests and torrents, Bergelmir stared toward a luminous, distant peak—where the gods now stood in triumph.

The death of their progenitor had triggered something primal in his blood.

It burned.

With grief.

With fury.

With hate.

Clinging to the ark, soaked by icy rain, Bergelmir lifted his voice in a thunderous oath:

"Aesir! I, Bergelmir, swear by the bones of my father—I will restore the frost giants to glory! My sons, and their sons, and all their descendants will carry my will—until the day your throne is cast down!"

His vow echoed far across the shattered land.

So far, in fact, that Thalos—perched high above on a mountainside—felt a faint tremor in his soul.

"...Hm?" He blinked.

Still basking in the aftermath of victory, Odin noticed the change in his brother's expression. "Big Brother? What's wrong?"

Thalos stared into the distant mist, his tone quiet. "Nothing. Just thought I heard the last cry of a dying frost giant."

"A remnant?" Odin scoffed. "What can one or two leftovers possibly do? Even if they survived the flood, they're nothing!"

Thalos shook his head.

That same arrogance—he recognized it from the Edda.

The Odin of myth was always too proud. Always left enemies alive. Always assumed they could never strike back. And when he weakened—one by one—they all returned to claim vengeance.

"You foolish brother," Thalos said with a sigh. "Let me teach you one more lesson: Never underestimate your enemy—unless you've wiped them out entirely."

"Don't forget," he added, "our grandfather Buri was killed by Ymir. And yet, only three generations later... we have claimed his world."

"...Oh," Odin muttered, momentarily speechless.

That's when Bor stepped forward and smacked Odin lightly on the back of the head. "Listen to your brother."

Bor didn't speak often. But that didn't mean he was slow.

In fact, he was very wise.

He knew better than anyone that this victory wasn't his.

It was Thalos who had defeated Ymir.

Thalos who had guided them.

Thalos who had saved them all.

And so, Bor said nothing more as Thalos pressed on.

"Odin!" he declared. "When this is over, I'll send you and Loki to finish off what remains of the frost giants. If you return with all their heads—I'll beg Father to grant you a kingdom of your own. As king."

"W-What?!" Odin gasped.

Everyone was stunned.

Except for dumb little Vili, every god and giant alike stared at Thalos with open mouths.

They had just seized control of the world from its former rulers. No one even knew what came next. And yet Thalos was already speaking of kingdoms.

Of nations.

Such vision—such clarity—left their minds spinning.

Even Bor was overwhelmed.

Technically, it was his job to make those decisions. He was the current patriarch. The king of the Aesir.

But anyone with eyes could see—his eldest son surpassed him.

In strength.

In mind.

In destiny.

In every crisis, it had been Thalos who offered the correct solution. His strategies were always perfect. His judgment, always right.

And now, after absorbing the blood of Ymir, Thalos had surpassed them all. His power... was untouchable.

Bor gave an awkward smile.

He didn't immediately answer the question of kingship.

Instead, he said, "Your brother's right, Odin. We can't let our guard down. First, we need to survive the flood."

"...Yes," Odin mumbled.

As predicted, the flood came.

Even the mountain wasn't spared.

But with the extra time Thalos had bought them, both Aesir and the allied giants survived.

Thalos had ordered the giants to build massive rafts using 50-meter logs—barely big enough to carry two or three giants at a time.

Bor and Bestla sat together on one such raft, watching the chaos around them.

Animals were swept away.

Only the luckiest—the wolves, the bears, those who clung to floating trees—survived.

The rest drowned with the scattered frost giants.

Bestla murmured, "Darling... Without Thalos, we might have ended up like those poor beasts."

Bor's gaze never left the darkened horizon.

"After this flood," he said quietly, "I'm going to announce something."

"What is it?" Bestla asked.

"I'm giving up the throne," he said. "I'll pass the title of Aesir King to Thalos."

Bestla froze.

"But... didn't your father dream of seeing you crowned?"

"He did," Bor admitted. "But I know in my heart—Thalos is the one who will lead the Aesir to greatness. Not me."

He leaned closer, whispering his full plan.

Bestla listened. Then nodded. Firmly.

The terrifying flood lasted three days and three nights.

With no oars, no sails, the rafts simply drifted—until finally, the water receded.

It took another day for the survivors to regroup.

They were exhausted.

But elated.

The Aesir were now the undisputed rulers of the world.

And the giants who had joined them had been elevated in status beyond anything they had known before.

Especially the women—they waited eagerly for Bor to speak.

Bor stood proudly atop Ymir's massive, lifeless head.

The once-supreme master of the world was now no more than a platform beneath Bor's feet.

In this savage new era, nothing could be more symbolic.

With no resources to spare, the ceremony was simple.

Thalos raised both hands and summoned a crown made of pure frost.

Then, to everyone's surprise—he placed it on Bor's head.

A cheer erupted.

"Long live the Aesir!"

"Long live King Bor!"

"All hail the Lord of Ginnungagap!"

The crowd howled with praise.

Bor raised his hands and grew into a 20-meter giant, motioning for silence.

"I'm honored that you call me king," he said. "But we all know—it was not I who struck down Ymir."

"It was Thalos."

"And so, as the current King of the Aesir, I now declare—the throne shall pass to my son.

To Thalos Borson—the warrior, the mind, the future!"

Before anyone could react, Bor removed his crown and placed it on Thalos's head.

There was a stunned silence—just for a moment.

Then—

The mountain roared.

"Long live King Thalos!"