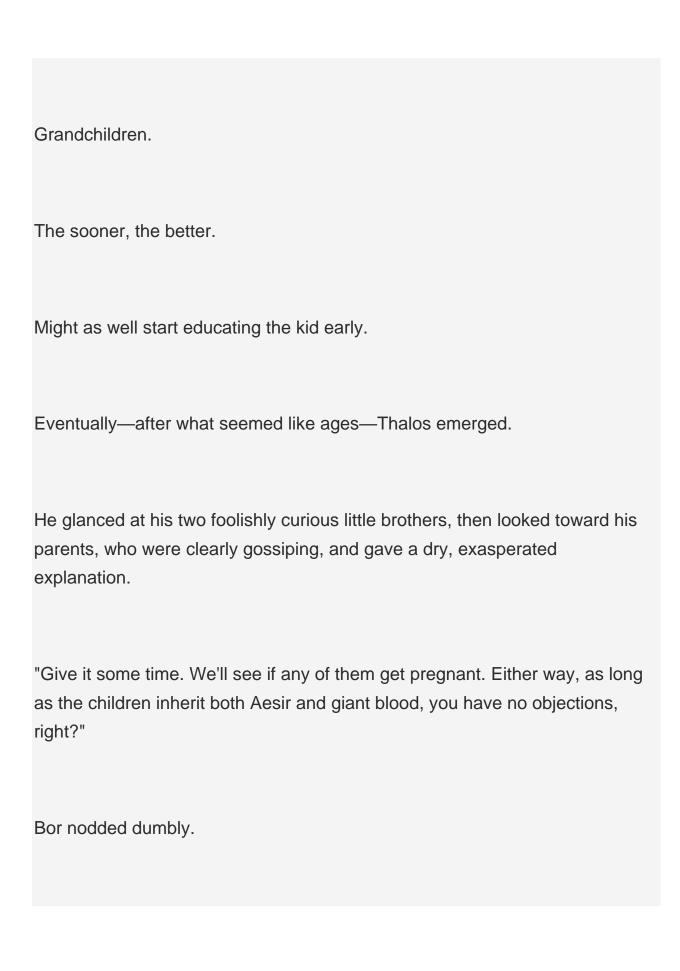
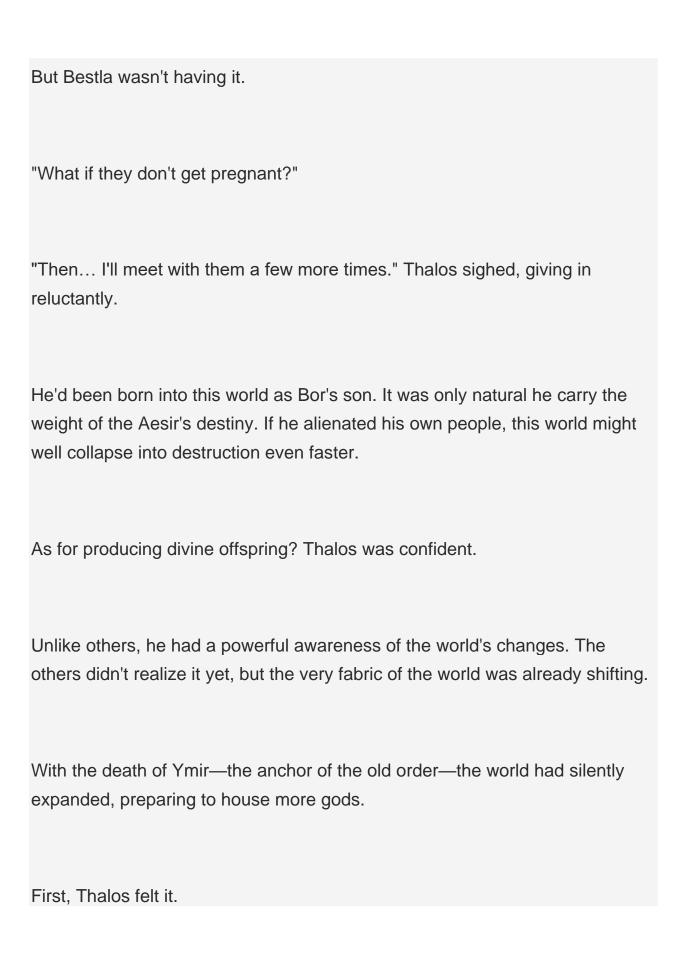
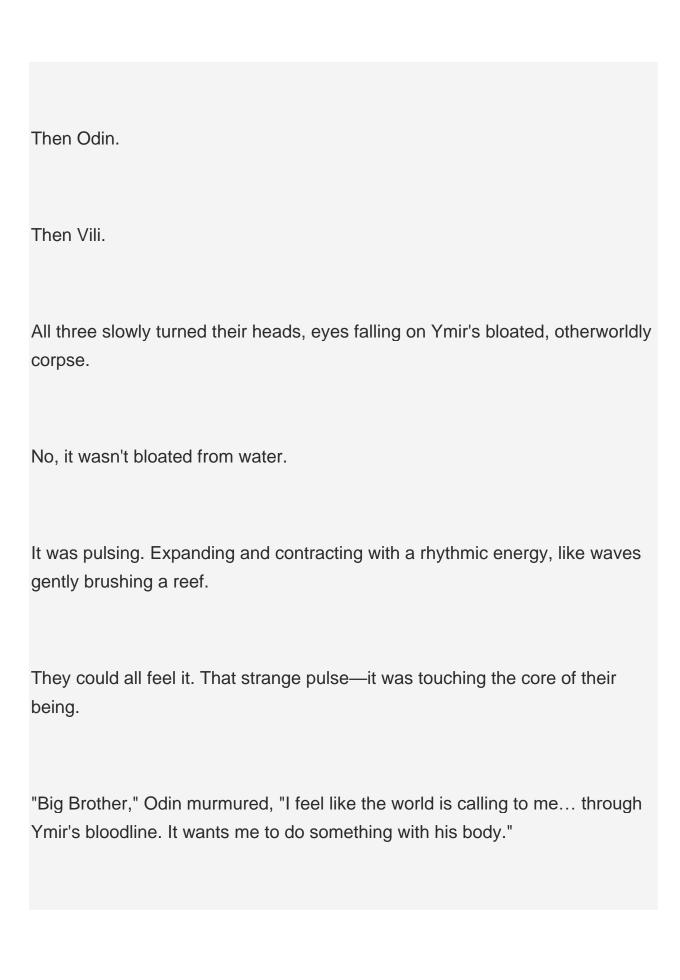
## I AM THALOS, ODIN'S OLDER BROTHER

Chapter 14: Target—Surtur
That battle was too brutal.
From the valley echoed wave after wave of thunderous, earth-shaking "battle cries" from the giantesses. Countless trees snapped like twigs, the sound of cracking wood never ceased.
Bor could only sigh.
Such was the reality of the Aesir in this era.
They were called a divine race, sure. But at this stage, it was far more accurate to call them divine barbarians.
Still, in Bor's eyes—and most of the tribe's—only one thing truly mattered

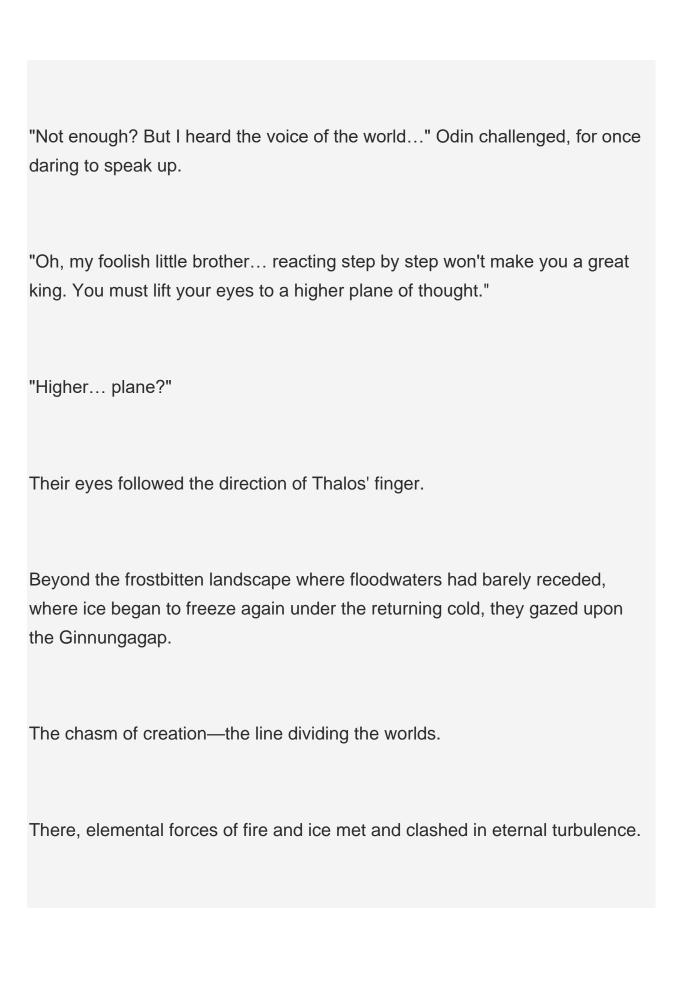
now:





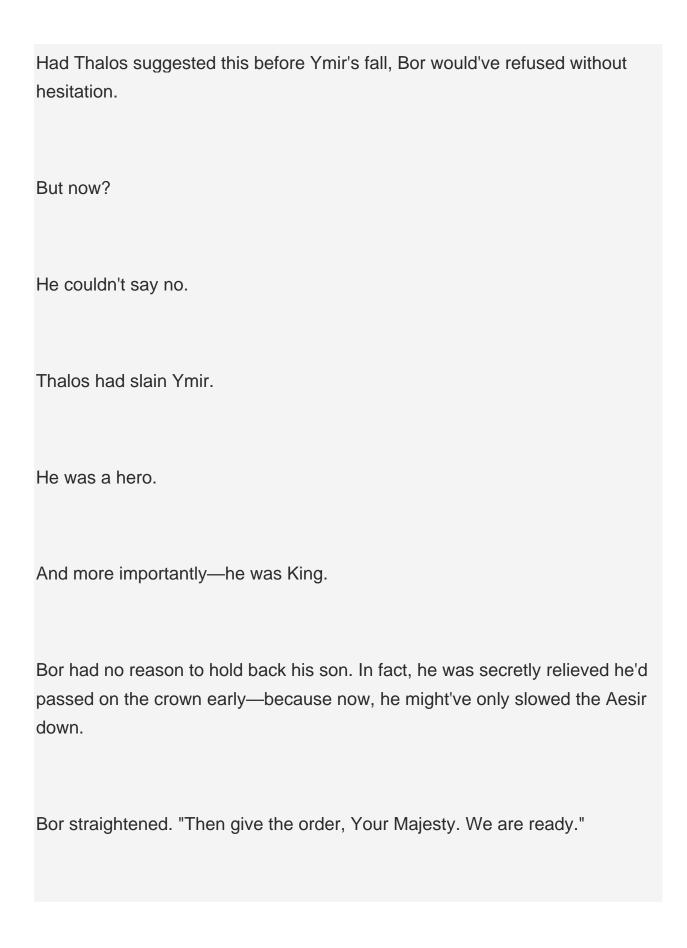


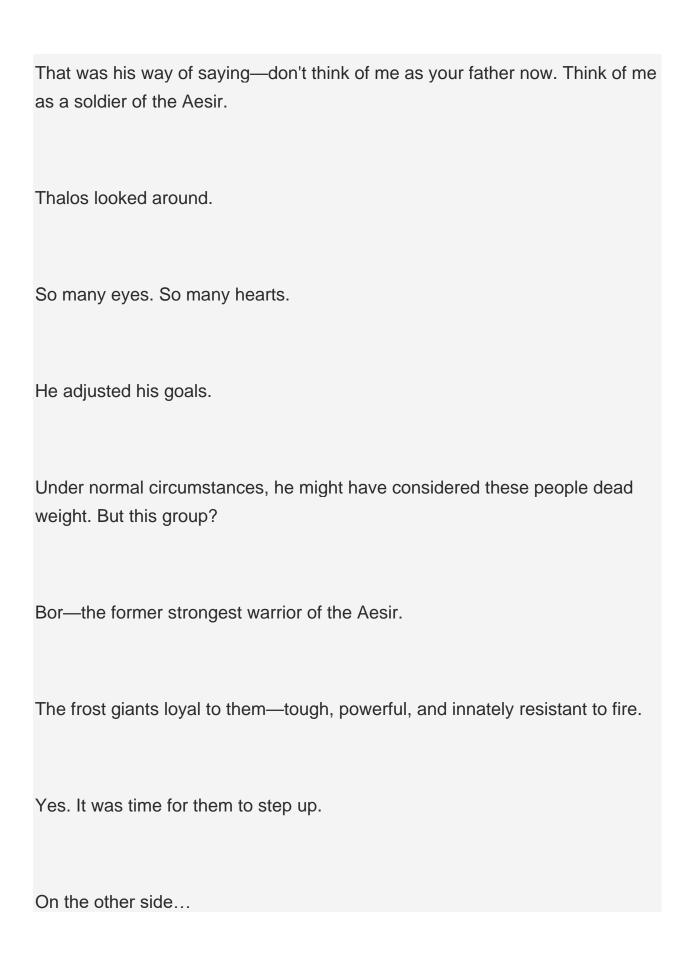
Vili, ever the simple one, nodded in agreement.
Thalos slowly lifted his gaze toward the snowy, frigid night sky.
"You're right," he said. "The world yearns for change."
He knew.
He knew exactly what the world wanted.
In the Edda, Odin and his brothers responded to this call by disassembling Ymir's body and reshaping the world.
This time?
Thalos stopped them.
"But Ymir alone isn't enough."



They had defeated Ymir, ruler of the frost. But beyond that chasm—across that 3,000-meter-wide void—a titanic figure loomed, holding a flaming sword.
Even from afar, they could see him raise his weapon and stir up tsunamis of fire, flinging them across the void toward the frost world.
That blazing red figure—vague and massive—could only be one being.
Bor's expression twisted between excitement and shock.
"You mean to say?"
Thalos' face turned grim and resolute.
"Yes.
We must slay the Primordial Fire Giant—Surtur.

Only by claiming the powers of both fire and ice can we reshape this world from the ground up.
Only then can we lay new laws, fill the empty void, and usher in the birth of new elements—of new life!"
Shock?
Oh, they weren't done being shocked.
Bor had once rallied the Aesir against Ymir because there was no choice—the fate of the tribe was on the line.
But this?
This was aggressive. Grand.
A vision that would shake the world.





The Fire Giant Surtur was growing increasingly restless.
He couldn't explain it, but the world had changed. Something huge had happened—something he hadn't seen.
The cruel frostwinds that once bit at him had ceased. The great cold had melted into a flood that poured into the Ginnungagap.
The abyss echoed with Surtur's furious roars—but this time, no wind answered.
No icy wrath from his eternal rival.
No response from Ymir.
More than that
He felt the world rejecting him.

Once, Ymir and Surtur were the two pillars of balance—ice and fire.
They drew strength from the world, but also blocked its growth. Prevented new laws. Held chaos at bay.
But now?
Ymir was gone.
And the world was starting to turn against him.
Something new was coming.
Something from the other side of the chasm.
And with every breath, every heartbeat

Surtur could feel it—
The pulse of fate.
The march of destiny.
And the end of his reign.