

I AM THALOS, ODIN'S OLDER BROTHER

Chapter 15: This Is the Will of the World

RUMBLE—RUMBLE—RUMBLE—

A thunderous roar came from across the frost world, shaking the scorched, lava-ridden ground beneath Surtur's feet. The sky above his fiery domain quivered. It was clear—something terrifying was pushing the moisture lingering over Ginnungagap to move again, swelling toward the land of flame.

The increasingly distinct sound felt less like a natural phenomenon and more like the roar of a world-class beast—and it was approaching fast.

When Surtur finally saw what was making that earth-splitting noise, his magma-slick jaw dropped wide open.

It was a wave.

A wave towering to the heavens!

Not a metaphor—a literal tsunami thousands of meters high, rising from the lava-blackened earth, soaring to pierce the sky and crash into the very clouds themselves.

In its shadow, the fire realm dimmed for the first time in eons.

"You think you can drown my kingdom with water?! No! I don't care who you are—I won't allow it!"

The Primordial Fire Giant's body expanded in an instant.

Bigger.

And bigger.

And bigger.

Within mere breaths, his head was level with the highest volcano in the realm—over 500 meters tall. His weapon, the Flame Demon Sword, stretched absurdly long, its burning edge slicing a gaping hole through the clouds.

With a bellow, Surtur swung his blade, unleashing a catastrophic arc of fire—

As if a thousand volcanoes erupted at once.

A fireball, over a kilometer in diameter, shot from the blade's edge and slammed into the monstrous wave.

Even the fireball's launch cast the entire battlefield in a blinding red hue.

Seconds later, the wave split open with a deafening hiss.

Blinding white light surged from the gap, along with billowing steam thick enough to form a new realm of mist.

On the distant ridge, Thalos watched, his heart calm.

Yes.

Surtur was stronger than Ymir.

Unlike the brute force of the frost giant, Surtur wielded his realm's power with control. Every strike wasn't just muscle—it was calculated, like he had access to the very core of fire itself.

Under normal circumstances, not even Thalos—who had absorbed nearly all of Ymir's blood—could stand against him.

But this time... Thalos had help.

From the world itself.

The world was like a chick cracking through its shell for the first time. It had no self-awareness yet—just instinctual hunger. While still sealed, not even a fly could enter. But once it started to hatch, nothing could stop it—not until a new world was fully born.

To the giants watching, Thalos raised both hands and gently pushed—and the tsunami obeyed. They believed their new God-King to be omnipotent.

In truth?

Thalos was just helping the tide along.

Anyone who'd absorbed Ymir's blood could've done it.

They didn't understand.

So Thalos' divine image only grew larger.

Across the battlefield, Surtur's mighty strike had failed.

Furious and confused, the Fire Giant didn't realize it was the world denying him access to more power. All he saw was an infuriating opponent—unfathomably strong.

He inhaled.

The air trembled. Who knew how many millions of cubic meters of oxygen vanished into his chest?

Surtur's form swelled again.

This time, he passed the 1,000-meter mark.

He marched forward, blade overhead, and smashed it into the wave.

At last, the tsunami shattered.

Rain poured down in sheets across the flame realm.

Even so, many of the clouds had their rain vaporized instantly by the sheer heat of his body.

But just as Surtur dared to believe he'd succeeded, a massive ice spear burst from behind the collapsing wave.

"SSSSSHHHH—"

At this size, his defense had dropped.

The cold on the spear was so condensed that it punched through his flaming chest without resistance.

Frost bloomed from the wound, bursting like an ancient art of metalwork—like the molten sparks of a blacksmith's hammer striking steel.

Surtur howled in agony.

Before he could counterattack, more spears rained down.

Dozens.

Then hundreds.

He was turned into a pincushion of frost, each lance a conduit for the ice world's elemental will.

The cold was pouring into him—ravaging him from the inside.

Below, his fire giants surged toward him.

"My lord—!"

But as they rushed forward, the sky collapsed.

This wasn't rain.

It was a flood.

Rivers of water slammed down from above. With weights measured in tens of thousands of tons, it crushed the battlefield like avalanches from heaven.

Even with skin like molten iron, the fire giants perished in seconds.

Surtur saw it.

And his vision nearly went black.

"You dare harm my children?!"

"Oh... terribly sorry about that," Thalos said calmly.

This was the reality.

Divine warfare would always bring collateral damage.

These fire giants, though immense to mortal eyes, were nothing to the world's power.

Through the storm and fire, Surtur finally saw him—

That tiny "insect" barely 30 meters tall.

But Surtur himself wasn't doing much better.

The world had cut off his connection.

He shrank. Fast.

From 1,000 meters down to less than 200—

And still decreasing, as rain pounded his weakened frame.

Then the waterfall burst apart—

And out leapt dozens of "ice men," only 20 meters tall.

Bor, Odin, Vili, and the frost giants loyal to the Aesir.

They raised their giant, sharpened spears—

And hurled.

The spears pierced Surtur like paper, erupting frost from his back.

"AAAAAAAHH—!"

He screamed.

Normally, these weapons couldn't hurt him.

But Thalos had laced each one with the purest frost magic.

For Surtur, each spear was poison.

"How dare you—!" he bellowed.

Thalos narrowed his eyes.

"Surtur. This is the will of the world. I never intended to kill you. If you surrender—"

"DIE!!!"

Typical fire giant.

Anger first, never reason.

"Then so be it."

He would have let him live.

But if the world itself offers you a weapon... you don't say no.

Above—

The once-red sky turned white.

Clouds shuddered—pulled apart.

And from the gap, a single beam of divine white descended.

BOOM—

A pure white pillar of ice, over a kilometer long, plunged down from the heavens.

It struck like a divine fork—

Skewering Surtur through the skull,

nailing him to the earth.

With that...

The final obstacle to reshaping the world—was gone.

If you support me with power stones, I'll be able to release more chapters.