I AM THALOS, ODIN'S OLDER BROTHER

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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.

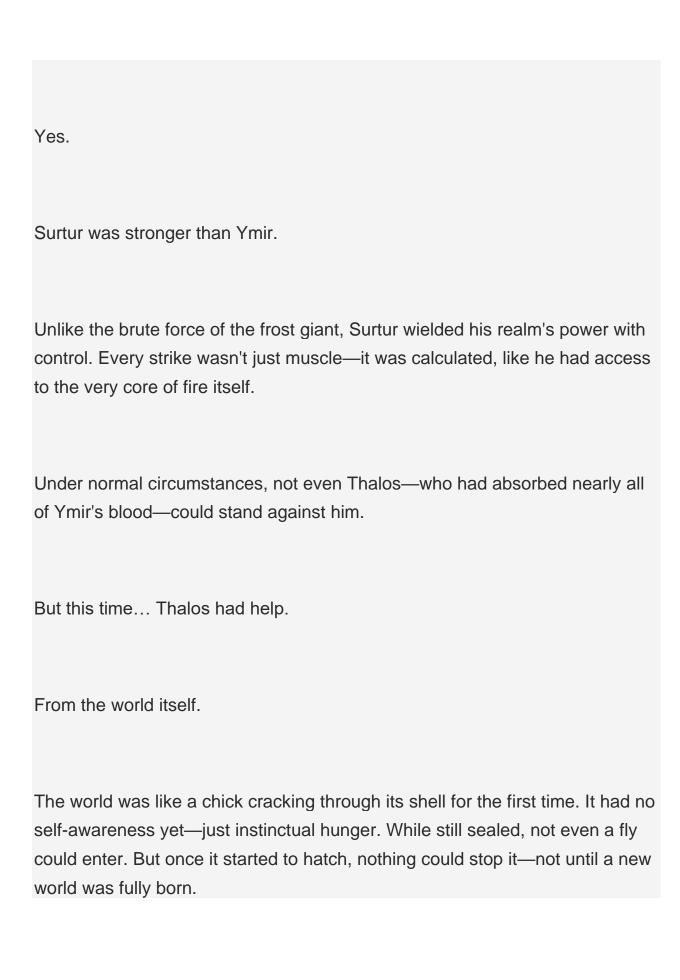
The increasingly distinct sound felt less like a natural phenomenon and more like the roar of a world-class beast—and it was approaching fast.

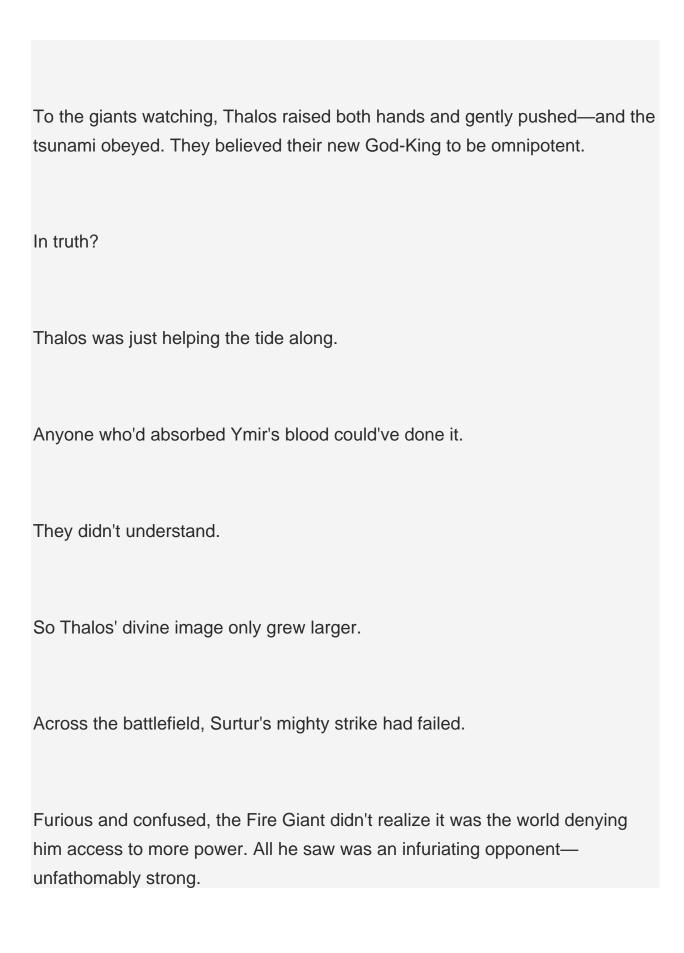
When Surtur finally saw what was making that earth-splitting noise, his magma-slick jaw dropped wide open.

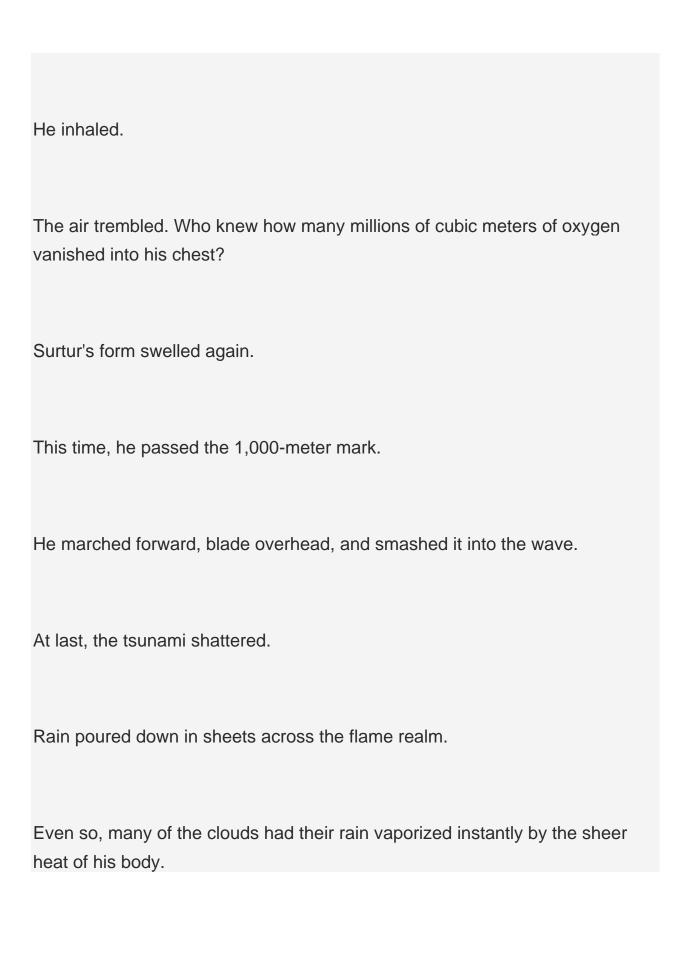
It was a wave.

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.

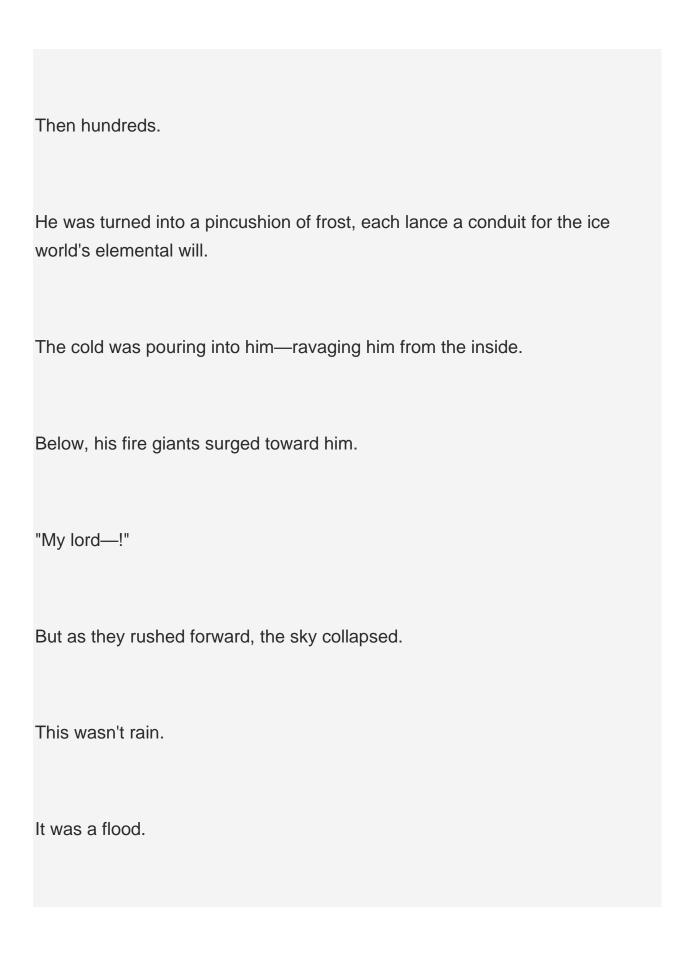
Within mere breaths, his head was level with the highest volcano in the realm—over 500 meters tall. His weapon, the Flame Demon Sword, stretched absurdly long, its burning edge slicing a gaping hole through the clouds.
With a bellow, Surtur swung his blade, unleashing a catastrophic arc of fire—
As if 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.



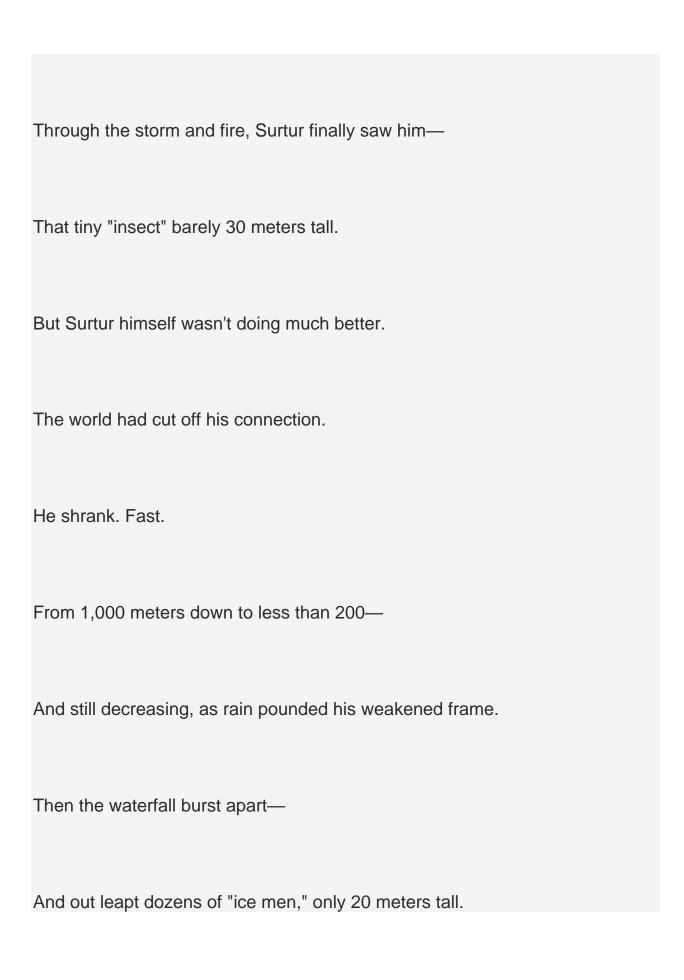


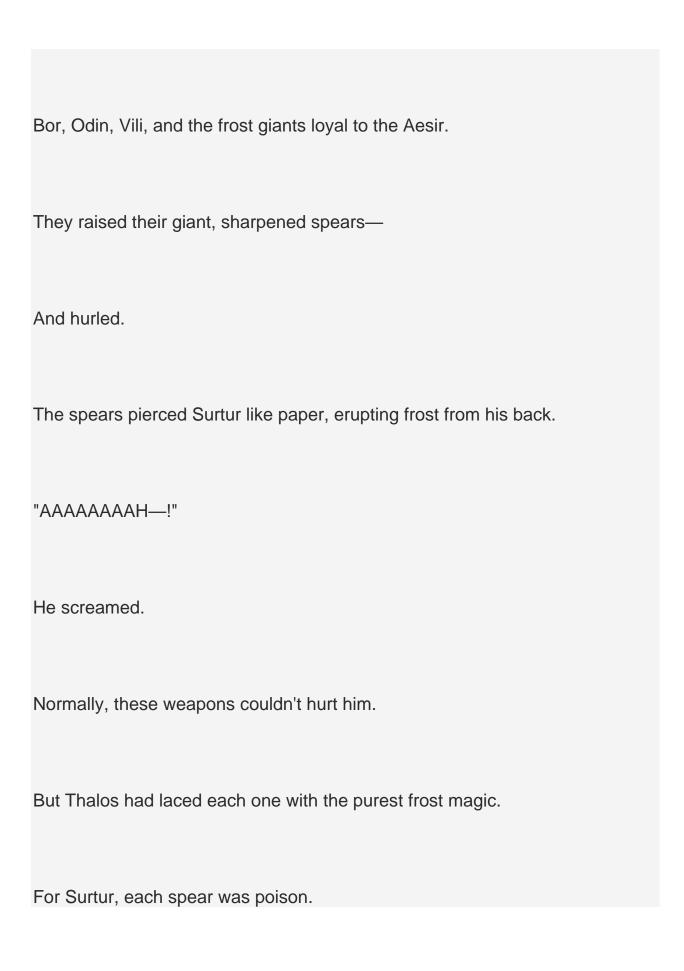


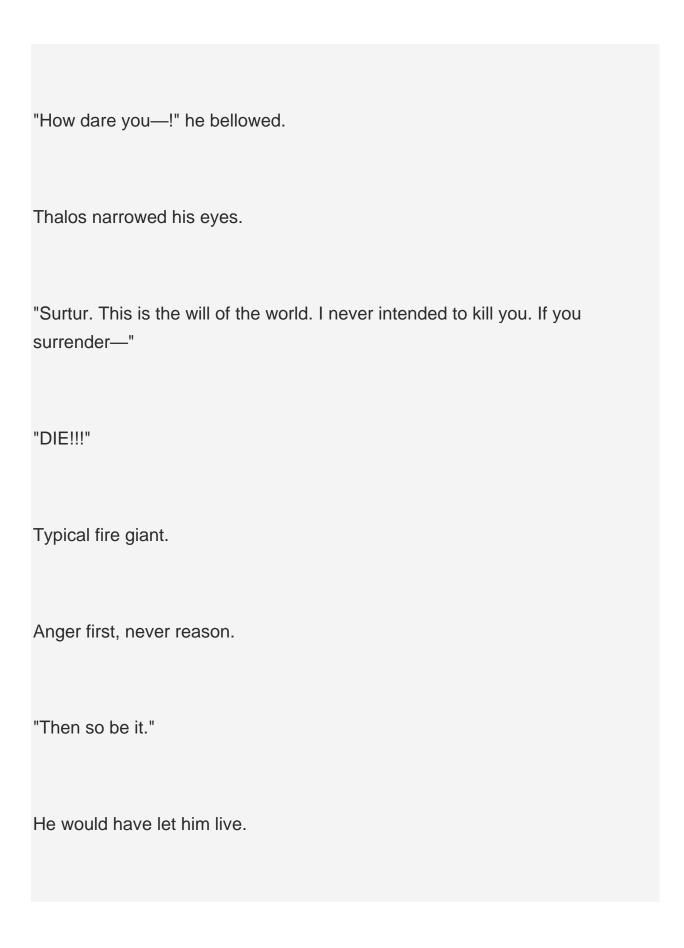
But just as Surtur dared to believe he'd succeeded, a massive ice spear burst from behind the collapsing wave.
"SSSSHHHH—"
At this size, his defense had dropped.
The cold on the spear was so condensed that it punched through his flaming chest without resistance.
Frost bloomed from the wound, bursting 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.

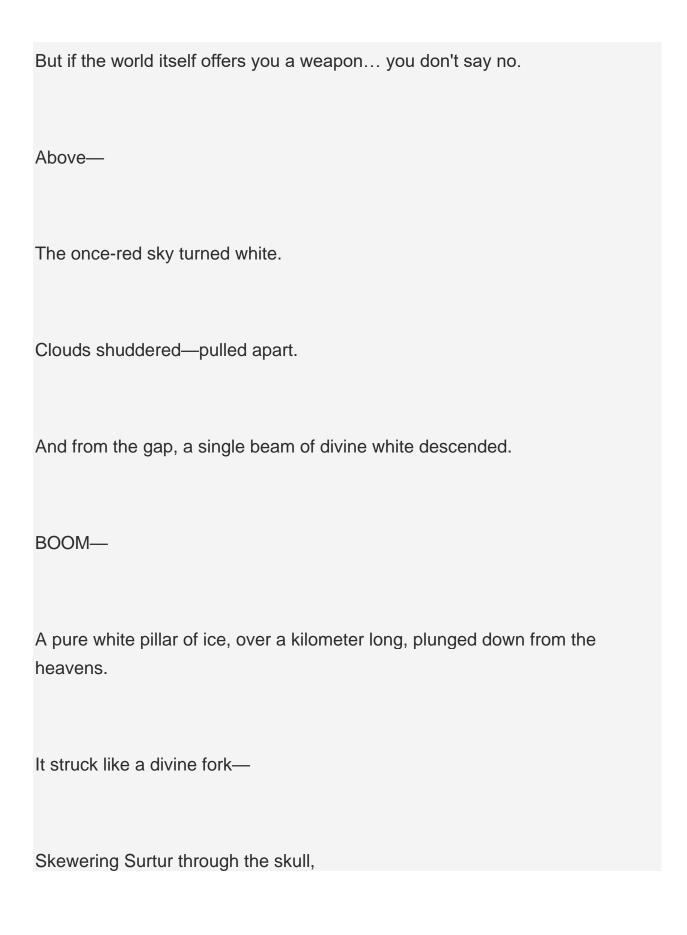


Rivers of water slammed down from above. With weights measured in tens of thousands of tons, it crushed the battlefield like avalanches from heaven.
Even with skin like molten iron, the fire giants perished in seconds.
Surtur saw it.
And his vision nearly went black.
"You dare harm my children?!"
"Oh 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.









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.