



Ice Realm Adventures

Gormiti (Cartoon 2018) · Not Rated · 3280 words

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A series of oneshots exploring a 'What If' in which the show was longer and they spent more time at the Ice Palace while looking for Elestar Shards in the Ice Realm.

(Number of fics until I reach 300: 6...)

Chapter 1: King Kori Questions Why His Son Is Kneeling To A Polar Bear

King Kori learns that his son might be a bit more absurd than he remembers. He also learns that perhaps this isn't a bad thing.

"My son, are you kneeling to your riding beast?" King Kori questioned as he walked out of the Ice Palace, flanked as always by his elite guards.

Ikor looked up from where he was doing precisely that, faintly frowning. "Cryos is not a mere beast, Father. She is a proud and intelligent creature that is due my utmost respect."

"...It is a polar bear, Prince Ikor," King Kori told him flatly after another glance to confirm that it was, indeed, a polar bear. A giant, armored polar bear, but still. "A prince of the Ice Realm does not kneel to an animal."

Ikor got to his feet with a sigh, patting his bear's head like some of the guards often did with their hunting beasts. He gestured at King Kori and solemnly said, "Cryos, this is my Father. You have yet to be properly introduced. He is king, so you must kneel to him."

King Kori gave his son a bewildered look. Strict as his kingdom's rules were, he had never before expected an *animal* to follow courtly protocol. Well, except for that troop of arctic foxes Fylkir inexplicably decided to train, but that was different. Those were performed tricks, not the actual expectance of respect from a creature that could not comprehend it.

Despite the fact that he hadn't really thought the beast would listen, King Kori found himself feeling somewhat tiffed when it growled in apparent argument. Which was ridiculous, of course — it couldn't understand what had been asked of it, much less offer disagreement.

"No, he can't kneel to you, he's a King," Ikor responded to it seriously, as if it could actually understand, and as if it had the presence of mind to expect someone to kneel to it. Ikor turned to King Kori and moved into the standing bow that royalty were permitted to give him rather than a full kneel. When he had straightened again, he once more addressed his beast. "See, Cryos? Do as I do, and show Father respect."

The bear huffed out a displeased breath that reminded King Kori eerily of his own son, then dipped its head low in an approximation of a bow. King Kori raised both eyebrows in surprise.

"No, I said to kneel—" Ikor groaned, rubbing his temples. "You know what? Close enough." He turned to his father. "Apologies, Father, but as I said, she is a proud creature."

"I can see that," King Kori said slowly, studying his son's beast with a more appraising eye than before. It seemed it possessed a modicum more intelligence than he had assumed. It was magically bound to the Ice Realm, he remembered, so he supposed it only made sense that it would be smarter than most. Icies were the intellectual Tribe, after all.

It was still, however, an animal. It couldn't be that intelligent.

The polar bear pushed its head repeatedly into Ikor's side, bewildering King Kori further. What sort of incomprehensible behavior was this? It couldn't be attacking Ikor, could it?

But Ikor didn't look frightened of it and indeed seemed to understand the reason behind its actions perfectly, as when he scowled and pushed it away, he snapped, "I am not giving you pettings when you refuse to show the King of my people — of *our* people — proper respect! Go away— no, Cryos— by Trityon, you're worse than Eron!"

The bear finally relented in its onslaught and backed away without issue, loosening something that King Kori hadn't noticed growing tight in his chest. It sat in the snow with a great thud, looking for all the world as if it were sulking.

It wasn't the only one. Ikor turned around with a huff, crossing his arms and staring resolutely away from it. With a huff of its own, the bear turned its head to stare in the opposite direction. King Kori could barely believe his eyes; some of the most overt displays of emotion that weren't disdain he'd seen from his son in years, and it was while *having a fight with a polar bear??*

The King wasn't entirely sure what to do. Should he encourage them to 'make up'? Should he remind his son that it was an *animal* and fighting with it was far below his intellectual standard? Should he declare a nod from a beast respectful enough and tell his son that all was okay? Should he take the most ridiculous route of all and actually order the creature to kneel like he would one of his people?

Our people. What was that supposed to mean? That his son really saw his riding animal as an equal? It was bad enough that he was calling a Firey his friend, as much as King Kori was trying to think of Riff as an honored Herald rather than a Fire Tribe boy, but a *polar bear*? That was just getting ridiculous, and if there was one thing his son never was, it was ridiculous.

Never.

...except when that Windy had climbed on his shoulders to get a better view of something and Ikor had started yelling at him while refusing the help of the guards.

Or when the Rocky had burped most inappropriately at dinner and King Kori had noticed Ikor barely holding back laughter.

Or when he and that blasted Firey had gotten into an *hour-long* argument that amounted to calling each other 'stupid' with increasingly emphatic voices.

Or when the strange girl who didn't look like she was from any Tribe King Kori knew of and introduced herself as the Guardian had begun telling a confusing story of what she called 'the Tafflu Incident', and Ikor had spent most of the time with his face hidden in his hands in open embarrassment.

King Kori's son was a serious boy, the epitome of Icey dignity. Despite his cousin Fylkir's best attempts to influence him otherwise, he'd never been one for frivolousness or childish behavior.

King Kori remembered the way his son had smiled, bright and pure, as those new friends of his had gathered around him in a hug. And he wondered, distantly, when the last time he himself had hugged Ikor had been. The best he could come up with was when he'd patted his son's shoulder right before he left on his quest for the One Tower, both of them equally annoyed at the pointless tradition of searching for something that didn't even exist and both looking forward to his inevitable return.

Did that really count as a hug, though?

After a moment's careful thought, because he was an Icey and that would never change, King Kori put on a smile and stepped towards the polar bear. He held up a hand when his guards tried to follow, halting their advance and leaving them looking at each other in confusion.

"Hello, Cryos," King Kori greeted the beast, trying not to feel ridiculous as he nodded his head respectfully at it. With just a second's hesitation, he reached out and moved his hand through its fur. "Please do ignore my son. He's so stuffy, isn't he?" He chuckled, allowing the bear to nuzzle closer to him and viciously suppressing the desire to get away from it.

This entire situation was undignified, far below him, but he was determined to see it through — determined to show his son something he himself didn't quite understand.

Ikor looked over his shoulder with wide eyes. "Father?" he asked, sounding lost. "What, what are you..?"

King Kori didn't look at his son directly, instead watching him out of the corner of his eye as he deliberately continued to smile and run his hand through the animal's fur. He gave a genuine, startled laugh when it rubbed its head against him without warning. "It— she really is quite friendly, isn't she? Such a good girl."

He had heard some of the guards call their hunting beasts that before, and Fylkir said all sorts of variations of the phrase to his foxes, so he'd deduced it was the proper thing to say to a pet. He'd never had a chance to test the hypothesis before, though; he was pleased to note that it appeared to be holding up, as the bear rumbled at his words in a way that seemed pleased.

Ikor spent a moment looking between the two of them, bear and king. Then he turned fully and approached with a small, hesitant smile, burying his own hands in the creature's fur. "Yes, she is, isn't she?"

King Kori did not like animals. They were mindless, dirty things that were tiresome to control. Dealing with them was far beneath him. And until recently, his son had felt quite the same way. Because his son was a serious, practical boy, not given to childish things.

King Kori watched his son pet a polar bear with a look of pleased contentment he'd never before seen from him, and thought that perhaps it was long past time his child learned to appreciate childish things.

Even if the only way he would was if King Kori did it first.

Chapter 2: Aye Aye (Yi), Your Princelyship!

Eron is a buffoonish whirlwind of a boy. Ikor is a stuck-up icicle of a prince. Neither is entirely sure how they ended up as best friends anyways.

Meanwhile, the palace guards learn just how connected to these outsiders their Prince really is.

You know the running gag of Eron dodging attacks in unnecessarily acrobatic ways while gleefully saying things like 'you can't touch me'? Yeah, his look back at the guards was pretty much exactly that XD

Eron heard an insult to his Tribe and responded by showing off *exactly* what his Tribe values — speed, agility, unpredictability, improvisation, and *fun*. All while subtly letting the guards know that he 100% could hit them before they'd even realized he'd moved. Eron's amazing ☐

"Hey, that's neat," Eron said, which immediately made Ikor look over his shoulder. Whenever the Windy found something 'neat', that either meant imminent doom or—"Look at this, Ikor!"

Or he'd found *another* shiny chunk of ice he wanted to show Ikor, for some unfathomable reason.

Before Ikor could sigh and say 'yes, how lovely, Eron. Just like the other three hundred completely identical ones around us' in a tone that conveyed just how ridiculous the other was being, one of the Palace Guards spoke up.

"That's Prince Ikor to you, Windy," the man growled. "Show some respect while in our realm."

Eron blinked at the guard, head tilted in confusion.

"That's alright," Ikor hurried to say. "I may be a Prince, but I am also a Herald, just as Eron is. He is... He is my equal."

The guard looked taken aback by Ikor's statement, recoiling from him slightly. Ikor thought this was a rather fair reaction; the Prince of the Ice Realm claiming some Windy commoner to be his equal, *inside the Ice Palace no less*, was not a small deal. Ikor would never have said it just a few months ago.

But he was a Herald now. He was part of a team, one that had learned to give and take as equals. Well... mostly equals.

(His people were *not* ready to hear that he'd accepted a Firey as his leader, no matter how reluctant that acceptance or how loose leadership among them really was. Which

was another fair thing — Ikor was still having a hard time processing it himself, and so long as Riff kept his big mouth shut about it, he'd rather avoid the topic altogether. Especially with his Father)

"But Your Highness—" the guard began to protest.

"You dare to argue with me?" Ikor snapped at him.

"It's okay," Eron cut in, grinning widely. "I don't mind calling ya Prince Ikor. It's only right, considering we're in your realm and all. And you'd do the same if you found out I was a prince, right?"

"Of course I would," Ikor answered with a scoff. "A member of Icey Royalty always treats their fellow sovereigns with the respect due to them."

"Soooo stuck-up," Eron muttered under his breath, though Ikor suspected it was intentionally loud enough to be heard. The Windy giggled. "Well, there ya go then! All hail Prince Ikor!"

Eron followed up this ludicrous (ie: hard for Ikor to argue with) statement with an excited cartwheel. Ikor realized the problem with this a second sooner than anyone else did, and a second too late to actually do anything about it; Eron, being far too close to Ikor to pull off his usual acrobatics, hit straight into him and sent them both tumbling to the ground.

"Eron!" Ikor yelled in annoyance as the Windy rolled off of him. He sat up, glaring (ice) daggers at the other.

Eron tapped his fingers together, smiling sheepishly. "Oops. Sorry Ikor— er, Prince Ikor. Your Highness?" Eron trailed off with a look of deep thought that somehow still managed to come off as exaggeratedly comical. "Hmmm... Which one's right here? I don't really understand all this hoity-toity courtly stuff." He snorted out a laugh. "Heh, hoity-toity courtly. Hoity-toity courtly. That's fun to say! Try it, Ikor. Hoity-toi—"

"'Prince Ikor' is fine," Ikor interrupted, burying his head in his hands. Oh Zotobo, what had his life become that such a buffoon was among his best friends? He was worse than Fylkir, for Trityon's sake!

"Aye Aye, your Princelyship!" Eron replied cheerily, bonking himself in the head in some approximation of a salute. Despite himself, Ikor had to hold in a snicker. Eron may have been ridiculous, but it was a sort of ridiculous that Ikor was learning to appreciate... in certain ways, at least.

"I knew the Windies were airheaded," a guard whispered to another, though he wasn't actually particularly quiet about it, "but I didn't think they were *this* brainless."

"Can't even get a simple title right," the other agreed, louder than the first. "Can the Wind Tribe even do *anything* properly?"

"Sure we can!" Eron grinned at them, seemingly oblivious to the nature of their insults. But he had also zipped up onto his feet, utilizing the full speed and grace of his Tribe, and wasn't taking his wide, unblinking gaze off the guards.

Ikor wasn't sure how much of Eron's obliviousness was a... well, not *act*, exactly. That implied that Eron hid things about himself, which he didn't. More a *misunderstanding*, Ikor decided at last after a moment's consideration.

Eron played the clown to entertain others, a role he took to with great gusto, but Ikor had seen his quick wit in action many times. He had thought at a certain point that perhaps the Windy was a genius in the guise of a fool. He had realized, however, that it was not the case.

Eron was a genius *and* a fool. There was no separating one from the other. No separating the comedian from the shrewd-eyed tactician, or the boy that often saw what none of them could from the one that often missed what was obvious to everyone else.

The guards had Eron's full focus now. And Ikor wasn't sure whether that was because he thought they were actually having a real debate about Windy skills, or if they were about to learn why the Windy's summoning phrase always included the word *wrath*. He also wasn't sure if he should interfere, should it prove to be the latter.

"Yeah, like what?" The guard sneered at him, apparently uncaring that his target was a *teenager*. He was a Windy, he was a Herald rather than a normal child, and he was there. That was enough, apparently, to bypass whatever restraint the man normally might've had.

"Like juggling!" Eron announced very proudly, zipping between the two before they could react, causing them to startle at his sudden appearance seemingly from thin air. Somehow, in his frenzy, he'd gathered more ice chunks to add to his first and was demonstrating that very skill for them.

The guards could do little but stare at Eron in bewildered dismay before he was already moving again, his mind jumping tracks like the wind changed direction.

"Or flipping!" He demonstrated this by running at a nearby wall and kicking off it to propel himself over the bemused guards' heads, landing gracefully next to Ikor. "Or upsidedownsies!" He bent down and put his palms flat on the floor, staring between his legs to give the ever-more-confused guards one of his signature wide grins. As he watched the other show off each trick, Ikor finally made a decision on the proper course of action. "Or—"

"That's enough, Eron," Ikor interrupted coolly, standing. Eron immediately straightened, blinking rapidly at him with a confused, almost-hurt expression. But the ice in Ikor's gaze wasn't for the Windy; it was aimed straight at the guards. "You have nothing to prove, *my friend*," both guards flinched at the emphasis their Prince chose to put on those two words, "and neither does your Tribe. Not within the walls of my home."

"If you say so, Ikor," Eron said with a shrug, his smile back in place. If he noticed how wary the guards had suddenly become, he gave no sign of it. "Oops, sorry, I meant Prince Ikor. Prince Ikor, Sir? Sir Prince Ikor? Oh, how about Your Most Regal Iceliness—"

Ikor sighed deeply as he resumed his trek along the halls of the Ice Palace, like he had done so many times before in his life. But this time he wasn't marching in cold silence flanked by guards that kept themselves at a respectful distance — now he was accompanied by a hyperactive Windy that filled his ears with relentless chatter and invaded his personal space as if the very concept was a completely foreign one to him.

Ikor didn't spare a look back for the guards. He didn't need to. An Icey's rage didn't burn or boil in their veins; it was cold, and direct, and as precise as the point of an icicle. By the end of the day, word would've spread through the castle that Prince Ikor's guests weren't to be mistreated no matter their outsider status or how his Father spoke of them.

His words to the guards would be taken as the warning they were, and they would listen to it. After all, they were Icies, and thus they were *smart* enough to know that it was the only warning they would get; Prince Ikor never gave second chances.

When Eron tackled him in a hug later and sent them both rolling across the floor, Ikor snapped, "*Eron!*" in the same warning tone he always did. Prince Ikor didn't give second chances; Ikor the Herald would never quite realize just how many of them he gave, when it came to his friends.

(He also would never see the way Eron turned around right after they walked off to give the guards an amused, mocking look before he ran to catch up with their Prince, walking side-by-side as equals)

Eron nuzzled his head against Ikor's gratefully as they walked, clinging to his arm. He hadn't been planning on letting those guards get away with calling him — calling his Tribe — brainless, of course, but he hadn't actually needed to do anything to defend himself in the end; his friend wouldn't let anyone be so mean to him.

Eron giggled to himself. *His friend*. He was actually *friends* with a stuck-up, stiff, boring ol' Icey. An Icey Princelyship who was all frowns and 'Eron, stop that' and tactical planning strategy thingies and...

And his. His Icey, his princey, his dear frowny friend. In fact, the Windy thought, Ikor might've been his very best friend in the whole entire world. The most rigid, formal, totally-un-go-with-the-flow boy he'd ever met... *and he was Eron's best friend*.

...Oh Zotobo, Eron thought, still laughing, ignoring the weird look Ikor gave him for it, *what has my life become?*

Ha!

— end of "Ice Realm Adventures" —