

I AM THALOS, ODIN'S OLDER BROTHER

Chapter 1: Foolish Brother Odin

Every myth begins with a similar prologue: a certain god splits open the chaos and creates heaven and earth. Thalos never would have imagined that even after becoming a deity, he would almost be trapped to death in a place called [Chaos].

The scene before him hardly changed. Endless chaotic mist roiled continuously in the distance. No stars, nothing to see. Civilization had vanished beyond the thick fog, and only the dim light of undetermined chaos penetrated the mist, maintaining a semi-lit, semi-dark illumination in a hundred-meter diameter spherical space around him so quiet it could drive one mad.

Despite its faintness, the power of chaos was constantly weakening his divine energy.

In the blink of a century, he finally waited for the one and only opportunity.

What appeared before him were two interlinked worlds, connected in a way that formed an infinity symbol—∞.

All Thalos could do was choose one of these two worlds, both filled with the aura of chaos and just beginning to form order.

However, one world was slow in forming order, while the other, though faster, was much smaller in scale. When Thalos saw a towering flame giant, standing a thousand meters tall and wielding a massive sword, igniting a sea of fire to clash with ice in one of the worlds, he suddenly realized who it was.

The fire giant Surtur—who in Norse mythology both created the world and ended it during Ragnarok!

Thalos faintly smiled. "Since I have no choice, then let me help you break free from your doomed fate."

...

Several years later.

Under a sky black as ink, the three-meter-tall yet still youthful Odin strode through the forest with exaggerated five-meter strides. Whenever his body brushed against the ten-meter-high cedars, they snapped like matchsticks and collapsed, sending snow flying in all directions.

Suddenly, a gust of wind swept behind him, causing Odin's heart to jolt.

It was too late to dodge.

In an instant, his divine body enlarged into a five-meter giant. He turned and crossed his limbs in front of him to block the massive boulder—comparable to a locomotive—hurled from behind.

"Boom!" Shards of rock exploded outward.

The immense impact sent Odin flying backward, eliciting a pitiful whimper like a beaten dog.

Crashing through several towering trees, Odin felt his head spinning and struggled even to stand.

"Awooo—" A long, wild howl echoed from behind.

A terrifying giant, five stories tall, charged forward with a momentum that crushed all in its path. Each step of his tumor-ridden feet shook the earth, sending the forest's birds and beasts fleeing in panic.

Saliva dripped from his crooked mouth, and in his blood-red eyes blazed a manic killing intent.

Odin had no doubt that if the giant caught up to him, he would be devoured alive on the spot.

But transforming into a five-meter giant was already the upper limit of what he, an underage deity, could manage under normal circumstances.

Without hesitation, Odin let out a heart-wrenching cry.

"Big Brother, save me—!"

Odin's voice was so sincere that it drew a long sigh from Thalos, who sat cross-legged on a cliff not far away.

For a moment, Thalos considered letting this useless so-called god-king perish.

Yes, Thalos had transmigrated into this world and, for some reason, become the eldest among the third-generation Aesir gods. In the myth, the famous Aesir king Odin had become his younger brother.

No one understood better than a transmigrator just how terrible Odin was—glorified as a warlord who conquered the world, yet in truth, he never wiped out a single household. At critical moments, he betrayed everyone, and ultimately, due to his arrogance and indulgence of the trickster god Loki, the Aesir suffered the classic Ragnarok event, nearly wiping out the entire pantheon.

But that was a mess for the "future."

At this moment, when the world hadn't yet formed real order and even the sky remained in eternal darkness, the supposedly invincible Aesir gods of Norse myth were nothing more than a few barbarians fighting giants over territory. Their divine power was currently limited to altering the size of their bodies.

Thalos glanced at the 'direly endangered' Odin and sighed again.

Odin was destined to fall, but it must not happen now.

Having entered this world, Thalos had inherited the karma of the second-generation god-king, Bor.

If Odin were to die, Thalos would face the most terrifying karmic backlash.

Thalos spoke.

Unlike the immature Odin, Thalos's voice instantly stirred the waves of the elements. If one listened closely, one could even sense the rhythm of laws in his words.

"Foolish brother Odin!"

Odin's face darkened, and he sighed inwardly: Big Brother is talking down to me again.

He didn't want to be lectured, but who told him to go out hunting and provoke a wandering giant?

"Big Brother, I know I was wrong!" Odin cried out, almost crawling as he ran toward the source of Thalos's voice.

Thalos's lecture continued: "I've said it before, when facing a powerful enemy, the worst mistake is to use your weakness against their strength. How could you possibly win a contest of strength against a giant?"

"Big Brother, stop talking and save me already—" Odin narrowly avoided a second boulder hurled by the giant, scared out of his wits, shouting at the top of his lungs.

"Sigh!"

Odin suddenly saw a blur in front of him as the wind and snow around surged wildly.

A six-story-tall humanoid figure rapidly condensed and stabilized before his eyes, taking the terrifying form of a frost giant.

This giant's entire body was covered in icy spikes, exuding immense power at first glance.

Odin knew it was just a fake summoned by his brother Thalos, but it still gave him an illusion of indestructibility.

The frost giant was too lifelike, not just an empty shell, but a manifestation of supreme power—a frost giant king embodying the essence of raw strength!

It felt like with every movement, it could crush mountains, sever rivers, and reshape the local terrain.

Odin watched, dumbfounded. No matter how many times he witnessed it, his brother's mastery of the elements always left him awestruck.

Meanwhile, the dumb giant couldn't comprehend why a frost giant had suddenly appeared in his path.

"Raaagh!" The giant roared in fury, pounding his chest with his left fist to express primal rage at the frost giant.

"Whoosh—" The frost giant opened its mouth with lifelike realism and blew a gust of icy wind into the ugly giant's face. This blatant provocation naturally enraged the giant. As expected, he lifted his cypress-trunk club and smashed it toward the 'frost giant.'

Just then, Odin heard his brother's voice in his soul: "Foolish brother, if you don't want to be punished by Father, kill this giant yourself."

"Thank you, Big Brother!" Odin's eyes lit up, and while the giant's full attention was on the false frost giant, Odin's body grew again—this time to eight meters tall. He leapt onto a nearby ice cliff and sprang down.

Wielding a crudely made giant stone axe, his muscles bulged with explosive strength.

Despite the height difference between him and the giant, the elevation from his jump compensated for it.

Thalos's eyes flashed sharply at the sight.

Normally, he might seem like a gentle older brother, but when his younger brother acted foolishly like this, he couldn't help but wish their good-for-nothing father had just spilled Odin on a cliff.

Too stupid!

Exceeding one's physical limit to enlarge the divine body came at the cost of rapidly depleting divine power.

Even though Odin now looked like an ancient beast unleashed from chains, and roared with thunderous might, his axe swing was noticeably slower due to the burden.

Even knowing Odin was just imitating their father Bor, even knowing nature favored the rule that "bigger is stronger," Thalos still felt like coughing blood.

In truth, Odin had one last chance for victory.

If he had aimed the axe diagonally at the giant's neck instead of coming down vertically, he could've at least hacked off half the neck.

But no—he had to imitate their father.

Father could flip mountains. Could Odin?

Now look—his seemingly ferocious axe came down on the giant's forehead. But that iron-headed behemoth's truck-sized ugly skull didn't explode into a gory mess as Odin had imagined.

It hurt, sure—the blow gouged out a chunk of flesh the size of a water tank.

But to a real giant, that wasn't fatal.

Even worse, the recoil launched Odin into the air, and a sudden wave of overwhelming weakness washed over him. He instinctively struggled but lacked the divine power to maintain his enlarged form. As his body rapidly shrank, Odin's foot missed its mark.

And so, Odin literally slid right into the giant's foul-smelling mouth.

"Aaaahhh!" The young Odin practically wet himself in terror.

At that moment, a dazzling white light flashed across the giant's thick, rock-like neck.

Only then did Odin notice—the previously ghostly frost giant, along with its icy axe, had become completely solid.

With that one strike, the giant's now-headless body collapsed like a falling mountain, crushing a swath of trees.

Crisis resolved?

Not quite. With the battle over, Odin—who'd nearly become the giant's chew toy—couldn't even pry open the giant's foul jaws. The dying beast had locked its jaw, and several massive, rotten teeth trapped Odin at the waist, leaving him completely stuck.

"Big Brother, help—"

Thalos said firmly, "No."