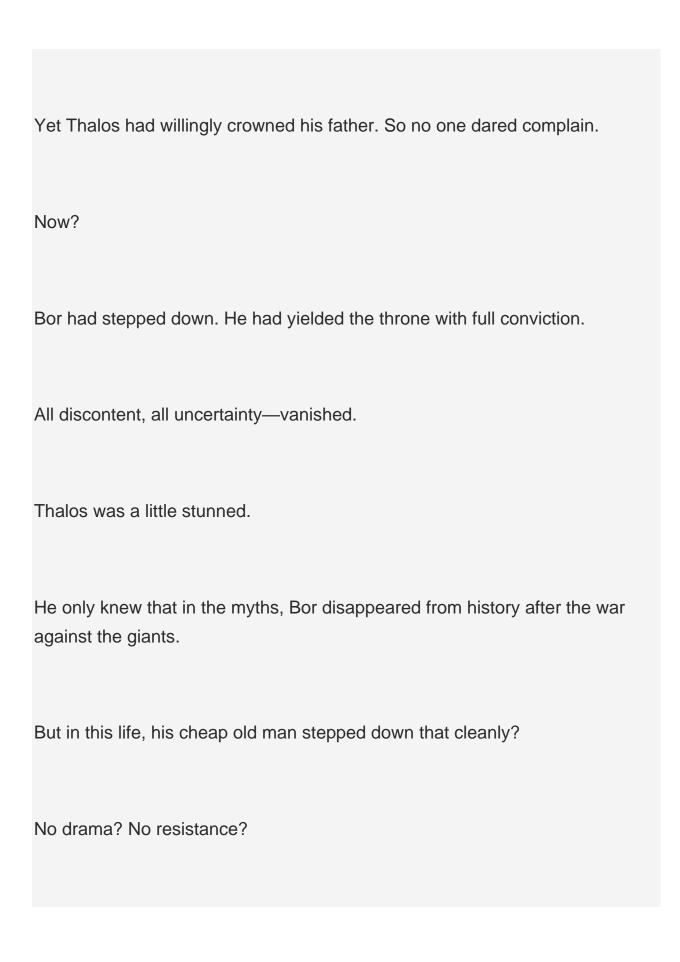
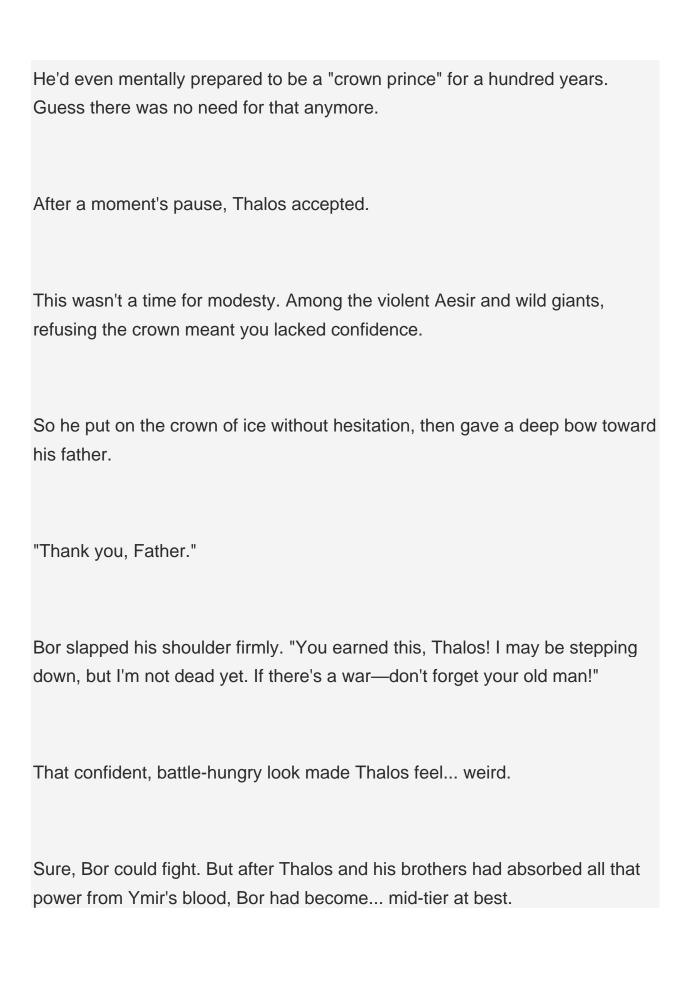
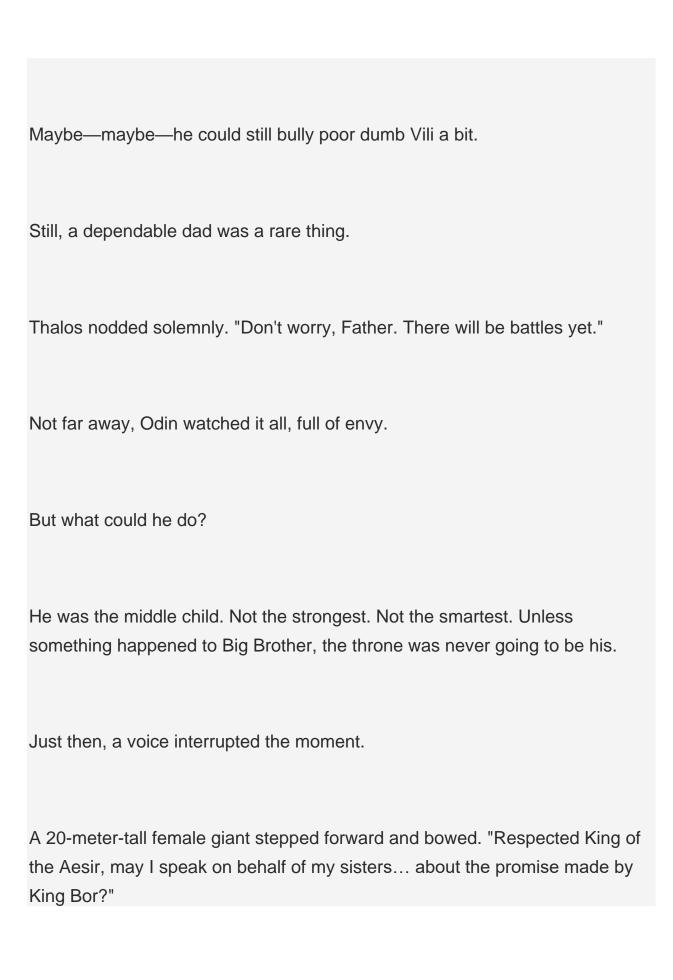
I AM THALOS, ODIN'S OLDER BROTHER

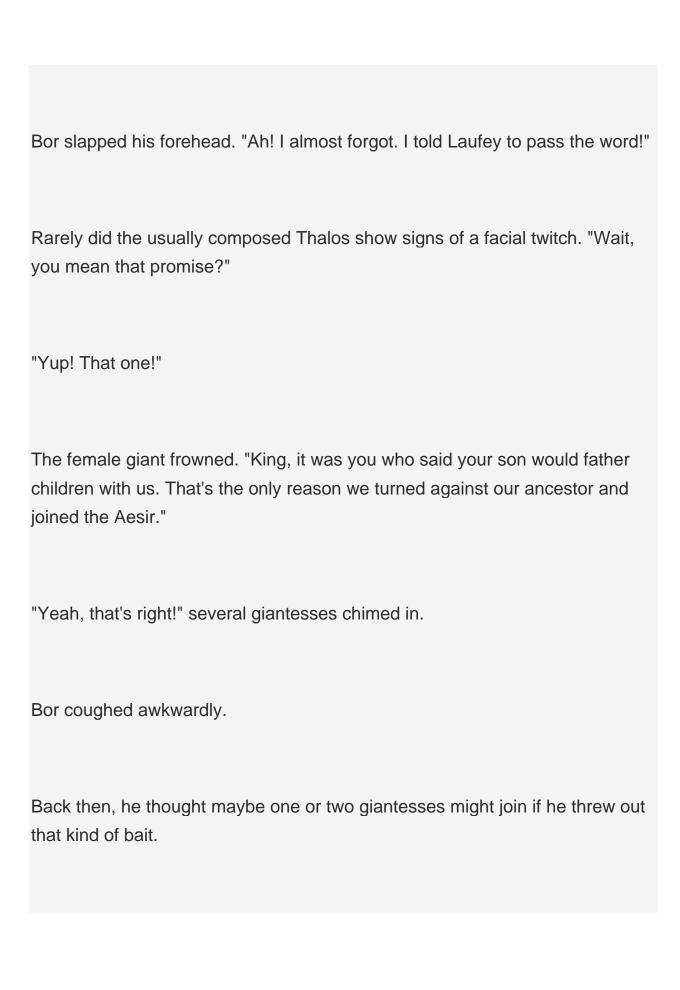
Chapter 13: Don't Ever Try to Weasel Out of a Promise

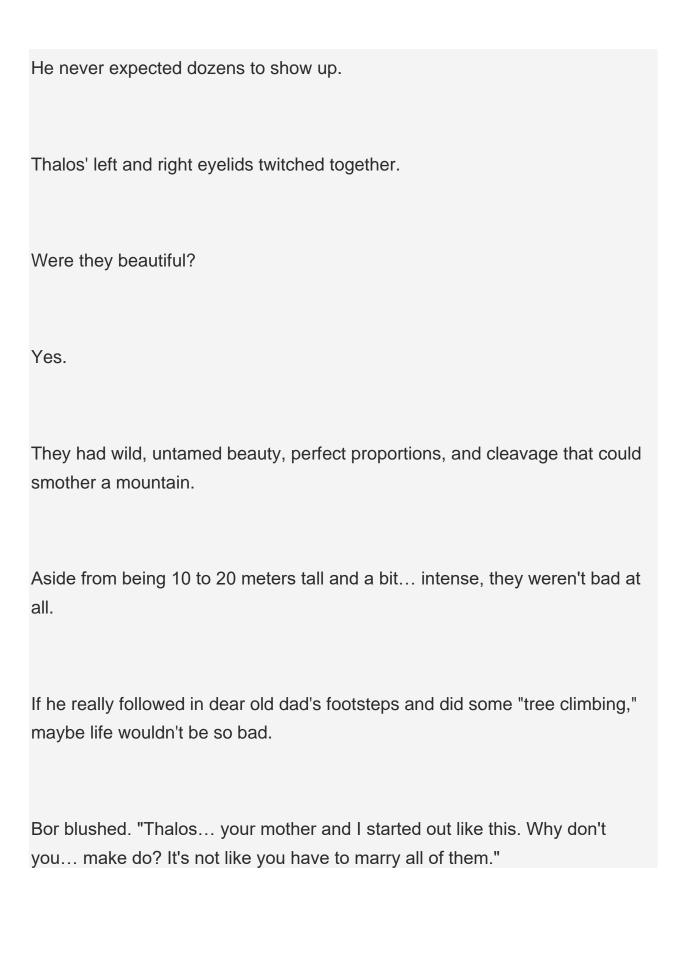
This was an age of savagery—raw and primitive.
In such a world, every weakling blindly worshiped the strong.
And Thalos?
He was undeniably strong.
His victories and strategies were solid as mountains. There was no arguing
against them.
At first, when Bor had been crowned king, many had felt off about it. Sure,
Bor was powerful, but what they truly respected—was Thalos.

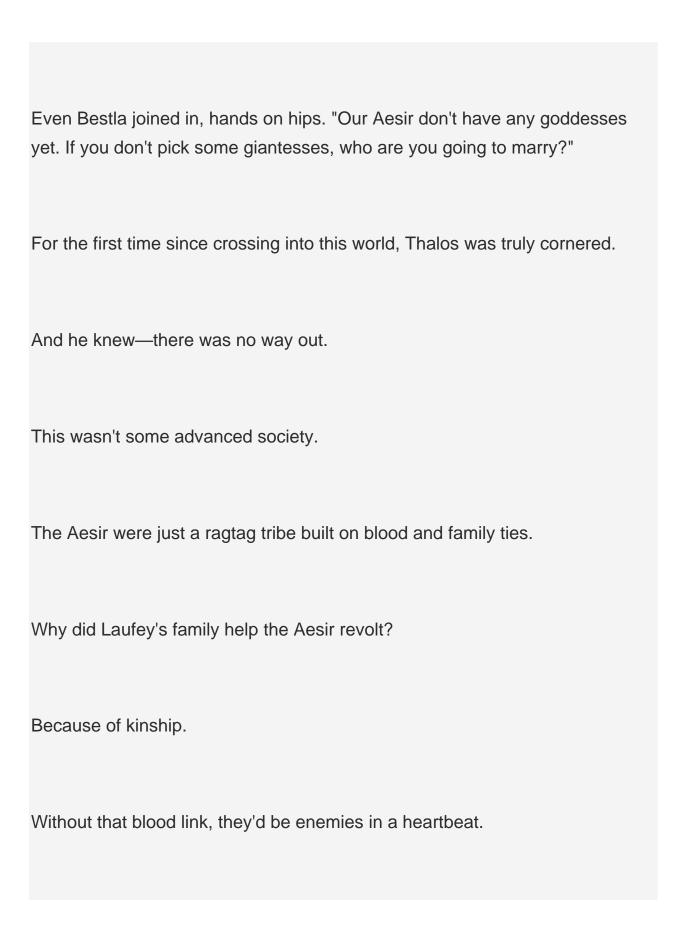




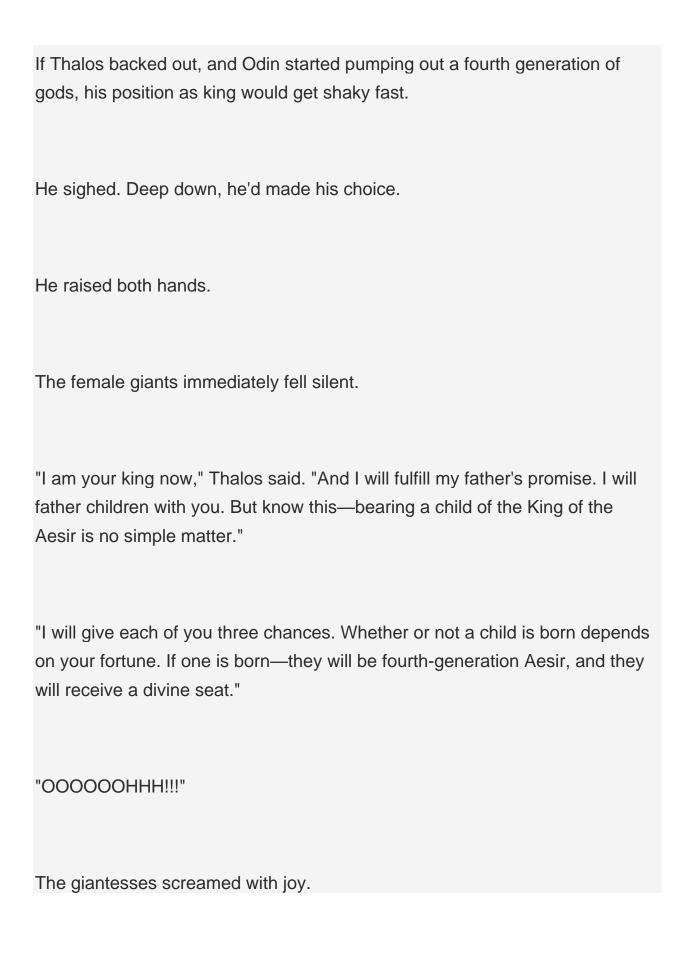


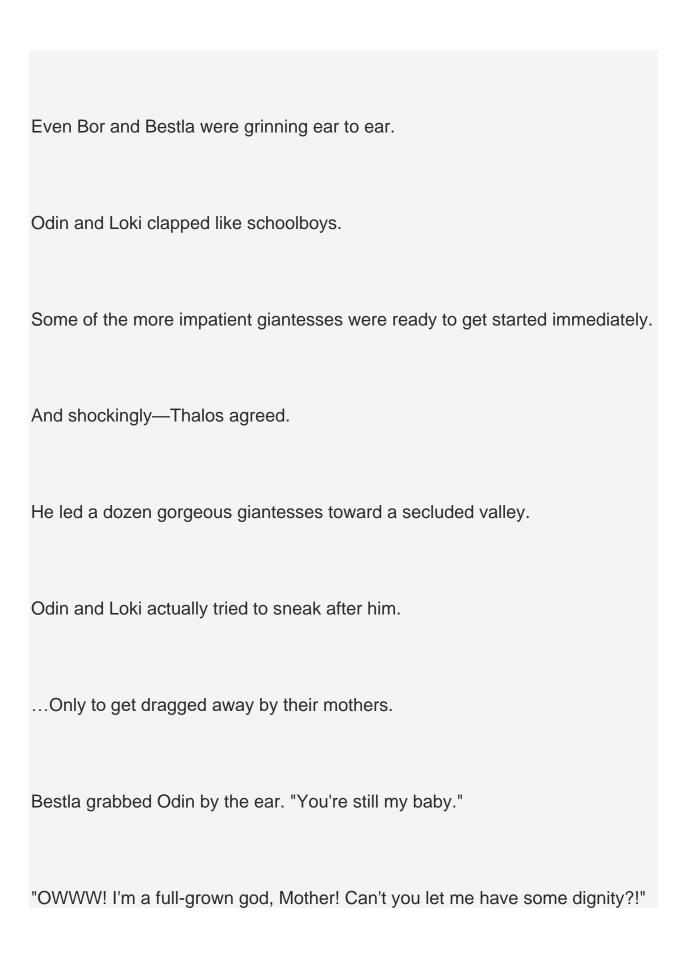






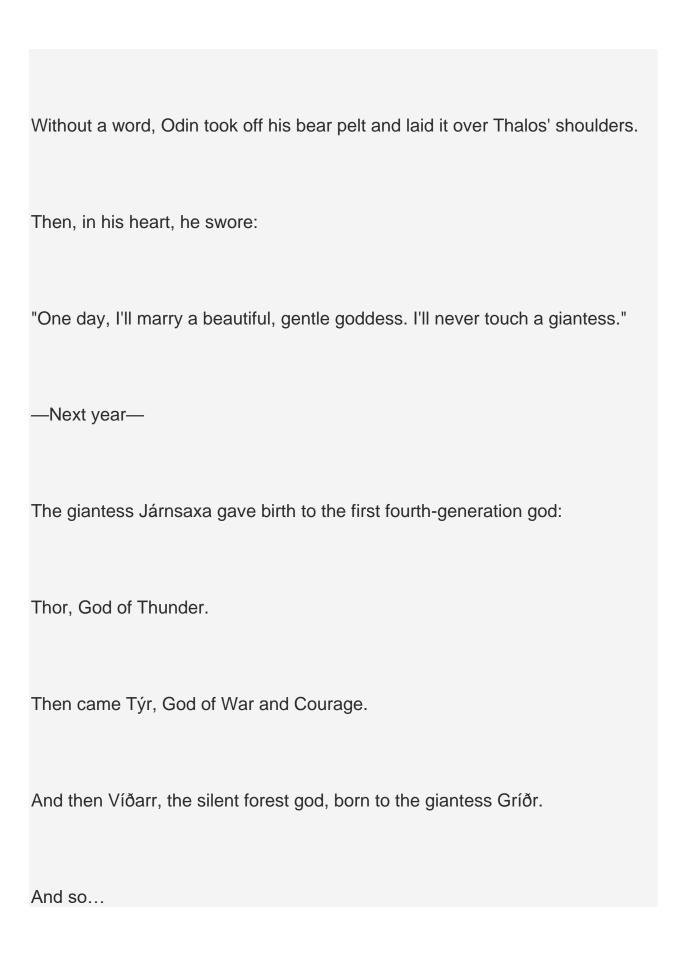
Technically, Thalos could still back out. He could pretend he didn't hear it.
He'd never touched a woman in either of his previous lives.
And the longer he held onto that ideal, the harder it became to let go. He had this image of some mythical, perfect future love.
To sleep with a random giantess? Just for alliance? Thalos couldn't accept it.
But then
He saw Odin's smug face—that look that said "go ahead, big bro, ditch the promise everyone will get used to it eventually."
And suddenly, he was pissed.
Because if memory served—Odin was ridiculously fertile.





On the other side, Laufey was straight-up spanking Loki.
In the valley, Thalos raised his spear.
Then roared like a lion.
He charged into battle, facing the most fearsome, aggressive, and terrifying enemies of his life:
Dozens of giantesses.
But Thalos?
He didn't flinch.

He fought.
He endured.
This wasn't just some hedonistic orgy.
It was war.
A battle between a god and an army of giants.
And later, it would inspire the legend of Valhalla itself:
The strongest warriors shall be most beloved, and after battle, there shall be eternal feasting.
Three days later, Odin saw his brother.
He looked like he'd been stomped on by Ymir himself.



The genealogical records of Norse myth?
Were already completely out of order.