

# 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.

Yet Thalos had willingly crowned his father. So no one dared complain.

Now?

Bor had stepped down. He had yielded the throne with full conviction.

All discontent, all uncertainty—vanished.

Thalos was a little stunned.

He only knew that in the myths, Bor disappeared from history after the war against the giants.

But in this life, his cheap old man stepped down that cleanly?

No drama? No resistance?

He'd even mentally prepared to be a "crown prince" for a hundred years. Guess there was no need for that anymore.

After a moment's pause, Thalos accepted.

This wasn't a time for modesty. Among the violent Aesir and wild giants, refusing the crown meant you lacked confidence.

So he put on the crown of ice without hesitation, then gave a deep bow toward his father.

"Thank you, Father."

Bor slapped his shoulder firmly. "You earned this, Thalos! I may be stepping down, but I'm not dead yet. If there's a war—don't forget your old man!"

That confident, battle-hungry look made Thalos feel... weird.

Sure, Bor could fight. But after Thalos and his brothers had absorbed all that power from Ymir's blood, Bor had become... mid-tier at best.

Maybe—maybe—he could still bully poor dumb Vili a bit.

Still, a dependable dad was a rare thing.

Thalos nodded solemnly. "Don't worry, Father. There will be battles yet."

Not far away, Odin watched it all, full of envy.

But what could he do?

He was the middle child. Not the strongest. Not the smartest. Unless something happened to Big Brother, the throne was never going to be his.

Just then, a voice interrupted the moment.

A 20-meter-tall female giant stepped forward and bowed. "Respected King of the Aesir, may I speak on behalf of my sisters... about the promise made by King Bor?"

Bor slapped his forehead. "Ah! I almost forgot. I told Laufey to pass the word!"

Rarely did the usually composed Thalos show signs of a facial twitch. "Wait, you mean that promise?"

"Yup! That one!"

The female giant frowned. "King, it was you who said your son would father children with us. That's the only reason we turned against our ancestor and joined the Aesir."

"Yeah, that's right!" several giantesses chimed in.

Bor coughed awkwardly.

Back then, he thought maybe one or two giantesses might join if he threw out that kind of bait.

He never expected dozens to show up.

Thalos' left and right eyelids twitched together.

Were they beautiful?

Yes.

They had wild, untamed beauty, perfect proportions, and cleavage that could smother a mountain.

Aside from being 10 to 20 meters tall and a bit... intense, they weren't bad at all.

If he really followed in dear old dad's footsteps and did some "tree climbing," maybe life wouldn't be so bad.

Bor blushed. "Thalos... your mother and I started out like this. Why don't you... make do? It's not like you have to marry all of them."

Even Bestla joined in, hands on hips. "Our Aesir don't have any goddesses yet. If you don't pick some giantesses, who are you going to marry?"

For the first time since crossing into this world, Thalos was truly cornered.

And he knew—there was no way out.

This wasn't some advanced society.

The Aesir were just a ragtag tribe built on blood and family ties.

Why did Laufey's family help the Aesir revolt?

Because of kinship.

Without that blood link, they'd be enemies in a heartbeat.

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.



If Thalos backed out, and Odin started pumping out a fourth generation of gods, his position as king would get shaky fast.

He sighed. Deep down, he'd made his choice.

He raised both hands.

The female giants immediately fell silent.

"I am your king now," Thalos said. "And I will fulfill my father's promise. I will father children with you. But know this—bearing a child of the King of the Aesir is no simple matter."

"I will give each of you three chances. Whether or not a child is born depends on your fortune. If one is born—they will be fourth-generation Aesir, and they will receive a divine seat."

"OOOOOOHHH!!!"

The giantesses screamed with joy.

Even Bor and Bestla were grinning ear to ear.

Odin and Loki clapped like schoolboys.

Some of the more impatient giantesses were ready to get started immediately.

And shockingly—Thalos agreed.

He led a dozen gorgeous giantesses toward a secluded valley.

Odin and Loki actually tried to sneak after him.

...Only to get dragged away by their mothers.

Bestla grabbed Odin by the ear. "You're still my baby."

"OWWW! I'm a full-grown god, Mother! Can't you let me have some dignity?!"

On the other side, Laufey was straight-up spanking Loki.

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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.

Without a word, Odin took off his bear pelt and laid it over Thalos' shoulders.

Then, in his heart, he swore:

"One day, I'll marry a beautiful, gentle goddess. I'll never touch a giantess."

—Next year—

The giantess Járnsaxa gave birth to the first fourth-generation god:

Thor, God of Thunder.

Then came Týr, God of War and Courage.

And then Víðarr, the silent forest god, born to the giantess Gríðr.

And so...

The genealogical records of Norse myth?

Were already completely out of order.