

I AM THALOS, ODIN'S OLDER BROTHER

Chapter 2: Giantess Raising Kids — As Long As You're Alive

Suddenly, the earth-shaking sound of footsteps echoed across the land.

This time, appearing at the edge of the forest was a red-haired woman in leather, exuding wild, primal charm.

In terms of appearance and proportions, she was undeniably a great beauty—just a little too great.

Her towering height of ten meters made even the four-meter-tall Thalos, who had climbed onto a large boulder, still have to look up to her.

Watching her fierce and swift movements, and then looking at the giant beast-jaw-shaped blade in her hand—which resembled a comb in design—Thalos sighed, while Odin burst into tears of gratitude.

"Mother, I'm here..." Odin barely got the words out before the giantess zipped past him like a gust of wind and threw open her arms toward the unsuspecting Thalos.

"Dear, are you alright?"

Alright?

More like almost dead!

Crack-crack-crack! In the next second, Thalos's bones groaned in agony under the force of the giant's bear hug.

Ah yes, wonderful motherly love—nearly squeezed me to death!

And this was already her holding back.

Sigh! This primitive and passionate love was clearly a bit too much for his small frame to handle.

This female giant's name was Bestla—his discount mother.

Oh, and trailing behind her was a "shorty" only five meters tall, with wavy black hair, a thick beard, and a bearskin cloak. That was his discount father—Bor, the second-generation king of the Aesir!

Judging by the massive bear slung over Bor's shoulder—at least a ton—they'd clearly just come back from hunting.

"Oh heavens, I heard a giant's roar and rushed over immediately. Let me see if you're hurt!" Bestla fumbled nervously as she began tugging at Thalos's leather clothes.

"No, no! I'm fine, really," Thalos flailed to push her away. "Mother, maybe check on Odin. He was just bitten by a giant."

His attempt to divert her attention failed.

Over on the side, Odin craned his neck with a desperate "Look at me, look at me!" expression, but all he got was a brief, indifferent glance from both his parents.

And that was it.

Odin's heart turned as cold as the icy wind around them... and then colder... until it felt frozen solid and scattered into snow with the breeze.

"Silly boy. As long as you're alive, it's fine."

Bestla had motherly love, but not much of it.

If she had one full measure of motherly affection, nine-tenths of it would go to Thalos.

This was reality. In such a harsh and brutal world, parents favored the stronger offspring. Thalos, being the eldest and already a deity before transmigrating into this world, naturally stood out.

By age three, he had grown to four meters tall. Now, at five, his strength was just slightly behind his parents', and he had a power neither of them possessed—elemental control. A child skilled in both magic and physical prowess was, in Bor and Bestla's eyes, the future of the Aesir.

In contrast, the second child Odin was disappointing—only three meters tall at age three, physically weak, and lacking any elemental ability. Completely average in every way.

Still, better than nothing. The Aesir had too few members, and with giants growing in number, every divine member was a treasure.

This world, Ginnungagap, was born from the endless collision of chaos between ice and fire.

Amid the toxic clash of cold and flame, the first terrifying lifeform emerged: the progenitor of the frost giants—Ymir. Then, out of nowhere, a massive cow named Audhumla appeared. It enjoyed licking the salty surface of the ice, while Ymir drank its milk to survive.

Once he'd built up enough strength, Ymir began reproducing in the most absurd way possible—giving birth to a male and female giant right from his armpit.

The male giant was tall, ugly, stupid, and violent.

The female giant was petite (relatively), pretty, clever, and gentle.

Again, all of this was relative.

Meanwhile, the possibly single-celled mother cow kept licking the glacier and, miraculously, licked out a frozen humanoid figure from the ice.

This was Buri—the progenitor of the Norse Aesir gods.

Given how unreliable this myth was, Thalos couldn't help but suspect the Aesir were the remnants of a fallen prior civilization, with its last survivor frozen in a cryogenic state, only to be licked back into life.

Ordinary animals like bears and elk also began to appear around the same time.

In any case, Buri—the father of the gods—lost his duel against Ymir and, before dying, split his divine soul to create Bor. But Bor couldn't produce offspring by division, so he resorted to marriage by abduction, capturing the giantess Bestla.

And so Thalos and Odin were born.

Bor spent every day fighting giants to defend his territory. Bestla either joined him in battle or went hunting.

Naturally, the noble task of raising children fell to Thalos.

The only task his unreliable divine parents had given him was to make sure his little brother stayed alive. Thalos had done that—and was therefore the most filial son in the world.

As for how Odin would grow up? That... would just have to be a matter of wild survival.

Bor was quite industrious when it came to growing the tribe.

Every week, once or twice, Bor and Bestla would make up an excuse to send Thalos and Odin away. And without fail, the next day they would find an entire valley of grass, flowers, and trees trampled and destroyed.

Odin once asked, "What are Father and Mother doing?"

Thalos replied, "Mind your own business, kid."

The next year, after a lot of climbing (on Bor's part), Bestla gave birth to their third child—named Vili.

When Vili turned one, a person arrived whose presence would change the fate of the entire Aesir tribe.

Thalos's mother Bestla had a sister named Laufey. And while some ridiculous adaptation—Thor—portrayed Laufey as a burly man, the course of history in this world clearly aligned more with the Edda.

Laufey was a massive beauty—also ten meters tall. Her husband was a giant named Farbauti. A few years later, when Laufey came to visit her sister, she brought along her child—who would later become the trickster god Loki.

And so, in the most primitive clan-based way imaginable, the Aesir tribe gradually grew stronger.