

# I AM THALOS, ODIN'S OLDER BROTHER

## Chapter 20: Asgard

The world, as it turns out, was nothing more than a colossal makeshift troupe!

Thalos never expected this statement to hold true—universally.

In the eyes of mortals, the God-King Thalos, having returned to the divine realm of Asgard after creating the world, should be living a life of unparalleled bliss.

What they could never imagine was that beneath the clear blue skies of Asgard, a bunch of gods and giants were gathered, discussing utterly humiliating topics.

"Let's just build a longhouse."

"With weather this nice, maybe we can use less thatch on the roof?"

"The walls could be thinner too."

"Not bad. Settled then."

Upon hearing this, Thalos nearly blacked out.

In a way, the longhouse was a 'patented invention' of Bor's.

The main structural elements of a longhouse were large wooden pillars, deeply embedded in the ground to provide a solid foundation. The walls were typically made from wattle or interwoven wooden rods coated with a mixture of mud and straw. The roofs were covered in thatch or sod.

Occasionally, when a roof collapsed or leaked snowmelt, Bor would casually toss a giant animal hide over the hole until the blizzard ended.

The design was extremely simple: rectangular, with a central hearth or firepit. Longhouses had no windows, though some small vents near the roof allowed smoke to escape. The entrance was usually at one or both ends of the house.

This second-generation Aesir god's personal longhouse wasn't much different from a Viking version—except it was ten times bigger, towering at fifty meters tall. Otherwise, Bestla couldn't even fit inside.

Fortunately, this time, Bor's ridiculous idea was shut down before Thalos even had to speak—by Odin, no less.

"Father, I object!" Odin said loudly. After glancing nervously at Thalos and seeing he wasn't immediately furious, he dared to continue, as if throwing himself to the wolves: "We Aesir are the rulers of the Nine Realms. If we're still living in houses like this, what's the point of ruling the world?"

Thalos stroked his chin. He had to admit, for once, Odin made sense.

Seeing that Thalos didn't oppose him, Odin grew bolder, waving his arms with passion as he rallied the others: "Think about it. If a mortal achieves great feats, dreaming of ascending to Asgard to serve the gods—only to see our homes look just like theirs but bigger—won't they be disappointed? That would tarnish our divine prestige!"

Thalos thought to himself: Sure enough, when it comes to extravagance, Odin never disappoints.

He smiled. "So tell me, Odin, in your opinion, what kind of palace should I build?"

"It must not only be huge, but also dazzling! Blinding! Something so breathtaking that the moment a mortal sets foot in Asgard, they can't tear their eyes away!"

As Odin's gaze swept across the divine plain, he naturally spotted the mountain of gold Thalos had 'accidentally' placed during world creation.

The mountain—over 80% pure gold—would have taken untold manpower and resources to gather had Thalos not gathered it on a whim.

Eyes lighting up, Odin pointed eagerly: "I think gold is perfect!"

Thalos clapped his hands in praise. "Oh! My dear brother, you've finally come up with a good idea."

He was strict with Odin when necessary, but when his brother did something right, Thalos never hesitated to encourage him. Otherwise, Odin would spiral into insecurity and one day explode.

And Thalos had zero interest in adding Odin to his long list of world-level threats.

His praise worked wonders—Odin beamed with joy. "Haha! I knew my ideas were bound to be useful!"

Beside him, Willy grinned foolishly.

Bor, meanwhile, made a humble request: "Thalos, I don't object to whatever you build. But don't forget whose corpses we stand upon as rulers of this world."

Thalos nodded slightly. "Ymir and Surtr will contribute to the palace as well."

With the general direction settled, Thalos left the details to the professionals—no way he'd let these muscle-brained beings dictate the architecture.

From the lower realms, he summoned 9,999 craftsmen of all races, and had giants assist. After a full year, three magnificent buildings now stood atop Asgard's highest mountain.

When mortals crossed the rainbow bridge into Asgard, the first thing they saw was the golden palace.

From afar, it appeared to float in the sky—but in truth, its towering staircase was simply hidden by the clouds around the peak.

A 300-meter-tall palace, supported internally by the same ash wood as the World Tree. Each beam was plated in 10 cm of gold, giving it the appearance of a golden pipe organ shaped like a low, wide pyramid.

Through the fifty-meter-tall pure gold gates, visitors would first behold a grand central hall with a 100-meter-high ceiling. Even with a hundred giants drinking and feasting inside, it would never feel crowded.

Currently, only a few thrones occupied the space—seats for the Aesir gods, and a handful of honored giants.

Enormous silver braziers hung from the vaulted ceiling, each filled with Surtr's blood essence. These self-burning flames would last a hundred years before going out, and could be recharged at Muspelheim.

Thanks to this everlasting fire, the palace interior was always as bright as day.

The surrounding walls, forged entirely from gold, would in time be carved with bas-reliefs—depicting Thalos's slaying of the two primeval giants, and future wars worthy of legend.

This dazzling palace was the fabled Gladsheim, known simply as the Golden Hall—the Aesir's primary council chamber.

To the right stood the Silver Hall, where Thalos would place his throne.

And to the left—Valhalla, the hall where mortal warriors would be selected as einherjar.

Its rafters hung with spear shafts, its rooftop tiled with giant-sized, gold-edged shields.

The structure had 540 doors, each capable of allowing 800 mortals to pass through at once.

Beyond its banquet-ready central hall and combat arenas, Valhalla spanned three massive levels, each tall enough for a twenty-meter-tall giant to walk freely.

But the most striking feature?

At Valhalla's front gate stood two enormous weapons: Surtr's Flame Sword, and Ymir's crude stone axe.

These relics of the primeval giants needed no explanation—the elemental auras they emitted were visible to the naked eye. And should anyone foolish enough reach out to touch them, the wrath, flame, or frost sealed within would be the least of their worries—the residual grudges of the slain titans alone were enough to make an ordinary soul shatter from terror.



