

# I AM THALOS, ODIN'S OLDER BROTHER

## Chapter 22: You Won't Even Call Me "Your Majesty"

Day after day, year after year, the giant cow Auðumbra continued to lick the massive block of ice.

It was so unique that it was hard to say whether it truly existed in this world. It seemed more like a projection from another dimension cast into this one—impervious to any form of attack from this realm, yet still tangible to the touch.

The glacier it licked was much the same.

Thalos had once secretly attempted to destroy the glacier. He failed.

The glacier existed in a spatial rift—utterly indestructible.

Together, the cow and the glacier functioned like a timed capsule. Aside from Thalos, no one else knew what it would release next.

The first it licked out was Ymir, the second was Buri, the first-generation god of the Aesir.

So what would the third be?

Even Thalos didn't know the exact sequence or what kind of being would emerge next.

After all, the accounts in the \*Prose Edda\* and \*Poetic Edda\* often conflicted, containing artistic flourishes or edits by non-believers.

For instance, there's a version in which there are three Norse war gods—Thor, Odin, and Tyr—and they're not even father and sons. In that version, Thor is the chief god.

This time, things were a bit startling: the cow licked out over a dozen frost giants.

The female giant Grid, assigned to monitor Auðumbla, quickly reported this to Thalos. He sent Odin and Loki to handle it—if they could talk them down, great.

Predictably, those frost giants went berserk, wanting to launch a grand revenge against the Aesir for the killing of their forefather Ymir. And predictably, they died a grand death.

Thanks to Thalos swiftly having Odin kill the exiled giant couple in Jotunheim long ago, there were no other giants in the region opposing the Aesir.

But with the cow continuing to lick new things into being, the atmosphere felt like a storm was brewing.

Every time it opened its "box," no one knew whether it would be a box of horror or a box of delight.

The massive, single-celled creature that was Auðumbla kept licking away at the ice.

That day, after a sheet of ice fell away, a giant humanoid figure gradually became clearer.

When the cow's thick tongue reached a certain point, platinum-colored light suddenly lit up beneath the ice from mysterious engravings on the rectangular platform where the figure lay. These glowing lines spread out, illuminating the entire platform in a soft, milky glow.

The ice began to light up. With a series of cracking sounds, the outer layer of ice on the figure fractured like a shell of crystallized sugar and fell away easily.

Auðumbla immediately lost interest in the figure and began licking elsewhere.

Then, a five-meter-tall red-haired man suddenly leapt to his feet, frost and snow scattering from his body like falling leaves, revealing a pale and muscular physique.

He opened his eyes—sharp and fierce like a hawk's. A breeze seemed to flow from his chiseled, rock-like face, causing his fiery red, ear-length hair to flutter without wind.

Stretching his bull-like neck, he immediately reached into the ice, pulled out a longbow crafted from unknown wood, and drew an arrow, aiming it at the female giant watching him from a distant icy cliff.

Caution! Threat!

He was slightly surprised when the massive giantess made no move to attack. Instead, she called out in fluent Aesir tongue, "Aesir tribe?"

"You are..." the god replied, relaxing his bowstring slightly.

"By order of Aesir God-King Thalos Borson, I am to watch over this place."

"Thalos? Borson?" The unfamiliar names and surname brought confusion to the man's face, but the title \*God-King of the Aesir\* made him lower his hand and put the arrow away. "Where can I find him?"

The giantess pointed toward a nearby brilliantly colored rainbow. "Follow the Bifröst, and you'll find your answer!"

"Understood!"

Having just awakened from a frozen stasis, he had far too many questions. But in this unfamiliar world, the existence of a nation built by his kin was the best news he could've hoped for.

The sight of this new world intrigued him, especially once he stepped onto the Bifröst. The intense acceleration nearly made him lose composure.

Everything around him blurred into streaks of color. In just a blink, he reached the end of the Rainbow Bridge in Asgard.

He was startled.

The first thing he saw were four massive, bloodshot eyes—two red, two white. Clearly, they belonged to two enormously sized giants.

Fortunately, only the eyes remained.

He had no doubt: if the Rainbow Bridge's guardian merely willed it, those terrifying eyeballs could unleash devastating energy and erase him from existence.

Standing in the middle of the rainbow-hued bridge was a burly and handsome Aesir god clad in ornate golden chainmail, leaning on a giant battle axe.

The red-haired man introduced himself: "I am Jor."

The other man seemed a little stiff. No—cautious was more like it. It took him a full three seconds to reply: "I'm Vili Borson."

Borson again?

Jor raised an eyebrow. This Aesir didn't seem to be of pure blood—his hair color gave it away.

Jor had countless questions, but before he could ask more, Vili stepped aside and pointed toward Valhalla.

Jor understood the gesture. "Thank you!"

As the two passed each other, Jor thought, \*Now that's a proper guardian god!\*

Little did he know, that brief exchange had nearly exhausted Vili's brainpower. All he remembered was his older brother's strict instruction—if the other party attacked, unleash the four eyeballs. If the other party didn't, no matter what they said, just point toward Valhalla.

Jor crossed the Rainbow Bridge and officially stepped onto the land of Valhalla, overwhelmed by a surreal feeling.

He saw stout and stubby dwarves, elves with light wings dancing in the air, and many humans who resembled Aesir but stood under two meters tall. The houses along the main road were mostly longhouses, a very familiar style to him.

People were astonished by Jor's arrival but still bowed respectfully to him.

A wave of pride surged in Jor's chest. \*This... this is the city of our Aesir!\*



Before he had walked far, a squad of golden-armored human guards arrived to escort him to Valhalla.

There, he met the God-King Thalos, along with Bor and several other compatriots.

Among the many gods and giants, the only one Jor took an immediate liking to was Bor—the only one of pure Aesir blood.

After brief introductions, Jor suppressed his temper and performed a traditional Aesir salute: striking his left fist against his chest. But he directed the salute only toward Bor. "Jor greets his kin."

Jor?

Who?!

Thalos frowned slightly. This was clearly an obscure god. Not only had he never heard of him in any movie, TV show, or media before his transmigration, but he was also certain Jor had played no part in \*Ragnarök\*.

In other words, this guy was unlucky—probably someone who died early during the war with the Vanir gods.

Heh. You won't even call me "Your Majesty."

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