

I AM THALOS, ODIN'S OLDER BROTHER

Chapter 23: My Son is Four and Can Really Fight

How do you offend everyone in a grand hall with a single sentence?

Jor personally demonstrated it.

With just a few words, Jor revealed that, as a member of the Aesir, he didn't recognize Thalos as the God-King!

Once that sank in, the hall was instantly stirred into a commotion.

Everyone looked around with growing anger on their faces.

How could they tolerate this?

Bor, initially filled with joy at meeting a fellow tribesman, had his delight wiped out by this man's arrogant statement. His hair bristled with fury as he loudly refuted, "Are you saying you don't recognize my son as the God-King? Do you know how much effort and blood we've sacrificed for this world? It was only by working together to slay two progenitors of the giants that we earned the world's recognition!"

Jor wasn't listening. "I'll only join a nation of my pure-blooded kin!"

Odin's muscles swelled with tension, his hand already on his weapon. Jor's words didn't just reject giant bloodlines—they repudiated the legitimacy of granting giants status at all, and essentially called for the destruction of the entire foundation of the Aesir realm.

That was a slap in the face to all third- and fourth-generation gods, as well as every giant in the room.

The giants rose collectively in rage. Odin, rarely this furious, shouted, "Madman! Take back those words, or I'll challenge you to a duel!"

"A duel?" Jor sneered, raising his divine war bow. "I only duel with the strongest!"

His eyes locked onto Thalos, seated on the throne of the God-King.

At that moment, Thalos laughed—loudly. "Oh, my foolish brother..."

That opening made Odin's expression twitch.

Why do I always get dragged into this?!

Thalos ignored Odin's aggrieved glance, staring at Jor with a cold, mocking smile. "You think you can rule us with the method you've envisioned? Fine. Come charging in from the Bifrost, defeat us all. Then you can have this throne. What do I care?"

Jor's expression shifted—his scheme had been seen through.

Unwilling to rely on outright violence to force submission, he'd tried to leverage his pure-blood lineage as a shortcut. But that was the fatal flaw in his plan.

To be fair, that trick might have worked well among the Aesir. Strength was respected, and new powerhouses challenging those above wasn't unprecedented.

Who would've expected Thalos to be immune?

No—even defeating Odin could've left Jor with a path forward. After all, Odin was Thalos's younger brother; beating him would've given Jor an excuse to escalate the challenge.

But Thalos wasn't playing by the usual rules.

Thalos's sneer grew. "You want to challenge me on the basis of shared blood? Fine. This is my son. He's four years old. He'll be your opponent."

This time, it was Jor's face that turned pale.

Not only had his plot to provoke Thalos into a direct challenge been seen through, but now he was being pitted against a fourth-generation god—a child? That wasn't just a denial; it was outright humiliation!

Just as he was about to protest, a towering figure—six meters tall—rushed out. The boy was absurdly strong and chiseled with muscles. Apart from his beardless chin, nothing about him suggested he was a child.

"I'm Thor! I'm coming!"

Thor, the God of Thunder, was born with a fiery temper. Aside from Thalos and Odin, no one could control him.

He didn't sneak attack either. With a loud shout, he launched his assault.

Such an attack, especially from a minor, wasn't considered breaking the rules.

After all, Jor was a fully grown god. Couldn't he show a little leniency to a kid?

"No, I—" Jor didn't want to fight Thor.

Beating Thor would only prove he could defeat a child.

Losing?

Even worse.

He wouldn't even qualify to sit at the kids' table!

Jor was furious—but he didn't expect this "kid" to be so terrifyingly strong.

Thor roared, his muscles expanding as he raised his short-handled, square-headed hammer. A massive bolt of lightning shot through the window of Valhalla and gathered at the hammer's head.

In the blink of an eye, Thor brought the hammer crashing down.

Jor narrowly dodged with all his might.

The blow struck the arena floor—hard as diamond—and shattered it instantly. The spot where Jor had just stood sank deeply, leaving behind terrifying cracks.

Thunder roared. The swirling wind elementals seemed to chant a hymn of lightning.

Thor, gaining momentum, didn't relent. He swung Mjölnir furiously, chasing Jor down with relentless blows. The tiles of the arena crumbled layer by layer, and a pit the size of half the field formed beneath them.

Jor did retaliate, but his arrows were disintegrated mid-air by the lightning, scattering harmlessly.

He was losing it.

What **was** this kid?

Giants were known for brute strength, but since when did they possess this kind of agility and elemental mastery?

Engulfed in rolling thunder, Jor lost himself. Lightning blinded his vision, and Thor's unrelenting storm of attacks left him gasping for air.

Sure, Jor had outstanding archery skills—but any archer who couldn't handle melee was not a true archer.

And in melee? He was losing **badly**.

Thor's combat skills were rough and unrefined, but his overwhelming physical strength made up for everything. He possessed a beauty known as ***raw power***.

Poor Jor was completely overpowered.

"Clang! Clang! Clang!" He drew his longsword to block Mjölnir, but after countless clashes, he went numb.

Then—*clang!*—his sword was knocked from his hands. He dropped to the ground, sitting hard.

Just as he thought Thor would smash his head in with the next swing, a sharp voice rang out from the throne: "Thor! That's enough!"

"Huh? That's it?" Thor was still excited, clearly wanting more.

He wasn't alone. His brothers Tyr and Víðarr looked just as eager to jump in.

Jor sat in despair, lips tightly pressed, turning his stiff neck toward the high-seated god.

Thalos, wearing a kindly expression, winked. "Is Thor too much for you? How about my son Tyr? He's three and a half!"

The moment he said that, all of Valhalla burst into laughter.

"Hahaha!"

"Hahahaha! He doesn't even qualify for the kids' table!"

A fully fledged Aesir god, beaten by a four-year-old brat. Even if the Aesir matured early and had advanced physiques, it was still utterly humiliating.

Jor's face flushed red, then turned green. He said nothing.

Thalos raised a hand, and after a few more seconds of chuckling, the hall quieted down.

"Jor, for now, I'll still treat you as kin. If you still consider yourself Aesir, you can go replace my brother Vili as the gatekeeper of the Bifrost. If you can't accept that—do as you please."

Let's not forget—new frost giants were constantly being born in this world. Most would instinctively attack any member of the Aesir they encountered.

Knowing that, the Bifrost got itself a new guardian—Jor, the Bow God.

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