

# I AM THALOS, ODIN'S OLDER BROTHER

## Chapter 3: The Inevitable Battle

It's worth noting that most male frost giants are eyesores—ugly enough to ruin the view. Loki, despite being a pure-blooded giant, was clearly a mutation.

His two brothers, Helblindi and Býleistr, grew to eight meters tall while still very young, grotesque in appearance, their facial features out of proportion, and with prominent bone spikes around their cheekbones and other parts of the face. They looked almost like carbon copies of their father, Farbauti.

Loki, on the other hand, was nothing like them. He had a handsome face, an elegant presence inherited from his mother Laufey. Interestingly, he was around the same height as the four main male members of the Aesir—roughly five meters tall.

No matter the world, if the dominant species looks human, aesthetic standards tend to converge.

What's more, when Loki wasn't being troublesome, he was a naturally charismatic guy, great at lifting the mood.

While Bestla was chatting with her sister, Loki went over to find Thalos and his two brothers.

The future god of mischief already had a flair for trickery. As soon as he arrived, he cheerfully greeted his three cousins.

"Yo! We're gonna be best bros, right?" Loki placed his left hand behind his back and raised his right palm, smoothly conjuring a spiked ice club—a clear display of frost element control.

Well played. That was very "frost giant."

After all, in the world of Ginnungagap, strength ruled. This little performance was likely Loki's way of showing courage.

Against an enemy, it was a solid flex. But when done to relatives... it was a little off.

Then, with a flick of his wrist, Loki transformed the club into a giant phallic sculpture.

Okay. That was definitely a prank!

The Aesir gods, unlike humans, matured quickly. At this point, Thalos and his brothers were in the prime of their young manhood.

Thalos responded with a flat "Oh." Odin and Vili, however, instantly wore the classic lecherous grins of adolescent males.

Odin beamed, "Loki, huh? Stick with me from now on!"

Thus, Thalos and his brothers accepted Loki as their tag-along little cousin.

Years passed, and the three Aesir brothers all grew into tall, handsome warriors, with rugged, masculine faces that made Loki seethe with envy.

Having grown up alongside them, Loki, for some reason, began to develop a slightly androgynous look.

Thalos could clearly sense a certain sly, chaotic aura around Loki—almost as if mischief was his destiny.

As a transmigrator, Thalos understood the importance of diplomacy. The Aesir tribe was still tiny, with barely a handful of members, while outside the frost giants numbered in the hundreds. Against such overwhelming odds, the only smart move was to unite any force that could be united to resist the greater threat.

Thalos stayed quiet and continued to care for his two brothers.

Bor and Bestla never had a fourth child. Thalos figured he might have taken the place of the third son from the myths—Vé.

In the original mythology, Vé wasn't particularly powerful. But more importantly, when the world gives birth to new gods, there's usually an unspoken quota.

If a specific domain is already occupied by a god, the world won't create another one in that domain to avoid splitting divine power.

Bor was a pure physical-type deity. Though incredibly strong, he inherited no knowledge of divine or elemental power from the progenitor god. This lack meant that under normal circumstances, his sons—Odin, Vili, and Vé—would have grown up as brute-force types only.

But Thalos was different.

Even though this world's evolution hadn't reached its next stage, he could already sense the changes coming.

Why? Because Ymir, the frost giant progenitor, had spawned far too many giants.

Ymir's asexual reproduction was absurd enough. Then giants started mating with each other, producing even more offspring. The most direct result? A food shortage.

The world of Ginnungagap had no sunlight. Under eternal night, there was only a limited number of herbivores and carnivores. Feeding hundreds of giants was bound to get harder and harder.

That's how the food chain works: if the lower levels can't support it, predators at the top can't stay full.

Even though Bor and Bestla deliberately avoided expanding their hunting grounds, more and more wild giants were entering Aesir territory.

For those brain-dead brutes, communication was usually pointless.

Clashes became inevitable—and increasingly frequent.

Bor, though a quiet and stoic father, was not indifferent to the rising threat.

Likewise, the giant tribes feared the Aesir.

To them, Bor's sons Odin and Vili might not be as versatile as Thalos, but they could still rip a giant apart barehanded.

If the third generation of the Aesir was already this strong, wouldn't the fourth be even more terrifying?

Years of accumulated resentment, suspicion, jealousy, and now fear eventually pushed the frost giants to convince their progenitor, Ymir, to take action.

This intel reached the Aesir via two frost giant traitors—Farbauti and Laufey.

In a small mountain valley, Bor's family and Farbauti's family sat together.

Their enormous bodies formed a barrier, shielding them from the wind, snow, and fear.

Everyone first looked to Bor. As the current king of the Aesir, Bor remained the strongest. When enlarged, he could hurl a thousand-ton boulder and crush an average giant with ease.

Feeling the intense gaze from his kin and juniors, Bor shook his head and asked, "I'm not the brightest. Does anyone have a better idea?"

Odin couldn't wait to speak up. "Father, why don't you hold off the common giants, and the three of us sneak in and ambush Ymir?"

Bor blinked.

Of course he knew this was a high-risk plan.

But in a direct confrontation, even with Laufey's family helping, their numbers were too few. They'd eventually be overwhelmed by the giant horde. Still, Odin's brilliant strategy essentially meant putting the greatest danger on Bor's shoulders.

Facing that many giants, even if Bor survived, he'd be crippled.

Bor was the kind of silent, dutiful father who took on all responsibilities without complaint.

Other sons might scheme for money. His son? For his life.

Even so, he nearly agreed on the spot.

That's when Thalos suddenly spoke: "My foolish brother! Can't you come up with a better plan?"

Odin was momentarily speechless. "Big Brother, you—"

Bor pointed. "Thalos. You say something."

Farbauti's family was slightly surprised by Thalos's interruption, but quickly perked up and listened closely.

Thalos's intelligence was in a league of its own among both gods and giants. He didn't just control frost elements—he was full of strange and brilliant ideas that constantly exceeded everyone's expectations.

Over the years, everyone had grown somewhat blindly loyal to him.

Thalos sighed softly.

Just as animals can never understand how humans kill them from a distance with thrown weapons, the giants and even so-called gods, raised in this barbaric and ignorant age.

Even gods needed enlightenment.

Clearly, until Odin drank from the fabled Well of Wisdom, his intelligence would continue to be... impressive, in the worst way.

And this plan? It was basically selling out their old man.

Thalos couldn't accept that.