

I AM THALOS, ODIN'S OLDER BROTHER

Chapter 6: We Are the Future

Bor had never felt such confidence.

And it was all thanks to his good son, Thalos!

All around him, the giants who might've once overwhelmed him through sheer numbers were now struggling just to move—flailing helplessly in the icy, slush-filled waters that had flooded the basin like a muddy trap.

Some, especially those unlucky enough to have been caught in the basin's lowest points, had their skulls smashed in the instant the ice-laden floodwaters came crashing down.

Not one of the giants at the basin's center escaped unscathed.

They had never encountered such a furious "sea" of water—and certainly had no idea how to swim.

These behemoths, each as tall as a six- or seven-story building, thrashed hopelessly in waters deep enough to drown them. Freezing water rushed into their mouths and nostrils, cutting off their breath. Every attempt to scream or cry out only made them swallow more water.

Only a handful of them managed to claw their way, soaked and shivering, toward Bor.

But even that was temporary. The icy water, under Ginnungagap's eternal winter, had already begun to refreeze, creating a terrain even worse than a swamp. Climbing out might not be impossible, but it certainly wouldn't happen quickly.

For now, Bor had only seven or eight giants who could still reach him.

The one he'd just obliterated had been the closest.

He still heard his good son's words echoing in his ears:

"Father, conserve your strength. Once you're done with these filthy giants, you might need to come help us."

Bor's heart blazed with pride and purpose. Thalos—what a thoughtful son!

Unlike that reckless brat Odin, always demanding Bor throw his life away!

No wonder Thalos kept calling him "my foolish brother." Odin really was too foolish. The Aesir could never be entrusted to him.

In a burst of battle-fueled vigor, Bor grabbed another slightly smaller stone and hurled it at the next grotesque, snarling giant charging his way.

Fwoosh—

The male giant wasn't completely clueless—he tried to raise his club to swat the stone aside.

Not a chance.

With a sickening crack, the impact snapped the giant's right arm. Worse still, the stone—still surging with leftover force—slammed into his chest like a cannonball.

"RAAGH!"

With a pitiful scream, the giant was blasted ten meters back. When the stone shattered, his once-massive chest had caved in grotesquely. He landed with a thunderous crash, flattening over a dozen thick pines—each so wide that two people couldn't wrap their arms around one.

Even without medical knowledge, Bor could tell the poor bastard's ribs were completely destroyed and his organs pulverized. The giant was done for.

Without wasting another glance, Bor tightened the veins bulging on his arms, picked up a third rock, and hurled it toward his next target.

Beside him, over two hundred stones had been pre-stacked. They were his deadliest weapons.

And until he used them all, no giant would get close to him.

The sight of Bor repeatedly smashing giants to death with nothing but boulders was so overwhelming that even the giants on his own side—Bestla and the others—were momentarily stunned.

This didn't feel like a life-or-death battle.

This wasn't even a fair fight.

At this point, it didn't even qualify as hunting!

Bestla shouted with fanatical pride:

"DO YOU SEE THAT? DO YOU SEE THAT? THAT'S MY SON THALOS'S PLAN!"

Behind her towering figure, the eyes of over a dozen female giants sparkled with admiration.

Female giants had always instinctively revered strength.

Bor was already their type—strong, rugged, fierce.

But Thalos? Stronger and smarter?

The comparison was fatal. Looking at those slobbering, lopsided idiots being picked off like flies by Bor, the last shred of guilt those giantesses felt about betraying their kin disappeared completely.

In this savage world, strength and beauty weren't just attractive—they were everything.

And the Aesir had both.

"Sisters! Let's join the fight! Support Lord Bor!"

"OOOH!!"

Led by Bestla, the female giants climbed the mountain beside Bor's choke point and began launching the pre-stacked boulders down at the enemy.

Their throws lacked Bor's raw power, but stones the size of oil barrels, hurled from tens of meters above, could still do horrifying damage.

At best, broken arms and legs.

At worst—instant death via skull-cracking impact.

This woman-led meteor shower sealed the fate of these trapped giants.

Elsewhere, Laufey had already regrouped with her husband Farbauti and their two sons. Together, they joined in the high-ground assault, bombarding the giants trapped in the basin.

"WOOOOOOO——WOOOOOOO——WOOOOOOO——"

The deep, long cry of the horn echoed across the battlefield. The sound cut through the freezing wind and carried far, far away.

Odin heard it and cheered: "Big Brother! Your plan worked!"

Even the always-blank-faced Vili broke into a big, dumb smile.

Thalos's lips curled slightly. "Now it's our war."

Yes.

Our war.

That single line lit a fire in Odin's heart.

The three brothers broke into a run, taking a wide path that led toward the enormous figure looming in the distance.

Ymir—the progenitor of the frost giants—was far, far too massive.

A hundred meters tall. Over thirty stories high.

Even from ten kilometers away, he was clearly visible. They could see the wing-like, jagged shoulder blades protruding from his back... the cruel spikes jutting from his elbows... the strange, exposed rib-tips on his chest... the feet wide enough to flatten an elephant in one step...

No matter how many times Thalos had spied on him from afar, no matter how much he studied Ymir's terrifying scale, standing close still made the sight feel unreal.

He could already imagine how the Aesir would one day describe this battle in their epics:

"When the mighty god-king rose with waves of frozen wrath, wielding mountains like weapons and sweeping away the frost giant horde, he at last stood before the final enemy—his destined rival, the progenitor himself. Ymir... he was no longer just a giant. Ymir was a mountain of ice."

Yes.

A mountain of ice.

The wind howled, icy and sharp.

The closer they got, the colder it became.

Each breath Ymir took unleashed a frost-laden exhale, lowering the temperature around his mouth and nose by at least ten degrees.

In another world, he would have surely borne the title of Titan.

Even doing nothing, Ymir was a living mountain—a wall between the Aesir and victory. Though only a kilometer remained, it felt like the distance stretched beyond the ends of the earth.

Even now, with one whole kilometer between them, Odin's courage wavered.

"Big Brother! Can we really take on this world's ultimate creation?" he asked, voice trembling just slightly.

"The world's creation? Maybe," Thalos said with a scoff, then his tone sharpened:

"But I've always said—we, the Aesir, are the future of this world.

Everything tied to those foolish giants will vanish into the river of history.

Now—it's time to prove it!"