

# I AM THALOS, ODIN'S OLDER BROTHER

## Chapter 7: Shattering the Giants' Rule

Odin's chest burned with emotion as he looked at his elder brother Thalos with deep respect.

Though all of them stood at just over five meters tall, in Odin's eyes, his big brother now seemed like a true giant. That broad, towering figure—it was immense.

This difference struck Odin to his core. What separated them wasn't just intelligence—it was something deeper. A gap in realm, in spirit.

Thalos's dark eyes gazed into the distance with such profound clarity that Odin felt completely humbled.

He had never considered himself inferior. Compared to their dull-witted third brother Vili, Odin had always believed he was clever—at least smarter than

any frost giant. In his quietest moments, he often wondered: If I were the firstborn, would the Aesir be better off under my rule after Father fades away?

But now, standing before this towering enemy, that fantasy vanished. He couldn't even come close to Thalos.

And that made Odin both frustrated and relieved.

Frustrated that he couldn't match his brother, yet relieved—because in this moment of dread and confusion, Thalos radiated leadership. He was the guiding star, not just for him, but for the entire Aesir alliance.

"Big Brother," Odin said, "You tell us how to fight, and we'll do it."

Even as he said it, a flicker of fear still shone in his eyes.

Thalos caught it and sighed internally.

Whether in films, television, or even the Poetic Edda, people never held back in their praise of Odin. But in truth, Odin's flaws were so glaring that no amount of myth could wash them clean.

He was too indecisive, always leaving loose ends behind. Never clean, never direct.

Almost every reckless choice he made in his early years would one day come back to bite him.

"My foolish brother," Thalos said gently, "Did you really think I'd let you throw your life away?"

"Uh... n-no." Caught in the act, Odin's pale face turned crimson.

"Vili!" Thalos turned. "You'll transform first. Draw Ymir's attention. Once he attacks you, Odin, you'll strike—just disrupt his swing. You don't need to hurt him, just make him miss."

Vili blinked slowly, then nodded. He understood the word "transform," at least.

Odin replied, "Got it. And you, Big Brother?"

"I'll take away Ymir's ability to fight," Thalos said, a flash of cold light in his eyes. "Vili, run when I say run."

"Okayyy—" Vili answered with a long, slow drawl.

Even Bor often sighed over Vili.

Thalos, his firstborn, was a brilliant anomaly—even smarter than Bor himself.

Odin was a mix of Bor's strength and Bestla's cleverness.

But Vili, tall and handsome as he was, had inherited the brains of an average male frost giant. It was Bor's eternal heartbreak.

Vili did have one redeeming trait: he obeyed his brothers absolutely.

And when Thalos and Odin gave conflicting orders, he'd always follow Thalos.

Moments later, Thalos shouted, "Go!"

Vili instantly expanded to twenty meters tall. Raising his already massive battle axe, he roared and charged toward the progenitor of frost giants.

"AAAAAAAH!"

Vili's roar echoed like that of a charging lion, reckless and fearless as he hurled himself alone at the towering figure ahead.

The size difference was absurd.

To Odin, it looked like a frost wolf pup barking at a mountain.

But even so, Vili charged with a raw purity and courage Odin knew he couldn't match.

Even when facing a fist from Ymir that loomed like a mountain, Vili didn't hesitate.

It was like watching an ant defy an elephant.

Ymir crouched and threw a punch that unleashed a storm of freezing wind and snow. In the instant before that icy tempest slammed into Vili, Odin moved.

"RAAH!"

He rose from behind a snow-covered cedar, spear in hand—a long, sharp weapon carved from iron birch. With impeccable aim, Odin hurled it at Ymir's descending right arm.

Success!

The five-meter-tall "midget" god had just tricked the progenitor of frost giants. With one well-timed ambush, Odin struck true.

Blood sprayed violently!

Ymir's blue, toxic blood burst from his arm like a geyser, melting and corroding a field the size of a stadium beneath.

"AAARRRGHHH!" Ymir's cry of pain was earth-shattering.

His roar blew apart the thick clouds above, leaving the sky eerily clear.

Odin vanished, sprinting behind the cover of cedar trees before Ymir could retaliate.

The enraged giant swung his massive hand, toppling dozens of twenty-meter trees like brittle sticks. The land was devastated in an instant.

"LITTLE INSECT!" Ymir's voice boomed, so loud it tore through clouds and echoed across the battlefield.

He roared again in fury—only to pause mid-shout.

He hadn't expected a third attacker.

Near his left foot, the blizzard's chaotic winds had suddenly turned orderly. Snow spiraled into a clockwise cyclone.

The atmosphere trembled. The storm resonated.

And there, standing only five meters tall, was Thalos—his right hand raised, summoning an immense mass of frost from every direction.

Snowflakes that once danced wildly now gathered, forming a glowing orb in his palm.

Yes, Ymir was powerful.

But now, he faced something even greater: a god who ruled the elements—the destined Third-Generation King of the Aesir.

Thalos grabbed the swelling sphere of snow and shaped it with both hands. In mere seconds, it extended and hardened into a forty-meter-long blade of pure ice.

Then it got worse for Ymir.

The sky blackened.

A massive thundercloud formed overhead.

In the span of two breaths, a ten-meter-wide bolt of lightning crashed down from the heavens, splitting the clouds from sky to ground.

Lightning—across countless parallel worlds—had always marked both civilization and destruction.

Thalos swept his left hand over the blade, coating it evenly in crackling lightning.

Then, as he transformed into a thirty-meter-tall giant, he raised his electrified blade high.

And slashed!

This slash split the world.

This slash tore open the belly of a god.

This slash—ended the reign of giants.

Ymir's agonized howl echoed through the sky, a sound of unparalleled pain, spreading far and wide across the world of Ginnungagap.

Some rejoiced.

Others trembled.

Back at Campbell Basin, every Aesir and their allies beamed with joy.

In contrast, the frost giants wore pale, lifeless expressions.

"That's the progenitor of the frost giants..."

The words echoed in different tones.

Hopeful reverence from one side—shocked horror from the other.