I AM THALOS, ODIN'S OLDER BROTHER

Chapter 9: Face Me, You Bastard!
A cold wind blew across the land. Thalos's long hair whipped about like wild
grass in a storm, yet he barely noticed. What caught his attention was far more startling: the frost elements, once so intimately responsive to him, now rebounded off his skin in invisible ripples, pushed away completely.
Thalos froze for a second.
The truth was clear—after absorbing Ymir's blood and strengthening his divine body, his elemental affinity had drastically diminished.
That was the cost of becoming stronger.
And Thalos had no regrets.

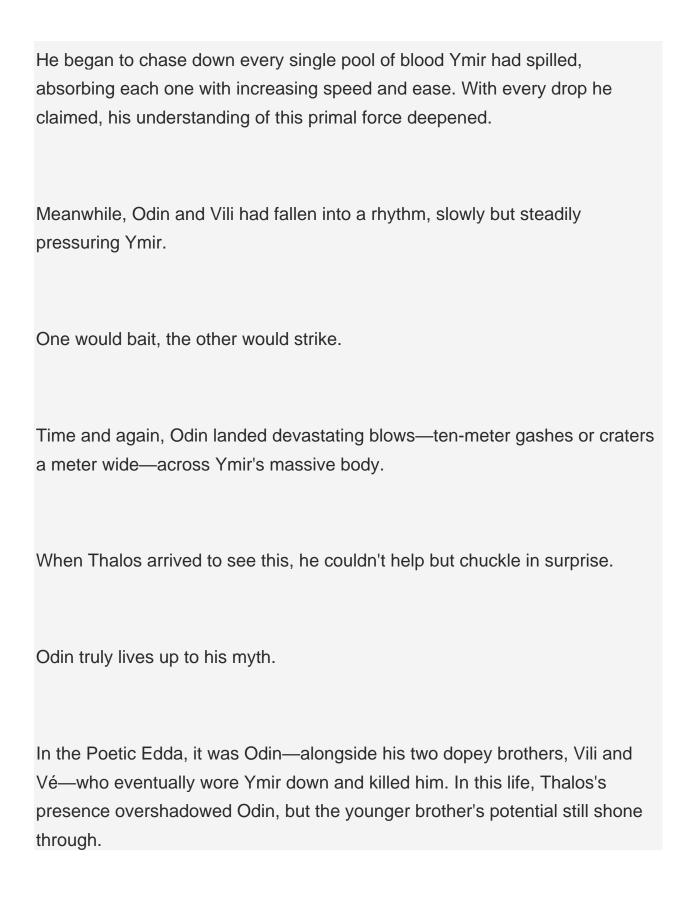
The Aesir gods who had descended into the world of Ginnungagap were little more than clumsy, oversized deities at this early stage—capable only of resizing their bodies and wielding divine strength. Nothing about them truly embodied divinity.

His elemental attunement had been a "foreign specialty," a gift he carried with him from beyond this world. Sadly, the long and grueling journey through chaos had consumed most of his original power. Otherwise, his mastery of the elements would've reached far greater heights than the half-baked level it was now.

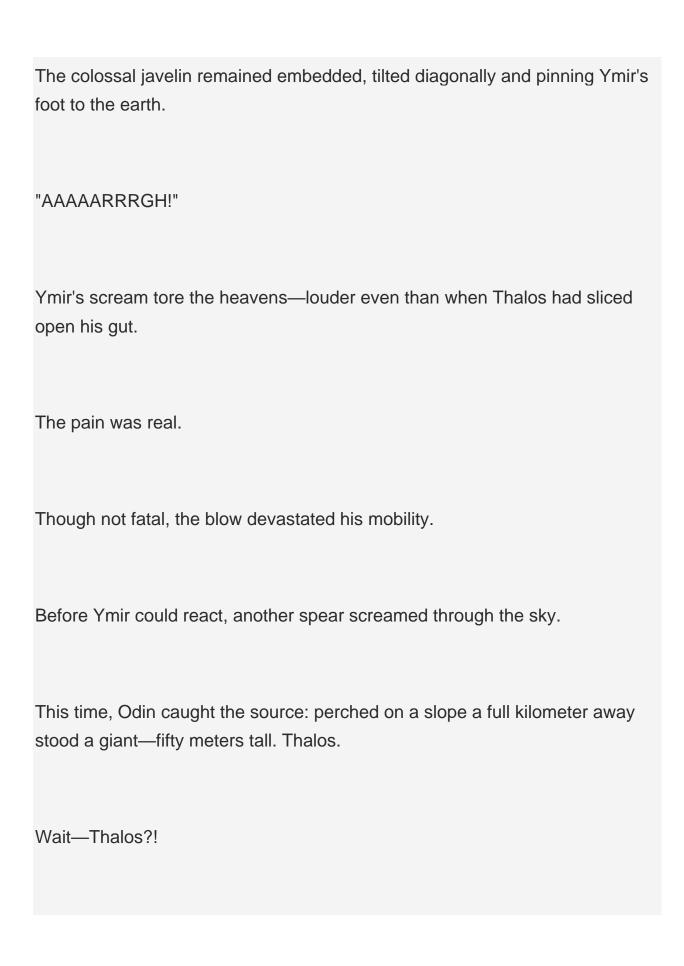
But if he had to choose, Thalos would always prefer one overwhelming talent to two weak ones.

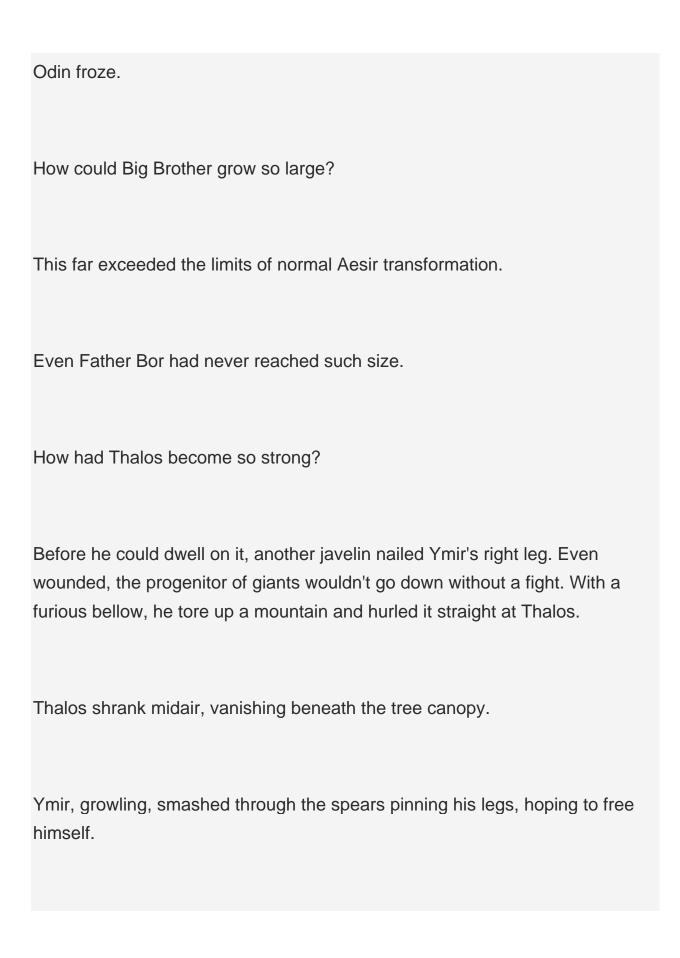
Ymir was a textbook case of wasted potential. Despite being born with terrifying power, the frost giant progenitor had no idea how to use it. Instead of mastering his gifts, he squandered them—endlessly spawning more giants through bizarre means like underarm reproduction, dumping his surplus strength into offspring instead of wielding it himself.

"Ymir," Thalos muttered, "if you won't use that power... then I will."

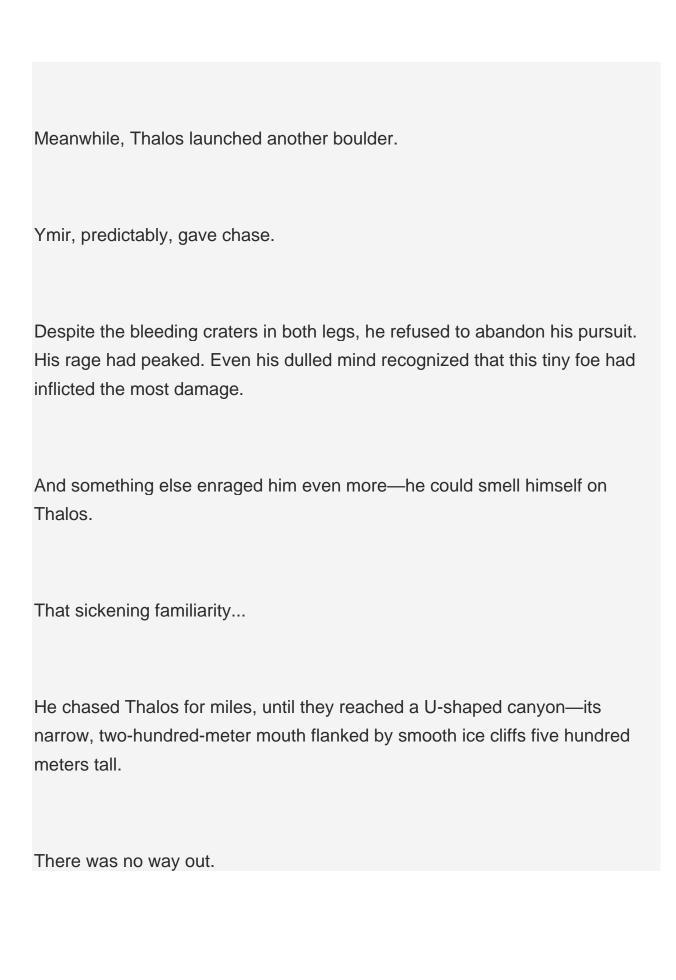


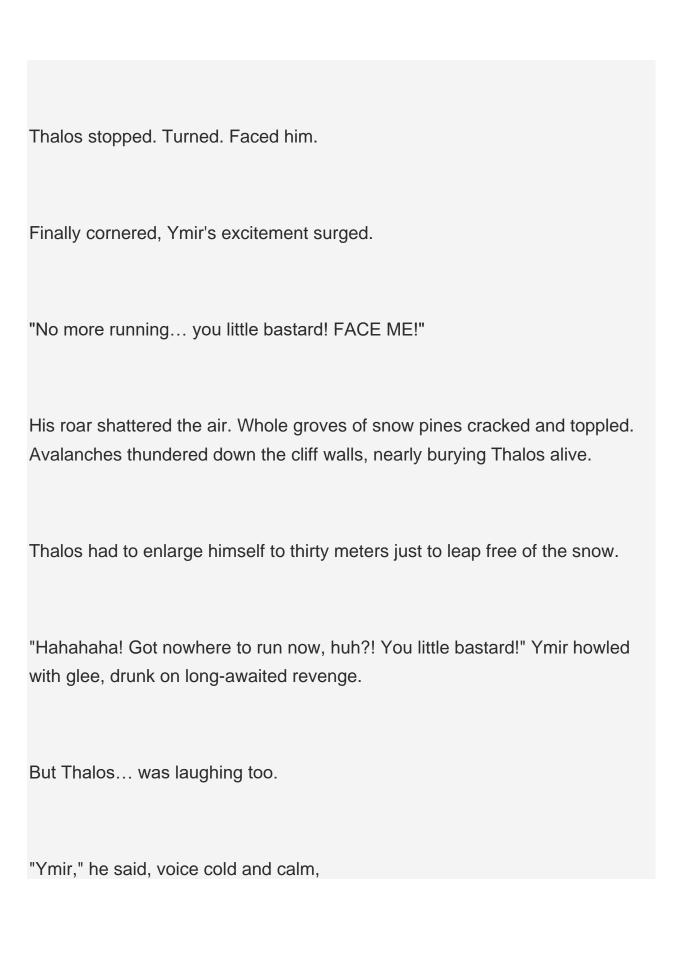
Just as Odin scored another successful hit and was about to shrink and vanish into the forest again, a massive wooden spear—forty meters long and thicker than four men could wrap their arms around—shot through the air from nowhere.
It had been expertly shaved, sharpened, and stripped of branches, resembling a colossal javelin.
What was truly frightening: Odin hadn't sensed anything until it was already flying past him.
It zipped through a narrow gap between giant trees, streaking twenty meters past his left flank before slamming directly into Ymir's left calf.
CRACK!
It pierced clean through!

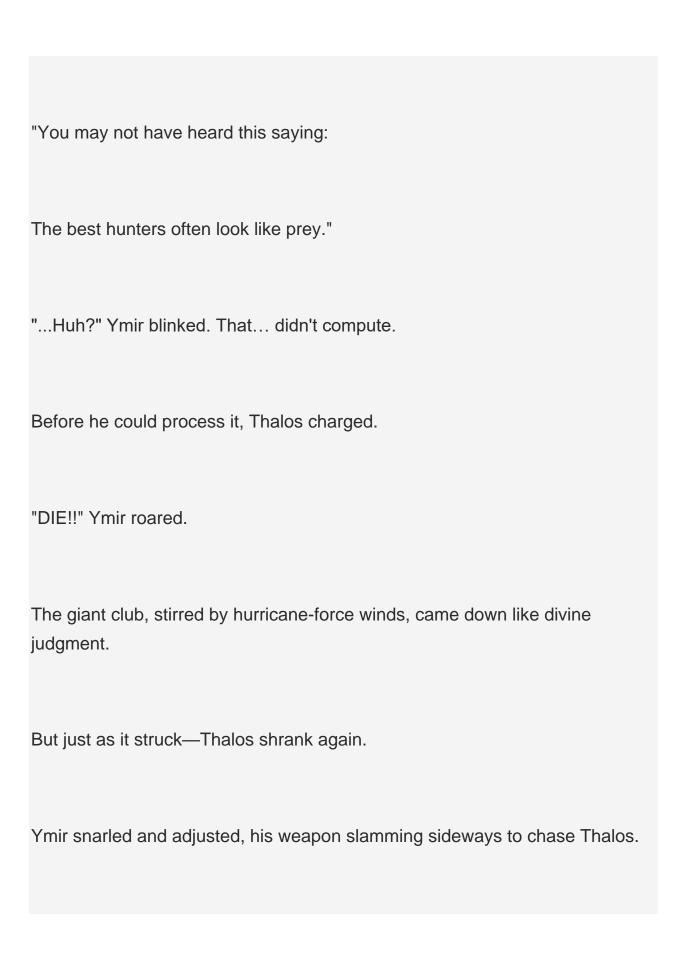




Taking advantage of the chaos, Thalos regrouped with Odin and Vili.
"Listen. I'll draw Ymir away. While he's distracted, you two—go absorb his blood! It's valuable."
Odin blinked, still stunned by his brother's size and power. "Big Brother you mean we can absorb Ymir's blood too?"
"Don't forget—our mother is a giant!"
Just imagining the benefits made Odin's blood race.
A stronger body!
Greater power!
What god could resist?
He grabbed Vili and rushed off.







He never expected what happened next.
Thalos slipped—into the gaping wound on Ymir's right leg.
"NO—"
But it was too late.
Ymir's club, following through on its swing, came crashing down—
Directly onto his own left leg.
CRACK!
The sound of bone shattering echoed through the canyon like a thunderclap.
"ААААААААААННННН!"