



Thor had come to love skateboarding. The nearest thing to the power of flight, which he'd lost with all his other immortal powers, skateboarding gave him the feeling of freedom he missed— the wind in his hair, the speed, the danger. He could almost imagine he was once more the God of Thunder, and not an 18-year-old girl.

Today, like just about every day, he had a need for that speed. Once again, he'd overslept after spending half the night on his phone, and once again he was running late for his shift at the coffee shop.

Tearing around a corner, he skidded to a halt right at the door just in time for some old dude to open it for him. "Thanks!" He said, smiling brightly, but thinking *Perv*. He couldn't believe how many old dudes had hit on him since he'd started working at SunFawn's.

The smell of fresh brewing coffee hugged Thor like an old friend as he walked into the store,

and he breathed in deeply, loving the earthy smells that reminded him, for some reason, of a frothy glass of good mead.

"Hey, Tia," one of his frenemies, Darcy, called out as he came hurrying in.

"Almost late again," the manager, Eddie, said with a wry grin.



“Almost late is not the same as late,” Thor said, with a sassy toss of his hair.

“Lucky for you.”

Eddie. He was all right, Thor thought. Of course, he had the hots for Thor, but what cis guy didn't? Eddie, at least, had the decency to control himself. Thor was getting used to the idea that every guy wanted his body now. He was young and pretty. If he'd still been a man, he would have wanted him, too.

And so, another ordinary day in the not so ordinary life of Thor, once God of Thunder, began. He made drinks, greeted customers, smiled until his cheeks hurt, talked and joked with his co-workers. It was an easy job, and an easy life, and Thor had almost gotten used to it. Almost.

He missed the excitement of his old life! The adventure!

But with this skinny little body, he knew those days were over for him unless he found some way to get his old body back. So, what did the future hold for Thor “Tia” Odinson? He had no idea. He supposed he couldn't work at the coffee shop forever, but what? Go to college? Him?

“You hitting the beach after work?” Jackson, who was a freshman in college asked, bumping into Thor's shoulder.

“Yeah,” Thor said with a shrug. He loved the beach, but he knew where Jackson was headed.

“Mind if I come with?”

“Yeah, the thing is, I need some *me* time.”

“You're always hanging out by yourself!” Jackson said. “Come on. Let's go together. Hang out. We can talk shit about Darcy.”

“Hey! I heard that!”

“You're nice and all, but I just really need to be alone.”

“Drag. You know, I promise I won't try anything. I just want to be friends.”

I promise not to try anything. The last and only boy Thor had trusted *not to try anything* had tried to kiss him within the first five minutes of their time hanging out together. It was when he realized guys and girls could not just be friends.

And he missed men! Not like a girl might miss men, but as a man who'd always loved drinking and boasting in the mead hall, the occasional fist fight. He missed going

out with a group of farting, cursing men and chasing girls in some mortal bar, the thrill of the moment when he said, “Come home with me” and she said, “Yes.”

“I think Tia is into *girls*,” Darcy said with a sneer.



“What if I am?” Thor answered, with his own sneer.

“Ladies,” Eddie said. “Not at work.”

“Fine!” Thor said, throwing his nose in the air.

“Fine!” Darcy repeated, doing the same.

Truly, as the two prettiest girls on staff at SunFawn’s, they hated each other. Of course, they also became friends, and Thor could only wonder why he’d agreed to go out with Darcy that weekend— again. It must be some female thing, he told himself. Wanting to hang out with someone so annoying. He even thought of Darcy as “She-Loki” for the way she was always trying to undermine him with her snotty comments!



Chapter Two



Thor sat on a sand dune watching the sun set. The salty air tossed his hair and caressed his smooth skin. The ocean breeze felt like silk. If he had to be a girl, he was glad he was a girl living in a beach town in California, at least. It was so beautiful here. Thor pulled out his braid and started to re-braid his hair. He found it comforting to play with his hair. Some girl thing, he supposed. His mind drifted back to the morning he'd woken up in this girl's body, with this girl's life. He smiled now to remember how he'd felt, like his life was over forever!



So dramatic.

He'd picked up the girl, Tia, at a club called ValHela on one of those outings with some of the men of Asgard. They'd gone back to her place. He should have known something was wrong. She seemed—supernatural in some way—and she had this knowing smirk. He just thought she was feeling full of herself for landing a stud like him, but she'd also talked in ways that were not common for a young woman. "You're so pretty," she had told him at one point. "You like being pretty, right?"

He'd just laughed it off, his mind really much more focused on other things—like her body. Thinking back at the sight of her long, lean legs, he winced, knowing that he now had those gorgeous legs.

Tia had been aggressive, demanding, insisted on being on top. Yes, she was a modern American girl, but still, she'd acted much like a man. It had been strange. And yet?

Was it so strange? He wondered, his slender fingers weaving his hair. Were there not women warriors in Asgard every bit as forceful in bed?

I should have known, he said again. *I should have suspected something.*

They'd gotten down to it. She'd been ferocious, eager, almost desperate. They'd been making out and then— there had been a flash, and for a split second he was looking down at himself.



And then his world went black.

He'd woken in the morning, feeling the worst hangover of his life. Rolling over, groaning, everything felt wrong. His chest— swayed, and he looked down to see a slender hand with long fingernails cupping a breast that couldn't be there.



He'd always had long hair, so that didn't register, but seeing the other changes to his body, his mind reeling at what they meant, he'd done what he supposed any man might do, and he'd reached down—

Oh, shit. No. No. No.

In the mirror— her face. Her body.

Now his.

He panicked. He tried to summon lightning. Nothing. He tried to rise from the ground, to fly as he once had— nothing. *My power, gone!* And then, the tears. He couldn't

help it. Thor, the God of Thunder, wept like the girl he'd become.

It was only later that he found her note.

It's not so bad. You'll get used to it. Oh, and your period is coming in, like, three days. Just FYI. Tampons under the sink.

Tampons, Periods?

Vanasótt kvenna? Me?

"I'm the God of Thunder!" He screamed. "I don't have periods!"

And then he started crying again.



Chapter Three

It had seemed like the end of the world. Thinking back on it now, he smiled ruefully. Had he been soooo overly dramatic, just like he would have expected from a girl. Had he already started to think and act like a girl? No. He didn't think so. He'd gone from a God, a man, to a skinny, powerless little girl. He defied anyone to suffer a similar demotion and not weep for all they'd lost.

And, yet, he was Thor, so once he cried himself out, he decided he would not take this lying down. He called to Odin. Nothing. Freya. Baldur. No one answered his shrill cries. Assuming it had to be Loki, somehow, behind this, he screamed Loki's name until he was hoarse, but no answer from his ever-scheming brother. That wasn't like Loki at all. He loved to gloat, but if not Loki, who?

Thor scoured the town, the clubs, looking for *him*. *Of course*, a lot of people remembered seeing a huge, hulking man with long blonde hair, like the model from the cover of a Romance novel. The girls, especially, recalled that stud fondly. But they'd only seen him once— a night or two ago?" And no one had seen him since.

The only thing Thor had accomplished on his search was to get half dozen guys ask him for his number, and twice at the club guys had grabbed his ass.



Forlorn, he went back to what he was starting to think of as his apartment. He checked his bank accounts. He was broke— 31 dollars and a maxed-out credit card. Tia had been living paycheck to paycheck, and now so was he. He knew of a few Asgardians who spent part of their time living on Midgard, but all the ones he knew about were in Europe. How was he supposed to get there with 31 dollars?

That night, he'd fought off the feelings of helplessness and hopelessness that threatened to overwhelm him. "I've slain giants!" He said to himself. He would find a way to raise the money, to make a connection with his people and get his body back!

He'd meant it. He would triumph! Starting tomorrow, he was so going to find a way!

That had been months ago. Somehow, he'd just put it off, lost focus? He'd gotten the job at SunFawn's— mostly, he suspected, due to his pretty face. He'd started working, and he'd had every intention of getting a second job, making enough money to buy that plane ticket.

But days had turned to weeks, had turned to months, and here he was, still just a girl, now with 53 dollars in his account, and he just couldn't seem to find the energy to do anything about it. Instead, he went to the beach with his sketchpad and journal. He worked and went out with Darcy. He fell asleep streaming NetShows, waking up to a screen that read, Are You Still Watching?

I am, he thought. *I am watching my life pass me by.*

He'd found himself thinking like a girl. Practicing with Tia's makeup. Wearing her jewelry. He'd become obsessed with social media, just like any young girl and spent hours and hours watching stupid videos, checking out what everyone was posting on TimelyGramm.

He went to a yoga class on the beach he couldn't really afford— remember, the plane ticket? But, it was just so essential.

The sun had set, and the breeze off the ocean had turned chill. Thor shivered, dug his sweatshirt out of his backpack and pulled it on. He loved the beach at night almost as much as he did during the day, but he heard shouting, a group of boys wandering along the shoreline.

Thor, a girl all alone, didn't feel safe, so he grabbed his skateboard and headed back to his cramped little apartment, wondering what he should watch tonight? Maybe the

second season of *Sunset Harbor*. He really needed to know if Zach and Mallory were going to get back together. They were so perfect together! Why couldn't they see it?

Lost in thought about the plight of his fav TV couple, Thor absently opened the door to his apartment. Shocked at what he saw, he dropped his skateboard to the floor, and it thumped and bounced and rolled across the floor.

"Get the fuck out of my apartment!" He shrieked.

There was a girl sitting there on his bed, legs curled under her. She was smiling. "It's okay!" She said. "Chill!"

"No, I'm not going to chill," Thor screamed. "Get out!"

"Thor," the girl said. "It's me."

Thor paused. There was something about her voice, the look in her eyes. "What? Who are you?"

"I'm your father," the girl said. "I'm Odin. They got me, too."



Chapter Four

“Father!” Thor had cried out, as he knew at once that this girl spoke the truth. He recognized the indomitable spirit of the great Lord of Asgard behind those big, pretty eyes. Odin and Thor had instinctively ran to hug each other, and both men had been unable to hold back the tears.

Once they’d stopped crying, they’d sat on Thor’s bed, and Odin had told his tale. Much like Thor, he’d come to Midgard looking for fun, and he’d met a girl at a club called ValHela. “The same place they got me!” Thor gasped.

Odin and the girl had started kissing in a corner at the club, and then— flash! Odin had woken on the floor of the club, surrounded by people gawking down at him. “What happened?” He’s asked, and his hand had immediately gone to his throat as he’d heard himself speak in a high, soft voice. He’d looked down at himself. Bare, shapely legs. Heels. He tugged at the hem of his tiny dress, stared in fascination at the sparkling bracelet on his slender wrist.



“You okay?” A security guard asked. “We can call an ambulance.”

“I’m— I’m okay, Odin had said, struggling to process what had happened, what he’d become, even as he struggled to stand in those stupid shoes and little dress, and when the security

man had offered a hand, Odin had ruefully taken it and allowed himself to be helped to his feet before turning and stumbling from the bar, wobbling precariously on his stilettos.

“You’re still wearing them,” Thor had said, admiring his father’s pretty shoes.

“I— somehow as I walked, it just came to me how,” Odin said. “By the time I got here, I just didn’t even notice them.”

“Lucky,” Thor said. “But, how did you find me?”

“I don’t know,” Odin said. “I was drawn here, somehow, like I knew I would find you here. Like I knew I would find my— daughter? Is it daughter now?”

“I am still your son,” Thor said with a giggle. “Daddy!”

Odin raised a slender eyebrow. “It’s going to take a while to figure all this out. Can I stay with you for a while? I don’t even know where I live.”

“Don’t you have any ID or something? I mean, of course you can stay with me. I just wondered.”

“I must’ve lost it if I ever had it,” Odin said, remembering the little black purse he’d noticed strewn on the floor as he’d run from the bar. Had Krystal been carrying a purse when he’d met her?

“Krystal,” he said out loud. “That’s my name now.”

“Krystal? My Daddy is named Krystal?”

“Well, my son is named Tia, so it kinda makes sense?”

Thor giggled. Then Odin. Soon, the two men were rolling, holding their bellies, completely and totally defeated by an overpowering giggle fit. “I have to get out of these clothes,” Odin had said, wiping a tear from his eye once the giggles had subsided. “Can I borrow some of your things?”

“Help yourself,” Thor said, thinking it was cute that he and his Dad were sharing clothes now, just like sisters.

Soon, Thor and Odin found themselves wearing flannel pajama pants and camisoles, sitting together and watching *Sunset Harbor*. Thor had started over on Season One, since his Dad hadn't seen it. Odin, much to his surprise, found himself enraptured by the soapy drama



"I can't believe I like this," Odin had said, vocalizing the words. "But it's, like, so good?"

"I know," Thor said. "You're going to find you like a lot of different things now that you're a girl," he said. "I know I have."

Odin frowned at the thought. He didn't like the notion one bit. "Can't I stop it? Like, with an act of will or something?"

"Nope." Thor paused the TV, got up and retrieved a tube of lipstick from his dressing table. "What do you think of this shade?"

Odin disdainfully took the shiny tube, pulled off the cap and— "Omigod!" He said, looking at the pearly, bubblegum pink color. "It's so pretty!"

Thor nodded. "Welcome to my world, Daddy. Get used to it."

In the morning, Thor woke to find his father sitting in the corner, painting his nails. “Hope you don’t mind,” Odin said. “One of my nails was chipped, and I just lurv this color.” He held out his hands for Thor to see.

“So pretty!” Thor said. His father had much longer nails than he did. “I’ll make us some smoothies, then I have to get to work.”

“You have a job?”

“I need one,” Thor said. “This stupid girl left me with no money at all— and this *palace*,” he said, voice dripping with sarcasm, “isn’t free.”

“I wonder if I have any money?” Odin asked, contemplating the prospect that he— *Odin*— might have to *work*?

“I doubt it,” Thor said. “But let’s hope.”

“I think I may know where Krystal’s— my— ID is,” Odin said. “I think she left her purse at the club.”

“We’ll go by after I get off work,” Thor said, excited. “Maybe there’ll be a platinum card in there, too!” He gave his father a peck on his smooth cheek and grabbed his skateboard. “Gotta run.”

“So, what does a mortal girl do with her mornings here in Midgard?” Odin asked, pulling his long braids back and throwing them over his shoulders.

“Sunset Harbor,” Thor said. “If you can get through Season One, we can start Season Two together tonight.”

“Hmmpf. You should use your time a little more practically, young lady. I think I might get on the computer and see if I can find out something— anything— about the people who stole our bodies.”

“Been there, done that,” Thor said. “But, suit yourself. I’m off. Buyee!”

“Bye, bye,” Odin said, waving his still drying fingers, irritated at the feminine inflections and mannerisms creeping into his speech. He resolved to so totally stop talking like a girl or whatever!

Once his nails had dried, Odin took Thor’s laptop and crawled onto the bed, computer in his lap. Thor had left what seemed like 20 browser windows open. He’s such a slob! Odin thought, clicking on one of the windows to close it, but his finger hovered over the keyboard as he stared at the screen— *Flirty Spring Dresses! Wow!* He

thought. *They were flirty!* Pretty and fun! He roamed around the website, window shopping, hoping he would find out he did have money because there were some dresses and shoes he had to have.

Okay. Okay. Focus, he told himself, finally finding the willpower to shrink the screen—he couldn't bring himself to close it and possibly lose all those pretty clothes forever! I need to remember who I am and what really matters, he told himself. I am Odin! Getting my body back is my number one—

Interesting. The next screen read 25 Things Only Girls Get. *What do only we get,* he wondered? He began to read. Opening a can without breaking a nail? *Yes,* he realized. *That would be dangerous! Better stick to bottles!* Wearing a short dress and dropping something. *I'll have to be careful,* he thought, never considering he might just not wear a short dress, because, *Obv.* Finding the right light to do your makeup. *So Important! Is the light here good?* The annoyance of shaving legs. Odin ran his fingers along his smooth, silky thighs. *I'll have to get used to it,* he decided. He loved being smooth, and there was no place in this world for a girl with hairy legs!

After reading a couple articles from Cosmo about dating— why he was interested in that he didn't want to think about— and then he did some more online window shopping, and then, well, Odin shut the laptop and yawned. He was exhausted! Curling up with a pillow, he decided a nice midmorning nap was just what he needed. He'd go looking for those body stealers later. He would. He swore. But right now, he was just too, too tired!

Chapter Five

“Daddy! Wake up!” Thor said, shaking his sleeping father.

“What? Who?” Odin sat up, taking in his pretty body, remembering he was a girl now and this pretty blonde was his son– daughter? “Omigod.”

“Did you just sleep all day?” Thor said, throwing a hand on his hip.

“Not all day,” Odin said, with a sheepish smile. “I did some online shopping. It’s actually pretty fun.”

“What happened to using your time more efficiently?” Thor sassed.

“Don’t get your panties in a wad,” Odin said, cringing as heard himself say it. He didn’t like his son getting so bitchy with him. “And don’t use that tone with me! I’m your father.”

Thor huffed and turned away, checking his hair in the mirror. “Well, father dearest,” he said, now letting his voice ooze with honey. “Shall we go and find your purse?”

Odin crossed his arms under his breasts. He knew what Thor was doing, reminding him he was a girl now. He almost took the bait, but sitting there in a camisole, he didn’t feel it was necessarily the really best time for him to try and assert his fatherly authority. Dealing with a teen-age daughter was going to be hard, he realized. Especially since he was a teen-age girl now, himself.

Odin went through Thor’s clothes, looking for something to wear. “Don’t you have anything less girly?” He asked, appalled at all the choices.

“Yes,’ Thor said. “There’s a suit of armor in the closet.”

“Haha.”

“Just put something on. We don’t have all day.”

Odin, holding a bra in one hand, trying to figure out how to put it on, couldn’t decide what to wear. “Can you pick something out for me?”

Thor looked at his father, bra in hand, fussing over his outfit, and smiled. Daddy wants me to dress him? How sweet. “Let’s see…” he said, determined to make Daddy wear something super cute. “Yes. I know what will be perfect for you.”

“Why is everything so small and tight?” Odin said once he’d wiggled his way into his new outfit. “And so– revealing?”

“You’ll get used to it,” Thor said. “I did.” It wouldn’t be long, he knew, before Odin got hit on by some guy, and he couldn’t wait to see Daddy’s face when it happened!



The former lords of Asgard made their way to ValHela. Like most clubs, it wasn't open until evening, a fact clearly indicated by the sign on the door. "Damn it," Odin said.

Thor grabbed the door handle and pulled. It was unlocked. "It's open," he said.

"Should we?" Odin asked, feeling timid. "We might get in trouble?"

"I know," Thor said, as he was equally worried about getting yelled at. "But your purse? What if you do have money?"

"Okay? I guess?" Odin said, his heart racing.

The boys entered the dark club, passed through the lobby. There were some men in the dance hall, working on the lights. "Hey, girls," one of them called. "Club's closed."

They froze and looked at each other. Odin shrugged and started back toward the door, but Thor steeled himself and found the courage. "Um, sorry, but my friend lost her purse last night?"

"Yeah," Odin said, smiling his prettiest smile.

"Can we maybe see if someone found it?"

The man stared, clearly annoyed.

"Pretty please?" Thor said. He'd been learning how to manipulate men.

"Every day," the man groaned. "Manager's office. Upstairs."

"Thanks!" Odin and Thor sang in unison, immediately rushing to the stairs.

"That guy was so pissed," Odin whispered, taking Thor's hand. "But you knew how to make him do what you wanted."

"Benefits of being a pretty girl," Thor giggled. "You'll learn."

I hope so, Odin thought. He'd been so impressed with Thor's flirty performance, and he got a thrill now thinking about manipulating guys.

They weren't sure where the office even was, so once they got to the top of the stairs, they just made their way down the hall, looking at the signs on the various doors. There was one that was part way open toward the end of the hall, a sliver of light pouring out and cutting across the otherwise dimly lit space. They heard a gruff, man's voices, and as they got nearer, they began to make out the words...

".... things are moving along nicely... We got Odin last night..."

The boys froze and looked into each other's eyes. Thor grabbed Odin's soft little arm.

“Yeah, he’s a hot little piece of ass now. I’d do him.”

“Gross!” Odin hissed.

“Shhhssh!”

“What should we do?”

But before Thor could even answer, they heard a man behind them shout, “Hey! What are you doing up here?”

The boys screamed, and looked for a place to run, but the man was blocking the hallway, and on the other end of the hall...”

“Omigod!” Odin said, letting his voice rise an octave. “We’re totally lost! Can you help us?”

Odin saw the man soften right away, and he felt a thrill of triumph.

But it was short lived.

“I got this,” a man said, poking his head out of the office. It was the same one they’d heard talking. “Ladies?” He waved them to come to him.



Based on his earlier conversation, the man clearly knew who they were! It all felt so dangerous. Thor and Odin were both terrified, but what could they do? Still clinging to one another, they made their way to the office. The man let his eyes drift up and down their bodies, mentally undressing them, and both men cringed. Odin had never had a man look at him like that!

They made their way into the office. "Thor and Odin," he said, nodding appreciatively. "You are a couple of fine ass little shorties. "The name's Gabrielle," the man said. "But you can call me Gabe. Sit."

Thor and Odin looked at each other. They would both rather have run.

"I said sit," the man said, a hard, angry edge to his voice. The boys sat. They didn't want to make him mad.

Gabe took a seat behind his desk. "I've been expecting you two," he said. "Especially since you forgot your purse, Lord of Asgard." He pulled it from a drawer and lay it on his desk.

Thank God, Odin thought, admiring what was now his purse. *It's cute.*

Gabe laughed. "Look at you two! The God of Thunder! The All Father! Just two frightened little females too scared to even speak! I love it."

Thor and Odin both found their little heads racing with questions, they both wanted to demand this cretin give them their bodies back... but he was right. Neither one of them could find the courage to speak up to this big, scary man.

"Let me spell it out for you." He sat back, hands behind his head. "You are now Krystal and Tia. You will be for the rest of your lives. The sooner you just accept that, the better for you it's gonna be. Understand?"

Odin and Thor nodded, their pretty hair sparkling. "Yes, sir," Odin whispered.

"Sir. Too good. Your voice is so sexy, Odin. Mmm!"

"Can we go? Please?" Thor said, and he didn't even have to fake the desperate whine in his voice.

"Yeah, yeah. Take your purse and get the fuck out of here."

Odin grabbed his purse. They both stood, just wanting to get away, and scurried toward the door.

“Wait! I almost forgot.” When they turned to look, Gabe held out two cards. “All Access VIP passes,” he said. “You can come here anytime you want for free.”

Odin and Thor starred. Like they would ever want to come back here!

“Come on. Come get them. I won’t bite.”

Thor started to step forward, but Gabe said, “No. Krystal.”

Odin approached the man, but when he reached out to take the passes, Gabe grabbed his wrist and held him. Then, with his other hand, he brushed a strand of hair away from Odin’s face and cupped his cheek. “You’re a very pretty girl,” he said.

Odin froze. He just stood there, hating what was happening but unable to move, to act. He wanted to slap Gabe’s hand away, he wanted to kick him in the balls.

“I just paid you a compliment,” Gabe said, play offended.

“Thank you,” Odin whispered, and now he could feel the hot tears rolling down his cheeks.



Thor watched it all, thinking *Daddy!* He hated watching his father be so... embarrassed.

Gabe pushed the cards into Odin’s hand. “You girls make sure to come around. It’s good for business to have nice, young ass at the club.”

Chapter Six

"I'm going to kill him!" Odin said, his tears of shame now tears of rage.

They'd made their way to the beach and found a secluded spot. "What an asshole!"

"We *should* kill him!" Thor said, making a tiny fist. "Oh! I wish I had Mjolnir! I'd smash his stupid face!"

"Weapons!" Odin said. "We need weapons. Wait. Do you have a gun?"

"Do I look like the kind of girl who would have a gun?"

"Well, at least you have, like, 200 hair ties."

"They're in different colors to match my outfits, so there."

"Ugh!" Odin said, falling dramatically to the sand. "It's hopeless! He's right! We're stuck like this!"

Thor sighed and sat down on the sand next to his father. "So, what if we are?" He said, speaking the thought that had been growing in his mind.

"So what?" Odin said.

"We're young and pretty, and this town is so cute," Thor said. "It could be worse."

Odin frowned, even as he found himself beginning to accept the truth of Thor's words. He was young and pretty! And this little beach town was adorable. Maybe he, Odin, could find happiness here?

"Or," Odin said, still fighting to remain HIM, "we could sneak into the club and look for clues! We know Gabe is involved. There must be something in his office."

"I'm scared of him," Thor admitted, biting his lip.

"I am, too," Odin said, remembering Gabe's hand on his cheek, his leering gaze. "But he can't be there all the time! We go when we know he's gone."

"And how are we supposed to know that?" Thor said.

"By spying on him."

"I don't know. I guess?" Thor said.

"We'll start tomorrow morning!" Odin said, his mood ratcheting wildly from forlorn to optimistic. "We'll study his movements! It'll be just like what Sandy did in Sunset Harbor!"

That got Thor interested. How fun to live life like a character in his favorite show! “I like it,” he said. “You’re a smart cookie, Krystal.”

“Yes, I am!” Odin said, feeling so proud of himself. “I also have another little theory.” He smiled, smug.

“And why do I feel like you are about to tell me?”

“Think about it. The name of the club? *ValHela*? Maybe Hel is the one behind this!”

“It doesn’t seem like her style...?” Thor said. “But that is, like, such a coincidence? I thought Loki at one point. She is his daughter.”

“It could have something to do with Ragnarok,” Odin said.

“More like On-the-Rag-narok,” Thor said, giggling.

They headed back to their apartment, determined to find out what was going on. Yes. They would certainly start. Tomorrow.

It was past 10 the next morning when the boys finally struggled out of bed. They’d been up late watching *Sunset Harbor*, playing on their phones, chatting. Thor made them smoothies.

“Is all you ever eat smoothies?” Odin asked.

“What’s wrong with smoothies?” Thor said, as if he’d been asked if all he ever breathed was air.

“Nothing,” Odin said, sipping his. “I never had one before yesterday, but they are deeelish!”

“And good for our figures,” Thor added.

Odin registered the new information. Being skinny was everything!

They lounged around, the “plan” hovering over them, neither one really wanting to do it anymore, but neither willing to say it. Finally, Thor went to the window, opened the curtains and said, “It’s such a nice day! What if we go skateboarding?”

The warm golden sunlight poured into the room. The open window now revealed a soft blue sky dusted with thin clouds. "I love skateboarding!" Odin shouted, even as he realized it. Of course, he'd never actually been, but Krystal's knowledge seemed to flood his awareness, and he not only loved skateboarding, but he was so good! "Yes! Let's!"

"Cool."

And so the two men of Asgard put on cute outfits, grabbed a couple skateboards, and headed out into the sun, all their plans of spying on Gabe floating away from their pretty little heads like bubbles in the breeze.

There was a skate park where a lot of the skaters gathered. Thor and Odin came flying in, doing tricks, showing off. It was still mostly boys, and they watched the two girls ripping with admiration both for their skill and their long, strong legs.



The girls just did their best to ignore the showoffs they considered Barbie Dolls. Most of the skater girls were edgy, rebel-types, while both Tia and her new friend looked like teen models. *Conformists!* Hannah sneered to herself, hating their preppy outfits. As far as she was concerned, Tia didn't belong, though she could not deny the girl had mad skills. As for this new girl? Who was she? Where had she come from? How did she know Tia? Hannah seethed as she saw all the boys admiring the new girl. Whatever else she was, Hannah knew she was competition and a threat.





As soon as the Thor and Odin decided to take a break, finding a spot and sitting on their boards, a group of boys gathered around them. “Hey, Tia,” Tech said. “Looking good.”

“Thanks,” Thor said, giggling because he knew he was supposed to. Anyway, Tech was a cute, older guy— 20 or something, and pretty nice. He was also the best skater— at least among the boys. Thor thought he was really better, even though he was a girl. Thor had been fending off

Tech’s advances ever since he’d become Tia, both loving and kind of hating the attention. “You looked okay out there,” Thor said, with a superior smile.

“Okay?” Tech said. “Please.” He radiated a kind of easy confidence, and Thor had never been able to shake it.

“Okay for a *boy*,” Thor said.

Just as Odin found himself feeling ignored and a little jealous, Tech turned his eyes to the Lord of Asgard. “What’s your name?” He said, staring right into Odin’s eyes.

Odin blushed and looked away, confused by a rush of strange new feelings. “Krystal,” he said, softly.

“A pretty name for a pretty girl.”

“Pretty?” Odin giggled. He had no idea what to say.

Thor, seeing his father’s cutesy reaction, got an idea— and yes, he knew it was a little wicked. “Krystal is my sister,” Thor said.

“Sister?” Odin said, slitting his eyes at Thor. *I’m your father!*

“You look alike,” Tech said. “How old are you, Krystal?”

“I’m—” a few thousand years old wouldn’t sound right. Odin remembered his new birthday from his ID. “I’m 18.”

“Good to know,” Tech said.

“We’re Irish Twins,” Thor said.

Odin, still naive in the ways of boys, didn’t pick up on the meaning behind Tech’s comment, nor the invitation in the way he said, “good to know.” Thor, more experienced in being a girl and knowing just why a guy like Tech wanted to know his father’s age, heard it loud and clear. He put a protective arm around Odin’s shoulder and said, “Krystal has a boyfriend. Just so you know.”

“Things change,” Tech said, sauntering away. The other boys, who’d deferred to Tech, now crowded in. Odin fully intended to talk to his son about this whole sister thing, but in the meantime, overwhelmed with male attention, all he could do was giggle and toss his hair. They skated some more before deciding to head down to the coffee shop. Odin was still giggly.



“Those boys!” He said, exasperated. “They’re so... pushy!”

“You’ll get used to it,” Thor said. “And stay away from Tech. He’s quite, what would we call it in Asgard? Eager with the sword.”

“He seemed nice!” Odin said, not realizing how smitten he’d become with the handsome older boy.

“They all seem nice,” Thor warned, “right before they try and stick their tongues down your throat.”

“Well, whatever!” Odin said. “It’s not like I’m interested in boys!”

I’m not so sure, Thor thought, slightly unnerved by the fact his father seemed totally so interested in boys. He decided to change the subject. “I can’t wait to introduce my



little sister to my friends!”

“Now I’m your *little* sister?”

Odin gasped dramatically. “Don’t tell people I’m your sister!”

“Should I tell them you’re my father?”

“No! But, maybe your cousin? Or, I should be the older sister!”

The boys moved away from the people on the boardwalk so no one would hear their odd conversation. “I’ve been a girl longer you!” Thor said.

“So? I’m more mature.”

“Mature? You haven’t even had your first period.”

“Period? What? Gross! That doesn’t matter. I’m your father, and I am putting my foot down. I am the older sister!”

“You want to be the older sister, Daddy? Fine!” Thor said. “You’re such a baby!”

“Don’t call me a baby! Young lady...”

“Don’t young lady me! We’re the same age!”

They each planted their hands on their hips, thrust their breasts out and tossed their hair, staring at each other, eyes slit.

Thor was the first to laugh.

Odin followed.

“This is so silly,” Thor said.

“I’m sorry,” Odin said. “I’m just so emotional!”

“I’m sorry, too.”

They hugged and went to the coffee shop. As soon as they walked in the door, Thor announced, “Hey, everyone! Meet my LITTLE sister, Krystal!”

Odin gave him a look. Daughters! He thought. They never listen! He smiled and started to meet everyone. *I guess I’m the little sister now*, he thought. Maybe it wasn’t so bad. He actually thought it might make him seem cuter.



Thor asked Eddy if maybe his sister could get a job at SunFawn’s. Eddie’s face twisted into a mask of horror. “Sisters? I can’t deal with the drama.” Thor and Odin both laughed at that, rolling their eyes.

Jackson, the handsome boy who was always hitting on Thor, now found himself fascinated by Krystal. He backed her up against a wall, leaned close. “Did you fall from heaven?”

“What?” Odin said, terrified the boy had somehow recognized him.

“Cause you look like an angel.”

“Oh!” Odin giggled and started playing with his hair. “Thanks.”

“How do you like Captiva?”

“It’s good, I guess.”

“We should go to the beach sometime.”

“Fun!” Odin said. “I just went for the first time yesterday, and it is so pretty.”

Jackson brushed a strand of hair away from Odin’s face. Though it was the same gesture Gabe had made, this time it felt— good. Odin tilted his head back, studying Jackson’s face. *I wonder what it would be like to kiss him?* Odin wondered, reaching out and touching the boy’s bicep. Ooooh. It was hard.



Jackson saw Krystal’s pupils get sooooo big, and the tip of her nose turned pink. He wanted to kiss her so badly. *Just do it, man*, he said to himself. *Get in there! Storm the beach!*

He took Odin’s chin in his hand. *Omigod!* Odin realized Jackson was about to kiss him. *Omigod! Omigod!*

“I need to borrow my sister,” Thor said, grabbing Odin by the arm and dragging him away. Odin glanced back at Jackson. Jackson looked at him. They agreed with their eyes— to be continued, for sure. “Why did you do that?” Odin said, feeling an ache inside, a sense of loss for what he’d missed, for what he needed.

“To save you,” Thor whispered.

“I didn’t want to be saved,” Odin sighed.

Omigod, Thor thought. *My Daddy is into boys now?* “We need to have a serious talk about boys,” he whispered.

“Um, I think I know about boys,” Odin said.

“You don’t,” Thor said. “Anyway, our drinks are ready.”

The boys took their little paper cups out to the patio. “What did you say this is?” Odin said, sniffing the rich, coffee aroma.

“It’s called a macchiato,” Thor said. “It’s basically an upside-down latte.”

“What’s a latte?” Odin said, his pretty face a vision of feminine confusion. There was so much about the mortal world he had to learn!

“It’s good,” Thor said. “That’s all you need to know. Try it.”

“Okay. Whatever.” Odin took a sip. He put a hand to his chest as his eyes went wide. “Luv,” he said.

“I know, right?”

Odin eagerly took a second, much deeper sip, carelessly getting a dollop of foam on the tip of his nose. He grinned. He could feel the surge of energy as the caffeine hit his bloodstream and quickly spread through his skinny little body. “Oooh! It’s got magic.”

And he thinks he could be the big sister, Thor thought, looking at his father with the foam on the tip of his little, button nose. He doesn’t even know anything.

“I have decided,” Odin announced as he finished his drink. “I like Macchiato!”

“I thought you would. Oh, and it doesn’t have a lot of calories.”

“Is that good?”

“It’s very good if you want to stay skinny.”

“So, calories bad?”

“Calories bad.” A couple of cute boys in muscle shirts walked by. Odin’s head swiveled as he watched them, admiring their tall, angular shapes. “Did boys always look like— boys?” He asked. It was like he was seeing them for the first time.

“Daddy! Are you into boys now???”

“No,” Odin lied, ashamed to admit to his son his newfound fascination.

“You were about to let Jax kiss you!”

“He seemed nice,” Odin said, as if that were all the explanation required.

Omigod! Thor thought. *Teen-age girls!*

“Anywho,” Odin said, staring at the grounds in the bottom of the cup. He wanted more macchiato! “Can I get more of this?”

“Well, sister dear, these drinks are not cheap. We need to talk about you finding a job. I was barely making it at as it was.”

“A– job?” Odin said, trying out the strange new word. “I don’t think so,” he said. “It seems to me a job doer is just a kind of *servant!*”

“It is,”” Thor said with a smile. He’d struggled to accept the reality that he, a prince of Asgard, was going to have to become a servant, himself back when he’d first become a girl.

“But– I am a King. I am Odin.”

“You are Krystal, a teen-age girl. In this life, you’re gonna have to be a serving girl, or else probably starve to death.”

Odin’s face scrunched up in horror. “Is there no other way?”

Thor patted his father’s soft little hand. “It’s not so bad,” he said. “You’ll get used to it. Besides, it’s a great way to make friends.”

“Friends?” Odin smiled. He loved making new friends. “Why didn’t you say so in the first place?”

Chapter Seven

“So, how do I go about getting one of these *jobs*?”

The boys were walking along the sidewalk, carrying their skateboards, weaving among the walkers, joggers and even people on roller skates.

“You just walk in and say, “I am looking for a job and smile pretty, especially if the manager is a man.”

“And then they just give me a job?”

“They do or they don’t, but it’s pretty easy for us.”

“Us?”

“Pretty girls. People like to give us things!”

“Another plus! How about here?” Odin had stopped in front of a bar restaurant.

“Their outfits are so cute!”

Thor smirked. Odin had spotted the girls in their short shorts and tight t-shirts that read Jugs across the chest. “This would be perfect for you!” He said, feeling only a little cruel.

“I wonder why they call it Jugs?” Odin asked.

He is so naive! Thor thought. “I think it’s because, um, they have jugs of beer.”

“Oh! That makes sense.”

“Now, go get ‘em, girl.”

“How’s my hair?”

Thor tightened Odin’s braids. “You look great.”

“I can do this!” Odin said, making a small fist, slitting his eyes in determination. “I am Odin!!”

Thor watched Odin wander meekly into Jugs. He felt pretty good about Odin’s chances. Not long after, Odin emerged, a bright smile on his face. “I did it!” He shouted, running over to Thor. “I’m a Jugs girl!”

“I knew you could do it!” Thor said. They hugged, hopping up and down in excitement.



Jugs girl? A guy passing by thought, checking out the two little hotties in their tight pants. More like an ass girl!

Thor and Odin jumped on their boards and skated home as the sun dove toward the horizon. Odin chattered incessantly. The girls there were all so pretty, and he just knew they would all be such good friends. “Oh! And I get to wear makeup at work!”

“You do?”

“I do! I’m so lucky!”

“Do you even know how to put on mascara?”

Odin screeched to a halt, his face suddenly full of shock and fear. “Omigod!” He said.

“What’s mascara?”

Thor shook his head. “Don’t worry, little sis. I’ll teach you everything you need to know.”

That evening, Thor and Odin sat cross-legged on the bed, and Thor patiently showed his father how to do his makeup. It was sweet, and Thor felt so— sisterly? He helped Odin put on eyeliner, mascara and lipstick, dust his cheeks with blush. The first few attempts were less than encouraging, but soon Odin was smiling, all prettied up, proud of himself. The knowledge had not just come to him like so much else had.

“You’re a natural,” Thor said.

“Well,” Odin said. “I had the best teacher.” He admired himself in the hand mirror, using his long nails to toy with his hair. “We are so good at being girls,” he said with a little shrug.

“I think it’s part of the spell?” Thor said.

“Oh, I guess maybe you’re right,” Odin said. “But I don’t care.”

“Better clean that off,” Thor said. “You don’t want to ruin your skin.”

“I’ll do it before I go to bed,” Odin said. “I don’t want to now. I feel so pretty!” He gave Thor a look. “You thinking what I’m thinking?”



“Sunset Harbor?”

“Yaaaas, please.”

The boys giggled and turned on the TV. The whole night as they watched, Odin kept the hand mirror, constantly glancing at his face, amazed that this was his face, that he was so beautiful now. He loved his freckles, and his eyes were so big, and his long lashes. He was not only getting used to seeing himself as Krystal; he was starting to love it.

Chapter Eight

Thor walked into the bathroom and caught Odin playing with his breasts. Odin shrieked and wrapped his arms around his chest. “It’s not what it looks like! I wasn’t feeling myself up!”



“Naughty girl!” Thor said, sitting down on the toilet to pee. “You should be ashamed!”
Odin saw right through Thor’s sarcasm and raised an eyebrow. “You play with yours, too?”

“What guy wouldn’t?” Thor said, gesturing down at his perky breasts. “I mean— look at these things.”

“You do have nice boobs,” Odin said, returning to exploring his own.

“Yours are amazing—, All Father,” Thor said, wiping himself. “Almost as good as these puppies.”



“Um, please,” Odin said. “Look at these melons.”

“You can’t be serious.”

“*You* can’t be serious. Mine are bigger!”

They started laughing. It was a thing for them now. “Well, at least admit I have a hotter ass,” Odin said. The two switched positions, Thor going to the mirror to fix his hair, while Odin sat down to pee.

Thor rolled his eyes. “Little sisters!”

Once they’d each put on some light makeup and picked out something cute to wear, Thor had to get to work. He would almost be late again. “What are you going to do? Some more online shopping?”

“I probably should focus on doing something about getting my body back,” Odin said, but they could both hear the lack of conviction in his voice. In fact, he was thinking only of Tech and his kissable lips.

“Well, stay away from the club and Gabe. It’s too dangerous for either of us to go there alone.”

“That’s exactly what I was thinking of doing,” Odin lied. “But, you know, I’ll just see what I can find online.”

“Cute shoes and sexy shorts,” Thor said, heading out the door. “Have fun!”

Hmppf. He thinks I’m some kind of airhead! Odin fumed. As soon as he was sure Thor was long gone, he grabbed his skateboard and headed to the park. “Like shopping is the only thing a girl can do for fun!”

As soon as Odin got to the skatepark, his eyes were drawn to Tech. Shirtless, his skin sheened with sweat, he seemed lost deep in thought. He’s so deep! Odin thought, feeling a thrill through his whole little body. Looking at Tech’s lips, Odin thought, Omigod! I want to kiss him so bad! When the Odin of old saw a woman he wanted, he walked right up to her and let her know. For the new Odin, such an act of brazen confidence was not possible. Perhaps the fact he’d never wanted to kiss a boy before played some role in his recalcitrance. No doubt, it did. But there was something more. Odin wanted to be chased. Pursued. He wanted this handsome male to come after him. He wanted that boy to want him so badly he had no choice but to chase him.

Odin skated across Tech’s line of sight, careful to pretend he didn’t even notice the boy, then did a showy move and nonchalantly got off his board with a whole, yeah, I’m a skater princess attitude.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Tech still just skating around, seemingly in his own head, deep in thought. Hmmpff. Odin’s new instincts told him this was just part of the game. “Be patient, girl,” he whispered to himself. “He’ll come to you. I mean, what guy could say no to this?”

Tech, of course, had spotted Krystal. He’d been thinking about her since he’d met her, and he wanted that body. He couldn’t decide who was hotter between Krystal and Tia, and he’d already been fantasizing about a three-some, though with two sisters? It was a kink too far.

The boys were circling Krystal like sharks, showing off their athleticism, and two of them wiped out trying to impress Odin, who knew what they were doing, and hid his smile. *All these boys think I’m pretty!* But, he had set his eyes on the king of the boys at the skatepark, and he wasn’t about to settle. Odin wanted his first kiss to be special.

He heard wheels popping along the asphalt, but kept his eyes averted, feigning total disinterest, thinking it was Tech and not wanting to seem desperate.

“Hey, bitch,” he heard a girl say.

Odin looked up, slitting his eyes at the skater punk girl, Hannah. He remembered her, mostly because she’d been giving him the stink eye the other day. “What’s up, bitch?” He answered.

“I just thought I’d tell you maybe you should find another place to skate. You don’t belong here.”

“Excuse me?” Odin said, standing. “And just who in the Nine Realms are you to address me in this manner?”

“What the fuck?” Hannah said. “The Nine Whats?”

Odin’s mouth fell open. He’d reacted on habit, and he realized what he’d said sounded totally dorky and weird. People were watching. He had to fix this. “Back off!” He said, deciding aggression was his best move.

Hannah stepped forward.

“Ohhhhhhh!” The boys all said.

“You gonna make me?”

Odin slapped her in the face.

Hannah punched him in the tit. It hurt so bad!



“By the Norns!” Odin screamed, grabbing Hannah’s hair and yanking. Hanna grabbed his, and the two girls began to wrestle.

A pair of strong arms pushed them apart, and Tech stood between them. “Girls... girls...” Tech said. “We don’t fight at the park. Skater rules.”

“She started it!” Odin screamed.

“You don’t fucking belong here, Barbie!”

“Hannah,” Tech said, calm, strong, confident. “You know the park is a Zen zone. Everyone is welcome here who wants to board. We don’t exclude anyone.”

Hannah knew he was right. She’d been totally out of line. But, ugh! “Fine,” she said.

“And Krystal? We don’t resort to violence. Ever. This is a place of love and harmony.”

Omigod, Odin thought. *He is so cool!* As far as the old Odin was concerned, of course, love and harmony were the watch words of victims, but for the new Odin? What Tech said was gospel. “I’m sorry,” he said, trying to be as sweet as possible. He was pretty embarrassed Tech had seen him act so— unladylike. “I didn’t know.”

“No more of this,” Tech said. “Agreed?”

“Yeah,” Hannah said.

Odin nodded. “Yes! Of course! I’m usually never like that?”

“Ugh!” Hannah said, skating off, so annoyed by Krystal’s whole girly girl act. *I’m never like that!* She mocked in her head.

Odin wasn’t sure what to do. He kinda wanted to leave after the whole incident, but then it would seem like Hannah had won. Tech saved him from his dilemma. “Have you ever seen The Ripper?”

“Um, no?” Odin said. “What’s that?”

“It’s really cool, and it’s not far. Follow me. You have to see it.”

Score! Odin thought. One boy captured! “Sounds fun!” He jumped on his board and skated along behind Tech, and boy did that boy have a fine ass. *I bet he can really thrust hard!* Odin thought, then alarmed at where his thoughts were going, retreated, adding, *Not that I would ever want that!*

Tech led Odin to the head of an alleyway. Odin paused. It was narrow and looked dangerous. It made an L turn, meaning when they went around the corner, no one would be able to see them. He could be trapped in there so easily. He remembered Thor's warning about Tech. Odin's feminine fears kicked into high gear, and he felt his heart racing. He stopped, looking nervously at the alley.

"It's fine," Tech said, seeing the girl was nervous.

What if he tries something?" Odin thought, and yet, wasn't that what he'd been hoping for?

Tech held out his hand. "Come on."

Just be a man, already, Odin said to himself. *Since when are you such a scaredy cat?* He looked into Tech's pretty eyes, and he found the courage. He reached out and took Tech's hand, and his whole body tingled. He smiled.

Tech led Odin down the alley, around the corner. "Omigod!" Odin gasped as he saw the most incredible mural. "It's amazing!"

"Didn't I tell you?" Tech said, slipping an arm around Odin's waist.

It was another step, and Odin made his decision, nuzzling into Tech, fitting his round body into the boy's lean, angular shape.

They stood like that for a moment, admiring the mural. It went on almost too long, and Odin felt the tension building in him. *Kiss me!* He thought. *Just kiss me already!* He was about to start babbling, just wanting to break the silence, when Tech guided him to the wall, placed Odin's back against the warm concrete. Odin loved the feeling of being guided, led, moved about boy this boy like a doll. Tech's masculine musk filled Odin's head and made him feel dizzy.

He looked down, demure.

Tech cupped Odin's chin and tilted his head back, then brushed a strand of hair away from Odin's pretty face, his knuckles brushing against Odin's soft cheek. Odin closed his eyes as Tech leaned in, and their lips met.

Wow! Odin felt the kiss through his whole body, his toes curling, and he threw his arms around Tech's neck, pressing himself against Tech's hard chest. When Tech's tongue slipped between Odin's wet lips, his knees went weak, and thank God Tech held him up. The kiss seemed to last for a heavenly eternity, and yet it ended so fast.



“Omigod,” Odin said. “You’re an amazing kisser!”

“I know,” Tech said. “And you’re not too bad yourself.”

Chapter Nine

While The All Father stood dazed in the arms of a cute boy, his son, Thor, was at work, slinging java. It was a super busy day, and he was frantic trying to keep up with all the orders.

“Your sister coming clubbing with us Friday?” Darcy asked.

“Oh! I hadn’t asked her. Thanks for reminding me.” Thor smiled, thinking about Odin in his little club dress, dealing with all the guys hitting on him, grinding up on him on the dance floor. He would talk Odin into it. The opportunity was far too good to pass up. Besides, how could he leave little sis all along on a Friday night to do her nails all by her lonesome?

“You know what?” He said. “Count on it. It’ll be so fun!”

“Miss! Miss!” A man shouted.

“Yes, sir?” Thor answered. Him again. Mr. Complains- a- lot. Thor wished he could smite the jerk with his mighty hammer, but he smiled, pretty.

“My cappuccino has no foam!” He bellowed, holding out his cup which so did have foam floating at the top.

“I’ll make you another right away!” Thor sang, as if it were his one and only joy in life to appease idiots.

“I don’t know why I even come to this place!” The man said.

That makes two of us! Thor thought, widening his smile. It was moments like this that made him long once more to be the Thor of old. That jerk wouldn’t have dared even look him in the eye back when he was HIM! The life of a serving girl could be so hard sometimes! And yet, when he thought about being all- lumpy and muscly and hairy, it grossed him out!

He liked being a pretty girl now, but he just wished he was a pretty girl with a hammer that shot lightning bolts. At least, sometimes. Was it possible to be cute while wielding a hammer?



Oops! Did I
accidentally fry
you to a crisp?
I'm so silly!

Shift ended, he headed back to his apartment to find Odin sprawled on the bed, staring at himself in a hand mirror, idly playing with his hair. He had a dreamy, contented look on his face.

“Are you okay?” Thor asked, having never seen his father like this before.

“I’m so okay,” Odin said in a breathy, near whisper. Then, he giggled.

“Okee dokey,” Thor said. “So, what happened??”

Odin blushed. “Nothing,” he said. “I’m just trying out different shades of lipstick. What do you think??”

“I think someone is a little liiiii-er!” Thor said, refusing to be distracted. He sat down on the bed next to Odin and took Odin’s soft, little hand in his own. “Tell me! Tell me! Tell me!”

Odin still found himself in that delightful, muddled state between feeling, like, so totally embarrassed to tell his son a boy had kissed him and so totally needing to share his big news. Oh, who was he kidding? He sat up. “Tech kissed me!” He said.

Thor was not prepared for the white-hot jealous rage that consumed him. “What!” He shouted, pulling his hand free of Odin’s. Standing. “You kissed Tech!” *But*, Thor was thinking, *he was supposed to be mine!*

“I thought you would be happy for me?” Odin said.

“Happy my father kissed a boy? Hardly!” Thor, completely misplacing his anger turned his back on Odin. “You’re such a hussy! What would mother think?”

“Don’t bring your mother into this!” Odin said. “Omigod! You are such a bitch!”

“I warned you about Tech!” Thor said, changing tactics. After all, what would his mother think of *him* now? “I told you to stay away from him!”

Odin’s feminine intuition clicked, and he saw exactly what was happening. “You’re jealous!” He shouted, triumphant. “You wanted Tech all along!”

The shocked look on Thor’s face said it all. “As IF! Do you know how many times he hit on me?”

“And you just didn’t have the balls!”

“I’m not that kind of girl!” Thor shrieked.

“Maybe you are, and you just don’t know it yet?”

“I hate you!” Thor screamed, grabbing a compact and hurling it across the room, then storming out, slamming the door.

Odin started to go after him, but stopped himself, instead staring at the door. “She will be the death of me,” he whispered. He figured Thor needed some time, so he sighed and went back to testing out different shades of lipstick. He would go find Thor once the girl had calmed her tits. She needed time.

Thor managed to hold back the tears until he reached his special spot at Captiva Point. Then, he collapsed and cried himself out, his mind awash in conflict. He had to admit it now. He had wanted Tech. Bad. He’d been dreaming about kissing him forever. He’d just— it was such a big step for him. He hadn’t wanted to really give in, to admit that he liked boys now.

“I’m the God of Thunder!” He wept. “I can’t like boys!”

And yet, he did. In spite of himself, he’d found himself constantly checking out guys. They were so fascinating with their broad shoulders and deep voices, their stubbly faces and the bulges in their—

Omigod, Thor thought, fighting, failing. Kissing led to things. That’s what he’d been afraid of more than anything else. Because he knew once he let the floodgates open, it would only be a matter of time before some sweaty guy was on top of him, grasping and groping and... Thor’s hand went to his throat.

Thor had once been that boy, that man, so many times over the centuries.

Now, he wanted, maybe even needed, to be *that girl*.

He just hadn’t had the balls. His father was right. And, if Odin was feeling the same way he was feeling, could he really blame her? And, actually, it wasn’t like Tech was his boyfriend.

“I am so stupid!” He thought, looking at his phone, wondering if it was too soon to apologize, if he should do it in person. Or both.

“Hey, son,” Odin said softly.

Thor turned. Dad was wearing a bikini top and cut offs. He looked cute. “Hey, Dad,” Thor said.

“I thought I’d find you here.”

“I’m so sorry!” Thor gushed, eager to say the words, to make things right. “For what I said. How I reacted! You didn’t do anything wrong.”

“You know,”” Odin said, sitting down next to his son. “It felt kind of wrong at the time, but that only made it more right. Does that make sense?”

“So much,” Thor said.

Odin put his arm around Thor’s soft shoulders. “It’s going to take a while getting used to being girls and— sisters. I think? These are just growing pains?”

Thor put his head on his Daddy’s shoulder. “Let’s never fight again,” he said.

Odin raised an eyebrow. It didn’t seem likely. “I’ll do my best,” he said.

They stared out at the water, listened to the crashing waves.

“What was it like?” Thor finally asked. “Your first kiss?”

“Heaven,” Odin answered. “Like a taste of Valhalla.”

“Valhalla. Hall of Warriors. Neither of us would be welcome there now.”

“Too bad,” Odin said. “There are a lot of hot guys.”

Thor giggled. Odin giggled. It was the start of another giggle fit, and tears and hugs and sisterly bonding.



Chapter Ten

Thor no longer thought taking his father clubbing was a good idea. Whereas before he'd thought it would be funny to see Odin's reaction when guys started hitting on him, he now felt pretty sure Odin's reaction would be to just giggle and twist his hair before running off with some guy to make out in the corner. Odin had gone over the edge; he was boy crazy and there was nothing for it. More, Thor now saw his father as competition for male attention. Odin's success with Tech had shaken the God of Thunder's confidence in himself. He'd had no doubt before that he was the prettiest girl in all Captiva. Now, he winced at the thought that maybe his Daddy was prettier?

It galled him to no end Odin had stolen Tech away, already had his first kiss. Thor vowed he would not let Daddy be the first to lose his virginity. No, sir.

It was a classic, gender-swapped Oedipal Complex. Thor sought to establish himself as the dominant female over his father, and growing in his mind was the certainty he would need to steal Tech. The number one boy belonged with the number one girl. Thor went to Darcy for advice.

"I really like Tech," he confessed. "And I think he likes me?"

"You told me he's been hitting on you, right?" Darcy said.

"Nonstop. Until my sister showed up."

"Now this is getting interesting," Darcy said. "He has the hots for Krystal?"

Thor nodded.

"Well, you have to signal to him that you're actually interested. Guys are very insecure."

"He's pretty confident."

"Trust me. The fact you shot him down more than once got into his head. But, you are cute, so you can lure him back in."

"Well, that's the problem. I'm, well, the thing is?"

Darcy raised an eyebrow.

“I’ve never kissed a boy!” Thor blurted out, double shamed both being a girl who never kissed a guy and being a guy who wanted to kiss a boy. “I don’t want him to think I’m a weirdo.”

Darcy leaned in and kissed Thor right on the lips. “Kisses are kisses,” she said.

Thor flushed. Darcy had plump, soft lips, and her hair smelled of vanilla and coconut. He had really enjoyed the kiss. “Is it really the same?”

“Just let him lead. It’s like a dance. Wherever he wants to take you when you make out, follow. Let him know you just want to please him. Remember, you are a rose. Just be pretty and the bee will come buzzing to you.”

Thor found himself imagining that first kiss from Tech, his desire burning hotter. He wanted it to be amazing, wanted Tech to fall in love with him from that kiss. He was so nervous. “Is there a website or something?”

“If you want to practice before moving up to Tech, get Jax to kiss you. He’s crazy about you anyway.”

“Jax? He’s cute, but...”

“Vanilla? I know. But, he does know how to kiss a girl, believe me.”

“You?”

“One night after work,” Darcy said. “I was curious.”

“Okay. Well, it would be good to have a little practice. I just wonder if I should be trying to steal my— uh, sister’s boyfriend?”

“If you want him,” Darcy said, “get him. It’s a jungle out there, honey.”

“She’ll be so mad,” Thor said. He couldn’t help but smile at the thought.

Darcy smiled, too. She loved stirring things up and seeing these two sisters go at it was to die for. Besides, maybe once the dust settled, she’d swoop in and take Tech for herself.

As their shift was about to come to an end the next day, Thor’s heart was racing. He was terrified. He’d been calmer facing an army of Ogres. *I am Thor, God of Thunder*, he reminded himself. *I can ask a boy to come to the beach with me! Just do it! Be a man!*

He'd been hoping to find a chance to casually mention he was going to the beach when no one else was around, but Jax was heading toward the door now, and Thor was about to lose his chance. "Oh! Jax?" He called out in a high, soft voice.



"Yeah?"

"I'm going to the beach. Want to come?"

"Ah, I have plans," Jax said.

Thor's heart dropped.

"But, I'd be crazy not to change them for you. Let's go."

"Omigod! Really! Awesome!" Thor giggled. He felt so light, like he might just drift away.

Darcy gave him a wink, and Thor and Jax headed out, Thor gazing up in admiration at the big, tall boy. *My first kiss! It's going to happen!* He thought, excited it was going to be with a cute boy who, vanilla or not, just about every other girl wanted. *I am the prettiest girl!* Thor told himself, feeling validated, sexy, strong. *Sorry, Daddy, but you are about*

to find out I'm the Queen Bee!

The two walked together, talking and laughing, making their way to Thor's special spot. They sat and talked some more. Thor tossed his hair. Giggled. Invited Jax in with his eyes.

Jax move was confident and strong. He put a hand behind Thor's head, pulled him in and planted a firm, manly kiss right on his lips. The pleasure Thor felt hit him with so much power he almost pulled away, but his body's needs and desires made him push forward, stay in the moment.



Jax lowered him onto his back, and he kept kissing Thor, his hand on Thor's belly. Thor dug his nails into Jax back, moaning softly, as Jax's hand slid up and cupped Thor's soft breast. Thor felt something in him clinch, felt his body sing and a feeling of opening, needing to be filled. He knew what his body wanted, what

he wanted, and this time the fear was too great, and he pushed Jax's hand away from his breast, but kept kissing, kissing, kissing...

Jax' hand crept down toward the waistband of Thor's shorts. Once more, Thor pushed his hand away, terrified by the desire he felt, the needs that were being awakened.

"I want to make love to you," Jax whispered, his voice hoarse, ragged with desire.

Thor moaned, the sound of Jax voice like chocolate to his ears, but he couldn't. He wasn't ready and, besides, he was saving himself for Tech. "Let's just make out?" He said in a soft, little girl voice, thinking, what happened to vanilla?

Jax shook his head. "It's gonna be hard," he said. "You're so fucking beautiful."

"Shut up and kiss me," Thor said, needing, wanting to be kissed and cherished and adored by this boy. He knew now he had the strength to hold back, to resist his body's demands that he go all the way, but he didn't have the strength to stop kissing this hunk.



Jax obliged.

They walked back to town, hand in hand, Thor glowing. Kissing as a girl was way more fun than as a boy! He noticed people noticing them, saw the appreciation and admiration in the eyes of the other girls. They looked good together, and Thor felt proud to have all these other girls see him holding hands with such a hot guy.

Finally! He'd had his first kiss! And second and third and who could even count? Thor had never been more proud of himself. It was, like, seriously, his crowning achievement. The only thing that would have made it better was if Tech had come skating by and seen them, but, oh well! A girl couldn't have anything.

As it was, Hannah had come skating by, giving him the stink, and that was pretty good. Word would get around, especially at the skatepark. Thor had no doubt Tech would be hearing about him and Jax!

Chapter 11

When Thor got home, he had the apartment to himself. Odin, All- Father, was at work, his first night as a Jugs Girl. Thor had thought he might drop by and enjoy the sight of Odin as a serving girl. SunFawn's was such a better job, and it was too perfect that the great Odin was now a beer hall wench.

But, oh! He just wanted to remember that first kiss, his first make out session. He curled up in bed and sighed and sighed. Boys. Thor's inhibitions were gone. He just wanted to kiss them and be held by them and smell them and be a girl and drive boys crazy.



Odin, for his part, was surprised to find how much he was loving his new job. Being a serving girl was actually kind of fun. The guys were all drooling over him, and the envious looks from the girls were pure brain candy. Of course, he'd quickly found out what Jugs actually stood for when he'd asked one of his new co-workers, Nancy, where the big jugs of beer were. She'd laughed, thinking he was joking, but when she'd realized this poor, naive girl had no clue, she'd pointed to her chest and said, "These are the jugs."

"These?? Oh!" Odin's eyes had gone wide in surprise. Thor! He must've known the whole time! Odin probably should have been mad, but he had an incredible rack, and he just thought it was funny. *Maybe it*

wasn't just my pretty face that got me this job, he thought, proud and smug, more than happy to know guys would be coming here to check out his breasts.

Male attention was like a drug to Odin now. It made him feel so good! He loved it when a hot guy checked him out, knowing the hapless male wanted and needed him. It made Odin feel powerful, like a she-King in a world where all he needed to do was shrug, and the little bounce would drive men mad.

During his shopping sprees, Odin had learned about the push-up bra, and searched through Thor's things to find them. The lift and shaping they provided only made him hotter, and if they were a little less comfortable than some bras, so what? He was coming to understand that being pretty took sacrifice, whether when it came to his diet or his clothes. It was a small price to pay, he figured. Pretty was all.



While Odin mused on the pros and cons of the pushup bra, Thor found himself fantasizing he was a princess, wearing a long, flowing dress and diamond jewelry! Lost in a dark, twisty wood, scared, running, his chest heaving prettily. Someone was chasing him, a man, he heard him laughing. "I'm gonna get you, little girl!" It was Gabe!

"No! Help!" Thor screamed. He came to an ancient wall covered in lichens and moss, it seemed to stretch out forever in both directions. Thor spun as Gabe emerged from the path. He looked hungrily at Thor's slender body, his eyes blazing with desire.

“You’re such a pretty girl, God of Thunder. I don’t know if I can resist the urge to tear that dress right off you.”

“Stay away!” Thor screamed. “Help!”

Thor didn’t understand this new fantasy, but the idea of being in danger, having a creep like Gabe after him, being so scared and helpless– it excited him. He was smiling as he imagined the scene, though in the scene he was terrified.

Gabe stomped toward Thor. He was so big. So scary. Thor put his hands to his cheeks and scrambled, “Jax!”

Then Jax came leaping over the wall, crashing into Gabe and knocking him to the ground. Thor’s heart fluttered. Jax was such a man! Thor stood by helplessly as the two men fought, wringing his hands, terrified now that Jax might get hurt, or killed or that he might get a gross scar on his face. For a moment it did seem like Jax might lose, but he rallied, knocking Gabe out with a mighty haymaker. Thor ran to his hero, calling out, “Jax!” in a high, pretty voice.

Jax wrapped his arms around Thor, lifting him off his feet, kissing him. Thor felt so small and light in his arms! So safe!

Thor snapped out of his little dream.

“Oh, what has become of me?” The God of Thunder asked himself, giggling as he began to replay this new fantasy over in his mind. How could anyone love feeling scared and helpless? But he did.

And he loved the dream of being rescued by his boyfriend, feeling so safe in the arms of his man. He giggled. Did all females feel this way? He thought so. He’d once loved being the strong one, the protector, the one who put his arms around a terrified female and let her know everything was going to be all right.

He’d always felt women were so insecure. Even the goddesses of Asgard, as powerful and fierce as any man, seemed to have this side to them, this part of them that longed to be protected. He’d felt sorry for them to have to live like that, victims of a strange quirk of female thinking that made them desire weakness.

He no longer felt sorry for them. To feel helpless but safe in the arms of a strong, protective man? He now rated it as one of the sweetest pleasures to be found in any of the nine realms. “Omigod,” he thought, rewinding the fantasy, but choosing a different

dress. It was one his wife had worn, and she'd been particularly gorgeous. "I am such a girl!"

Odin once more found money left in a neat pile on the table his customers had vacated. He stuffed it into his apron, but he was starting to wonder. He had at first just assumed that they were giving him gifts because he was so pretty. Thor had told him people liked to give things to pretty girls. In his former life as a man, he'd often gifted his women, but he'd always chosen the shiny trinkets that women loved so much—bracelets, rings. Females, he'd noticed, liked things that sparkled. Money, though? It seemed a crude and thoughtless gift. Money? This paper money was like coin in Asgard, and he had at times given coin to certain women? A horrifying thought struck him. Do they think me whore? Do they expect me to— pleasure them for this gift?

Odin had already come to realize how important his reputation was as a female. The idea people would think him a whore shamed him, and he knew Tech would never be with him if he found out. Consumed with anxiety, he found his new friend, Nancy.

"Hey, girl!" Nancy said. "How's your first night going?"

"I am pleased with this *job*," Odin said, still having trouble saying the word. "It is actually more fun being a serving wench than I would have expected."

"A wench?" Nancy laughed. "You're such a trip."

Odin, realizing he'd once again slipped up, cursed himself. I must remember to talk like a mortal girl! He smiled and giggled. "I do love to travel. I have a question, though?"

Nancy raised an eyebrow.

Odin decided to add some vocal fry to his speech. "Everyone keeps leaving me money? Like, what is that about?"

Nancy looked at him, once more not sure if this silly girl was joking or just totally naive. "You really don't know?"

Odin shook his head, smiling. "Should I?" He asked, shrugging his small shoulders.

She is such an airhead, Nancy thought. It was actually kind of adorable, but she felt a need to protect and help this girl, who clearly was a lamb in a world of wolves. "It's

called a tip," Nancy explained. "People leave tips to reward you for doing a good job. And, in your case, probably also because you have great tits."

"Do I?" Odin said, looking down at his rack. "So, tips are good?"

"Tips are good, honey. I need to get back to my tables."

Odin felt so proud of himself. It was only his first day, and he was already so good at being a barmaid people were giving him tips? It was too much! He almost danced back out on the floor to serve his tables. *Being a girl is, like, totally easy!* He thought as the table full of guys looked him over. Odin tossed his hair and arched his back, thrusting his breasts forward. Nice tits, he now realized, equals more money!

He was so lucky he had nice breasts.

Despite the fun he'd had, when Odin's shift ended, he found himself exhausted. He'd been on his feet all night carrying trays of food and drink around. His shoulders ached, his feet hurt. This mortal body had its limits. Nancy had asked him if he wanted to come and hang out with her and some of the other wenches, but he'd declined, promising sweetly to go out with them some other time. An exhausted Odin almost stumbled into the apartment, just wanting to throw on some pajamas and go to bed, when his giggling son had run up to him and hugged him. "I did it! I did it!" Thor squealed.

Thor's high-pitched squealing stabbed at Odin's ears, and he almost told his son to please for the love of God shut up. But, he could see Thor was excited and had news to share, so he counted down from ten as he had done so many times when Thor had been a young boy, smiled and said, "What?" A father's work, Odin believed, was never done, and these was nothing more valuable he could give to his son, daughter, sister, he wasn't even sure anymore, than his attention.

"I got a boy to kiss me!" Thor said, falling backward onto his bed. "I had my first kiss!"

It was a big moment for Thor, Odin knew, having experienced his own first kiss so recently. He shrugged off his exhaustion and curled up next to Thor. "You have to tell me everything!" He gushed, as his feminine excitement grew. He needed to know all the juicy details!

“Well,” Thor said, excitedly waving his little hands as he began to tell his story. “Jax asked me if I wanted to go to the beach with him...” It was a slight fib, but Thor didn’t care. He liked the idea that Jax had been the one to make the first move better. He shared all the details of them on the beach, the way Jax had put his hand on the back of Thor’s head, kissed him, then pushed him onto his back... and they had kissed and kissed and kissed... He left out the part where Jax had wanted to have sex with him. Daddy didn’t need to know everything!

“Omigod, Daddy” Thor sighed, remembering it all. “Boys!”

Odin nodded. “Boys!”

They both started to giggle, rolling onto their backs and kicking their legs in the air.



Neither of them sensed they were being watched, a shadowy figure gazing into a magic pool, pleased at her handwork. The Lords of Asgard, just two boy crazy little females. They would be no further problem, she decided. They posed no threat to her plans. They were silly young, mortal girls now, and so they would be for the rest of their lives.

Chapter 12

When Thor and Odin woke the next day, they only had one thing on their minds: Boys. They never even considered their once urgent plan to sneak into Valhella, to try and find out what had happened to them, why, or anything else. All either one of them could think about was big, hunky boys, and how much fun it was to kiss them. They'd each grabbed their phones and texted the objects off their fascination, Odin texting Tech and Thor Jax. "Wanna hang out??" Odin texted, with a winky face.

"Let's hit the beach!" Thor texted his man, adding a pair of puckered lips. They each took extra care with their makeup, their hair and perfume. Odin went through ten outfits. The whole time the boys were getting ready, they kept checking their phones, desperate for a text back from the young man who had somehow become the center of their universe.

Thor's phone buzzed. He'd been putting on lip gloss but pranced over to the bed where he'd left his phone, only to collapse in disappointment. "Jax has to work," he said, sticking his bottom lip out and immediately feeling frustrated that he wasn't going to be able to satisfy his craving for some heavy petting.

"Oh, that's too bad," Odin sang, though he secretly felt a little pleased. Thor's make out session had sounded so— he didn't even know the word, but when Thor had described being pushed onto his back, Jax grabbing a wrist and pinning his arm to the sand, Odin had immediately wanted that, needed that and felt a little jealous that his boy hadn't done that for him. Yet.

Looking in the mirror at his slender, curvy body, he was sure Tech would want to get together. I mean, what boy could say no to all this? Five minutes later, it was Odin's turn

to frown and feel a growing sense of feminine frustration. "Tech has to work, too," he pouted.

"He has a job?" Thor said, feeling the same catty pleasure in his father's disappointment. He did not love the idea of being left alone while Daddy was out kissing a boy! Especially Tech. "I thought all he did was skate."

They both sagged, struggling with their disappointment. "I'm soooo bored," Odin said.

"Me, too. Maybe we should finally go and spy on Gabe?"

Odin sighed. "Maybe, I guess?" Truly, he didn't even care all that much anymore who had turned him into a girl or why. More and more, it seemed like a gift.

"I wouldn't have spent so much time getting ready if I knew we were going to be just doing dumb spying," Thor said, feeling no desire whatsoever to spy on anyone.

"He probably won't even leave or anything," Odin said. "We'll just sit there all day, and it will be so lame." He got up and went to the window. "It's really pretty out!"

Thor joined his father at the window. "It would be a shame to waste such a nice day."

"Like, for real," Odin said, frying his words. "I want to go swimming!" He suddenly shouted, excited at the idea, mostly because it would give him a chance to wear a bikini. He'd worn the top once, but never gone out in bikini bottoms. "I've never gone swimming!"

"Daddy?" Thor said. Swimming was a huge part of Norse culture, and they all swam.

"As a girl!" Odin said. "Come on!! Come on! Come on!" He said, hopping up and down. "It'll be so fun!"

Thor warmed to the idea. As much time as he spent at the beach, he hadn't gotten in the water yet, himself. Plus, Odin was so excited, it was contagious. "Okay!" He said. "Let's do it!" Like Odin, he was excited about trying on a bikini. They were so sexy, and Tia had a bunch of cute ones, and both men knew they would be so totally hot.

"Let's have a picnic," Thor said, getting more and more excited. "We can bring some food and drinks and lay out after we swim."

"What's lay out?" Odin said, confused.

“It’s something girls like to do.”

“Oh! Then, let’s!” Odin knew he would love doing anything girls liked to do. It was just who he was now.

Odin was excited and nervous, and he didn’t even know the words for all the feelings he was feeling when it came to going out in public wearing a bikini bottom. It wasn’t like his cut offs had left a lot to the imagination, but there was something so sexy and even bold, he thought, about going out with that nothing but that little scrap of fabric hugging his soft mound. It made him feel confident, like he was really claiming his new sex, his new life.



As he looked at himself in the mirror, admiring his small arms, slender waist and round hips, though, he had a sudden thought, “What would my wife, Frigga, think of me now?”

He looked at that little triangle of cloth between his legs, the shape of his womanly mound, and for a moment Odin cringed in shame. His wife, he felt, would be appalled, disgusted to see her husband not only turned into a female, but actually flaunting his new sex. What am I doing? He wondered, blushing with shame, now, to see himself reduced to this— skinny girl. I am Odin! I am All-Father!

Whoever had done this to him needed to be punished, destroyed. It was an insult! He was about to strip off the absurd bikini, when he stopped as another thought forced its way into his mind: *You're Krystal. You're pretty. You love being a girl.*

"No," Odin said, though the words seemed true, and wouldn't it be so much easier to accept this body and this life?

"Daddy?" Thor asked, seeing but not understanding why Odin suddenly seemed upset.

The image of Tech swam into Odin's mind, the memory of his kiss. *Do you really want to give up this life. Krystal? The voice said. Do you really think you can live without boys?*

Thor, thinking Odin was feeling feminine self-consciousness about his body, came up to his pretty little father and said, "You look great," he said. "Gorgeous. You're so pretty!"

The words swam in Odin's head, and he smiled. I am pretty! I love boys. I can't



imagine life as a gross, hairy old man anymore!

He smiled and turned to his son. "You're pretty, too," he said, forgetting all about his wife and what she might think of the new Odin.

Soon, the former men of Asgard found themselves skateboarding down the street in their bikinis. As they slashed their way down the street, they were both loving all the guys, their heads turning, eyes bulging... It was such a turn on to know all these guys

wanted them– at least the cute ones. They both felt powerful, beautiful, and free.

They made their little picnic area up at Thor’s usual spot, then Odin shouted, “race you!” and they ran, giggling to the water. “It’s cold!” Odin shrieked as he waded in, and Thor shrieked, too, mostly because there was a group of cute guys nearby, and they both thought it would be cute.



They splashed and swam for a bit, laughing and having fun. Whenever they came up from the water, they each made a point of adjusting their bikini tops or bottoms, making sure to torment the boys, who were doing a poor job pretending they weren't checking out these hot little females.

Then, as if they'd received some sort of secret signal from girl world, they both ran back to their picnic, making sure their runs seemed extra awkward and feminine since boys were watching. Thor and Odin collapsed onto the blanket, and Thor got bottled water out of their basket and handed one to Odin. The warmth of the sun felt delicious on his smooth skin, and he propped himself on his elbows and closed his eyes, loving the feeling of the rays on his skin.

"Do we lay out now?" Odin asked.

"Yes."

"How do I do it?"

"You're doing it right now," Thor said. "You just lay in the sun, and maybe read something."

"That's it?"

"That's it."

"And girls like just laying in the sun?"

"It seems so," Thor said, rolling onto his belly and closing his own eyes.

The boys did not get to relax for long, as their peaceful sunbathing was suddenly interrupted.

"Ladies," a male voice called.

Thor and Odin glanced over to see two guys had appeared from the group that had been watching them earlier. Thor and Odin exchanged a glance. Yes, they agreed with their eyes. The guys were cute.

"Hey!" They answered, making their already soft voices even higher.

"Mind if we join you?"

In less than five minutes, they were making out.

Chapter 13

Friday came around, and the girls were going clubbing. Thor, as much as he loved dancing now, had tried to talk them out of it, but Odin had never been dancing as a girl, and Darcy wasn't hearing it. Worse, she insisted they go to Valhella.

"It's the hottest club in Captiva!" She said. "With the hottest guys."

"That guy, Gabe, gives me the creeps," Thor said, playing with one of his braids.

"So what? Didn't you hear me? HOT GUYS."

"What about Prospero's?"

Darcy looked like she'd sucked on a lemon. "Only on ladies' night, and only when hazelbeats is DJ. You know that."

Thor looked at Odin, pleading for help, but Odin shrugged. "We should go where the hottest guys are, right?"

"Da—" Thor almost called him 'Daddy' but caught himself in time. "*Krystal*," he said, "You find that Gabe creepy, too, remember?"

"*Tia*," Odin answered in the same tone, "hot guys?"

"We're going to Valhella," Darcy said. "And we are going to have so much fun! Okay. I gotta run. See you tonight."

Darcy, who'd dropped by their apartment, left.

"Ugh!" Thor said. "How can we go to Valhella? It's not safe!"

"I think it's okay," Odin said. "I mean, he did give us free passes."

"Omigod, you are so boy crazy!"

"Like you're any different."

"I don't know. I just— I hate the way Gabe looks at me."

"You've gone dancing there since your swap. Why is it so different now?"

"Because I didn't know he was the one who helped turn me into a girl?" Thor said. "And that was before that day in his office. He was so gross."

“Look,” Odin said, snuggling up to Thor on the couch. “Maybe we can even sneak into his office! I mean, we probably should at least try? Right? You’ve been there. What does he do when the club is open?”

Thor thought about it. “He mingles and flirts, and stares at all the girls.”

“So, then, like, the office is probably totally empty!”

Thor sighed. “So, what do you think we’ll even find in there?”

“I don’t know,” Odin said, “but it will be just like Sunset Harbor!”

Thor smiled. Daddy knew just how to manipulate him. “It would be fun, wouldn’t it?”

“That a girl,” Odin said. “Let’s just see what happens. Now, priorities.”

“Priorities?”

“We need to get ready!”

“But, we have hours?” Odin said.

‘I know,” Thor said. “I just hope we have enough time. Let’s start with our hair! Move! Move! Move! Move!”

The boys decided they wanted to get all dolled up and glamorous for Odin’s first big night clubbing as a girl, so they started by doing their hair, looking through a bunch of different hairstyles on the interwebs until each settled on something he felt was more sophisticated and grown up—more like a woman than a girl. Each had now instinctive knowledge of how to style hair, so they took turns doing each other’s, their sisterly bond growing stronger.

“Omgod!” Odin said when he saw himself with his new hairstyle. “I’m so glamorous!”

“Just wait until you do your makeup!” Thor giggled, pleased that his father liked the way Thor had fixed his hair. “You have to take into account the lighting at the club!”

The two men chatted and giggled as they did their faces, then wiggled into their tiny little club dresses and paused to touch things up a bit more. They were having so much fun, and seeing how their going out makeup enhanced and softened their pretty features, the former Lords of Asgard felt more confident than ever that their were about to drive all the boys out of their minds.



Valhella on a Friday night was the place to be for the young and beautiful. The line went around the block, and they could hear the thumping music as they walked up, heels clicking. Odin started toward the back of the line, but Thor took his arm and led him toward the door. "Girls like us don't wait," he said with a smile.

"You got that right," Darcy said.

Odin let his eyes roam across all the studly guys waiting. “The boys are all so—pretty,” he gasped. He’d never seen so many hot guys all together, dressed up for a club night. All the boys he’d seen so far and had in just regular day clothes, the guy uniform of a t-shirt and jeans or shorts. Now, seeing them dressed, their hair slicked back, he wanted to just run over and start kissing them all!

Thor, who’d also found himself checking out the guys, couldn’t disagree. “Stud central,” he said, his voice hoarse.

“You glad we decided to come here tonight?” Darcy said.

“Yaassss,” Thor and Odin answered in unison.

The doorman looked them up and down as they approached, nodded approvingly. He knew Darcy and Tia and appreciated their new friend’s good looks. “Ladies,” he said, opening the door.

Thor and Odin giggled. It was so fun to be called ‘ladies,’ plus they were loving the jealous and curious looks from all the less pretty people waiting in line, the whispers, “who are? Are they famous?”

“We’re goddesses,” Thor whispered to Odin, who giggled.

Valhella was packed with hot bodies. The dance floor, the bar, the tables—everywhere beautiful people, everywhere booze and people doing lines of cocaine... up on stage, head bopping the DJ, YaKnowMe, was mixing beats.

Thor and Odin forgot all about Gabe. Thor just wanted to dance, and as for Odin? “How do we get boys to dance with us?” He yelled, trying to be heard over the loud music.

“Come on,” Thor said, grabbing Odin’s hand and dragging him out onto the dance floor. “The boys will come to us. Just like at the beach!”

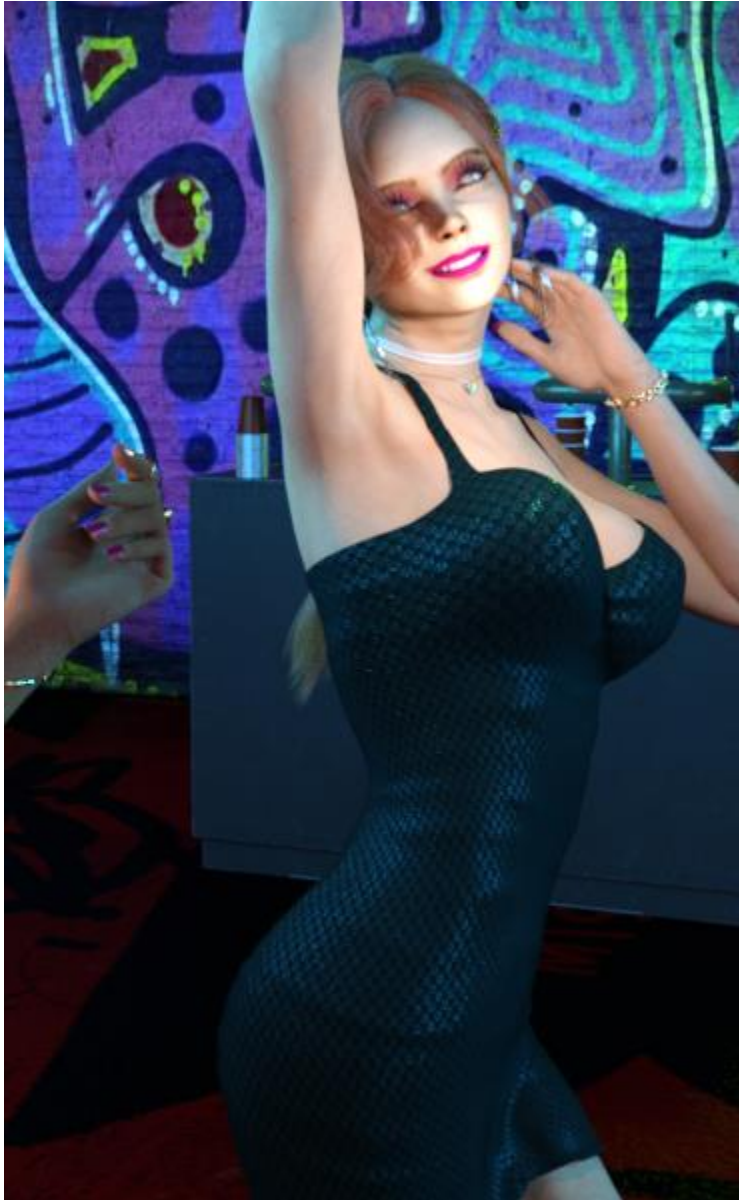
The three of them started dancing. As with skateboarding, Odin discovered he both loved and knew how to dance, and as Thor predicted, he soon found a superhot guy joining him, the two of them making eye contact, moving together. As Lord of Asgard, Odin had not danced in many centuries, as he considered it undignified, but now he was shaking it, feeling more free than he had in years, able to just be this young girl and do and say what he wanted. He could smile! Odin, as a man, did not smile.

Thor danced with two guys. They'd both shown up at the same time and were now trying to impress him with their dance moves. Thor felt like he'd guzzled a barrel of mead, having these two guys competing for his attention. It made him feel powerful again, but it was a different, sweeter, prettier power than he'd had before. It thrilled him to know these guys wanted him, desperately wanted him, and would probably do almost anything to have him. He was, seriously, that pretty.



Gabe, who as Thor remembered, had come down to the floor and was mingling with some of the VIP big spenders, caught sight of the Asgardians, and he smiled, pleased. It turned him on to see the two former Gods in their tight little dresses and

high heels, showing off their skinny little arms and long legs. Thor and Odin were dancing with guys, and they were both obviously excited, turned on. He especially liked Odin, with his freckles and his great tits. He made a perfect female.



It would be the score of a lifetime, he thought, to bang The All Father, the king of Asgard! What a story he'd have to tell!

It seemed doable. He remembered how sweet Odin had been during their meeting, how he'd cried so easily. Girls like Odin? Gabe knew just how to maneuver them right into the sack.

The three girls took a break from dancing, the guys following along. They found a space at the bar, and it was all giggling and hair tossing as they flirted with the boys. One of them handed Odin a drink, and he was about to drink it when Darcy grabbed his wrist and said, "We need to go to the little girls' room!" And they she

dragged him off, along with Thor.

"Krystal," she said once they were in the safe haven of the ladies' room, "you never drink from any open drink a guy gives you."

"Why not?"

"She doesn't know the rules," Thor said.

"You should have told her," Darcy said.

“I know. I just forgot.” It was true. Thor sometimes still forgot how naive his father was when it came to being a mortal girl.

“Guys will try and slip drugs into our drinks sometimes,” Darcy said. “You also have to watch your own drink all the time.”

“Really?” Odin said. So far, the mortal guys had all seemed so cute and nice. He’d come to think of them as harmless.

“Really. Girls have to stick together. Watch each other’s backs. You never know when a guy might try something.”

“Is this some sort of war?” Odin said, appalled. “I thought we came here to meet guys?”

“We did,” Thor said, “but some of them are bad. Girls have to be so careful.”

“But, what if I want to make out with someone? How do I know which ones are the good ones?”

“You should probably just stick to dancing tonight, maybe get a few numbers. It’s better for you.”

“What do you mean, for me?”

“Krystal, I love you, and I think you are amazing, but you are so naive!” Darcy said.

Naive? Me? Odin thought. I’m a God! But then, he decided he liked the idea of being naive. It struck him as cute, and he shrugged his little shoulders and giggled. For Odin, this new information was a little unsettling. He’d felt totally safe as a girl, and had ever imagined that any of these cute, pretty boys could be a threat. And yet, oddly, the thought of needing to navigate this new danger just made him feel – excited? The game was more complex, and that just made him feel even more thrilled that he was a girl now.

Thor and Odin both realized the plan of sneaking into Gabe’s office was off the table. They couldn’t leave Darcy by herself. It was part of the Girl Code. Once more, their half-hearted plan to at least find out who was behind their new lives faded in the face of the opportunity to have fun. They just decided to put it off until another time, and instead they hit the floor, dancing and laughing and flirting the night away until when the lights came on and the club started to close, they looked at each other like, what? Already? The night had just breezed by, hours passing like seconds.

They walked Darcy back to her place, and then headed home. A cool, salty night breeze tossed their hair, and Odin had never felt so happy. “Can we go clubbing, like, every night?” He said.

“You had fun, then?” Thor said.

“So much fun. I love dancing!”

“Me, too,” Thor said.

“I think I just want to be a girl,” Odin said, as much to himself as to Thor.

“It’s okay, right?” Thor said, having had the same feelings.

“Better than okay,” Odin said. “It’s— divine..”

Thor put his arm around Odin’s slender waist and they walked together, their heels clicking. He remembered the note he’d found the morning he’d woken in this body: It’s not so bad. You’ll get used to it.

It had seemed impossible to him then, still thinking of himself as a God, a man, trapped in skinny little female form. But, just like Odin, he had not only gotten used to it, but he’d learned to love it.

Everything would be so perfect, Thor thought, once he had Tech. And he was sure Odin would get over it, find another boy. I mean, there were so many of them!

“Look at this,” Odin said, veering off course and heading toward a lamppost.

“What?”

“This?”

Odin pointed a long fingernail at a flyer that read, “First Annual Captiva Skateboard Fest. First prize 10,000 dollars.”

“Ten thousand dollars?” Thor gasped. “You thinking what I’m thinking?”

“Uh, yah. That would buy a lot of cute clothes.”

Neither one of them thought for even one second about using the money to travel to Europe and find an Asgardian. Neither noticed the text at the bottom of the poster: Sponsored by Valhella.

Chapter 14

“I don’t know if we can afford this,” Thor said the next morning as he looked over the flyer for SkateFest. “It costs, like, 200 dollars to sign up!”

“Oh, I have that,” Odin said, going to the cupboard and taking out a can that read, Captiva Coffee Company on the side. He brought the can over to the living kitchen table and turned it over, dollars raining down and scattering across the faux wood grain.

Thor’s mouth dropped open. “Where did you get all this?”

“Tips,” Odin said, tossing his hair. “Because I’m so pretty.”

Thor stuck his tongue out and started to count the money. “Wow. I get tips at SunFawn’s, but not like this.”

“Maybe you should become a Jugs girl?” Odin smiled, wickedly. “Though you’d probably need to wear a padded bra—you know, to get enough cleavage.”

Ugh. Sisters. Thor decided to just ignore him. “352 dollars! More than enough. I’m

going to win!” Thor was thinking of how impressed Tech would be when Tia won the competition.

“Don’t you mean, we?” Odin said, his feminine intuition sensing something was going on with Thor he didn’t like.

“Oh! Yes!” Thor said, “Of course, Daddy!” He got up and gave Odin a hug and a kiss on the cheek. “I love you so much!” Thor had decided to over-compensate to try and hide his small sense of guilt over his plan to steal Tech.

It didn’t work. Odin only became more suspicious. What’s he up to? Odin wondered. The little sneak!



Thor's phone buzzed. He checked it and giggled. "It's Jax," he said. "He texts me, like, all the time.

Odin smiled, but his eyes were hard. Tech, for all his studly cuteness, was not a texter, and Odin, watching Thor get all excited, decided that needed to change. He and Tech would have a talk, he decided. Sometime.

Thor and Odin spent the next week at the skatepark every day when they weren't at work, putting together a team routine, which was part of the competition. It was work as much as fun now, as they had both become determined to win. Each day, though, Odin and Tech went off together for lunch, and Thor ached. He knew they were making out, and he wanted Tech so bad! How could stupid Tech pick his father?

Jax was not a skater, and though they were getting together every afternoon after skate practice or their shifts at SunFawn's, kissing and talking. It was sweet, and Jax was cute, and he kept trying to get into Thor's pants! But, he wasn't Tech, and with each passing day the thrill of making out with him dwindled, until it was starting to feel more *boring*.

Thor was thinking of breaking things off and had almost built up the courage one afternoon as they watched the sunset together after another dreary make out session, when Jax said, "I have something for you."

"Oh?" Thor said, only half paying attention as he played through his mind his breaking up speech.

Jax pulled a necklace from his pocket— it was just a leather string but dangling from it was what Thor recognized as a high-school class ring. "I want to make it official that we're together," Jax said. "I really like you, Tia." He held the necklace out, clearly intending to put it on Thor.

Thor forced a smile. "You're claiming me as your woman?" He said in a small voice, terrified.

"Um, sure, if you want to put it that way?" Jax said. "Tia, I claim you as my woman!"

Thor couldn't say no. It would be too hurtful! As much as he'd grown bored with Jax, he liked the boy and cared about him. *Curse the Norns*, he thought. *Curse them!* He would just have to play along for a little while, pretend to be in love with Jax and wait for



a better time to break things off. Thor bowed his head, and Jax hung his ring around Thor's long, slender neck.

Thor started crying. He'd learned to cry on demand. It was a useful skill for a girl. He threw his arms around Tech. "I love you!" He lied. "I love you so much."

Jax gathered little Tia in for a hug. Her tears had surprised him, but he had learned already about girls and their unpredictable emotions. He really did like Tia, and having her as his girlfriend was good for his rep, but she'd said a word that unnerved him. "Love?"

Oh, shit, he

thought. *Maybe I've made a mistake. We haven't even had sex.*

Odin, meanwhile, was experiencing his first argument. He and Tech had made out, cuddled. Odin had asked Tech about his job, and Tech had just grunted. "It's just a job," he said.

Odin had sighed dramatically.

"What?"

"We NEVER talk," Odin said.

"We talk all the time."

"I know we talk, but we don't talk talk. I want to know about your life, your hopes and dreams and who you are and everything!"

Tech groaned. *Here we go.* "Krystal, I'm not a chit chat guy. That's not who I am."

"Why don't you ever text me?" Odin burst out, finally getting to the point.

"I don't text anyone. Texting is stupid."

"Well, it's important to me, so you should. You should care about my feelings!"

"Don't try and change me," Tech said, his voice calm. "I am who I am, babe. Tech is Tech, and I like you, I really do, but I'm never going to be some sensitive guy who sends you poems. Now, you need to make a decision." He took Odin's soft little hand in his own. "Do you want to be with me or not?"

Odin felt himself getting lost in Tech's eyes. He was so confident, so strong, and even though he'd said none of things Odin wanted to hear, there was just something about his unshakeable sense of self that made Odin's heart race. "Omigod," he said, his voice hoarse. "I so want to be with you."

Tech smiled and pulled Odin in for a long, lingering kiss that made the pretty little Asgardian forget all about texting and talking and anything other than Tech and his incredible kissing lips.

"You have to make him break up with you," Darcy said after Thor had shared his Jax problem with her. He'd found himself confiding in her more and more, even though he still kind of hated her and didn't trust her. She just— well, she seemed to know how to be a girl in ways Thor still didn't understand.

"I don't know. It seems mean?"

"Then, be direct."

“I can’t!” Thor said, tossing his hair. “He’s so nice, and when he’s looking at me with those puppy dog eyes I just– I don’t even know. I melt!”

“Girlfriend, you have three choices. Keep hanging out with a guy you find boring, make yourself miserable and, by the way, only drag out the inevitable. Two, make him break up with you. Three, break up with him.”

“Isn’t there a fourth, easier way?”

“Nope.”

“Which one would you do?”

“Do you even have to ask? I would totally twist his mind until he thought it was his idea to break up, and then I would throw the biggest tantrum ever and make him hate himself for doing it!”

“You’re bad,” Thor said, once more wondering why he kept coming to this psycho for advice.

“I am,” Darcy said. “I’m a very *bad* girl.”



She covered Thor’s hand with her own. “Girl,” she said. “Life is too short to waste it making out with a guy you’re not into, especially when there are so many hot guys in

Captiva. Besides, what's going to happen if Krystal and Tech break-up, and you're still dating Jax? What then?"

Thor frowned. Darcy was right. He needed to be free so he could get Tech.

Thor made his way to his little spot on the beach. He did some sketches, started writing a poem, stopped. His sketchbook was filled with unfinished poems and sketches. He never seemed to finish anything anymore. It was very un-Thor, and very uber-Tia. He'd been looking for the easy way out of his relationship with Jax, he realized, instead of the right way.

Is that the kind of girl I want to be? He wondered.

He pulled his phone out of his backpack and searched for, *How to Break Up With a Guy Without Hurting His Feelings*. He got 5.5 million hits.

The thought of being a bad girl like Darcy, did, he had to admit, intrigue him. She was like a character on Sunset Harbor, and Thor had come to love drama. But, this was real life, and people had real feelings. Tia was not going to be that kind of girl, he decided. *Thor* was not going to be that kind of girl.

Well, except when it came to Tech. They were soulmates. They were meant to be together. There were no rules when it came to soulmates.

Chapter 15



Relationships. The first hiccup in what had seemed like the perfect dream lives as girls for Thor and Odin. They were both annoyed at their men, but neither wanted to admit it to the other. Whenever they talked, it was all about how amazing Tech and Jax were, how much they were in love.

Odin, at least, was still very much in lust with Tech, but as much as he enjoyed their time together, he couldn't help but feeling he wanted more; he wanted a true partner who talked to him about everything, someone who would go dancing with him— tech thought dancing was stupid— and snuggle and watch Sunset Harbor. He wanted a guy who would *just know* when he was upset— even when he was trying to hide it- and hug him and listen to him talk about whatever was worrying him even if he made no sense! He wanted a guy who would just spontaneously send him flowers, show up outside his window some night and sing him a love song from some opera, go to see a romantic movie even if he thought it was dumb but love it because he knew Odin loved it!

Am I expecting too much? Odin wondered while searching on his smart pad for the perfect color of nail polish to wear at the skating competition. He didn't care. It was what he needed to be happy! It was what his heart demanded! He couldn't settle for anything less because—

Oh! That was the perfect color! Odin smiled. He'd looked at a hundred different colors, and it had been worth it because this was— he couldn't even. It screamed *skateboard princess*. He and Thor, he decided, should have matching nails, outfits. It would be so fun!

When he told Thor about his idea for their matching outfits, Thor squealed and threw his arms around Odin. "I love it! Love it! Love it!" Odin showed Thor some of the ideas he'd been thinking about, and the two crowded around the laptop, searching through different outfits, giggling and smiling as they planned out what to wear. "Everyone is going to be taking pictures of us!" Odin said as they started to zero in on their look.

"Omigod, right?" Thor said. "We'll be all over social media!"

"I bet we'll get 10,000 likes!"

"Or more!"

Both of the men had found themselves increasingly obsessed with social media—and increasingly obsessed with having more followers, more likes. It just seemed so important! They did have one last huge problem to solve and which they couldn't come to agree on. The name for their skate team.

"The Asgirlians," Thor threw out.

"Lame," Odin said, sticking his finger in his mouth. "How about Two Cuties, but we use the letter 2 instead of the word?"

Thor shrugged. "Maybe." He did an internet search for 2 Cuties. "Cutie is the name of some kind of fruit?" He thought. "Maybe it should be something edgy, but cute at the same time?"

"Like what?"

"How about— Danger Dimples!?"

"No. Just no."

Thor sighed dramatically. "Our name has to be perfect!"

Odin sighed dramatically. "And easy to hashtag!"

“And memorable!”

“And unique!”

“And accessible!”

They threw themselves dramatically onto the bed.

“Sometimes it’s so hard being a pika,” Odin said, reverting to the Old Norse word for girl.

Thor sat up. “Systir,” he said, reverting to Old Norse himself. “That’s it! You’ve got it!”

“I do?” Odin said, sitting up. “What?”

“Pika! That can be our name! It’s cute! It’s Norse! It’s easy to hashtag!” He searched Pika on his phone and screamed. “It’s even the name of a cute little mouse!” He showed the image to Odin. “Omigod! I want one!”

“I know, right? We could put them on everything, sell them on Redballoon!”

“Pika,” Odin said, trying out the word, picturing it on a tank top. A tote bag. “We’re Pika!”

They hugged, both having fallen in love with their team name.

“It’s so much prettier than the word for ‘boy,’” Odin said, playing with his hair, once more feeling so lucky to be a female. “Magu.”

“Or, even worse, Mogr.” Thor shook his head. “Like Ogre. I feel sorry for boys.”

“Me, too! They don’t even get to wear makeup.”

As the big competition approached, the boys continued to practice. They’d felt really confident. Some of the other girls were good, but they knew they were better. They practiced as much because they wanted to get some super great videos to post to social media. Darcy had agreed to shoot them, and in her usual Darcy way she’d recruited a couple other girls to shoot their performances as well.

“We’ll get you from three different angles,” Darcy explained, showing the schematics she’d made of the skatepark, the locations of each camera. “And we’ll shoot close, medium and long shots. Then, I’ll edit them together into the most amazing video clips.”

“You’re amazing!” Thor said, impressed with all the work she was putting into it. “I just hope it doesn’t rain.”

“Rain?” Darcy said. “It never rains in Captiva. Now, as soon as your clothes come in, I want to shoot a bunch of test shots in the sun to see how they’ll look, make adjustments to our settings. Don’t forget.”

“Forget what?” Odin said, playing with his braid.

“Omigod. Airhead,” Darcy said, turning to Thor. “You’ll remember, right?”

“I’ll text you as soon as they’re delivered.”

She gave them both hugs and air kisses, and then left.

“Why does everyone think I’m an airhead?” Odin said in his small, extra-cutesy voice. In fact, he loved it.

“Mostly because you are, pika,” Thor said. “But we love you for it.”

Odin just giggled. “Wait. What were we talking about again?”

“About you being an airhead,” Thor said, rolling his eyes.

“Oh, yeah. I forgot!”

Thor, meanwhile, found himself thinking about what Darcy had said. *It never rains in Captiva*. He thought back through his time in Captiva, thinking it must have rained at least once? But, he couldn’t remember a single day that had been other than sunny and warm. The weather here was always perfect.

Too perfect?

He went to his weather app. There was a function where he could look at the typical 12-month weather patterns in Captiva over the years. It showed the same range of temperatures for every month and the same amount of precipitation: zero.

Was it possible there was a place where it was always warm and sunny, and it never rained? Thor may have been a silly girl, but he had once been the God of Thunder, and he knew the answer. No. It was not possible.

It bothered him. This was something he had not realized about Captiva. He felt like he’d come to know his town, this perfect little beach town just made for a girl like him. Now, he wondered if he didn’t know it at all. The thoughts disturbed him. His head hurt. He decided he would worry about it later. For now, he decided, he would just be grateful he lived in such a perfect place!

Days passed. Their outfits came in, Darcy worked out the best filters and ways to shoot their performance. They were all super excited.

Everything was set up perfectly for the SkateFest right up until the day before the big competition. That's when *she* showed up.

Tall, beautiful, she effortlessly flew up the halfpipe, did a flip and skated back down, the whole time moving as gracefully as if she was floating on air. She had a superior



look on her face, like everyone around her was beneath her, and held her head up, nose in the air.

Thor slit his eyes, immediately hating this new female who'd invaded *his* space. He hated her tattoos, her face, her long legs. "Who is she?" He hissed.

"She's good," Odin whispered, watching her. "She's not competing, is she?"

“She is,” Hannah, who’d skated up to them, said. “She signed up at the last minute. Looks like we have some serious competition.”

“Do you know her?” Thor asked, feeling an insane urge to skate up to that arrogant girl and scratch her face with his long nails.

“No, but she’s actually a legend around here,” Hannah said. “We all thought she’d retired from skateboarding a couple years ago. She lives at Stone Circle, that big mansion on the Outer Point?”

“Of course, she does,” Odin said, his own hatred of this pretty girl growing. “Look at her. She thinks she’s so great.”

“She is great,” Hannah said, awestruck. “In fact, she calls herself Perfection.”

Tech skated up to Perfection. They popped their boards and stood talking, and Perfection reached out and put a hand on Tech’s arm.

Odin’s face turned red. “Bitch,” he whispered.

Hannah tried not to smile.

“They’re just talking,” Thor said, but he could see the way they looked at each other.

“I’m putting a stop to this,” Odin said, hopping on his skateboard and rushing over.

“You better go with her,” Hannah said. “This could get ugly.”

“You’re right,” Thor said, skating after his jealous little father. *Oh, boy*, he thought. *Oh, pika!*

Chapter 16

Odin skated up and wrapped his arms around Tech's arm, giving him a kiss on the cheek.

"Oh, hey," Tech said, caught off guard.

"You gonna introduce me to your friend?" Odin said, looking up into the girl's haughty eyes, and as their eyes met he startled in recognition. Skyrmir, the giant and master of illusion! What was he doing here?

Skyrmir, too, found himself stunned as looked down at the pretty, freckle-faced girl and recognized Odin, All Father, trapped behind those big, innocent eyes.

Tech, feeling very uncomfortable having been caught flirting with Perfection, was also a bit tongue tied. "Uh, yeah," he said. "Perfection, this is Krystal."

Thor skated up and also recognized Skyrmir inside the tall, leggy blonde. Skyrmir? His hatred for the girl redoubled. Skyrmir had once humiliated Thor in an event which became a part of the sagas spread throughout the Norse world. Thor had long held a grudge against the giant, and now he could only wonder: Why does he get to be so tall, beautiful and rich? The three former men looked each other over, feeling both embarrassed to be women, while also sizing each other up as women. They were all pretty, with great skin, and each one rapidly concluded that he was the prettiest of the three girls.

Odin, despite a sudden self-consciousness at being a female, was mostly just concerned with making sure Skyrmir knew Tech was *his* man. His need to fend off other females over-rode anything that was left of the former Lord of Asgard. "I'm Tech's girlfriend," he said, tossing his hair and squeezing Tech's arm even harder.

Skyrmir, regaining his poise, smiled, but it was a full, toothy smile, like a shark. "Isn't that sweet," he said. "And Krystal is such a pretty little name."

"I love your blonde hair," Thor said.

"Thanks," Skyrmir said, touching his hair. He was very proud of his bouncy, blonde hair.

“Is it real, or another one of your little illusions?”

Catty little bitch, Skymir thought “This is all real,” Skymir said, gesturing at his breasts, which were much larger than Thor’s. “I like your hair, too,” he said, keeping the smile locked on his face. “That’s a great hairstyle– for a 12-year-old.”

The three men all smiled and slit their eyes.

Tech cleared his throat. Girls and their drama! “Okay, then,” he said. “We should all get back to practice. Big competition tomorrow.” He left, followed close behind by Odin.

“Oh, I don’t know there will be much competition,” Skymir said to Thor, wanting to rattle his female rival. “I seem to recall you failing, oh, three competitions last we met? Including being defeated in a wrestling match by an old woman?”

“Just one of your stupid illusions,” Thor said. “Bitch!”

Skymir laughed. “I look forward to humiliating you once again.”

“Good luck,” Thor said, sweetly, but in a way that clearly conveyed– I hope you fall and break your neck.

“Buhbye!” Skymir said.

“Ugh!”



“Hey,” Odin said, skating after Tech. “What the hell was that?”

Tech knew exactly why Krystal was upset, and he cringed, annoyed that he would have to deal with more female drama. “I was talking to another skater,” Tech said. “Just like I do every day.”

“Oh, please!” Odin shouted. He’d decided to create a scene in front of all the other skaters. “Do you think I’m stupid?”

“You are kind of an airhead.”

Odin’s mouth dropped open. “You’re a jerk!”

Everyone was looking, watching. Tech formed a pyramid with his hands and adopted his “Zen Master” voice. “Attachment is the source of all suffering,” he said calmly. “You must let go of the idea that you own me or anyone.”

“I don’t think I own you! You’re my boyfriend!”

“You hear yourself? *My. My* boyfriend. You must learn of the dangers of the I, Me, Mine.”

“This is such--- ugh! What are you even talking about?”

“For your own good, I must help you break free of your attachment to me. We will no longer see each other.”

“You’re breaking up with me?”

“I cannot break that which was never real, for as the—”



Odin slapped Tech across the face and turned and skated away. He couldn't believe Tech would break up with him in front of everyone! He'd thought Tech cared about him, but Tech was just—just-- an idiot!

Thor, meanwhile, who'd finished sparring with Skrymir, watched it all, doing his best to hide his smile.

Later, Thor sat alone on the beach that evening, watching the sunset, struggling with so many feelings. He hated Skrymir, and he hated girl Skrymir even more. Skrymir's presence disturbed Thor. The giant could create the greatest of illusions. He'd once made Thor believe he was trying to lift a cat when it had actually been the great world serpent. He thought again about the weather, the too perfect weather. Captiva, indeed, seemed like an illusion. Could Skrymir be behind all this?

Thinking about that made Thor's head hurt. He felt dizzy. Then, looking around, he shook his head. What had he been thinking about? Oh. Tech, of course.

How was he supposed to ever get Tech and end things with Jax without being a bitch?

His phone buzzed. He looked to see a text from Jax. "Wanna get together?"

Think of the devil, Thor thought, *and he will text*. Get together was just code for make out. Thor put his phone down, thinking he would just ignore the text, but he didn't want to be rude. *Sorry*, he typed back. *Resting for the skateboarding thing*.

Understood. I'll be there to cheer you on, Jax responded.

He's so supportive and understanding, Thor thought, it makes me want to puke. He wished sometimes Jax were more— what? More of an asshole? More of a man, he decided. More the kind of guy I used to be.

Thor sighed. Nothing seemed right anymore, nothing seemed good. His whole life was a disaster! When is it my turn to be happy? He wondered. "When will my dreams come true?" He asked the sky.

And then, like a miracle, as there was, once again no rain, a rainbow appeared out, over the ocean. It was so pretty! And it was a sign. Clearly. Thor smiled and felt his heart flutter. The universe was speaking to him! Telling him everything would be—

His phone buzzed again. This time a message from Darcy. I'm here with Tech. Come join us!

Tech. Just the sight of his name made Thor thirsty. "OMW," he texted back, thrilled and nervous and all tingly with anticipation. Tech had broken up with his father. The universe had opened a path and now just like that an invitation. Everything was just falling into place for him to get the man of his dreams! He looked at the rainbow, still hovering out over the ocean. "Thanks, Universe!"

Thor's conscious pricked at him a little bit as he headed off to meet Tech. I mean, what about Jax? *He'll probably never find out* Thor thought, *and even if he does he's such a nice guy—I mean, he'll totally forgive me.*

Chapter 17

Thor stood at the door to Tech's apartment, checking his hair and makeup, his outfit. He looked cute. He took another moment to practice his smile, for the first time Tech saw him tonight. He wanted it to say, "hey, stud," but not seem slutty. If he'd had time, he might have gone home and put on a dress, but maybe that would have been overdoing it. He didn't want to seem desperate, though he was so very desperate! He'd been thinking and dreaming about Tech all this time, and his body ached with desire, his heart raced.



He wanted to kiss Tech so badly, to feel their bodies pressed together. Taking a deep breath, Thor pushed his breasts up, adjusted his bra straps, thanking the Norns that his wife couldn't see him now. He started to press the doorbell, but stopped. He hadn't decided the best pose to greet Tech and started trying out different ideas, a hand on a hip, fists under his chin like an anime girl, no that was dumb... maybe—

Just then, the door swung open and Tech looked down at Thor, still in the anime girl pose he'd decided was dumb. Thor thought he would die! What was a girl to do but brazen it out at this point? He kept his fists under his chin and plastered a big smile on his face— not the one he'd planned at all.

“Tia. I thought I heard someone out here,” Tech said, then stood there at the door, waiting for Thor to say something.

Oh! No! Thor hadn’t thought about what to say! His mind froze. He just stood there, grinning, blushing. His mouth dropped open. “Um, hi?” He finally managed. “Uh, the weather sure is nice?”

Double die! Thor was horrified. What am I doing?

Tech had seen girls flustered by him many times, and he knew exactly what was happening to little Tia. He loved it. After all these months playing hard to get...

“Come in,” he said. “We’re just hanging.”

As Thor entered, Tech put his hand on the small of Thor’s back and guided him into the living room. Thor glanced up at him, thrilled, and then scanned Tech’s apartment with female eyes— yes. Thor had been almost as excited to see Tech’s apartment as he was to see Tech. You could tell so much about a guy by the way he lived, and Thor liked what he saw: Masculine, tasteful, hip but not trying to hard. Omigod. Thor’s heart raced even more. Tech was so cool!

“Hey, girl,” Darcy said as Thor entered. She had a wicked smile on her face and a knowing look in her eyes.

“Hey,” Thor said, giving Darcy a wink.

“You want something to drink?” Tech said.

“Soda?”

“I don’t have any soda. It’s poison. I’m all natural.”

Of course, you are, Thor thought, making a mental note to stop drinking soda.

“How about I get you some of my signature Passionflower cold brew?” Tech said. “I think you’ll like it.”

Thor giggled. “Okay.” He liked having Tech decide for him, and while Tech went to get the tea, he started to sit down next to Darcy. “What are you doing?” Darcy hissed.

“What?”

“Sit on the couch and leave space for Tech to sit next to you.”

“Oh!” Thor covered his mouth and giggled, doing exactly as Darcy suggested. He really had so much to learn about being a girl.

Tech came back and did not disappoint. He sat right next to Thor, their legs pressing together, and soon enough his arm was around Thor's slender shoulders. The three of them talked for a time. Thor mostly just giggled and gazed longingly at Tech's face, into his eyes. He couldn't help it. Tech was so cute.

Darcy lingered just long enough, then yawned and stood. "I am so tired!" She said. "I better get going!"

"Do you need someone to walk you home?" Tech said.

Damn! Thor cursed in his head. *No.*

But Darcy was prepared. "I called an Uber," she said. "My feet are killing me."

"I'll watch from the window to make sure you get in safely." Tech said.

Thor thought he would melt. Tech was such a gentleman!

Darcy paused at the door, turned around to face them, her hands behind her back. "Be good, kids!" She said.

Thor giggled.

Darcy left. Neither of them had noticed that she'd made sure the door was still unlocked.

Tech watched at the window. Thor twisted his bracelets, fidgeted with his hair. Once Tech waved Darcy off, he turned and gave Thor a full body look over, letting his eyes drink in every soft curve of Thor's slender little body. Thor blushed and looked away. Tech flipped off the light switch, leaving the only light a pair of sand candles flickering on the coffee table.

Thor looked back at Tech now, the candlelight flickering in his big, pretty eyes. He smiled— and it was exactly the smile he'd been practicing. *Hey, stud.*

Tech came back to the couch, sat down, pulled Thor to him and kissed him— a long, lingering kiss. Thor kissed back. They kissed again. And again. The kisses— so much better than with Jax. Thor's whole body blushed; he curled his toes, every kiss sent a thrill through every inch of his skin. It was like being kissed everywhere at once, but by a man now, and not a boy.

Odin's phone buzzed. He'd been hanging around the apartment, plucking his eyebrows. He looked. A message from Darcy. "That little slut!" He screamed, bolting for the door.

Thor pulled his top off, and Tech reached around, unclasping his bra, slipping it off and tossing it across the room. He looked down at Thor's breasts appreciatively, and said, "You're a goddess."



Thor giggled. He felt vulnerable now, his body exposed, and he needed to hear Tech say it; to affirm that he was pretty, sexy, a beautiful girl. Tech pushed Thor onto his back, climbing on top, and he planted hot, wet kisses on Thor's body, starting at his neck and working his way down his clavicle, his chest, his tummy. Thor was making soft, mewling sounds, squeezing Tech's strong shoulders...

The wheels of Odin's skateboard screeched as he zig-zagged wildly in and out of traffic, jumped curbs and dodged pedestrians. His head was filled with the bloody fog of war, a feeling he hadn't even realized he could feel as a girl. "Let the blood flow thick and hot!" He howled, as a shocked crowd looked on.

"Should we call the police?" A guy asked his girlfriend.

"Nah," she said. "She's probably just having her period."

Tech undid Thor's shorts and shoved them down to his knees, then pulled them off his legs. He shoved Thor's legs apart, then grabbed his panties and tore them off with a vicious ripping sound, throwing them over his shoulder.

Omigod, Thor thought, feeling strange being the one on his back, the one spreading his legs. Odd, and yet so sweet, so divine. He loved being in this position. *It's happening*, he realized. *Tech is going to take me*. "I'm a virgin," he said softly. He thought Tech should know. "It's my first time."

Tech, who'd been focused on the hot, wet space between Thor's legs came back up, cupped his cheek. He stared into Thor's eyes and smiled. "I thought so. It's okay," he said. "I'm going to take it slow. I want your first time to be special." And then he kissed Thor again, a kiss full of promise and pleasure. Thor felt Tech hard and turgid, pressing against his belly, and something inside Thor seemed to clench, and he felt himself opening, aching, needing so badly to be filled... he reached down and found Tech's

member, meaning to guide it into him, but Tech gently pushed his hand away. “Not yet,” he whispered. “Let the tension build.”

“I can’t... I need you inside me...”

“Trust me,” Tech said, smothering Thor’s desperate pleas with kisses. “It’ll be worth it...”

Odin skated to the front of Tech’s building. Looking up, he saw the window was dark, but there was some soft flickering. He stormed the building, wishing he had Gungnir, his great spear. “She is going to pay for this!”



“Oh!” Thor made a small, pretty noise as he felt Tech enter him. Tech grunted. He was rocking gently, slowly, but the pace building, the thrusts getting more intense... Thor matched the rhythm, digging his nails into Tech’s back, wanting him deeper, deeper... “mmmmmmmm....” Thor purred as the tension built... “mmmmmmmm...” then he started panting, “omigod... omigod....” his voice rising higher and higher...

Odin stormed up to Tech’s door just in time to hear Thor crying out, “omigod... omigod... omigod... YES! YES! YES!”

Odin’s feminine rage blazed even hotter. He tried the handle. The door swung open.

Thor clung to Tech's sweat slicked body., kissing him on the chest, the arm. He felt like he was floating, though, in a pink haze of pure bliss. They both jumped as they heard the front door slam open. The lights came on and a haggard, rage-drenched voice screamed, "What the hell is going on here?"

"A harpy!" Thor shouted, scrambling to his feet s Tech did the same, only to see something far, far, worse than a harpy: an enraged Odin, eyes blazing, stomping towards Thor.

"Harpy?" Odin raved. "You're the harpy, you little slut!"

"Krystal, come on, I have neighbors," Tech said

"Fuck you!" Odin screamed. He couldn't speak in anything less than a scream.

Thor backed away. "You broke up with him!"

"It was a fake breakup!" Odin screamed. "For drama!! He backed Thor into a corner. "Bitch!"

"Bitch?" Thor's mouth dropped open. The girls raised their claws. "Who are you calling a bitch, bitch?"

"I was serious about the breakup, Krystal. It was over between the us. The Buddha..."

"I shit on the Buddha!" Odin screamed. His rage boiled over, and he struck, unleashing his newly discovered Krystal Slap.

Thor shook his head, then turned it to the side. "It's on, little sister!" He slapped Odin back. Slap. Slap. The two former Lords of Asgard unleashed a flurry of slaps on each other, faces stinging, and then Thor lunged for Odin's hair, grabbing one of his tails, yanking, hard.

"Ow!" Now Odin grabbed Thor's hair, and the two were pulling each other' hair, slapping at each other, screaming and raving as they spun around the room, knocking over chairs and tables.

Tech, who'd been enjoying the sight of these two gorgeous females fighting over him and so had opted not to intervene, heard pounding on the walls, the ceiling, the floor. "It's late! Keep it down in there!"

"Girls! Girls!" Tech finally said, intervening, pushing them apart and getting slapped in the head a few times for his trouble. He grabbed Krystal's arms, holding them down

at her sides, and pushed her back into the kitchen. Odin struggled, at first, but found himself helpless against the strength of a man. His rage broke, and suddenly his eyes filled with tears as it was replaced by despair, regret, need, shame...

"How could you?" He asked in a small voice.

Tech knew better than to get into it right now. "You need to go," he said, calm but firm. "Calm down. Clear your head. We'll talk tomorrow."

"Really?" Odin said, the thought giving him some hope that maybe they could work it out, get back together. He didn't understand it, but he wanted Tech, needed Tech.

Tech now guided Odin to the door. "It's going to be okay," he said. "It's going to be fine."

Odin stopped at the door, turned and looked over his shoulder at Thor, who was getting dressed. "I won't be skating with you tomorrow," he sneered. "Team Pika is OVER!" And with that, he marched out the door.

"Oh, shit," Thor whispered. He'd been counting on that money. He'd already bought, like, three new outfits. Now what? The tears started to flow down Thor's cheeks now as well, his mascara running. It wasn't really the money, his cute new clothes. He'd hurt Krystal. Badly. And he didn't know if he'd ever be able to undo the damage.

Tech took Thor in his strong arms. "There, there," he said, kissing Thor on the head. "There, there."

Sitting in the cold dark of a stone, basement room, her face lit up by the swirling magic from her crystal ball, Darcy laughed and laughed and laughed...

Chapter Eighteen



Vendors had arrived early to the skate park, setting up their food trucks and tents, firing up their grill and deep fryers. As the crowds and skaters gathered, the mingled smells of tart, savory chicken and deep fried, sugar drenched funnel cake filled the air. The local radio station, Captiva 93.3, had set up as well, and the air thumped with the bright, danceable pop and the sweet voice of Krystal Kinsey.

Thor stretched, glancing around, hoping to see Odin, wishing that his sister had forgiven him, or at least would show up for the competition. He'd even worn his Team Pika outfit, done his makeup

the way they'd agreed, all in the hopes Krystal would forgive him, and they would get

back together. He was losing hope. Krystal had ignored his texts, then blocked him. He didn't even know where she'd slept, if she was okay. It worried him so much!.

Thor could still compete in the solo events, but without the points from the team competition, he had no chance to win. The confident, even arrogant girl from the day before was gone. From a strictly logical standpoint, he could convince himself he'd done nothing wrong. Tech and Krystal had broken up.

But Thor no longer lived in a world of cold, hard logic. He now found himself governed by emotion, and he felt that going after Tech so soon was wrong. He knew it was wrong. He'd hurt his sister, and she was supposed to be the most important person in the world to him.

What's more, Skymir was a cheater. The last time Thor and the giant had met, Skymir had used his magic to cheat Thor on every competition. Did he still have his magic? Was he the one behind Captiva? Whether he did or he didn't still have his powers, Thor knew he couldn't trust the leggy bitch.

A crackle and the sound of feedback as the MC took the stage to begin the competition. Gabe, of course, Thor thought, disgusted. How could people respect that pig with the way he treated girls? It made him so mad.

It was time. The competitors had to line up and get their numbers. Thor couldn't think of anything but Krystal. Where was she? He kept imagining her in a ditch somewhere. Or, maybe she'd gotten drunk and gotten herself arrested. Grabbing his skateboard, he looked at all the girls lining up, Perfection, Hannah and the rest. He so badly wanted to compete, to show everyone he was the best skater in Captiva, but he turned his back and walked toward the exit to the park.

Darcy, who'd been busily getting ready to shoot, all the while secretly loving how sad and forlorn Thor had looked, ran over. "Where are you going?" She tried to block Thor.

"I'm going to find my sister," Thor said, pushing his way past Darcy.

"Only one more minute for competitors to sign in," Gabe called.

"But, the competition?" Darcy said.

"There are more important things," Thor said. "And family is one of them."

He walked on, determined. He would find Krystal, apologize, beg her forgiveness. It was the right thing to do.

“Thirty seconds.”

Thor marched on, the rising sun at his back.

“Uh, excuse me?” He heard a familiar voice call from behind him. “But, it’s going to be pretty hard for me to win the team competition without my sister at my side.”

Thor turned. “Krystal!”



They ran together, hugged.

“I’m so sorry...”

Thor started.

Ten seconds...

“We can do that later,” Krystal said, “but right now we need to check in!”

“Yes!”

They sprinted toward the check in line.

“Right... seven... six. five... four...”

“No!” Thor cried out. “We’re not going to make it!”

“Run faster!” Odin shouted.

They both found another gear, hair bouncing as they raced forward.

“Three...”

Darcy waved her fingers and mumbled.

Suddenly, Thor and Odin were a blur, flashing across the remaining ground and finding themselves at the table, the assistant giving them their numbers as Gabe called out, "One! Let the skating begin!"

Darcy smirked. She loved creating drama! It was so funny to her to see the two Lords of Asgard get into a spat over boys, then make up. They were like her little puppets. She was also determined to see them skate. She had spent hours getting ready for this, and she wasn't about to see her time wasted.

Chapter 19

Skatefest started with the solo competition. Perfection and Odin each destroyed their routines. When Thor's turn time to skate came around, he picked up his skateboard only to discover— one of his wheels was missing? "Curse Heimdall!" Thor hissed, stomping a foot. "How did this happen?"

As soon as he asked the question, he knew the answer, turning his head to glare at Skymir, who shook his head and made an innocent look like, who, me?

"What happened?" Odin asked, seeing Thor in distress.

"Perfection sabotaged my board!"

"You can use mine," Odin said. "It'll be fine."

Thor didn't know if it would be fine. Like many serious skaters, and he was as serious about his skating as any girl, he had a deep and complex relationship with his boards, especially since it had been with him ever since he'd become a girl. More importantly, he'd made numerous tweaks and modifications to get it just right. Odin was actually using one of what Thor considered his everyday skateboards, which was a good quality board, but it wasn't the same as Mjolina.

Yes, he had named his board after his now missing hammer.

"It's not the same," Thor said. "That hag!"

"Wait a minute," Odin said, thinking. "Skymir's whole thing is illusions. Maybe he didn't sabotage your board, but..."

“... made it look like he did!” Thor reached to where the wheel should have been and, sure enough, he felt it. “It’s an illusion,” he said.

Odin smirked. “Think how impressed the judges will be when you nail your routine on three wheels?”

Thor smiled, walking sassily to the half-pipe, putting an extra swing in his hips.

“What’s this?” Perfection said.

Thor lit it up! He attacked the half-pipe, spinning, jumping, raking... even on four wheels it would have been impressive, but everyone from the judges to a 4 year old in



the crowd was stunned at what Thor seemed to be doing on only three wheels.

Fine, Perfection thought, slitting her eyes. *I'll get you yet, my pretty!*

It went like that all day. Perfection caused a wall of flames to appear the next time Thor skated. He ignored it, skating eight through, the crowded shouting in terror and then amazement as this skinny blonde girl seemed to pass through fire, laughing as the burning embers trailed off behind her.

The competition was single elimination, with girls eliminated each round until there would just be two and then the champion. Odin made it to the final four but lost out to perfection by a score of 9.9 to 9.8. As soon as he saw the results, tears rolled down his cheeks. He wanted to win, to beat Perfection, and, honestly, to beat his sister/daughter, not just because she'd slept with Tech, but to remind Thor who her Daddy was.

Thor hugged Odin. "We still have the team competition," he reminded his sobbing little father. "You did so great!"

Odin touched his son on his smooth, soft cheek. "I'll be fine," he said. "Now go out there and kick Perfection's ass!"

"I will," Thor said, slitting his eyes, feeling like a warrior once again about to stride into battle. "But first I need to check my makeup."

No one was more excited for the big finale than Darcy. She'd been waiting for this moment all day, when she would totally humiliate Thor in front of everyone. It wasn't anything personal, though she did hate how pretty and perky and blonde Thor was. She had grown weary of her life as a girl and wanted out, and Gabe had promised her—

"Ow!" She winced as someone pinched her ear and began to drag her down an alley, out of sight. She started to struggle, to summon her magic, but then she looked and saw who it was who'd grabbed her. She realized there was no point in fighting. Her assailant threw her against the wall and glowered down at her.

"Well, hello," Darcy said. "What an unpleasant surprise."

"You look pretty today," his assailant said, "Darcy? is it? Or, should I call you by your true name, Loki, God of Mischief?"

"These days," Loki said, hooking his hair behind his ear. "My title is Cute Little Barista."

Chapter 20

Thor, having touched up his lipstick and tightened his pigtails, turned to Odin who, having stopped crying, had repaired his own runny mascara. "Come with me," Thor said. "I need you at my side."

“For what?” Odin asked.

“I’m going to confront Perfection.”

Perfection, as rich as she was, sat in her tent, shielded from any photographers or fans or really anyone while her team of stylists worked on her hair and makeup, even applying powder to her legs. Skymir, as a woman, had learned that he liked everything to seem effortless, so while he spent a small fortune to be beautiful, he always told his girlfriends when they got together for brunch or yoga, that he’d just “thrown something together.”

Skymir, of course, had a security guard on site, and even though he now found tall, strong men a little intimidating, Thor pushed right past the handsome stud and burst into Skymir’s tent.

“Oh, dear,” Skymir said, pretending to examine his nails. “Does someone have her panties in a wad?”

“You’re not funny,” Thor said, throwing his hip to the side and planting his fist. “We need to talk.”

Skymir, seeing the determination in Thor’s big, pretty eyes, flicked his wrist toward the door. “Girls?” He said to his team. “A moment.”

The stylists filtered out, glaring angrily at Thor and Odin. “Bitch,” one of them hissed at Odin as she passed.

“Unh!” Odin said, tossing his hair, scrunching his nose.

Skymir crossed his legs and wrapped his hands around his knee, tilting his head back, looking down his nose at Thor. “What?”

“You’ve been cheating all day!” Thor said.

“I know.”

“Well, now it’s down to you and me, and I am challenging you right here and now to a fair fight. I skate. You skate. The best girl wins.”

Skymir slit his eyes, thought about it.

Thor waited, staring right back into Skymir’s eyes, the two females locked in a battle of wills. Neither looked away.

“Fine,” Skymir said with a shrug. “Fine.”

“You had better keep your word,” Odin warned.

“Or, what?”

“I’ll tell everyone you have crabs!”

“Later,” Thor said, tossing his hair. He and Odin turned on their heels and sashayed out the door.

“Buh-byeeee,” Skyrmir sang. He had every intent of cheating. How could Thor be so naïve? Well, he was a blonde. “Bitch still doesn’t know who she’s dealing with!” His stylists returned, busying themselves making sure Perfection lived up to her name.

The time came for the showdown. The two girls would skate at the same time, showing off their skills, while the judges and the audience watched. “And now the moment we’ve all been waiting for!” Gabe shouted into the microphone, doing his best to imitate an old-school TV announcer. “In this corner, Tia, the upcoming sensation, and in this corner, Perfection, the living legend!” Both girls raised their arms over their heads and strutted around while the audience went wild.

Deep, thumping music began to play from the row of huge speakers, and the crowd grew into a frenzy, clapping, stomping their feet, shouting. Thor closed his eyes and centered himself. This was it. The ultimate test. His chance to prove he was the best skater girl in all Captiva.

The countdown began. Thor got on his board and got ready, mentally running through his routine. He glanced over at Odin, who watched, arms crossed under his breasts, an intense look in his eyes. “You got this,” Odin said.

A sense of complete and total calm came over Thor. It was just him, his board and the sky.

“Go!” Gabe shouted.

Thor pushed off, the ground popping under his wheels. Odin watched, impressed. Thor looked like he was floating, his movements so graceful and fluid they almost seemed to defy the laws of physics. He zipped up the halfpipe and flew into the air, sunlight glinting in his golden hair, a bright smile on his face. Odin felt a sense of fatherly pride that his son was so pretty, so athletic, fearless. His feelings of competition melted away. Thor was his daughter, his sister, and he only wanted her to be happy.

Skyrmir looked good, too, shredding with an arrogance and ease that belied what Odin knew were extremely difficult maneuvers. She was good. It might just come down to the whims of the judges.

Skyrmir couldn't resist his true nature. He was a cheater born. This time, his illusion would be more subtle, as Thor had learned to ignore his flashier tricks. He would simply make the lip of the halfpipe appear to be half a foot closer than it actually was. Thor would mistime his jump and take a vicious tumble— and lose!

Skyrmir smiled as he raised his hands, the magic crackling along the tips of his long, crimson nails. And then,— what? It just— stopped. Nothing happened.

A hand squeezed Loki's shoulder. "Well done."

Loki frowned. It was *not* fun helping Thor, the little princess that he was!



Annoyed, confused, Skyrmir finished his routine as did Thor, who repeated the leap he'd practiced before, racing up the halfpipe, reaching an incredible speed, flying high, high into the air before seeming to float down, land, blast down the halfpipe and then dismount, immediately doing a ballet bow, board in hand.

The crowd roared. Thor held his pretty pose, a huge smile plastered on his face, eyes sparkling. Skyrmir just crossed his arms and put his nose in the air. Later, judges would say it was the way Thor finished that had caused them to score him higher. He was just so sweet, whereas Skyrmir came across as

smug and superior, which no one really likes– in a girl.

Thor and Odin held hands while the judges finished filing out their cards. Gabe collected them, scowled, just for a moment, before adopting once more his mask of neutrality. “And the winner is, by unanimous decision and with a historic, perfect score of 10.0– Tia!”

The crowd roared. Tia had won them over with her pretty smiles and bright, happy energy.

Thor screamed. Odin screamed. They jumped up and down, laughing, hugging.

“I was robbed!” Perfection howled, his hands twisted into claws as he stormed off.

A man in a suit and dark sunglasses walked up to Thor and Odin. “Name’s Wilkens McGee,” he said, handing them a card. “And I am ready to offer you an exclusive contract as teen models for my sports advertising company. Team Pika can be huge, and I want to help you make that happen.”

“Teen?” Thor gasped.

“Models?” Odin gasped.

“That’s right. Teen models.”

Thor screamed. Odin screamed. It was a dream come true!

“I’ll take that as a yes,’ Wilkens said.

“Yes! Yes! Omigod!” Thor said. It was like the best day of his life, ever. For sure.

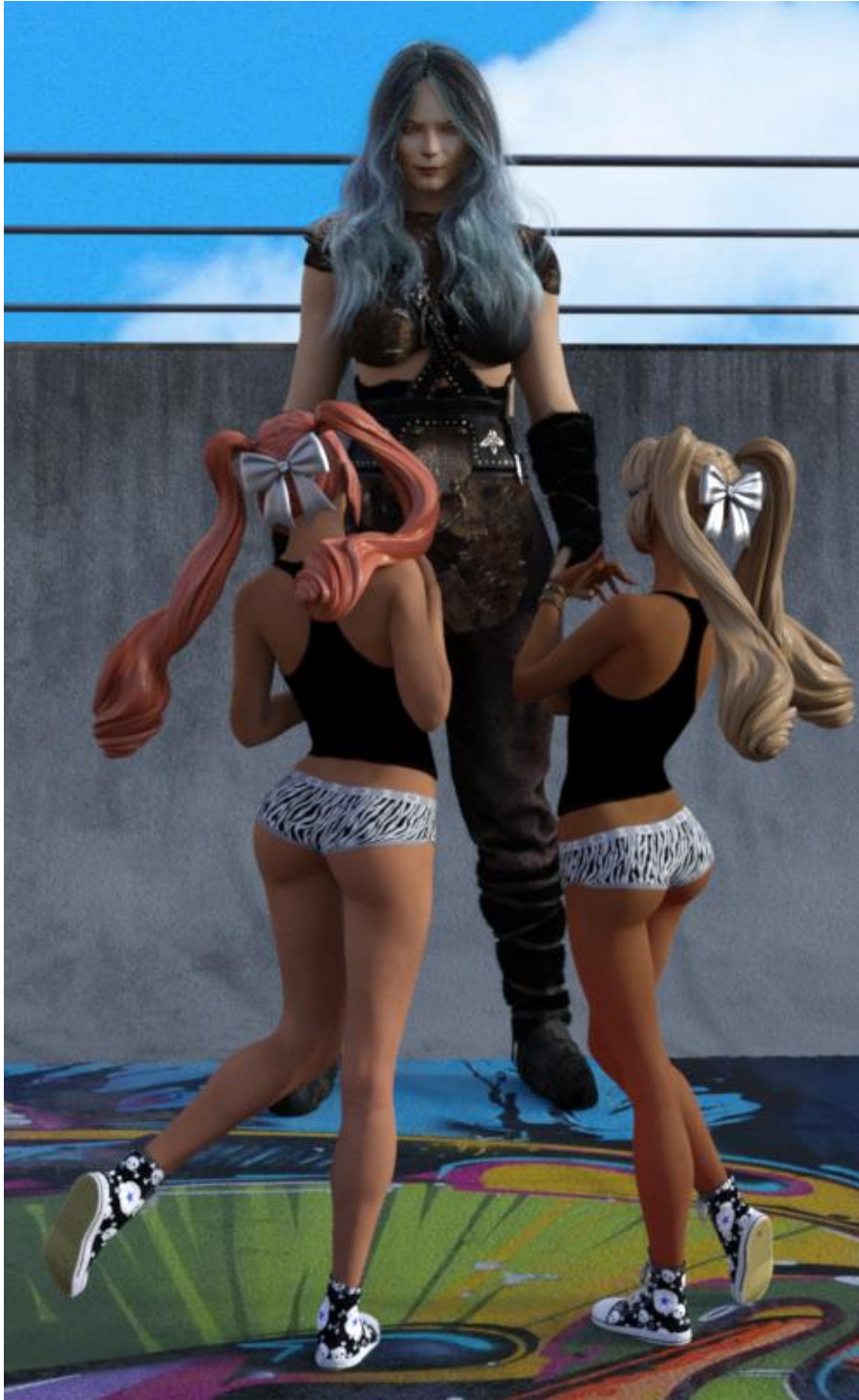
“I’ll be in touch!” Wilkens said.

Thor and Odin were both dazed, happy, utterly smitten with their new lives, their luck, their – modelness? Was that a word?

“Odin,” they heard a familiar voice call from behind them. “It’s time to come home.”

Odin spun, his pretty mouth dropping open in shock. “Freya!”

Chapter 21



Sunlight glinted from Freyja's armor as she looked down at the skinny females that had become of Thor and her husband. Odin looked quite pretty, with large, firm breasts and bright skin and hair. Odin could no doubt, Freyja thought as she assessed him like any other young female she came across, bear healthy children. Thor and Odin, for their part, found themselves smiling and making themselves small and feminine in the presence of this tall, powerful woman, for she was a true woman, while they

were both mere girls.

“We unmasked those who stole your bodies,” Freya said. “And I came down on the Bifrost Bridge seeking you several days ago. Thor remembered the rainbow he’d seen, the one with no rain. It had been Freya.

“I thought you imprisoned, held against your will. I did not expect to find my husband a half-naked girl riding on a board of skates.”

“Skateboard,” Thor suggested, raising his small hand apologetically. While Thor and Odin had both become very much girls, Freya was a grown woman; tall broad shouldered for a female and with a regal and commanding air she’d been born with as daughter of Njord and honed as wife to Odin and Queen of the Gods. “It isn’t board of skate it’s...” his voice sank to a whisper and then trailed off completely as Freyja glared at him. “Um, sorry?”

“Well, ladies,” Freyja said, both annoyed and amused to have found her husband and the Thunder God living as mortal girls, “your ordeal is over. No longer will you suffer this shameful humiliation. I have arranged for you to get your bodies back and be freed of this Captiva, a trap world created by none other than this little wench.” She slapped Loki on the side of the head.

“Darcy?” Odin and Thor shouted in unison.

“Yes, Darcy,” Freyja said. “You once knew her as Loki, but she is now Darcy, the cute little barista.”

“Loki!” Odin and Thor screamed in unison. “Why?”

Loki shrugged. “You know me. Always with the pranks.”

“We must go,” Freyja said, turning and heading back toward the entry point where the Bifrost Bridge had pierced the wall of Captiva. “There is trouble brewing in Asgard.”

She took three steps and realized neither Thor nor Odin had followed. Turning, she saw they were holding hands, looking up at her with wide, embarrassed eyes.

“What is it?”

“Well,” Odin said. “The thing is, teen models?”

“Teen models,” Thor said, nodding.



Loki covered his grin as Freyja stared at the skinny little girls in confusion. “I don’t know what you are talking about.”

Thor and Odin began talking over each other at hyper speed, going on about the agent, and teen modeling and dreams come true and how much they loved clubbing and cute clothes and—
“MODELING!”

Freyja’s headache as she struggled to comprehend the girls chatter, and finally she shouted, “enough!”

Thor and Odin froze, eyes wide, mouths hanging open.

“Odin, my dear husband, perhaps you didn’t hear me. Asgard is under threat. We have need of you, The All Father, Odin. Surely, that takes precedence over this teen model?”

Odin scrunched up his face and imitated a scale balancing with his small hands.
“Does it?”

“Yes, it does.”

“Fine!” Odin said with a huff. He moved to Freyja’s side. “By the way, I love your outfit.”

“Okay, well, good fortune,” Thor said. “Krystal, I’m going to miss you!” He started to leave.

“Thor, we need you, too,” Freya said.

Thor frowned, but then suddenly burst into a grin. “Kay,” he said. “But I have an idea. Let’s talk on the way.”

They all three started walking, Loki trailing behind. Freyja stopped. “Where do you think you’re going?” She said to Loki

“I am coming to help defend Asgard.”

“Oh, I have other plans for you, little miss mischief,” Freyja said, waving her hand, a cloud of sparkling magic swirling around Loki. “You would turn my husband into a silly girl? Well, I shall have my revenge.”

“Oh! Ah!” Loki said, his face growing red. “I need to do, er, something! Right now! I have to go!” And he turned and ran off into the crowd.

“What did you do to him?” Thor asked as they made their way to the Bifrost.

“Oh, well, you know, I am the Goddess of sex– and fertility.”

All three women chuckled, though Thor also thought, lucky girl!

Chapter 22

The jotun army marched onto the Bifrost Bridge, brandishing their weapons. Across from them, Odin stood, tall and strong, his great beard blowing in the wind, spear in hand, Freyja at his side in her gleaming armor.

“Charge!” The Giant King shouted, and his men howled as they ran to meet the Asgardians.

“War! Glory!” Odin shouted back. “Destroy them all!”

The giants had closed half the gap between themselves and the host of Asgard, when great bolts of lightning cut down through the sky, exploding among them, sending bodies flying off the bridge as the air filled with the smell of frying flesh. The Giant King looked up into the swirling storm that had appeared above them, a figure descending rapidly through the clouds, deadly bolts of lightning spitting from— *her* hammer?

He had expected to see Thor, but instead he saw a girl in a short dress riding a skateboard, grinning maniacally as she came to land on the bridge, giving her hair a sassy toss. “You,” she said cried out in a voice that reminded him of a sprite, pointing her hammer at the Giant King, “and me! Now!”



“Agreed!” The Giant King said, stalking toward her, raising his great club. Despite the lightning, he had no doubt this skinny little girl would be no match. He swung, and the girl caught his club in one little hand, then yanked it from his grasp and hurled it over the side of the bridge. “Impossible! Who are you?”

“My name,” Thor said as he rose in the air and swung his hammer against the giant’s head, felling him in a single blow, “is Tia!” He turned now to face the giant army, lightning crackling all around his body, running through his blonde hair. “Who’s next?”

The giants turned and ran.

Thor giggled and tossed his hair while twirling in the air. “Thank the Norms,” he said, knowing everyone was listening and watching. “I didn’t get any blood on my dress!”

Freyja gave Odin a look.

Odin shrugged. “He likes to be cute.”

“Well, he is *your* daughter,” Freyja said, rolling her eyes.

Chapter 23



“No. No. No— oh, there you are,” Thor said as he went through the proofs from the latest Team Pike fashion shoot. He loved this picture, he and Odin together with their skateboards, serious kinda cute supermodel looks on their faces.

A knock on the door. “Yes?”

Gabe opened the door. “Darcy is here,” he said.

“Thank you, Gabriella,” Thor said. “You look so pretty today!”

“Oh, thank you,” Gabe said, dropping his eyes, brushing a strand of long hair away from his cheek with a long, pink nail.

He’d become such a shy, meek little thing since they’d punished him by turning him into a girl, and Thor did think he looked adorable in his cute little secretary outfit.

Loki came waddling in both hands on his swollen belly.

“Loki!!” Thor said, getting up and giving the very pregnant god a hug. “Omigod, you’re getting so big!”



“Yeah, tell me about it,” Loki said. “And they never stop kicking!” He looked lovingly down at his belly. “Do you, my little loves?”

Loki settled awkwardly into a chair, sighing with relief when he could finally take the weight off. “My boobs are huge. I could feed all of Asgard, and I’m going to crash diet and workout two hours a day once I squeeze

these puppies out,” Loki said. “I have to lose all this baby weight!”

“Are you ready to be a single mother?” Thor asked.

“I have to be,” Loki said. “Tech certainly isn’t going to be any help. What an asshole.”

“I’m sure he has a lot of Buddhism-based reasons to be a bad father.”

Loki glared. "If he mentions the buddha one more time, I'm gonna—" He made a small fist. "Well, nothing. I'm eight months pregnant. I'm lucky if I can find the energy to take a bath these days."

Thor giggled. "Well, he is a good lay, at least."

"That he was," Loki said with a sigh. "But I would have been better off with a cucumber."

"So, I've been really wondering, what is all this? Captiva? Why did you make it? How did you become trapped as Darcy?"

"Funny story," Loki said, and he began to recount the tale:

"It all started with boredom. Asgard was dead. Just the usual fighting and drinking, ax throwing contests. I found myself surfing the mortal's intertubes, and I came upon a website called Fictionmania. Have you?"

Thor shook his head.

"It is a most wonderous archive of stories, all about transformation, mostly men being turned into women. Having spent some time as the fairer sex myself, it piqued my interest, and I began to read and read and read... for three days I read those stories. Of greatest interest to me were those where the man was unwilling, where he was changed into a woman against his will. It sounded fun, trapping men in women's bodies, women's lives. I decided I wanted to do that, and me being me, I would do it on a grand scale. I would create Captiva, a honey trap where men would come seeking sex and find themselves body-swapped into women! They would all become my playthings!"

Thor nodded. "Mmmhmm."

"This would require great magic, far greater than anything I possessed, so I approached Skymir in the form of a beautiful giantess. I seduced him and slipped a magic elixir into his mead one night, an elixir that made him fall madly in love with me. I had him wrapped around my little finger. He would do anything for me, and so we began to construct Captiva. All along, I planned to make Skymir my first victim, and as we lay together it thrilled me to think of him finding himself in the soft, shapely body of a woman! I would force him to dress in the most feminine garments and offer himself to men! It was to be perfect fun.

"And he figured out your plan?"

“No. There was, it turned out, a third player in our little game I knew nothing about until the day came when we unleashed the mighty magic to create Captiva. Distracted as he worked his spells, Skyrmir did not see or suspect me as I cast mine on him. Breasts swelled from his chest as his hips widened. He screamed, a woman’s scream, as he realized what was happening, long golden hair flowing down over his now pretty little shoulders!

“I began to laugh, instantly putting my hand to my throat as I heard a high-pitched, girl’s laughter coming from my mouth. I found my body changing, transforming, breasts swelling as my manhood shrank. “

“Who was it?” Thor asked. “Who was this third player?”

I didn’t know until I heard a familiar laughter coming from behind me. “I turned, brushing the hair back from my eyes and stared in shock as I looked upon— me!”

“You?”

“It was another Loki from another world in the multiverse, and as I felt myself becoming Darcy, memories flooded back. I had planned all of this, had planned to trap myself as a woman in Captiva! I had contacted this other self and set the plan in motion, then erased my own memory.”

“Why?”

“Boredom, again. I love pranks. It had occurred to me that I had never pranked myself, had never played out one of my acts of mischief on me, the person I love more than anyone in the universe. It thrilled me to think I would feminize myself against my will, trap myself in the life of an ordinary mortal girl.”

Loki went on, explaining how his mirror self had taken over Captiva and begun to hatch a plan to seize control of Asgard, luring Thor, Odin and others in, swapping them into the bodies of girls and sending his agents to Asgard in their place. As Darcy, he’d spent a few months trying to escape Captiva, to find some way out, but he had failed until he’d finally just accepted life as Darcy.

“I still had some magic,” Loki said with a wry smile. “So, I just started doing my Loki thing here, playing games with people, sewing mischief. When I first planned to trap myself, I had just assumed I would find some way out of my own trap, but I was far too clever for my own good. And now it seems I have trapped myself not only in the role of

a woman, but also a mother. I can only hope the pangs of childbirth are not quite as terrible as the last time I bore a child.”

“Well, last time you gave birth to an eight-legged horse, so I think this one will probably be a little easier.” Thor said.

“Whether it is or it isn’t,” Loki said, “the babies are coming. I’m going to have to figure out day care or something so I can still work.”

“I’ll keep talking to Freyja,” Thor said. “Perhaps she will free you once you have given birth.”

“Perhaps,” Loki said. “I would like to raise my children in Asgard. They deserve a better life than the one I can give them here.”

“You’ll be a great mother,” Thor said.

Loki smiled, a crooked, rueful smile. “I am actually going to try,” he said.

They hugged and said their goodbyes, and Thor went back to work.

When he’d gotten done with his work at Pika Fashions, Thor grabbed his skateboard and hit the pavement. As he skated through town, people recognized him, shouted and waved. “Tia! Pika!” He smiled and waved back. He loved being famous, being a girl, being a teen model. It was splendid that Freyja had agreed to allow Odin to sneak off now and then for some girl time, so the two of them still got to spend time together as sisters and besties. And, of course, teen models!

If he’d been forced to choose between being a God and a girl, Thor would have chosen girl. He had no doubt. But he had gotten to be both a God and a girl. It really wasn’t that much of a surprise to him. He was used to getting everything he wanted. He was, after all, a blonde.