

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?



Oh, no! Did I
accidently 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 planned 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!