

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, vocal frying 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 luvv 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!