

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.



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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.