

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. "Darn 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. Whatevs.” 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?”