

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!”

Hmmpf. 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.”