

## Chapter 13

Friday came around, and the girls were going clubbing. Thor, as much as he loved dancing now, had tried to talk them out of it, but Odin had never been dancing as a girl, and Darcy wasn't hearing it. Worse, she insisted they go to Valhella.

"It's the hottest club in Captiva!" She said. "With the hottest guys."

"That guy, Gabe, gives me the creeps," Thor said, playing with one of his braids.

"So what? Didn't you hear me? HOT GUYS."

"What about Prospero's?"

Darcy looked like she'd sucked on a lemon. "Only on ladies' night, and only when hazelbeats is DJ. You know that."

Thor looked at Odin, pleading for help, but Odin shrugged. "We should go where the hottest guys are, right?"

"Da—" Thor almost called him 'Daddy' but caught himself in time. "*Krystal*," he said, "You find that Gabe creepy, too, remember?"

"*Tia*," Odin answered in the same tone, "hot guys?"

"We're going to Valhella," Darcy said. "And we are going to have so much fun! Okay. I gotta run. See you tonight."

Darcy, who'd dropped by their apartment, left.

"Ugh!" Thor said. "How can we go to Valhella? It's not safe!"

"I think it's okay," Odin said. "I mean, he did give us free passes."

"Omigod, you are so boy crazy!"

"Like you're any different."

"I don't know. I just— I hate the way Gabe looks at me."

"You've gone dancing there since your swap. Why is it so different now?"

"Because I didn't know he was the one who helped turn me into a girl?" Thor said. "And that was before that day in his office. He was so gross."

"Look," Odin said, snuggling up to Thor on the couch. "Maybe we can even sneak into his office! I mean, we probably should at least try? Right? You've been there. What does he do when the club is open?"

Thor thought about it. "He mingles and flirts, and stares at all the girls."

“So, then, like, the office is probably totally empty!”

Thor sighed. “So, what do you think we’ll even find in there?”

“I don’t know,” Odin said, “but it will be just like Sunset Harbor!”

Thor smiled. Daddy knew just how to manipulate him. “It would be fun, wouldn’t it?”

“That a girl,” Odin said. “Let’s just see what happens. Now, priorities.”

“Priorities?”

“We need to get ready!”

“But, we have hours?” Odin said.

‘I know,” Thor said. “I just hope we have enough time. Let’s start with our hair! Move! Move! Move!”

The boys decided they wanted to get all dolled up and glamorous for Odin’s first big night clubbing as a girl, so they started by doing their hair, looking through a bunch of different hairstyles on the interwebs until each settled on something he felt was more sophisticated and grown up—more like a woman than a girl. Each had now instinctive knowledge of how to style hair, so they took turns doing each other’s, their sisterly bond growing stronger.

“Omigod!” Odin said when he saw himself with his new hairstyle. “I’m so glamorous!”

“Just wait until you do your makeup!” Thor giggled, pleased that his father liked the way Thor had fixed his hair. “You have to take into account the lighting at the club!”

The two men chatted and giggled as they did their faces, then wiggled into their tiny little club dresses and paused to touch things up a bit more. They were having so much fun, and seeing how their going out makeup enhanced and softened their pretty features, the former Lords of Asgard felt more confident than ever that their were about to drive all the boys out of their minds.



Valhella on a Friday night was the place to be for the young and beautiful. The line went around the block, and they could hear the thumping music as they walked up, heels clicking. Odin started toward the back of the line, but Thor took his arm and led him toward the door. “Girls like us don’t wait,” he said with a smile.

“You got that right,” Darcy said.

Odin let his eyes roam across all the studly guys waiting. “The boys are all so—pretty,” he gasped. He’d never seen so many hot guys all together, dressed up for a club night. All the boys he’d seen so far and had in just regular day clothes, the guy

uniform of a t-shirt and jeans or shorts. Now, seeing them dressed, their hair slicked back, he wanted to just run over and start kissing them all!

Thor, who'd also found himself checking out the guys, couldn't disagree. "Stud central," he said, his voice hoarse.

"You glad we decided to come here tonight?" Darcy said.

"Yaasssss," Thor and Odin answered in unison.

The doorman looked them up and down as they approached, nodded approvingly. He knew Darcy and Tia and appreciated their new friend's good looks. "Ladies," he said, opening the door.

Thor and Odin giggled. It was so fun to be called 'ladies,' plus they were loving the jealous and curious looks from all the less pretty people waiting in line, the whispers, "who are? Are they famous?"

"We're goddesses," Thor whispered to Odin, who giggled.

Valhella was packed with hot bodies. The dance floor, the bar, the tables— everywhere beautiful people, everywhere booze and people doing lines of cocaine... up on stage, head bopping the DJ, YaKnowMe, was mixing beats.

Thor and Odin forgot all about Gabe. Thor just wanted to dance, and as for Odin? "How do we get boys to dance with us?" He yelled, trying to be heard over the loud music.

"Come on," Thor said, grabbing Odin's hand and dragging him out onto the dance floor. "The boys will come to us. Just like at the beach!"

The three of them started dancing. As with skateboarding, Odin discovered he both loved and knew how to dance, and as Thor predicted, he soon found a superhot guy joining him, the two of them making eye contact, moving together. As Lord of Asgard, Odin had not danced in many centuries, as he considered it undignified, but now he was shaking it, feeling more free than he had in years, able to just be this young girl and do and say what he wanted. He could smile! Odin, as a man, did not smile.

Thor danced with two guys. They'd both shown up at the same time and were now trying to impress him with their dance moves. Thor felt like he'd guzzled a barrel of mead, having these two guys competing for his attention. It made him feel powerful again, but it was a different, sweeter, prettier power than he'd had before. It thrilled him

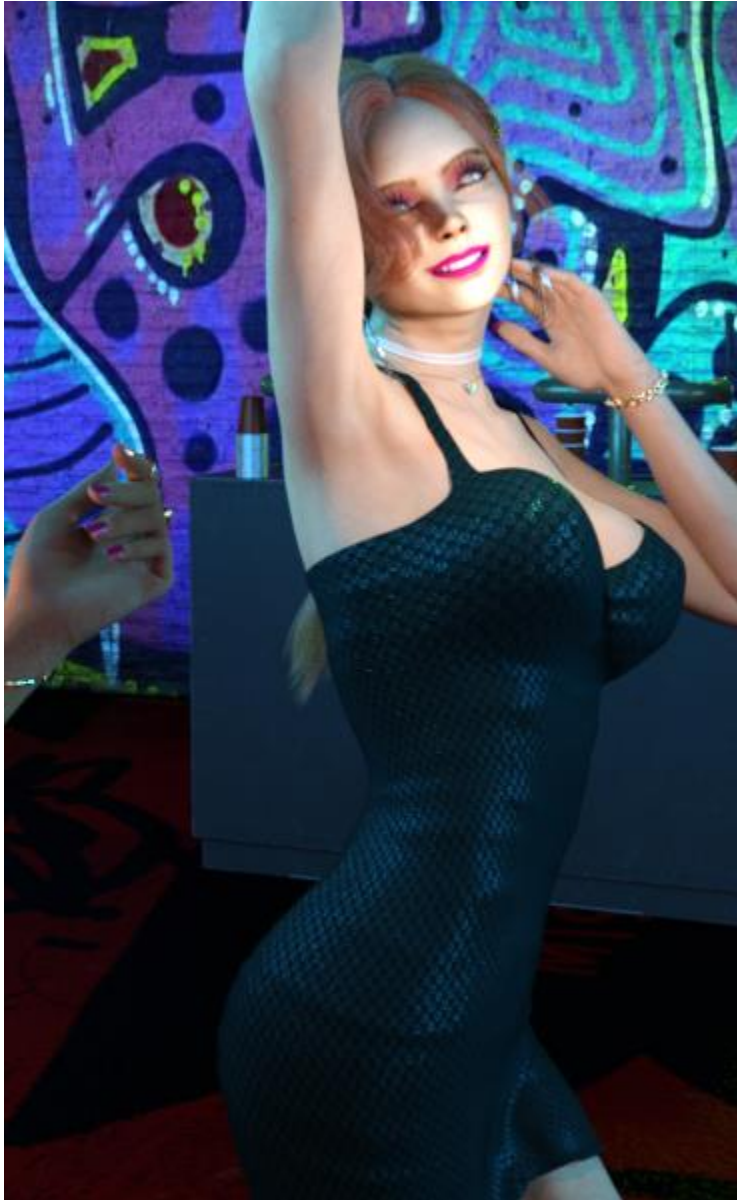
to know these guys wanted him, desperately wanted him, and would probably do almost anything to have him. He was, seriously, that pretty.

Gabe, who as Thor remembered, had come down to the floor and was mingling with some of the VIP big spenders, caught sight of the Asgardians, and he smiled, pleased. It turned him on to see the two former Gods in their tight little dresses and high heels, showing off their skinny little arms and long legs. Thor and Odin were



dancing with guys, and they were both obviously excited, turned on. He especially liked Odin, with his freckles and his great tits. He made a perfect female.

It would be the score of a lifetime, he thought, to bang The All Father, the king of Asgard! What a story he'd have to tell!



It seemed doable. He remembered how sweet Odin had been during their meeting, how he'd cried so easily. Girls like Odin? Gabe knew just how to maneuver them right into the sack.

The three girls took a break from dancing, the guys following along. They found a space at the bar, and it was all giggling and hair tossing as they flirted with the boys. One of them handed Odin a drink, and he was about to drink it when Darcy grabbed his wrist and said, "We need to go to the little girls' room!" And they she dragged him off, along with Thor.

"Krystal," she said once they were in the safe haven of the ladies' room, "you never drink from any open drink a guy gives

you."

"Why not?"

"She doesn't know the rules," Thor said.

"You should have told her," Darcy said.

"I know. I just forgot." It was true. Thor sometimes still forgot how naive his father was when it came to being a mortal girl.

“Guys will try and slip drugs into our drinks sometimes,” Darcy said. “You also have to watch your own drink all the time.”

“Really?” Odin said. So far, the mortal guys had all seemed so cute and nice. He’d come to think of them as harmless.

“Really. Girls have to stick together. Watch each other’s backs. You never know when a guy might try something.”

“Is this some sort of war?” Odin said, appalled. “I thought we came here to meet guys?”

“We did,” Thor said, “but some of them are bad. Girls have to be so careful.”

“But, what if I want to make out with someone? How do I know which ones are the good ones?”

“You should probably just stick to dancing tonight, maybe get a few numbers. It’s better for you.”

“What do you mean, for me?”

“Krystal, I love you, and I think you are amazing, but you are so naive!” Darcy said.

Naive? Me? Odin thought. I’m a God! But then, he decided he liked the idea of being naive. It struck him as cute, and he shrugged his little shoulders and giggled. For Odin, this new information was a little unsettling. He’d felt totally safe as a girl, and had ever imagined that any of these cute, pretty boys could be a threat. And yet, oddly, the thought of needing to navigate this new danger just made him feel – excited? The game was more complex, and that just made him feel even more thrilled that he was a girl now.

Thor and Odin both realized the plan of sneaking into Gabe’s office was off the table. They couldn’t leave Darcy by herself. It was part of the Girl Code. Once more, their half-hearted plan to at least find out who was behind their new lives faded in the face of the opportunity to have fun. They just decided to put it off until another time, and instead they hit the floor, dancing and laughing and flirting the night away until when the lights came on and the club started to close, they looked at each other like, what?

Already? The night had just breezed by, hours passing like seconds.

They walked Darcy back to her place, and then headed home. A cool, salty night breeze tossed their hair, and Odin had never felt so happy. “Can we go clubbing, like, every night?” He said.

“You had fun, then?” Thor said.

“So much fun. I love dancing!”

“Me, too,” Thor said.

“I think I just want to be a girl,” Odin said, as much to himself as to Thor.

“It’s okay, right?” Thor said, having had the same feelings.

“Better than okay,” Odin said. “It’s— divine..”

Thor put his arm around Odin’s slender waist and they walked together, their heels clicking. He remembered the note he’d found the morning he’d woken in this body: It’s not so bad. You’ll get used to it.

It had seemed impossible to him then, still thinking of himself as a God, a man, trapped in skinny little female form. But, just like Odin, he had not only gotten used to it, but he’d learned to love it.

Everything would be so perfect, Thor thought, once he had Tech. And he was sure Odin would get over it, find another boy. I mean, there were so many of them!

“Look at this,” Odin said, veering off course and heading toward a lamppost.

“What?”

“This?”

Odin pointed a long fingernail at a flyer that read, “First Annual Captiva Skateboard Fest. First prize 10,000 dollars.”

“Ten thousand dollars?” Thor gasped. “You thinking what I’m thinking?”

“Uh, yah. That would buy a lot of cute clothes.”

Neither one of them thought for even one second about using the money to travel to Europe and find an Asgardian. Neither noticed the text at the bottom of the poster: Sponsored by Valhella.



## Chapter 14

“I don’t know if we can afford this,” Thor said the next morning as he looked over the flyer for SkateFest. “It costs, like, 200 dollars to sign up!”

“Oh, I have that,” Odin said, going to the cupboard and taking out a can that read, Captiva Coffee Company on the side. He brought the can over to the living kitchen table and turned it over, dollars raining down and scattering across the faux wood grain.

Thor’s mouth dropped open. “Where did you get all this?”

“Tips,” Odin said, tossing his hair. “Because I’m so pretty.”

Thor stuck his tongue out and started to count the money. “Wow. I get tips at SunFawn’s, but not like this.”

“Maybe you should become a Jugs girl?” Odin smiled, wickedly. “Though you’d probably need to wear a padded bra—you know, to get enough cleavage.”

Ugh. Sisters. Thor decided to just ignore him. “352 dollars! More than enough. I’m

going to win!” Thor was thinking of how impressed Tech would be when Tia won the competition.

“Don’t you mean, we?” Odin said, his feminine intuition sensing something was going on with Thor he didn’t like.

“Oh! Yes!” Thor said, “Of course, Daddy!” He got up and gave Odin a hug and a kiss on the cheek. “I love you so much!” Thor had decided to over-compensate to try and hide his small sense of guilt over his plan to steal Tech.

It didn’t work. Odin only became more suspicious. What’s he up to? Odin wondered. The little sneak!



Thor's phone buzzed. He checked it and giggled. "It's Jax," he said. "He texts me, like, all the time.

Odin smiled, but his eyes were hard. Tech, for all his studly cuteness, was not a texter, and Odin, watching Thor get all excited, decided that needed to change. He and Tech would have a talk, he decided. Sometime.

Thor and Odin spent the next week at the skatepark every day when they weren't at work, putting together a team routine, which was part of the competition. It was work as much as fun now, as they had both become determined to win. Each day, though, Odin and Tech went off together for lunch, and Thor ached. He knew they were making out, and he wanted Tech so bad! How could stupid Tech pick his father?

Jax was not a skater, and though they were getting together every afternoon after skate practice or their shifts at SunFawn's, kissing and talking. It was sweet, and Jax was cute, and he kept trying to get into Thor's pants! But, he wasn't Tech, and with each passing day the thrill of making out with him dwindled, until it was starting to feel more *boring*.

Thor was thinking of breaking things off and had almost built up the courage one afternoon as they watched the sunset together after another dreary make out session, when Jax said, "I have something for you."

"Oh?" Thor said, only half paying attention as he played through his mind his breaking up speech.

Jax pulled a necklace from his pocket— it was just a leather string but dangling from it was what Thor recognized as a high-school class ring. "I want to make it official that we're together," Jax said. "I really like you, Tia." He held the necklace out, clearly intending to put it on Thor.

Thor forced a smile. "You're claiming me as your woman?" He said in a small voice, terrified.

"Um, sure, if you want to put it that way?" Jax said. "Tia, I claim you as my woman!"

Thor couldn't say no. It would be too hurtful! As much as he'd grown bored with Jax, he liked the boy and cared about him. *Curse the Norns*, he thought. *Curse them!* He would just have to play along for a little while, pretend to be in love with Jax and wait for



a better time to break things off. Thor bowed his head, and Jax hung his ring around Thor's long, slender neck.

Thor started crying. He'd learned to cry on demand. It was a useful skill for a girl. He threw his arms around Tech. "I love you!" He lied. "I love you so much."

Jax gathered little Tia in for a hug. Her tears had surprised him, but he had learned already about girls and their unpredictable emotions. He really did like Tia, and having her as his girlfriend was good for his rep, but she'd said a word that unnerved him. "Love?"

*Oh, shit,* he

thought. *Maybe I've made a mistake. We haven't even had sex.*

Odin, meanwhile, was experiencing his first argument. He and Tech had made out, cuddled. Odin had asked Tech about his job, and Tech had just grunted. "It's just a job," he said.

Odin had sighed dramatically.

"What?"

"We NEVER talk," Odin said.

"We talk all the time."

"I know we talk, but we don't talk talk. I want to know about your life, your hopes and dreams and who you are and everything!"

Tech groaned. *Here we go.* "Krystal, I'm not a chit chat guy. That's not who I am."

"Why don't you ever text me?" Odin burst out, finally getting to the point.

"I don't text anyone. Texting is stupid."

"Well, it's important to me, so you should. You should care about my feelings!"

"Don't try and change me," Tech said, his voice calm. "I am who I am, babe. Tech is Tech, and I like you, I really do, but I'm never going to be some sensitive guy who sends you poems. Now, you need to make a decision." He took Odin's soft little hand in his own. "Do you want to be with me or not?"

Odin felt himself getting lost in Tech's eyes. He was so confident, so strong, and even though he'd said none of things Odin wanted to hear, there was just something about his unshakeable sense of self that made Odin's heart race. "Omigod," he said, his voice hoarse. "I so want to be with you."

Tech smiled and pulled Odin in for a long, lingering kiss that made the pretty little Asgardian forget all about texting and talking and anything other than Tech and his incredible kissing lips.

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"You have to make him break up with you," Darcy said after Thor had shared his Jax problem with her. He'd found himself confiding in her more and more, even though he still kind of hated her and didn't trust her. She just— well, she seemed to know how to be a girl in ways Thor still didn't understand.

"I don't know. It seems mean?"

"Then, be direct."

“I can’t!” Thor said, tossing his hair. “He’s so nice, and when he’s looking at me with those puppy dog eyes I just– I don’t even know. I melt!”

“Girlfriend, you have three choices. Keep hanging out with a guy you find boring, make yourself miserable and, by the way, only drag out the inevitable. Two, make him break up with you. Three, break up with him.”

“Isn’t there a fourth, easier way?”

“Nope.”

“Which one would you do?”

“Do you even have to ask? I would totally twist his mind until he thought it was his idea to break up, and then I would throw the biggest tantrum ever and make him hate himself for doing it!”

“You’re bad,” Thor said, once more wondering why he kept coming to this psycho for advice.

“I am,” Darcy said. “I’m a very *bad* girl.”



She covered Thor’s hand with her own. “Girl,” she said. “Life is too short to waste it making out with a guy you’re not into, especially when there are so many hot guys in

Captiva. Besides, what's going to happen if Krystal and Tech break-up, and you're still dating Jax? What then?"

Thor frowned. Darcy was right. He needed to be free so he could get Tech.

Thor made his way to his little spot on the beach. He did some sketches, started writing a poem, stopped. His sketchbook was filled with unfinished poems and sketches. He never seemed to finish anything anymore. It was very un-Thor, and very uber-Tia. He'd been looking for the easy way out of his relationship with Jax, he realized, instead of the right way.

*Is that the kind of girl I want to be?* He wondered.

He pulled his phone out of his backpack and searched for, *How to Break Up With a Guy Without Hurting His Feelings*. He got 5.5 million hits.

The thought of being a bad girl like Darcy, did, he had to admit, intrigue him. She was like a character on Sunset Harbor, and Thor had come to love drama. But, this was real life, and people had real feelings. Tia was not going to be that kind of girl, he decided. *Thor* was not going to be that kind of girl.

Well, except when it came to Tech. They were soulmates. They were meant to be together. There were no rules when it came to soulmates.