

Chapter 17

Thor stood at the door to Tech's apartment, checking his hair and makeup, his outfit. He looked cute. He took another moment to practice his smile, for the first time Tech saw him tonight. He wanted it to say, "hey, stud," but not seem slutty. If he'd had time, he might have gone home and put on a dress, but maybe that would have been overdoing it. He didn't want to seem desperate, though he was so very desperate! He'd been thinking and dreaming about Tech all this time, and his body ached with desire, his heart raced.



He wanted to kiss Tech so badly, to feel their bodies pressed together. Taking a deep breath, Thor pushed his breasts up, adjusted his bra straps, thanking the Norns that his wife couldn't see him now. He started to press the doorbell, but stopped. He hadn't decided the best pose to greet Tech and started trying out different ideas, a hand on a hip, fists under his chin like an anime girl, no that was dumb... maybe—

Just then, the door swung open and Tech looked down at Thor, still in the anime girl pose he'd decided was dumb. Thor thought he would die! What was a girl to do but brazen it out at this point? He kept his fists under his chin and plastered a big smile on his face— not the one he'd planned at all.

“Tia. I thought I heard someone out here,” Tech said, then stood there at the door, waiting for Thor to say something.

Oh! No! Thor hadn’t thought about what to say! His mind froze. He just stood there, grinning, blushing. His mouth dropped open. “Um, hi?” He finally managed. “Uh, the weather sure is nice?”

Double die! Thor was horrified. What am I doing?

Tech had seen girls flustered by him many times, and he knew exactly what was happening to little Tia. He loved it. After all these months playing hard to get...

“Come in,” he said. “We’re just hanging.”

As Thor entered, Tech put his hand on the small of Thor’s back and guided him into the living room. Thor glanced up at him, thrilled, and then scanned Tech’s apartment with female eyes— yes. Thor had been almost as excited to see Tech’s apartment as he was to see Tech. You could tell so much about a guy by the way he lived, and Thor liked what he saw: Masculine, tasteful, hip but not trying to hard. Omigod. Thor’s heart raced even more. Tech was so cool!

“Hey, girl,” Darcy said as Thor entered. She had a wicked smile on her face and a knowing look in her eyes.

“Hey,” Thor said, giving Darcy a wink.

“You want something to drink?” Tech said.

“Soda?”

“I don’t have any soda. It’s poison. I’m all natural.”

Of course, you are, Thor thought, making a mental note to stop drinking soda.

“How about I get you some of my signature Passionflower cold brew?” Tech said. “I think you’ll like it.”

Thor giggled. “Okay.” He liked having Tech decide for him, and while Tech went to get the tea, he started to sit down next to Darcy. “What are you doing?” Darcy hissed.

“What?”

“Sit on the couch and leave space for Tech to sit next to you.”

“Oh!” Thor covered his mouth and giggled, doing exactly as Darcy suggested. He really had so much to learn about being a girl.

Tech came back and did not disappoint. He sat right next to Thor, their legs pressing together, and soon enough his arm was around Thor's slender shoulders. The three of them talked for a time. Thor mostly just giggled and gazed longingly at Tech's face, into his eyes. He couldn't help it. Tech was so cute.

Darcy lingered just long enough, then yawned and stood. "I am so tired!" She said. "I better get going!"

"Do you need someone to walk you home?" Tech said.

Damn! Thor cursed in his head. *No.*

But Darcy was prepared. "I called an Uber," she said. "My feet are killing me."

"I'll watch from the window to make sure you get in safely." Tech said.

Thor thought he would melt. Tech was such a gentleman!

Darcy paused at the door, turned around to face them, her hands behind her back. "Be good, kids!" She said.

Thor giggled.

Darcy left. Neither of them had noticed that she'd made sure the door was still unlocked.

Tech watched at the window. Thor twisted his bracelets, fidgeted with his hair. Once Tech waved Darcy off, he turned and gave Thor a full body look over, letting his eyes drink in every soft curve of Thor's slender little body. Thor blushed and looked away. Tech flipped off the light switch, leaving the only light a pair of sand candles flickering on the coffee table.

Thor looked back at Tech now, the candlelight flickering in his big, pretty eyes. He smiled— and it was exactly the smile he'd been practicing. *Hey, stud.*

Tech came back to the couch, sat down, pulled Thor to him and kissed him— a long, lingering kiss. Thor kissed back. They kissed again. And again. The kisses— so much better than with Jax. Thor's whole body blushed; he curled his toes, every kiss sent a thrill through every inch of his skin. It was like being kissed everywhere at once, but by a man now, and not a boy.

Odin's phone buzzed. He'd been hanging around the apartment, plucking his eyebrows. He looked. A message from Darcy. "That little slut!" He screamed, bolting for the door.

Thor pulled his top off, and Tech reached around, unclasping his bra, slipping it off and tossing it across the room. He looked down at Thor's breasts appreciatively, and said, "You're a goddess."



Thor giggled. He felt vulnerable now, his body exposed, and he needed to hear Tech say it; to affirm that he was pretty, sexy, a beautiful girl. Tech pushed Thor onto his back, climbing on top, and he planted hot, wet kisses on Thor's body, starting at his neck and working his way down his clavicle, his chest, his tummy. Thor was making soft, mewling sounds, squeezing Tech's strong shoulders...

The wheels of Odin's skateboard screeched as he zig-zagged wildly in and out of traffic, jumped curbs and dodged pedestrians. His head was filled with the bloody fog of war, a feeling he hadn't even realized he could feel as a girl. "Let the blood flow thick and hot!" He howled, as a shocked crowd looked on.

"Should we call the police?" A guy asked his girlfriend.

"Nah," she said. "She's probably just having her period."

Tech undid Thor's shorts and shoved them down to his knees, then pulled them off his legs. He shoved Thor's legs apart, then grabbed his panties and tore them off with a vicious ripping sound, throwing them over his shoulder.

Omigod, Thor thought, feeling strange being the one on his back, the one spreading his legs. Odd, and yet so sweet, so divine. He loved being in this position. *It's happening*, he realized. *Tech is going to take me*. "I'm a virgin," he said softly. He thought Tech should know. "It's my first time."

Tech, who'd been focused on the hot, wet space between Thor's legs came back up, cupped his cheek. He stared into Thor's eyes and smiled. "I thought so. It's okay," he said. "I'm going to take it slow. I want your first time to be special." And then he kissed Thor again, a kiss full of promise and pleasure. Thor felt Tech hard and turgid, pressing against his belly, and something inside Thor seemed to clench, and he felt himself opening, aching, needing so badly to be filled... he reached down and found Tech's

member, meaning to guide it into him, but Tech gently pushed his hand away. “Not yet,” he whispered. “Let the tension build.”

“I can’t... I need you inside me...”

“Trust me,” Tech said, smothering Thor’s desperate pleas with kisses. “It’ll be worth it...”

Odin skated to the front of Tech’s building. Looking up, he saw the window was dark, but there was some soft flickering. He stormed the building, wishing he had Gungnir, his great spear. “She is going to pay for this!”



“Oh!” Thor made a small, pretty noise as he felt Tech enter him. Tech grunted. He was rocking gently, slowly, but the pace building, the thrusts getting more intense... Thor matched the rhythm, digging his nails into Tech’s back, wanting him deeper, deeper... “mmmmmmmm....” Thor purred as the tension built... “mmmmmmmm...” then he started panting, “omigod... omigod....” his voice rising higher and higher...

Odin stormed up to Tech’s door just in time to hear Thor crying out, “omigod... omigod... omigod... YES! YES! YES!”

Odin’s feminine rage blazed even hotter. He tried the handle. The door swung open.

Thor clung to Tech's sweat slicked body., kissing him on the chest, the arm. He felt like he was floating, though, in a pink haze of pure bliss. They both jumped as they heard the front door slam open. The lights came on and a haggard, rage-drenched voice screamed, "What the hell is going on here?"

"A harpy!" Thor shouted, scrambling to his feet s Tech did the same, only to see something far, far, worse than a harpy: an enraged Odin, eyes blazing, stomping towards Thor.

"Harpy?" Odin raved. "You're the harpy, you little slut!"

"Krystal, come on, I have neighbors," Tech said

"Fuck you!" Odin screamed. He couldn't speak in anything less than a scream.

Thor backed away. "You broke up with him!"

"It was a fake breakup!" Odin screamed. "For drama!! He backed Thor into a corner. "Bitch!"

"Bitch?" Thor's mouth dropped open. The girls raised their claws. "Who are you calling a bitch, bitch?"

"I was serious about the breakup, Krystal. It was over between the us. The Buddha..."

"I shit on the Buddha!" Odin screamed. His rage boiled over, and he struck, unleashing his newly discovered Krystal Slap.

Thor shook his head, then turned it to the side. "It's on, little sister!" He slapped Odin back. Slap. Slap. The two former Lords of Asgard unleashed a flurry of slaps on each other, faces stinging, and then Thor lunged for Odin's hair, grabbing one of his tails, yanking, hard.

"Ow!" Now Odin grabbed Thor's hair, and the two were pulling each other' hair, slapping at each other, screaming and raving as they spun around the room, knocking over chairs and tables.

Tech, who'd been enjoying the sight of these two gorgeous females fighting over him and so had opted not to intervene, heard pounding on the walls, the ceiling, the floor. "It's late! Keep it down in there!"

"Girls! Girls!" Tech finally said, intervening, pushing them apart and getting slapped in the head a few times for his trouble. He grabbed Krystal's arms, holding them down

at her sides, and pushed her back into the kitchen. Odin struggled, at first, but found himself helpless against the strength of a man. His rage broke, and suddenly his eyes filled with tears as it was replaced by despair, regret, need, shame...

"How could you?" He asked in a small voice.

Tech knew better than to get into it right now. "You need to go," he said, calm but firm. "Calm down. Clear your head. We'll talk tomorrow."

"Really?" Odin said, the thought giving him some hope that maybe they could work it out, get back together. He didn't understand it, but he wanted Tech, needed Tech.

Tech now guided Odin to the door. "It's going to be okay," he said. "It's going to be fine."

Odin stopped at the door, turned and looked over his shoulder at Thor, who was getting dressed. "I won't be skating with you tomorrow," he sneered. "Team Pika is OVER!" And with that, he marched out the door.

"Oh, shit," Thor whispered. He'd been counting on that money. He'd already bought, like, three new outfits. Now what? The tears started to flow down Thor's cheeks now as well, his mascara running. It wasn't really the money, his cute new clothes. He'd hurt Krystal. Badly. And he didn't know if he'd ever be able to undo the damage.

Tech took Thor in his strong arms. "There, there," he said, kissing Thor on the head. "There, there."

Sitting in the cold dark of a stone, basement room, her face lit up by the swirling magic from her crystal ball, Darcy laughed and laughed and laughed...

Chapter Eighteen



Vendors had arrived early to the skate park, setting up their food trucks and tents, firing up their grill and deep fryers. As the crowds and skaters gathered, the mingled smells of tart, savory chicken and deep fried, sugar drenched funnel cake filled the air. The local radio station, Captiva 93.3, had set up as well, and the air thumped with the bright, danceable pop and the sweet voice of Krystal Kinsey.

Thor stretched, glancing around, hoping to see Odin, wishing that his sister had forgiven him, or at least would show up for the competition. He'd even worn his Team Pika outfit, done his makeup

the way they'd agreed, all in the hopes Krystal would forgive him, and they would get

back together. He was losing hope. Krystal had ignored his texts, then blocked him. He didn't even know where she'd slept, if she was okay. It worried him so much!.

Thor could still compete in the solo events, but without the points from the team competition, he had no chance to win. The confident, even arrogant girl from the day before was gone. From a strictly logical standpoint, he could convince himself he'd done nothing wrong. Tech and Krystal had broken up.

But Thor no longer lived in a world of cold, hard logic. He now found himself governed by emotion, and he felt that going after Tech so soon was wrong. He knew it was wrong. He'd hurt his sister, and she was supposed to be the most important person in the world to him.

What's more, Skrymir was a cheater. The last time Thor and the giant had met, Skrymir had used his magic to cheat Thor on every competition. Did he still have his magic? Was he the one behind Captiva? Whether he did or he didn't still have his powers, Thor knew he couldn't trust the leggy bitch.

A crackle and the sound of feedback as the MC took the stage to begin the competition. Gabe, of course, Thor thought, disgusted. How could people respect that pig with the way he treated girls? It made him so mad.

It was time. The competitors had to line up and get their numbers. Thor couldn't think of anything but Krystal. Where was she? He kept imagining her in a ditch somewhere. Or, maybe she'd gotten drunk and gotten herself arrested. Grabbing his skateboard, he looked at all the girls lining up, Perfection, Hannah and the rest. He so badly wanted to compete, to show everyone he was the best skater in Captiva, but he turned his back and walked toward the exit to the park.

Darcy, who'd been busily getting ready to shoot, all the while secretly loving how sad and forlorn Thor had looked, ran over. "Where are you going?" She tried to block Thor.

"I'm going to find my sister," Thor said, pushing his way past Darcy.

"Only one more minute for competitors to sign in," Gabe called.

"But, the competition?" Darcy said.

"There are more important things," Thor said. "And family is one of them."

He walked on, determined. He would find Krystal, apologize, beg her forgiveness. It was the right thing to do.

“Thirty seconds.”

Thor marched on, the rising sun at his back.

“Uh, excuse me?” He heard a familiar voice call from behind him. “But, it’s going to be pretty hard for me to win the team competition without my sister at my side.”

Thor turned. “Krystal!”



They ran together, hugged.

“I’m so sorry...”

Thor started.

Ten seconds...”

“We can do that later,” Krystal said, “but right now we need to check in!”

“Yes!”

They sprinted toward the check in line.

“Right... seven... six. five... four...”

“No!” Thor cried out. “We’re not going to make it!”

“Run faster!” Odin shouted.

They both found another gear, hair bouncing as they raced forward.

“Three...”

Darcy waved her fingers and mumbled.

Suddenly, Thor and Odin were a blur, flashing across the remaining ground and finding themselves at the table, the assistant giving them their numbers as Gabe called out, "One! Let the skating begin!"

Darcy smirked. She loved creating drama! It was so funny to her to see the two Lords of Asgard get into a spat over boys, then make up. They were like her little puppets. She was also determined to see them skate. She had spent hours getting ready for this, and she wasn't about to see her time wasted.