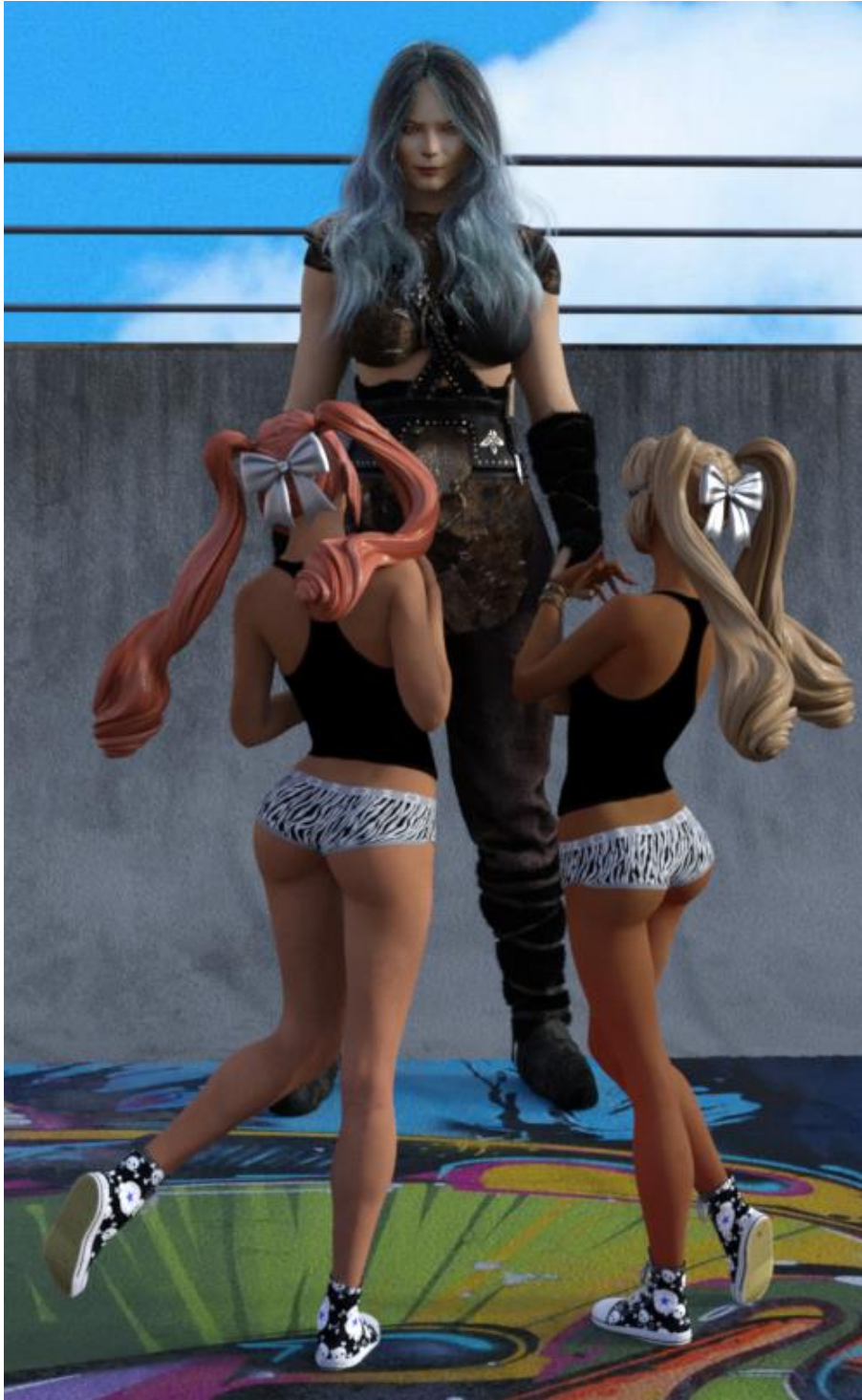


## Chapter 21



Sunlight glinted from Freyja's armor as she looked down at the skinny females that had become of Thor and her husband. Odin looked quite pretty, with large, firm breasts and bright skin and hair. Odin could no doubt, Freyja thought as she assessed him like any other young female she came across, bear healthy children. Thor and Odin, for their part, found themselves smiling and making themselves small and feminine in the presence of this tall, powerful woman, for she was a true woman, while they were both mere girls.

“We unmasked those who stole your bodies,” Freya said. “And I came down on the Bifrost Bridge seeking you several days ago. Thor remembered the rainbow he’d seen, the one with no rain. It had been Freya.

“I thought you imprisoned, held against your will. I did not expect to find my husband a half-naked girl riding on a board of skates.”

“Skateboard,” Thor suggested, raising his small hand apologetically. While Thor and Odin had both become very much girls, Freya was a grown woman; tall broad shouldered for a female and with a regal and commanding air she’d been born with as daughter of Njord and honed as wife to Odin and Queen of the Gods. “It isn’t board of skate it’s...” his voice sank to a whisper and then trailed off completely as Freyja glared at him. “Um, sorry?”

“Well, ladies,” Freyja said, both annoyed and amused to have found her husband and the Thunder God living as mortal girls, “your ordeal is over. No longer will you suffer this shameful humiliation. I have arranged for you to get your bodies back and be freed of this Captiva, a trap world created by none other than this little wench.” She slapped Loki on the side of the head.

“Darcy?” Odin and Thor shouted in unison.

“Yes, Darcy,” Freyja said. “You once knew her as Loki, but she is now Darcy, the cute little barista.”

“Loki!” Odin and Thor screamed in unison. “Why?”

Loki shrugged. “You know me. Always with the pranks.”

“We must go,” Freyja said, turning and heading back toward the entry point where the Bifrost Bridge had pierced the wall of Captiva. “There is trouble brewing in Asgard.”

She took three steps and realized neither Thor nor Odin had followed. Turning, she saw they were holding hands, looking up at her with wide, embarrassed eyes.

“What is it?”

“Well,” Odin said. “The thing is, teen models?”

“Teen models,” Thor said, nodding.



Loki covered his grin as Freyja stared at the skinny little girls in confusion. “I don’t know what you are talking about.”

Thor and Odin began talking over each other at hyper speed, going on about the agent, and teen modeling and dreams come true and how much they loved clubbing and cute clothes and—  
“MODELING!”

Freyja’s headache as she struggled to comprehend the girls chatter, and finally she shouted, “enough!”

Thor and Odin froze, eyes wide, mouths hanging open.

“Odin, my dear husband, perhaps you didn’t hear me. Asgard is under threat. We have need of you, The All Father, Odin. Surely, that takes precedence over this teen model?”

Odin scrunched up his face and imitated a scale balancing with his small hands.  
“Does it?”

“Yes, it does.”

“Fine!” Odin said with a huff. He moved to Freyja’s side. “By the way, I love your outfit.”

“Okay, well, good fortune,” Thor said. “Krystal, I’m going to miss you!” He started to leave.

“Thor, we need you, too,” Freya said.

Thor frowned, but then suddenly burst into a grin. “Kay,” he said. “But I have an idea. Let’s talk on the way.”

They all three started walking, Loki trailing behind. Freyja stopped. “Where do you think you’re going?” She said to Loki

“I am coming to help defend Asgard.”

“Oh, I have other plans for you, little miss mischief,” Freyja said, waving her hand, a cloud of sparkling magic swirling around Loki. “You would turn my husband into a silly girl? Well, I shall have my revenge.”

“Oh! Ah!” Loki said, his face growing red. “I need to do, er, something! Right now! I have to go!” And he turned and ran off into the crowd.

“What did you do to him?” Thor asked as they made their way to the Bifrost.

“Oh, well, you know, I am the Goddess of sex– and fertility.”

All three women chuckled, though Thor also thought, lucky girl!

## Chapter 22

The jotun army marched onto the Bifrost Bridge, brandishing their weapons. Across from them, Odin stood, tall and strong, his great beard blowing in the wind, spear in hand, Freyja at his side in her gleaming armor.

“Charge!” The Giant King shouted, and his men howled as they ran to meet the Asgardians.

“War! Glory!” Odin shouted back. “Destroy them all!”



The giants had closed half the gap between themselves and the host of Asgard, when great bolts of lightning cut down through the sky, exploding among them, sending bodies flying off the bridge as the air filled with the smell of frying flesh. The Giant King looked up into the swirling storm that had appeared above them, a figure descending rapidly through the clouds, deadly bolts of lightning spitting from— *her* hammer?

He had expected to see Thor, but instead he saw a girl in a short dress riding a skateboard, grinning maniacally as she came to land on the bridge, giving her hair a sassy toss. “You,” she said cried out in a voice that reminded him of a sprite, pointing her hammer at the Giant King, “and me! Now!”



“Agreed!” The Giant King said, stalking toward her, raising his great club. Despite the lightning, he had no doubt this skinny little girl would be no match. He swung, and the girl caught his club in one little hand, then yanked it from his grasp and hurled it over the side of the bridge. “Impossible! Who are you?”

“My name,” Thor said as he rose in the air and swung his hammer against the giant’s head, felling him in a single blow, “is Tia!” He turned now to face the giant army, lightning crackling all around his body, running through his blonde hair. “Who’s next?”

The giants turned and ran.

Thor giggled and tossed his hair while twirling in the air. “Thank the Norms,” he said, knowing everyone was listening and watching. “I didn’t get any blood on my dress!”

Freyja gave Odin a look.

Odin shrugged. “He likes to be cute.”

“Well, he is *your* daughter,” Freyja said, rolling her eyes.

## Chapter 23



“No. No. No— oh, there you are,” Thor said as he went through the proofs from the latest Team Pike fashion shoot. He loved this picture, he and Odin together with their skateboards, serious kinda cute supermodel looks on their faces.

A knock on the door. “Yes?”

Gabe opened the door. “Darcy is here,” he said.

“Thank you, Gabriella,” Thor said. “You look so pretty today!”

“Oh, thank you,” Gabe said, dropping his eyes, brushing a strand of long hair away from his cheek with a long, pink nail.

He’d become such a shy, meek little thing since they’d punished him by turning him into a girl, and Thor did think he looked adorable in his cute little secretary outfit.

Loki came waddling in both hands on his swollen belly.

“Loki!!” Thor said, getting up and giving the very pregnant god a hug. “Omigod, you’re getting so big!”



“Yeah, tell me about it,” Loki said. “And they never stop kicking!” He looked lovingly down at his belly. “Do you, my little loves?”

Loki settled awkwardly into a chair, sighing with relief when he could finally take the weight off. “My boobs are huge. I could feed all of Asgard, and I’m going to crash diet and workout two hours a day once I squeeze

these puppies out,” Loki said. “I have to lose all this baby weight!”

“Are you ready to be a single mother?” Thor asked.

“I have to be,” Loki said. “Tech certainly isn’t going to be any help. What an asshole.”

“I’m sure he has a lot of Buddhism-based reasons to be a bad father.”

Loki glared. "If he mentions the buddha one more time, I'm gonna—" He made a small fist. "Well, nothing. I'm eight months pregnant. I'm lucky if I can find the energy to take a bath these days."

Thor giggled. "Well, he is a good lay, at least."

"That he was," Loki said with a sigh. "But I would have been better off with a cucumber."

"So, I've been really wondering, what is all this? Captiva? Why did you make it? How did you become trapped as Darcy?"

"Funny story," Loki said, and he began to recount the tale:

"It all started with boredom. Asgard was dead. Just the usual fighting and drinking, ax throwing contests. I found myself surfing the mortal's intertubes, and I came upon a website called Fictionmania. Have you?"

Thor shook his head.

"It is a most wonderous archive of stories, all about transformation, mostly men being turned into women. Having spent some time as the fairer sex myself, it piqued my interest, and I began to read and read and read... for three days I read those stories. Of greatest interest to me were those where the man was unwilling, where he was changed into a woman against his will. It sounded fun, trapping men in women's bodies, women's lives. I decided I wanted to do that, and me being me, I would do it on a grand scale. I would create Captiva, a honey trap where men would come seeking sex and find themselves body-swapped into women! They would all become my playthings!"

Thor nodded. "Mmmhmm."

"This would require great magic, far greater than anything I possessed, so I approached Skymir in the form of a beautiful giantess. I seduced him and slipped a magic elixir into his mead one night, an elixir that made him fall madly in love with me. I had him wrapped around my little finger. He would do anything for me, and so we began to construct Captiva. All along, I planned to make Skymir my first victim, and as we lay together it thrilled me to think of him finding himself in the soft, shapely body of a woman! I would force him to dress in the most feminine garments and offer himself to men! It was to be perfect fun.

"And he figured out your plan?"



“No. There was, it turned out, a third player in our little game I knew nothing about until the day came when we unleashed the mighty magic to create Captiva. Distracted as he worked his spells, Skyrmir did not see or suspect me as I cast mine on him. Breasts swelled from his chest as his hips widened. He screamed, a woman’s scream, as he realized what was happening, long golden hair flowing down over his now pretty little shoulders!

“I began to laugh, instantly putting my hand to my throat as I heard a high-pitched, girl’s laughter coming from my mouth. I found my body changing, transforming, breasts swelling as my manhood shrank. “

“Who was it?” Thor asked. “Who was this third player?”

I didn’t know until I heard a familiar laughter coming from behind me. “I turned, brushing the hair back from my eyes and stared in shock as I looked upon— me!”

“You?”

“It was another Loki from another world in the multiverse, and as I felt myself becoming Darcy, memories flooded back. I had planned all of this, had planned to trap myself as a woman in Captiva! I had contacted this other self and set the plan in motion, then erased my own memory.”

“Why?”

“Boredom, again. I love pranks. It had occurred to me that I had never pranked myself, had never played out one of my acts of mischief on me, the person I love more than anyone in the universe. It thrilled me to think I would feminize myself against my will, trap myself in the life of an ordinary mortal girl.”

Loki went on, explaining how his mirror self had taken over Captiva and begun to hatch a plan to seize control of Asgard, luring Thor, Odin and others in, swapping them into the bodies of girls and sending his agents to Asgard in their place. As Darcy, he’d spent a few months trying to escape Captiva, to find some way out, but he had failed until he’d finally just accepted life as Darcy.

“I still had some magic,” Loki said with a wry smile. “So, I just started doing my Loki thing here, playing games with people, sewing mischief. When I first planned to trap myself, I had just assumed I would find some way out of my own trap, but I was far too clever for my own good. And now it seems I have trapped myself not only in the role of

a woman, but also a mother. I can only hope the pangs of childbirth are not quite as terrible as the last time I bore a child.”

“Well, last time you gave birth to an eight-legged horse, so I think this one will probably be a little easier.” Thor said.

“Whether it is or it isn’t,” Loki said, “the babies are coming. I’m going to have to figure out day care or something so I can still work.”

“I’ll keep talking to Freyja,” Thor said. “Perhaps she will free you once you have given birth.”

“Perhaps,” Loki said. “I would like to raise my children in Asgard. They deserve a better life than the one I can give them here.”

“You’ll be a great mother,” Thor said.

Loki smiled, a crooked, rueful smile. “I am actually going to try,” he said.

They hugged and said their goodbyes, and Thor went back to work.

When he’d gotten done with his work at Pika Fashions, Thor grabbed his skateboard and hit the pavement. As he skated through town, people recognized him, shouted and waved. “Tia! Pika!” He smiled and waved back. He loved being famous, being a girl, being a teen model. It was splendid that Freyja had agreed to allow Odin to sneak off now and then for some girl time, so the two of them still got to spend time together as sisters and besties. And, of course, teen models!

If he’d been forced to choose between being a God and a girl, Thor would have chosen girl. He had no doubt. But he had gotten to be both a God and a girl. It really wasn’t that much of a surprise to him. He was used to getting everything he wanted. He was, after all, a blonde.