

Norse God(esses) (Men to Norse Goddesses TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Waaaghan

When Tony is called into the office of his mother, a professor, he expects nothing more than a scolding for his poor work ethic as a student. What he doesn't expect to be told is that his mother is the reincarnation of Odin as a woman, and it is his destiny to become the new, female Thor, along with his girlfriend to become the new Sif, and his best friend to become the female Loki. The new Thora must get used to her new body, her new powers, and her new relationships with her godly girlfriend and 'sister', all while battling an army of giants sent by Sutr to destroy her. But college is a time of change, right?

Norse God(esses)

Mom wanted to see me in her office. Not in the living room, not at home, not over for dinner one night. In. Her. Office. Yeah, I had a good feeling I'd fucked up. After all, Mom's a professor on campus, the very same campus I'm studying medieval history on, so you can imagine my concern. My grades had been flagging lately: I admit I'd spent waaaay too many nights out with my best friend Lochie partying away, getting smashed, jumping up on the table and trying - and only sometimes succeeding - at impressing the girls. But the law of numbers meant I did find myself in the arms of some excitable girls, and those times were wild indeed, even if far too far apart.

But now Mom wanted to see me.

In her office.

It was with a sigh that I marched down the hallway of the campus offices, taking the walk of shame, and reached Mom's door. *Dr. Olivian Din*, it read. A gentle enough name, for those that didn't know my Mom. I opened it, and sure enough there she was, standing at her desk, looking at the window impassively with her one good eye. She turned, and there was her non-good eye, the one that had been clawed out by some freak black bird years and years back before I was born, and now had a dark eyepatch to cover it. Mom had a man of white hair, and tended to dress somewhat regally. It suited her, because her gaze could admonish you like you were a mere peasant in her view, a simple look instructing you to act better next time, *or else*.

"Hey Mom," I said awkwardly. "Look, is this about my grades? If so, I've got a perfectly good explanation-"

"This isn't about your excessive *partying*, if that's what you mean," Mom said in her raspy, coarse voice. "Take a seat, Tony."

I did so. You didn't fight Mom's commands on her home turf, I knew that well. She turned, eyeing me, and went over to the cage where her pet ravens Huginn and Muninn squawked. She petted them with ease. It always weirded me out that she kept ravens, knowing a bird pecked her eye out.

"This is about your future," she said. "You'll understand when Sierra and Lachlan get - ah, here they are now!"

I turned, and was instantly pretty confused. My girlfriend Sierra stood in the doorway. She had dark blonde hair and a fairly pretty face as far as I was concerned. She was a slight thing, real petite, and was wearing just a casual T and shorts. I always liked that about my Sierra, she was one hundred percent casual. My best friend in the world Lachlan - Lochie, as I liked to call him - was standing right beside her. He had untamed brown hair and a tall, lanky figure. I'd often likened him to Shaggy from Scooby Doo, and many people had the same impression. That was, until they noticed his gleaming, mischievous eyes. He was quite the pranker, had been all his life, and as much as I loved him I had to admit he was probably not the best influence on me, or my grades.

But this meeting apparently wasn't about grades.

"Hey, Doctor Din," Sierra said a little nervously.

"Yeah, how's it going, Doctor D?"

Mom raised an eyebrow. "You know I hate that nickname, Lachlan. Please, both of you, come in and take a seat. There's plenty of space. Make sure you shut the door. What I have to say is of deep importance and must be conducted privately."

They sat, both of them looking as confused as I was. Sierra was next to me, and took my hand out of Mom's sight, hidden beneath the table.

"What's going on?" she whispered to me while Mom picked out a heavy looking medieval tome from her bookshelf.

"No idea," I whispered back.

"Is it about getting drunk?" Lochie whispered.

"I don't think so."

"Is it about stealing that mascot?"

"No. Not that."

"Is it about selling the mascot back to the football team painted green for St Patty's day?"

"Shut up Lochie!" I said a little forcefully. "It's not about that!"

He grinned. "Yeah, but it's still hilarious, right?"

I couldn't help but chuckle, even as Sierra rolled her eyes between us.

“You two,” she said, like we were a pair of rambunctious cats who needed to be tossed outside for a little bit.

Mom silenced the banter though. She slammed a heavy tome on the desk. I recognised it: it was her favourite, supposedly an old text on the Norsemen that predated even the Viking Age, and was a great source of information on their gods. It was not written by Norsemen, of course, being that they did not have a system of paper or writing to that extent, but rather a Constantinople man who had journeyed far to the ends of the earth and learned their ways, crafting this tome before he died.

I shuddered at the way it slammed on the desk.

“Uh, Doctor,” Sierra said nervously. “Isn’t that text really old? Should you really be doing that?”

“Oh, don’t worry my dear,” Mom said, her good eye gleaming in a way that made me a bit nervous. “I won’t ruin it. I guided its creation, after all.”

“Like, a replica, right?” Lachlan said, chuckling awkwardly. “Because that would be crazy otherwise.”

Mom gave a grin that *was* crazy. “Not at all, my dear Lachlan, my dear *Lochie*, for I was there, over a thousand years ago. I had hoped to explain this to the three of you when you were older, but Surtr and his Giants have broken free of their frost and fire-swept planes sooner than I would have liked, and do not need the Bifrost to reach us.”

I looked at my friend and my girlfriend, incredibly humiliated. “Mom, is this some sort of weird academic joke or something? Seriously, this is embarrassing.”

But her face did not betray that she was joking, far from it. “I’m perfectly serious. The Norse Gods are real, my son. Like all great beings though, they are powered by belief, and when belief in the Norse gods were overtaken by Christianity, the gods faded away, immortal but silenced, like in a coma.”

Sierra gripped my hand a little more tightly. She had always admired my Mom, but clearly this was too much for her.

“Mom, this is weird. I’m going to go.”

“You can’t, not until I’m finished,” she said, staring me down in my chair as if by magic. Lachlan was trying to make an escape but he too retreated into his chair. “Now, as I was saying,” she continued, “the gods lay vegetative, in a sense. But now, out of the blue, as Christianity and the other monotheistic religions begin to fade themselves, so has Neo-Paganism been revived, and belief in the Norse gods began anew. And so I was reborn into this world, no longer Odin, Father of the Gods, but now a Mother of them instead.”

“What,” I said.

“What,” Lachlan said.

“Pardon,” Sierra said, only a little more dramatically.

Mom spread her hands over the tome, not looking at any of us. Sierra squeezed my hand tight. She was giving me the look that said 'your Mom has gone totally nuts!', and I was giving her the look that said 'yeah, duh, but how do I get out of her?' and she was responding with the look that said, 'I have no idea because I literally cannot think to get out of this chair right now.' And it was true, it was like being strapped to the world's most boring and simultaneously crazy non-moving rollercoaster ride.

"I puzzled for a time why I was reborn as a woman, but I have come to understand; this new age worship of the Norse gods is filtered as much through the female lens as the male one now, and the - *my* - worshippers have interpreted the faith through a much more equal, even feminist, lens. And so I am reborn, and *you* now have been too, Thor, Loki, and Sif."

She said the last part as if we would all suddenly understand.

"The fuck, Mom!?"

"Language, I'm still your mother, Thor."

"I'm not Thor!" I said. "And Lachie isn't Loki, and Sierra isn't Sif! Just because you raised me to know all this stuff about Norse mythology doesn't mean - look, you've been reading too many books, and -"

"Surtr is coming, the fire giant, and he has allied with other giants to attack us and the plane of Midgard upon which we stand."

"Well, I'm *standing* up and getting out of here, come on guys. Mom, this has been humiliating."

I did manage to stand, and so did Sierra and Lachie. She gave me a concerned look: I loved that about Sierra. As lithe and small and tomboyish as she was with her short blonde hair and cute dimples, she was always willing to stand up for other people.

"Olivia," she said, actually daring to use my mother's first name, "if you really believe this, then I think you need help. Please, this isn't normal."

Mom's expression briefly changed to one of compassion. For a moment, I thought that maybe Sierra's magic had worked on my suddenly-crazy mom. But instead, *Mom's magic worked on her*. Quick as a flash, my Mom slammed her hand down on the tome, and uttered a statement that *sounded* ancient, like a language that hadn't been properly spoken in over a thousand years.

"You're right, my lovely *Sif*," she said. "It isn't normal. You can be the first to show my son - both my sons - what is the new normal in this world. Behold, my Thor, your future wife, *Sif!*"

I was about to just give up, tear out my hair, and full-on get in a shouting match with my mother for thinking she was some female reincarnation of Odin the All-Father, when suddenly golden light flashed from the book. Sierra shrieked, and to our shared

embarrassment so did Lachie and I. He darted for the door yet couldn't open it, but I was transfixed by what was happening to Sierra. The light surrounded her in swirling waves, like tendrils of glowing water. She looked at me, her blue eyes bright with surprise.

"Um, Tony! Help!"

I reached to grab her out of this strange transparent cocoon, but my hand couldn't reach through.

"Let her go!" I yelled.

"First, she must change!" Mom said, and she whispered another word in that ancient tongue, which sent the golden waves of light rippling ever faster. Sierra's body became suffused with golden light, and my breath caught at what I saw. It was impossible. It shouldn't be.

Somehow, my girlfriend's body and clothing were *transforming*, right before our eyes. She was only a mere 5'2, and yet she began to lengthen, growing taller and taller, her slim body gaining supple curves that she'd never had (but had always secretly wished she had). Her pixie cut expanded, becoming incredibly long so that it fell almost to her knees, no longer dark blonde but a bright golden weak of silky hair that literally *shone* within the golden light. It was beautiful. Her cute features remained, but seemed to draw out a little, until they held a wisdom and ethereal beauty that made my jaw drop. Her eyes glowed green, like magical fires, and her lips became fuller, cheekbones a little bit more defined.

"Ohhhhhh!" she moaned, as if half-caught in ecstasy. "It's - ahhh - s-soooo much! What are you - ahh - doing to me? I f-feel so p-powerful!"

Her voice no longer had the gentle tomboyish cracks in it, but now sounded sexy. Womanly. Like a femme fatale seducing a man to bed kind of sexy and womanly. I won't lie, my dick got a little hard just hearing it, despite the craziness. I could tell Lachie was looking at her too, suddenly seeing her in a whole new light. He was such a perv sometimes.

"Sierra, are you okay!?" I yelled, trying to push past that barrier of golden light.

"I - I don't know! It f-feels so wrong, but it f-feels good at the same time! I don't know what's happening to me!"

She grew taller again, taller even than me - she must have been near six feet in height! As she turned, her clothing began to change, her shorts becoming a warrior-like battle-skirt and her thighs becoming quite exposed. Her regular t-shirt altered to become a sleek semi-armoured chest piece that exposed much of her collar bone, and cupped her breasts.

"Holy shit," I breathed. "You - Sierra, you have boobs!"

"I always did!" she exclaimed.

"No but - big ones!"

She looked down in time to see her near-nonexistent bust suddenly swell, becoming an ample pair of what had to be C-cups, perhaps even D-cups, and her blue eyes went wide.

“Oh my God!” she exclaimed.

“No, not *your* God,” Mom said knowingly. “*You* are the God now, Sierra. This is your true magical form as Sif, Goddess of fertility, agriculture, archery, and single combat.”

“But - oh God. *Gods.*”

Her form finished, her body becoming toned and athletic, her arms bared but for a set of silver archer’s bracelets affixed to her wrists. The golden light fell away. Standing before me was Sierra, but not as I knew her. It was like the idealised version of her, made into a goddess that I kinda admit I was hella ready to worship then and there. She was probably six foot one tall (taller than me) and unbelievably gorgeous. Her face was still her own, but with more prominent cheekbones, fuller cheeks, and brighter eyes. She was more refined, more otherworldly, and her impressive garb - a mix of a royal red dress and a warrior archer’s outfit - only added to the effect. Her thighs were lithe but muscular, her arms as well, and her hair was in intricate braids that fell down to her waist. She took a deep breath and her new breasts swelled, a very sexy cleavage forming.

“Sierra,” I said.

“You look goddamned *hot*,” Lachie said.

“Shut it, Lachie!” we both said at once, and he clamped up, staring at Sierra as if her statement was an order. She was looking down on him now, after all.

“This is crazy!” she exclaimed in that powerful new voice of hers. She was staring down at her costume, at her breasts and bracers and overall godly aspect. “Doctor Din, I don’t know what you’ve done, but you have to change me back.”

“Don’t listen to her, Doc!”

“Shut up, Lachie!”

But it was only her that said it this time. I won’t lie, I was transfixed by my girlfriend. She was a twenty out of ten. I loved her looks before, but I won’t lie and say I was a perfect girlfriend: her having a tall, sexy, hourglass figure with a big rack was just something else.

“Tony, stop looking at me like that!” she exclaimed, and I snapped out of it.

“Sorry, it’s just - you look amazing Sierra!”

“Sif, now,” Mom reminded me. “But she is only one god of three born back into this world. All three of you must change.”

Lachie’s eyes went wide. “Hell yeah! Do I get to have superpowers? Does she?”

“She has powers indeed, power over to grow impressive crops-”

I couldn’t help but think of the two impressive crops on her chest.

“-to enhance fertility-”

My thoughts got dirtier, as did Lachie’s, no doubt.

“-and to shoot magical arrows with incredible precision.”

“That’s more like it, I guess,” she said. “Fuck, I feel so strong. And healthy. And tall!”

“And beautiful,” I said, and that managed to elicit a smile.

“Well, sign me up!” Lachie said. “Do I get changed? I’m Loki, then? I guess that makes me a man! He was a man in mythology, I know that much.”

But Mom just rolled her eyes. “Lachie, you were the smart one previously, but I see the trickster aspect of your personality is more appealing to more modern worshippers. Ah well, it’s time to bring your new self to the fold, *Loki*. Just remember that you are meant to be a quite . . . transformative figure.”

Lachie had just enough time to slap himself in the forehead before the golden light of Mom’s next spell casting hit him full force. I could barely believe my eyes again despite the fact that this was all happening a second time, but there he was trapped in a golden cocoon of light, changing just as Sierra/Sif had. Only my best friend’s changes were somehow even *more* transformative.

“Ohhhhh - ahhh - ah - g-guys! I’m f-feeling weird in the, uh, groin area here! And the chest! Ah, *very weird!*”

My girlfriend settled beside me, looming over me, in fact. “Um, is Lachie looking a bit like a, um, a -”

“Loki often became female, I guess,” I said, marvelling at what was happening in front of my eyes. “I suppose modern worshippers really focus on that part.”

“Exactly right, my son,” Mom said, her good eye gleaming. Huginn and Muninn cawed with seeming joy as Lachlan’s body softened all over. Unlike my girlfriend, he actually *lost* height, reducing in inches until he was little more than five foot seven at best. He groaned as his features softened, and his lips not only became full and feminine but glossed over with dark red makeup. Eyeshadow appeared around his eyes, which glowed a brighter green, and his nose became long and defined, cheekbones feminine too. Sure enough, like Sif, his costume appeared more sorcerer’s cloak than armoured dress with skirt, but it was clearly tailored for a woman, and the growing bumps where his pectoral muscles were made it very clear what was happening.

“Fuck, wait! I take it back!” he exclaimed. “I don’t want to be a chick! Since when was Loki a - NNGH!! M-MY BALLS! Stop m-making it f-feel so g-gooooood!!”

He grasped between his thighs, and for a moment his eyes rolled into the back of his head and I thought my friend would pass out. Instead, he let loose a sound that was part agonised, part orgasmic. “OOhhh there they go there they go there they - GOOO!!!”

Long brunette hair tumbled to his shoulders before pulling back into a braided ponytail. His features slimmed, and he lost the bony beanpole look, gaining instead a sleek, borderline fae appearance that was surprisingly attractive. Yes, Sierra as hotter as Sif, but

even among the craziness of what I was seeing I'm not too ashamed to say I was also pretty turned on by my best friend's transformation into a genderbent goddess: he looked hot as fuck! He had a 'dark alternative chick' look about her, but a kind of nerdiness too: for once my friend actually looked pretty smart.

"Dude, stop looking at me like you want to bone me!" he cried - though judging from his sultry voice, he was actually a *she* now. He pawed at his breasts, which must have been a solid B-cup, and a small amount of cleavage showed through the low-cut of the top. Make that C's - fairly ample, all things considered.

Her changed finished, and the golden light dissipated, and in mere moments there was Lachie-turned-female Loki, dark and mysterious and cunning, in a silent green cloak that pulled impressively tight at the waist and around the bust.

"Uh, I did *not* sign up for this. Why am I a girl? I shouldn't be a girl! I've got tits! I mean, I'm not complaining about that, but my balls are gone!"

Sierra-turned-Sif and I couldn't help but chuckle. We were anxious and worried, but it was still humorous.

"Stop laughing, you guys! I've lost, like, a foot of height!"

"Ah, but you will be sneaky and cunning, able to take down foes from unexpected angles, Loki," Mom said. "Where Sif will use her bow and her magic to aid you and negate the advantage of giants, you will get up close with your illusions to strike deep with your daggers."

"The fuck!? I'm not fighting any giants!"

But Mom was already shifting her gaze to me. Sierra touched my shoulder protectively, but there was nothing that could stop what the apparently very real deity would do to me.

"I can't believe it," was all I managed to say as she cast the spell. "You really are Odin, aren't you?"

"I am," she said, grinning, "just as you are Thor. Or, as you shall come to be known-"

"Oh God."

"*Thora, Goddess of Thunder.*"

"There it is," I winced. Sierra gasped, and Lachie guffawed, happy I was in the same boat - the bastard - and suddenly the golden light was upon me. It surrounded me in a sudden golden haze, and I knew then how my girlfriend and best friend had felt - it was like being suffused with energy, with raw power. Small lightning bolts crackled against my skin, electrifying me, but it didn't hurt; far from it, I felt myself *growing, expanding*. Gaining mass in a heap of places as muscles bulged along my form. I let loose a groan that was part discomfort, part shock, and even - I couldn't deny it - part ecstasy. The power was simply too much, and I gave myself over to it without even thinking.

"T-too much p-power!" I moaned. "M-Mom! Stop it! D-don't want to b-be a girl!"

"I'm afraid you're going to be a *lot* of girl, my child of thunder," was all she said.

"Holy moly," Sierra whispered, her voice like honey in my ears. "Tony, you're looking really beefy. I mean it, you look *toned!*"

"Yeah dude," Lachie added, "where the fuck are my guns!?"

It was true: I had never been the toughest or the tallest guy, but I was rapidly making gains, the kind of gains you bragged about in the gym and the bedroom. My muscles almost burst through my clothing before my clothing changed, becoming an impressive set of sleek Norse armour that contained me: with one crucial difference: it had two massive dents, a 'bust' if you will, that I was steadily starting to fill. My nipples swelled in size, and my pectorals with them. They ballooned in size even as I moaned in an increasingly female voice, husky yet feminine. My red hair extended, becoming long and braided and curly, while my facial hair simply evaporated. My face realigned, and everything became softer, especially my lips.

"Oh sh-shit! I'm becoming, like, an athlete girl or something!"

"A damn thick one, holy shit," Lachie said.

"Shut up, Lachie!"

But he wasn't wrong. I groaned in unbearable pleasure as my two new very female breasts grew in size, becoming larger and larger and larger until they were like twin torpedoes of my chest, heavy and flushed and full and wobbling as they settled into the fur inside of the armoured bust. A positively cavernous cleavage was pushed to the surface, blocking off my view of my own feet, which became slightly daintier, though not a whole lot so. I grew several inches in height, though I was still short against the new Sif. What I did grow was a lot wider: my hips groaned and creaked audibly as they expanded, and my ass cheeks ballooned, fit with muscle *and* fat. I too had a battle skirt, though shorter than Sierra's more concealing one. My thighs thickened, my stomach became a little slimmer before developing a serious six pack - God, why did my armour reveal part of my midriff!?

"My dick!" I suddenly cried, surprised at my own voice. "You can't take - OHHH!!!"

It was horror and wonder and pleasure all at once. My manhood slid back into my body alongside my balls, leaving a womanly slit and tunnel behind. It all happened so quickly that I barely had a chance to say goodbye. To add insult, I felt womanly underwear settle into place beneath my new skirt. Like the others, I developed a set of stylish fur boots, and then a dark blue cape unravelled from my shoulders.

In mere moments the golden light had dissipated, and I was left panting heavily, now a stout, broad-shouldered, athletic, and no doubt incredibly fucking gorgeous female version on Thor.

“What. The. Fuck,” I managed to stammer, my voice radiating power, irritation, and a female shock.

“Congratulations, my Thora,” my Mom said, nodding sagely as if she hadn’t just turned her own damn son into a *literal* God, only with a huge set of F or even G-cup cans!

Sierra was staring at me. At my tits. Her eyes were still wide.

“Eyes up here,” I said, startling her. “And don’t congratulate me, Mom! Change me back!”

But she just shook her head. “I’m afraid I cannot. I intended to change all of you in time, once I made you aware of your destinies. But Surtr’s first wave is approaching. These are the weakest giants - the smaller ones who were able to slip through. But it is necessary that you fight them.”

“Wh-when?” Sierra - Sif - asked.

The new female Odin just grinned in a grim, knowing fashion. “Right now.”

“*WHAT!?*”

“Fear not, you shall not be without weapons. Sif shall bear her bow into battle, able to enchant it. Her staff shall also wield magic to aid and harm where appropriate.”

By magic, a bow appeared on her back, and a gnarled staff in her hands. She squeaked, and it was goddamn beautiful. Everything about her was. I was glad that my heterosexuality - or lesbianism now, I guessed? - had survived the change.

“And you, Loki, possess your enchanted dagger for close-quarters combat, as well as the powerful wand Lævateinn. Use it well.”

Similar to Sif - well, Sierra - a dagger and wand appeared in his hands. He had several daggers, actually. Not that he was a ‘he’ anymore. The wand looked astonishing, like it was weaved out of rainbow light, sizzling in the air.

“Cool,” she marvelled, momentarily out of her feminised funk.

“And you, Thora,” Mom started-

“You better fucking say I get Mjolnir or I will absolutely freak out right now!”

Mum gave that dark grin of hers. “Holy out your hand,” she said.

I did, impelled to do so by the sheer absurdity of what was happening. And that was when I felt it. A connection. Like an invisible coil, or a tether, linking me to something. Something deeply ancient and powerful. I gasped, causing my tits to jiggle, then steadied myself.

“Come,” I said.

A huge and heavy warhammer flew from the distance thunderclouds which had gathered instantly on the horizon. Mom - Odin - opened the window just in time for it to careen straight into my hand with the force of a jet screeching through the sky. There was a literal thunderclap accompanying the brief explosion of energy - energy which knocked

Mom's bookshelves around and tossed my long ginger hair about - but I caught the hammer nonetheless. It rippled with radiant energy in my hand, streaks of white and blue lighting crackling over the surface.

"Ho. Lee. Fuck."

"Language, my new daughter, though I suppose it was always in your nature to be more . . . thunderous. You are the Goddess of Thunder now."

I swallowed. This was the craziest thing that had ever happened to me. I'd taken drugs in my time, and part of me hoped it was just another acid trip gone wrong, but this was far too real - and the logic flowed too cleanly. I looked at Sierra, now Sif, who was beautiful and regal beyond all measure, and at Lachlan, now Loki, who appeared like a fantasy femme fatale, cunning and seductive. And then I saw myself in the mirror on the other side of Mom's office, and realised that I was just as attractive as the pair of them, albeit in a far more athletic and sporty way. My face was more square, though softer than it had been, and had a confidence to its resting expression. It was the face of a dominant, powerful young athlete, and my body matched well up with that: I was larger than life, with muscles that would serve me well in the gym. My hair was long and frizzy and hot as all hell, and my hips were to die for - ass too. But it was my boobs that got the most attention - from Sif, from Lokie, and from me now too. They were massive, near-head sized things that would make every guy on campus go absolutely gaga. That was, if they could get over the fact that I was doing an excellent cosplay as a female Thor, magical lightning hammer and all.

"This . . . what do I even do about this?" I said.

"You go fight Surtr's forces, of course," Mom said, "in between study and passing your college degrees. I expect you all to be successful in this life after all! Our faith is still small, but growing every day, so you must still live as humans - as Tordis, Sophie, and Lucy."

"What?" Sierra said. "I don't get to even keep my original name?"

Mom just petted one of her black ravens. "You each have new identities - it will be as if you *a/ways* had them: reality has been rewritten, and you each have new roles to play."

Loki/Lachie/Lucy gave an awkward chuckle. "Um, about fighting these giants? You don't mean, like, fight-fight, do you? I mean, we get training and everything, right?"

I was frankly too distracted by the fact that I had turned into a fucking smokeshow of a buff, tough woman to care about that - Sif/Sierra/Sophie and I were too busy looking at each other's forms in shock and a little lust - but Mom's next words grabbed my attention.

"Of course you shall train," she declared, though from the way she spoke I recognised that the other shoe was about to drop. "And the best way to train is to dive into the deep end, and let your new instincts take their course. The first giants are on the outskirts of the city, making their way through the forest to the edge. Defeat them and send them to the halls of Valhalla, if they are so worthy of ending up there. I aim to ensure our

new pantheon remains in this world, and this means being a little bit more . . . temperate, and just, than we used to be. Best of luck you three!”

We all opened our mouths to say some variant on the same thing. Well, I assumed that was the case: I had about a billion questions running through my head, the first of which was ‘wait, does this mean I get fucking periods now?’

But none of us managed to get a word out, because Huginn and Muninn swirled around us, and we were suddenly falling to a forest floor on the outskirts of town. The last thing I saw was Mom’s glaring eye staring into my soul, as if she’d just given me yet another university test.

We didn’t have much time to get used to our new bodies: barely ten minutes. We were all still struck by our transformations - Loki and I especially, since we had also changed gender - and the fact that we were even *thinking* of each other as Sif, Loki, and Thora now.

“This is absurd!” I said, patting leaves out of my cleavage - God, I had cleavage now! And a fuckton of it at that!

“You don’t have to tell me that, hun,” Sif said, wrapping an arm around me. “I feel like a giant now, though not as big as the ones we’ll be fighting.”

“At least you look gorgeous,” I said.

“Oh please, come off it.”

“No, I mean it. Seriously Sif - Sophie - Sierra! - you look utterly incredible!”

She blushed a little, and it only made her look more attractive to me. The fact that it caused my big fat pink nipples to stiffen against the fur lining of my armour bust and my loins to tingle a little wetly was enough to make me try to think unsexy thoughts though.

“I guess I do look pretty amazing,” she said. “But I can’t believe your Mom did this! I don’t care if she’s a God, I liked being a tomboy! I mean, I don’t mind having the instant boob job so much, these are like C-cups-”

Hell yeah, I’d gotten that right at least.

“-or being taller, since short was such a pain. But all the long hair? Looking like some kind of Scandinavian supermodel? And these legs!”

She indicated to them, and how luscious yet powerful they looked.

“At least you got taller!” Loki complained, gesturing over her form. “And you didn’t lose your penis! Mind, at least I look pretty fucking hot, and these tits are sensitive. I can literally cum just from feeling them up.”

We both looked at our mischievous friend, astonished.

“Lucy - I mean Loki - I mean Lachie,” I said, trying to adjust my mental state, “are you telling me that you’ve *already* orgasmed from feeling your boobs up?”

“Of course! I had the time.”

“*When!?*” Sif said, as flabbergasted as me.

“Guys, I have *boobs* now! Even if they aren’t as big as yours! C’mon, you can’t expect me not to feel myself up all over? How have you not been squeezing those massive titties of yours, Thora? I bet Sif could plant her face right in them and die suffocating and happy!”

Sif and I both swallowed. Holy shit, I could imagine it, and I bet so could she. It was a very, very hot image. God, what had Mom done to us?

“Uh, Thora,” she said. “I think my sexuality has been tweaked a bit. I think-”

Thankfully we didn’t get time to go over all that, as there was a sudden crash from the distant trees. I had barely gotten used to the fact that I was *literally* a magical girl reincarnation of Thor the fucking *Thunder God*, or that I had big tits (these things felt equally alarming to me), and now something dreaded and horrible was headed our way.

“Uh, I’ve never been in a fight before,” Sif said.

“I’ve never *won* a fight before,” Loki added.

“I’ve . . . tied, I think,” I finished weakly. “He got a black eye from a lucky swing, but I puked when he got me in the stomach.”

“Black eyes are sexy,” my girlfriend said, rolling her stunningly beautiful blue eyes, blonde hair shifting behind her. “Vomiting isn’t. That means you lost.”

“Yeah but - oh fuck!”

We all leapt backwards - waaaaay backwards, *inhuman* levels of backwards - as something came crashing through the trees and roared. It was, just as Mom - Odin - whatever - had said, a frickin’ giant. It was immense, easily three floors in height, and goddamn ugly. Its skin was made of rock, and plants grew from its back and head, which was topped with small trees.

“I’m suppose to sneak up on *that!?*” Loki yelled.

“PATHETIC NEW GODS!” the creature boomed, talking normally but causing the very ground to quake with the sonic boom of its voice. “REBORN AS LITTLE WEAK GIRLS. THIS WILL BE EASY TO CRUSH. THEN, ODIN.”

To my surprise, it wasn’t me who acted, even though I’d been quick to act and slow to think all my life (maybe I was destined to be Thor?). No, it was fucking Sif. My goddamned girlfriend.

“Little weak girl? Little weak *girl*? I’ll show you what a *woman* can do, you big ugly creature!”

She darted backwards, leaping an inhumanly long distance, and drawing her bow. She notched it with an arrow with surprising speed, then loosed it.

It missed entirely, shooting over the creature's head. Impressive for a first-timer, but not on target *at all*.

"Woo!" Loki cheered.

"Shut up Loki!" we both yelled.

The creature just laughed in a horribly way that sounded like a mudslide down a rocky canyon. "UNIMPRESSIVE. THE TIME OF THE GIANTS IS AT HAND."

And then the enormous creatures launched forward. It was amazingly quick for something so big, and it took me by complete surprise. Loki ducked out of the way, but before I knew what was happening a giant hand was coming my way, and I was suddenly batted what felt like hundreds of feet into the fields at the edge of the forest. I shut my eyes, terrified that it was the end. No one could survive that, right? My system must have been going into shock, because I barely felt a thing. I hit the ground. Rolled. Rolled some more. Finally, my movement was arrested. I could hear an incredibly loud scuffle where Sif and Loki were still fighting, but I knew it had to be the end for me.

Only I kept breathing.

Sure, my big boobs were a little painful, and my ass a bit sore, but I felt totally okay otherwise.

"The fuck? I'm not - I'm not hurt? Holy crap I am not hurt!"

I stood up, throwing my tumbled cape behind me and began inspecting the damage. I had some scrapes, a few cuts, a little bit of blood on my arm, but otherwise was fine. I'd been launched a hundred feet and crashed down and rolled for another fifty feet . . . and I was fine. Okay, so being stuck as a girl sucked, but suddenly having superpowers was pretty awesome.

That was, until I saw what was happening with the giant. It had caught Loki in its hand, and was currently trying to squeeze her to death. Sif was still trying to figure out her arrows, and waving her other free hand in a weird way like she was trying to cast a spell or something. Wait, was she trying to cast a spell? Hot damn!

I had to do something though. Even from a distance, Loki's expression was deeply pained, and only getting worse. It was then that I remembered exactly *what* the great Thor of legends could do.

"Okay, let's try this."

I held out my pain, and focused on that magical tether. I wasn't sure where Mjolnir had landed, but it flew from across the field to land in my hand, still crackling with electricity. I took a deep breath, drew back my arm, and readied my arm. I was strangely not nervous. I guess with all the insanity that was going on, I'd run out of fucks to give.

I threw the hammer with all my new muscular might.

And I let it carry me with it.

Now, I'm no science nerd. I've always been more of a partier and slacker than someone committed to studies. Sif - Sierra - was always more of an academic than me, and Loki - Lachie - could outwit and charm his way to better marks. What I'm saying is that despite having Mom as a professor and apparent god of magical knowledge, I was never that smart.

But even I knew that what I was doing was a violation of physics so horrendous that Einstein and Newton were probably both forming twin turbines in their respective graves.

And yet it worked.

I shot forward, literally *flying* straight towards the giant, screaming in a mix of terror and warrior's might, my new voice howling like that of a Valkyrie. The giant just managed to look my way in time for Mjolnir to slam into its chest. The entire creature collapsed to the side, huge chunks of rock falling from it.

I crashed to the ground rather inelegantly, but Loki was freed.

"Thora!" she cried. "That was - dude, that was amazing!"

"I feel like I need a crash helmet to throw up in," I said.

"Did you kill it?"

We soon got our answer. The giant pulled itself back up, looming over us with a craggy, angry expression. "THERE IS THE GOD OF THUNDER!" it exclaimed. It began to punch at me with its huge fists, and all I could do was swing Mjolnir to bat them aside just in time. The last, unfortunately, caught me again, pummeling me sideways. He was about to get me with both fists when suddenly he screamed like an avalanche. He twisted, and I saw that he finally had several arrows in his back: arrows that were rapidly spreading powerful vines that were digging into his stony form and prying big rocks loose. I looked to my girlfriend, who seemed to be a bit more sure of what she was doing with that bow.

"Nice work, Sif!" I called.

"You ain't seen nothing yet!" she replied with a surprisingly big grin on her face.

"Keep Loki safe!"

She raised a free hand, and red magic seemed to coalesce around it. Then, she threw it into the air, where it shot into the sky.

"Uh, did that do anything?" Loki asked, dodging left and right to avoid the creature's renewed attack. She flitted faster than possible, as if her true location was hidden, always displayed a little to the left or a little away from where she was really standing. It was keeping her alive, at least.

But then the clouds shifted, darkening directly above the giant. It looked up at the sudden overcasting of the sun, only for a bolt of lightning to hit it square in the face, sizzling away part of its left eye.

“AAAGGHHHH!!!!” it roared. “COWARDLY MAGIC!!!”

“You’re not the only one who can do lightning!” Sif exclaimed to me, before drawing her bow again. This time, she shot it at *me*. I nearly dodged, but when it struck, there was no pain, and instead my cuts and bruises healed.

“Wow! But warning next time!”

“Sorry!”

The giant jumped, crashing into the ground and causing a crater. I managed to bear the brunt of the blast and remain standing, and then I used Mjolnir to carry me forward and attack the creature in the air. With every strike against it, I could stay airborne, but it made me vulnerable to its hands. Even as it got a grasp around me, Loki was uselessly dodging its feet, having contributed fuck all to our crazy group exercise.

“Loki! LOKI! FUCKING DO SOMETHING!!”

The giant squeezed me tight, and I felt something give way. More arrows came, but the giant had me and wasn’t letting go, even if Sif killed it I was definitely dying first. The creature continued to kick at Loki, but only I saw a gathering of gold and green magic on the beast’s shoulder. To my astonishment, a second Loki - the real one - had just climbed up the giant’s back in total secrecy. She winked at me, her eyes full of mischief, and then she brought forth her dagger. Her wand was glowing, keeping her other illusion running.

“Something like this?” she asked.

And then she stabbed the creature in the brain.

The giant howled, releasing me. It roared in anger, but it had no chance now: I used my hammer to destroy its standing from below, while Loki continued to stab at any vital part up top. Sif plunged arrow after arrow into its form, crumbling its midsection.

“I AM NOT THE LAST!” the giant roared. “OTHERS WILL COME! SURTR WILL CLEANSE THIS WORLD IN FIRE!!!”

And then, with that horrifying proclamation, the great monster collapsed into masonry, plugging the crater it had just created. To anyone else’s eyes, we were just three weird - and hot - cosplayers on the edge of the forest, looking at a bunch of rocks in a hole.

“Well, that went better than I expected,” Loki said.

“That was amazing!” I exclaimed, hugging my now shorter friend. I lifted her with ease and kissed her on the cheek without thinking. “Loki! You saved me!”

“Yeah, yeah, it was just an illusion spell and some quick cunning dude, don’t slobber over me. And don’t - ahh - crush me with your muscles or anything.”

I let her go, blushing a little. I kept forgetting how strong I was now.

“Not that it’s the worst thing being trapped in your giant cleavage,” she continued, “but I’ll leave that to Sif.”

“Thanks,” my girlfriend said, appearing at my side and pulling me into a deep hug. We held it for a long time - I certainly wasn’t used to having my set of boobs squash up against hers . . . and win.

“Hun, that was incredible,” she said. “You managed to save us.”

“And you me.”

“Look,” Loki said, “let’s all agree that we saved each other.”

“I still can’t believe it,” Sif said. “I’m Sif. You guys are Thor - well, Thora - and Loki. We’re actual gods. This is -”

“Awesome,” Lokii said.

“A total nightmare was what I was saying. I didn’t ask to become this!”

“Oh please,” my friend continued. “You’re actually going to complain about becoming a tall blonde supermodel with superpowers.”

“Yes! Especially since my name has been taken from me! And my destiny! And the world is threatened by evil Norse giants!”

I sighed. “I’ve gotta agree with Sif, dude. Like, I’m even *thinking* her as Sif. We were changed against our will - I’ve got boobs now!”

“Dude, no one *can’t* notice those. They’re the size of your head, almost.”

Sif blushed. I could tell from my peripheral vision that she’d been looking.

“That’s exactly my point!” I exclaimed, letting them wobble for emphasis. “I didn’t want to become a chick! And superpowers are great in theory, but fighting giants? Becoming - what - a trio of magical hero girl reincarnations of Norse gods? This is crazy!”

But to my shock, Loki shrugged a little. “It might not be all bad.”

“You were just complaining about losing your balls literally half an hour ago!”

“Yeah, but . . . okay, solid point. I do miss those. But I’m also a total snack now, and I never was one before. And I’ve got superpowers. And I think I can do *this*.”

And then she did something really, *really* unfair. She turned into a man. Slightly taller, shorter hair, a little androgynous to an extent, but certainly male.

“You’ve got to be fucking kidding me,” I said. “Can I do that?”

But my friend just gave me a sympathetic smile. “I think it’s a Loki thing.”

“Ugh, makes sense,” Sif complained, having just tried to cast magic on herself. “Loki shapeshifts in the legends. Everyone knows that. His true form is his own, but . . .”

“But I think I can still pass as a dude occasionally,” Loki said in a lower voice. “I don’t know how long I can hold it for - it’s draining my magical battery slowly, so to speak, but at least I’ve got options. Hell, now I can have sex as a man and as a woman!”

“Ugh,” Sif repeated, “you *are* Loki.”

“Damn straight!”

“And I’m stuck as a woman,” I said.

Sif held me. She felt . . . deeply comfortable. God, she was pretty. I mean, I loved her tomboyish looks before, but now she was literally hotter than the surface of the sun. The fact that she was taller than me was somehow a massive fucking turn on as well.

“Don’t worry hun, we’ll try to make it work. Maybe your mother can turn us back?”

She couldn’t. Mom was adamant on that point. We had no real idea how we should be approaching her anyway given that we were all in very noticeable armour and dresses. In the end, we decided on the very boring option: we just walked. Loki whipped us up some pretty damn good illusions so that our clothing looked modern and normal. Except she gave me a top that showed off my fucking cleavage, and a pair of shorts that showed my thighs, while Sif had a sexy summer dress. When Sif grabbed him by the ear it turned out to be another illusion and he was further ahead of us, grinning like he’d just eaten shit.

“You absolutely suck,” Sif said.

“Sorry! I’m just having fun experimenting with these powers. Gotta get good, right?”

So when we finally reached the college again, we were attracting a lot of attention with our looks. Loki, naturally, was wearing an outfit that was part boy or girl and all sleek and chic, while I was stuck showing off my athletic muscles and Sif looking like the queen bee of the school. It turned out to be very appropriate for our new lives.

“Hey Lucy!” someone called out. “Are you joining us at the gaming convention this afternoon? We need you to help us win! Oh, and Scott asks if you’re joining the robotics team again this year?”

‘Lucy’ smirked. She was now wearing a pair of smart nerdy glasses, and seemed to have a confident swagger to her. Lachie always had recovered fast from setbacks.

“Hell yeah, I’ll be there,” she replied easily. “I fucking love robots, man. I wanna build one that’ll take over the world or something.”

The man chuckled. “I bet if anyone could build a chaos robot like that, it would be you Lucy. Awesome, I’ll see you at the gaming club this afternoon then?”

“I’ll be there, and square, my man.”

“What was that?” I asked her when we passed the man.

She shrugged. “No friggin’ clue, but I’m improvising here. Man, I bet I’m so smart in this new timeline. This is turning out awesome - I can get laid as a girl or boy, fight giants with superpowers, *and* build chaos robots.”

I was the next approached. A few of the sporty girls were practising football - the real kind which goes at the World Cup, not the dumb one with the stupid shape to the ball - and halted as we passed the playing field.

“Tordis! Wait, Tordis!”

One of the girls I recognised as Kaley, champion player I’d cheered for a few times alongside Sierra at the campus games, ran up to me. “Just thought I’d tell you that the match against South Side is going ahead despite the rain. It’s going to be mud and lightning, we think, but we’ll beat ‘em.”

“Uh, of course we will,” I said awkwardly. “Um, why tell me that?”

She looked at me funny. “Because you’re our captain, duh?”

“Oh. Yeah. I just meant I already knew it all. Because I’m the captain.”

She chuckled. “Glad you’re on top of it. How do you feel, Sophie? It’ll be wet but they’re hoping the cheer team will be there? Do you think you can organise your girls and boys?”

Sophie gulped and nodded. “Uh, I’ll get right on it.”

“Sweet! Let’s beat ‘em! It’ll be a good comeback from last year. With you on our side, Tordis, we can’t lose.”

“Great, I’m a cheerleader now,” Sif said when the woman was out of view and we were getting close to Mom’s office. “This is ridiculous.”

I kept my thoughts to myself, since seeing Sif’s sexy body in a cheerleader’s outfit would be a dream come true to me.

“And I’m captain of the football team. Seems appropriate given I’m Thor. That’s actually quite cool.”

“I told you!” Loki exclaimed. “This’ll be alright!”

We reached Mom’s office, not exactly feeling that way. When we entered again, she was seated, her one eye blue and glowing strangely. It returned to normal in moments.

“Uh, what was that?” I asked.

“I was reading the future, seeing what options we have, and when the next giant will come. Good news, you have approximately two weeks. Bad news, it’ll be several of them and they won’t be young ones next time.”

“That was a young one!?” I exclaimed.

Mom grinned in that sly way of hers. “But it was good practice, wasn’t it? You all survived and took it on, proving you are the new goddesses.”

I groaned. “Look, Mom, just make me a man again, that’s all I ask. I’m pretty sure Sif and I want out, but I’ll stick around if you just make me normal again.”

But to my great despair Mom just shook her head.

“As I said before, your new forms are set, my son - well, my daughter. You are now Thora, just as your girlfriend and friend are now Sif and Loki. And it seems one of you at least is accepting this.”

Sif put two and two together. “You were watching us!”

“Of course. I would have intervened if things went really wrong. But the fights are yours to handle. My magic keeps the giants from pouring through all at once.”

“So I really am stuck like this, with this giant tits.”

Mom actually chuckled lightly at this. “They are . . . quite large, yes. But I think you shall get used to them in time. You have your new lives, my children. It is time you get used to them, adapt, and when able, train in your godly powers. Surtr is coming.”

The next two weeks passed like two years, chaotically and strangely and with a great deal of unfamiliarity. I swear I slept like fifteen hours the next day, and drank far more beer than I ever had before just to come to terms with the fact that I was now stuck as a hot ginger Amazon of a goddess. I won't lie, I did take the day off to get used to things, and 'getting used to things' was code for 'exploring the hell out of my body.' I don't think I could be judged for that: I had a big ripe pair of sensitive tits and a vagina which was always aroused when I saw or thought of Sif in her new goddess bod. It turned me on something fierce, so *of course* I masturbated. Hell, Loki had probably already done it a thousand times by that point. I managed to last all the way to the following morning!

It was fucking amazing, by the way. I may have become tougher than I ever imagined, but women aren't faking it when it comes to their nipples being way more sensitive, or how fun it is to have their boobs willingly groped, even by themselves. But the real treat was, as they say, flicking the bean. Well, that's putting it crudely, but suffice to say I was moaning *far* too loudly, nearly breaking the bed as I writhed and moaned and rubbed my new womanhood. Holy shit, the orgasm alone was fantastic, and made me already keen to have some lesbian deity sex with Sif, if she was up for that.

That was, until the post-orgasm joy wore off, and I ended up deeply embarrassed of myself, and wishing I could go back to being a man, even an ordinary one. That was the feeling that continued to follow me as I tried to work out the insanity that was my new life in the following weeks that passed. To suddenly become a tall, athletic, big-boobed star of the football team - or soccer, if I was going by local lexicon - was quite a change from the fairly average guy I had been. Suddenly, I wasn't just going to parties, I was expected to *be the star of them*. Not that I was ready for that just yet: being the female sports star was more than enough to chew on. The fact that I had to have the world's strongest sports bras just to

run without causing my cow tits to flop wildly about was another thing I was having to get used to. It made Sif giggle when she saw me.

“C’mon, I’ll help you get some more appropriate clothing,” she said. “Reality may have changed and your closet with it, but a woman’s touch is always needed, even with a former man.”

It was embarrassing, but I was thankful. Plus, I don’t think she was complaining: one good thing was that our relationship had come out the other side of our freaky changes still entirely intact, and I didn’t have to worry about us not being attracted to one another. We weren’t having sex again yet - that was a barrier I was still a bit nervous to cross - and we were both still livid about being thrust into our new roles, but we were still obviously a couple. It was pretty cliché really, apart from the lesbian bit: the captain of the football team and the star cheerleader.

But whereas I at least enjoyed soccer before I changed, and thus could adapt a bit to our first game (I fucking smashed it, by the way. Having super strength will do that. Mom warned me to tone it down next time - we weren’t ready to reveal ourselves as Gods yet, and might not be for many years), Sif as Sophie had simply never been a cheerleader. She’d always had spunk, and a commanding personality - she managed to pull Lachie into line more than I ever could - but that kind of style came across in the cool, collected way she acted, not necessarily in her looks. I would never tell her, but I’d never been super into her looks. Attracted, yes, but it was how she moved her body, the confidence she had that made me get turned on. Now . . . well, she was having trouble adapting to being a thirty out of ten (I’d revised her upwards after Lachie changed her clothes magically into a crop top and mini-shorts after she ticked him off).

“I just wish people would stop . . . looking at me,” she said, flustered as we went to the match one day, me as the player and her as the cheerleader.

“Trust me, I am more than aware,” I replied, indicating my boobs. “I have overheard more than a few jock boys and girls talking about how they’d love to have a go on my tits.”

“Welcome to the female experience, I guess. But it’s just weird to be a cheerleader and show it all off. God, this is humiliating. Why do I have to be so, so statuesque and the centre of attention like this?”

I shrugged, causing my big G-cup breasts to wobble slightly. “I’m the Goddess of Thunder, so I smash heads and play through the storm. “But you’re the Goddess of Fertility and Agriculture, among other things, so . . .”

She sighed, tossing her long blonde hair over her shoulder as she moved. Her hips had such a nice sway to them. “So I have to look *fertile*.”

I grinned. “And you have to have a nice big set of crops,” I joked.

“You are such a perv!”

“Me a perv, you’re always looking at my tits!”

“How can I not? They must have their own gravitational field!”

It was my turn to sigh. “I can only, really hope that this all gets reversed. There has to be a way to go back.”

“And if there isn’t?”

I looked down at my cleavage, a result of the collar of my shirt straining against my huge tits. “Well, I am going to grumble about this for eternity.”

“Shit, Ella is waving me over. I’m going to grumble about having to be a frickin’ cheerleader. Best of luck out there, hun.”

We kissed, and that was the only good thing. I still had her. Then we parted ways.

It was just one snapshot of the new ‘normal’, not that it felt like such. I was struggling to get used to my new body, wearing panties and female clothing, even the occasional summer dress (Mom was insistent, though I didn’t like how ‘thicc’ it all made me appear). I was having to put more effort into hair (which was previously none) and makeup (also none) than I ever had in my life, and on top of it all I was being pushed by my ‘All-Mother’ Odin-Mom to work hard on my studies.

“I won’t have you being some drunk battle oath like you were last time,” she said. “This incarnation of Thor will be better. Still, I’m sure, quite the party lover and show off when needed, but not a total brute.”

“Damn, are you telling me I can’t even enjoy the good parts about being a God?” I asked.

“Not until you graduate with honours,” she said, feeding Huginn and Muninn. “And get better at using your powers.”

It was something we were having to train on every afternoon in a clear patch within the forest we had won our first battle near. Mom had covered over the crater hole with her own magic, and set up a training area. We weren’t huge on having to practice and train to fight huge monsters, but it did at least give us time to use our deity powers, which was hella fun. Mjolnir was starting to feel like an extension of myself, a living weapon with its own battlemania, and together we were able to get increasingly better at launching ourselves through the air, or even staying in the air so long as I looped Mjolnir in a circle by its strap. I had the power to discharge lightning through it, which as fucking incredible, and made Sif’s hair go on end when she got too close, which made Loki cackle something fierce.

They in turn were getting far more capable. Loki had powerful transformation magic, not just illusions, and could twist and change trees into other living creatures, warp and shrink rocks, change forest critters temporarily into other kinds of beasts, and so on. She looked forward to trying it on humans a little too much, and my Mom being Odin was all too

happy for him to try, so long as she was subtle with it. It gave me an uneasy feeling that he - she - was enjoying her new form a lot more than I was.

Sif too was rapidly advancing, particularly under Mom's tutelage. Becoming a bowmaster so quickly was no easy feat, but her goddess instincts were steering her, and while she wasn't nearly on my level when it came to strength, she was still a goddess, so she was able to string that bow and fire her magical arrows across incredible distances. Her own magic casting was improving: she could make river streams flow heavily, could bring forth rain and sunshine, and could grow vines from her arrows, as well as cause them to be infused with blistering heat or shattering ice.

"Okay, this is the really cool part," she said, firing a number of magic arrows and infusing them in midair as they flew. "I think I could get used to this overly model-like body if I can be an actual frickin' goddess!"

Meanwhile, I was smashing things to pieces, calling lightning, and flying about. I was large and in charge, and despite Loki's trickery and occasional silly pranks while we practised (Sif almost killed her when Loki made her boobs three times as big so she'd 'finally know what I was complaining about'), there was a recognition that I was indeed the 'heavy' of the group, the one that called the shots when Odin wasn't around. And given that my Mom and I were struggling to get along given what she'd put us through, that was understandable.

"I could enjoy this so much if I was just Thor," I said aloud one afternoon after smashing a tree to splinters.

It was driving me up the wall, especially since so many people were treating me differently. I was more popular, more beloved, but also hit on. Constantly. Even by people who knew that me and 'Sophie' were an item. Apparently, in this new reality, I had a bit of a history, and that included a lot of partners belonging to both genders. As far as I could determine, Sophie was actually my first long-time girlfriend ever, and I was head over heels about her (and why wouldn't I be, right?). So it wasn't just people checking out my chest, or my ass, or my thighs, or my hair, or my face, or any of that, but also *commenting* on them too.

"I love your hair, Tordis."

"Nice rack, hot stuff!"

"Damn, you look good with all that hair, Tordis."

"Man, if you're the Tordis, then I'm the hare. I'd love to chase after that ass!"

It made me aggressive as all hell, and while I understood the importance of not giving away my powers, or calling Mjolnir down to smash them left and right until their asses were sore for eternity, I was at least able to throw my much greater strength around and show them who was boss. When one douchebag had the not-so-bright idea to mimic like he was squeezing my tits in front of his buddies when he walked in front of me on campus grounds, I

kneed him in the groin so hard that his Dad would be infertile, then socked him so hard in the stomach that he crumpled to the ground puking. It was perhaps too far, but 'Lucy' thought it as the funniest shit she'd ever seen, and so did the pack of nerds and geeks she kept as her new entourage.

"I don't see why you should feel guilty about it," she said later, when we were at my place. "Dude was an ass, you put him *on* his ass, and I doubt he'll ever act like that again."

"Yeah, but . . . it felt like too much."

Lucy punched me on the shoulder, which had absolutely no effect. Then, given that no one else was around, she spun an illusion of her male form on the other side of me.

"Let me be the angel and devil on your shoulder, my friend. I know you're not a fan of being turned into the ginger-haired wild woman, but things are looking up! You got to beat up an asshole, make yourself a hero to other women, and entertain my chess and robotics group, all while indulging in mischief that would make me, a God of magic and mischief and illusion, deeply proud.

"Dude, you are enjoying this new life of yours too much. Did you forget that you literally had your balls taken away, just like me?"

Loki made a 'pish posh' gesture. "Eh, I didn't like it much at first, though I *can* still turn male when I need to."

"Lucky you," I said.

She wiggled her dark eyebrows. With a flourish of her magic, she adjusted her makeup to give her that 'dark girl' look, a sort of gothic femme fatale appearance that she clearly loved to cultivate.

"I am lucky, aren't I? I mean, yeah, I'm a hot girl now, but man is it awesome to have sex as one, and besides-

"Wait, you've had sex as a girl already?"

She raised an eyebrow. "You haven't?"

I scoffed. "Of course not!"

"But Sif is a fucking smokeshow right now! I'd literally give up my powers just to have a shot with her - I won't, because I respect you too much man, and her, and besides she'd totally kill me, but she's literally the hottest babe on earth. With me second. And you third."

"Most people say I'm first, actually."

"That's just because you have seriously amazing tits, Thora."

I smirked slightly. It wasn't wrong, as shameful as that was, it did give me a bit of pride.

"Look, I'm just saying that you should totally indulge a little in being Thora, or Tordis, or just the hot tough ginger athlete with the stonkin' hot bod. That's all I'm saying. Besides, I

can promise you that female orgasms are waaaaay better with someone else. My nerds and geeks are pretty keen to please me, and with a nice virility spell-

“I’ve heard way too much,” I said.

“But not experienced enough!”

Her male illusion jumped into the air and snapped his fingers. “That’s it! I’ve got a plan! I’m going to cheer you up. You and Sif - though at least she’s a bit happier than you apart from the whole looking-like-a-Scandinavian-supermodel thing. I’m the God of Mischief now, right? So I’m going to have some mischief.”

“Oh no. Dude, what are you up to?”

Her female half got up and high fived her illusory self.

“We are going to play some pranks on the deserving. And undeserving. Nothing permanent, just a little something to make stuff a bit more exciting around campus, and to enjoy life. Like I did when I mate that asshole puke.”

“I thought I did that?”

She grinned. “I might have helped things along. Maybe filled him with a bit more vomit to throw up.”

“Well, that is kinda cool.”

“Exactly! Just you wait, I’m going to - hey, is that your Mom’s raven?”

It was. Huginn, as I recognised him, was flitting against the closed glass window. I moved to it and opened it, and he flew in. He cawed, and somehow I heard my own godly mother’s voice speaking to me.

“Thora, Loki! It’s time! A wave of giants are coming - frost giants, this time! From the once-dead realm of Jotunheim! I will send you to intercept them - the humans must not find out yet. The time is not right for us to step into the spotlight, not until we have had more years to soak in the power of neo-Pagan worship.”

I sighed, as did Loki, who was clearly looking forward to silly transformative pranks. Maybe fighting *would* be the better option, given how tricky she was planning on being.

“Fine, take us there,” I said.

Huginn cawed, ending Mom’s message. He flew around us twice and suddenly we were elsewhere once more.

Sif ran to my side, taking my hand. Fuck me, she looked hot. I know I should have thought of more than just that, but the original Thor wasn’t known for being super smart either. We kissed briefly, then I took in my surroundings.

“Wait, where are we?”

“On Lodge Mountain,” she said. “I arrived a couple of minutes before you guys - wait, why are there two Lokis? Never mind, one is an illusion.”

“Would you like to guess which one?” the Lokis said.

“I genuinely don’t care,” she replied, immediately spoiling his fun. “Look,” she said. “There are four of them. I saw them through the pass in the mountain over the cliff, and quickly came back down because sneakiness is not my forte. They’re big - bigger than the rocky one. And again, *four* of them. One more than us.”

“I like those odds,” Loki said.

“Shut up, Loki!”

“Stop making that a thing!”

Sif rolled her eyes. “I say we ambush them.”

“Obviously,” I said. “We take down one all at once to spook the others, right?”

She nodded. “That’d be my play.”

“I’ll get into position early then,” Loki said. “I can go invisible now.”

She focused her power, and instantaneously her clothing turned to her sorcerer-like robe and scale armour beneath. Sif did the same, taking on her gorgeous Norse dress and light armour with vambraces. I summoned Mjolnir from the distance, and when it hit my hand my clothing instantly became my ‘magical girl’ outfit. Norse magical girl, at least, though it did show too much of my bust and my thighs for my liking.

“Okay,” I said. “Let’s do this. Loki, you get five minutes. I’ll fly Sif up and drop her down where she can fire off arrows. I’ll stay in close. See if you can transform the landscape around them hun, so they don’t get sure footing. Loki can get in cunning hits and make them second guess where we all are. Got it?”

“Geez, how are you still failing school?” Loki asked.

“Shut u- you know what? I have no idea, dude. Maybe I should listen to Mom more. You get in position.”

We gave him five minutes - we both still managed to keep our watches, at least, as anachronistic as they looked on our new bodies. So we stood there, waiting and feeling a bit silly, and trying not to be too overly pervy about our new bodies.

“So,” Sif said, “I’m actually starting to enjoy being captain of the cheerleaders.”

“Wait, really?” I said. I was genuinely astonished. “But you were showing your midriff and everything! The top has cleavage! The skirts are like an inch long! I thought you hated showing off your body?”

“I do,” she said, brushing her long blonde hair behind her ear and blushing cutely. “I mean, I *did*. I guess I kind of had a sort of awkward complex about my old body. I liked it, I liked how I looked, I was okay with it, but maybe I was kind of defensive about it too. Like, I was short, flat-chested and scrawny, so it became a source of pride as a reaction against

everything. But in that last game, the one where you scored the winning goal and broke the freaking net - which was really hot to watch, by the way - I actually realised I was having fun performing. I mean, sure, now lots of guys are always lusting after my body, but apart from some creeps it's kinda nice to be the centre of attention and be proud of your body. And you gotta admit, it's a hella sexy body."

"Oh fuck me, it totally is, Sif. Seriously, I can't stop looking at you."

She drew more closely to me. "And during the game, I couldn't stop looking at you. All those muscles. Those strong thighs. Those massive tits just threatening to break free from your top. I wanted to put my face right in your cleavage, Thora."

I gulped. My tits went flush with heat, and my nipples throbbed with arousal. Between my thighs, I began to feel that now-familiar wetness.

"Oh, sh-shit. Really?"

"Mm-hmm. Maybe this isn't a curse, but a blessing, is all I'm saying."

She leaned down slightly, pressing her chest against mine, and we kissed for a long, long, long time. Long enough that I was thinking some pretty horny thoughts.

And that's when Loki yelled out.

"HELP! HELP! IT'S ALL GONE WRONG AND I NEED HEEEEEEELP!"

We shot into action. I threw Mjolnir, grabbing Sif by the waist and pulling her into the air with me and depositing her on the crest of the ridge as I continued to soar over the other side. Loki had been spotted, and I realised why: she'd decided to be mischievous, and one of the giants had been turned into a giant cow. As in, a two-story tall cow.

"MOOOOO!!!!" it cried.

"I was just trying something new, but it took too much magic and my invisibility dropped!"

"You idiot!" I cried, smashing Mjolnir against not one but two of the giant's heads before landing. "We had a plan!"

"I fucked it up! I know! Can you help me out!"

"Just try to do the rest right!" I said, before launching forwards and smashing at their legs. These giants did not mess around. They spoke in long, loud drones of ancient Giantspeak, the kind of which I could barely understand as anything but slurred statements of pure anger and vague claims of revenge and giant supremacy and world ending and all that. All big threats to Midgard, or Earth as I liked to call it. Big talk too, but despite the bigger threat and the rising tension in my throat, I was less scared and nervous than last time. I knew my powers, and I knew my limits, and I knew how my 'team' operated. We each had a part to play, and four giants could mess us up big time, but we'd do plenty of damage going down if need be (not that this was my first plan).

My part was easy. I moved through the air, back and forth, brawling and smashing and launching and crushing giant after giant, pressing them in close and preventing any from circling around to get to Sif. She stayed in the distance, healing us and altering the terrain, melting snow and then refreezing it to trap their legs so I could knock them over. Loki spun illusion after illusion, so that at one point there were five Thors running about, three Sifs, and eight Lokis. He got in surprise hit after surprise hit, striking weak points we couldn't see.

Which wasn't to say it wasn't a tough fight. These giants were smarter, and had their own tactics. They breathed winds of cold so icy that Sif lost control of the weather, and froze the real Loki in place until I just managed to free him with a throw of Mjolnir. I had my own trouble: they had armour of ice that regrew almost as fast as I was smashing it with my hammer. Lightning also had little effect on them, until I reached their cores.

We had to reassess tactics, and for one, it was *me* that came up with the plan.

"Guys! I have a dumb idea!"

"I'm willing to hear it!" my girlfriend called.

"Me too!"

"I'll smash a hole through their armour, and then Sif, you need to fire a vine arrow to the skin underneath. Make it grow vines - it should pry apart the ice long enough for me to get in there. Loki, you need to distract the other giants while we do this, got it?"

They yelled in the affirmative, and we sprung into action. I launched at the nearest giant while Loki contended with the others. It was the biggest of the group, and I hoped that was a wise choice.

I smashed into the ice of his chest, gripping to icicles that ran over my fingers and hacking away, blasting the chips to nothing. It regrew, but the softer white skin beneath showed, only for a moment.

"Sif! Now!"

She fired her arrow, and despite the impossibly small target, my girlfriend was a goddamned goddess now, and it landed home. Instantly the vines expanded from it as the giant howled. They grew like tree roots, smashing more bits of ice and keeping it from regrowing quickly. It was then that I got to work. I raised Mjolnir, and just for an extra kick, Loki infused it with chaos magic from afar with his wand, and Sif called down lightning to supercharge it further. I brought it home with swing after swing.

"I have had enough of this!" I yelled.

BANG!

"I've just found out I'm a reborn god!"

BANG!

"And that my Mom lied to me her whole life!"

BANG!

“An army of your lot are attacking the world to burn and freeze it!”

BANG!

“And I’m stuck as a goddamned woman with big tits!”

CRUSH!!!

The giant howled in its ancient tongue, and it collapsed backwards as I gave it the killing blow. Its icicle chunks flew to pieces, and its body split apart into snow. The others all looked, and there was a frozen moment of horror on their faces before their threats renewed, and they came at us.

“YEAH!?” I yelled, overwhelmed by the blood fury of my mythic Norse heritage. “You want to fight the *Goddess of Thunder*?” I called, banging on my chest. “Then have at her!”

Sif and Loki yelled and screamed resounding war cries, and we took on the rest in bloody battle, like something out of the legends.

“You did well,” Mom said in the aftermath, back at her place. She’d summoned us back with Huginn and Muninn this time, and to my surprise, she had hot cocoa ready for us. It was damn delicious, too.

“Well, Thora really got into it,” Loki teased.

“Oh shut - no, she’s right. I got the battlemania.”

“Just like the Thor of old,” she said, a knowing smile on her cold features. “And just like Thor of old, you seem to be in a good relationship with Mjolnir. And with Sif.”

I was slumped up against my girlfriend, who was stroking my hair lovingly. We were all too tired to care about looking too personal in front of Mom. In fact, screw her, I hoped she hated the PDA, because I was too tired not to enjoy it!

“Well, we were together before this insanity, and we’re keeping each other sane,” I said. “Besides, she’s pretty good looking.”

Sif smiled, rubbed my temples in a way I just loved.

“Thanks, hun,” she said.

Mom took a sip of her hot drink. “So, have you accepted this life? You have helped save the world twice over now.”

I hesitated. It had been pretty cool, I couldn’t deny it. But it wasn’t exactly what I wanted. I was still a girl, still dealing with girly stuff, and try as I could to fight it, I couldn’t deny that I was more emotional. Smarter, at least, thanks to the renewed effort in my life, and perhaps more compassionate, but I’d cried a lot more recently. Who wouldn’t?”

“Not . . . yet,” I said, noncommittal.

Mom just nodded, as if she understood. "It was a surprise to me as well. But as All-Mother, I discovered my nature when I was seventeen. Be thankful you are all in your early twenties at least."

I'd never thought about when she had known, and what a burden that might have been. Had her own eye been taken around that time? Wow.

"She'll be fine," Loki said, nudging me from the other side of the couch. "I've got a transformative plan together to make Thora and Sif both enjoy their lives a little more."

Sif chuckled. "Can't be better than my plan!"

Wait, they both had plans?

"We'll see," Loki said, chuckling.

Loki's plan to cheer me up in the aftermath of our second victory seemed more about her own mischievous pranks than to do with me. I got the sense it was more of an excuse to try out her transformation-based powers on unwitting victims that had wronged us. She had already experimented on one of her nerd acolytes - keeping promises with Odin about our secret natures wasn't something she was capable of apparently - and given the girl a better life. Her name was Sharon, and she was the stereotypical nerd: thick glasses, buck teeth, acne, poor posture, the words. She looked like a boy more than a girl in the wrong light. And then one day Loki called me over to her robotics group, ostensibly to say high, only to pull me aside along with Sharon into a spare room.

"Are you ready, Sharon?" the mischievous goddess said.

"Of course, Loki!" she cried. "I literally worship you!"

"That's what I like to hear."

I was flabbergasted. "You told her?"

"I tell everyone I trust, and a few I don't. Don't worry, they aren't spreading it around. And Sharon has good reason - I'm giving her a gift, and I'll take it away if she's bad. Let's do this!"

And right before my eyes, Loki altered Sharon's form with her wand, and before my eyes the lame-looking nerd was suddenly a really sexy nerd, with full D-cup tits, silky hair, cute freckles, and smart glasses.

"Holy shit! It worked! Loki, you're the best! I'll do anything for you!"

"For now, just keep it on the downlow, Sharon. I'm still working on making changes permanent, but this should last six months, and I'm always getting better."

They embraced, and Loki threw me a dark grin. When Sharon ran into the other room, showing the guys her changes, who all marvelled that even her driver's license showed her new ID.

"They'll be the only ones to remember," Loki said.

"And what other change did you give her?" I asked, seeing the amusement in her eyes.

"Oh, nothing. Well, I *might* have made her pretty fucking horny as well. It'll be a slow release, but in a couple of months' time our Sharon will be pretty well known across campus, not that she'll mind! She's gonna have mindblowing orgasms."

"How is this supposed to make me feel better?" I asked.

She laughed. "It's not. No, this was just a test. A successful one. The real target is someone much more deserving."

That douchebag - whose name was literally *Chad* by the way - was the one that had tried to grope my big tits. Apparently getting his crotch kicked in and his guts heaved out wasn't enough to dissuade him, because now he was picking on *Sif* instead, and when she got him to buzz off, he started spreading rumours about me being a total slut. Which I canonically was in this new timeline as Tordis, except now I was steady with Sif, but it still irritated the shit out of me.

Loki took me out of the robotics lab, which was clearly now basically a cult for Loki, and over to the edge of the campus field out of view of anyone else.

"He's coming to meet us," she said. "I dangled a little prize in front of him."

"What prize?"

"The prize of actually feeling your tits."

"But you're actually going to . . . ?"

"Shh! Here he comes!"

Chad approached, and it struck me that this man that once would have intimidated me, even when I first gained my powers, now was nothing after a fight with a small army of frost giants. He was cocksure and had all the swagger of a rich man's son, the kind that would be in the football league. But we were fucking *goddesses*, and that counted for way more.

"I can't believe she's actually here. You ready to apologise, Tordis?"

I grimaced, then put on my sweetest smile. "I'm so sorry, Chad."

"Yeah, it was pretty fucking humiliating, but now it seems your enrolment is in trouble, and Lucy here is the only one with clout to bail you out. This is hilarious. I'm actually going to squeeze the biggest, ripest pair of melons on campus and have bragging rights. Dave! Be ready to film this!"

From the treeline came one of his friends, and it was clear that this was not in Lucy/Loki's plans. But she just smiled after a brief astonishment.

"So, let me make this clear," she said. "You guys want to film Chad squeezing Tordis' tits, and put it on the internet."

"No, we'll just keep it to ourselves. Scout's honour."

I could tell he was lying, and Loki obviously could. She grinned smugly, took two steps forward, and laughed in his face.

"You are the dumbest fucking person on the planet, Chad. You really do think girls - even recent girls like us - are just there for your sexual desires, huh?"

"What is this?" he said, expression turning dark.

"Oh, hun," she said, sliding a hand over his shoulder. "It's a motherfucking trap!"

And with that, she cast her spell - two spells, to be exact, on each of the men. They groaned and whimpered, shocked at the sudden rush of energy across them. To my astonishment, they began to change in different ways.

"Since you like women to be your personal bimbos so much, Chad, you can try being one! You won't turn back until you've fucked the whole male football team!"

"Wha-what!? UGHH!!"

His figure altered, and I realised I'd seen those kinds of changes before - on Loki and myself. Chad suddenly became a Candy, or a Casey, or some kind of female equivalent, and his figure an hourglass shape. His clothing evaporated, but that was okay, because his friend Dave was filling in: his flesh was turning to two pieces of fabric that separated. He moaned, but then was silenced as the cameraman became little more than a tight T with a low cut, and a skirt that could just about bare all. And, I just managed to see what looked like crotchless panties. Big E-cup tits grew from Chad's chest, and he whined as his balls obviously retracted - I recognised the facial expression. In moments he was a blonde bimbo with big pouty lips.

"What have you done to meee!?" he cried. "And wh-what am I feeling? Oh G-God! I'm s-so hot! I n-need! I need!"

"You need to get fucked and learn a lesson!" 'Lucy' said triumphantly. "And your friend can help you by looking really hot on you. Don't worry, he can still think and feel, and he'll feel himself being pawed over by big manly hands and love it. Good thing he gets to be part of the action too - he's crotchless, ha!"

"I - you - you can't - oh God! I need to be fucked! I need to be *fucked right now!*"

I blinked several times in shock as she ran off, her valleygirl voice crying out for some big hunk to fuck her.

"I turned her arousal waaaaaay up," Loki said with a smirk. "It's a good trick, why should Sharon be the only one to benefit? Pretty fun, right? I figure if that won't cheer you up, nothing will."

I know it sounds bad, but it did cheer me up. I couldn't help but burst out laughing, and my best friend joined me. We cackled like a pair of witches. It was the kind of insane magical prank we never could have conceived of as a pair of ordinary dudes. I laughed until my throat was hoarse.

"Okay, okay! But he and his asshole friends are special cases, we can't be doing that all the time," I said.

"Cross my heart."

"That means nothing and you know it, but I'll have to trust you. I can throw my weight around and defend myself."

She giggled. "But my way is funner. Do you feel better?"

"I do," I said honestly. "Weirdly enough, it's the kind of insane stuff we *would* do if we got powers, right?"

"Exactly!"

"But . . . I think there's just one thing missing."

Loki raised an eyebrow. "Anything I can do? Because I'm totally bi and we could have some fun if you were into it."

"God, you're a perv, but no. I need to talk to Sif. You have fun turning people into panties or whatever - so long as it's consensual and my Mom doesn't find out. I need to see Sif back at my apartment."

Loki gave a knowing smile, and wished me well.

"So I hear that Loki tried to cheer you up, as Lucy I mean," Sif said.

We were back at my place, and she had come over quickly once I sent her a text. She was as sexy as always. Sexier, in fact. She was wearing a thin dress that clung to her form, as if she were getting ready for a hot date. It showed off her tall, hourglass figure and gorgeous curves perfectly, and I was finding it hard not to look at them.

"Actually, she tried to cheer me up as Loki," I replied. "And she actually succeeded a bit."

"Oh yeah? Did she illusion me up naked for you or something? Give you smaller boobs for you?"

"Damn. Both great ideas I didn't think of. I wouldn't do the first of course, out of respect, but man, I could do with smaller milkers for a bit."

She giggled. "First woman I've ever seen calling her own breasts 'milkers.'"

I laughed with her, and leaned closer to her on the couch. "Well, anyway, she helped me deal some justice to an a-hole, and showed me that maybe magic for mischief can be a bit of fun."

She looked at me funnily. "But you don't use magic for mischief?"

It was then that I gave her the look I'd been practising in the mirror. The sly, sexy grin of someone about to be confidently hot. I brushed a hair gently behind her ear, and drew in for a long, protracted kiss. My lover moaned as I pushed my tongue into her mouth, and she held me like I was a raft, and she was lost at sea. It was fucking hot, especially since our boobs were pressing against one another. I came up for air, and looked into her bright blue eyes.

"How was that for the start of some mischief?" I said.

"Mhmm," my girlfriend moaned passionately. "That definitely was quite good. Shall we take this 'mischief' to the bedroom, my lovely goddess?"

"I think that's a great idea, my Norse beauty."

We kissed, stood up together, and continued to makeout as we moved to the bedroom, me helping her peel out of her dress, and me sliding out of my top and pants. *This* was what finally brought me out of my funk, and made me realise I could really come to enjoy this life. Sure, there was still Surtr and his giants, and Mom and her riddles, and Loki and her crazy tricks. Life was only going to get crazier, busier, more dangerous and more strange. But here and now I had the most beautiful girlfriend in the world, a woman I was literally destined to be with.

And I was more than happy to show her a little lightning and thunder in the bedroom.

The End