

Thor had come to love skateboarding. The nearest thing to the power of flight, which he'd lost with all his other immortal powers, skateboarding gave him the feeling of freedom he missed— the wind in his hair, the speed, the danger. He could almost imagine he was once more the God of Thunder, and not an 18 year old girl.



Today, like just about everyday, he had a need for that speed. Once again, he'd overslept after spending half the night on his phone, and once again he was running late for his shift at the coffee shop.

Tearing around a corner, he skidded to a halt right at the door just in time for some old dude to open it for him. "Thanks!" He said, smiling brightly, but thinking *Perv*. He couldn't believe how many old dudes had hit on him since he'd started working at SunFawn's.

The smell of fresh brewing coffee hugged Thor like an old friend as he walked into the store, and he breathed in deeply, loving the earthy smells that reminded him, for some reason, of a frothy glass of good mead.

"Hey, Tia," one of his frenemies, Darcy, called out as he came hurrying in.

"Almost late again," the manager, Eddie, said with a wry grin.



“Almost late is not the same as late,” Thor said, with a sassy toss of his hair.

“Lucky for you.”

Eddie. He was all right, Thor thought. Of course, he had the hots for Thor, but what cis guy didn't? Eddie, at least, had the decency to control himself. Thor was getting used to the idea that every guy wanted his body now. He was young and pretty. If he'd still been a man, he would have wanted him, too.

And so, another ordinary day in the not so ordinary life of Thor, once God of Thunder, began. He made drinks, greeted customers, smiled until his cheeks hurt, talked and joked with his co-workers. It was an easy job, and an easy life, and Thor had almost gotten used to it. Almost.

He missed the excitement of his old life! The adventure!

But with this skinny little body, he knew those days were over for him unless he found some way to get his old body back. So, what did the future hold for Thor “Tia” Odinson? He had no idea. He supposed he couldn't work at the coffee shop forever, but what? Go to college? Him?

“You hitting the beach after work?” Jackson, who was a freshman in college asked, bumping into Thor's shoulder.

“Yeah,” Thor said with a shrug. He loved the beach, but he knew where Jackson was headed.

“Mind if I come with?”

“Yeah, the thing is, I need some *me* time.”

“You're always hanging out by yourself!” Jackson said. “Come on. Let's go together. Hang out. We can talk shit about Darcy.”

“Hey! I heard that!”

“You're nice and all, but I just really need to be alone.”

“Drag. You know, I promise I won't try anything. I just want to be friends.”

I promise not to try anything. The last and only boy Thor had trusted *not to try anything* had tried to kiss him within the first five minutes of their time hanging out together. It was when he realized guys and girls could not just be friends.

And he missed men! Not like a girl might miss men, but as a man who'd always loved drinking and boasting in the mead hall, the occasional fist fight. He missed going

out with a group of farting, cursing men and chasing girls in some mortal bar, the thrill of the moment when he said, “Come home with me” and she said, “Yes.”

“I think Tia is into *girls*,” Darcy said with a sneer.



“What if I am?” Thor answered, with his own sneer.

“Ladies,” Eddie said. “Not at work.”

“Fine!” Thor said, throwing his nose in the air.

“Fine!” Darcy repeated, doing the same.

Truly, as the two prettiest girls on staff at SunFawn’s, they hated each other. Of course, they also became friends, and Thor could only wonder why he’d agreed to go out with Darcy that weekend— again. It must be some female thing, he told himself. Wanting to hang out with someone so annoying. He even thought of Darcy as “She-Loki” for the way she was always trying to undermine him with her snotty comments!



Chapter Two



Thor sat on a sand dune watching the sun set. The salty air tossed his hair and caressed his smooth skin. The ocean breeze felt like silk. If he had to be a girl, he was glad he was a girl living in a beach town in California, at least. It was so beautiful here. Thor pulled out his braid and started to re-braid his hair. He found it comforting to play with his hair. Some girl thing, he supposed. His mind drifted back to the morning he'd woken up in this girl's body, with this girl's life. He smiled now to remember how he'd felt, like his life was over forever!



So dramatic.

He'd picked up the girl, Tia, at a club called ValHela on one of those outings with some of the men of Asgard. They'd gone back to her place. He should have known something was wrong. She seemed—supernatural in some way— and she had this knowing smirk. He just thought she was feeling full of herself for landing a stud like him, but she'd also talked in ways that were not common for a young woman. "You're so pretty," she had told him at one point. "You like being pretty, right?"

He'd just laughed it off, his mind really much more focused on other things— like her body. Thinking back at the sight of her long, lean legs, he winced, knowing that he now had those gorgeous legs.

Tia had been aggressive, demanding, insisted on being on top. Yes, she was a modern American girl, but still, she'd acted much like a man. It had been strange. And yet?

Was it so strange? He wondered, his slender fingers weaving his hair. Were there not women warriors in Asgard every bit as forceful in bed?

I should have known, he said again. *I should have suspected something.*

They'd gotten down to it. She'd been ferocious, eager, almost desperate. They'd been making out and then— there had been a flash, and for a split second he was looking down at himself.



And then his world went black.

He'd woken in the morning, feeling the worst hangover of his life. Rolling over, groaning, everything felt wrong. His chest— swayed, and he looked down to see a slender hand with long fingernails cupping a breast that couldn't be there.



He'd always had long hair, so that didn't register, but seeing the other changes to his body, his mind reeling at what they meant, he'd done what he supposed any man might do, and he'd reached down—

Oh, shit. No. No. No.

In the mirror— her face. Her body.

Now his.

He panicked. He tried to summon lightning. Nothing. He tried to rise from the ground, to fly as he once had— nothing. *My power,*

gone! And then, the tears. He couldn't help it. Thor, the God of Thunder, wept like the girl he'd become.

It was only later that he found her note.

It's not so bad. You'll get used to it. Oh, and your period is coming in, like, three days. Just FYI. Tampons under the sink.

Tampons, Periods?

Vanasótt kvenna? Me?

"I'm the God of Thunder!" He screamed. "I don't have periods!"

And then he started crying again.

