THE MYTH OF CROSS-DRESSING THOR

CHARACTERS

THOR

LOKI

FREYJA

HEIMDALLR

THRYMR

SIF

FLOWER GOAT

REVEREND GOAT

NARRATOR

The night was peaceful, soothing darkness swathing the skies. Mani shimmered at half his strength, desperately running from the feral jaws of Hati Hrodvitnisson—such was how the Moon traced his path across the heavens. Beneath his soft glow, the halls of Asgard lay quietly, taken by the allure of slumber. The manliest of all gods was no exception, held in the warm embrace of the lovely Sif and a masculine quilt. Mumbling in response to some thoroughly macho dream, Thor continued to suck on his thumb—as all true men do—his other hand reaching to grasp something that wasn't there.

THOR: (half-asleep) Mm…Mjolnir. Your shaft may be short, but when it comes to thickness, nothing fills my hand like you…"

Thor's manly fingers curled around the empty air in front of him.

THOR: (still half-asleep) Sif always says girth is more important than length…Isn't that right, Mjolnir? Mjolnir?

Dazedly opening his eyes, Thor managed to discern the vaguely hammerlike imprint left in the blankets. Blinking, he slowly took his moist thumb out of his mouth. There was no longer any doubt. His beloved weapon was nowhere to be found.

THOR: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

So manly was the indomitable scream that fled Thor's lungs that it caused the very walls of Asgard to tremble in ecstasy. Sif awoke with a start, anxiously placing a hand on Thor's chiseled pecs as her thigh wrapped around his hunky quads.

SIF: My darling, what's the matter? Did a nightmare haunt your sleeping mind? If it's that same dream again, I assure you that *never* have I thought you unable to perform—

THOR: Do you honestly think I would let such an unrealistic fantasy plague me? No, the issue is far graver than any such delusions. My precious Mjolnir is gone!

SIF: Really? Your Mjolnir seems quite present right now.

THOR: Not that Mjolnir. My actual Mjolnir!

Thor anxiously covered the bunched quilts atop his hips with his hands.

THOR: This is a disaster. Ragnarök might as well be upon us now.

SIF: Don't be so dramatic, Thor.

THOR: Without Mjolnir I am nothing!

SIF: (muttering to herself) The only Mjolnir I care about is right there.

THOR: I must search for it at once. I'll scour all the Nine Realms if that's what it takes.

SIF: How exactly will you go about doing something like that?

THOR: Hmph. Have you forgotten? I am Thor, whose biceps brush the very clouds. There is nothing I cannot accomplish.

Brimming with potency, Thor leapt out of his bed, throwing on his armaments to prepare for the smiting of whomever stole his hammer. After waiting a few minutes for things to settle down, Thor thundered out of his room, manly vengeance painted in his eyes. However, he took hardly nine steps before he crossed paths with a particular horse-loving trickster.

LOKI: Ho, Thor, what brings you out and about at this hour? Was Sif so unsatisfied that she kicked you out of your marriage bed?

THOR: What of you, Loki? Searching for a quiet plant to receive your pent-up frustrations?

LOKI: Wouldn’t you like to know?

THOR: Bah, I don’t have the time for these frivolities. Mjolnir is gone!

LOKI: I see. Well, every man, no matter how virile in their prime, eventually reaches that age when he just can’t get it going.

THOR: Damn it all, not that Mjolnir! How do you even know about that?

LOKI: Thor, my darling, everyone knows about that.

THOR: Cursed drivel. Whatever. I’m going to look for my hammer now.

LOKI: Do you know where to find it?

THOR: Not yet.

LOKI: (chuckling) I take it you plan to leisurely stroll across the cosmos until you find it.

THOR: Do you have a better idea?

LOKI: I may…then again, I may not. I doubt you'll ever know.

THOR: Do you not realize the magnitude of this situation? If I don't reclaim Mjolnir, Asgard will be at risk of attack from the Jotnar.

LOKI: Sounds fun. Is there supposed to be a problem with that?

THOR: I'll tell Father on you.

LOKI: Oh, for the love of—fine, I'll help your whiney ass. Better to watch you mope and mumble than get a scolding from that old geezer.

THOR: A wise decision, horse lover.

LOKI: Hey, you better watch it with the nicknames.

After some terse deliberation, Loki and Thor concluded that seeking out the sensuous Freyja was their best course of action. She responded to their knock on her door, dressed in a nightgown and groggily rubbing her eyes clear.

FREYJA: What sort of madness brings you here at this hour?

LOKI: Morning, Freyja. Looking sexy as ever.

FREYJA: Loki, what a pervert—I mean pleasure—to see you.

THOR: Cut the banter, this is important. Mjolnir is gone!

FREYJA: Oh, Thor, having troubles with Sif? I suppose I could try to bless you, but there's no guarantee when you're packing that much heat.

THOR: For the last time, NOT THAT MJOLNIR!

LOKI: Denial is a natural stage of grief, Thor. The first step to recovery is acceptance.

THOR: Go to Hel.

FREYJA: If it’s truly your other Mjolnir that’s gone missing, I do see the reason for your urgency. How can I help?

LOKI: Mind lending me your feathered cloak?

FREYJA: What sort of depravity are you planning to do with it?

LOKI: Whatever you feel like, sweet cheeks.

FREYJA: Eww.

THOR: Freyja, please. This is for the sake of the universe.

FREYJA: (sighing) Fine, just take it, and don’t bother giving it back.

With Freyja’s feathered cloak in hand, Loki took the guise of a giant hawk, flying out of Asgard’s halls in search of Thor’s famed hammer. Jotunheim, the land of giants, was the first destination on which he set his eyes, knowing that those of his petty kind inhabited the rolling fields. Not long spent searching, Loki soon spied a Jotunn sitting atop a mound of earth, a gleeful smile painting his bearded face. Loki descended and retook his standard trickster form, approaching the giant with a wave.

LOKI: Good day, big fellow. I do hope that’s dirt under your bum and not something of your own making.

THRYMR: Both made of dirt and my own creation. Well met, traveler. Or should I say, Loki.

LOKI: It seems my reputation precedes me. What should I call you, oh corpulent one?

THRYMR: My name is Thrymr, but you will know me as the beautiful Freyja’s husband.

LOKI: That Freyja? Hate to break it to you, Thrymr, but no matter how much that goddess puts out, she wouldn’t dare stoop to your level.

THRYMR: She won't have to, because you'll bring her to my side for me.

LOKI: I'd let her ride me any day…on the shoulders, but there's no way I'll be bringing her to your flabby gullet.

THRYMR: Oh, you will, if your beloved Thor ever hopes to see his Mjolnir again.

LOKI: How predictable. It's always for a girl, isn't it?

THRYMR: I have buried Thor's hammer deep beneath the earth in an unspecified location. Only I will be able to retrieve it.

LOKI: Have you even seen Freyja before?

THRYMR: Huh? Well, not exactly, but I've heard so much about how sexy she is that I have a perfect mental image.

LOKI: Creep alert.

THRYMR: Anyway, what say you, Loki? I'm sure handing Freyja over to a hot hunk like me is more than worth it to get Mjolnir back.

LOKI: (fake vomiting) You're lucky you can't see yourself. In any case, I'll go tell Thor about all this. All I can say is that you're in for something interesting.

THRYMR: Interesting wouldn't be my choice adjective to describe her, but it's not wrong.

Rolling his eyes, Loki took the hawk's form once again and flew back to Asgard. By now, morning had graced its halls, and the Aesir were gathered anxiously in front of Odin's throne, discussing ways to cheer up the increasingly despairing Thor. When Loki finally returned, Thor shouted triumphantly and rushed to his side, practically shedding tears. Manly tears.

THOR: Tell me, did you find my Mjolnir? How was it doing? It's not hurt, is it?

LOKI: Personal space, you slobbering dolt. Yes, I found your Mjolnir. Well, not quite, but I found the Jotunn who's keeping it.

THOR: Did you tear his head from his shoulders?

LOKI: Whoa, I'm not some oafish brute with troubles in bed. Besides, I think the Jotunn made a perfectly reasonable demand.

THOR: What did he want? He can have anything. Anything!

LOKI: In that case—Freyja, dear, I think I've found you a new husband.

FREYJA: Die.

The throne room nearly melted from the icy fury radiating off Freyja's flawless skin.

THOR: Come on, Freyja, you won't actually have to marry him. Just dress up like a bride and lead him on until he brings out Mjolnir. Then, I'll crush his puny skull and give it to you as a consolation gift.

FREYJA: You men can be so garish. I'm not about to make a harlot of myself for some silly hammer. You know who took it now, so take care of the rest yourself.

LOKI: Yeah, about that. The Jotunn buried Mjolnir somewhere. No way we can find it.

THOR: You useless excuse for a horse! One job, you had one job!

HEIMDALLR: Ahem.

LOKI: As if this was my responsibility. You're the one who's lost his favorite toy and is throwing a tantrum.

HEIMDALLR: Ahem.

THOR: This *toy* is the only thing keeping you alive.

LOKI: That makes no sense whatsoever.

HEIMDALLR: AHEM! (cough cough)

LOKI: Oh, the goat wants to say something.

HEIMDALLR: Did you just call me a goat?

LOKI: Pretty disappointing as goats go.

THOR: Just because you can't tie him to your tegument…

HEIMDALLR: Back to the matter at hand, I think I have an idea.

LOKI: Goat for it.

HEIMDALLR: (annoyed) Since Freyja sensibly refuses to dress as a bride for this lecherous Jotunn, why not dress up Thor as Freyja and have him go in her stead?

For just a moment, the hall went silent as the Aesir were struck with an inescapable premonition of Heimdallr's vision.

THOR: Are you kidding? That is the most—

LOKI: Incredible idea ever! Here I thought you were a useless extra, but you're finally pulling your weight, horn man.

HEIMDALLR: Horn man?

THOR: No, this is absurd! How could anyone in their right mind mistake me for Freyja?

LOKI: It's perfect. That Jotunn said he's never seen Freyja before. All we need to do is make Thor nice and pretty and boom, success.

THOR: I refuse. I shall not be made a laughingstock in a woman's wedding gown.

FREYJA: I personally think you'd look smashing in a bride's finest.

THOR: Don’t you laugh at me! This is all because you’re too squeamish to do this yourself.

LOKI: Come now, Thor, you always go on and on about how manly you are.

THOR: Exactly, which is why no wedding dress can hold my machismo.

LOKI: Have you not considered the undeniable truth that only one confident of his sex can ever masquerade as the other? By refusing to go through with this plan, you are forfeiting all rights to the claim of manliness you so adore.

THOR: (nervous) Th-that’s ridiculous, such hogwash won’t…

LOKI: Wouldn’t you agree, Freyja?

FREYJA: I, the goddess most intimate with the affairs of love and sex, can say with certainty that one who refuses to don a woman’s bridal gown can never be called a man.

THOR: (shuddering) If that is true, then there is no choice. I must take up this task, for a world where Thor is not manly…is a world that has long since ended.

LOKI: Whatever floats your boat, buddy.

THOR: Very well. My bosom awaits your treacherous craft.

Closing his eyes, Thor surrendered his body to the eager maidens of Asgard, who took great joy in his measurements. There was much debate, but Thor’s entourage eventually settled on a suave column silhouette with a sweetheart neckline, whiter than snow, riding his muscular thighs all the way down to his delectable ankles. Even Loki couldn’t help but awe at Thor’s spectacular curves, eyes glinting like strokes of lightning beneath his veil.

LOKI: What a lovely bride you make, Thor, dearest.

THOR: Tell me one thing, Loki. Why are you dressed as a bridesmaid?

Indeed, as Thor dripped in luscious beauty, so Loki was also dressed for the occasion in a modest pink gown that made his tight tooshie pop.

LOKI: As if I'd ever miss what's about to go down. Besides, unlike a certain impotent thunder god, I'm perfectly assured of my masculinity, so dressing up like this was no problem at all.

THOR: Ah, so that's why the horse you turned into was a female.

LOKI: Hey, everyone ought to play the other now and then.

THOR: I'm sure you quite enjoyed it.

LOKI: Not as much as you, blushing bride.

THOR: When I get Mjolnir back, your face is the first thing I'm smashing.

LOKI: Way to make Sif jealous.

THOR: NOT THAT MJOLNIR!

FREYJA: Thor, your rosy cheeks betray the most tempting allure, and your body—though overwhelmingly masculine—holds the vigor of a maiden blooming in youth. Go now, and woo the Jotunn with your charms, so that you may retrieve your precious hammer.

THOR: You're getting the greatest satisfaction out of this, aren't you, Freyja?

FREYJA: As are all the swooning ladies of Asgard.

Palming his forehead, Thor followed Loki out of Asgard, sent off by the joyous tears and cries of the female Aesir, their ultimate dreams having reached fruition. Now that they had divined the location, it was only a matter of crossing the Bifrost and entering Jotunheim, at which point Thrymr's abode soon revealed itself. Upon arrival, Thrymr's servants escorted Thor and Loki—

masquerading as Freyja and her servant respectively—into the banquet hall, where they were greeted jubilantly by Thrymr in all his pudginess.

THRYMR: Hello, ladies. I am Thrymr, though I'm sure you're already well acquainted with me.

LOKI: (to himself) Did I ever tell Thor his name?

THRYMR: So, this is the stunning Freyja. Admittedly, you are far…*manlier* than I would have imagined, but I cannot deny that is part of your irresistible charm. Those broad shoulders strong enough to carry me into bed, those finely toned hips ripe for the thrus—

THOR: Yes, I am your Frey—oof!

Thor glared at Loki, whose elbow was jammed between his ribs.

LOKI: (in a feminine voice) Salutations, sir. I am Lokita, finest maidservant of the illustrious Freyja, whom you see before you in all her…um, femininity. Freyja, why don't you greet your future husband in a manner *befitting a lady.*

THOR: (in a strained feminine voice) O-of course. Good day, sir. I am indeed Freyja, sexiest and shapeliest of all the gods. It is your pleasure to meet me.

Thor awkwardly curtsied, the folds of his gown straining against his manhood.

THRYMR: Mm, the pleasure is indeed mine. Though, I must ask. What is that unseemly bulge between your legs?

LOKI: (panicking) Oh, uh, well, th-that's a special surprise waiting for you when the sun goes down. Isn't that right, Freyja?

THOR: It will assuredly blow your mind.

THRYMR: (drooling) Oooh, I can't wait. Well, so that the night may hasten upon us, why don't you follow me to my hall, where we may dine in celebration of our foretold union? Freyja, the seat of honour awaits you.

THOR: That wouldn't by any chance be your lap, would it?

THRYMR: It's a bit too early for *that* seat. Unless…

THOR: No, a regular chair will do just fine.

THRYMR: As you wish.

LOKI: You can always sit on my lap, Freyja.

THOR: Remind me to cut out your tongue later, Lokita.

So Thrymr led the dainty pair to their places at his table. As soon as they sat down, servants brought in countless trays of food and innumerable barrels of mead. The sight of this culinary procession caused Thor to drool the same way so many ladies salivated at the sight of his succulent brother, the unattainably erotic Baldr. Without sparing even a moment for the aroma to waft throughout the room, Thor grabbed platter upon platter and cask upon cask, dumping their contents into the unfathomable pit of his stomach guarded by six sexy sentinels. The guests at the feast watched in terror, while Lokita groaned into his hands.

THRYMR: (horrified) By the gods, never have I witnessed any man consume such an unseemly amount, not to mention a woman as sensual as yourself.

THOR: (mouth full) Hmrgm mygrhg muffafsa.

LOKI: (laughing nervously) Yes, well, you see, Freyja was so enamoured by the prospect of your flesh that she hasn't eaten for eight days.

THRYMR: (aroused) Was she now? Well, a woman in love can do many great and terrible things.

THOR: Yeah, sorry about that. Got any more mead?

THRYMR: I must say, hearing that makes me want to taste you even more. Come, darling Freyja, bequeath to me your luscious lips.

Eager to experience Freyja's legendary kiss, Thrymr leaned into Thor, peeling back his veil. However, the sheer masculine ferocity of his ruthless, manly gaze caused Thrymr to shriek in terror and fall out of his chair.

THRYMR: Th-those eyes, like staring into the rage of Thor himself. What fair maiden would possess a gaze so frightening?

THOR: Did you say Thor? Indeed, tremble and bow before me, for it is I, the great and mascu—

LOKI: Calm down, Freyja. (to Thrymr) Excuse the miss, good sir. See, just as she hasn't eaten in eight days, so too has she been a stranger to sleep, such was the extent of her excitement. In fact, the longer we put off this marriage, the more distressed she'll undoubtedly become, so why don't we get this thing going already?

THRYMR: A splendid idea. Come, friends, we move to the marriage hall.

THOR: What?! I've barely whetted my appetite!

With several grunts, Loki dragged a reluctant Thor to the marriage hall, which was adorned with a raised stage at the far end, rows of wooden benches on either side of a long velvet carpet leading up to it. Thrymr was already at his spot atop the stage, while Loki wrapped his arm around Thor's and slowly led him step by step along the rug. Ahead of them, the path was

adorned with flower petals by a cute, sprightly goat in a dress. Music accompanied their procession, a lovely melody accompanied by goatgelic singing.

FLOWER GOAT: Here comes the baaaaaaide, all dressed in baaaaaaite.

LOKI: What are these lyrics even supposed to mean?

FLOWER GOAT: Baaaaaadiant and lovely she baaaaaaines in his baaaaaaight.

Soon, Thor stood in front of a euphoric Thrymr, Loki a few steps behind him. They were joined by a goat adorned in black vestments carrying an unfamiliar book atop its back.

LOKI: Why is this wedding being observed by a goat?

REVEREND GOAT: We gather here today to witness these two souls come together in marriage. The essence of this union is one of companionship, of love, of passions affecting both body and soul. Through marriage, two hearts share each other's hopes and dreams, adopting a single responsibility to see them come true.

THOR: Can't you get to the point?

REVEREND GOAT: Scoff. Excuse me, this is a hallowed occasion, and my words have been specially designated by the will of Heaven itse—

THRYMR: You heard the lady. Speed this up, goat.

REVEREND GOAT: The gall. Whatever, cretins like you wouldn't even appreciate my speech. In that case, does anyone object to this union?

FLOWER GOAT: I OBAAAAAAJECT!

The hall gasped in shock.

REVEREND GOAT: (sighing) No, you don't. You just wanted an excuse to say that.

FLOWER GOAT: What abaaaaaaout it?

The hall sighed in relief.

REVEREND GOAT: Alright, do you pledge to openly share your lives, to cherish and to hold, in sickness and health, etcetera, etcetera?

THRYMR: I do.

THOR: Do I have to?

LOKI: She does.

REVEREND GOAT: Very well. In that case, let this exchange of hammers serve as a blessed symbol of your union.

LOKI: Quick, Thor, now's your chance. Whip it out for the exchange!

THOR: Shut up.

THRYMR: As promised, here is the hammer. I hope we may bring this back to Thor together, as husband and wife.

A prim and proper goat approached carrying a plush pillow on its back. Atop the cushion lay Mjolnir in all its glory. Thor let out the squeal of a man reunited with his beloved after years of separation due to the anguishes of war. His own Mjolnir may have just resonated in response to the veritable ecstasy.

THRYMR: Look at you, Freyja, so exhilarated at the prospect of our marriage. Come, let us delay no further. Goat, tell us to kiss already.

REVEREND GOAT: Kiss yourself, brute! I shan't take any more of this attitude from you. Come, my comrade, we shall have no part in this garish affair.

The goats departed, but Thor managed to grab his hammer before they left. His smile gleamed beneath his veil, revealing something no mortal could begin to comprehend.

THRYMR: Bah, we don't need a goat to tell us to consecrate our marriage! Come Freyja, my tongue awaits yours.

THOR: Dirty Jotunn, the only thing your tongue will experience is the brain pulp leaking from your skull once I crush it.

THRYMR: Huh?

LOKI: Here we go.

In an instant, Thrymr's head disappeared, obliterated into imperceptible particles. Lightning crackled around Thor, lashing out at the fabric draped from the walls, setting fires, liquifying the wedding guests. The epitome of manly rage struck every inch of the room in his bridal gown, ravaging everyone and everything in his path. Loki did not move from his spot, knowing that doing so would mean his doom.

So, the haunting echo of Thor's maniacal laughter pierced the ears of countless souls before they took their final breaths. Such was the price for witnessing the overwhelming eroticism of Thor dressed as a bride.

THE END