

My name is Bret, and this story is not about me. I want to tell you about the most unusual thing that I have ever witnessed: a man transforming into something I didn't think existed

His name is Colin, and I discovered his journal long after he left. After reading it, I think that there is no one who could tell you better than him, since he recounts the changes first hand. I have only inserted the parts that are vital to understanding what happened, to make things clear.

I blame myself.

Forgive me Colin.

Nov 12 2010

GOT ACCEPTED. No idea how - hardly put any effort into my application, but looks like I'm going to Greece this summer! I think it's probably a good idea to get in the habit of journaling in the meantime, because there will be a lot to record/learn while I'm there.. soooo much delicious history

Dec 3 2010

Professor Klein tells me that she is really fond of me, and I still need a mentor if I am going to be a real archaeologist.. so I asked her if she would consider taking me under her wing.. said yes!!

Parents took the news of the trip very well.. mom said she is happy to see me return to our homeland

Feb 8 2011

Forgot I need to keep up on this journaling.. new semester.. not much to talk about.. how do people keep journals anyway? I think they probably just talk about whatever is on their mind or just what they have been doing.. sure I'll get better at it at some point.

Sooo I guess.. recently I have been checking out this guy in my sociology class.. not sure if he is gay or not yet, but I have definitely been reading into his glances.. too scared to talk to him yet

Feb 16 2011

He isn't gay :(

Can't lie though, I had a few fantasies of me turning him gay, which was nice :P

March 5 2011

I figure people will be asking about my past/experiences/etc. in Greece, so I better get them down on paper at least, so I don't freeze up (cause I get nervous if I haven't thought something like that out first)

My name is Colin, I'm from Greenfield MA, and I like history.

That's enough right?

I wish..

Uhh.. my parents are pure blood Greek, straight off the boat, which may be the reason I want to specialize in Greek history (?).. I'm kind of a nervous guy with not a whole lot of self-confidence, probably stems from some bullying for being gay when I was younger (20 now), and I really like music (can't play much other than piano though)

April 8 2011

Had an orientation thing for the trip.. getting sooo close now. They say our first location is in Bodrum Turkey.. then we will move to the islands, then to mainland Greece!

Talked a bit more with Prof. Klein.. she is really awesome. Somehow she is ok with relating with me on a friendship level too it seems! I mean, we joke around and everything (pretty a-typical for a professor I think)

May 3 2011

Writing from the plane! Trip is super long.. this journal seems like a disaster, but I'm really gonna stick with it now, since now it is going to actually be valuable

May 4 2011

Sharing a room with a guy named Bret.. he seems ok. Curly blonde hair, roundish face, needs to lose a few (shallow!) but he's pretty tall. Anyway today is the first day!!! Pretty excited about just being here.. they are giving us the first day to settle in, since we will be here for a while. Bret and I want to go exploring later today.. more to come on that

10:23PM

Today was extremely eventful. We tried to get the cultural experience, since we will be mainly studying artifacts and ruins.. seemed like the right thing to do. Spent dinner at a small cafe that smelled like olive oil, which had pretty good food (Bret wasn't so fond).. afterward we were walking back because I forgot a map.. walking across this stone bridge, when Bret spotted a shaded sign between two tall buildings.. said "Fortune Teller" and he insisted on stopping.. I've never really believed in that kind of stuff, but Bret was really adamant so I obliged. Bret asked for a palm reading, and the woman gave him some rip off crap.. I wanted to really challenge her, so I asked her about who I was. The woman was probably in her mid-50s, and had a sharpness to her eyes that was uncanny.. she told me that I was pure blood Greek (which is obvious: I am 5'9" which is pretty much exact average height of a Greek, straight black hair, decent jaw definition, average build, somewhat hairy – basically anyone can tell I am Greek), so I sarcastically blurted "really??"

She looked at me with the most serious look, and said "Yes. And you are descended from Hermaphroditus." I started to laugh, but was choked off by the looks I was receiving.. both Bret and the fortune teller were looking at me completely stoically, un laughing. The woman then told me "Strange things await you in your homeland Colin." I stood up so fast the chair beneath me fell over, but keeping my eyes on the woman. "Let's go Bret, this is weird." I got up and walked out the door. I crossed my arms and leaned up against the stone wall opposite the shop, looking in. Bret stayed for a minute more and spoke quickly with the fortune teller.. maybe he was apologizing for me.. who needs to apologize to a con artist? He walked out into the alley with me, and we started back as the sun was setting.. in silence. Bret finally broke the ice by saying "So what do you make of that?" "Make of what?" "What she said.." "It's a bunch of crap.. I look Greek, and so she just rolled with that, and brought in mythology because it is 'exciting' to her customers.. can't believe we wasted time in that dump." I couldn't help but look over to see Bret's reaction.. he seemed unmoved by what I said

May 5 2011

Professor Klein took us to our first sight today! It was pretty uneventful, lots of dusting, little result.. I think she was trying to indicate to us that it isn't always fun and games, which I understand. The cool thing is, after a quick debriefing, she pulled me aside and said "Colin! You want to head over to this local bar with me? I always need a good drink to wind down after a long day." I couldn't stop myself from beaming a smile "Yeah absolutely!" "Ok, I need to get a few more things, if you just want to meet me over there.." She pointed to a dark little hole in the wall looking place with a low roof. "Ok! See you in a few."

The place was pretty small, but clean for what I expected. It actually took me a while to get to the place, since I didn't know the roads (the site is on different elevation).. Prof. Klein beat me there. She was already seated at the bar with a glass of beer in hand. Next to her was an open seat with a big silver chalice in it. She said "Here! Take a seat." "What's this.. heh" "It's the bartender's specialty drink" She gave the bar tender a wink.. the burly man smiled and tended another customer. "Should I really trust this professor?" I gave her a sarcastic look, and she took a sip of hers while smiling. I looked down into

the chalice.. a clear drink. I didn't want to smell it, because then maybe I wouldn't down a bunch of it (wanted to impress her), so I just threw the chalice up to my lips and gulped down as much as I could. I got about 2/3rds of it down and slammed the cup down on the table. I took a moment to see if there was an aftertaste.. but it just kind of.. “Uhh.. tastes like water..” Professor Klein smiled “That's the point of a good drink.” I looked back down into the chalice.. “I hear you are related to Hermaphroditus?” “Haha, Bret told you about the crazy fortune teller?” She took a long pause, and I took another sip from the chalice. “You know, the pool of Salmacis isn't too far from here.” “Huh yeah I guess” I laughed.. “Yes, the pool of the nymph Salmacis, who saw the beauty of the young boy Hermaphroditus, and wanted him.” I finished the last gulp as my eyes widened with that statement. “Are you coming on to me professor?” She looked at me very seriously, and the seconds seemed like hours.. then she showed hints of a smile which bloomed into a full-fledged laugh. “You should have seen the look on your face!”

I laughed as well, and the tension died down. “Anyway, what’s up with the chalice?” “Oh, I lied, that cup was full of water from Salmacis' pool.” “Wait, what??” She bellowed a laugh and nearly knocked her beer over.. After she calmed down, she looked at me very seriously “You know what it does to people right? After Hermaphroditus' transformation, he made the pool transform every man that drank from it into an androgynous being.. and you drank from it.” I looked down at the empty chalice and forced a laugh. She blurted another laugh and said “You should have seen the look on your face just now!! Hahahaha” I didn't realize that professor Klein was so strange until this night.. why would she go to such lengths for a laugh? Was she serious.. did she go to some well and get this water, so she could play a weird joke? Professor Klein finished her drink, we talked a little more, and then parted ways. As soon as I got back to my room I felt really compelled to look into the Hermaphroditus myth.. Not because I believed in the dumb myth, but because I felt uneducated.. really didn't know the myth very well.. maybe it would shed light on why she would perform such an elaborate prank.

Hermaphroditus was the son of Aphrodite and Hermes, and was a remarkably handsome boy. When he was still fairly young he came upon the spring of the nymph Salmacis, who rejected her nature as a nymph in pursuit of idleness and vanity. She was overcome with lust for the boy and asked him to have sex with her. He rejected her, and went a distance away to a pool to take a bath. After he felt safe enough to undress and step into the pool

It smelled of lavender.. the steam of the pool rose up in a faint mist that seemed to coat the area in a lightly colored perfume. The pool was the perfect warmth of a bath, and the wilderness around was still – the trickling of new water and sparse birds were the sounds. I looked my lithe body over in the reflection of the pool.. my face.. beautiful for a boy, accentuated by my dark curls.. I touched my delicate hands to my chest, and ran them down my slender torso.. over my soft frame.. so smooth for a boy.. sensitive.. touching myself sent a wave of sensuality over my body, and I watched as my penis began to rise out of the pool before me, growing larger as the steam of the pool rose in my nostrils. I touched the base of my groin lightly, and felt the soft skin. My left hand reached back to my buttock and I felt the silken smooth flesh of my lady like cheek.. I separated the cheek slightly, and felt the warm water touch my hole.. I stepped to shallower water, at knee height, and pulled my foreskin back just slightly to see pre leak from the tip of my supple head.. I could smell the pre, and I shut my eyes..

There was a presence behind me.. a velvet soft form spooned mine, and I felt soft breasts press against my back.. her silken flesh against mine made me quiver, and she felt mine.. she groped my hip, and stroked closer, slower, toward my groin.. I let my head lean on her shoulder, and hers on mine.. I smelled her hair – sweet like perfume.. She clutched the base of my member, and let her free fingers cup

my sack.. She groped them for a time as I took in her scent

She turned me around, and pressed her breasts against my chest as she held me for a long kiss.. my penis was drawn between her legs in our embrace, and her folds sat atop my shaft.. I could feel her warm fluids drip over my member.. our kiss was getting more feverish, and both our genitals were growing more needy.. she began to raise her leg, and I moved my longing tip to separate her flower.. I probed the entrance to her love, and she clutched my hair, easing herself down..

A strange thing happened, unknown until I awoke as if from a dream. My form was.. new

I looked down at myself.. all of the hair of my body had fallen off, save for the hair of my head which had grown long.. I smelled different.. perfume sweetness.. and my skin was like silk..

I looked down at my form to see that upon my chest were two perky breasts.. I raised my hands slowly to touch them.. so soft.. and the nipples.. so sensitive.. Am I a woman?

Touching my breasts was getting me aroused, and I felt my penis grow.. My penis? What is this form?

I examined my body more thoroughly – the water's image, and my hands.. my skin was the softness of a woman.. my shape was feminine – my hips had become wide.. my musculature had become softness.. I was a woman with extra.. and I declared that those who drink of this pool shall become the same.

(Bret) Got back late and found Colin sleeping (looking rather unintentional) on his bed, laptop dead and sitting open on the bed. He held a napkin drawn out with this written on it, not written in the same handwriting as the rest of the journal. The entry that contains the events of that night ends abruptly, and I believe the napkin writing is a continuation, so I inserted it here.

May 6 2011

Woke up this morning feeling really good for some reason.. don't know why I was so bothered by Professor Klein's joke last night.. she's got a sense of humor all her own just like everyone else.. whatever, right?

So on the agenda today: heading back to the sight to do a little more work, and we need to finish our projects in the next 2 days before we head to the next location.. busy busy!

(Bret) Things seem very normal for a while: Colin just focuses in on archeology It isn't until May 19th that something unusual happens

May 19 2011

I am glad I have some kind of output for this, because I really feel like I need to get it off my chest.. Been feeling really horny lately, like, unusually so. Can't believe I'm writing this..

At the sight today I was getting really warm, and I could feel my dick getting hard, and pressing against my pants.. I figured no one could see it if I pulled it off my inner thigh and made it parallel with my belt, right? Cause then when I was kneeling the bulge would go with the wrinkles and just look like I had something in my pocket.. This worked (I think), and I figured if I just ignored it it would go away. Problem was, I couldn't think about anything other than sex.. Professor Klein asked me to clean up a tooth for processing, and it took me nearly 10 minutes, because I couldn't focus.. kept thinking about how hot it would be for some guy to grab me and pull me into an alley, open his fly and demand that I

suck it.

Had to get rid of this.. really need to focus on what I'm doing.. so I.. well, decided to go rub it out in a porter potty nearby. I asked to be excused and headed over.. I put my hands in my pockets to make my boner less obvious as I strutted over. I shut the door behind me. Was it really that hot outside? I had some serious sweat stains.. had to be way more fired up than I realized.. I felt really.. sexy.. I unbuttoned and then unzipped my fly very slowly as I groped my stomach (am I really writing this?) I eased my boxers down to reveal my pubes and the base of my shaft.. feel like a bunch of steam rose out, and the smell of pre filled my nostrils.. I reached in and grabbed the base, and tugged the rest of my dick out.. by this point I realized that my boxers were practically soaked with pre, and when I tugged my dick out a long string of it followed the head out till it sat fully erect before me (and I don't think I've ever been fully erect while still in my pants). Somehow instinct started to take over and I reached down and severed the pre trail from my boxers, and followed the string up to the head of my dick, got my fingers drenched, and immediately brought it to my lips.. the smell was overwhelming, and I licked my pre for the first time ever, and it tasted.. really good.. I sucked my fingers dry of the stuff. I grabbed my dick and started to jerk my pulsing cut cock, while pre practically shot from the end of it (never seen my dick make so much pre in my life). It took less than 10 pumps for me to blow, and when I did, my cum hit the opposite wall of the porter potty with an audible splat. I threw more ropes of cum than a freaking porn star, and the orgasm seemed to last for a long time too. After, I found myself bent over, holding myself up with one arm, while still clutching my cock with the other, panting heavily. By that point I had come to my senses.. what the FUCK? That was insane! I stood upright, and saw that I had covered the seat, the lid, the wall, the floor.. cleanup was going to be a bitch. I eventually cleaned it all up (practically took a whole roll), but I needed to figure out what I was going to do about my pre soaked boxers.. ended up taking them off, wadding them up, and shoving them in my pocket. Put them in my backpack when I got back to the sight.

Anyway, just some weirdness.. feel fine now, but needed to get that on paper.. so weird.