

WHISPERS

You're going to want to sit down for this.



SHIPPED!

A CRUEL
EX-WIFE'S
DARK PLAN FOR
REVENGE!

AARON SCHWARTZ CHEATED
ON HIS EX-WIFE. NOW, HE
FACES A LIFE IN HIGH HEELS.

GET ME OUT OF HERE!



"Everyday, I lose another piece of myself," the young woman sitting across from me says. She's pretty, this girl, and she wears makeup, a cute outfit, but her eyes are full of fear, anxiety, desperation.

"You say you're a man?"

"I **was** a man," she says. "Then, my wife body swapped me into Ashleigh, and I ended up committed to this insane asylum. They're forcing me to walk and talk and act like a girl!"

"How?"

"It's all a condition of my release," she says. "I have to accept that I am Ashleigh, prove to them I am no longer clinging to the delusion that I used to be Aaron Schwartz."

"Could it be a delusion?"

She stares at me, then gets up and heads toward the door. "I knew you wouldn't believe me."

I see she is wearing heels, and she has a sweet, feminine gait.

"I didn't say I don't believe you," I say. "Come back. Sit down. Tell me your story."

She pauses, mulling it over, but then she comes and sits. I can see the excitement in her eyes, the hope that maybe someone, at long last, will believe her story.

"Start at the beginning."

Ashleigh takes a deep breath, nods and begins. "I met the real Ashleigh at a coffee shop. I was there, working on my laptop, and she just sat down at my table and said, "Hey, handsome. You look like you know how to please a girl."

"Pretty aggressive."



"LET'S DANCE."

"Yeah, well, it didn't strike me as odd at the time. I just thought- I still got it. Here's this gorgeous, much younger woman coming onto me. I loved it. We talked for a while, and then she just said, 'if you want to have some fun, meet at the Night City hotel at 8 PM.' Then, she got up, cupped my chin, tilted my head back and kissed me. I found that odd. I'd never had a woman take control like that, but, well, it kind of turned me on."

"So you went and met her?"

"Yeah."

"Even though, if my research is correct, you were a married man?"

"I'm not- that isn't relevant. My wife had no right to do this to me."



I HAD NEVER MET SUCH AN AGGRESSIVE WOMAN.

I nod, because I want her to keep talking, but I can't count the number of men I have met who cheated on their wives and ended up as women. "And then?"

"I went to the hotel room. I was super psyched. I have- had- a thing for younger women. My wife knew that, and she'd laid her trap. I walk in the door, and Ashleigh is wearing lingerie, and she looks so hot. There's music playing, old school big band music. There's incense burning. She hands me a glass of champagne and tell me to drink up, and while I throw back the champagne she grabs my junk and squeezes, hard. I was ready to go right then and there, and I kissed her and tried to guide her to the bed, but she said, "let's dance, first."

"Babe, you're so fucking hot," I said, "I can't wait."

"Let's dance," she repeated, and then, "it gets me so wet."

We started dancing. At first, she let me lead, but as we kept dancing, she took control, and we turned and turned, and- just for a moment, the room seemed to flicker, and for a second I found myself looking up at myself. I was in her body-

"That didn't freak you out?"

"It did, but then I was right back in my body, and I had never felt so turned on, and besides I think they had put something in my drink. I couldn't think about anything but that soft, little body of hers, how badly I wanted to be inside her..."



"We kept dancing, flickering... I was her, I was me... I was both of of us. The music changed, a slow, slow dance, and we kissed, and I cupped her breast... but I felt it like it was my breast, I was inside her body again, and I was so hot and wet and on fire... She led me to the bed, and blew hot air into my ear and said, "Tell me you're a dirty girl."

A MAN HAD NEVER LOOKED AT ME LIKE THAT.

"I'm a dirty girl," I repeated, and there was a flash, and then she stood up, laughing, only she was me, and then I heard the bathroom door open, and I heard my wife laughing.

I was paralyzed, laying on my back. I was acutely aware of the bra, tight across my breasts. I was confused, panicking, not really realizing what had happened, but just really focused on the fact my wife had somehow caught me. She and Ashleigh, now in my body, came to the edge of the bed, and they looked down at me.

"She's so pretty!" Ashleigh said. My wife brushed my long hair away from my face, then cupped my smooth cheek. "You like young women so much," she said, "I decided to turn you into one."

I tried to speak, but I couldn't talk, all I could do was stare up at her and plead with my eyes. No. Don't do this. Don't leave me like this...

"Be good, babe," she said, and then the two of them kissed and left. I passed out. I know that sounds crazy."

I shake my head. "It's consistent with certain other confirmed body swaps I have encountered. But, how did you end up here at the Healing Center?"

Ashleigh winces at the name Healing Center.

"My fucking wife," she says. "I woke up in a padded cell. I, um, confirmed, that I was a woman now, and I screamed for someone to help me, to let me out. No one answered. Occasionally, a plate of food was shoved under the door.



Finally, after what seemed like days, the door to my cell opened and two burly men stood there, grinning.

"Dr. Lester will see you now," one of them said. "If you get violent or try to escape, you'll be locked back in here for a month. Do you understand?"

"Yes," I said, shocked to hear how soft and feminine my voice sounded, especially compared to the big man. I was wearing a hospital gown, and they both checked out my legs as I stood. I'd never had men look at me like- that."

THIS ISN'T REAL!



I found myself in the office of Dr. Lester. It was a typical shrink's office, right out of a B movie with shelves and shelves of books, a bust of Sigmund Freud. Dr. Lester is an older woman with a permanent smirk on her stupid face.

"Ashleigh," she said. "We were so worried about you when you escaped."

"Escaped?" I asked, confused. Escaped?

"Yes, **Ashleigh**," she said. "Don't you remember? You're a patient here."

It annoyed me that she kept calling me Ashleigh. "That's not my name," I said. "I'm Aaron Schwartz. I'm a man. I know this may sound crazy, but my wife somehow trapped me in this body."

"You've relapsed," Lester said, tsking and shaking her head. "Poor girl."

"I'm not a girl! I'm not Ashleigh. You have to believe me."

"This is going to be painful, young lady, but it's for your own good." She turned on a monitor, and there is Ashleigh in that very same office. It's a fuzzy, CCTV video, dated from a few weeks ago.

"I'm not Ashleigh," I hear the real Ashley say. "My name is Aaron Schwartz. My wife swapped me into this body because I'm an idiot." Dr. Lester paused the video.

"This isn't possible," I whispered, pulling my long hair back from my face. "I've never been here before."



"You were checked in here several weeks ago after a suicide attempt," Dr. Lester explained. "You claimed you were a man named Aaron Schwartz, and that your wife had somehow swapped you into the body of a young woman. The same thing you are saying now."

"That never happened."

"I'm afraid it did. You are a very troubled girl. You were never a man. You were always Ashleigh. I am here to help you remember.."

"No, it's some trick! This isn't real."

"I'm sorry Ashleigh. I'm afraid I won't be able to release you until you have once more embraced your true identity as a feminine young woman. Starting tomorrow, you will begin your therapy sessions- walking in heels, styling your pretty hair, doing your makeup. This will help you remember who you are. Once you have learned what you need to know, and once you have admitted you are Ashleigh Darling, only then can you be released."

"'You're in on this!' I screamed, lunging across the desk, but Lester grabbed my wrists and restrained me until the two burly guards stormed into the room and dragged me back to my cell."

As I look at the shaken man, his pretty eyes so full of desperation. I find myself growing angry. I don't like being used. "So you've been playing along," I say. "Learning to play the role of Ashleigh they created for you."

"Yes," she says, dropping her eyes in shame. "What choice did I have? They even made me get a boyfriend, one of the guys who's in here, too."

"They didn't force you to have sex?" I say, feeling my anger rising.

"No. Nothing like that. He is very shy, and he's scared of girls. I, well, I want to help him, so I let him -" Ashleigh blushes. "I let him kiss me, and we cuddle and hold hands, go on walks. It's not so awful, other than the fact that I'm a man and I don't like men, and it's humiliating and-" she stops talking, a gentle tear rolling down her cheek.

I cover her small hand with my own. "I don't think I can help you."

"What? No! Please! You have to! I- I can't let them win, I can't let them turn me into a girl!"

"Why do you think they allowed me to do this interview?" I ask.

Ashleigh shakes her head. "I don't know?"

PLEASE HELP ME!



I have no doubt they've have been mentally conditioning him. He seems young, naive, and very feminine. I believe her. I believe she was once Aaron Schwartz, but they have chiseled away at his hard, angular soul and made it soft and shapely, to match his big, innocent eyes. I decide to tell her the truth, though I doubt she is strong enough to hear it.

"They know the story will get your hopes up, that for a little while you'll think you are going to get out of here, but the truth is no one who has any power will believe any of this. To them, you'll be just a poor, unfortunate, hysterical girl, and when the story doesn't work, when no one comes to save you, it will break you. You'll give up, and you'll finally accept that you are Ashleigh now and will be for the rest of your life."

"Run the story anyway," she says, "Please. It's my only hope."

"I will," I say. "And I'll do what I can to help you, Aaron."

"Aaron?" She says. "No one has called me that in so long."

"I'll remember your true name," I say, "even when you've forgotten it."

Aaron is too far gone. I've seen it before. The best chance he has for a future, at some sort of happy life, is for him to crawl into that girl's life and body, to become Ashleigh in body and soul.

His wife has won.