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## Head Case

By Paul Calhoun

Gregor Birnakov checked the mirror one more time, hefting his white-furred breasts to make sure they appeared real. His white-striped black tail swayed out from behind him, and his silver-white hair hung just above the base of that huge adornment.

He'd bought the skunkess costume from its previous owner for the party tonight. He'd done drag before, but though his false female genitals were still usable, the fake breasts he'd used previously were much larger than the previous owner's and so he'd had to pad the suit rather than wear the falsies underneath. The same went for his other 'curves,' meaning that he' had to pad the suit itself in those places as well. And that he wasn't going to be doing anything other than dancing tonight.

In addition to stuffing the bust, hips and butt, he'd also filled the head with stuffing. He'd learned two things when he tried the skunkess's face on for size. One was that he didn't like being enclosed in such a small space and the other was that said claustrophobia was only increased by the fact that the head only barely fit and actually took some wrangling to get back off one he'd gotten it on.

That modification left the bottom of the skunkess's muzzle jutting out from eyebrow level, leaving the bottom two thirds of his face exposed. By some artful draping of the suit's silver hair and a white-furred Velcro panel over his mouth and nose, he could just about pass for a long-necked female. Especially if he rounded his shoulders and bent his head down. After some experimenting, he'd also tilted the head slightly upward so that it would seem like the skunkess was looking forward when he looked down.



Once he was satisfied with his appearance, Gregor touched a tiny choker wrapped around his neck underneath the suit. A faint red light peeking out from under the white belly fur turned green. "Ahhhh." Greg hummed, his gravelly voice changing to a deep contralto. "There we are. Perfect." He touched the point again, red replacing green. "Might as well conserve the battery," he said in his own voice.

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Gregor was the first of his usual group to get to the party, so he decided to have a drink before they arrived. The bartender of the club they were partying at was an old friend, but not the sort to appreciate pranks, so Gregor ordered his drink without trying to act like the female he was portraying. He caught sight of Lars before Lars saw him, though, and prepared to see how convincing he could be.

Lars was dressed in a classical Indiana Jones hat, jacket and whip, and apparently had the same thought as Gregor did when he didn't see any of his friends. As he sat next to Gregor, the placebo skunkess touched her neck with a delicate black claw and drew the Velcro patch over her face. Assuming the posture that made her seem like a girl in a skunk suit rather than a guy with a skunkess face sitting on top of his head, she said, "Hello stranger."

Lars turned in his seat and sipped his beer. "Well, hello. I don't suppose an alluring creature such as yourself would come unaccompanied."

The skunkess crossed her legs. "I was actually waiting for some friends."

Lars put his glass down. "So am I. How about we go out onto the floor for a dance while we wait?"

The skunkess extended a petite paw. "I'd love to."

Gregor was aware of Lars' attempts to get closer to him during the dance than he should have. Then again, Gregor thought, Lars always thought of himself as a smooth operator and tended to have several pre-party drinks. After his second attempt to 'accidentally' brush the skunkess's breast, Gregor decided he'd had enough. Bending his back and neck for that long was starting to give him a cramp, and Lars was obviously never going to realize the true identity of his dance partner without help. "Hey Lars," the skunkess said, touching her neck.

"How'd you know-"

"Gotcha!" Gregor said, straightening up and pulling the patch from his face.

"Gregor! Not this again." He took a step back from Gregor and brushed his face. "Will you stop doing this? This is the fourth time you've kept me away from *real* women."

Gregor shrugged and grinned. "What can I say? I'm a troublemaker."

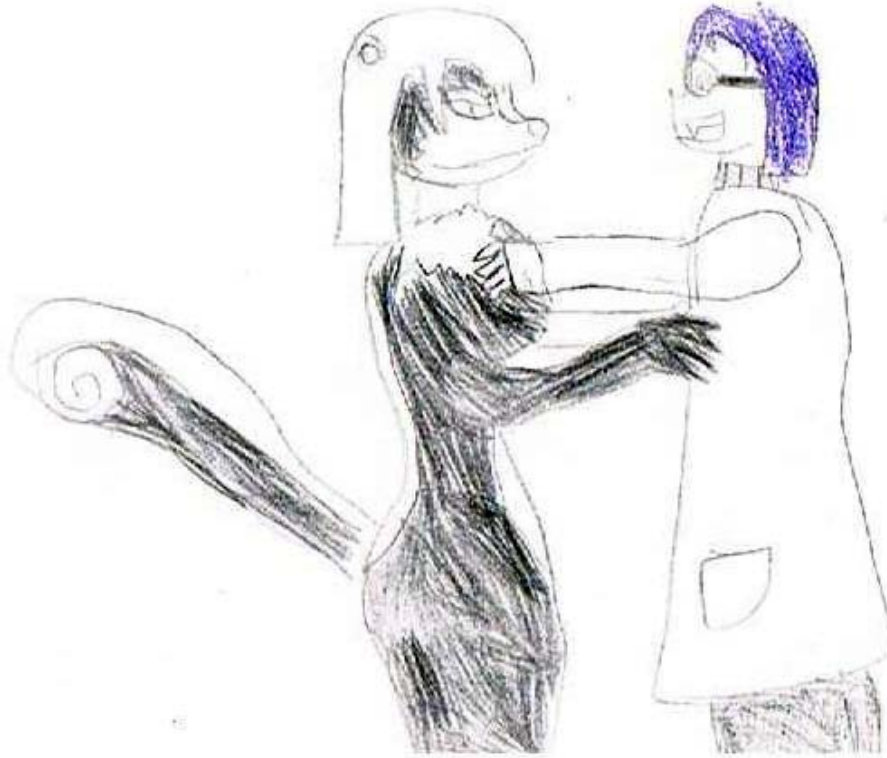
Lars stalked off and Gregor was about to return to the bar to wait for some other friends when he felt a hand on his shoulder. "Excuse me, miss. I didn't hear what your partner said, but if he doesn't want to keep dancing with you, I'd sure like to."

Gregor didn't know who the stranger was, and he didn't want to take any chances with someone blabbing about his identity. He quickly turned his voice changer back on, pulled the panel over his face and stooped again to present his skunkess face to the newcomer. "Sure!" The skunkess chirped.

The music had slowed down for a little and the stranger came even closer than Lars had, though he kept his hands where they ought to be. "My name is Igor." He said. "Belinka," the skunkess replied.

They turned slowly to the music and Igor said, "Your costume is lovely."

The skunkess took a good look at the stranger. He was wearing a white lab coat and goggles. "Doctor Frankenstein?" She asked. Igor laughed. "Doctor Horrible. I know it isn't very good, but I didn't know I was coming until late."



The music got faster and louder and their conversation ended by necessity. Igor twirled the skunkess several times and she was quite dizzy when she tried to do a quick move and stumbled. She tried to right herself, but instead ended up running headlong into the wall.

"Miss! Miss Belinka! Are you all right?"

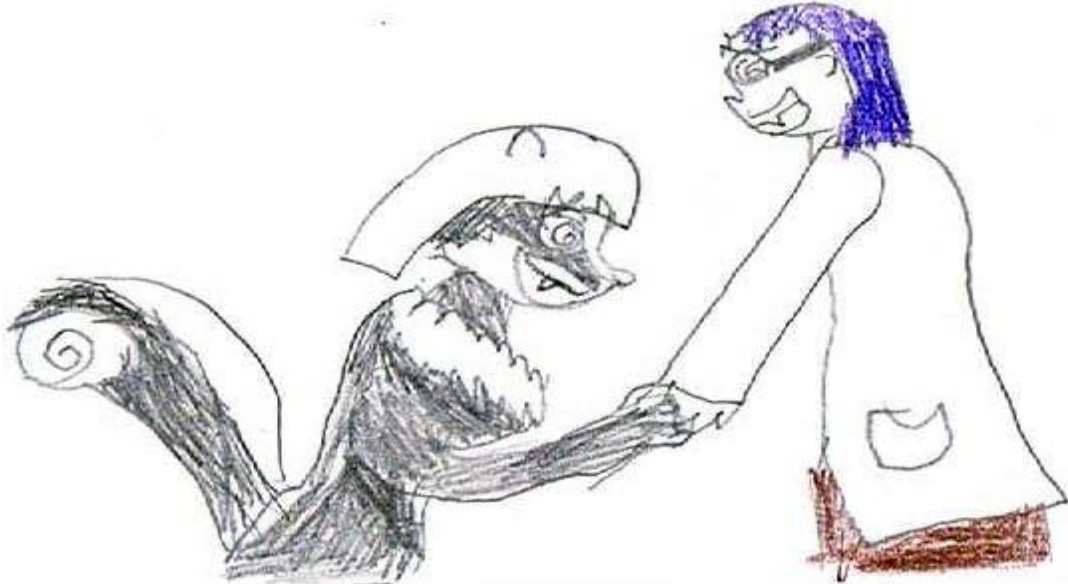
Gregor shook his head and wondered who was hurt. He wondered if he'd drunk too much. His head didn't hurt, but he felt like it was surrounded in wool. He must have passed out- "Miss Belinka! Can you hear me?"

Gregor realized that he could barely see, and that he wasn't hearing the voice very clearly. He could understand the words, but the voice seemed far away. He put a hand to his face, but it ran into something else first. He grasped something that was in the way and pulled, and the world got a little brighter. Someone helped him up and pulled away more of the stuff whatever it was, and now he could see a man in a white lab coat. "Thanks," Gregor said, and the voice that came out brought back his memory. The stranger, his fall.

He realized he was still in the costume, and the totality of his situation hit him when he saw what was in his hand. Polyfill stuffing. The crash must have driven his head into the suit's, forcing some of the stuffing out of the holes in the eyes. He was

lucky he'd hit it the way he'd had or he might have been driven backwards and been blinded.

As it was, he was having trouble breathing through the stuffing in the muzzle. With the help of the stranger, he reached into the mouth - openable but he'd wired it shut when he'd stuffed it. He was glad he hadn't done too much to keep it closed, and soon enough he was able to breathe and talk normally.



"Are you OK, Belinka?" Igor asked.

Gregor decided to play along. "I'm fine. Just a little dizzy. I think I'll use the bathroom."

"I'll wait," Igor replied.

Gregor was no stranger to the ladies room, and didn't hesitate as he entered a stall. He was relieved that it had a mirror, giving him a chance to examine the cause of his trouble. The bottom of the head was now covering the zipper on the front of the suit, so he'd have to get the head off to do anything. He grabbed it and pulled, but it wouldn't budge. He didn't want to damage the suit, so once it became obvious the head wasn't going anywhere, he knew he'd have to get home and extract himself as best he could.

Igor was waiting as promised and took his arm as he left the bathroom. "Maybe I should drive you home." He said.

"No, please." The skunkess replied. "I'm fine. I can drive myself."

Igor didn't let go. "Sorry, Belinka, but I must insist. You hit your head and I doubt you can see very well out of that mask, given how carefully you've been walking. Just tell me where to go, and I'll take you there."

Gregor had to admit that he was feeling pretty woozy, and the observation about the suit's vision was dead on. With only a token protest, he allowed himself to be escorted to Igor's car and sat down in the passenger seat. Unlike the bar stools, the upholstered chairs of the car were not tail-friendly and he was forced to sit forward in order to be comfortable. He gave Igor his address and ten minutes later they were pulling up in front of his house. "Thanks," the skunkess said as she exited the car. "I can make it from here."

Igor got out of the car. "Let me." He took her arm again and made sure she got to the front door. It took her a moment to fish her keys out from the small pocket Gregor had sewn to her hip, and Igor kept holding her arm as she entered.

"Really, I'm fine," Gregor protested as Igor lay the skunkess down on the living room sofa.

"Nonsense. I'll get you some water."

Gregor would normally have enjoyed the inevitable encounter Igor was gunning for, but he had to use the toilet, he certainly wasn't equipped to pass that night and, of course, he was stuck in a skunkess costume. He tugged at the head again, but it didn't budge. He stopped as Igor entered, but the taller man noticed and caressed the skunkess's muzzle as he put the water down next to her. "That fall jammed you in." He said.

The skunkess nodded.

Igor sat next to her, and smiled hungrily. "Then you won't have to worry about giving away who you are."

The skunkess sat up, but her reply was stopped by Igor's kiss. This was more out of surprise than an inability to speak, since Igor was kissing her muzzle and Gregor's mouth was unaffected. This didn't last long as Igor gently pried the skunkess's muzzle open and turned his head so he could reach Gregor's mouth. Gregor leaned into the kiss with the confidence of experience, forgetting for the moment his problems. After all, there wasn't much Igor could do besides fondle him and-

That was when he heard the sound of a zipper opening. And not the one in front. He strained his eyes to see down and saw that Igor was pulling aside a zipper on his crotch. That idiot hadn't told him that it was that kind of costume!

Igor, however, had noticed what Gregor hadn't and the skunkess's back arched and her tail wagged back and forth as first Igor's hand, then his tongue went to work. Once the skunkess was "primed," then Igor removed his pants and really went to work. The next few minutes were a blur for Gregor, and the next thing he could remember, Igor was on his way out. "Good night, Belinka." He called back.

After laying on the couch motionless for ten minutes, Gregor levered himself up and staggered to the kitchen. He was about to cut himself out when he realized that the suit's mouth was still open wide. With difficulty, he unhooked the lower half of the muzzle and got a grip on the suit's zipper. He peeled the costume off, and dug enough stuffing out to free his head.

After taking a shower, Gregor cleaned up the suit and put it away. He wondered if Igor had been a normal person or a sex fiend. He hoped it was the first, since if that suit could drive a regular guy to the level of lustful abandon Igor had reached, then a bit of claustrophobia would be a small price to pay for another night like that. Especially if "Belinka" could take charge and make sure that her partner stayed for seconds. After all, next time the skunkess wouldn't be dizzy. Or at least, only on the outside. For some reason men thought chivalry was a good excuse for a score and Gregor was willing to let them have their illusion if it made them more willing.