

Anna had never really connected with her paternal grandparents in her childhood, it was only on reaching her late teens that she'd started to appreciate them. When she'd had a falling out some time later with her parents and moved off on her own, it was those same grandparents who had rallied to her and put her up for some months in their place.

It was only right that she returned the favour by helping them out later which brought the twenty-something year old fennec to their attic as part of a long overdue cleaning and organising effort.

After a few rounds of fishing out boxes thick with dust and lingering with the smells of age just to bring them down the attic ladder for her grandmother to sort, she'd finally cleared enough space for her to look over the trinkets and items up there herself.

Ornaments that hadn't been displayed for decades, kept due to their sentimental values. Clothing from a time long gone, initially stored for what was only meant to be a short while but then soon forgotten about. Anna picked a few pieces out, holding them up to a mirror, wondering with some amusement what she would have looked like in the fashion of sixty years ago. She chuckled to herself, arranging those into a pile of 'hopeful donations'. Things that might not be taken in by anyone but still it seemed more preferable to try before outright discarding them.

She built a pile, took them downstairs then sat with her grandma to share a relaxing drink before heading back up.

Back in the attic, her hands pulled aside a few more boxes, then she stopped as something grasped her attention. There had been the occasional wooden crate but for the most part the rest were simple cardboard. A different box sat at the back, as though it had been hidden away. Black and smooth, looking far more modern than anything else she'd seen in her grandparent's possession.

She cleared the space around it, it was relatively small and closed with a latch that even had a bolt for a padlock, though such security was absent for the moment. Anna took the fascinating discovery to the cleared area, kneeling as she pulled back the latch and pushed the lid open.

What she found within was glossy, shining and made of a deep brown colour; a pair of boots. From the ankle and up they seemed almost floppy, like they were of stretchy rubber, with no laces to tighten them. Below the ankle was a discreetly covered round for a foot to sit comfortably, while below that was a faux cloven hoof, cast out of some solid material. Anna pulled the hoof boots out of the box and looked over them. They certainly were more likely to be from the modern age. Blushing, she assumed they must be fetish wear, but... if that were true, her sweet innocent grandma was into this? And given how they looked to have been made with up to date methods, it was likely she had been wearing them relatively recently.

Still, there was the dust of a few months at least accumulated on the box.

An impulsive thought took hold, she wanted to try them on. She rolled up her pant leg, stretching out her paw and slipping it into one of the boots. It took her pulling with both hands to get the boot into place, wiggling down, it was a surprisingly comfy fit, hugging onto her shin and calf muscles.

There was a bit of wiggle room, but it was better to have that than for it to be too small and risk her stretching it out. Her second foot slid into the other one and she carefully put the hooves flat to the floor before pushing herself up, using the angled ceiling for support. Her ankles slipped the last little bit into position with that, making her smile and chuckle. She clopped one experimentally on the floor, loving the echoing noise it made, then another clop with the other.

She grinned to herself and then both heard and felt something unexpected, a soft click. The boots felt tighter around her ankle, suddenly. Anna balanced on one, now realising how the footwear held her tilted close to an en pointe pose. Her hand grabbed the raised ankle, tugging, pulling. It didn't budge. "Why?" She whispered in her surprise. Another tug, sharper this time yet still it sat in place, even the sleeve going up her leg felt tighter.

The top of both boots brushed against her fur, feeling a bit off. Her pant legs had fallen back down to cover them, when she tugged one up her breath caught. The brushing feeling was indeed unusual, the boots were moving on their own! Growing, in fact. The chill of fresh rubber rose upwards, slowly creeping up her legs and getting warmed to her body heat quickly.

In seconds her knees were coated. She dropped her right thumb, hooking it under the top of the boot and tugging it down, it stretched and then split, parting, snapping back and then flowing together, closing the split. "W-what?! How on Earth?" Anna gasped. Her pant leg could only roll so far, the growing rubber had pushed beyond that limit and still it climbed up the woman's thighs, spreading just as thick and tight, seeming to generate from nothing!

She was starting to panic, her gaze turned from the rubber back to the box. Maybe there was something she'd overlooked inside. There had been a second layer hidden below the boots. She pulled the foam padding away, her blush only growing as she saw a bunch of leathery straps, a harness, even reins. Yet despite all that there wasn't anything to help her, no key, no remote control.

The flow squeaked as it passed over Anna's rump, then, chilling her spine it flowed *under* her panties. Her hands dropped to her belt, clinging on there, trying to squeeze and deny the encroaching wave. It ignored her touch, she even felt the belt strain before it tore down the back!

The rubber was picking up speed, it shot under her top and over her tail, squeezing the fluffy mass then tightening, starting to roll up the limb. She tried to pull on it but just as before

any grip she secured lasted for a moment only for the gooey spread to slip out of her touch and carry on.

Her tail felt weird as it was compressed into a tiny pouch which fluffed out. With her belt ruptured her pants also slid down, revealing her thighs, brown with white spots. Like those of a fallow deer.

She had hoped it would stop spreading over her waist. Despite the weirdness it had seemed uninterested in her arms so far, but that seemed a vain hope as it pressed on, climbing up under her clothes. The clip of her bra fell open, the rubber seemed to adhere to her breasts rather than flattening them, the constant creep up her spine also made her squirm in defiance.

Anna turned, the rubber coated parts of her creaking as she looked to the attic ladder. She had to get out of this before it got any worse. If her grandparents had it they must know something about it! The humiliation was going to be hard to swallow, yet she had no idea what might happen if left alone.

Clopping hooves took her on her tip-toes to the ladder. Unsteady steps almost made her fall from it, she descended as the rubber reached her shoulders, letting out a squeal of annoyance as it flowed along her neck and down the arms. “Granny! Granny, where are you?” She called, trying to keep the hysterics out of her voice from how she was feeling.

She didn’t hear a reply, her loud clacks should have been more than enough to get their attention as they reverberated on the hard wooden floor of the house. A rounded rubber shape grew over her cheeks, reshaping the outward appearance she cast by bulking up, softening her snout, flattening her ears to her scalp and replacing them with rubber fakes as the latex masked her up, making her look all the more like a deer. The rubber that covered her eyes stretched thin enough to tint the world without blocking it with the last encroaching mass moving to clamp her jaws shut and cover her nose in a pouch that mercifully still had nostrils.

Her questing hands pulled at the mask, tried to peel off the rubber around her neck or stretch it off her body as she staggered as quickly as she could toward where she’d last seen her grandparents. The trickle was up to her wrists when she set off down the staircase and when at the bottom her hands were in tight, finger-compressing ball-mitts with another faux cloven hoof forming. The suit was finished!

Where once a fennec girl had stood a shiny rubber doe fought with its own stretchy skin, only her t-shirt and panties covering it from further immodesty.

Anna peered out of the window, maybe they were in the garden- her heart sank. The car was missing. Damn it, that was right, her grandmother had said she would take a trip shortly after tea to drop off the first load at the nearest charity store. “Mmmh! Mmmmmhhh!” Anna mewled, her hands couldn’t open the door, couldn’t do more than stir the rubber around her body. She was stuck until they got home!

An hour later a flash of headlights lit up the dimming sky, Anna looked up, seeing an SUV she didn't recognise. She scurried away from the door and the windows as a stranger, a wolf, stepped out and retrieved two cases from the back before approaching.

His shoes clomped up the patio steps, and Anna braced for the doorbell and a knock. Whatever he was selling she hoped he went away. If her grandparents invited him in it would be all the more humiliating.

There was no knock, instead a rattle of keys. He let himself in! He set one of the cases down on the table in the entry hall then pulled out a phone, looking at it, then up, directly at Anna. His eyes met the shadows she'd been hiding in and she squeaked.

"Heh, found you. I must say, it's strange of them to prep a fresh delivery and not cage it first." The wolf said, advancing on Anna, she tried to turn and run, feeling threatened. A force struck her as the wolf tackled her, dropping the second case and reaching into it. It all happened in minutes, a blade slid between the rubber and her clothing, cutting her loose of the last identifiers she wore.

The wolf pulled out a harness, cuffs, reins, much like those in the box Anna had found and fitted them to her. He forced the kicking struggling woman's arms into a box-tie behind her back. "Mmmh! Nhhh!!" She protested.

The wolf pulled on a leash, tugging the girl onto her feet, strong enough, especially given her lack of balance, to lead her out of the house. "Damn, they found a fiery one this time, all the more curious that they left you alone. I'll have to ask them about it." He mused to himself. Anna was dragged to the back of the SUV, the rear opening to reveal a cage! Big enough for two people or three that were as slight as Anna.

She tried to resist but the wolf simply hefted her, threw her in, slammed the door shut and then tied the leash to the bars. "Haven't had a deer-suit for the last three months. I wonder just how well you'll sell." the wolf said with a grin as pushed a button in the vehicle's wall and let the trunk close itself.

Despite all the panic, that penultimate statement gave Anna some hope. If she was the only 'deer-suit' she'd be easily identified. The sliced clothes, the opened box in the attic, there were plenty of clues. However... she also realised with one dreadful, treacherous thought. It sounded from his words that her precious, innocent grandparents might have hidden a terrible secret. And if that were true, would they even try to stage a rescue or clear up the misunderstanding, or abandon the girl to preserve their secrets...