

Welcome Home Overalls

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Commission done for Bigmanfan

The gravel road crinkled under Katie Smith's tires, her car occasionally shaking as it went over a low dent in the ground. She'd have to talk to her parents about evening out the road up to their home a bit more.

For now, the young woman reached her destination, parking as close as she could to the patio to take up as little room as possible. She turned the key and leaned further back into the front seat some more. *Welcome home, me.*

It had been a long semester. No, it had been a long year. Katie hadn't been home to the family farm in almost a year. She had been planning on coming during winter break, but things ended up getting in the way. She ended up remaining at her dorm for the break.

She looked around from where she sat. The place seemed mostly the same, her beloved, earthy home. She loved the farm. Most people might not if they grew up on one, probably trying to spend their lives getting away from it. For her, she had so many good memories from helping out her dad and the workers to playing with her sisters. The place meant a lot.

It was why she went to that college a few counties over. She was studying agricultural sciences and the works. She wanted to give back to her home, contribute in a way that went beyond physical labor and a can-do spirit. She wanted to bring what she learned this summer.

You guys are gonna love what I have planned.

Katie rolled her shoulders and let out a yawn. She glanced around again. *Awfully quiet.*

She stepped out onto the gravel, dusty lawn. She had been sitting there for a minute or two, but no one came out of the house to greet her. She didn't hear any noise or machinery going. Looking around, she didn't even see any other cars or vehicles now that she thought of it.

Things were empty. It was eerie. No family, no one. They knew what time she would approximately be arriving, so she expected someone to be waiting for her, like maybe hanging out on the porch swing.

Now that she was out of the car, she also realized things weren't exactly the same either. Getting a better look, the barns and other structures had a fresh, new look to them, either painted over or perhaps rebuilt. The fields, well, they were vast. They seemed wider, stretching further

out into the distance. The plants were looking different too, but given how far they were from her, perhaps she was imagining that.

Either way, there was a new, different feeling in the air besides emptiness. The family farm wasn't the biggest profit maker in the world, especially compared to the corporate-owned farms in the area. Sure, people bought their corn (it is a popular crop), but they didn't make nearly enough money to afford all of this or the new land.

Things were weird, confusing even. Maybe she was just being paranoid given the lack of a welcome wagon. If she could just find someone, she could get some answers.

The best place to start was her home. She headed on inside, finding the door already unlocked. The power and lights were on, the overhead fan in the den running. People have been there recently.

“Hello? I'm here! Beloved college daughter, hey!” Yet, there was no answer to her call.

Katie peered around the den before walking across the hall to the dining room. There was no one around either.

Yet, something did catch her eye on the table. Neatly folded up with a red bow on top was a pair of blue overalls. They looked used, already having some dirt and wear on them.

Beside the bow, also on top of the overalls, was a white note. She took it and gave it a read. *Hey sweetie, it's your mom! We're all busy in the fields right now! We'll be out for a while, so you shouldn't wait. Put on those overalls and come outside when you read this! We'll see you soon! Love you!*

PS: The overalls are non-negotiable. It's part of the new uniform. Everyone has to wear them, including family.

Katie placed the note down, the most baffling, confused look she ever made on her face. *Come outside now?* She looked at the clothing. *Wear these? But I...*

The young woman was going to be helping around the farm, she had planned on it. However, she couldn't help but feel they expected her to get to it as soon as she got there. Put the overalls on, meet them out there, and since she was already dressed, hop to it!

She wasn't a fan of that. She was hoping to spend the day at least doing a little catch-up.

Plus, those overalls? She didn't need to put her face close to smell them. There was an unpleasant odor radiating off of them. It was a mixture of musk and sweat.

Farm clothing got dirty and smelly all the time. Years of experience taught her that. However, her parents could've at least washed them before laying them out for her!

Katie took one last look at the note before looking at the overalls. *Well, it's not like it'll hurt. Just wear them for a little bit, see if I can skip out on work for just today, come back, and wash them myself.*

She tossed the paper onto the table and took the clothing. The smell was a lot, but she did her best to push through it and put them on. They were fairly big and baggy, giving her no difficulty at all thankfully. She didn't even need to remove her shoes!

Thinking about it, that was another weird thing. Did her parents think she got big while she was in the city or something? Was this the only size available for her?

Still, they would work for now. Why should she complain about the smaller of the two issues with the overalls?

Okay, fields we go! Katie headed for the backdoor, leaving the dining room through the kitchen. As she walked, her legs suddenly cramped up and stiffened. She huffed, stopping and giving them a good shake. *Probably was driving too long...*

As she shook, there were some light, almost inaudible pops. Her legs, her body, they all grew, stretching ever so subtly. She reached over six feet/almost two meters tall. She didn't notice a thing, her legs eventually relaxing and feeling normal.

She continued strolling through the kitchen, eyes on the back door. Another odd feeling came over her: itchiness. The limited, trace amounts of body hair she had grew out thicker and darker. Then, more hair sprouted, climbing on her arms and legs then her chest and even her pits.

Just as she reached the backdoor, Katie stopped in place and groaned. *Mmumph, stupid overalls. Probably breaking out into a rash...*

She began to scratch, first at her arms and then at her chest. She sighed, the sensation rather pleasant and relieving. Her hands moved all over, even scratching below her tummy and under her pits. Those spots felt especially nice despite how crude it looked doing so.

She couldn't help but quiver, the feeling utterly blissful. Soaking it all in, she never felt the back part of her overalls split open. A boar tail slipped right out, falling limply against her bottom. It occasionally swished pleasantly.

After enough scratching, Katie felt relieved enough to continue. She stepped through the backdoor and down the old two-step stairs. She looked out, seeing the fields ahead. She couldn't see anyone, but perhaps they were further out on this far more vast farm.

Guess I'll start walking forward... She took a deep breath, breathing in through her nose. She soaked in the normal, dirt aroma of the farm. That was still the same at least.

However, she only did so for about a second. Her face cringed. The musky, sweaty scent from the overalls was flowing up into her face. It was more potent, stronger, burning now.

The reason was simple and unknown to her. Her sniffer was enhancing, widening, turning more upright to reveal her nostrils. It popped forward a little, twitching as it took in another sniff. The scent was so much all at once. Regular body odor, sweat, earthy smells, and other things that she couldn't describe quite.

It was too much at that moment. She started fumbling with the straps on the overalls, prepared to yank them off. Her teeth gritted, the bottom incisors throbbing. They began to grow and grow, pushing out of her maw and stained yellow. They were much like tusks.

However, as she futzed with her outfit, something shifted. Her nose breathed more of that scent in, widening and the front shifting into a slightly rounder shape. The smell began to feel... normal. It was so much and yet, the ugly, unpleasantness of it in her nose diminished, almost as if she had grown used to it in mere seconds.

Katie did not like it, but, in a way, it had grown on her. The smell wasn't bad. She couldn't exactly explain it, but it was... comfortable.

After a moment, Katie breathed in and relaxed, letting go of her overalls. Why take them off really? She could handle the smell for now. She'd just wash them later after all.

I'll wash them tomorrow or maybe the day after. The thought popped into her mind as she continued walking. Her brain naturally seemed to flow with it. *I mean, they'll just get dirty again. I could keep wearing them and get the most out of them before then.*

She continued along the dirt path towards the field, her mind swimming and continuing that train of thought. *Ya know, if I'm gonna be doing work today and right away tomorrow, I could probably skip a shower... or two.*

The thought tingled pleasantly. *Why waste time, right? Nothin' wrong with smelling a little dirty and like hard work.*

Katie breathed deeply in, sucking in that farm air and musky scent from her overalls. *It's all part of being on a farm.* Everything smelled stronger now, somehow. Those smells seemed to almost radiate off her too despite not even starting.

That might've given her thought if she didn't quiver so delightfully. She breathed more in. She had really come around on that smell. It was so pleasantly... pleasurable.

Her nether regions warmed, Katie tensing up and soaking it in. A goofy grin plastered her face briefly, eyes rolling back. *I don't... I don't get it...* Her eyes closed, breathing more in. *Why... why do I like this so much?*

Her body quaked, growing yet again. *It was so bad earlier, but... but yet...* She rose higher and higher, from seven to eight feet (2.1 to 2.4 meters) where she stopped. *I... I love it.*

Without even realizing it, her hand began to be drawn downward. It slowly fell further and further until it was hovering over her crotch. It almost pressed against it.

However, it stopped. *Wait, what am I doing?* Katie started bringing her hand up. *Getting all silly there. Don't know why-*

Her hand stopped again. This time, it hit something. It bumped up against something soft but dense, covered in denim.

Her eyes opened, and she looked down. Her stomach had bloated, filling her baggy overalls and pushing them out a little. Her hand had smacked against it.

She didn't have time to process that. Her mind was already taking in everything else as a wave of realization and shock flooded over her. Everything was so much bigger. The ground was farther away after climbing several feet in height. Her frame was heftier, thicker arms, legs, and more besides just her gut.

All of that extra weight did a lot on her clothing. It was all tight, clinging and stretching over her layer of fat. Even her shoes felt really pinchy, if in the toecaps.

The only exception was her overalls. While they certainly filled out the gut area, they felt perfectly snug and comfortable on her otherwise.

Holy crap! Katie rapidly looked everywhere all over her form. *What happened to me?!* Everything felt so heavy and pudgy on every part of her, like several weights had been attached. The feeling wasn't helped by her arms and legs swelling again, this time before her eyes.

What's happening to- “Ooooooooooh!” A sharp, pleasant feeling struck her then, throbbing below in her loins. It felt so very, very good, distracting her from her panic.

Without that panic, Katie could relax enough to look at her arms more closely. That swelling wasn't just fat alone. Her muscles were bulking up, tendons and bones strengthening to where her limbs were a half a size thicker. Her poor sleeves were struggling to hold them back, fabric looking like it was on the verge of shredding.

Her heart raced like crazy. She shouldn't but she does. One hand reached for the other arm, gently gripping and caressing it. She could feel the muscle, the pure strength of it. She never felt so powerful before.

It... wasn't too bad all things considered. It scared her a little, but more of her than she expected loved it, craved it even.

And with that love came heat. Down below in her crotch, flames ignited and caused her to break out into shakes. Everything felt so tingly, extra sensitive but pleasing too. It was hard to think, hard to focus.

Why... She panted heavily. *Why is this happening? Why do I look so bi-* “My boobs!” Her breasts, fairly sizable on her formerly modest, small frame, began to shrink. Not all the way but dropping a little in size and then shape, sagging a little. With how much her shirt hugged her, it was clear she now had moobs.

Ooooooh man! Not my tits! That made her cringe. That was far more profane than what she was used to.

Yet, it didn't sound too wrong either.

She liked her “tits”, having the biggest in her family. Without realizing or even hesitating, she reached up and groped them. *Damn... mmmrumph, those feel nice.*

As she groped, something else caught her attention. Her shirt felt rather itchy, something rough beneath it. Looking closely, she could see dark hairs sticking out of her collar and through its fabric. Stretching her collar down, she got a face full of thick chest hair.

It wasn't the only body hair either. All across her, her body hair was growing thicker and denser, from her arms to her legs to even around her crotch. If she was nude, it would stand out as a thick mess, even amongst the other, shorter brown hairs that were covering her.

What's up with my chest? Katie frowned, scratching at the side of her face. *So much weight and now this me... what?* Her fingers brushed along her cheeks, feeling hairs there as well. However, they were more densely packed together and scratchier.

This she had to see. She reached into one of the pockets of the overalls and pulled out her phone. She opened the camera and aimed it at her, making sure it was set for a selfie. Her reflection looked back.

Her visage was far different now. Her tusks and enlarged nose were the first things that stood out, her face looking beastly with them. There were her eyebrows, thick and unkempt, her brow almost seeming pushed out and making them bigger.

Yet, despite it all, it wasn't what she focused on. It was the beard she had grown. Compared to the rest of the unkempt mess she was becoming, that was neatly trimmed and taken care of. Still bristly and covering all of her lower jaw, the earthy brown facial hair still seemed to fit her perfectly.

The thought of that upset her. The beard should be so wrong on her. It was for a big, burly man... which she was seemingly becoming unfortunately.

Big... burly... guy... She ran her hand across her face, taking in that roughish texture and feel as she studied it in her phone. The longer she did that, the more a shift occurred, much like that smell. Her beard was rough, but... it was also pleasant, nice, and- *Manly...*

Katie quaked, the heat of her crotch pulsing. That word had a lot of power to it.

So... what now? Katie gulped. *What's gonna happen now?*

She didn't have long to wait. The hair bun she had tied her long red locks into came undone. It fell down her back before bouncing right back up, shrinking to a pixie cut. The color darkened, shifting the brown of her beard, some of its style also messy.

I brought that on myself. She let out a long sigh. *Well... it at least fits the beard and looks nice.* There she went, thinking those unpleasant thoughts. Unpleasant thoughts that she was growing to agree with more and more.

“Ooooooh man...” Katie moaned, so many emotions and thoughts swirling around in her and making her feel off, “What... what am I gonna fuc- frickin’ do about thiiiiiiiOOOOOO!”

That moan shifted in a huge, long, heavy cry. An intense burst of pleasure hit her like never before. Her crotch throbbed, swelling and pushing out. A bulge appeared in her overalls, something beneath rubbing gently against it.

Oh fuck me, that feels good. Katie snorted, panting heavily. Her free hand drifted down to the spot. *Why does it feel so good?*

Her hand pressed against the bump and then groped. Shivers broke out into trembles, legs feeling jittery as excitement pulsed through. She certainly didn't dislike that feeling.

She continued to quiver the more she prodded her bulge. Her body grew taller and taller, pushing her to over a story tall. The ground looked so far away. She didn't dislike that either.

Katie couldn't stop herself nor did she want to, continuing to massage her bulge. Even when her shoes got so tight and uncomfortable, she didn't stop. Even when two toed hooven boar feet burst through the toecaps and shredded the rest of her shoes, she didn't stop. Even noticing the wreckage didn't make her stop, only taking the time to kick the parts away.

She did notice her feet, now barefoot, rubbing themselves into the dirt. The feel of soil between her hoof toes was pretty nice. It felt almost natural, like she was meant to walk with them without silly things like shoes getting in the way.

At this moment, she finally had a bit of clarity. She was rapidly changing now, everything surging faster and faster. It made her nervous, but only just a smidgen. She was liking it more and more. It was hard to think about anything else but wanting to continue. She wanted to get bigger, stronger, manlier. It was incredible.

Her frame grew again, swelling and stretching out her clothing. It was difficult to move around with how it all clung so tightly to her. She needed out of it now!

With a huff, Katie began to purposefully bend, flex, twist, and push parts of herself out in all directions, fighting the constriction of her clothes. Eventually, her plans work. Sleeves and pants legs tore along the sides. Her collar broke and the chest area split down the middle. Ripping and shredding filled the air.

The sounds were like music to her ears, making her bulge throb more. Her ears twitched, growing longer and pulling into dirty brown boar ears.

More and more of her clothing fell away with the bending and along with another round of growth, her figure filling more with fat and muscle. Soon, the only thing she was wearing was

her overalls, even her bra and underwear breaking at some point. She didn't mind it. She felt more free and able to move in the denim clothes.

Plus, she liked all the added bonuses. Her fat, buff body was far more visible and hanging out, showing its thick, hairy figure in all of its glory. The feel of denim against that big body was electrifying, making her tremble more.

Especially when it came below. Denim rubbing against her crotch and whatever else was there was close to making her blow.

She took a deep breath, and her eyes went cross. Her natural musk was stronger than ever and mixed with how much she was sweating, it sent her spinning. The aroma was incredible, better than ever despite how much it was screwing up her head. Why was she ever so down on it before?

Katie shook her head and took a heavy snort, one more powerful than ever, that sent her up several more feet. Her nose pushed forward into a thick boar nose, brown fur erupting down its shaft. It only enhanced the fumes.

The “woman” snorted gruffly. “**Phew! That was good!**” She scratched at her face, fingers going through her thick beard. “**Fucking amazing!**”

Amazing was the perfect word in her head. Just taking herself in then, how could she think she was anything less? She was so thick, hefty, and powerful. *I could probably plow an entire field by myself with these guns!*

Heheh. She smirked, chuckling devilishly as she looked down at a certain spot. *Could probably plow something else with this bad boy.* For a moment, there was weak resistance, a part of her that said that lewdness was unbecoming and not her.

But then, she grabbed and groped the big bulge and stopped caring. She moaned gruffly, feeling that bump throb and swell in her mitts. It pushed further out and expanded, far more noticeable in her overalls than before.

She could feel it, sense without needing to see it. It was triple the size of her fist. The rod was fully erect and pulsating. She could feel a little bit of dampness at the tip of it.

It only egged her on, making her grope and rub it more. In return, she ballooned. Her ass fattened into a wide, flabby behind that imprinted perfectly in her denim. Her pudgy tummy thrust forward, bloating into a large gut. It stretched her overalls out considerably, making it difficult to see her feet.

As her moobs swelled, her nipples darker and wider, Katie crawled higher and higher. Eventually, she finally realized the height. She was over two stories tall, her overalls still fitting! She could see far and wide, off into the distance and down the fields.

Maybe she... he could've seen his family if they were still on his mind. They were not though. His mind was all on his crotch. He let out a gruff snort as brown fur completely engulfed him from top to bottom, reaching down with both hands for the zipper on the front. He dropped his phone at some point, not that he could really hold it.

Down went the zipper and out came the equipment. A large pig cock popped out, firm and pink, throbbing and dripping pre. Heavy, huge balls came out, churning and filling it. The sight was one of beauty and pride.

So fucking huge! Katie grabbed his junk with both hands, gripping and pumping it. ***Fuck YES!*** He let out a bestial snort, his face pushing forward and forming that swine muzzle. With it, the last of his old self was gone.

Despite that, he still grew once more. His frame somehow became even wider and denser. His arms and legs had to be, at minimum, four times thicker than they once were. His gut and chest protruded out, both dense and squishy with no chance of seeing his hooves for sure. He loved it all. How could he not?

Through it all, his overalls hung in, having somehow grown to keep up with him. However, they had grown only so much, clinging tightly to his body and highlighting its manly physique. The straps in front especially dug into his moobs, rubbing up against his nips.

He only felt hornier and hornier. ***I fucking love this!*** Katie snorted, grinning madly as he pumped and pumped. ***This body is fucking awesome. So big, so powerful! Everything I never was and should've been! It's mine, all mine!!***

“FUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!” His cock couldn't hold back any longer. He blew his load, spraying the ground several yards ahead of him. He loved every second of it.

After what felt like a full minute, his cock ran dry and went limp. His balls shrunk, still big but not as big. Katie felt weak in the knees and then the legs. Eventually, he plopped onto the ground with a mighty thud, falling onto his back panting soon after.

Ph-phew! He breathed heavily, his voice so thick. ***That f-felt great! I... I feel so... fuck!*** His eyes started to close, ready to bask in that wonderful afterglow.

Some heavy chuckles all around him would not let him. **“Hey, son. Seems like you found the gift I left out.”**

“And he's definitely enjoyed the everlasting shit out of it!”

Katie's eyes went wide, blinking several times. There were four boar men surrounding him, looking down with hearty, sleazy grins. They were just as tall and burly as him, even wearing the same overalls and nothing more.

Something about them felt familiar, but he couldn't place it right away. He slowly sat up and looked between them all. **“Who the fuck are you assholes?”**

They chuckle some more, not put off at all by the insult. **“Welcome home, Katie!”** one of them said, **“Hope you're not planning on laying on your back the entire time. That shit ain't gonna fly when you got to help us get shit done around here.”**

That made it click for Katie. **“Mom, dad, Jen, Carla?!”** She looked between all four burly boars, unable to differentiate who was who. They all nodded with glee, happy that he finally got it. **“Shit, you guys look amazing!”**

“Damn straight we do!” Two of the boar men moved closer, nuzzling and kissing each other. Katie assumed that had to be his parents. He may be crass and lewd, but anything else would've grossed him out. **“You look ‘mazin’ too!”**

“Damn straight!” Katie slowly got to his feet and stretched. He loved how his body jiggled and shook when he stretched. **“So, da fuck happened to all of you?”**

“Well, first, put your dick away, bro! Hard to hear you with that distracting sausage hanging out loud and proud!” one of the other boars said.

Katie chuckled. **“Right right!”** He stuffed his junk back in and zipped up his zipper. His bulge was still fairly prominent with how large it was. **“Family don't want to see that shit.”**

“Not that we haven't seen a lot of pig cock lately,” one of the couple said with a laugh.

The other of the two nodded and started explaining. **“So, gettin’ to the point, the farm's been doing jack for the past few years. Got so bad we were thinking of selling some land to one of the nearby farms. Then, this shady benefactor shows up with a shit ton of money, saying he wants us to grow one of his special hybrid crops he designed. He didn't trust**

some corporate-run farm to handle it and was willing to fund our home for next few years.”

“Sounds suspicious as fuck,” Katie said.

“Sure was, but we were desperate. The pay was good. The crops we ended up growing were plants that could be used in clothing making. In particular, for the denim we're wearing. They grow fast and are easy to harvest. Hell, as a bonus, the guy set us up with our own overalls made from the material.”

“And thus we look like this?” Katie asked, trying to process what sounds like nonsense.

“Apparently,” the “mom” boar gruffly spoke, “There was some kind of natural secretion, enzyme, or whatever shit in the clothing that would boost da wearer's strength, focus, and stamina. Turns out dat shit really meant making us into some country-ified, brash, overly large, easily horny boars!”

Katie listened and nodded. It was hard to believe, but it had to be the truth. After all, there sure as hell weren't any humans around wearing those overalls.

“We were shocked as goddamn hell at first!” one of the “sister” boars stated. He smirked and flexed an arm. “But we grew to love it after a while. Just good that we didn't break anything when we were growing. Hate ta mess up the house.”

“The guy promises to fix the macro size thing and get us some new overalls for later,” the first boar continued, “This way, we can still be these hunks of meat without all the extra height. Frankly, we don't mind that, but being able to fit in our damn house matters most.”

“Plus, if we can be on the smaller side, we can spend more time like this!” the “mom” smirked, groping one of his pecs. He pressed himself into the “dad” boar. “It's already spiced up our love life, though it might be fun to actually do it on a bed instead of in the dirt.”

“We've been getting a lot of admirers and attention from visitors too,” said one of the sibling boars, “Love to get it on with one of them, but dis size is a problem.”

Katie nodded, scratching his belly. “So, how do we change back?”

“Take off the overalls, and you'll start naturally shrinking once your body has been cut off from the denim.” That was good to hear for Katie. Though, for the time being, he certainly wasn't going to take them off. He was going to soak in these changes longer.

“Anyways, since you were coming back, we saved that pair for you, asshole.” A boar chuckled. **“You'll be helping us here with the harvest and heavy lifting. Plus, the benefactor wants to meet you too after we told ‘em about that fancy education you're getting. He may want you to assist him in his research personally.”**

That was a fun idea, one that could last beyond the summer. See if he could put his education and smarts, along with first-hand experience here, to good use in a way he wasn't expecting. Maybe he'd be able to spread this greatness to other people than just his family.

“So, nuff guff and talk,” a boar said, possibly the older brother (he'd have to check with everyone later about who was who), **“Katie, you ready to get to work as one of the bros ‘round here?”**

Katie snorted, a mixture of excitement and disgust striking him. **“Sure, but fucking please! I ain't Katie. Call me Karl!”**

The new boar grinned, satisfied with that name and, quite frankly, his entire situation. This would be a very fun, enlightening, horny summer.

THE END