



Weekend alone

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GIANTESS FAN

A WEEKEND ALONE 16

While Sarah reunites with her boyfriend, Brady recounts to Isaac the torments he has endured throughout the day, such as surviving an encounter inside the young woman's stomach.

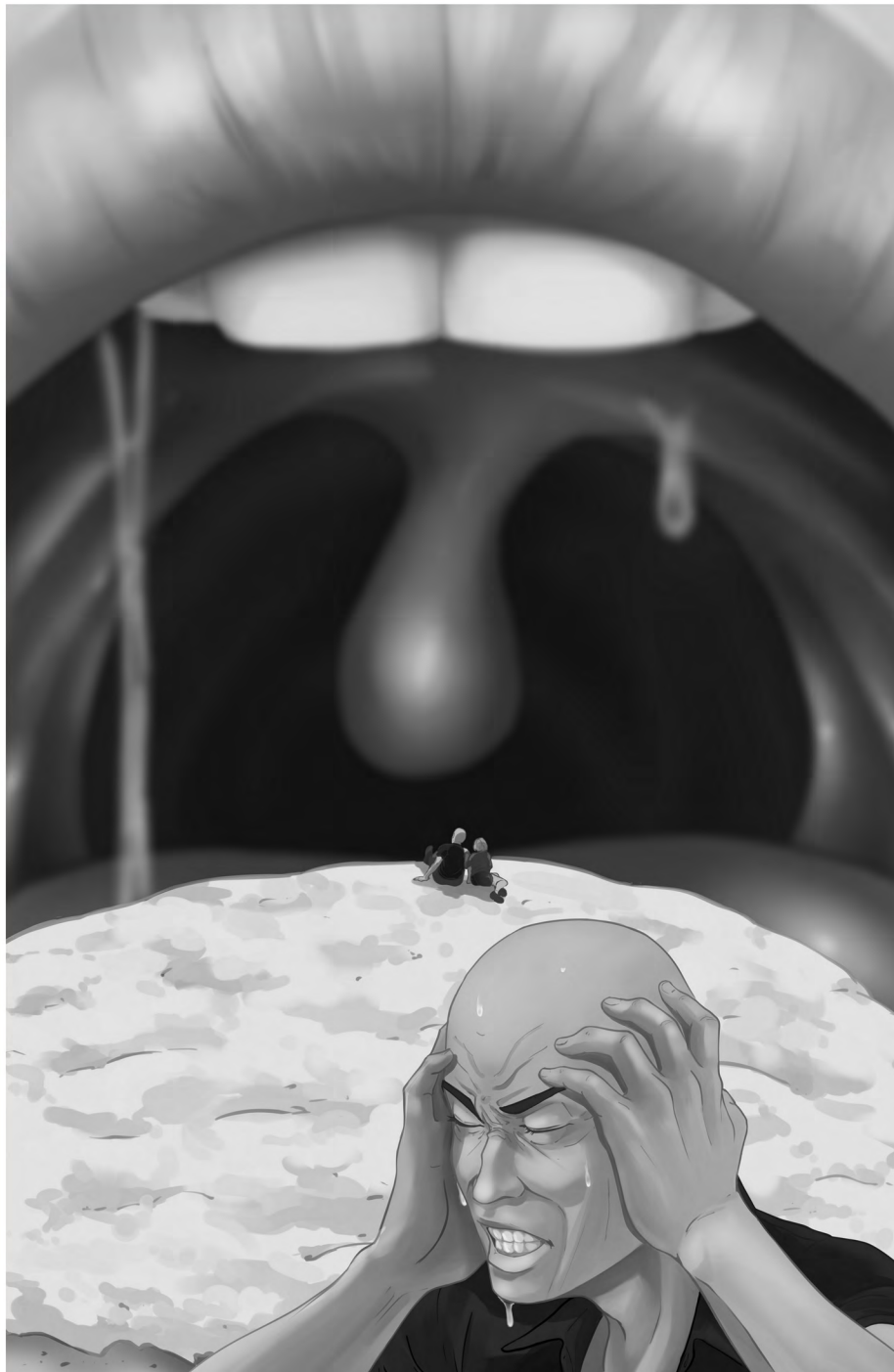
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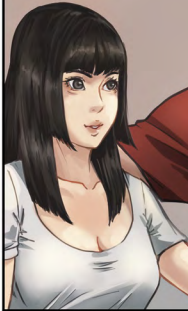


LAST TIME, **ROGER**, **RAYMOND**, AND **ELIZABETH** NARROWLY AVOIDED BEING CRUSHED UNDER **VALERIE BRADSON'S** CONSIDERABLE REAR END, WHILE **SARAH** AND **NEIL** MADE THEIR WAY INTO THE HOUSE TO ROUND UP ANY SHRUNKEN PEOPLE THAT THEY COULD FIND.

AT LONG LAST, OUR TINY FRIENDS HAVE FINALLY REUNITED!

YOU GUYS ARE OK? I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

NEITHER CAN I, SON! I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE STILL ALIVE!

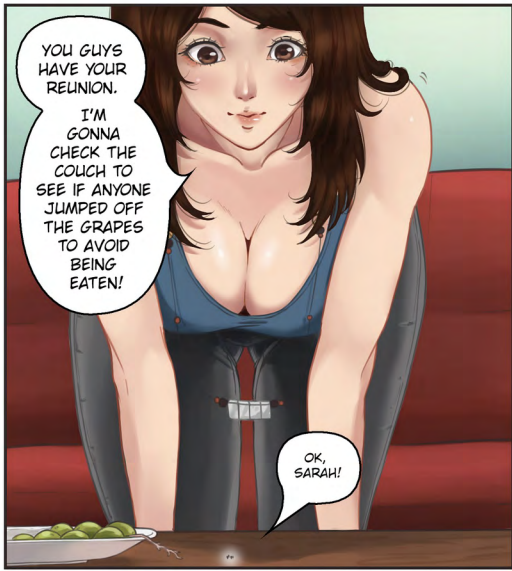


HOW DID YOU GUYS GET OUT OF MARY-JEAN?

SHE BURPED US OUT!

WE WERE TRYING TO CLIMB OUT OF HER STOMACH AND SOME SODA SHE DRANK CAUSED HER TO JET US RIGHT OUT.

WHOA... SOUNDS... GROSS.



YOU GUYS HAVE YOUR RELIION.
I'M GONNA CHECK THE COUCH TO SEE IF ANYONE JUMPED OFF THE GRAPES TO AVOID BEING EATEN!

OK, SARAH!



SOUNDS LIKE YOU GUYS WENT THROUGH A LOT.

YOU BET!
AND RIGHT AFTER WE GOT OUT, WE SOMEHOW LANDED ON VALERIE BRADSON'S BUTT!

AND SHE ALMOST SAT ON US! WE WOULD HAVE BEEN DOOMED!

YEEEEEAH, I'VE BEEN SAT ON BY PRETTY MUCH EVERYONE TODAY, RAYMOND.

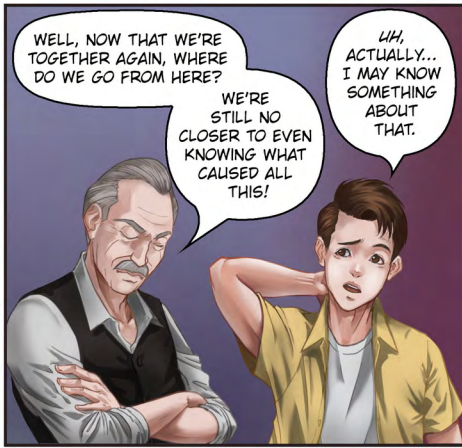


HELL, I'VE BEEN SAT ON BY THAT BIG BUBBLE UP THERE AT LEAST THREE TIMES!

OOO, OUCH! HOW DID YOU SURVIVE!??

GOOD QUESTION.

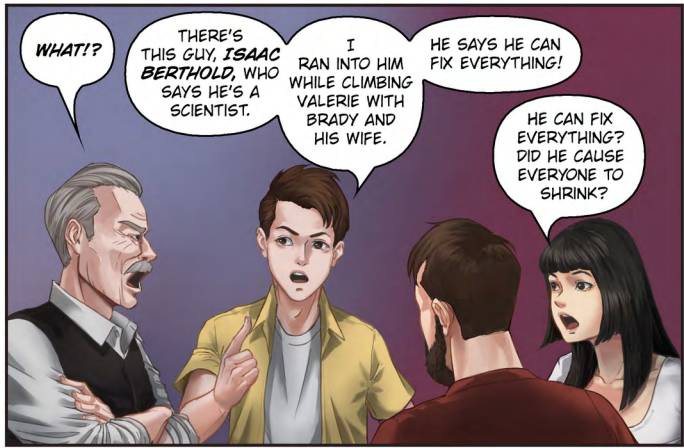




WELL, NOW THAT WE'RE TOGETHER AGAIN, WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

WE'RE STILL NO CLOSER TO EVEN KNOWING WHAT CAUSED ALL THIS!

UH, ACTUALLY... I MAY KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THAT.



WHAT!?

THERE'S THIS GUY, **ISAAC BERTHOLD**, WHO SAYS HE'S A SCIENTIST.

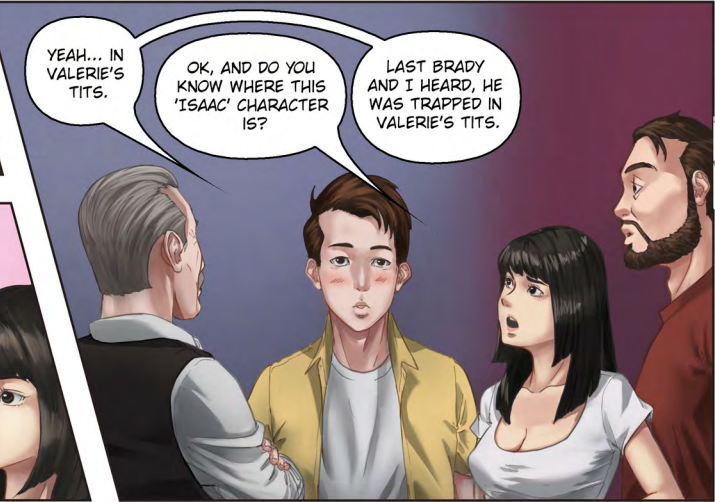
I RAN INTO HIM WHILE CLIMBING VALERIE WITH BRADY AND HIS WIFE.

HE SAYS HE CAN FIX EVERYTHING!

HE CAN FIX EVERYTHING? DID HE CAUSE EVERYONE TO SHRINK?



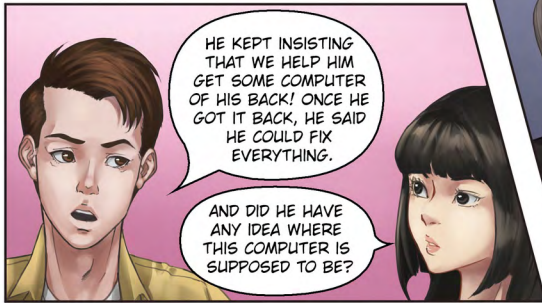
I DON'T KNOW! HE WOULDN'T REALLY TALK ABOUT IT.



YEAH... IN VALERIE'S TITS.

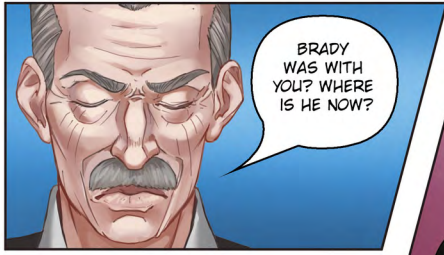
OK, AND DO YOU KNOW WHERE THIS 'ISAAC' CHARACTER IS?

LAST BRADY AND I HEARD, HE WAS TRAPPED IN VALERIE'S TITS.

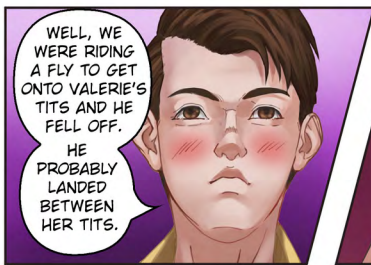


HE KEPT INSISTING THAT WE HELP HIM GET SOME COMPUTER OF HIS BACK! ONCE HE GOT IT BACK, HE SAID HE COULD FIX EVERYTHING.

AND DID HE HAVE ANY IDEA WHERE THIS COMPUTER IS SUPPOSED TO BE?

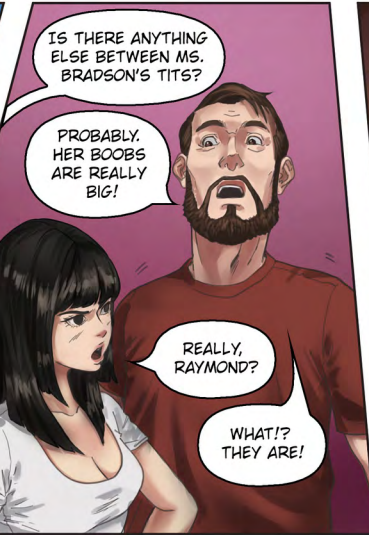


BRADY WAS WITH YOU? WHERE IS HE NOW?



WELL, WE WERE RIDING A FLY TO GET ONTO VALERIE'S TITS AND HE FELL OFF.

HE PROBABLY LANDED BETWEEN HER TITS.



IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE BETWEEN MS. BRADSON'S TITS?

PROBABLY. HER BOOBS ARE REALLY BIG!

REALLY, RAYMOND?

WHAT!? THEY ARE!




LOOK, THE BOTTOM LINE IS THIS:

A close-up illustration of a woman's upper body. She is wearing a blue button-down shirt that is unbuttoned at the top, revealing a yellow and white striped tube top. Her blonde hair is pulled back, and she is wearing glasses. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

"WE NEED TO GET THEM
OUT OF VALERIE'S TITS."

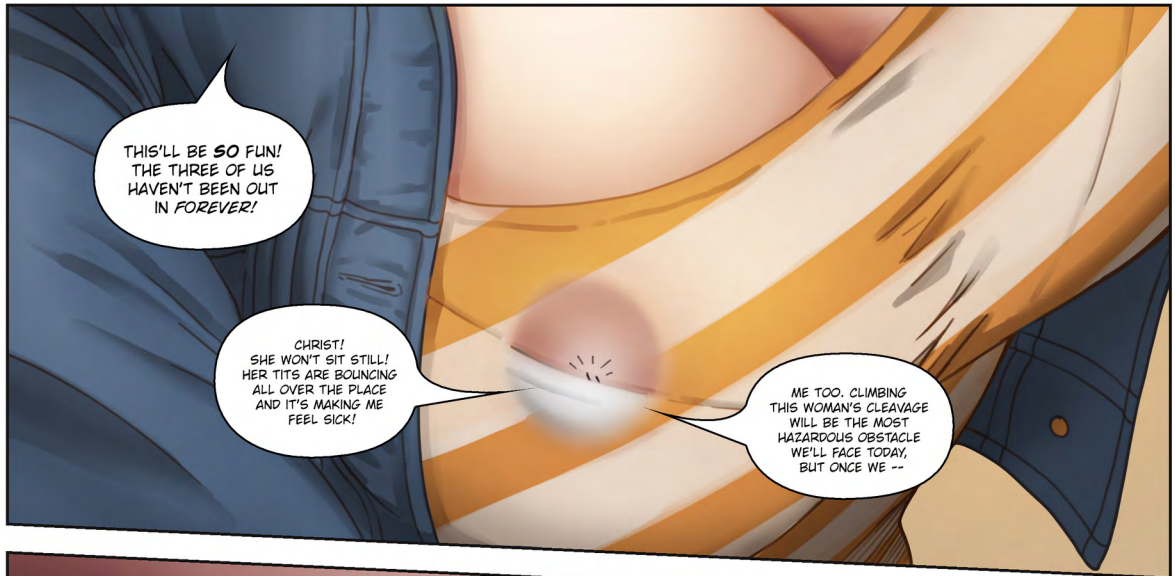
...AND
IT WON'T
EVEN TAKE HER
LONG TO GET
HERE!

SHE SAYS
SHE WAS
ACTUALLY ON
HER WAY TO
VISIT ME
ANYWAY!

A full-page illustration of a kitchen scene. On the left, a woman with long dark hair and bangs, wearing a red long-sleeved top and black leggings, is sitting on a wooden chair at a round wooden table. She is looking towards the right. On the right, a blonde woman with glasses, wearing a blue jacket over a yellow and white striped tube top and red patterned pants, is standing and talking on a red smartphone. In the background, there is a kitchen counter with a window. A person's face is visible through the window.

I GUESS
I CAN AT LEAST
GO WITH YOU
TWO. IT WOULD
BE NICE TO SEE
ARIEL.

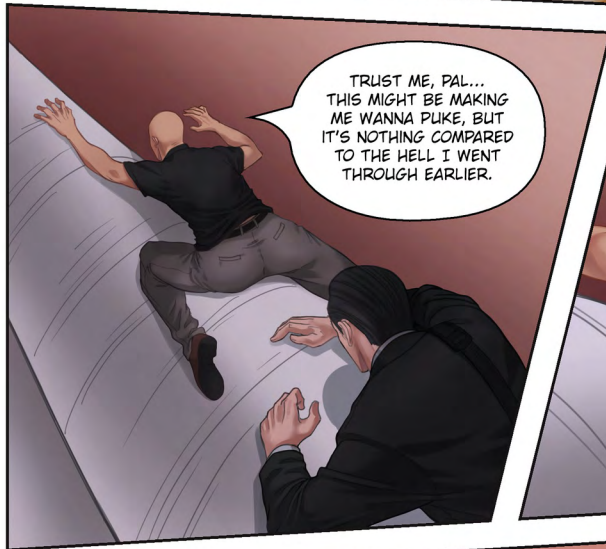
GREAT!
I'LL TEXT HER
AND LET HER
KNOW YOU'RE
COMING!



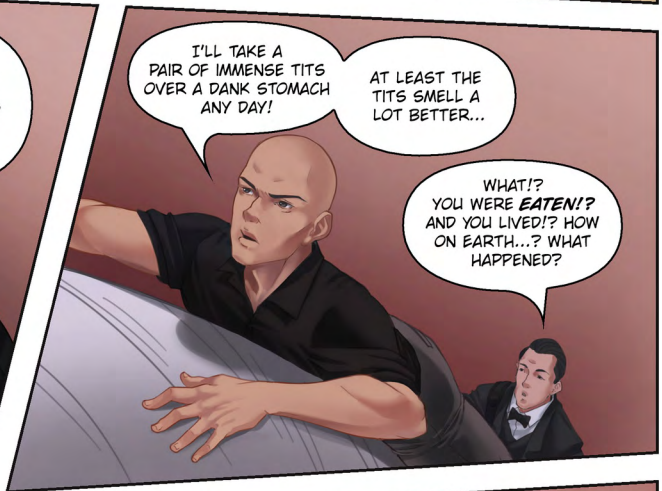
THIS'LL BE SO FUN!
THE THREE OF US
HAVEN'T BEEN OUT
IN FOREVER!

CHRIST!
SHE WON'T SIT STILL!
HER TITS ARE BOUNCING
ALL OVER THE PLACE
AND IT'S MAKING ME
FEEL SICK!

ME TOO. CLIMBING
THIS WOMAN'S CLEAVAGE
WILL BE THE MOST
HAZARDOUS OBSTACLE
WE'LL FACE TODAY,
BUT ONCE WE --



TRUST ME, PAL...
THIS MIGHT BE MAKING
ME WANNA PUKE, BUT
IT'S NOTHING COMPARED
TO THE HELL I WENT
THROUGH EARLIER.



I'LL TAKE A
PAIR OF IMMENSE TITS
OVER A DANK STOMACH
ANY DAY!

AT LEAST THE
TITS SMELL A
LOT BETTER...

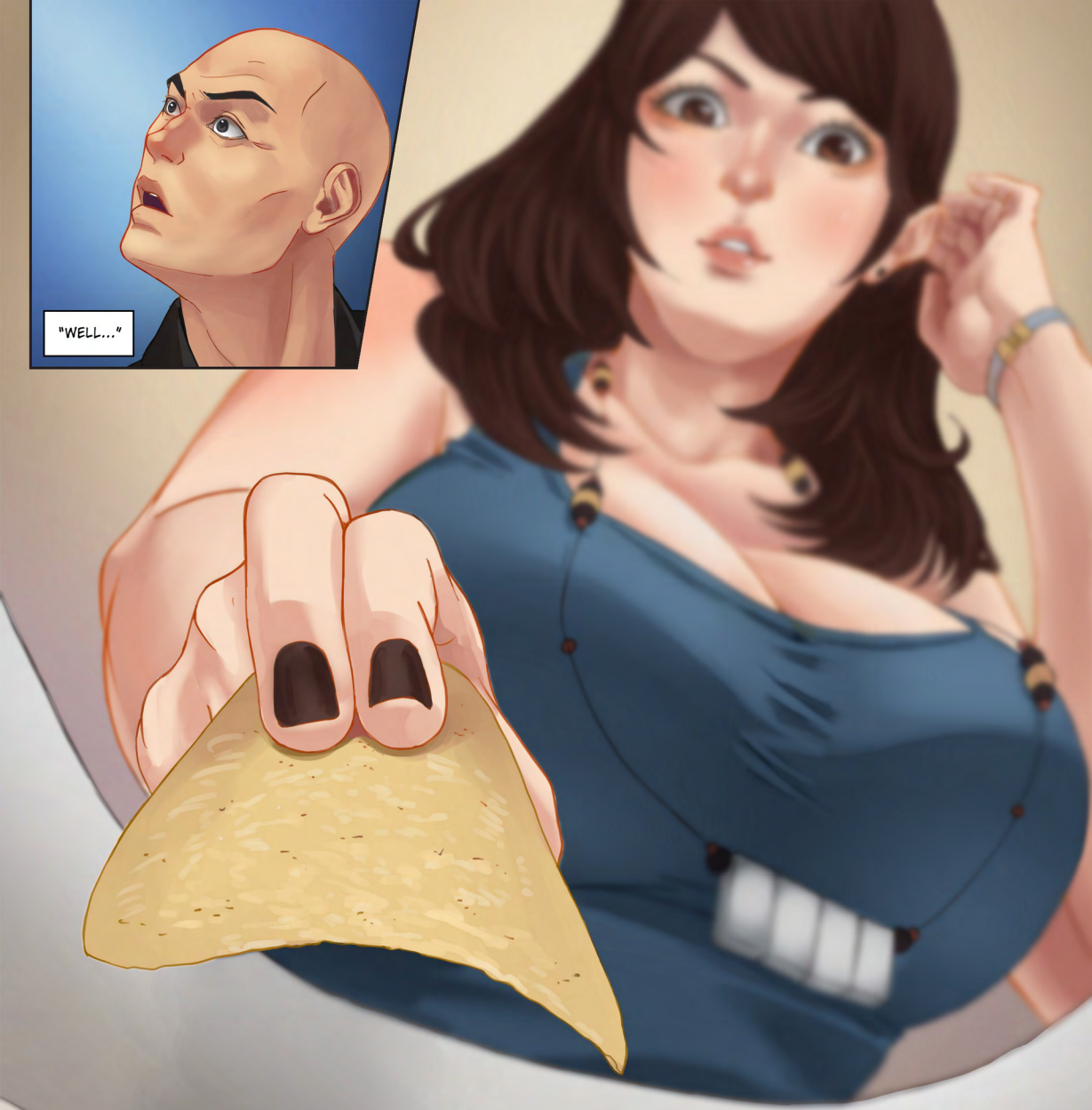
WHAT!?!
YOU WERE *EATEN!*?
AND YOU LIVED!? HOW
ON EARTH...? WHAT
HAPPENED?



I WAS WITH
A GROUP AND WE
WERE SEEKING
SHELTER. AND...



"WELL..."

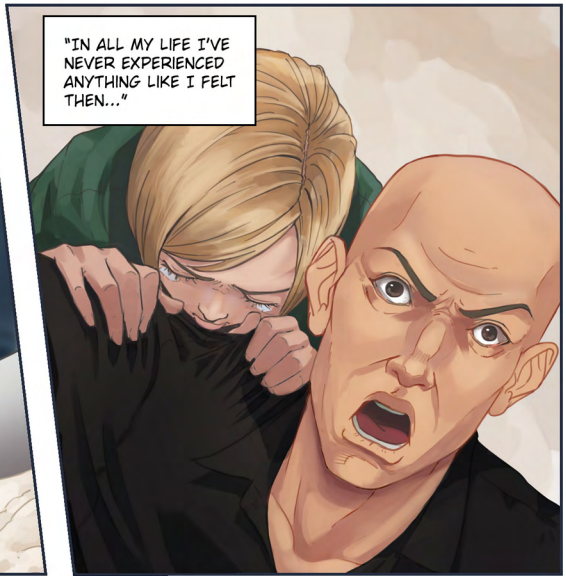


"LET'S JUST SAY WE SOMEHOW ENDED UP IN SOME GIRL'S SNACK."





"AND, AS MY SHITTY LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, SHE GOT SHELLY AND I FIRST."



"IN ALL MY LIFE I'VE NEVER EXPERIENCED ANYTHING LIKE I FELT THEN..."



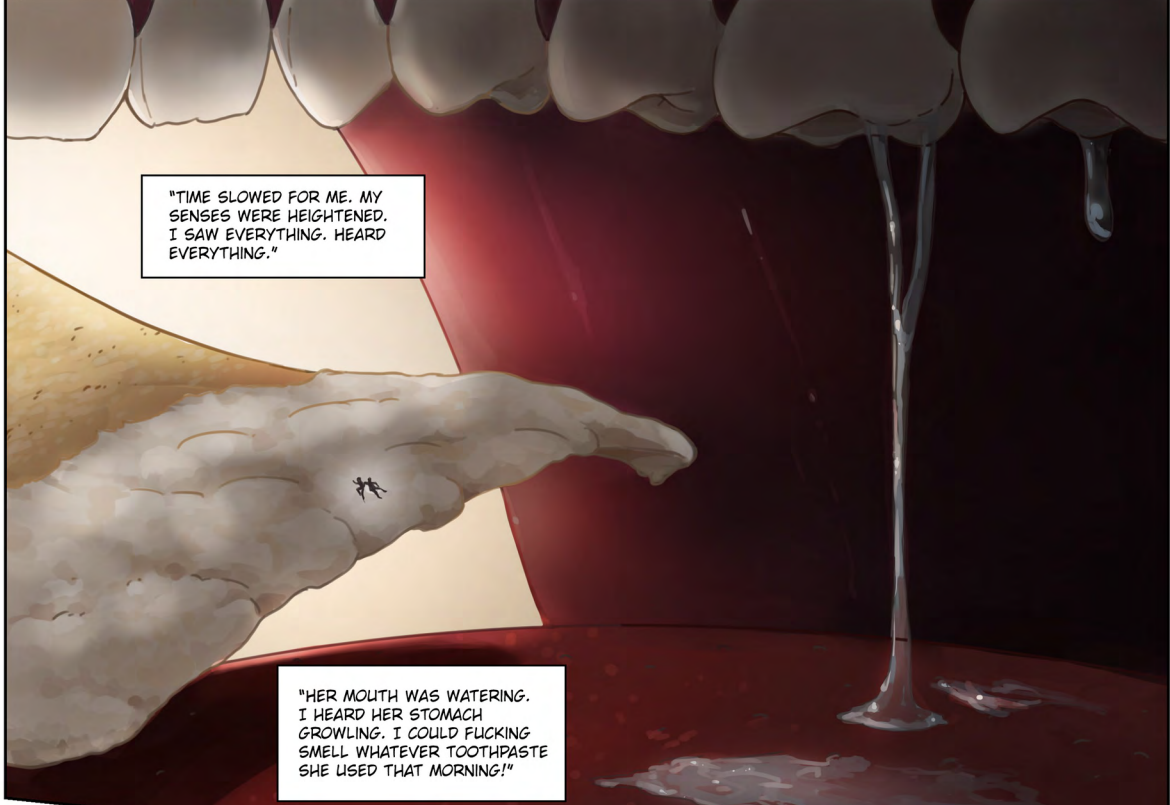
AAAAAAAAAH!

"I REALLY WAS ABOUT TO BE EATEN ALIVE!"

NOOOOOO!

A close-up of a person's mouth. The tongue is curled up, and a tiny black figure is on it. The background is a dark red, and a stream of saliva is dripping from the top right. A speech bubble is in the upper left.

"TIME SLOWED FOR ME. MY SENSES WERE HEIGHTENED. I SAW EVERYTHING. HEARD EVERYTHING."

A close-up of a person's mouth. The tongue is curled up, and a tiny black figure is on it. The background is a dark red, and a stream of saliva is dripping from the top right. A speech bubble is in the upper left.

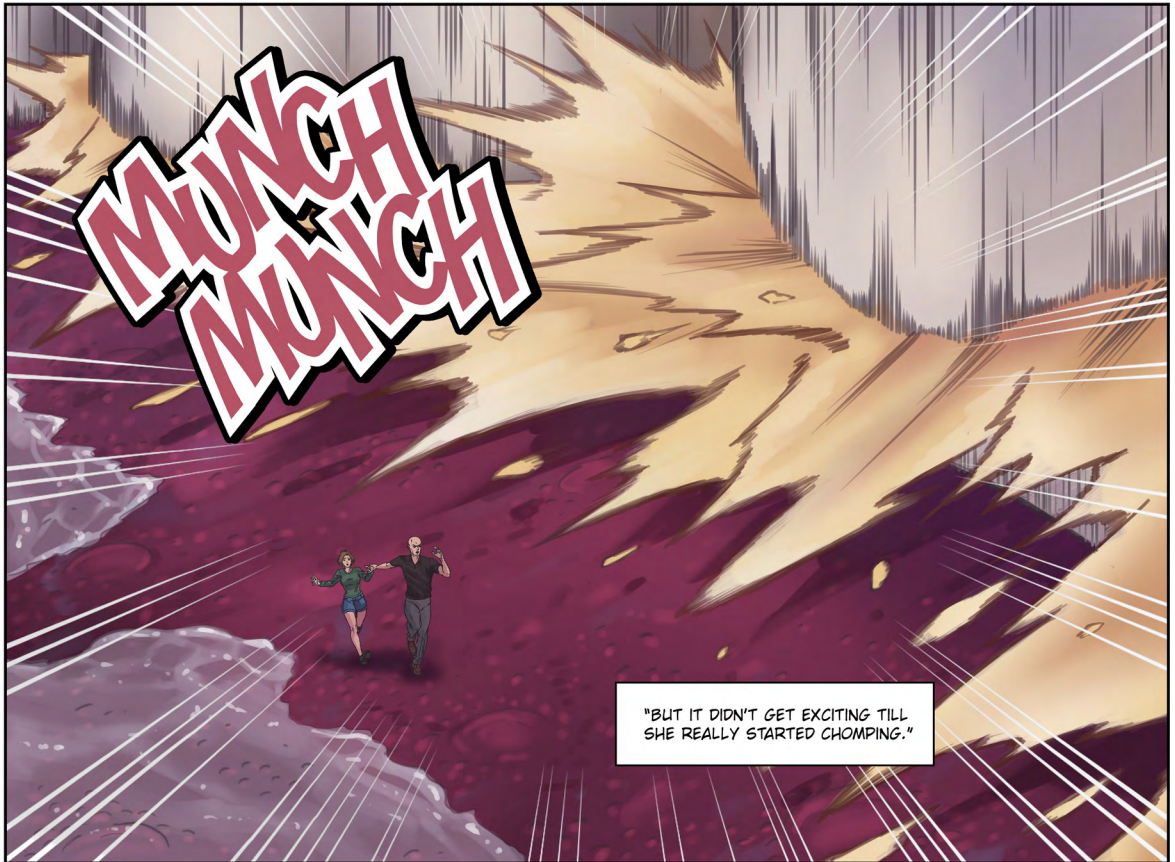
"HER MOUTH WAS WATERING. I HEARD HER STOMACH GROWLING. I COULD FUCKING SMELL WHATEVER TOOTHPASTE SHE USED THAT MORNING!"

A close-up of a person's mouth. The tongue is curled up, and a tiny black figure is on it. The background is a dark red, and a stream of saliva is dripping from the top right. A speech bubble is in the upper left. The word "CHOMP" is written in large, bold, white letters with a black outline, slanted upwards from left to right.

CHOMP



"WE SURVIVED GETTING CHOMPED, AND I EVEN HAD A MOMENT TO REALIZE THAT I WAS SMALL ENOUGH TO SIT ON THE GIRL'S DAMN TASTE BUDS."



"BUT IT DIDN'T GET EXCITING TILL SHE REALLY STARTED CHOMPING."

"I THOUGHT WHEN THAT WAVE GOT US,
WE WERE DONE. WE'D EITHER DROWN OR
GET CHEWED UP."

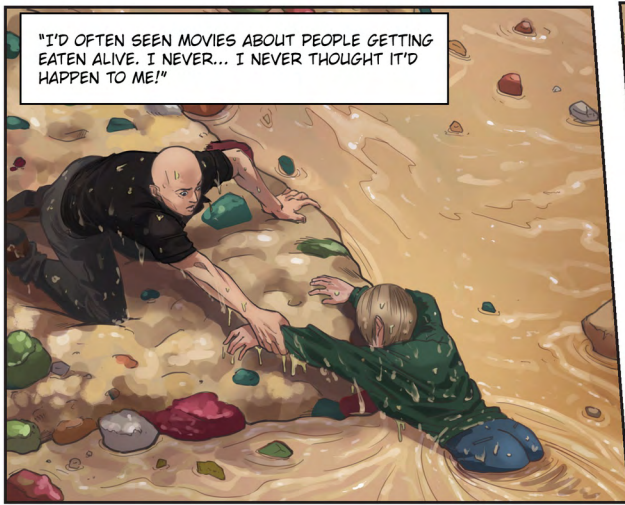
WOOSH

"BUT SOMEHOW, NEITHER HAPPENED.
IT WAS SO CHAOTIC... IT'S ALL A BLUR
TO ME. THE ONLY THING I REMEMBER
AFTER GETTING CAUGHT BY THE WAVE
WAS A LOUD "GULP!" AND THEN I KNEW
I WAS REALLY FUCKED..."

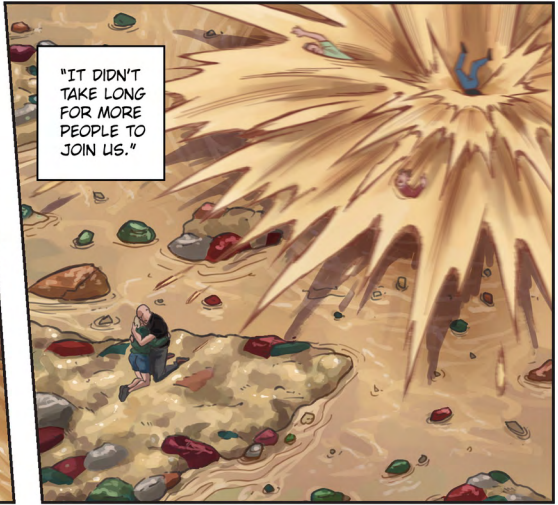
GULP

"...WE WERE HEADED RIGHT
FOR HER STOMACH!"

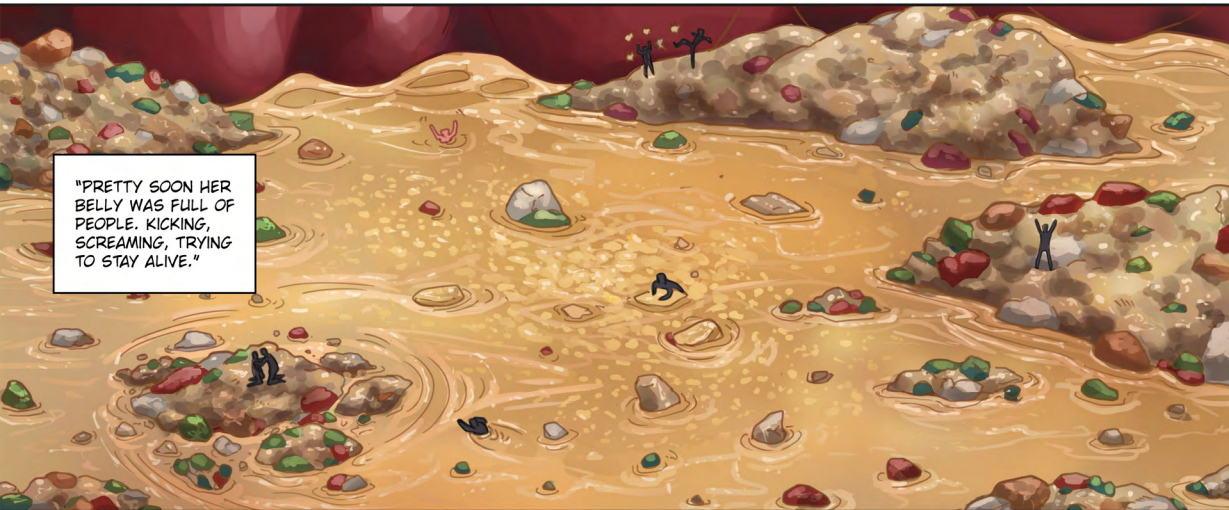
FWOOSH



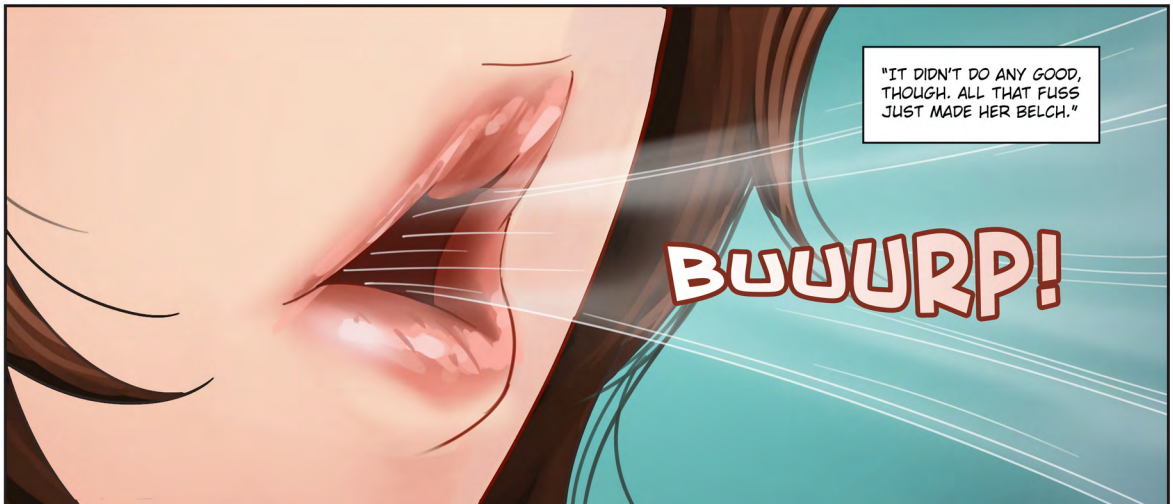
"I'D OFTEN SEEN MOVIES ABOUT PEOPLE GETTING EATEN ALIVE. I NEVER... I NEVER THOUGHT IT'D HAPPEN TO ME!"



"IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR MORE PEOPLE TO JOIN US."

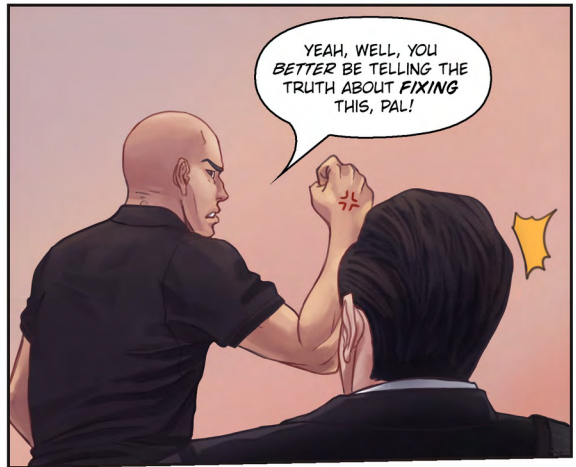
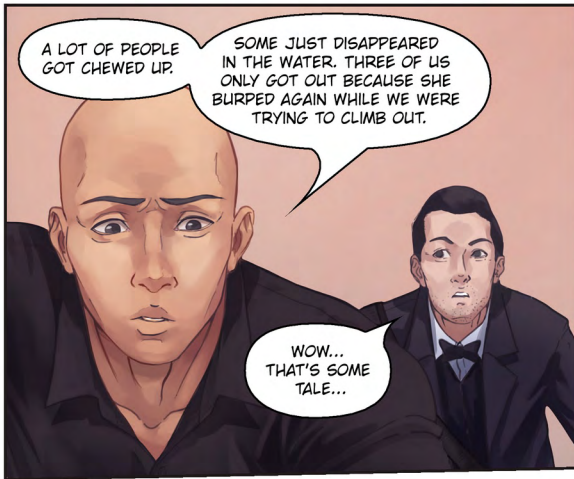


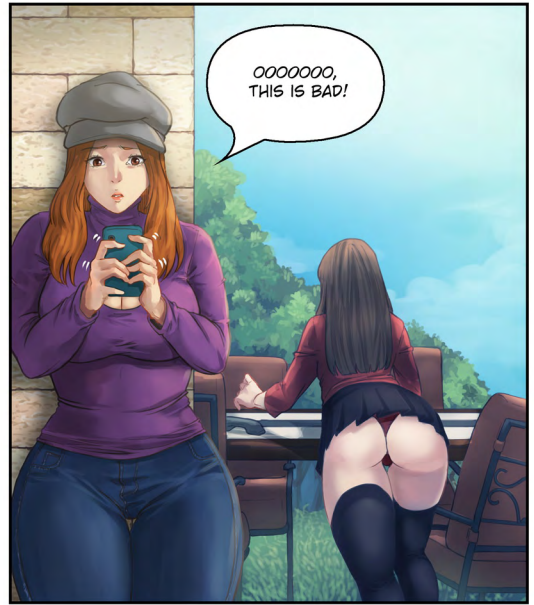
"PRETTY SOON HER BELLY WAS FULL OF PEOPLE. KICKING, SCREAMING, TRYING TO STAY ALIVE."

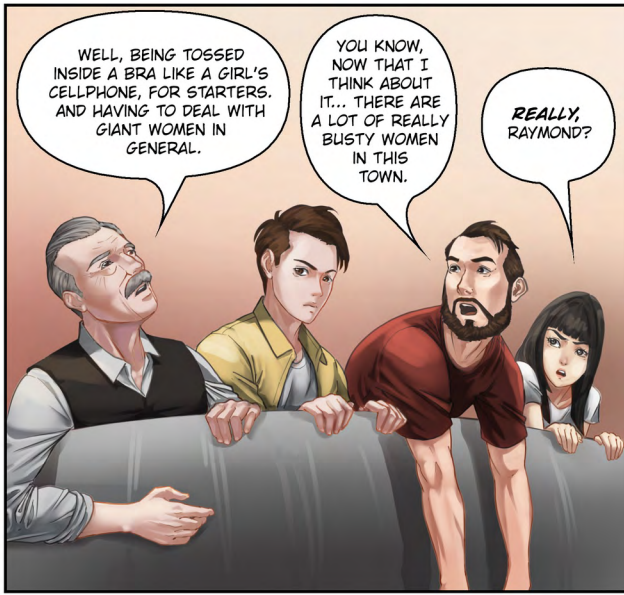


"IT DIDN'T DO ANY GOOD, THOUGH. ALL THAT FUSS JUST MADE HER BELCH."

BUURP!



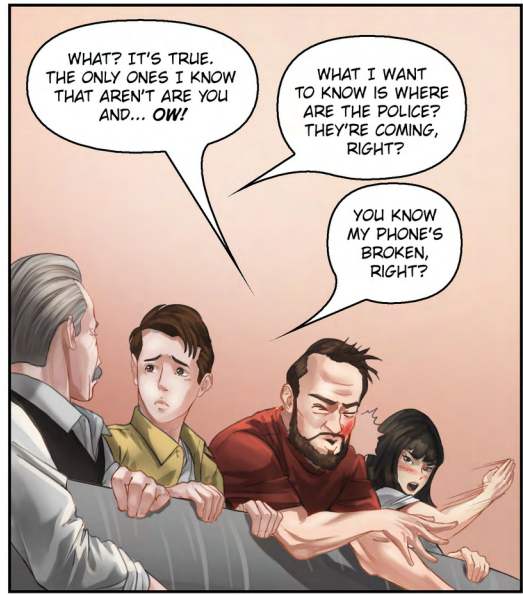




WELL, BEING TOSSED INSIDE A BRA LIKE A GIRL'S CELLPHONE, FOR STARTERS. AND HAVING TO DEAL WITH GIANT WOMEN IN GENERAL.

YOU KNOW, NOW THAT I THINK ABOUT IT... THERE ARE A LOT OF REALLY BUSTY WOMEN IN THIS TOWN.

REALLY, RAYMOND?



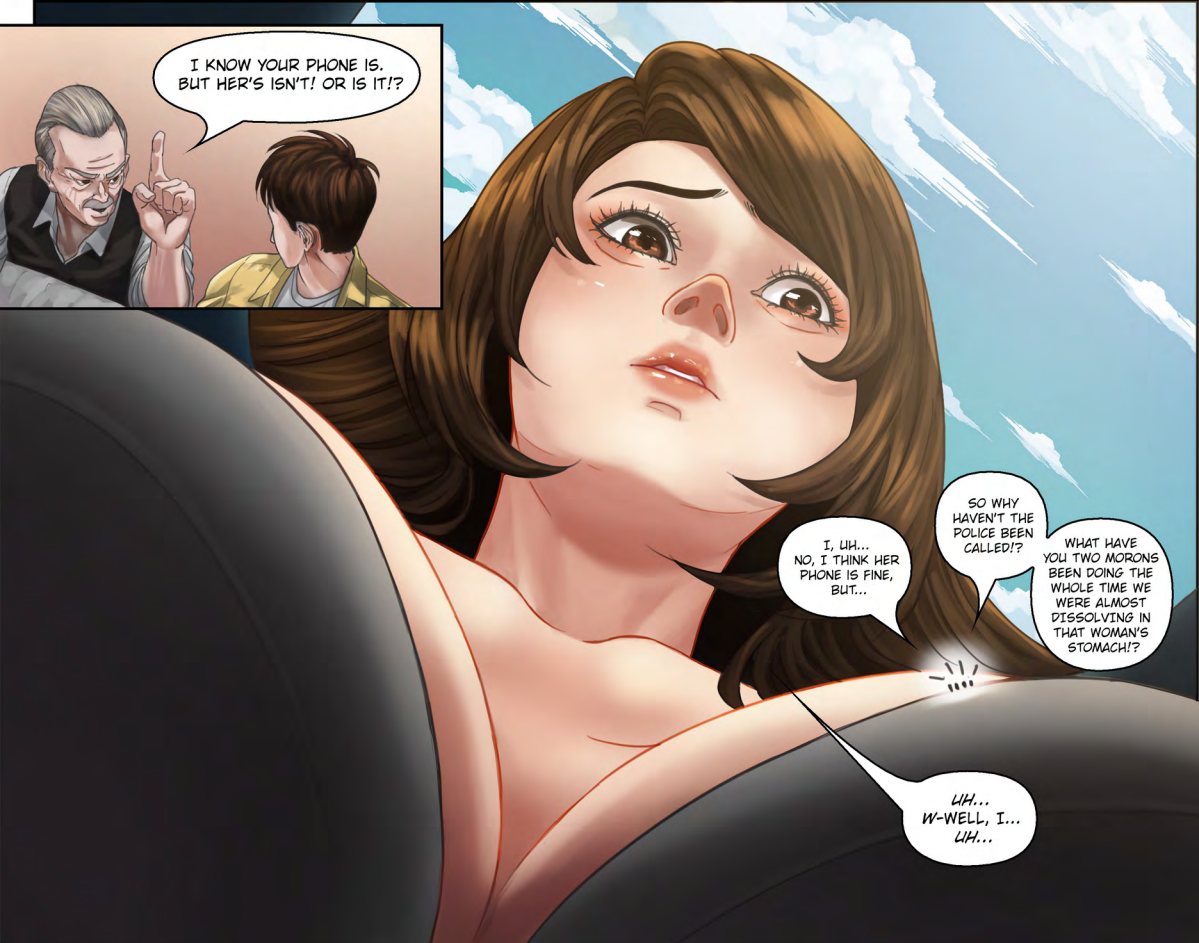
WHAT? IT'S TRUE. THE ONLY ONES I KNOW THAT AREN'T ARE YOU AND... OW!

WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS WHERE ARE THE POLICE? THEY'RE COMING, RIGHT?

YOU KNOW MY PHONE'S BROKEN, RIGHT?



I KNOW YOUR PHONE IS, BUT HER'S ISN'T! OR IS IT!?



I, UH... NO, I THINK HER PHONE IS FINE, BUT...

SO WHY HAVEN'T THE POLICE BEEN CALLED!?

WHAT HAVE YOU TWO MORONS BEEN DOING THE WHOLE TIME WE WERE ALMOST DISSOLVING IN THAT WOMAN'S STOMACH!?

UH... W-WELL, I... UH...



I... I JUST COULDN'T BRING MYSELF TO TELL MY MOTHER!

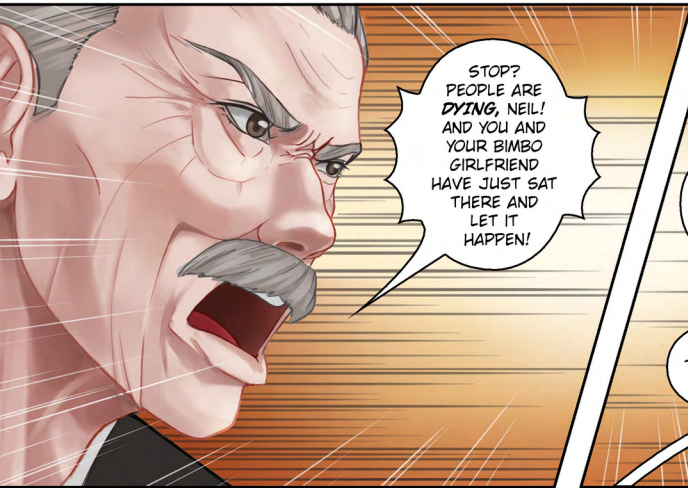
I MEAN, HOW DO YOU TELL SOMEONE SOMETHING LIKE THAT?

WITH WORDS, PREFERABLY! YOU HAD NEIL; YOU COULD'VE SHOWN YOUR MOTHER HIM!



DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW MANY PEOPLE HAVE DIE--

OKAY, DAD. STOP!



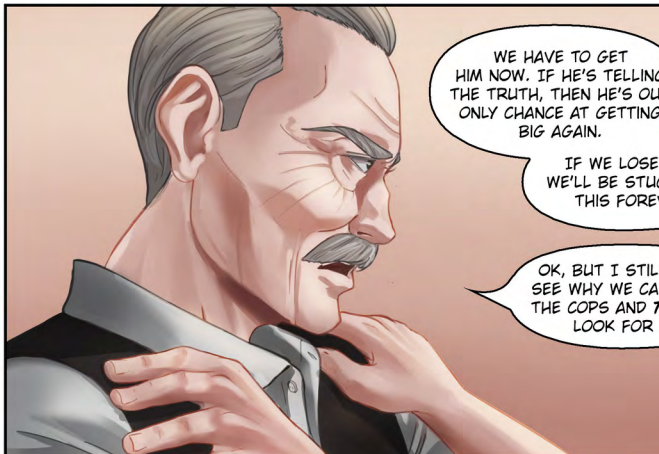
STOP? PEOPLE ARE DYING, NEIL! AND YOU AND YOUR BIMBO GIRLFRIEND HAVE JUST SAT THERE AND LET IT HAPPEN!



SARAH WAS SCARED! LOOK, WHAT'S DONE IS DONE.

BUT, RIGHT NOW, THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IS THAT WE GET ISAAC BERTHOLD.

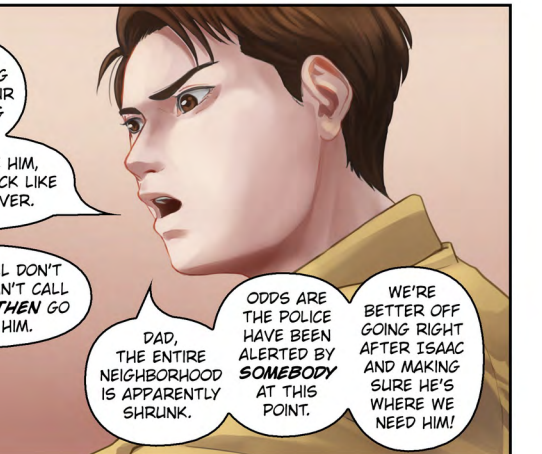
FINE. LET'S GET THE POLICE HERE AND THEN GET HIM.



WE HAVE TO GET HIM NOW. IF HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH, THEN HE'S OUR ONLY CHANCE AT GETTING BIG AGAIN.

IF WE LOSE HIM, WE'LL BE STUCK LIKE THIS FOREVER.

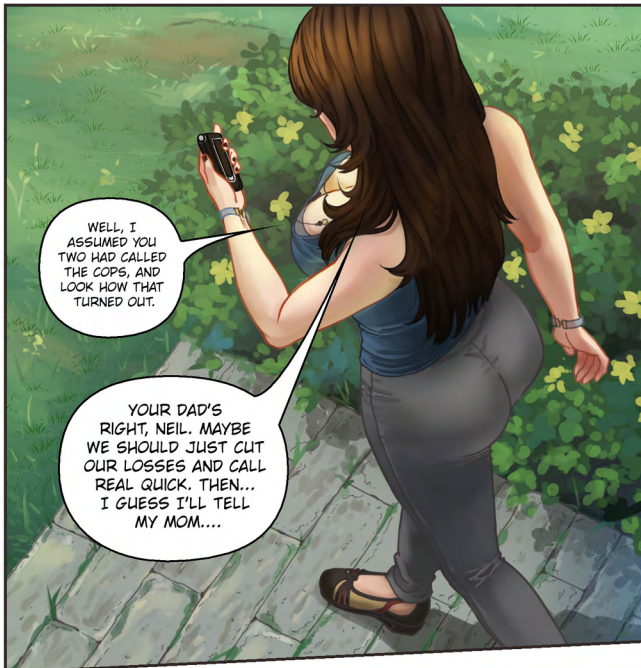
OK, BUT I STILL DON'T SEE WHY WE CAN'T CALL THE COPS AND THEN GO LOOK FOR HIM.



DAD, THE ENTIRE NEIGHBORHOOD IS APPARENTLY SHRINK.

ODDS ARE THE POLICE HAVE BEEN ALERTED BY SOMEBODY AT THIS POINT.

WE'RE BETTER OFF GOING RIGHT AFTER ISAAC AND MAKING SURE HE'S WHERE WE NEED HIM!



WELL, I ASSUMED YOU TWO HAD CALLED THE COPS, AND LOOK HOW THAT TURNED OUT.

YOUR DAD'S RIGHT, NEIL. MAYBE WE SHOULD JUST CUT OUR LOSSES AND CALL REAL QUICK. THEN... I GUESS I'LL TELL MY MOM....

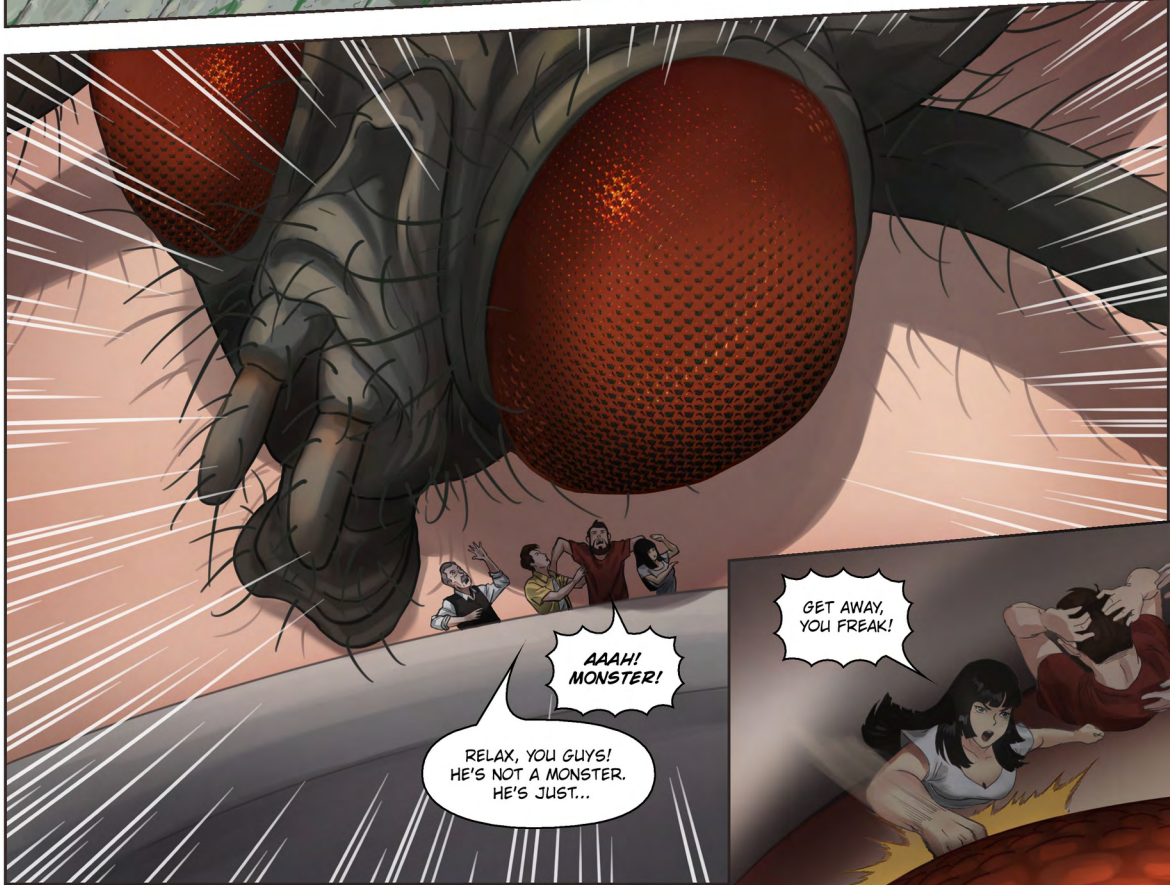


SARAH...



IT'S FOR THE BEST, NEIL. THERE ARE PEOPLE STILL INSIDE HER MOTHER. WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO SAVE THEM IF WE...

EEEEEEEEK!



AAAH! MONSTER!

RELAX, YOU GUYS! HE'S NOT A MONSTER. HE'S JUST...



GET AWAY, YOU FREAK!



WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE?

IS EVERYTHING...
ACK! HEY!

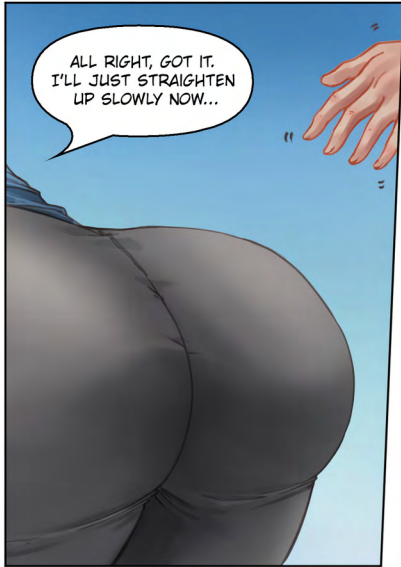
YOU AGAIN?
I DON'T HAVE TIME TO PLAY WITH YOU, LITTLE GUY. SO, BUZZ OFF!



UGH, THAT FLY IS REALLY SOMETHING! HANG ON TIGHT, GUYS. I GOTTA BEND DOWN AND GRAB MY PHONE. LITTLE GUY MADE ME DROP IT!

SHE'S REACHING FOR THE PHONE. HOP ON! MAYBE SHE'LL SEE US!

SHE HAS TO! THERE'S NO WAY SHE WON'T UNLESS SOMETHING DISTRACTS HER!



ALL RIGHT, GOT IT. I'LL JUST STRAIGHTEN UP SLOWLY NOW...



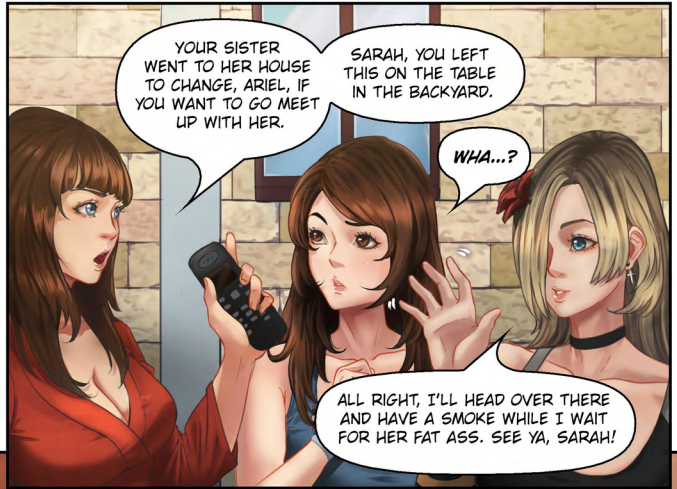
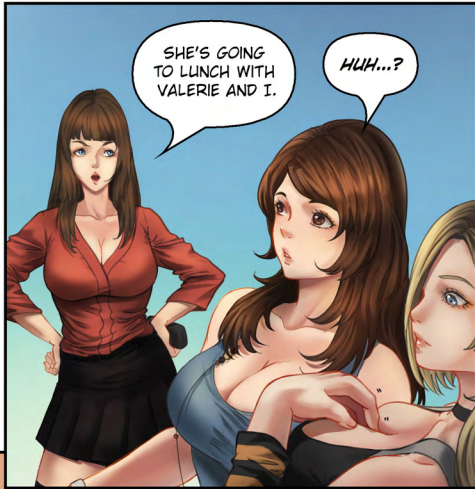
THAT WAY I DON'T--

WEEE!

SLAP



W-WHAT THE HELL!?



MEANWHILE, AT
VALERIE'S HOUSE...

A bedroom with a bed covered in a red floral patterned blanket. A blue jacket and a striped shirt are on the bed. A nightstand with a lamp is next to the bed.

HA! OH, MAN...
LOOKING THIS GOOD
SHOULD BE A CRIME.

I BET I'LL
GET A FREE LUNCH
FOR ALL THREE OF
US IN THIS!

WHAT? NO!
SHE'S GOING
TO EAT!

WE'RE
RUNNING
OUT OF
TIME!

TO BE CONTINUED...

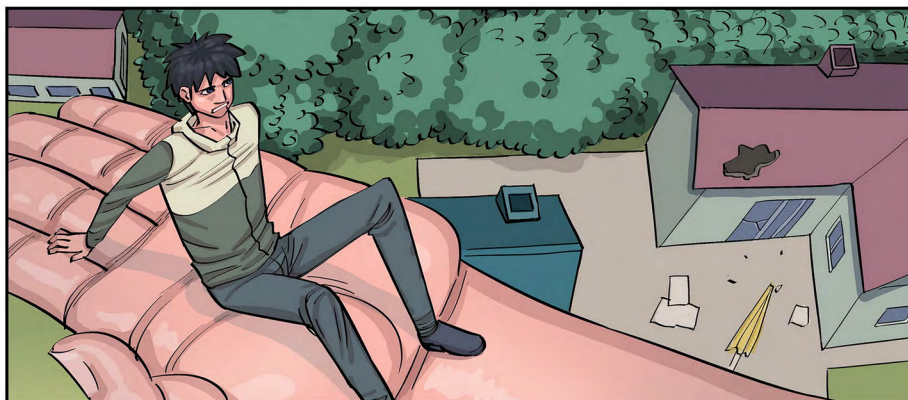
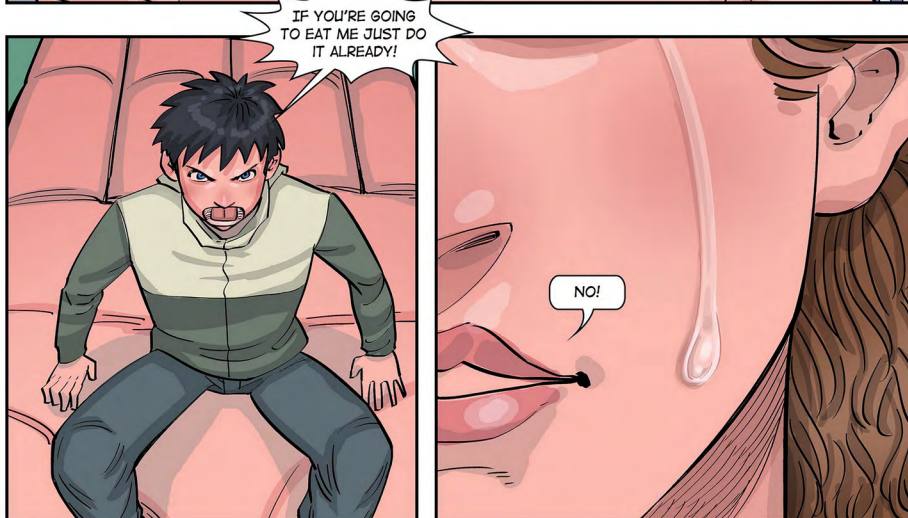
CHECK OUT SOME PREVIEW PAGES FROM OUR
UPCOMING COMIC LINEUP!



HUNGER STRIKE!

AUTHOR:
A0040PC

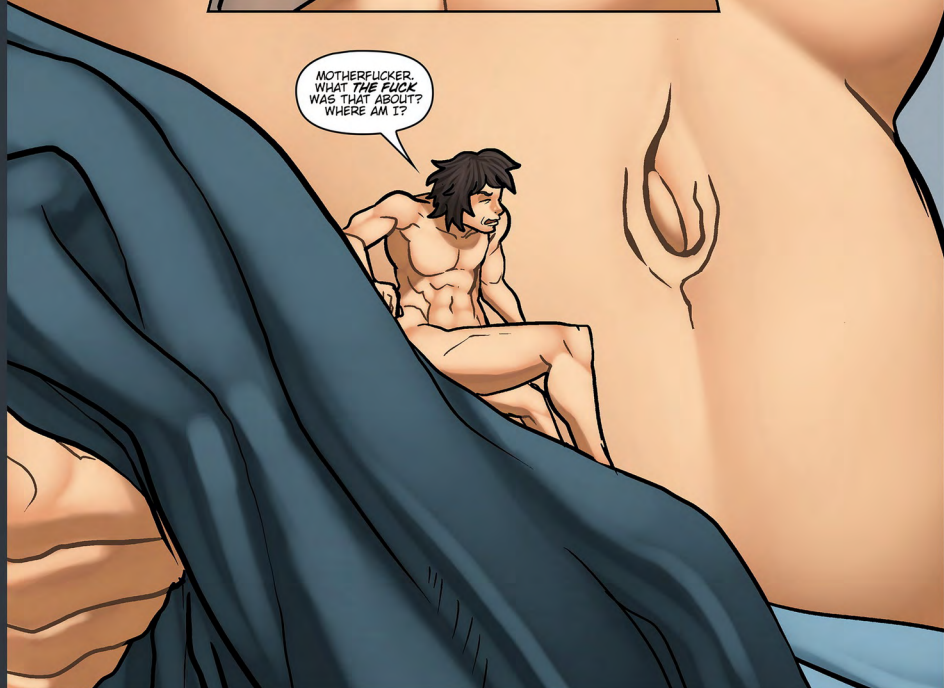
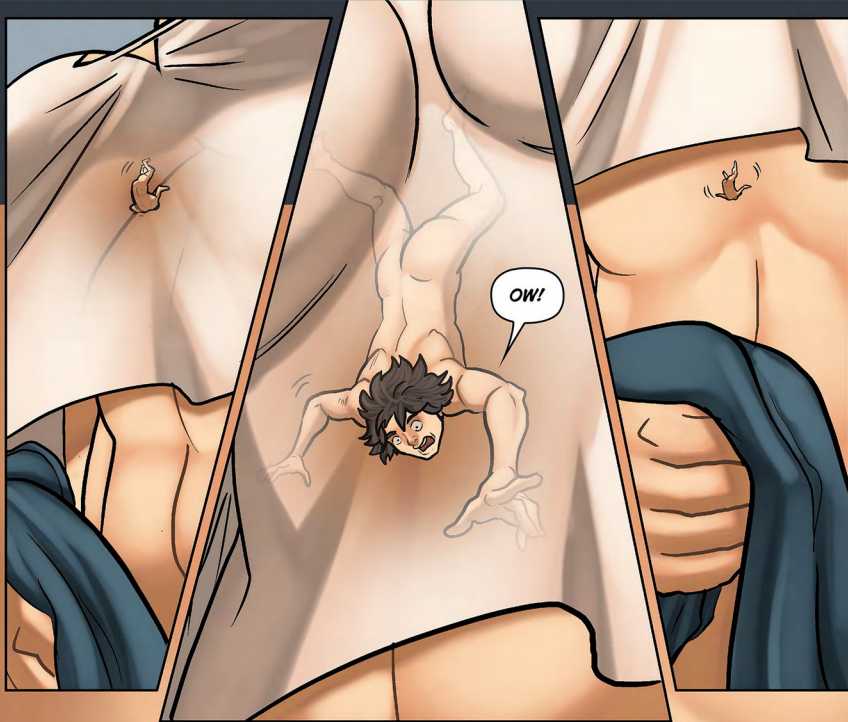
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PORTALS

AUTHOR:
NEWSCHOOL2626

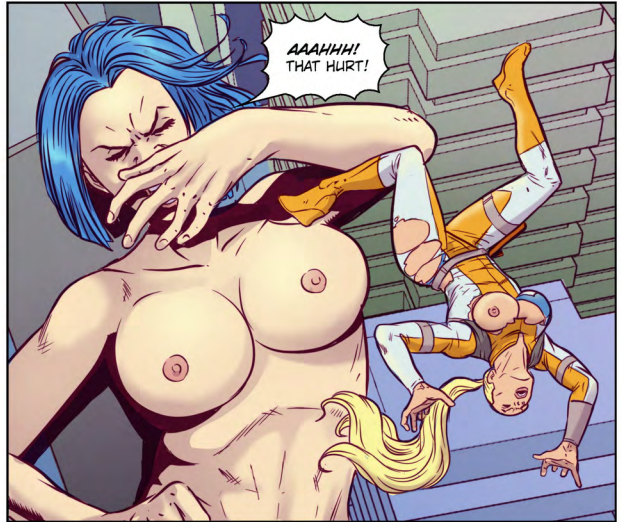
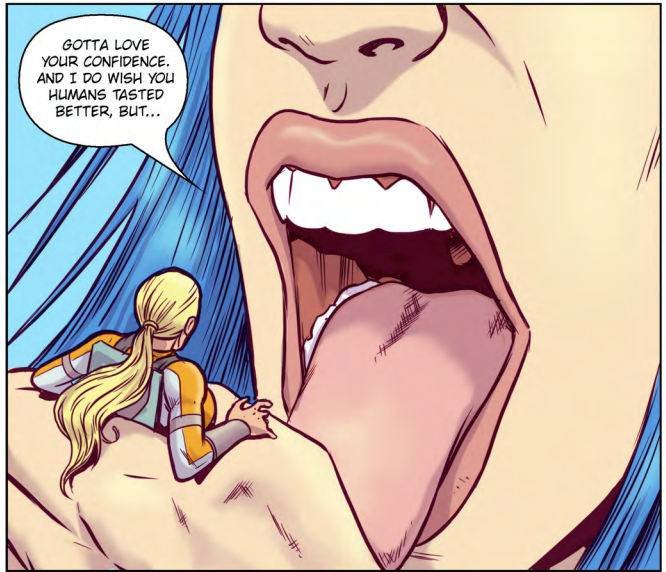
ARTIST:
WANTEDWAIPLUS



TAMMY TOWERS TAKES ON THE WORLD

AUTHOR:
JOE MAHAN

ARTIST:
VICTOR SERRA



A GODDESS OF LAW

AUTHOR:
SEXPLORE

ARTIST:
HIMAGE

