

IE NESSA MET NIKKI

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GIANTESS FAN

IF NESSA MET NIKKI

Sir Ralf Henry Jones believes that a race of 15 foot giants once walked the earth.

While searching for their descendants, he opens a portal to an alternate reality, only for Nurse Nessa to stumble through.

At 100 feet tall and almost blind without her glasses, this is not the first contact he had been hoping for!

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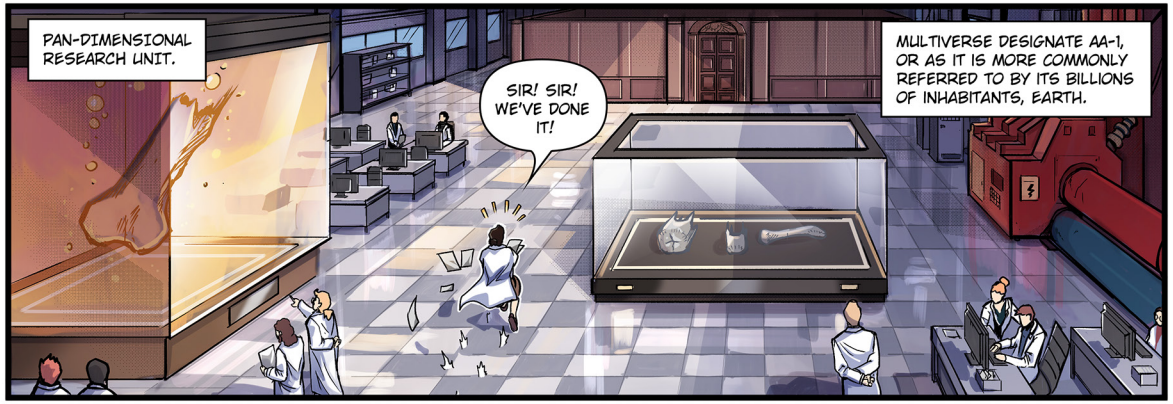
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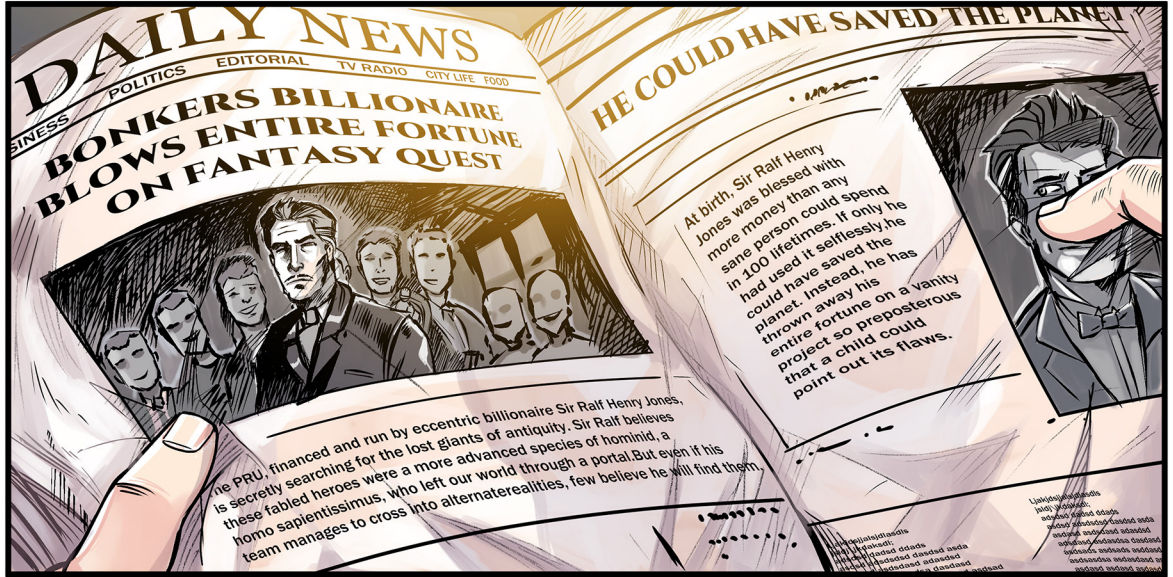
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PAN-DIMENSIONAL RESEARCH UNIT.

SIR! SIR! WE'VE DONE IT!

MULTIVERSE DESIGNATE AA-1, OR AS IT IS MORE COMMONLY REFERRED TO BY ITS BILLIONS OF INHABITANTS, EARTH.



DAILY NEWS

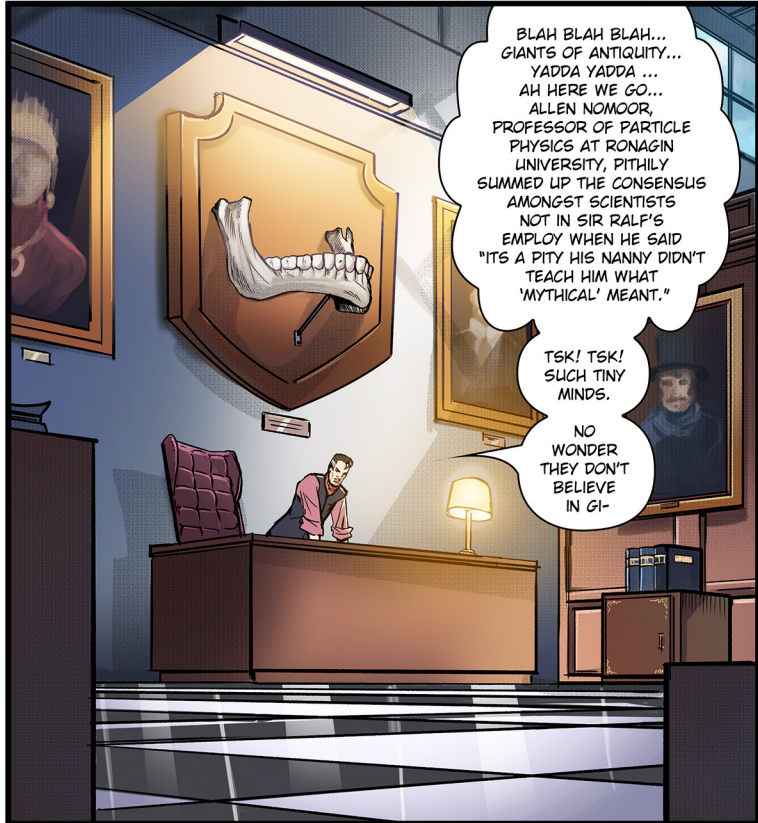
POLITICS EDITORIAL TV RADIO CITY LIFE FOOD

BONKERS BILLIONAIRE BLOWS ENTIRE FORTUNE ON FANTASY QUEST

HE COULD HAVE SAVED THE PLANET!

At birth, Sir Ralf Henry Jones was blessed with more money than any sane person could spend in 1,000 lifetimes. If only he had used it selflessly, he could have saved the planet. Instead, he has thrown away his entire fortune on a vanity project so preposterous that a child could point out its flaws.

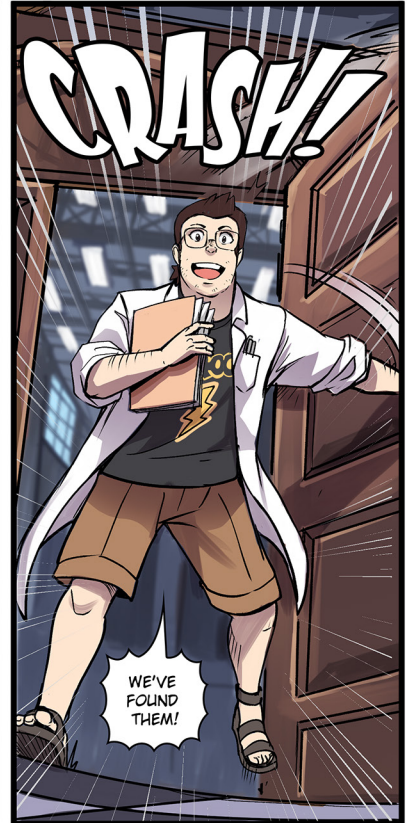
...ing PRU, financed and run by eccentric billionaire Sir Ralf Henry Jones, is secretly searching for the lost giants of antiquity. Sir Ralf believes these fabled heroes were a more advanced species of hominid, a homo sapientissimus, who left our world through a portal. But even if his team manages to cross into alternate realities, few believe he will find them.



BLAH BLAH BLAH... GIANTS OF ANTIQUITY... YADDA YADDA ... AH HERE WE GO... ALLEN NOMOOR, PROFESSOR OF PARTICLE PHYSICS AT RONAGIN UNIVERSITY, PITHILY SUMMED UP THE CONSENSUS AMONGST SCIENTISTS NOT IN SIR RALF'S EMPLOY WHEN HE SAID "IT'S A PITY HIS NANNY DIDN'T TEACH HIM WHAT 'MYTHICAL' MEANT."

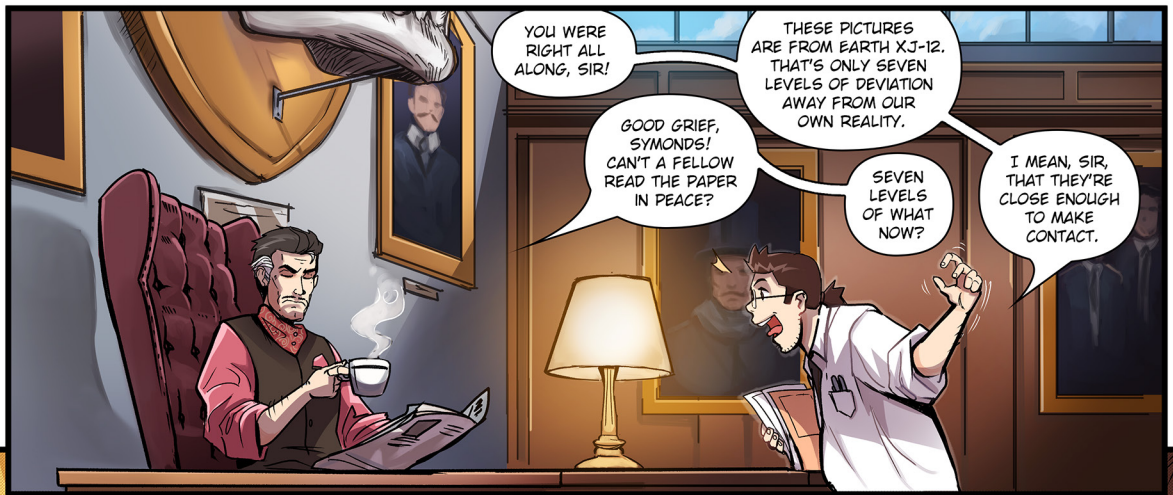
TSK! TSK! SUCH TINY MINDS.

NO WONDER THEY DON'T BELIEVE IN GI-



CRASH!

WE'VE FOUND THEM!



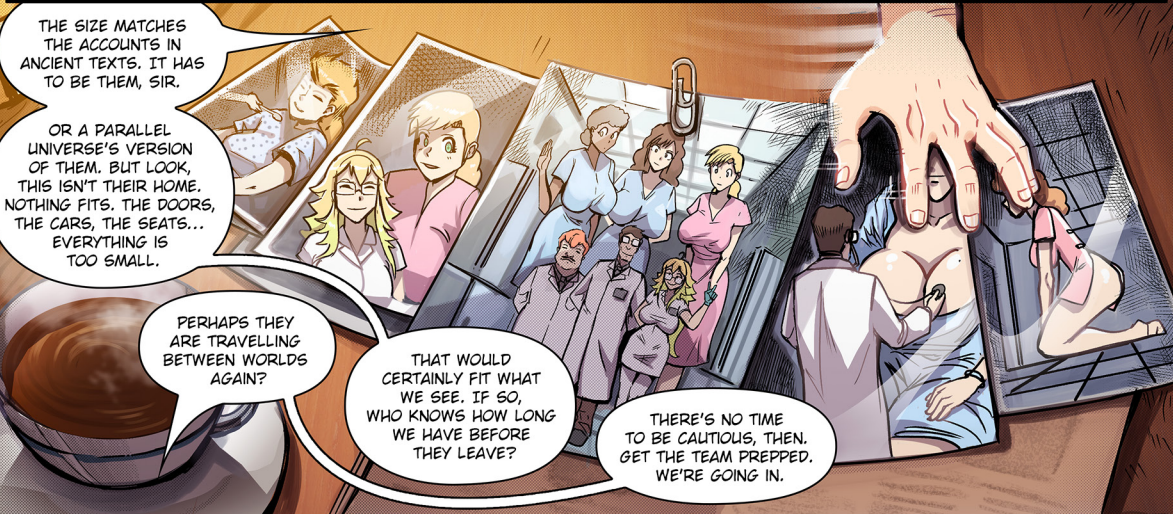
YOU WERE RIGHT ALL ALONG, SIR!

THESE PICTURES ARE FROM EARTH X-J-12. THAT'S ONLY SEVEN LEVELS OF DEVIATION AWAY FROM OUR OWN REALITY.

GOOD GRIEF, SYMONDS! CAN'T A FELLOW READ THE PAPER IN PEACE?

SEVEN LEVELS OF WHAT NOW?

I MEAN, SIR, THAT THEY'RE CLOSE ENOUGH TO MAKE CONTACT.



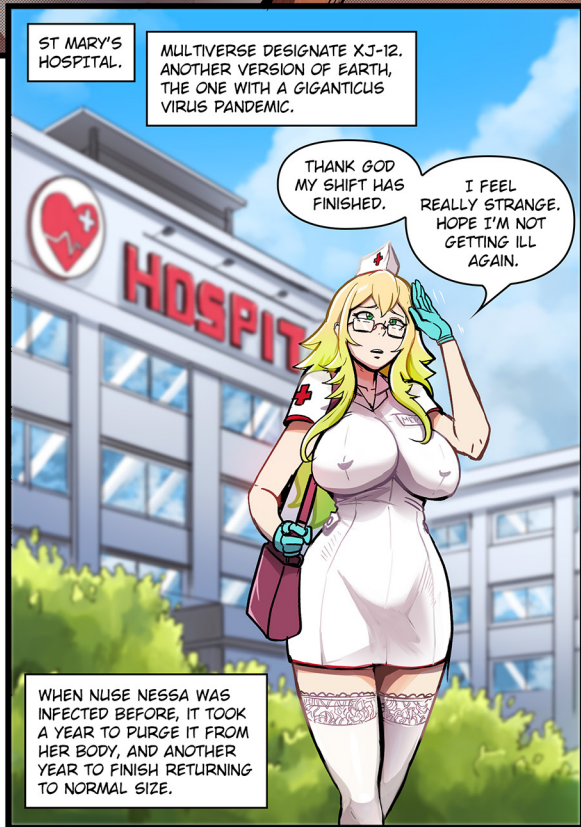
THE SIZE MATCHES THE ACCOUNTS IN ANCIENT TEXTS. IT HAS TO BE THEM, SIR.

OR A PARALLEL UNIVERSE'S VERSION OF THEM. BUT LOOK, THIS ISN'T THEIR HOME. NOTHING FITS. THE DOORS, THE CARS, THE SEATS... EVERYTHING IS TOO SMALL.

PERHAPS THEY ARE TRAVELLING BETWEEN WORLDS AGAIN?

THAT WOULD CERTAINLY FIT WHAT WE SEE. IF SO, WHO KNOWS HOW LONG WE HAVE BEFORE THEY LEAVE?

THERE'S NO TIME TO BE CAUTIOUS, THEN. GET THE TEAM PREPPED. WE'RE GOING IN.



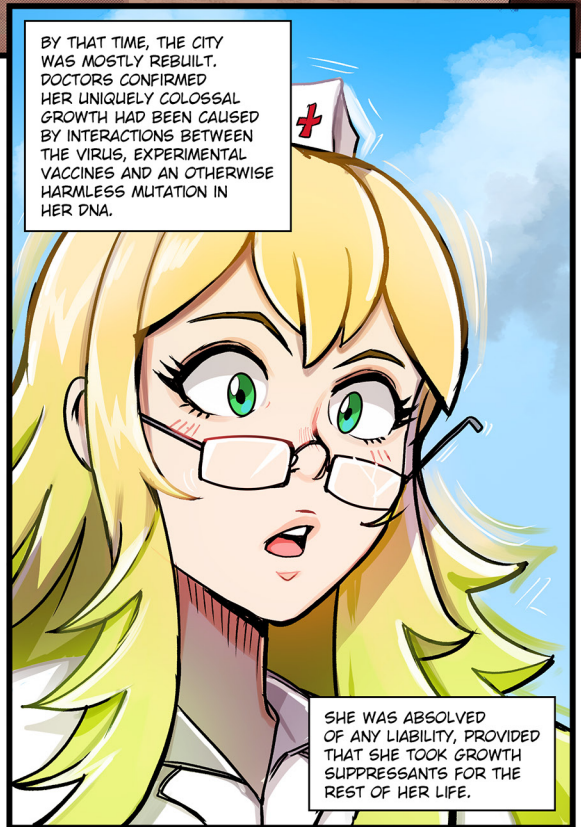
ST MARY'S HOSPITAL.

MULTIVERSE DESIGNATE X-J-12. ANOTHER VERSION OF EARTH, THE ONE WITH A GIGANTICUS VIRUS PANDEMIC.

THANK GOD MY SHIFT HAS FINISHED.

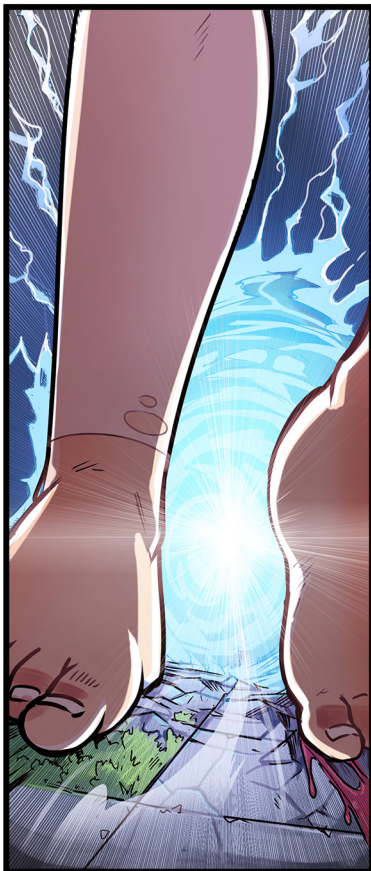
I FEEL REALLY STRANGE. HOPE I'M NOT GETTING ILL AGAIN.

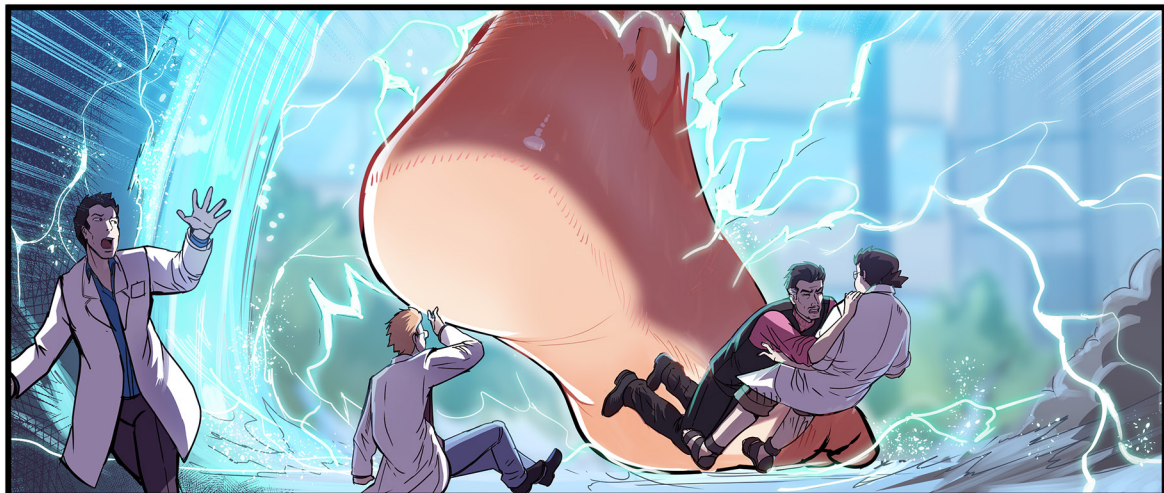
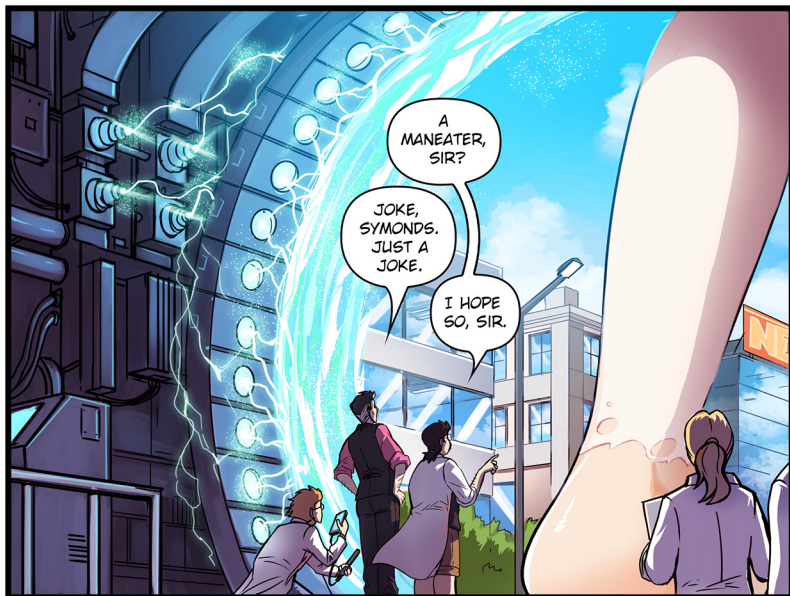
WHEN NUISE NESSA WAS INFECTED BEFORE, IT TOOK A YEAR TO PURGE IT FROM HER BODY, AND ANOTHER YEAR TO FINISH RETURNING TO NORMAL SIZE.



BY THAT TIME, THE CITY WAS MOSTLY REBUILT. DOCTORS CONFIRMED HER UNIQUELY COLOSSAL GROWTH HAD BEEN CAUSED BY INTERACTIONS BETWEEN THE VIRUS, EXPERIMENTAL VACCINES AND AN OTHERWISE HARMLESS MUTATION IN HER DNA.

SHE WAS ABSOLVED OF ANY LIABILITY, PROVIDED THAT SHE TOOK GROWTH SUPPRESSANTS FOR THE REST OF HER LIFE.







YUCK!
MORE GOO
ON THE
SIDEWALK!



DISORIENTATED FROM HER
SUDDEN GROWTH, NESSA
LOSES HER FOOTING
AND SLIPS.

AAAAHHH!



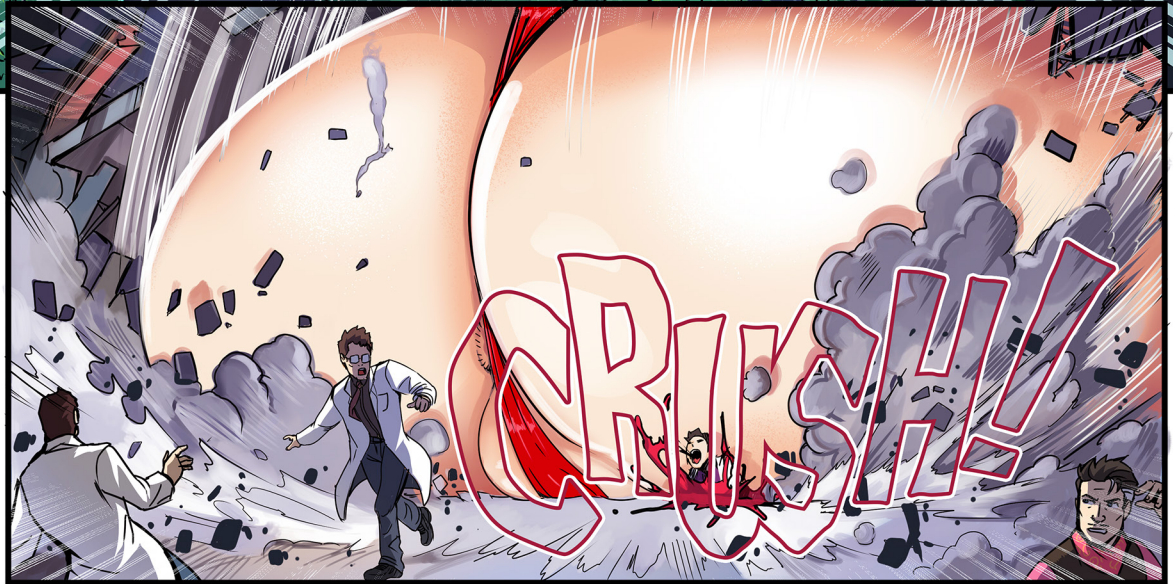
SAFETY PROTOCOLS
CAUSE THE PORTAL
TO EXPAND AROUND
NURSE NESSA,
ENSURING SHE
CROSSES IN ONE
PIECE.

AAAAARRRRHHH!
BLEH

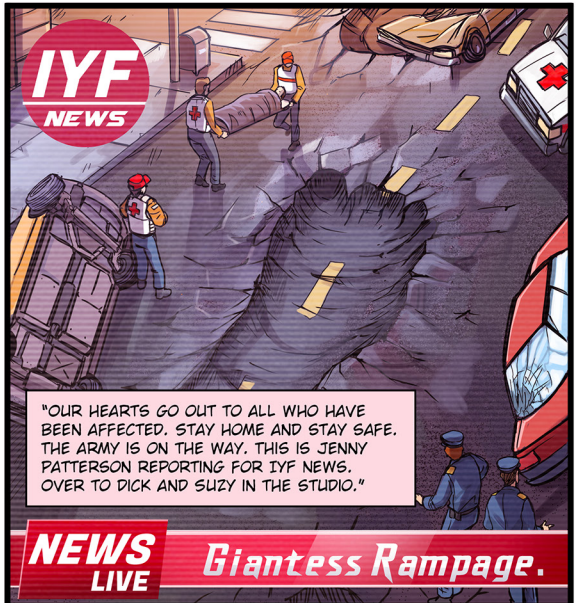
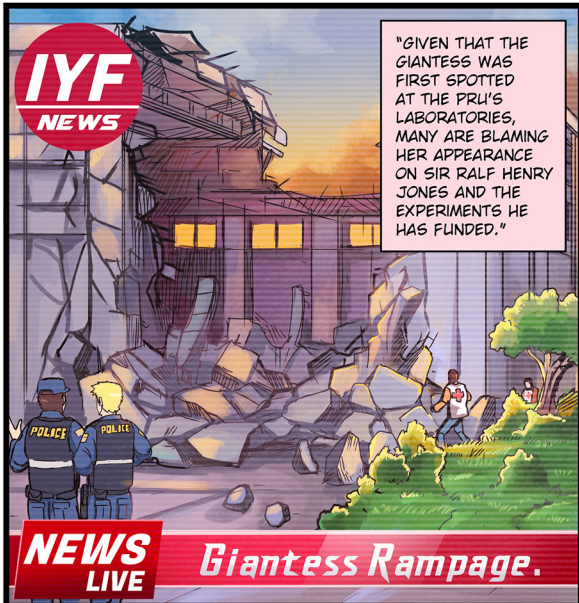
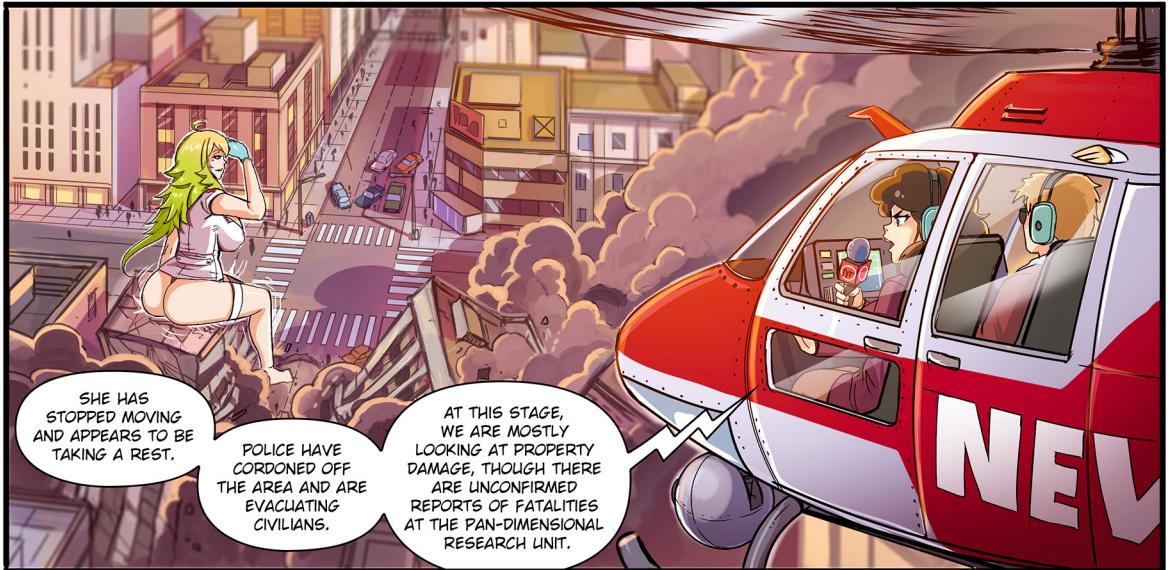
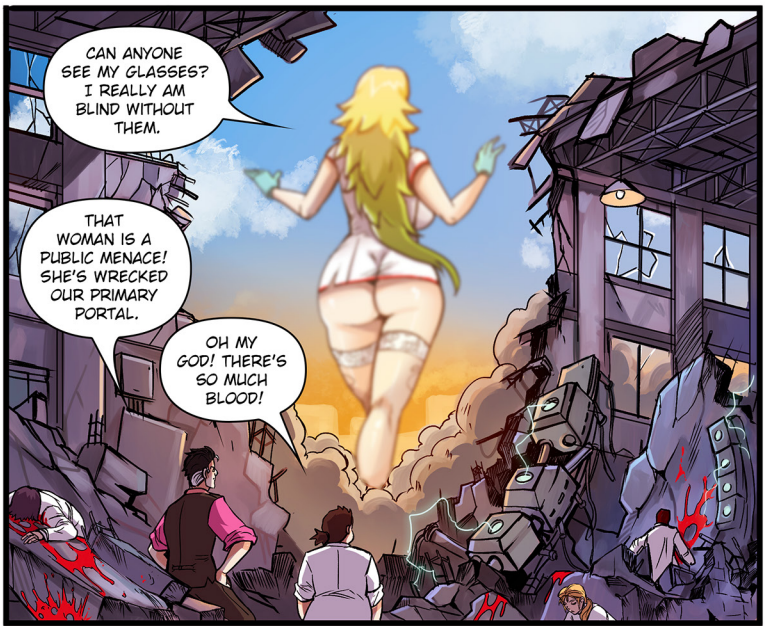


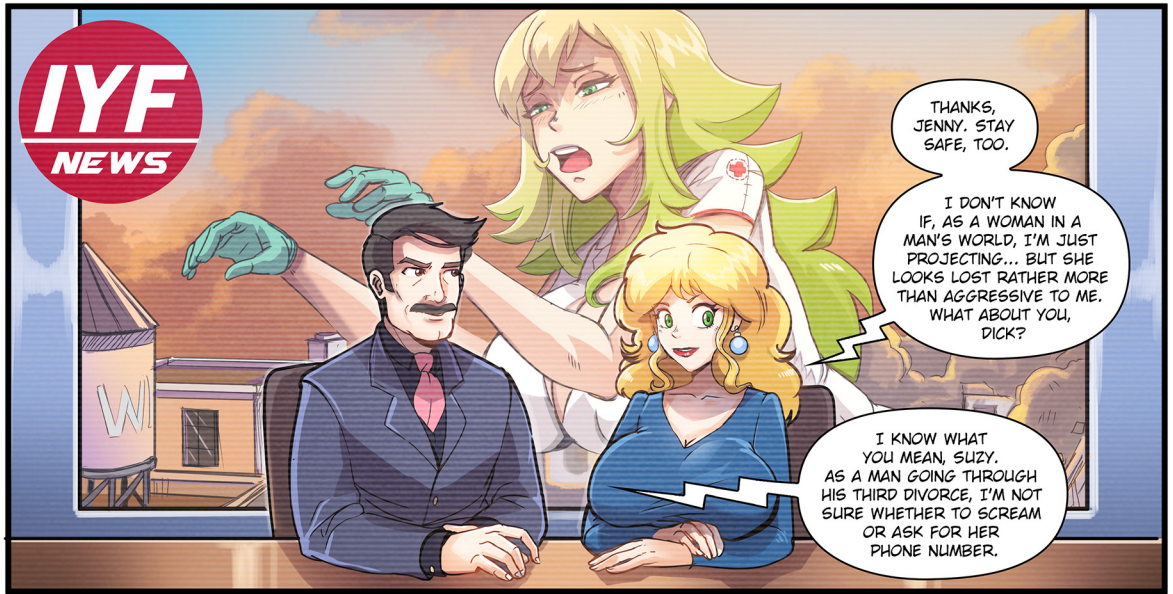
THE BUILDING SHE FALLS
INTO IS NOT SO LUCKY.
IT IS TOO SMALL FOR HER
AND SHATTERS.

CRASH!!



CRINK!!!



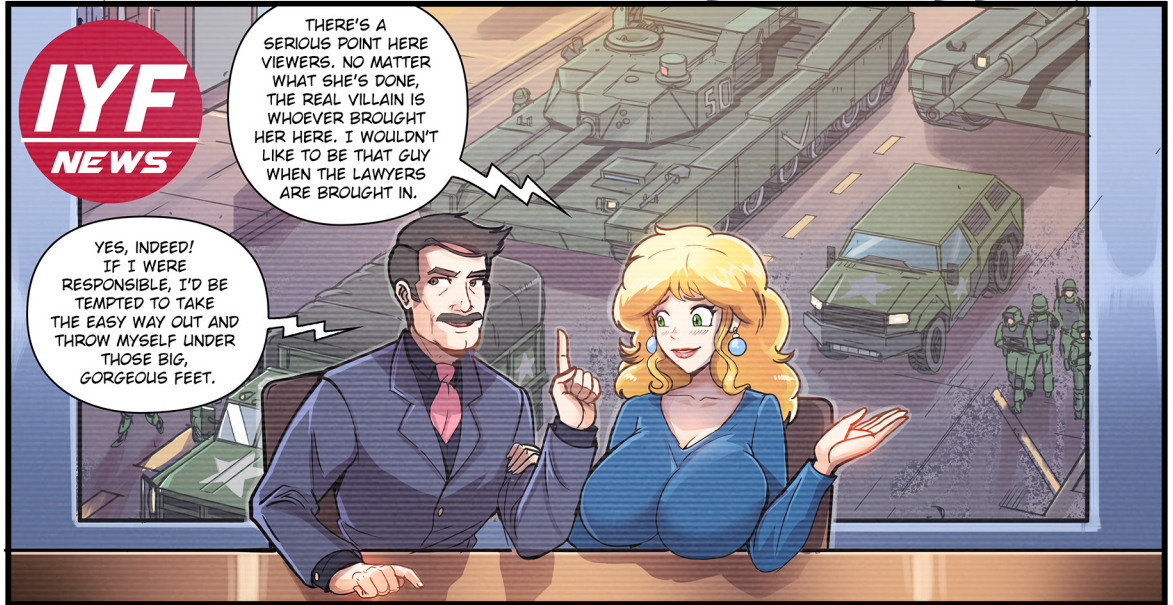


IYF
NEWS

THANKS, JENNY. STAY SAFE, TOO.

I DON'T KNOW IF, AS A WOMAN IN A MAN'S WORLD, I'M JUST PROJECTING... BUT SHE LOOKS LOST RATHER MORE THAN AGGRESSIVE TO ME. WHAT ABOUT YOU, DICK?

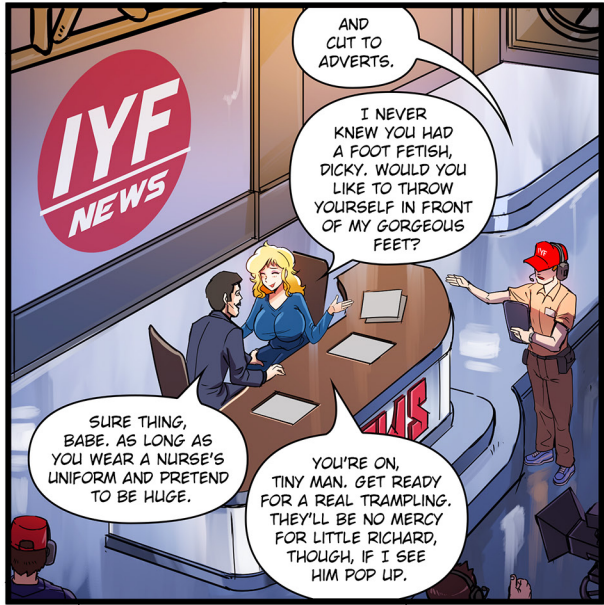
I KNOW WHAT YOU GOING, SUZY. AS A MAN GOING THROUGH HIS THIRD DIVORCE, I'M NOT SURE WHETHER TO SCREAM OR ASK FOR HER PHONE NUMBER.



IYF
NEWS

THERE'S A SERIOUS POINT HERE VIEWERS. NO MATTER WHAT SHE'S DONE, THE REAL VILLAIN IS WHOEVER BROUGHT HER HERE. I WOULDN'T LIKE TO BE THAT GUY WHEN THE LAWYERS ARE BROUGHT IN.

YES, INDEED! IF I WERE RESPONSIBLE, I'D BE TEMPTED TO TAKE THE EASY WAY OUT AND THROW MYSELF UNDER THOSE BIG, GORGEOUS FEET.



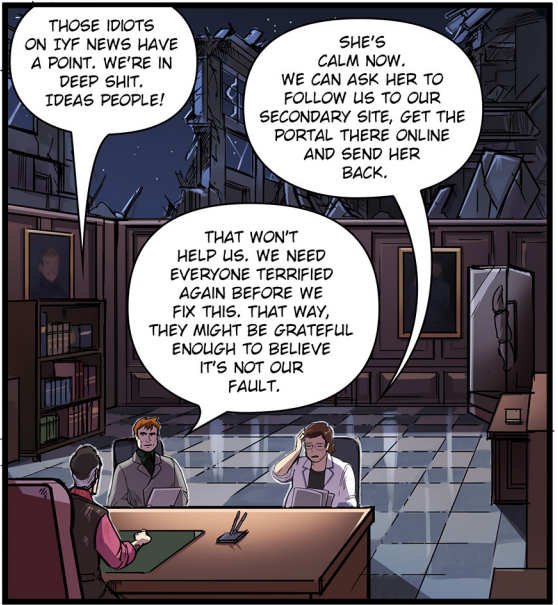
IYF
NEWS

AND CUT TO ADVERTS.

I NEVER KNEW YOU HAD A FOOT FETISH, DICKY. WOULD YOU LIKE TO THROW YOURSELF IN FRONT OF MY GORGEOUS FEET?

SURE THING, BABE. AS LONG AS YOU WEAR A NURSE'S UNIFORM AND PRETEND TO BE HUGE.

YOU'RE ON, TINY MAN. GET READY FOR A REAL TRAMPLING. THEY'LL BE NO MERCY FOR LITTLE RICHARD, THOUGH, IF I SEE HIM POP UP.



THOSE IDIOTS ON IYF NEWS HAVE A POINT. WE'RE IN DEEP SHIT. IDEAS PEOPLE!

SHE'S CALM NOW. WE CAN ASK HER TO FOLLOW US TO OUR SECONDARY SITE, GET THE PORTAL THERE ONLINE AND SEND HER BACK.

THAT WON'T HELP US. WE NEED EVERYONE TERRIFIED AGAIN BEFORE WE FIX THIS. THAT WAY, THEY MIGHT BE GRATEFUL ENOUGH TO BELIEVE IT'S NOT OUR FAULT.



WHAT IF WE FIND ANOTHER GIANTESS, GET THEM FIGHTING, SEND THEM BOTH HOME, THEN TAKE THE CREDIT.

IT COULD WORK. YES.

GOOD. GET ON WITH IT, SYMONDS!



ATTENTION ALL UNITS. CANCELLING CALL FOR ASSISTANCE. FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY, YOU ARE ADVISED TO STAY CLEAR. REPEAT. STAY CLEAR. OFFICER NIKKI IS IN ATTENDANCE.

I HATE THAT THEY CALL HER THAT.

LET IT GO. NO ONE'S GOING TO ARREST HER FOR IMPERSONATING A POLICE OFFICER. OR ANYTHING ELSE.

WELL, THEY SHOULD. IT'S NOT RIGHT.

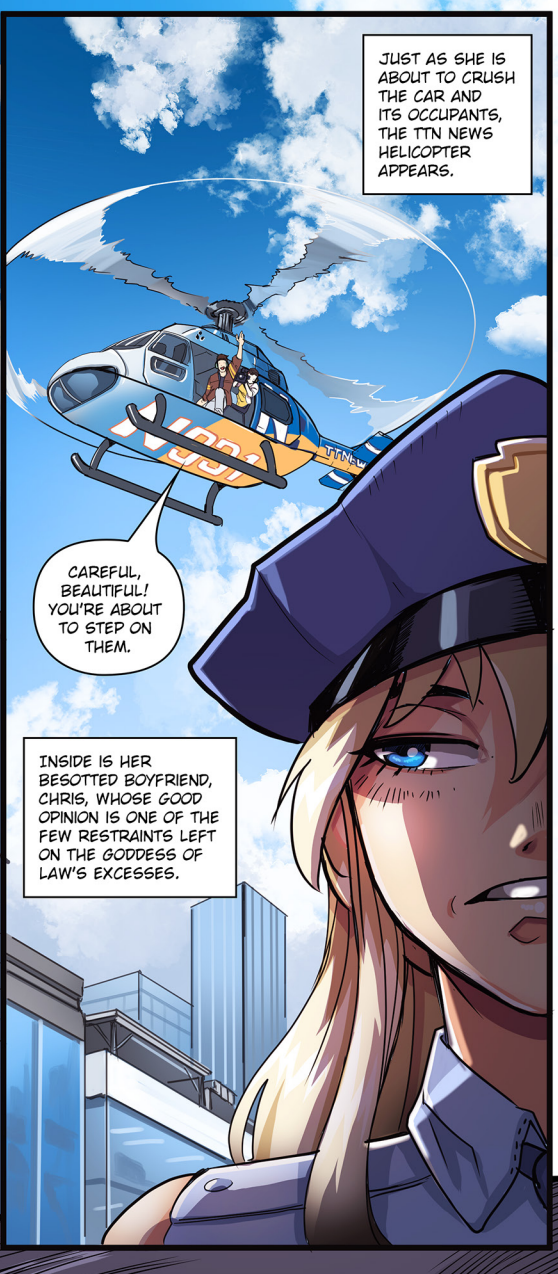
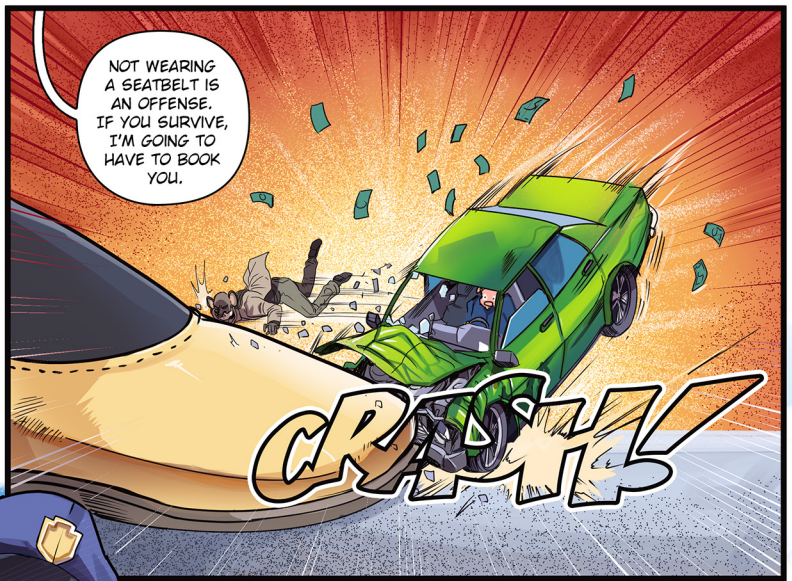
SIGH HAVEN'T YOU WORKED IT OUT YET, SON? RULES ONLY APPLY TO THE LITTLE PEOPLE.



THOOM! THOOM! THOOM!

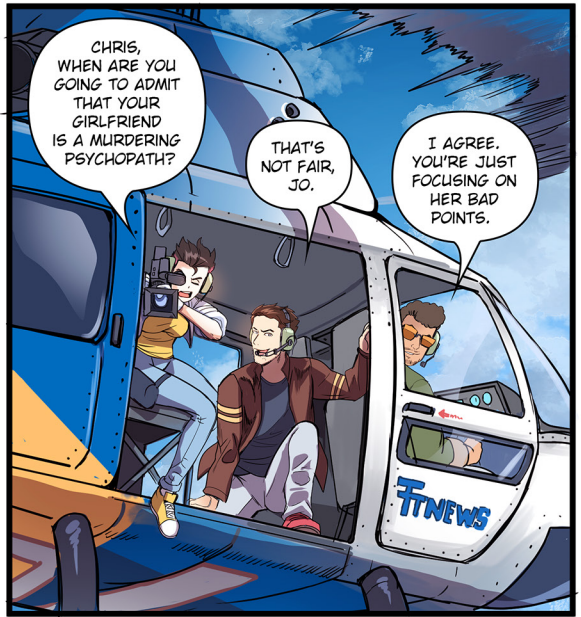
HELP! SCREAM!

SHIT! LOOK AT THEM RUN. THEY MUST HAVE CALLED IN THE BIG BITCH. BUT WHERE IS SHE?





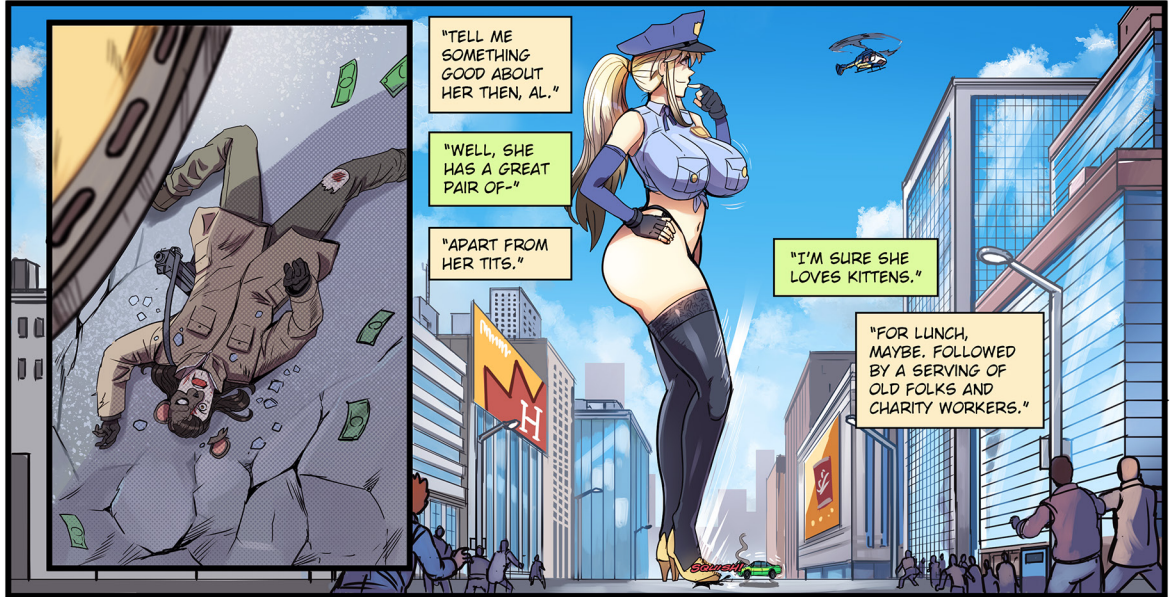
THANKS, CUTIE. I HADN'T REALIZED IT WAS THERE. SOMETHING HIT MY FOOT BUT I DIDN'T SEE WHERE IT ENDED UP.



CHRIS, WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO ADMIT THAT YOUR GIRLFRIEND IS A MURDERING PSYCHOPATH?

THAT'S NOT FAIR, JO.

I AGREE. YOU'RE JUST FOCUSING ON HER BAD POINTS.



"TELL ME SOMETHING GOOD ABOUT HER THEN, AL."

"WELL, SHE HAS A GREAT PAIR OF--"

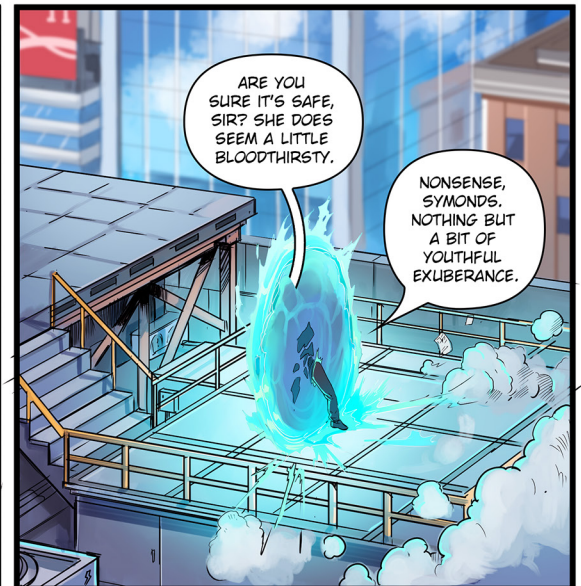
"APART FROM HER TITS."

"I'M SURE SHE LOVES KITTENS."

"FOR LUNCH, MAYBE. FOLLOWED BY A SERVING OF OLD FOLKS AND CHARITY WORKERS."

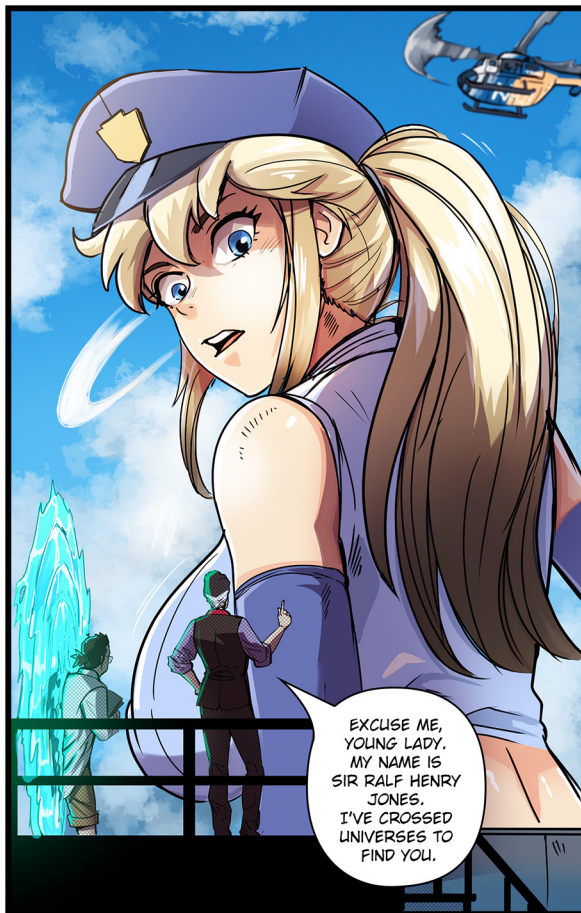


BETTER GET USED TO IT, AL. JO HATES ANY WOMAN WHO DOESN'T SHAVE HER HEAD AND GROW ARMPIT HAIR.



ARE YOU SURE IT'S SAFE, SIR? SHE DOES SEEM A LITTLE BLOODTHIRSTY.

NONSENSE, SYMONDS. NOTHING BUT A BIT OF YOUTHFUL EXUBERANCE.

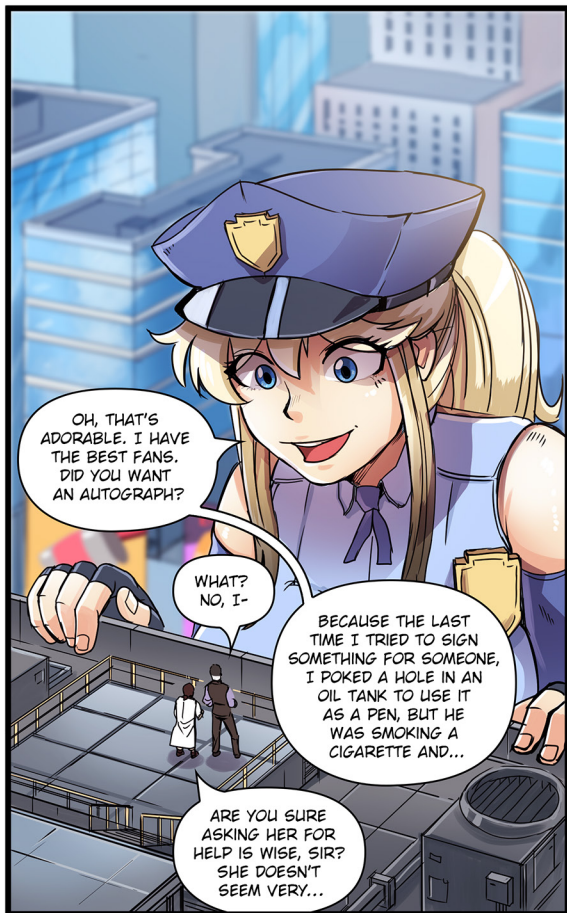


EXCUSE ME, YOUNG LADY. MY NAME IS SIR RALF HENRY JONES. I'VE CROSSED UNIVERSES TO FIND YOU.



...LIKELY TO ERM... HAVE THE TIME FOR US IN HER BUSY SCHEDULE.

IGNORE SYMONDS. HE'S AN IDIOT. WHAT HE'S TRYING TO SAY IS THAT WE NEED YOUR ASSISTANCE.



OH, THAT'S ADORABLE. I HAVE THE BEST FANS. DID YOU WANT AN AUTOGRAPH?

WHAT? NO, I-

BECAUSE THE LAST TIME I TRIED TO SIGN SOMETHING FOR SOMEONE, I POKED A HOLE IN AN OIL TANK TO USE IT AS A PEN, BUT HE WAS SMOKING A CIGARETTE AND...

ARE YOU SURE ASKING HER FOR HELP IS WISE, SIR? SHE DOESN'T SEEM VERY...



AS SIR RALF EXPLAINS... ALMOST... EVERYTHING, HE SUBTLY EMPHASISES HOW MUCH SMALLER THE GIANTESS IN HIS WORLD IS COMPARED TO OFFICER NIKKI.

...AND I THOUGHT TO MYSELF... WHAT WAS YOUR NAME AGAIN?

OFFICER NIKKI.

I THOUGHT, IF THERE'S ANYONE IN ANY UNIVERSE COURAGEOUS ENOUGH TO STOP HER, IT'S OFFICER NIKKI.



OK. LET'S SEE IF I'VE GOT THIS RIGHT... A GIANT WOMAN IS RAMPAGING THROUGH YOUR CITY... PROBABLY WITH GOOD REASON.

IT'S NOT EASY BEING A GIANTESS... AND YOU'VE TRAVELLED THROUGH A DIMENSIONAL BLAH BLAH BLAH... BREAKING LAWS OF LAWS OF PHYSICS... BLAH BLAH BLAH... LUCKY FOR YOU, THAT'S NOT MY JURISDICTION... SEARCHING THROUGH WORLDS TO LOOK FOR ME?

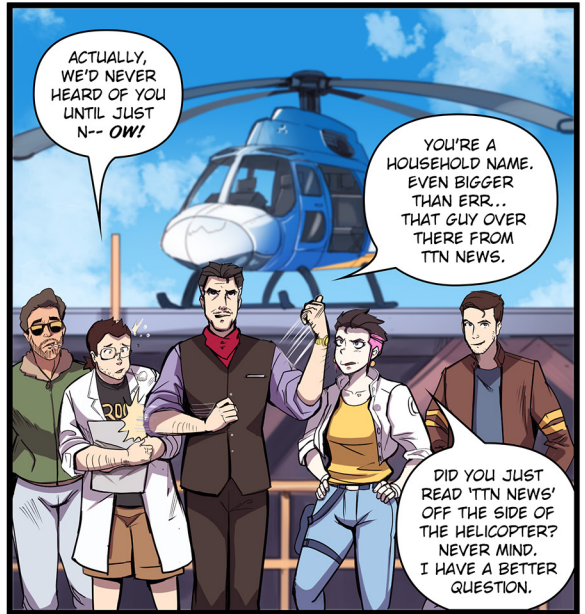


CLOSE ENOUGH, YES.

I HAVE ONE QUESTION, THEN.

GO ON.

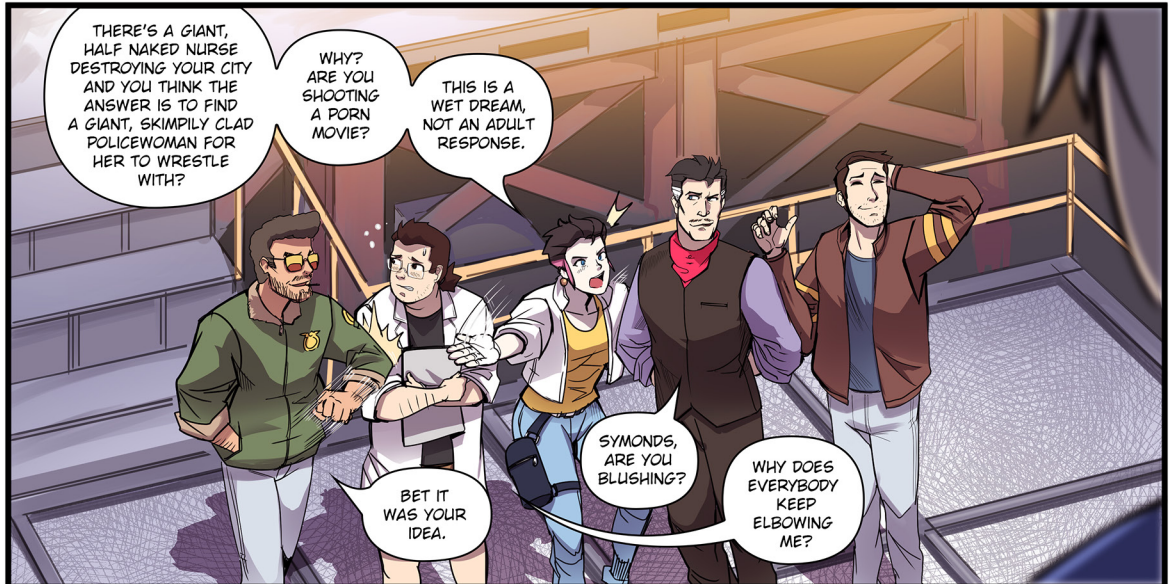
DOES THIS MEAN I'M FAMOUS WHERE YOU COME FROM?



ACTUALLY, WE'D NEVER HEARD OF YOU UNTIL JUST N-- OW!

YOU'RE A HOUSEHOLD NAME. EVEN BIGGER THAN ERR... THAT GUY OVER THERE FROM TTN NEWS.

DID YOU JUST READ 'TTN NEWS' OFF THE SIDE OF THE HELICOPTER? NEVER MIND, I HAVE A BETTER QUESTION.



THERE'S A GIANT, HALF NAKED NURSE DESTROYING YOUR CITY AND YOU THINK THE ANSWER IS TO FIND A GIANT, SKIMPILY CLAD POLICEWOMAN FOR HER TO WRESTLE WITH?

WHY? ARE YOU SHOOTING A PORN MOVIE?

THIS IS A WET DREAM, NOT AN ADULT RESPONSE.

BET IT WAS YOUR IDEA.

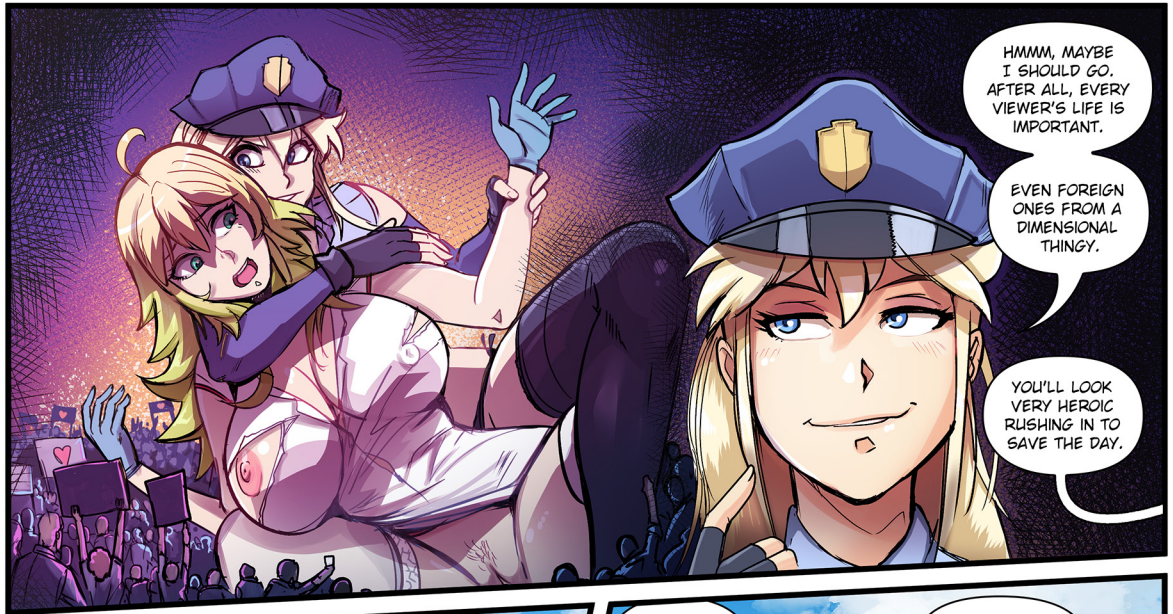
SYMONDS, ARE YOU BLUSHING?

WHY DOES EVERYBODY KEEP ELBOWING ME?



I'M NOT SURE I WANT TO GO TO ANOTHER WORLD, BUT I HAVE A RESPONSIBILITY TO BECOME EVEN MORE FAMOUS IN THIS ONE.

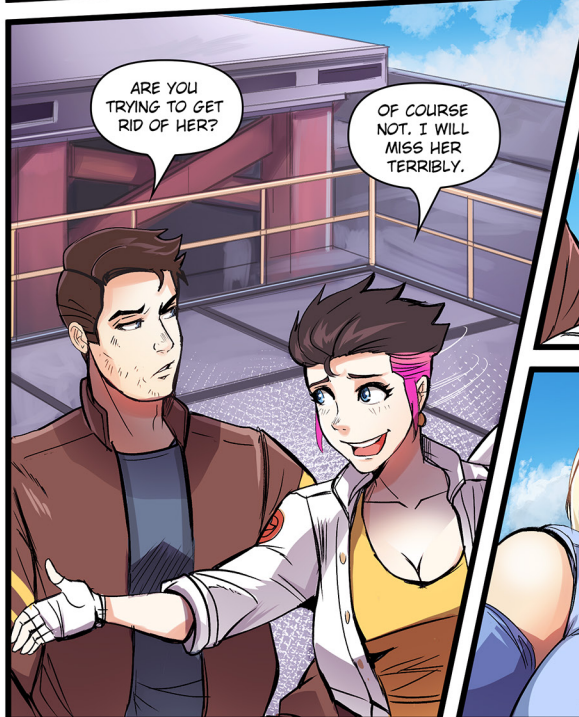
I BET THERE'S LOTS OF TV CAMERAS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PORTAL. HOW MANY VIEWERS DO YOU THINK TWO HALF NAKED HOTTIES WRESTLING FOR THE FATE OF A CITY WOULD GET?



HMMM, MAYBE I SHOULD GO. AFTER ALL, EVERY VIEWER'S LIFE IS IMPORTANT.

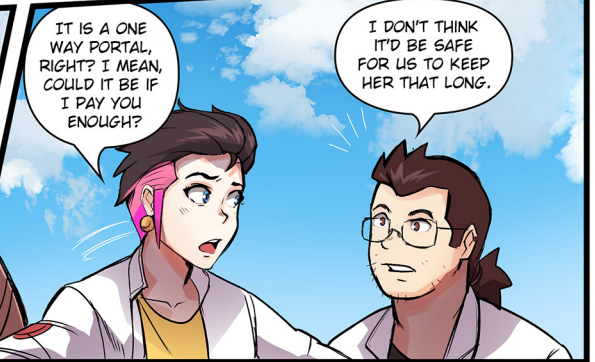
EVEN FOREIGN ONES FROM A DIMENSIONAL THINGY.

YOU'LL LOOK VERY HEROIC RUSHING IN TO SAVE THE DAY.



ARE YOU TRYING TO GET RID OF HER?

OF COURSE NOT. I WILL MISS HER TERRIBLY.



IT IS A ONE WAY PORTAL, RIGHT? I MEAN, COULD IT BE IF I PAY YOU ENOUGH?

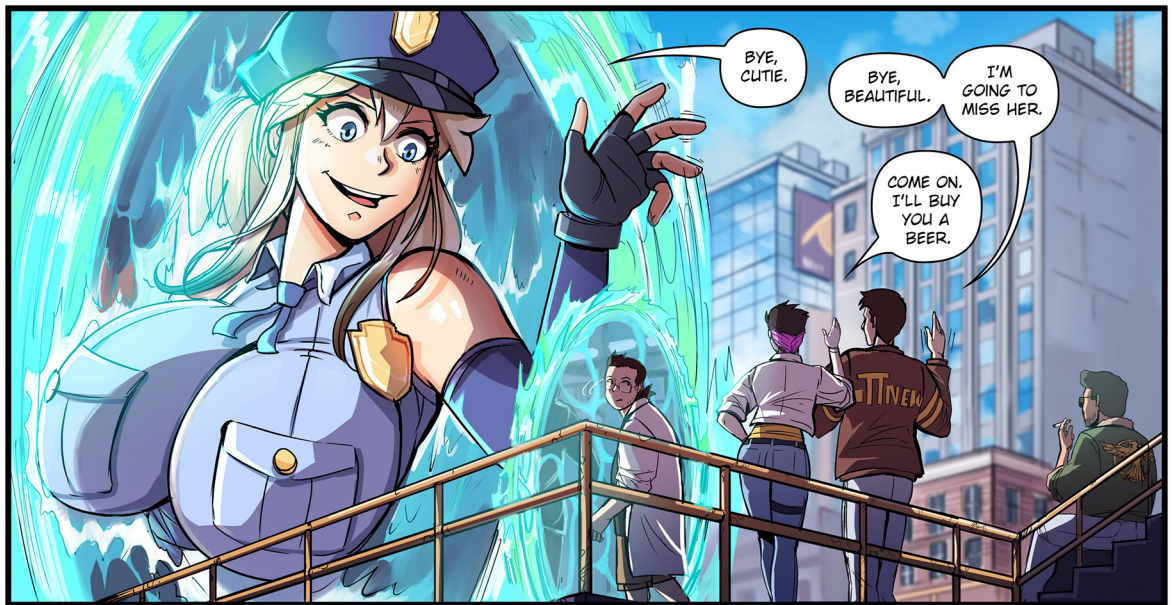
I DON'T THINK IT'D BE SAFE FOR US TO KEEP HER THAT LONG.



PUT THIS IN YOUR EAR. I'LL BE ABLE TO TALK YOU THROUGH WHAT TO DO.

RELAX, POPS. THIS ISN'T MY FIRST RESCUE MISSION.

IF YOU ACTUALLY RESCUE SOMEONE, IT WILL BE.



BYE, CUTIE.

BYE, BEAUTIFUL.

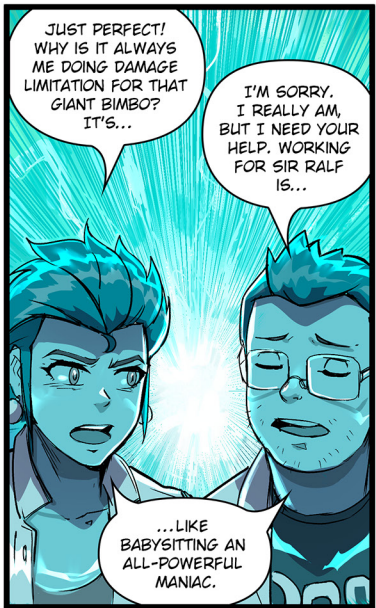
I'M GOING TO MISS HER.

COME ON. I'LL BUY YOU A BEER.



YOU'RE COMING TOO, YOU KNOW NIKKI, AND I'M TIRED OF BEING THE ONLY ONE WHO ISN'T COMPLETELY MAD.

WHAT?! NO!



JUST PERFECT! WHY IS IT ALWAYS WE DOING DAMAGE LIMITATION FOR THAT GIANT BIMBO? IT'S...

I'M SORRY, I REALLY AM, BUT I NEED YOUR HELP. WORKING FOR SIR RALF IS...

...LIKE BABYSITTING AN ALL-POWERFUL MANIAC.



YES, IT IS...

...ISN'T IT?

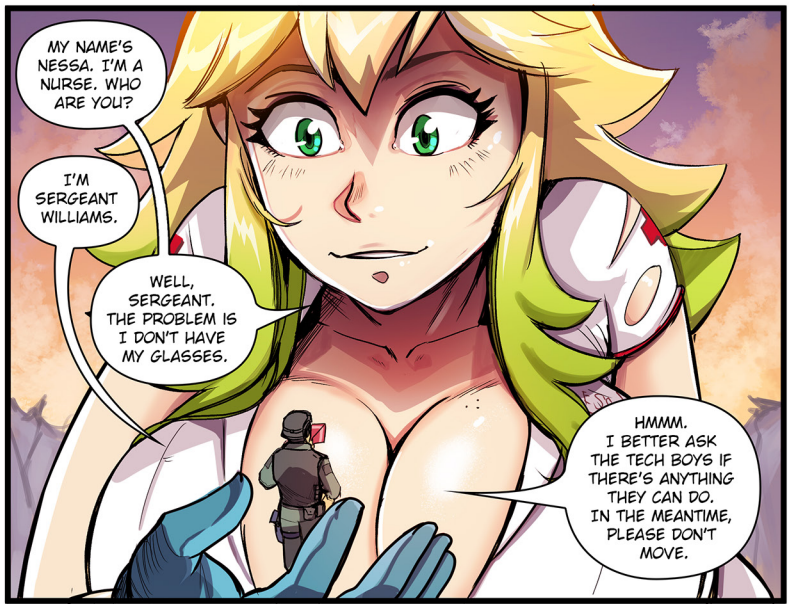


ELSEWHERE ON SIR RALF'S AND SYMONDS' SIDE OF THE PORTAL, THE ARMY IS FINDING IT MUCH EASIER THAN EXPECTED TO CONTAIN NURSE NESSA.



CAN'T YOU SEE ME? I'M RIGHT HERE, TOUCHING YOUR HAND.

IS THAT YOU? I THOUGHT IT WAS AN INSECT. OH, NO! I MUST HAVE GROWN AGAIN.



MY NAME'S NESSA. I'M A NURSE. WHO ARE YOU?

I'M SERGEANT WILLIAMS.

WELL, SERGEANT. THE PROBLEM IS I DON'T HAVE MY GLASSES.

HMMM. I BETTER ASK THE TECH BOYS IF THERE'S ANYTHING THEY CAN DO. IN THE MEANTIME, PLEASE DON'T MOVE.



"OF COURSE NOT. I DON'T WANT TO HURT ANYONE."

DON'T WORRY CITIZENS! I'LL SAVE YOU!

SHE'S GOING TO LEARN WHAT IT MEANS TO TANGLE WITH THE GODDESS OF LAW.

TRY TO KEEP PROPERTY DAMAGE AND LOSS OF LIFE TO A MINIMUM. JUST MAKE A BIT OF NOISE, RESTRAIN HER AND HAUL HER BACK TO THE PORTAL.



WERE YOU LISTENING TO ME?

HUSH, GRANDPA. I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING.

TO BE CONTINUED...

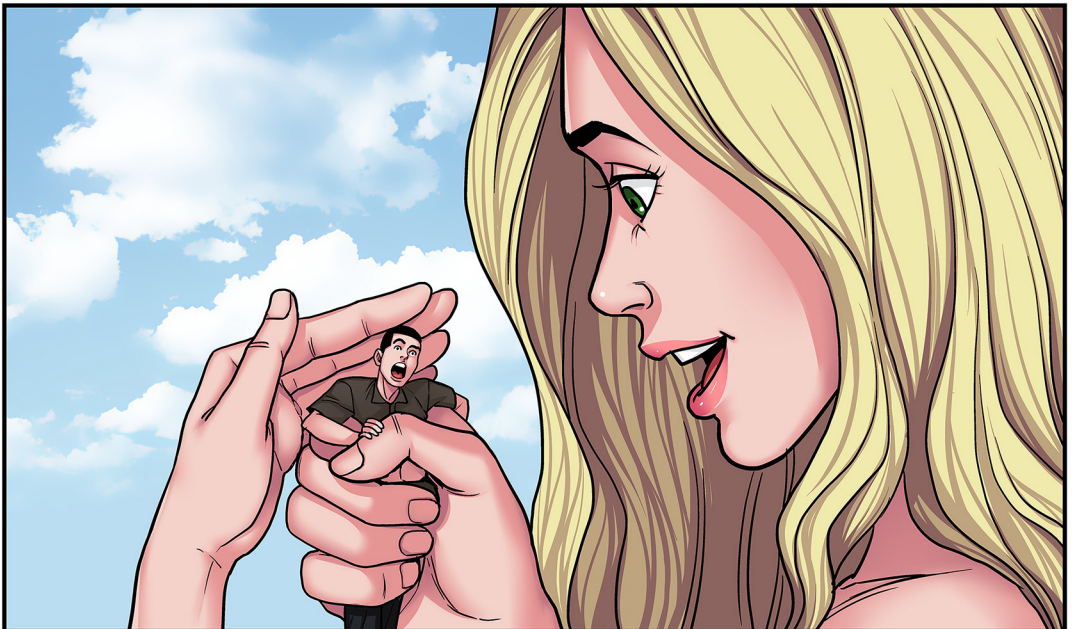
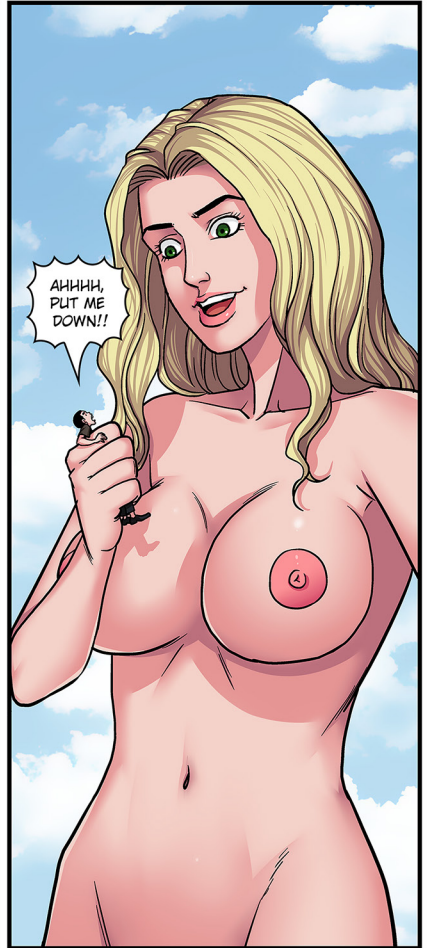
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REDACEGOD

ARTIST:
YUAN (STUDIO ARIETA)



THE DEMONIC DEAL

AUTHOR:
A0040PC

ARTIST:
YOUUZ (STUDIO ARIETA)



A weekend alone

AUTHOR:
KEVINFRED

ARTIST:
JIEUN



GIANTESS RPG

AUTHOR:
A00A0PC

ARTIST:
BOKUMAN

