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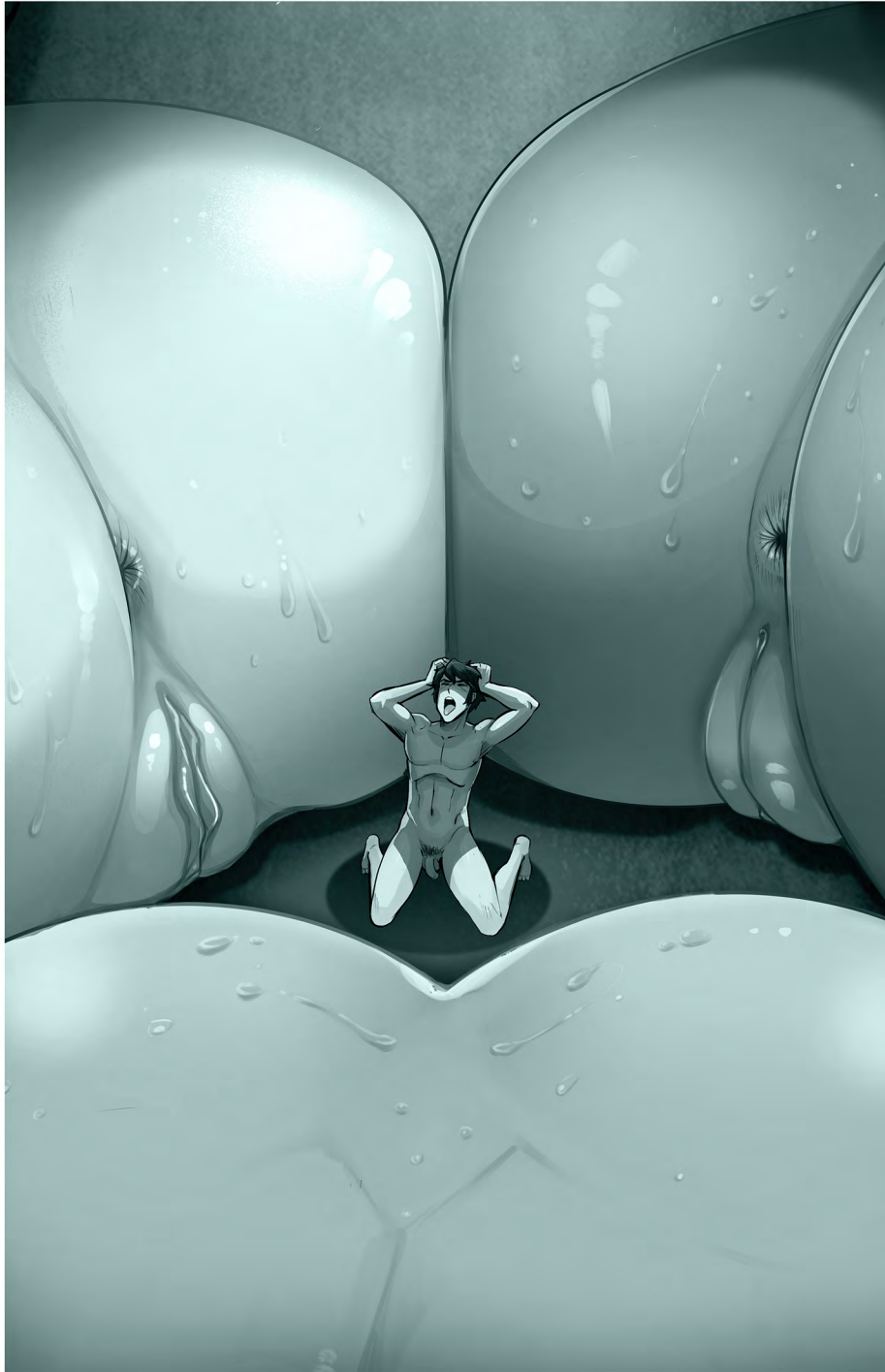
GIANTESS FAN

SUPER SPY 6

Jack Lowe believed he was the greatest spy on Earth.

Now he's a shell of the man he used to be and is done with the spy business.

These days he lives in solitude and tries to better himself through therapy, but he quickly finds out there's a lot of big obstacles on the road to recovery...



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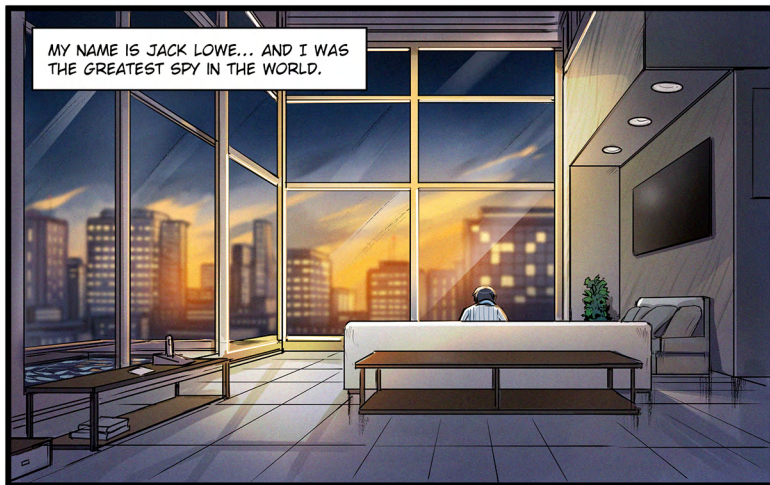
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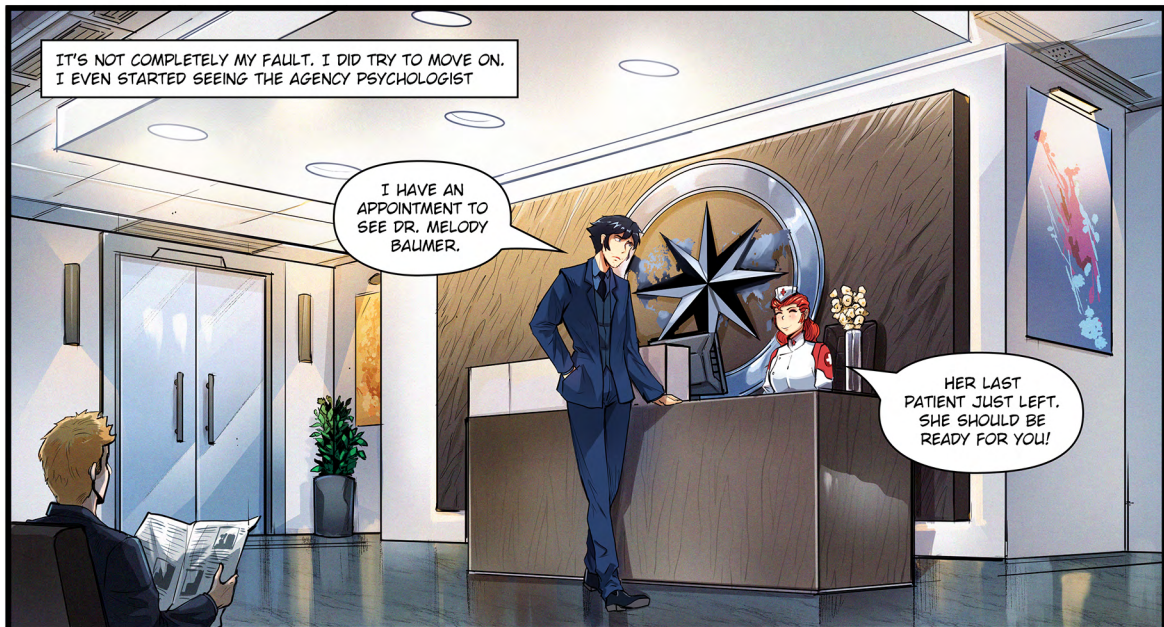
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MY NAME IS JACK LOWE... AND I WAS THE GREATEST SPY IN THE WORLD.



BUT NOW, I'M NO ONE. I'M A MAN WHO NEVER TALKS TO ANYONE AND BARELY LEAVES HIS APARTMENT.



IT'S NOT COMPLETELY MY FAULT. I DID TRY TO MOVE ON. I EVEN STARTED SEEING THE AGENCY PSYCHOLOGIST

I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT TO SEE DR. MELODY BAUMER.

HER LAST PATIENT JUST LEFT. SHE SHOULD BE READY FOR YOU!



HI, YOU MUST BE JACK.

THE PROBLEM WAS, THERE WAS ONLY ONE PSYCHOLOGIST I COULD SEE THAT I WAS ABLE TO TALK TO BECAUSE SHE WAS THE ONLY ONE CLEARED TO HEAR ABOUT OUR AGENCY'S CLASSIFIED MISSIONS.

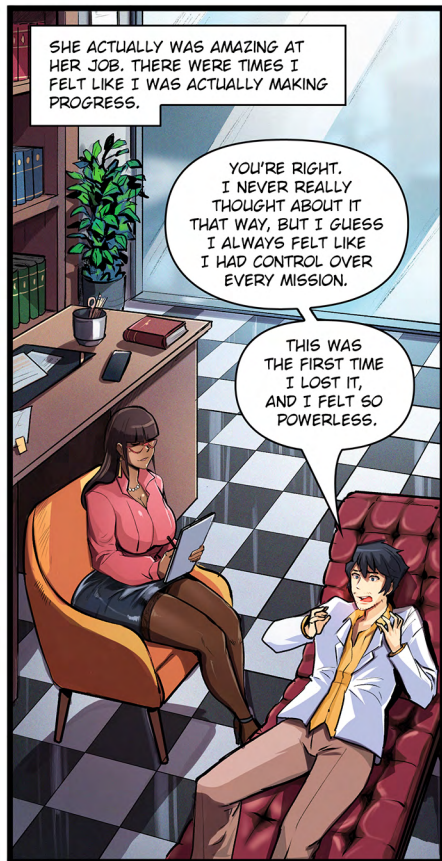


COME ON IN.

I UNDERSTOOD WHY MY THERAPY HAD TO BE WITH HER... BUT FROM THE VERY BEGINNING, I KNEW THERE WAS ONE REASON SHE WASN'T THE BEST FOR MY PARTICULAR SITUATION...



...AND IT WAS A REALLY BIG REASON.



SHE ACTUALLY WAS AMAZING AT HER JOB. THERE WERE TIMES I FELT LIKE I WAS ACTUALLY MAKING PROGRESS.

YOU'RE RIGHT. I NEVER REALLY THOUGHT ABOUT IT THAT WAY, BUT I GUESS I ALWAYS FELT LIKE I HAD CONTROL OVER EVERY MISSION.

THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME I LOST IT, AND I FELT SO POWERLESS.



UM...

KEEP GOING, I JUST NEED A NEW PEN. THIS ONE IS RUNNING OUT OF INK.

BUT IT WAS ALWAYS ONE STEP FORWARD AND TWO STEPS BACK...

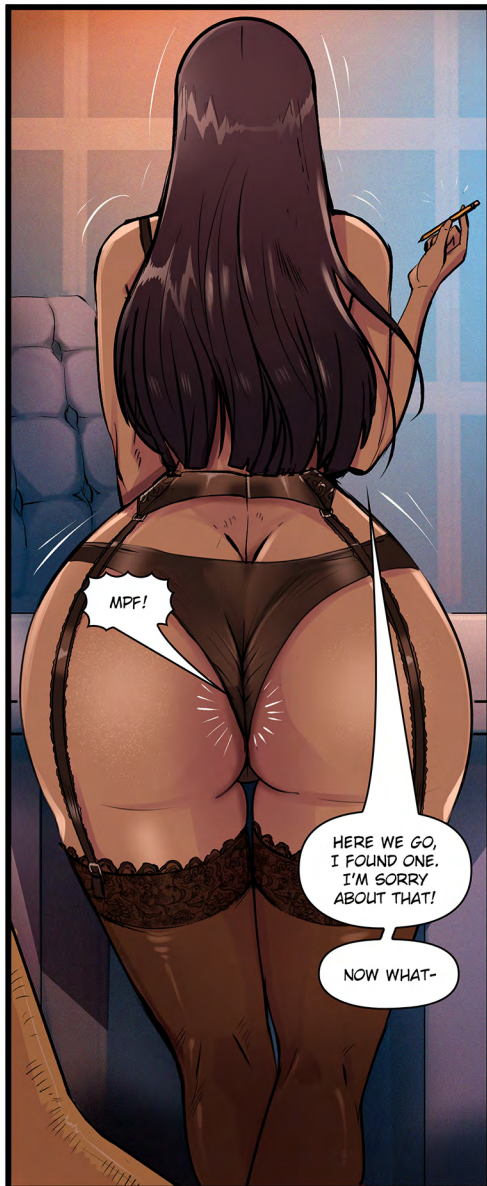


BECAUSE ANY TIME I SAW THAT MASSIVE ASS, I COULD ONLY THINK OF ONE THING.



HELP ME!
SOMEBODY GET ME
OUT OF HERE!

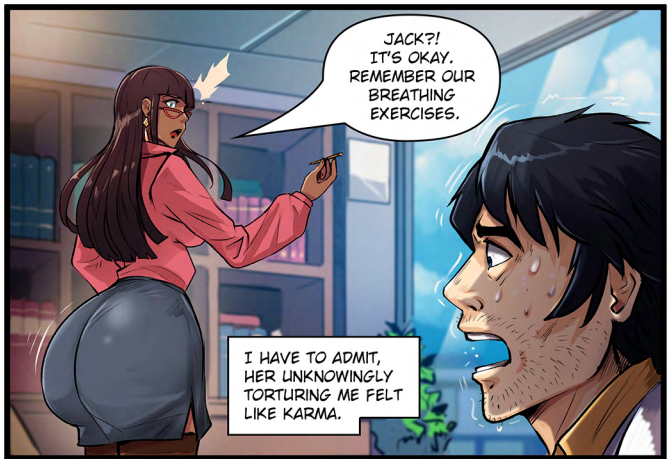
IT'S DARK,
AND SCARY,
AND SMELLS LIKE-



MPP!

HERE WE GO,
I FOUND ONE.
I'M SORRY
ABOUT THAT!

NOW WHAT-



JACK?!
IT'S OKAY.
REMEMBER OUR
BREATHING
EXERCISES.

I HAVE TO ADMIT,
HER UNKNOWINGLY
TORTURING ME FELT
LIKE KARMA.



THE AGENCY HAS ALWAYS BEEN
KIND OF A BOYS' CLUB.

DAMN...
CAN YOU BELIEVE
THE SIZE OF THAT
THING?

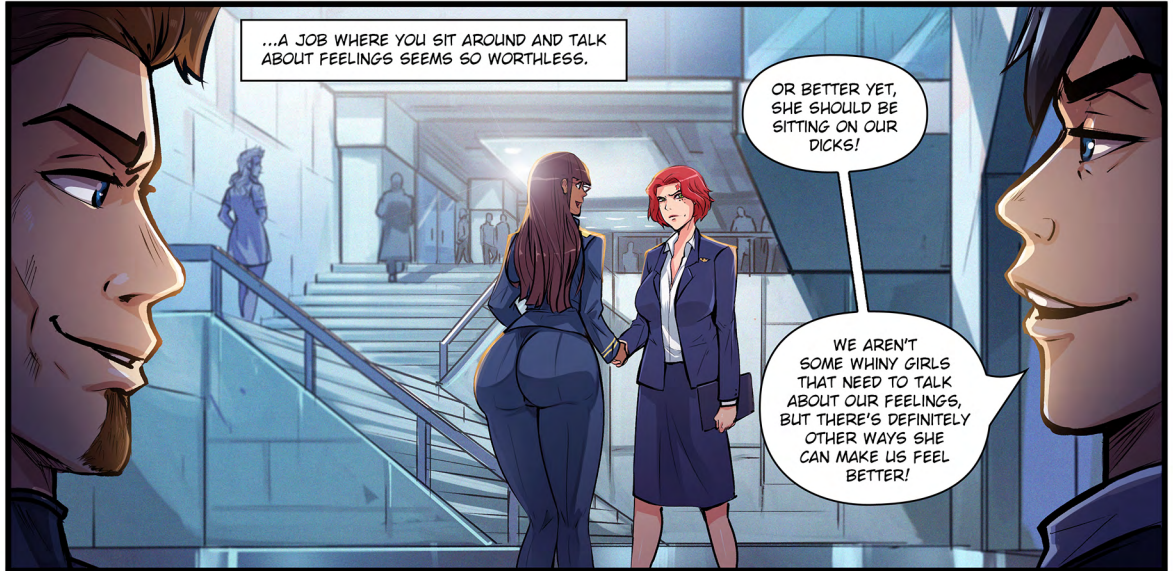
IT'S HARD
TO BELIEVE SHE'S
THE NEW HEAD
DOCTOR. THAT ASS
SHOULD BE SHAKING
AROUND IN A
MUSIC VIDEO OR
SOMETHING.

BRO,
NOT COOL.



WHAT YOU SHOULD HAVE SAID IS THAT THE SIZE OF HER BUTT IS PERFECT FOR A JOB WHERE SHE DOES NOTHING BUT SIT ON HER ASS ALL DAY.

AND WHEN YOU'RE OUT IN THE FIELD RISKING YOUR LIVES FOR PEOPLE...



...A JOB WHERE YOU SIT AROUND AND TALK ABOUT FEELINGS SEEMS SO WORTHLESS.

OR BETTER YET, SHE SHOULD BE SITTING ON OUR DICKS!

WE AREN'T SOME WHINY GIRLS THAT NEED TO TALK ABOUT OUR FEELINGS, BUT THERE'S DEFINITELY OTHER WAYS SHE CAN MAKE US FEEL BETTER!



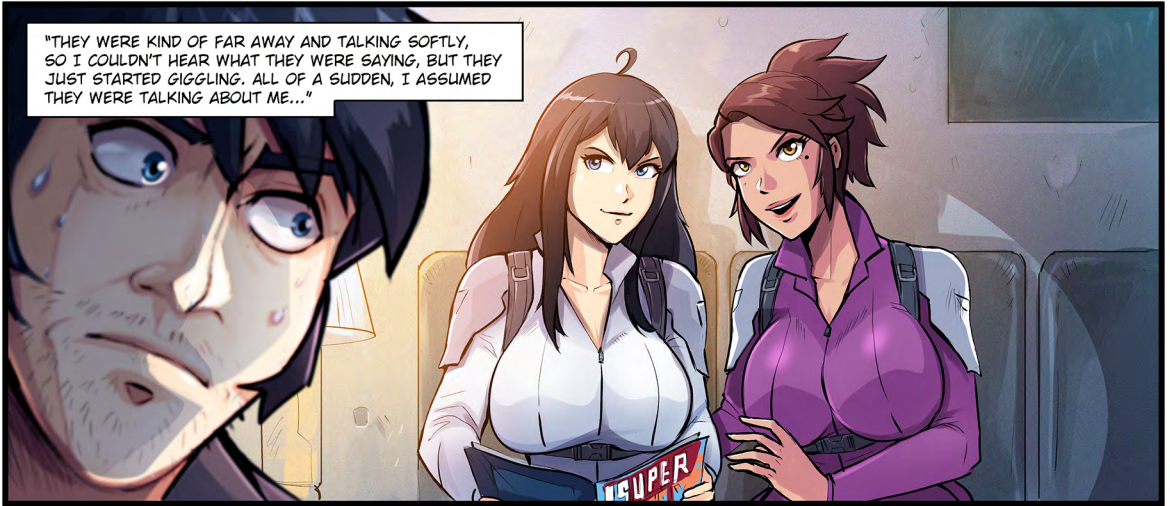
BUT TALKING WITH HER MADE ME REALIZE HOW WRONG THAT WAS, BECAUSE NOT ONLY DID SHE GET ME TO REFLECT ON MY LAST MISSION WITH MY CHELSEA, BUT I ALSO STARTED REFLECTING ON MYSELF.

HOLY SHIT. YOU'RE RIGHT. I REALLY DO CARE A LOT WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK OF ME.



"LIKE, WHEN I FIRST STARTED COMING HERE, I REMEMBER THERE WERE TWO OTHER GIRLS SITTING IN THE WAITING ROOM WITH ME."

"THEY WERE KIND OF FAR AWAY AND TALKING SOFTLY, SO I COULDN'T HEAR WHAT THEY WERE SAYING, BUT THEY JUST STARTED GIGGLING. ALL OF A SUDDEN, I ASSUMED THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT ME..."

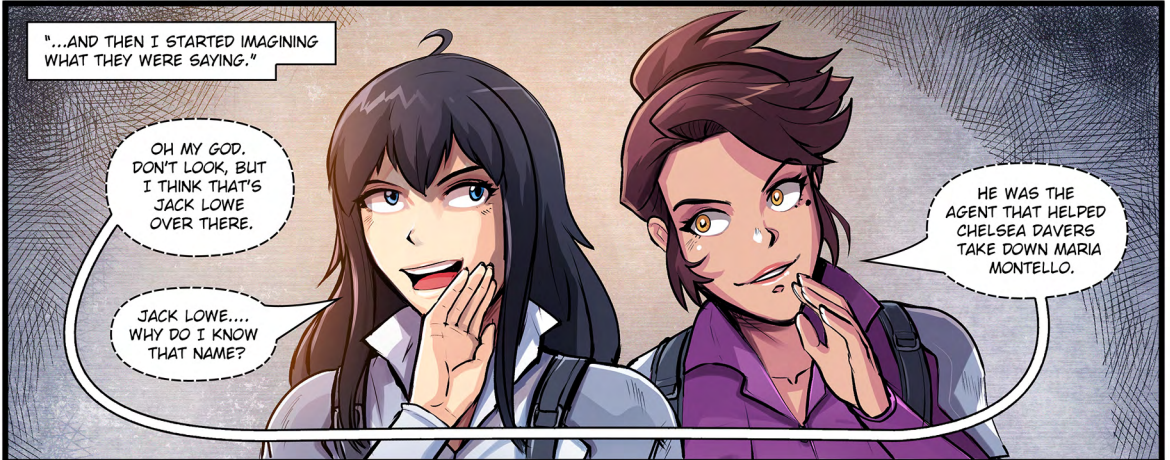


"...AND THEN I STARTED IMAGINING WHAT THEY WERE SAYING."

OH MY GOD. DON'T LOOK, BUT I THINK THAT'S JACK LOWE OVER THERE.

JACK LOWE.... WHY DO I KNOW THAT NAME?

HE WAS THE AGENT THAT HELPED CHELSEA DAVERS TAKE DOWN MARIA MONTELLO.



OHhhh, THAT GUY? I HEARD ALL ABOUT HIM!

WASN'T HE A TOP AGENT HERE?

MORE LIKE A **BOTTOM** AGENT CONSIDERING WHERE HE SPENT MOST OF HIS LAST MISSION!

OH, WOW. SO, THE STORIES ARE TRUE?!

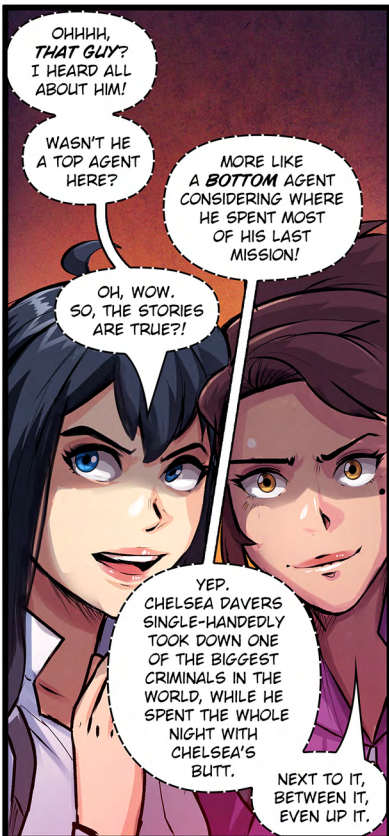
YEP, CHELSEA DAVERS SINGLE-HANDEDLY TOOK DOWN ONE OF THE BIGGEST CRIMINALS IN THE WORLD, WHILE HE SPENT THE WHOLE NIGHT WITH CHELSEA'S BUTT.

NEXT TO IT, BETWEEN IT, EVEN UP IT.

SERIOUSLY? THAT'S PRETTY PATHETIC.

HE MUST HAVE BEEN A TERRIBLE AGENT.

I KNOW, RIGHT? NO WONDER CHELSEA KEPT HIM IN HER BUTT DURING THAT WHOLE MISSION. SHE KNEW WHERE HE BELONGED.



YOU THINK HE **BELONGS** IN A BUTT?

THINK ABOUT IT. CHELSEA'S AN INCREDIBLY GIFTED AND TALENTED AGENT.

THEN SHE GETS PARTNERED WITH SOMEONE THAT'S COMPLETELY WORTHLESS OUT IN THE FIELD, JUST A TOTAL WASTE, AND SHE KNEW WHERE WASTE IS SUPPOSED TO BE KEPT.

IF HE WAS MY PARTNER, THAT'S RIGHT WHERE I'D STICK HIM TOO.





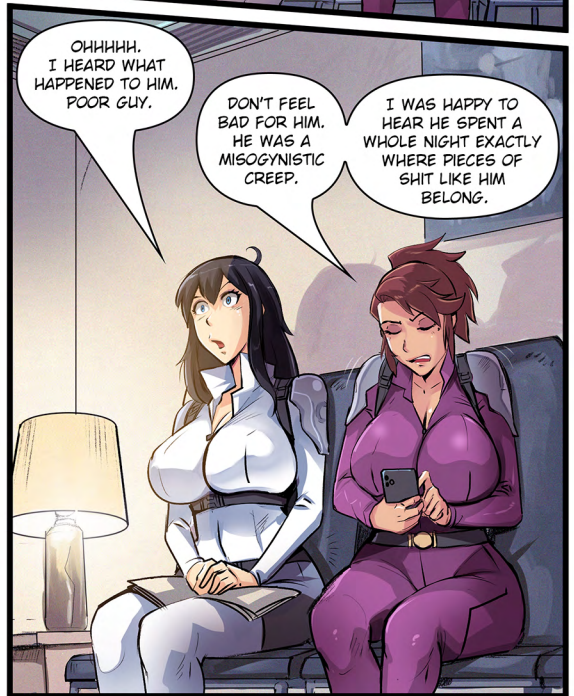
"I COULDN'T HEAR WHAT THEY WERE SAYING, BUT JUST *IMAGINING* IT HAD ME RUNNING TO THE BATHROOM JUST TO GET OUT OF THERE AND CALM BACK DOWN."



"AND THE WORST PART IS, THEY PROBABLY DIDN'T EVEN TALK ABOUT ME!"

WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT?

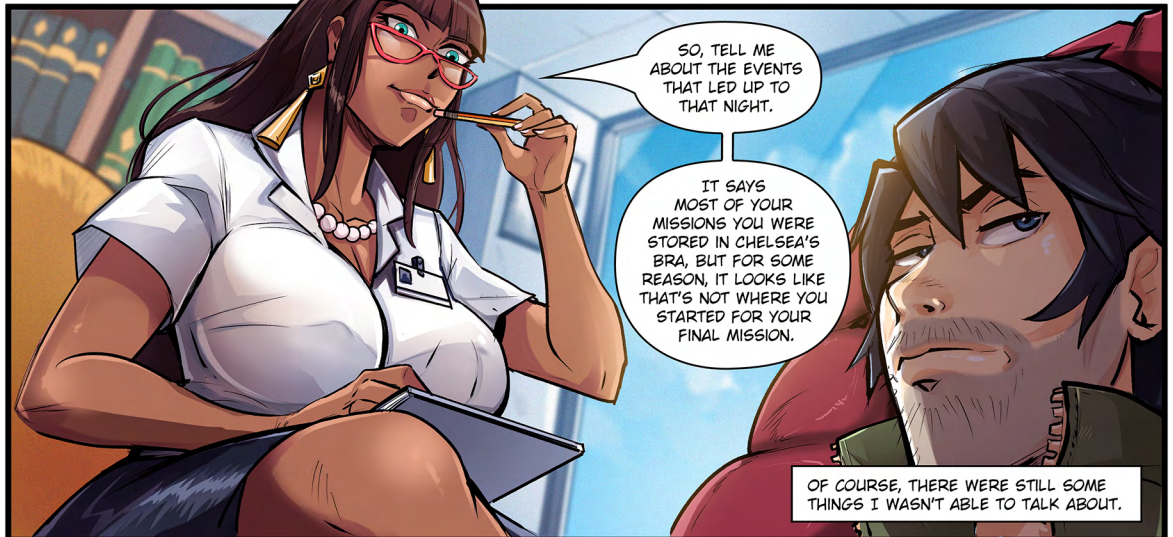
I THINK THAT WAS JACK LOWE.



OHHHHH. I HEARD WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM. POOR GUY.

DON'T FEEL BAD FOR HIM. HE WAS A MISOGYNISTIC CREEP.

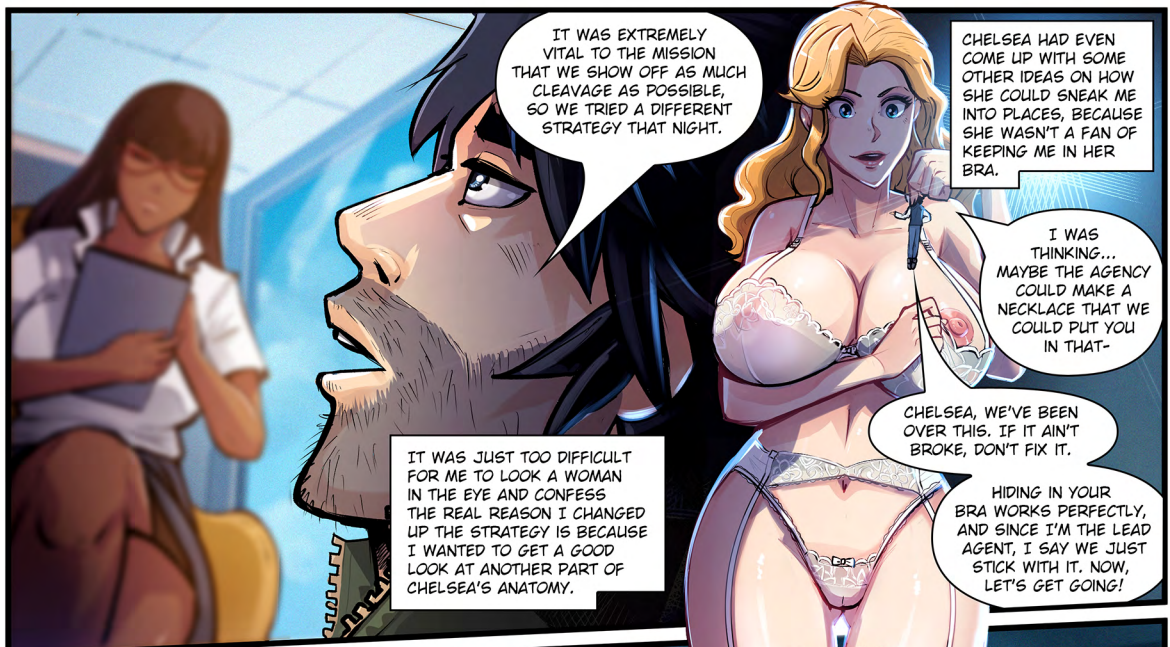
I WAS HAPPY TO HEAR HE SPENT A WHOLE NIGHT EXACTLY WHERE PIECES OF SHIT LIKE HIM BELONG.



SO, TELL ME ABOUT THE EVENTS THAT LED UP TO THAT NIGHT.

IT SAYS MOST OF YOUR MISSIONS YOU WERE STORED IN CHELSEA'S BRA, BUT FOR SOME REASON, IT LOOKS LIKE THAT'S NOT WHERE YOU STARTED FOR YOUR FINAL MISSION.

OF COURSE, THERE WERE STILL SOME THINGS I WASN'T ABLE TO TALK ABOUT.



IT WAS EXTREMELY VITAL TO THE MISSION THAT WE SHOW OFF AS MUCH CLEAVAGE AS POSSIBLE, SO WE TRIED A DIFFERENT STRATEGY THAT NIGHT.

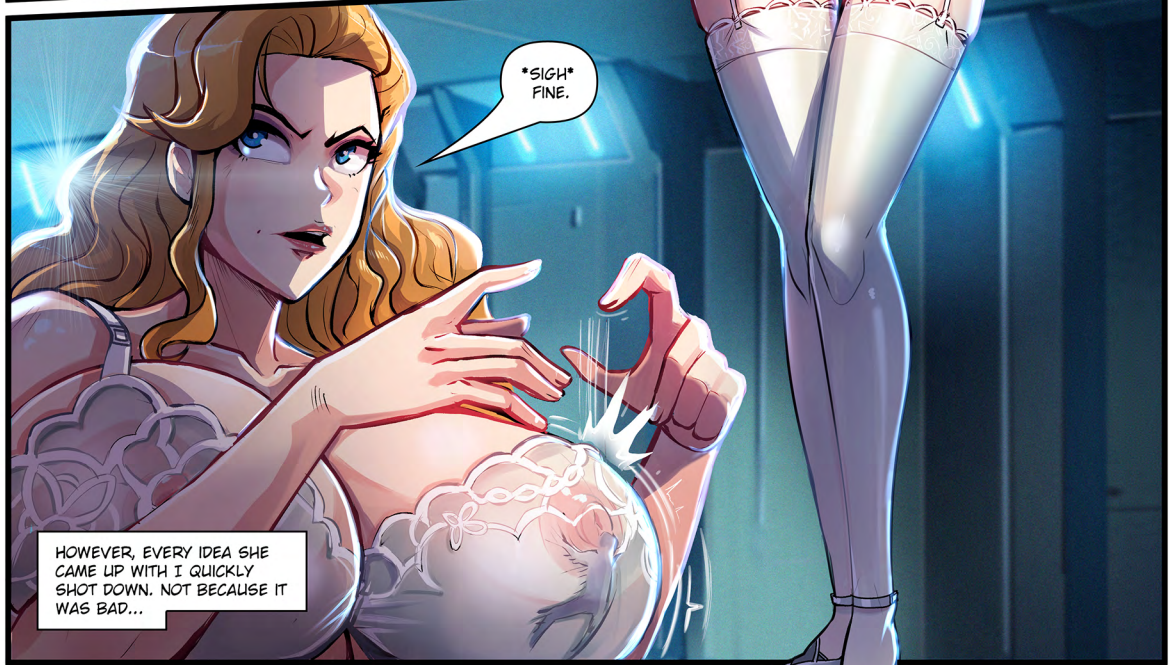
CHELSEA HAD EVEN COME UP WITH SOME OTHER IDEAS ON HOW SHE COULD SNEAK ME INTO PLACES, BECAUSE SHE WASN'T A FAN OF KEEPING ME IN HER BRA.

I WAS THINKING... MAYBE THE AGENCY COULD MAKE A NECKLACE THAT WE COULD PUT YOU IN THAT-

IT WAS JUST TOO DIFFICULT FOR ME TO LOOK A WOMAN IN THE EYE AND CONFESS THE REAL REASON I CHANGED UP THE STRATEGY IS BECAUSE I WANTED TO GET A GOOD LOOK AT ANOTHER PART OF CHELSEA'S ANATOMY.

CHELSEA, WE'VE BEEN OVER THIS. IF IT AIN'T BROKE, DON'T FIX IT.

HIDING IN YOUR BRA WORKS PERFECTLY, AND SINCE I'M THE LEAD AGENT, I SAY WE JUST STICK WITH IT. NOW, LET'S GET GOING!

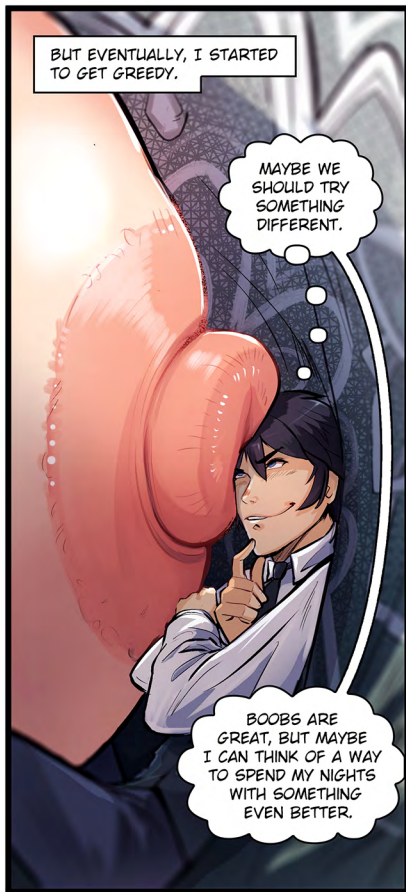


SIGH FINE.

HOWEVER, EVERY IDEA SHE CAME UP WITH I QUICKLY SHOT DOWN. NOT BECAUSE IT WAS BAD...



...BUT BECAUSE I REALLY ENJOYED HOW MUCH TIME I GOT TO SPEND NEXT TO THE GIANT BOOB OF AN INCREDIBLY GORGEOUS WOMAN.



BUT EVENTUALLY, I STARTED TO GET GREEDY.

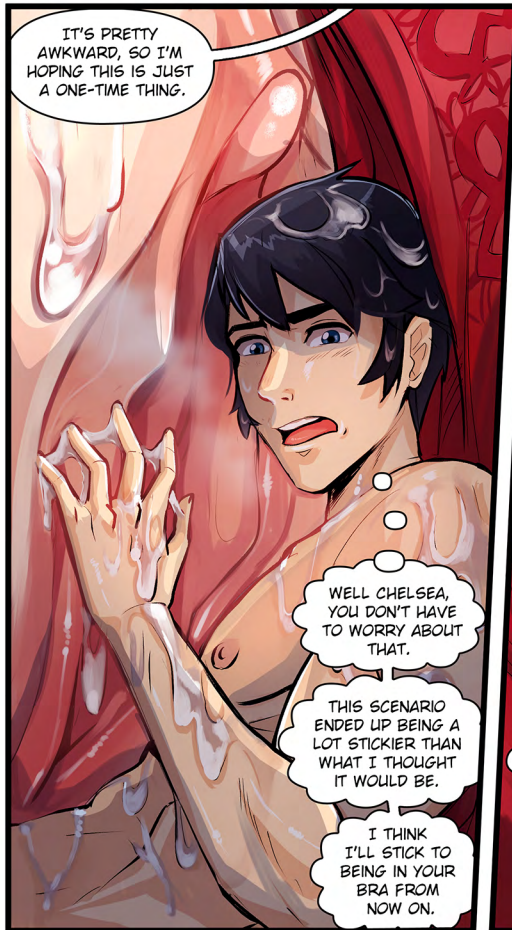
MAYBE WE SHOULD TRY SOMETHING DIFFERENT.

BOOBS ARE GREAT, BUT MAYBE I CAN THINK OF A WAY TO SPEND MY NIGHTS WITH SOMETHING EVEN BETTER.



OKAY... BEFORE YOU GO... WHAT'S IT LIKE?

MY PARTNER'S ENTIRE BODY IS RIGHT UP AGAINST MY WOMANHOOD, AND EVERY TIME HE MOVES, HIS HEAD RUBS AGAINST MY CLIT.



IT'S PRETTY AWKWARD, SO I'M HOPING THIS IS JUST A ONE-TIME THING.

WELL CHELSEA, YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT.

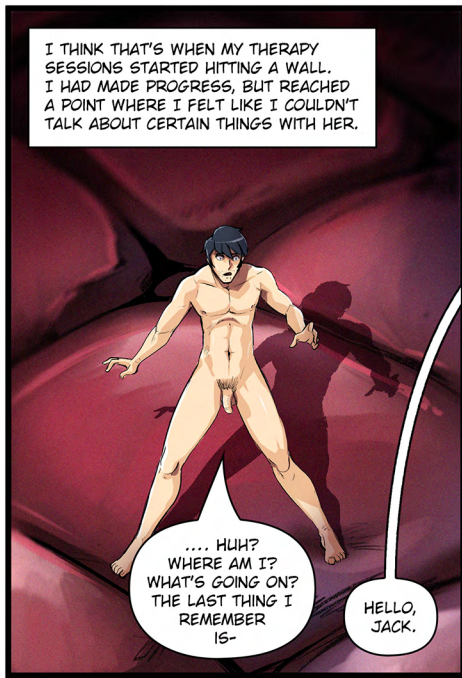
THIS SCENARIO ENDED UP BEING A LOT STICKIER THAN WHAT I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE.

I THINK I'LL STICK TO BEING IN YOUR BRA FROM NOW ON.



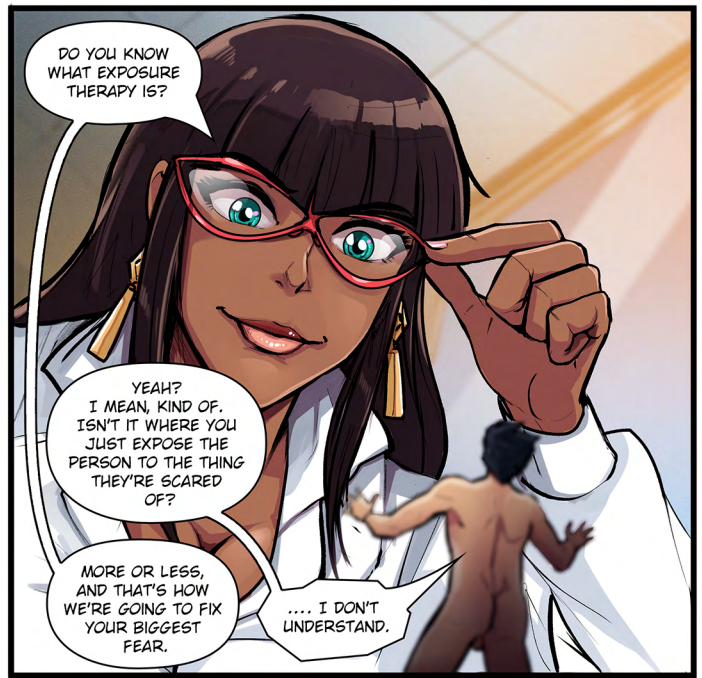
BUT I AM GLAD I AT LEAST I GOT TO SEE THIS PLACE UP CLOSE.

YOU TRULY ARE MAGNIFICENT, JUST AS I EXPECTED.



.... HUH?
WHERE AM I?
WHAT'S GOING ON?
THE LAST THING I
REMEMBER
IS-

HELLO,
JACK.





OH, NO.
THAT THING
IS HUGE!



OH, GOD!
IS SHE ABOUT
TO SIT DOWN?!

I DON'T
LIKE THIS!!
I DIDN'T SIGN UP
FOR THIS!!



CAN YOU
NOT HEAR ME?!
PLEASE, DON'T
DO THIS!!



OKAY,
LET'S GO AHEAD
AND START
YOUR ALL-DAY
SESSION.

GREAT!!
I'VE GOT A
LOT TO SAY, SO I
DON'T PLAN ON
MOVING FOR QUITE
SOME TIME.

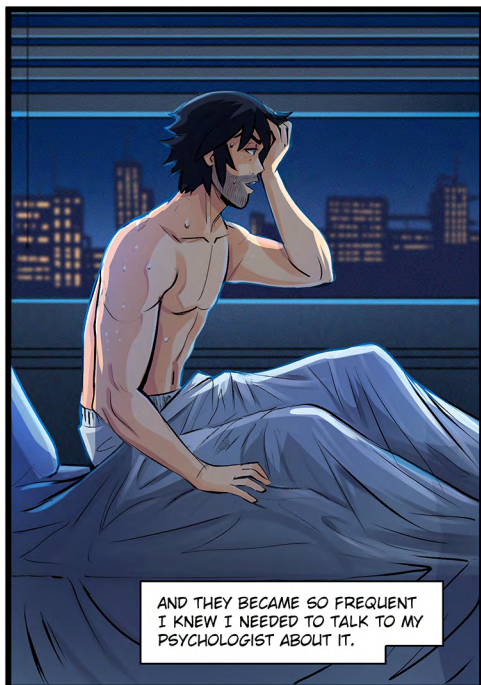


HELP ME!!!



AHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

MAYBE THE NIGHTMARES STARTED BECAUSE I WAS AVOIDING TALKING ABOUT CERTAIN THINGS IN THERAPY.



AND THEY BECAME SO FREQUENT I KNEW I NEEDED TO TALK TO MY PSYCHOLOGIST ABOUT IT.

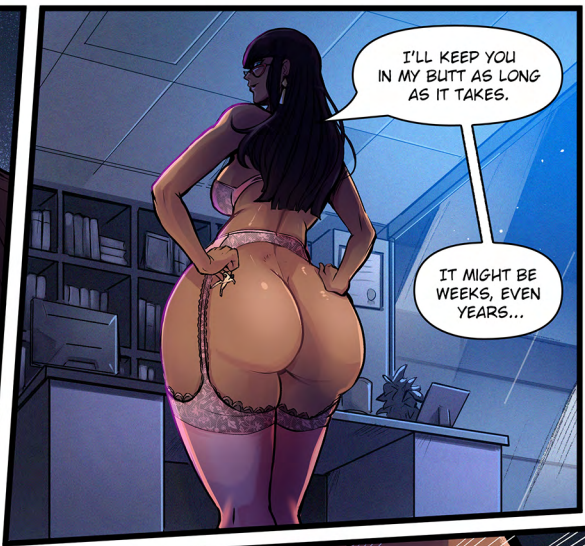


JACK, DON'T WORRY. I WOULD NEVER SHRINK YOU AND HAVE ANOTHER PATIENT USE HER BUTT TO HELP YOU GET BETTER.

THANKS, DOC. SERIOUSLY, YOU DON'T KNOW HOW NICE IT IS TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT.

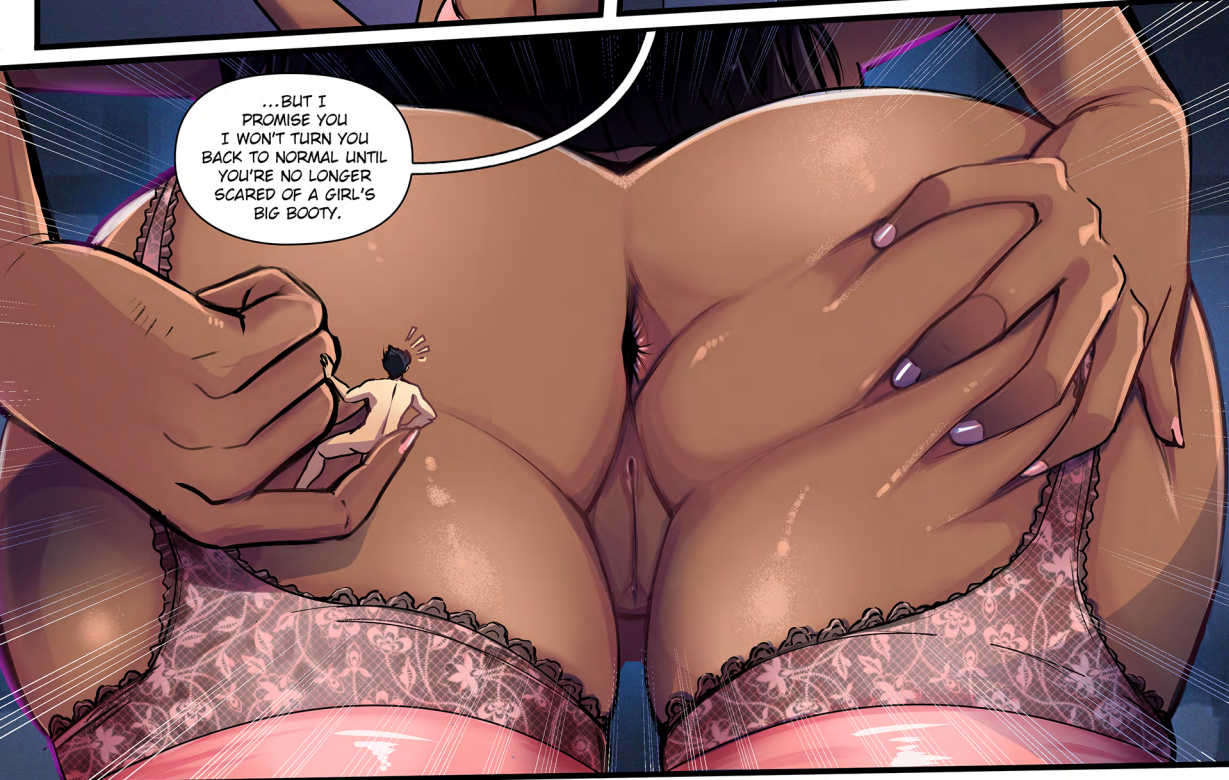


YOU'RE MY PATIENT, SO IT'S MY RESPONSIBILITY TO HELP YOU THROUGH EXPOSURE THERAPY.

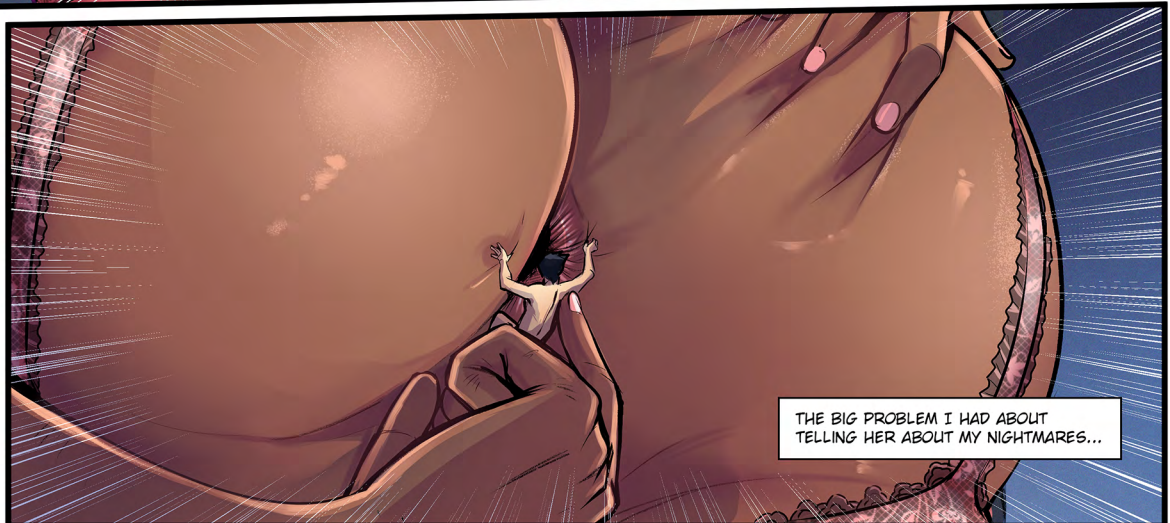


I'LL KEEP YOU IN MY BUTT AS LONG AS IT TAKES.

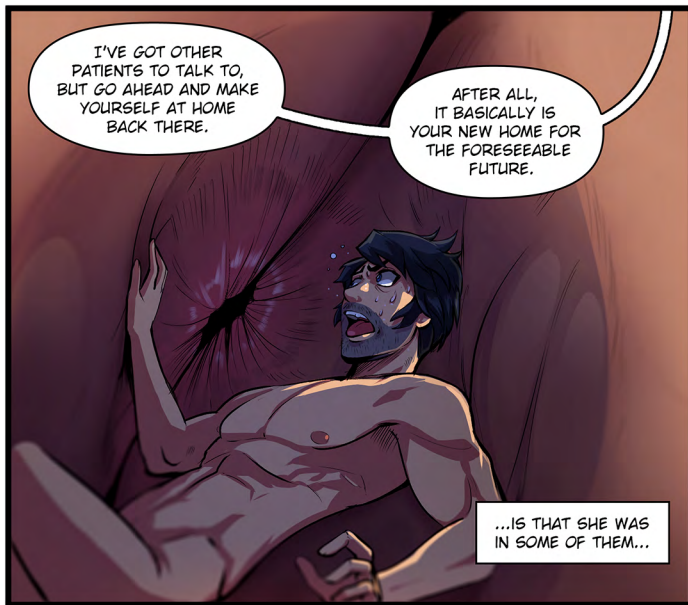
IT MIGHT BE WEEKS, EVEN YEARS...



... BUT I PROMISE YOU I WON'T TURN YOU BACK TO NORMAL UNTIL YOU'RE NO LONGER SCARED OF A GIRL'S BIG BOOTY.



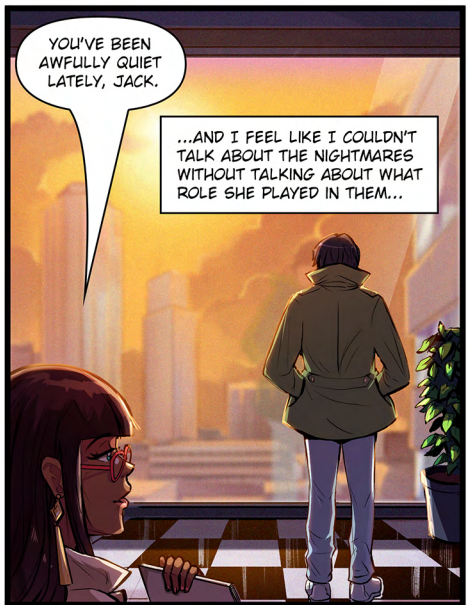
THE BIG PROBLEM I HAD ABOUT TELLING HER ABOUT MY NIGHTMARES...



I'VE GOT OTHER PATIENTS TO TALK TO, BUT GO AHEAD AND MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME BACK THERE.

AFTER ALL, IT BASICALLY IS YOUR NEW HOME FOR THE FORESEEABLE FUTURE.

...IS THAT SHE WAS IN SOME OF THEM...



YOU'VE BEEN AWFULLY QUIET LATELY, JACK.

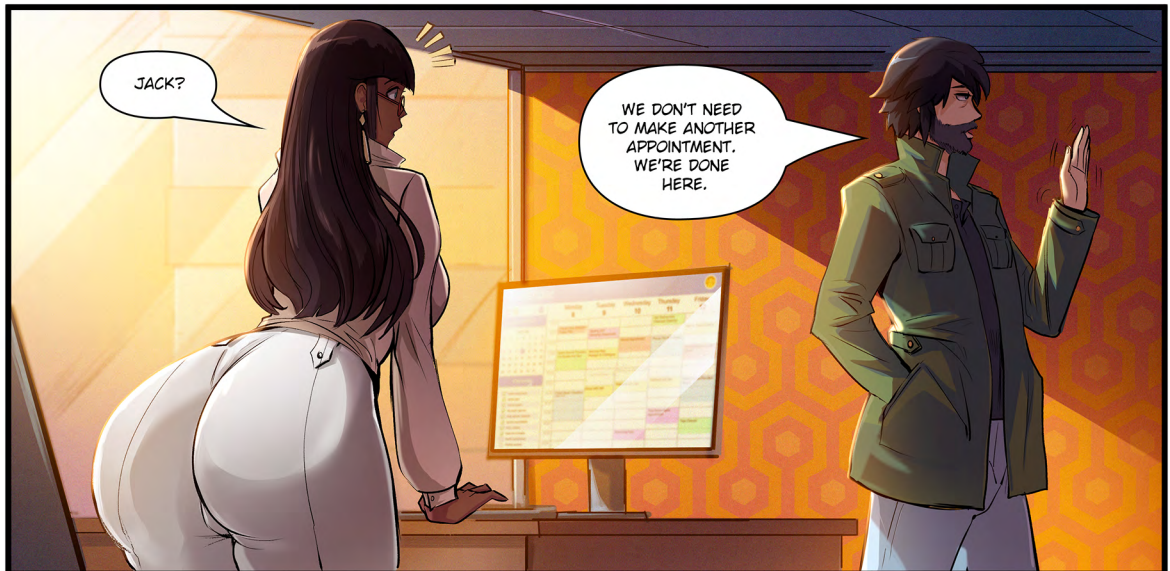
...AND I FEEL LIKE I COULDN'T TALK ABOUT THE NIGHTMARES WITHOUT TALKING ABOUT WHAT ROLE SHE PLAYED IN THEM...



I CAN'T REALLY HELP IF YOU DON'T TALK TO ME.

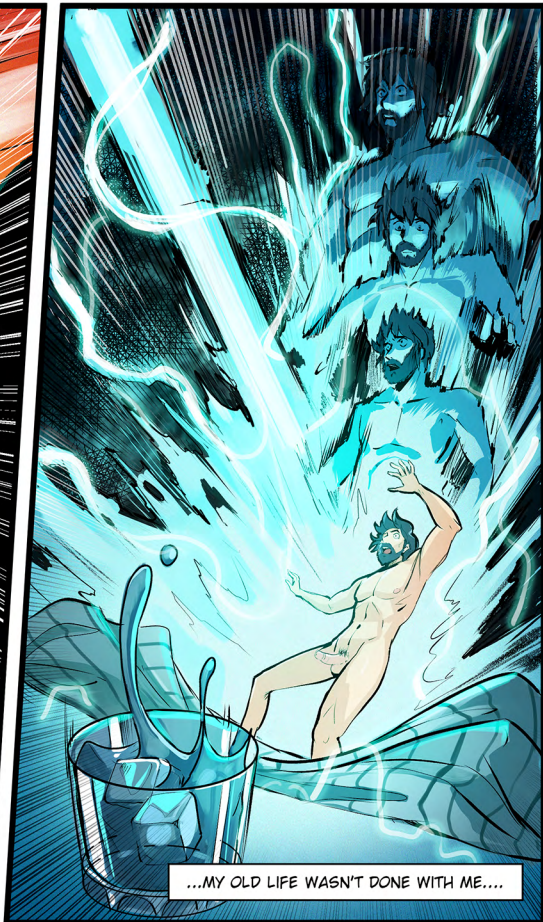
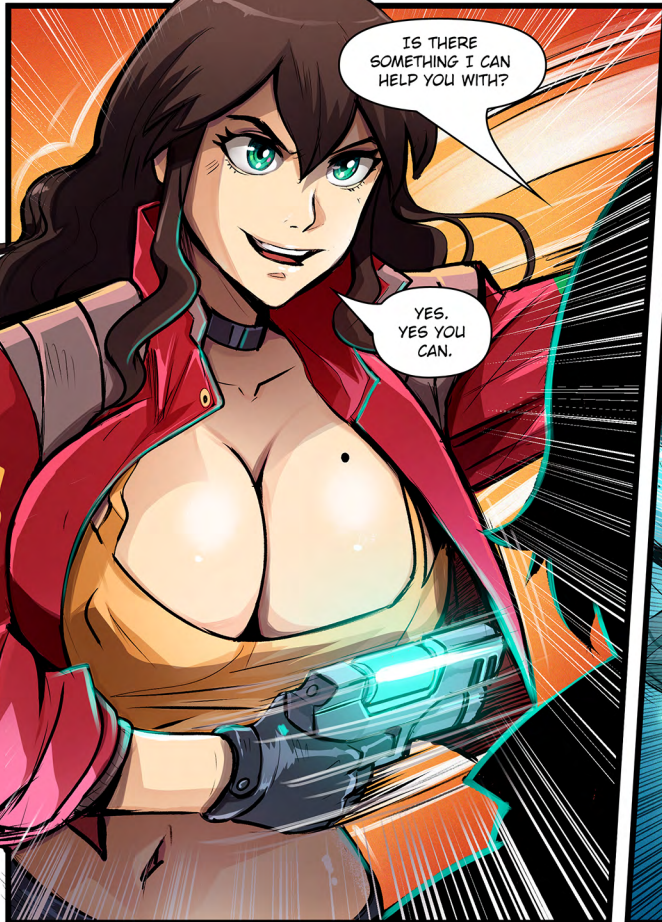
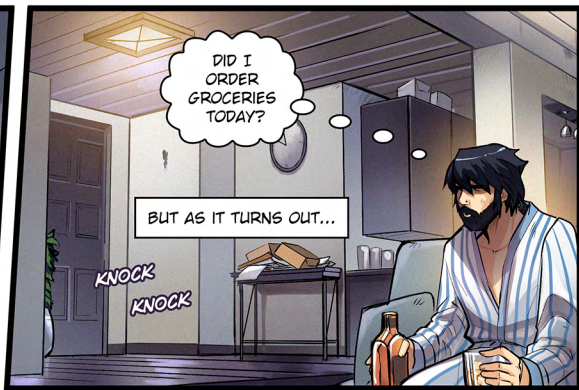
I WANT YOU TO THINK ABOUT THAT AS I SCHEDULE OUR NEXT APPOINTMENT.

...AND I COULDN'T TALK ABOUT HER WITHOUT ACKNOWLEDGING THE FACT THAT IT WAS **HER BUTT** I WAS GETTING SHOVED INTO DURING MY NIGHTMARES HALF THE TIME, AND THAT SEEING HER BIG BUTT WAS KIND OF A TRIGGER FOR ME.



JACK?

WE DON'T NEED TO MAKE ANOTHER APPOINTMENT. WE'RE DONE HERE.



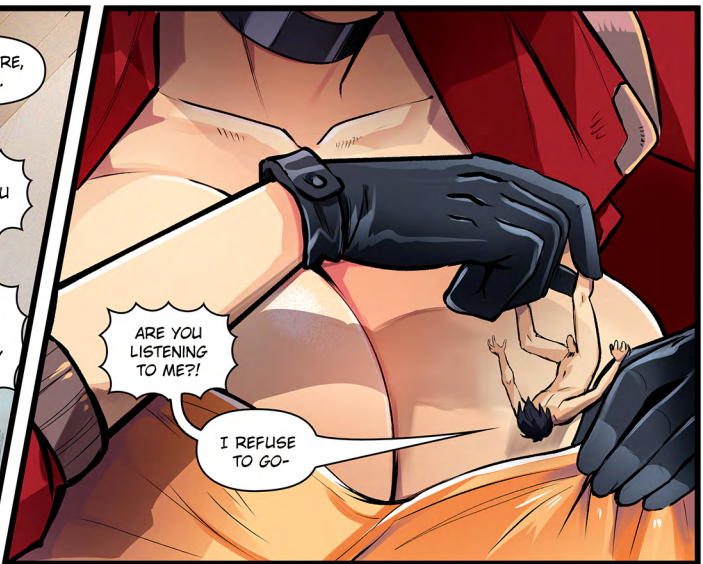


COME HERE, CUTIE.

NO, DON'T YOU DARE!

I'M NOT GOING BACK! I AM DONE WITH THE SPY LIFE!!!

THEY CAN'T MAKE ME GO BACK.



ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?!

I REFUSE TO GO-

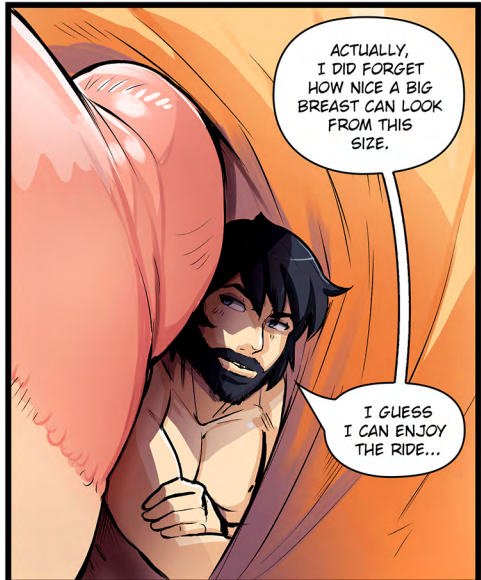


YEAH, I DON'T THINK YOU CAN REALLY REFUSE ANYTHING AT THIS SIZE.



JUST ENJOY YOURSELF.

I AM PUTTING YOU IN A PRETTY NICE PLACE AFTER ALL.



ACTUALLY, I DID FORGET HOW NICE A BIG BREAST CAN LOOK FROM THIS SIZE.

I GUESS I CAN ENJOY THE RIDE...



...BUT THIS IS COMPLETELY POINTLESS. THERE'S NO WAY IN HELL I'M GOING BACK OUT INTO THE FIELD.

AWWWW, YOU'RE IN FOR A BIG, BIG SURPRISE, LITTLE GUY.

TO BE CONTINUED...

CHECK OUT SOME
PREVIEW PAGES FROM OUR
UPCOMING COMIC LINEUP!



THE GREAT ICE CREAM WAR

AUTHOR:
SOLOMONG

ARTIST:
MEI (STUDIO ARIETA)



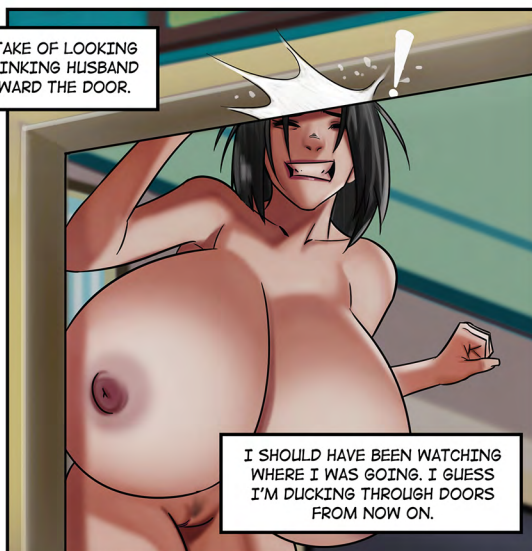
MY SHRINKING HUSBAND

AUTHOR:
MAC ROME

ARTIST:
WANG (SEDNA STUDIO)



I MADE THE MISTAKE OF LOOKING DOWN AT MY SHRINKING HUSBAND AS I WALKED TOWARD THE DOOR.



I SHOULD HAVE BEEN WATCHING WHERE I WAS GOING. I GUESS I'M DUCKING THROUGH DOORS FROM NOW ON.



I CALLED DOCTOR JAMESON. WE BOTH REALIZED THAT JIM WAS SHRINKING SO FAST NOW HE'D BE NO BIGGER THAN A BUG --- AND MAYBE MICROSCOPIC --- BY THE END OF THE DAY.



I WAS LEFT WITH A CHOICE: BRING MY TINY HUSBAND IN SO HE COULD BE OBSERVED AS HE SHRINK, KNOWING IT WOULD DO HIM NO GOOD; OR STAY HOME AND MAKE HIS LAST HOURS OF CONTACT HAPPY.

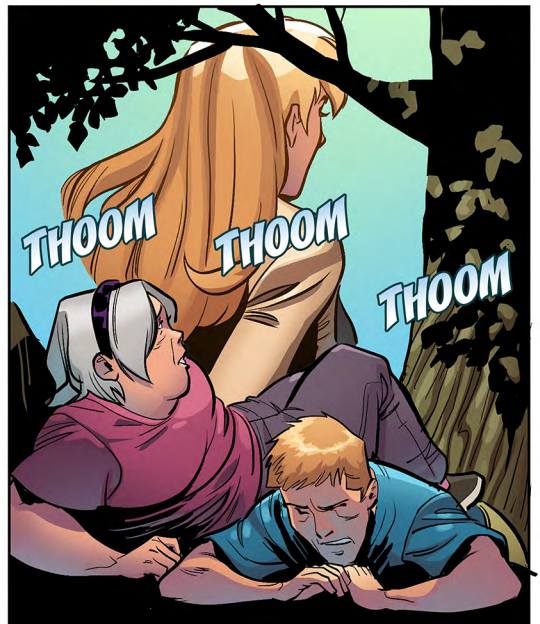
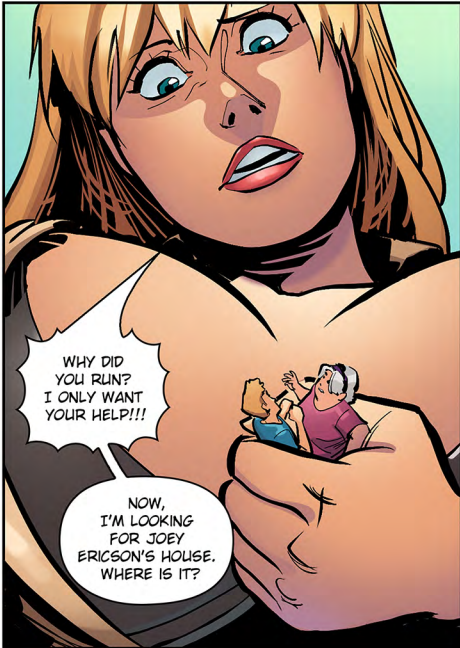
I CHOSE THE LATTER. HOW COULD I DO ANYTHING ELSE? I WANTED THE MAN I LOVE'S LAST HOURS TO BE ENJOYING MY LOVE, NOT LIVING LIKE A LAB ANIMAL.

TEACHER'S PET

AUTHOR:
BATDAS12

ILLUSTRATOR:
VINCENZO PIETROPAOLO

COLORIST:
YURI DI CURZIO



THE GIANT LIFE OF HOLLY HALE

AUTHOR:
MISTERBIGRED

ARTIST:
WANTEDWAIFUS

