

Warning!

**This comic is intended for adults only and may contain nudity and violence!
The story, all names, characters, and incidents portrayed in this production
are fictitious.**

**No identification with actual persons (living or deceased), places,
buildings, and products is intended or should be inferred.**

All characters are of legal age.

A DELIVERY MAN STANDS AT THE MASSIVE FRONT GATE, HOLDING A LARGE, HEAVY PACKAGE. HE LOOKS UP, EYES WIDE, TAKING IN THE ENORMOUS VILLA TOWERING BEFORE HIM.



WHAT THE HELL...
THIS PLACE IS HUGE!





EVEN THE STAIRS ARE
GIGANTIC...

HE WALKS SLOWLY TOWARD THE FRONT STEPS. AS HE
LIFTS HIS LEG TO REACH THE FIRST STEP, HE PAUSES...

A man with dark hair, wearing a blue jumpsuit with red sleeves and a black belt, stands on a light-colored stone platform. He is looking towards the right with a slightly weary expression, his right hand raised to his forehead. Next to him on the platform is a large, dark brown rectangular package secured with black straps. The background features a large, fluted stone column, green bushes, and a clear sky.

PHEW!
OKAY... MADE IT... BARELY.

HE CLIMBS, STEP BY STEP, UNTIL HE REACHES THE TOP, COMPLETELY OUT OF BREATH. HE SETS THE PACKAGE DOWN WITH A GROAN...

HE LOOKS AHEAD. A TOWERING GLASS DOOR STANDS BEFORE HIM — SLEEK, PRISTINE, AND AT LEAST THREE METERS TALL. HE RAISES HIS HAND AND KNOCKS.

A man with dark hair, wearing a red and blue jacket, is shown from a high angle, reaching out to knock on a large, multi-paned glass door. The floor is covered in a patterned carpet with a large blue circular design and smaller floral motifs. The scene is set in a room with light-colored walls and a wooden floor.

IS EVERYTHING IN THIS HOUSE
BUILT FOR GIANTS?
LET'S SEE IF ANYONE IS HOME...

KNOCK!

A FEW SECONDS PASS...



THROUGH THE FROSTED GLASS, A LARGE SHADOW APPEARS — BROAD, TOWERING, FEMININE. SLOWLY, THE FIGURE GETS CLOSER...



THE DELIVERY MAN INSTINCTIVELY
TAKES A FEW STEPS BACK...

I DON'T HAVE A GOOD
FEELING SOMEHOW...



THE GLASS DOOR CREAKS OPEN...

WHAT THE...





OH MY GOD!

STANDING BEHIND IT IS A GIGANTIC WOMAN, EVEN TALLER THAN THE MASSIVE DOOR ITSELF. HER FACE ISN'T VISIBLE YET AS SHE BENDS DOWN SLIGHTLY TO PEEK THROUGH THE FRAME. ALL HE SEES AT FIRST ARE HER ENORMOUS CURVES, HER CHEST COVERED IN AN ELEGANT DRESS...

ONE MOMENT PLEASE...

WOAH!

SHE'S EVEN BIGGER THAN THE DOOR... AND HER... WOW.







WELL, HELLO THERE.
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

SHE FINALLY LEANS FORWARD, PEERING
DOWN THROUGH THE DOORWAY WITH
CURIOUS, GENTLE EYES... IT'S SCARLETT!

THE DELIVERY MAN STARES UP, EYES WIDE, COMPLETELY STUNNED...

I-I... I HAVE A PACKAGE... F-FOR YOU... IT'S... UH... BACK THERE.



SHE LOOKS PAST HIM, SPOTS THE PACKAGE, AND LIGHTS UP WITH JOY.

OH, FINALLY!
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR
THAT FOREVER!

NO PROBLEM AT ALL.
I'LL CARRY IT.

IT'S PRETTY
HEAVY...





DAMN!

BEFORE HE CAN REACT, SHE LIFTS ONE ENORMOUS LEG AND STEPS FORWARD — RIGHT OVER HIM! THE DELIVERY MAN FREEZES IN PLACE, EYES WIDE IN AWE, LOOKING STRAIGHT UP AS HER LONG LEGS MOVE OVER HIM GRACEFULLY...





SHE RUNS OVER ME WITH HER LONG
LEGS AS IF I WERE AN ANT TO HER!
AND THIS VIEW...



SCARLETT KNEELS DOWN GRACEFULLY TO PICK UP THE PACKAGE. AS SHE PLACES HER HAND ON IT, THE SCALE BECOMES OBVIOUS — WHAT WAS HEAVY AND LARGE FOR THE DELIVERY MAN NOW LOOKS LIKE A SHOEBOX IN HER ENORMOUS PALM.



EASY AS PIE!

SHE'S HOLDING THAT THING LIKE IT'S A BOOK AND I ONLY GO UP TO HER KNEE!



OH, DON'T WORRY, I'LL COME WITH YOU.
IT'LL BE FASTER THAT WAY.

I, UH, STILL NEED A SIGNATURE THOUGH...
...BUT I... FORGOT THE PAPERS IN THE VAN. I'LL
JUST RUN BACK AND GRAB THEM REAL QUICK.

OKAY...

SCARLETT TURNS WITH A SMILE AND BEGINS TO DESCEND THE STAIRCASE, BUT NOT THE WAY ANYONE ELSE WOULD. HER FOOT LANDS WITH A HEAVY, ECHOING THUD ON ONE OF THE MASSIVE STEPS — YET EVEN THOSE OVERSIZED STAIRS ARE CLEARLY TOO SMALL FOR HER MASSIVE FOOT!



THERE IS HIS VAN!

THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A
GIANT STAIR... AND HER FOOT
STILL DOESN'T FIT...






SCARLETT IS ALREADY STANDING NEXT TO THE DELIVERY VAN. HER MASSIVE SIZE MAKES THE VAN LOOK LIKE A TOY AT HER FEET.



WHAT A TINY LITTLE THING!
IS THIS REALLY YOUR CAR?

ACTUALLY... IT'S A
PRETTY BIG VAN...



I COULD PROBABLY LIFT IT
WITH JUST MY FOOT.
LET MY TRY SOMETHING....

W-WHAT ARE YOU
PLANNING?

Hi10
Speed Deliveries

SHE RAISES HER LEG AND GENTLY PLACES HER
BARE FOOT RIGHT ON TOP OF THE VAN'S ROOF...

HOLY SHIT!



AS SHE CASUALLY SHIFTS HER WEIGHT, THE FRONT WHEELS OF THE VAN RISE OFF THE GROUND WITH A CLUNK.





SEE? TOLD YOU.
JUST MY FOOT.

WOW!



LET'S SEE IF I CAN PEEK
INSIDE...



WITH GRACEFUL EASE, SHE KNEELS DOWN AT THE BACK OF THE VAN, HER MASSIVE FRAME DWARFING THE ENTIRE REAR SECTION. THEN, CURIOUS AND PLAYFUL, SHE LEANS FORWARD, LETTING HER ENORMOUS BREASTS GENTLY PRESS DOWN ONTO THE ROOF ABOVE THE REAR DOORS...

I KNEW THERE WAS NO WAY I'D FIT INTO THAT LITTLE CARGO SPACE... THIS THING IS SO TINY AND LIGHT.





W-WAIT! YOU'RE LIFTING IT!

THERE'S AN IMMEDIATE CREAKING SOUND, FOLLOWED BY A LOW, METALLIC GROAN. THEN SUDDENLY, THE FRONT OF THE VAN BEGINS TO RISE, TILTING UPWARD FROM THE SHEER WEIGHT PRESSING DOWN ON THE BACK.





THE FRONT WHEELS ARE NOW COMPLETELY OFF THE GROUND, DANGLING A FEW INCHES IN THE AIR WHILE THE VAN BALANCES ON ITS REAR AXLE...


OH WOW... I DIDN'T EVEN PUT MY FULL WEIGHT ON IT.



P-LEASE... BE CAREFUL... THAT THING'S MY WHOLE JOB...

A man with brown hair, wearing a blue jumpsuit with red sleeves and a red collar, stands on a cobblestone path. He is holding a clipboard in his right hand and a pen in his left. He has a surprised or nervous expression on his face. A speech bubble points to him from the right.

U-UM... I JUST NEED YOUR
SIGNATURE... RIGHT HERE, PLEASE.

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a shimmering silver, low-cut dress, is leaning over a man. The man is seen from behind, wearing a blue and red superhero costume with a red cape. He is holding a pen, suggesting he is signing an autograph. The scene is outdoors, with green trees and a white wall in the background. A speech bubble from the woman contains the text: "ALRIGHT... LET'S SEE IF I CAN MANAGE THIS LITTLE THING."

ALRIGHT... LET'S SEE IF I CAN
MANAGE THIS LITTLE THING.

SHE DELICATELY SIGNS THE FORM.
THE PEN LOOKING ALMOST LIKE A TOOTHPICK BETWEEN HER FINGERS.



TH-THANK YOU...



IT'S ALL YOURS NOW.

THANKS FOR BRINGING IT ALL THE
WAY, LITTLE GUY. TAKE CARE!

SCARLETT GIVES A WARM, APPRECIATIVE SMILE, THEN
BEGINS TO STAND UP. THE GROUND LIGHTLY TREMBLES
BENEATH HER AS SHE RISES TO HER FULL HEIGHT, TOWERING
ONCE MORE LIKE A GIANTESS AMONG DOLLHOUSES.



THEN, WITHOUT HESITATION, SHE LIFTS HER MASSIVE
FOOT ONCE MORE, PREPARING TO WALK IN THE
DIRECTION OF THE GRAND STAIRCASE BEHIND HIM.





WITH PLEASURE, NO
PROBLEM...



OH NO... NOT AGAIN...



BEFORE HE CAN MOVE, HER ENORMOUS FOOT SAILS UP AND OVER HIM, AND SHE BEGINS TO STEP DIRECTLY OVER HIS BODY, JUST LIKE BEFORE. HE TILTS HIS HEAD WAY BACK, WATCHING IN STUNNED SILENCE AS HER LEGS STRETCH IMPOSSIBLY ABOVE HIM, HER BODY PASSING OVERHEAD LIKE A WALKING SKYSCRAPER.



HE DELIVERY MAN WATCHES IN STUNNED SILENCE AS SCARLETT WALKS THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR, HER ELEGANT FIGURE FRAMED FROM BEHIND BY THE GLOWING INTERIOR OF THE VILLA. HER CURVES GLIDE PAST THE DOORWAY AS THE LIGHT INSIDE SWALLOWS HER SILHOUETTE.



A man in a blue and red uniform, possibly a delivery person, stands on the left, looking surprised. In the background, a woman in a white dress is walking away through a doorway. A red delivery van is partially visible on the right.

WHAT A DAY. I SERIOUSLY NEED TO
CLOCK OUT.

THE END!

DELIVERY VAN

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