

# WEDNESDAY!

PANTY REPORT:

LIFE AND UNDIES OF

## NOBARA KUGISAKI

THE WEDGIE SECRETS OF

## NANA SHITAGI

FEATURING

## THE NICELY DONE'S

APEX LEGENDS  
ARTWORK

WAISTBAND  
WARRIORS  
PRESENTS:

## 2B!



JOIN SPIDER-GWEN AND JESSICA DREW  
AS THEY JOURNEY...

## INTO THE WEDGIE-VERSE





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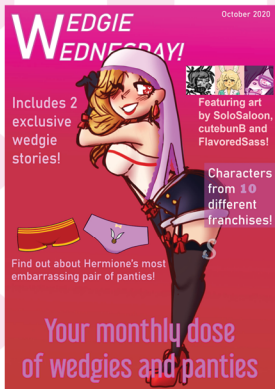
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# NEW YEAR, NEW ZINE!

## Woah, hey, what's with all these changes? Why does the zine look... like, actually good?

Well, dear reader, we thought it was time for a bit of a change. The ending of last year marked a lot of changes for us; yours truly in particular, considering I've come out as a transgender girl on deviantArt... even though I've been on hormones for a while now. It's silly how scared I was to say this to people I've known for longer than some of my IRL friends, but hey, all done now.

But enough about me! You're here about the undies, and you're not going to leave disappointed. Thing is, with all of these ch-ch-ch-changes, it also came a chance to completely renovate the zine both on the inside and the outside. To celebrate the occasion, and the beginning of the new year, we decided to plaster Nana on the cover as we had done every other time a major event had taken place regarding the zine.

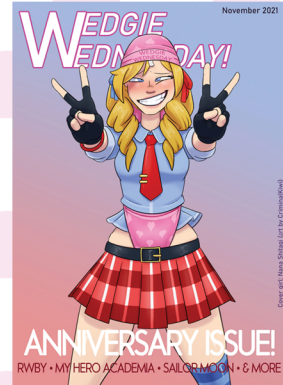


Look at this thing, though. Nothing says "graphic design is my passion" like adding a bunch of random crap to the cover and hoping that, no matter how visually rubbish it is, people will want to read. For real, take out the beautiful artwork by RenNLen and what are we left with? Not much that's worth saving, if you ask me (have you seen those pink

letters over a red background? Those are the nastiest thing about the cover, if you ask me.

The changes to the zine, however, are not only happening on the outside: as you can see, we've completely revamped the visual style once again. No matter the color of the cover, the inside of the zine will remain white from now on, meaning text will be (we presume) much easier to read and enjoy. While I liked every issue having a much clearer personality thanks to the color palette we used as background, in the end it became clear that had not been my best idea.

We'd changed the design of the zine a couple of times in the past, as you can see in the much cleaner CriminalKiwi cover. That time, I went for a far cleaner, more "minimalistic" design. While in my opinion (and everyone else's) it looks much, much better... it kinda lost something, didn't it? Like, it doesn't look like the cover of a magazine. It's just a character plastered over a gradient with text on the bottom that implies what kind of content you're about to see. It took our new cover artist, SmoochyLover, to whom I am eternally grateful, and his eagerness to see the covers become more magazine-y (is that a word? idc.)



And trust me, learning Adobe Indesign was not an easy task for a dumbass like me, especially not when dealing with finals at the same time as I coordinate five different artists and a bratty editor. But anyway, I'm still alive, and I got to make something remotely similar to the zine I had planned in my head the first time I had this idea. Hope y'all like the new design, because it's here to stay. We plan on improving certain aspects of it slowly but surely until we're 100% satisfied with the final product.

That's what we're hoping for, at least. And, of course, we won't be able to do it without your support... so we want to thank you for all that you've done for us! Have a great 2023, everyone!

--DangerWedgier

FEATURING  
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NOBARA  
KUGISAKI

## FEATURED CHARACTER:

# NOBARA KUGISAKI



We're completely revamping the *Featured Character section* as well. From now on, the section will feature exclusive art by **kukukumisao**, to better illustrate the kind of underwear and wedgies our chosen girl would be wearing. For this issue, we've decided to go for a character we liked and are excited to eventually see return in 2023: Nobara Kugisaki, from *Jujutsu Kaisen*.

However! From February onward, tier 3 (\$15) patrons will get the chance to pick who will be featured as a cover girl! Instead of just giving you random options, we decided to leave it all to you: send us your chosen girl, and she'll become a candidate in the next poll to decide who will be on the cover of the next issue!

## Underwear:

Were one to look at Nobara, they'd assume she's your typical no-nonsense anime girl that wears only boring, neutral underwear with no personality whatsoever. However, there are some aspects of her personality that need to be taken into account when discussing her choice in underwear: she's not only a very abrasive young girl, she also believes that she should not change who she is for other people.

This translates into somewhat quirky or cute underwear! Her favorite pair is the one seen below, dark blue and featuring little cartoon hammers, something surprisingly cliché. After being accidentally pantsed by Yuji in the middle of the street, revealing this pair, she was endlessly teased by her friends.



"What? They're cute, and they're practical! D-don't be so **immature** about it!"

Though at first she found their antics infuriating, she soon learned to take the joke without making a fuss about it, and to enjoy that particular side of her personality. In fact, this made her realize that perhaps she was holding back in terms of underwear purchases: she decided that, no matter how embarrassing, she would wear whatever panties she liked!

That prompted her to buy quite a lot of panties with flowers, polka-dots, and even one with a teddy bear on the butt! That one, however, is her special pair that she wears to only very special occasions... you'll see why. Finally, she also owns quite a few pairs of striped panties, which in Japan are believed to symbolize the two sides of a person, so she finds some meaning in wearing them, as a way to display the two sides of her personality: the more aggressive, competitive, and competent one, and the dorkier one she usually hides from people.

Nobara learned from her mistake, however: whenever she decided to wear one of her less-than-mature pairs, she'd incorporate a belt into her outfit in such a way that it would be impossible for her to accidentally reveal her underwear... even though some students have already found a way to prank people using Jutsu.

Speaking of, Nobara has also found that public humiliation heavily diminishes her ability to cast Jutsu, except in very particular cases that we will soon delve into. The mere idea of having a pair of embarrassing panties exposed, even if she knows she'll be cool with it in the long term, completely shuts down her ability to think straight, which of course means her battle capabilities are also dampened.

So far, and fortunately for her dignity, she has never been incapacitated in battle in this way. However, she decided to start a training routine in which she purposefully meditates in her underwear to try to imagine how she'd feel if someone was watching her. Mind you, there is no practical application for this ability beyond being able to better concentrate if she's ever caught with her pants down --quite literally. Being the dedicated student that she is, however, means she still does this at least a couple times a week.



*"There's a perfectly logical **explanation** as to why I'm wearing these. But no, I'm not going to tell you. I just want you to know that an explanation **exists**."*

## Wedgies:

**The quote above is correct:** there is a logical explanation as to why she's wearing dorky panties with a bear on the butt that seem too small for her. She's... somewhat embarrassed to reveal what that explanation actually is. Luckily for you, we are as shameless as they come, and we don't care about exposing a girl's embarrassing secrets! Yippie!

Here's the thing: while underwear exposure generally causes her to lose her focus, pain has the completely opposite effects. By inflicting pain upon herself, she is able to keep her concentration for longer, and even fuel her powers if she's particularly angry at the moment. What does that have to do with those panties, you may be asking? Well, constantly wearing a **permanent wedgie** is painful enough to help her keep her concentration during most important tests and fights, but not enough to cause her to go insane in the process. That's why those teddy bear panties are her special pair, the one she only wears when she truly needs to keep her mind focused. Because of their particularly embarrassing nature, and the fact that her butt ends up aching a bit if she keeps them on too much, she tends to use them sparingly.

When the natural wedgie this special pair provides isn't enough, however... well, desperate times call for desperate measures. Nobara knows that achieving her goals is more important than keeping her dignity intact, so she has one last trick up her sleeve. If she really needs to concentrate, if her friends need her help, or if her abilities are enduring a particularly difficult test.

What's that secret, mysterious technique? She gives herself a wedgie. No, for real. Sometimes, the only way to achieve the pain levels necessary for her to fully concentrate on a particular battle, she needs to go all out and pull those bad boys up her generous butt, no matter who sees her. The pain usually snaps her out of confusion or fear and allows her to properly focus on the task ahead. In these cases, the embarrassment that comes with the wedgie is overshadowed by the pain, especially if she truly decides to give it her all and deliver a self-inflicted atomic wedgie.

This may seem silly, but it's not an ability to be taken for granted! She doesn't get many wedgies on the regular, so her butt never fully becomes used to the feeling of cotton being stuffed inside of it.



*"N-ngh! If you ever tell anyone about this... I'll make sure you can taste the cotton of your briefs for **a week**. Now help me out of this wedgie, would you?"*

As you can see, this character provides us with a healthy combination of serious, no-nonsense behavior and relatively cutesy undergarments, along with a very interesting way of using wedgies to her advantage, even at the expense of her own dignity. Though she acts tough and tries to seem intimidating even with her panties over her head, her friends know that even then she is thinking of them. After all, she wouldn't go to such lengths to become more powerful, to break her own limits, just for her own sake.

Or maybe she would. She likes to keep an air of mystery around it, because she thinks it makes her seem cooler. Or, at least, as cool as a girl with a pair of teddy-bear panties constantly stuck in between her buttocks can be.

# WAISTBAND WARRIORS!

-Where panties come to rip-

**Getting inside the Ice Queen's head** had proven to be a very difficult task for Wanda. Usually, she could manipulate her enemies to do her bidding to avoid having to directly engage them with her chaos magic --which she knew was unstable. Almost as unstable as the cold-hearted woman in front of her, she thought. She had realized that, whatever was going on inside her brain, it would probably hurt her to try to understand it.

"You tired yet?" she asked, getting a bit annoyed herself that the Ice Queen would not stop firing ice projectiles at her. Whatever force she was deriving her powers from, there never seemed to be an end to it... and, for the first time since she had joined the Waistband Warriors, Wanda was beginning to be a bit tired. Small-talk was her best to deal with that... perhaps she had spent far too much time with Spider-Man.

"Never! Not in a million years!" the older woman cried, fashioning herself an ice spear to throw at Wanda, a hit the witch expertly avoided. "Would you stop moving, woman?"

*I think it's time to end this... if I can't keep up with her, she 'll eventually get the upper hand on me,* the Scarlet Witch thought. Deciding that it was useless to try to get inside her mind, she went for her second best option: wedgie by spell. Perhaps it was too brash to try to use her powers like that, without even being able to look at the object she was supposed to be manipulating... but she had no other option. She focused on the area around the Queen's thighs, where she believed her panties were resting... and she pulled.

*RRRRRRIP!*

That sound had not been produced by the Queen's underwear being violently yanked up her butt, Wanda thought. No, that sounded much more like...

"What have you done, you fool?" the Ice Queen, her face unusually pink, cried as her bright pink bloomers became exposed, the lower part of her dress and petticoat having been completely removed by Wanda's brash spellcasting. "How dare you do this to a Queen?"

Wanda covered her mouth as a short giggle left her lips. "Well, I had not realized I would be revealing such an interesting pair of panties, Your Highness. Perhaps you are in need of a tailor for them. Should I make them a bit more stretchy for you?"

Just as she finished uttering those words, however, a beam of ice immediately froze the hand that had casted the spell. Wanda stared at the Ice Queen, whose behavior had completely shifted: this time, she was standing in front of her with an expression of anger and annoyance, and a look in her eyes that told Wanda she had gotten a bit too cocky this time.

"My underwear is perfectly fine!" Though her voice wavered a bit, Wanda could tell this had really pissed the woman off. Whatever she was the queen of, being exposed in that manner was something she was certainly not accustomed to. The Ice Queen laughed sardonically at her sudden silence. "Oh, you can't cast your fancy spells without your hands, can you?"





# WAISTBAND WARRIORS

Wanda struggled to get free, but before she could even consider her situation, the Ice Queen shot another freezing bolt her way --this one meant for her feet. She was now both completely incapacitated and unable to run, the worst situation one could find themselves in during a fight. The Queen, then, used the situation to her advantage and decided to return the favour.

"Oh, I'm going to have so much fun!" she exclaimed as she began to tear into Wanda's costume, removing the outer layers one by one. After mere seconds, the Witch found herself standing in only her black bra and dark grey panties with white polka-dots. "How does it feel when you're the one being exposed like this, huh? HUUUUH?"

"Y-you don't need to do this!" complained Wanda, hoping to reason with the woman while she found a way to remove her ice shackles. Her chances weren't good, however: without her spells, she was basically just a normal woman.

"Oh, but I totally do!" the Queen replied with a mischievous smile. She walked around Wanda and got a hold of the waistband of her panties, skinny fingers cold as ice grazing the back of Wanda's back and causing her to shudder. "After all, that's the entire purpose of this game!"

Wanda suddenly felt her panties tightening with a sting of pain unlike anything she'd ever felt --which was saying something when she had faced villains of the caliber of Thanos. She bent forward, instinctively trying to reach for her privates to protect them from the aching pain of the wedgie... but, of course, finding herself unable to. All she could do was stand there, butt up in the air, as her buttocks were bounced up and down by the force of the cotton being rammed in between.

"Ack!" she cried, tongue out and eyes crossed as the wedgie intensified, her particularly big panties --she liked the way they hugged her hips-- being turned into a thong as the merciless woman continued to pull and laugh, very aware of the sort of uncomfortable pain she was causing her victim.

"Not so tough with your underwear up your skinny behind, Witch?" she mocked her. She began to pick up the pace with her pulls, making Wanda feel as though her buttcrack was about to catch on fire at any moment. "No spells, no clothes, and no ass! How... amusingly ridiculous!"

"Hey, shut up about my butt already!" Wanda felt her cheeks go red, in spite of the childishness of the teasing she was being subjected to. She had been made fun of for many reasons, but this compromising situation... it certainly was a first for her.

The humiliation was far from over, however: before letting her lose --because, at that point, it was obvious there was no way she could win this-- the Queen made sure to remove Wanda's tiara so she could more easily pull her panties over her head and eyes. It took her a few minutes of merciless, unscrupulous pulling to get the waistband up to that point, but once she managed to achieve that height, she began to cackle again.

The one good thing about being frozen in place was that Wanda could not stumble forward in an attempt to waddle away, her panties now blinding her completely.

"Looks like I win!" the Ice Queen delivered a quick smack to Wanda's defenseless behind. Her behind was so sore from all the pulling that she barely even reacted. "I don't believe there's anything you can do to turn this around! Oh, but wait, there is one last thing I need to do..."

The Queen grabbed Wanda's discarded tiara and placed it on top of her head, above her panty crown.

"Now you're done!" and the cackling resumed.

And, with that, she left the arena, ready to take on whoever may come next. Wanda, meanwhile, would have to wait for her ice shackles to melt before she was able to follow her out of there... and away from all the onlookers.



# AND ON THE NEXT MATCH...

## THE ICE QUEEN

(Adventure Time)

# VS

## YoRHa No.2 Type B

(Nier: Automata)



**WINSTREAK: 1**

**NEW CONTENDER**

CONTENDER PROFILE

CONTENDER PROFILE

The Ice Queen, a genderbent version of the Ice King, is as ruthless and insane as her male counterpart. That, however, comes with its own set of downsides.

### Fighting Style:

While she definitely is a far more deranged fighter in the wedgie ring than other girls, and is willing to go through any indignity necessary to get her crown... she is still kind of crazy. Her fighting style can be erratic and unpredictable, yes, but some of her opponents may require some thinking to defeat. How she will fare with characters that are smarter than her or require some kind of actual introspection in order to become undressed, we will see in the future.

She isn't very creative with her powers -- she thinks she doesn't need to. Being a narcissist, her own ability to even consider creativity becomes secondary to the sheer might of her ice attacks, meaning she will always try to out-damage someone before thinking of a way to take advantage of her powers in a creative manner, unlike previous Waistband Warriors like Korra.

### Outfit:

She usually wears a set of clothes that makes it particularly difficult to get to her panties: big, puffy dresses are the enemies of subtlety when it comes to wedgies.

She will feel you coming if you try to lift it to get access to her underwear, and she doesn't take it kindly to being pranked like that. So, while her planning abilities may be on the poor side, she is very capable of retaliation whenever an enemy tries to catch her off-guard... which, considering her personality and behavior, tends to happen a lot.

### Panties:

If you are able to somehow lift her dress, however, you will get a good luck at a likely very big pair of panties. She's the kind of woman who thinks very little about what kind of panties she puts on on the daily: her pairs tend to be either granny panties or full-on bloomers, often covered in childish patternat are unworthy of a queen like her.

And, of course, this translates into her reacting like a petty child whenever her panties become an object of mockery. As we saw in her battle with Wanda, she doesn't become completely useless, but indecent exposure does make her very nervous, and either causes her to lose control of her powers... or just makes them stronger, as they're fueled by her anger. So, yeah, this woman is a total coinflip: you never know what you're going to get with her. She may be extremely easy to take down, especially if you manipulate her, or she may become super unstable and freeze your butt in a matter of seconds before delivering a powerful ice spanking to it.

2B is a relentless robot warrior fueled by determination. While she is certainly not an unfeeling, uncaring machine, she holds no mercy for her enemies in the wedgie ring: she knows they will strip her of her clothes and attempt to wedgie her at the first opportunity.

### Fighting Style:

Because of her nature as an android, 2B is an advanced fighter who can take down many foes in a matter of seconds. Don't let her blindfold fool you: she can get to your panties in a matter of seconds, grab them precisely around the area she knows will provide for the most powerful wedgie, and completely obliterate your butt before you have a chance to retaliate.

Though she can always use heavy weapons, she prefers her trusty katana -- quick and to the point. She's not above slicing an opponent's clothes to get access to their underwear, despite how above-it-all she may look. Though she'd never admit it, she does find enjoyment in the embarrassment of humans: to her, they're rather cute.

### Outfit:

A simple but effective battle outfit provides 2B with a decent protection against wedgies. However, the fact that she's wearing a skirt can work against her... everyone who's been on the internet since

Nier: Automata released knows she isn't particularly hard to upskirt. However indecent the exposure may be, however, the fight requires a wedgie in order to be properly won, and the waistband of her panties is usually quite well hidden... because the waist of the garment is particularly high.

### Panties:

2B knows not what the concept "granny panties" entails. Her own personal taste in underwear, for her, is secondary to what her missions demand of her, and so she can't allow herself to be picky in that regard. Because of this, the only thing she sees in the particularly big fullback briefs she sports under her skirt is how practical they are for quick movement in battle.

The danger of these panties, however, relies precisely in the fact that 2B doesn't know what they are. If she were ever told about what her choice in panties says about her... the embarrassment of the situation may overwhelm her. Though she doesn't lack shame, she has never considered the fact that revealing panties that are considered silly by modern standards could ever bring her such a feeling.

In short: as long as nobody tells 2B that her panties are dorky, she shouldn't have a reason to feel embarrassed about them...

# DANGEROUS THOUGHTS

**Hello, everyone!** Welcome to Dangerous Thoughts, the new section of the zine where I --your host, DangerWedgier-- discuss specific ideas, tropes, and characters related to the wedgie community. This time, and in order to celebrate the third year your zine has been operating, I've decided to share some of the ideas that went into the creation of Nana, my main OC and the mascot of the zine.

I think I first got the idea to create an OC when I saw how people basically used theirs to fulfill very specific niches within the fetish. At first I thought creating OCs wasn't for me, because I had a ton of girls from different shows that I wanted to see get wedgies --namely, a few DanganRonpa girls and Makise Kurisu-- so I remained out of that loop for a while. I did create a lot of throwaway OCs that were basically copies of characters I already liked, but none of them became my 'main' one.



But, then, the basic idea of a character who could basically be a wedgie-giver who not only got whatever she wanted, but also was thanked by her fans for giving them wedgies, popped into my mind. Think about it! This is a girl who can basically do anything she wants without retaliation, and whose fans are so absolutely crazy for that they ask them to give her wedgies, and allow her to keep their undies as a reward. Now that's an exciting concept, I thought to myself, but there was a small problem.

She's... a Mary Sue. And trust me, I absolutely *despise* that term, as it's been so diluted now it means basically nothing, but... yeah, Nana's a Mary Sue. The reason why I never write stories for her, or try to create any sort of narrative for her in the slightest, is because I'm aware that her position makes it very difficult to write anything without essentially breaking the fantasy of this unattainable, unwedgieable character who

could do whatever she wanted without consequence.

So what was I to do? People were very much liking Nana --and still do, if we look at the amount of likes and comments pictures and stories featuring her get to this day. I couldn't just not make content featuring her, right? That would make absolutely no sense, especially when a truck ton of people were telling me how much they enjoyed the idea.

So I played on that. I made her *meta*. I turned her into a character who can break the fourth wall, a la Deadpool --only marginally less obnoxious, if you allow me the jab. That meant she could still show up in stories and pictures while keeping a sense of mystery around her, keeping her lore --or rather, her lack of one-- completely intact. She was not bound by any sort of canonicity or continuity, meaning I could do absolutely anything I wanted to do with her. At the time, that translated into having crossing over with other creator's OCs. Great people, really: my pal SoloSaloon and I made a story/picture collab with both our OCs, she showed up to bully --and get bullied by-- Lexi and Brooke, and gave wedgies to both Arghtime's legendary OC Ciara and HoneyOnRye's self-insert Honey. Those crossovers ended up slowly disappearing

Those crossovers ended up slowly disappearing



Something else I wanted to discuss here, regarding Nana, is that I often change her design. This is not only because I'm extremely insecure about my character designs --though that definitely is a big part of it. I think that part of being a popstar has to do with the eccentricity of it all, and my way of showing that is by having Nana go through stages where she may look more like a traditional Japanese idol, or maybe even a member of a K-pop band. Nothing was off the table, really, as long as it fit the general theme of 'pop artist' and she could continue her mischievous adventures as a meta-fictional wedgie giver.

I even did some RP sessions with her, back when I was more into that stuff. I'd lie if I said roleplaying as a girl didn't help me come to terms with my own femininity, but that's a topic for another day. The main idea, again, is that nana is never bound to any sort of hard canon, meaning whatever she does does not have to be in-continuity with whatever she comes up with next. I honestly think that's a big part of what people like about her, to be fair: she's a character so absurdly ridiculous, so obviously designed to be fetish fuel, that she can very much blend into any sort of setting without raising too many questions or drawing too much attention.

At the end of the day, that's what she is, a wedgie OC, so I decided to take advantage of that at full capacity, no questions asked. I don't think I ever questioned why I was making all of these decisions, but I definitely believe a part of my brain back then knew that I could never make her work if I didn't turn her into a mascot.



I understand OCs are not as popular as they once were in the wedgie community. However, I'm glad that I got to take mine and that she's being enjoyed by so many people all around the world, even if only because she looks cute and can take or give a good wedgie. That's what she's for, at the end of the day --she's walking fanservice.

When *Wedgie Wednesday* began, I started to use her more as a getter than as a giver. There's a grand total of one picture of Nana receiving a wedgie before her debut in *WW*, and now my folder has 5 --one of them, of course, being the wonderful artwork you see in this page, made by SmoochyLover. I think it was about time I started to make her character mature a bit and drop the 'untouchable' aspect of her. In fact, for those who care, I have a Wedgie POV story of the reader being able to wedgie Nana in the works.

So, yeah, her character has changed quite a bit. She went from a Harley Quinn/Junko Enoshima rip-off who would be caught dead before receiving a wedgie, to someone who regularly gets them as a publicity stunt. Not a good thing for her ego, but clearly something very fun for everyone involved, me included. I mean, of course I want to see her in massive wedgies --she's a character created to satisfy my own niche aspect of the fetish!

Anyhow, I sincerely hope you liked this new, experimental section, and that you let me know if you want this to keep going. Furthermore, if there are any specific tropes or ideas regarding wedgie culture that you'd want to see me discuss, please let me know!

--DangerWedgier

FEATURED ARTIST:

# THENICELYDONE



*This month, we have with us a fairly unknown artist, in spite of how long he's been a part of the community. However, at just 2.4K watchers, TheNicelyDone's pieces have nothing to envy from more well-known artists like Juhuca or ThExistentialist.*

*We asked him a few questions, and he provided us with the --pretty cool-- picture of Wattson from Apex Twins that you can see in the next page. Here are the questions we asked him, and the interesting answers he gave. We're trying to move away from static questions and toward a more fluid type of interview, so we hope you appreciate this new way of doing interviews. If you like, we may even bring back people who have already worked with us but have not been interviewed yet!*

*Also, as a final note: TheNicelyDone's commissions are open! Meaning that, if you like what you see, please go ahead and get a very professional wedgie picture from him.*

**WW:** First of all, thank you for allowing us to ask these questions. Before anything else, we'd like to know exactly what draws you toward wedgies, and why you decided to start creating wedgie content in the first place.

**TND:** Well, from what I heard, I'm in the majority in terms of how I got the kink in the first place. I was young, and before I was even thinking about sex, I started having fantasies about wedgies. It was mostly through friends where that all started, with the teasing and such.

I started making wedgie artwork, though, because I was getting into art around that same time, and I had so many wedgie idies in my brain, that I had to give them life. I think my early artwork is really terrible, though, so it's embarrassing to know, looking back, that a lot of people saw it. But hey, everyone starts somewhere! I still have a lot to learn about art, so I definitely wouldn't say I'm up there with any great artist.

**WW:** And what is it that you like about wedgies, specifically? We all have something that makes us like wedgies, like the humiliation, the pain, or the exposure of cute underwear. Could you elaborate on what kind of wedgie fantasies you had/have?

**TND:** As I've grown older, it's become obvious that I enjoy dom/sub stuff, both within and outside the realm of wedgies. For me, wedgies are exciting when there is a power dynamic; pain, humiliation, and exposure are both part of BDSM and wedgie culture.

I like both the idea of giving wedgies to someone who enjoys them and is completely willing to receive them, and the shock and embarrassment it can cause to someone who isn't necessarily singing up for it. I know it isn't something people want to think too hard about, but there are certainly non-con sides to wedgies, when they are sexualized.

Personally, I don't see anything wrong with that, as long as those fantasies are played out with actually willing participants (or, in this case, fictional characters).

**WW:** Interesting, and I agree that it's very important to be able to separate fantasy from reality in terms of fetish content.

Going back to the idea of fantasies, though: what are your preferences in terms of underwear choices? We all have some kind of underwear that we enjoy seeing in fictional characters, so what's yours?

**TND:** I enjoy panties that either fit the personality of a character, or are the polar opposite to it. Like, for example, I think a goth girl wearing cute, bright pink panties is fun, but I'd also enjoy seeing her in something more in-line with her personality, like a small thong. Panties with prints are my favorite, and I also enjoy lace.

I honestly like all kinds of panties!

**WW:** Ah, the classic dichotomy. I personally agree with that, though I think I prefer my embarrassing, out-of-character panties to be used in moderation, as to not get bored of the concept. Might have to write a Dangerous Thoughts about that...

Anyway, before we wrap this up, is there anything else you'd like to say to any other wedgie artists that may be reading?

**TND:** I think the most important thing to remember when doing anything artistic is to do it because you personally enjoy it. There may be times where you feel burned out or hit a block, but

to beat that, take a break and work on your own personal projects. Most importantly, don't feel ashamed or put off by the content you're making: this may be a fetish community, but that isn't anything to shy away from. We all have things we enjoy in our lives, so work accept yourself and your tastes, whatever that means for you.

**WW:** That's a lovely message! It's been a pleasure to have you, TheNicelyDone, but that was the last question. We wish you the best in your endeavors to become a better artist!

**TND:** Thanks so much for reaching out to me for this interview! It was fun.



# INTO THE WEDGIE-VERSE!

-A Marvel wedgie story-

**Gwen Stacy was, at that point in her life, used to being dragged out of school by a fellow Warrior of the Great Web.** After all, what was an attendance mark when the fate of the Multiverse was at stake?

"So, what are we doing this today?" she asked the taller woman as she picked up the pace along the streets of the familiar city of New York.

This time, they hadn't even needed to stop by her home, since she had learned to keep a spare copy of her suit and equipment inside her bag at all times. She wasn't particularly happy about carrying what was essentially a big red target on her back barely hidden from view, though.

"Just your run-of-the-mill multiversal heist. It'll be quick," Jessica drew replied with the casually confident tone Gwen had grown accustomed to. "I hope it is, at least. I wanted to have some time with the kid today..."

"Uh-huh. And what are we stealing?" Gwen stopped to fix a small wedgie before she continued to follow Jess. This particular pair of panties had been bothering her the whole morning, for some reason. Maybe she had to buy bigger underwear...

"As I've been told by people smarter than me, it's some kind of gadget that can detect Spider-totems like you and I," explained Jessica. "Usually, the only guys able to do that would be the Inheritors, but we've been monitoring a few companies across different universes that are trying to follow on their footsteps. Needless to say... yeah, we don't even want to think what they could do with that technology. So Peter asked me to steal the prototype so he can reverse-engineer it and make sure we're protected from it."

"Sounds straightforward enough." Gwen shrugged, her lips curling into a confident smile. "You're right, it shouldn't take us too long."

"That's what I'm hoping for, kid."

After suiting up (which was particularly awkward for Gwen, who wasn't wearing her suit under her clothes and had to change in front of Jessica), the two women activated their respective tickets to the multiverse and opened a portal to the coordinates Jessica had been given. When they emerged from it, they found themselves surrounded by pitch-black darkness.

"You're sure this is the place?" Gwen asked, placing a finger on the side of her mask to activate the night-vision on her suit. "It looks... barren. What is this, a storage room?"

"It looks like it..." Jess did the same with her glasses, revealing the same rectangular shape Gwen had seen. It contained absolutely nothing: no doors, no shelves, no... well, no science stuff. "But it's a bit strange. We were supposed to portal into the lab itself, not some empty storage facility..."

Suddenly, a set of yellow lights were turned on, causing the two women to recoil as their eyes got used to the feeling. Gwen immediately turned off the night-vision function and placed a hand over the visor of her suit in an attempt to see what was going on. She could see a window, perfectly camouflaged within the geometry of the room as to avoid being perceived by any sort of night-vision technology. There was someone on the other side, but she couldn't quite see their face.

"Well..." a familiar voice was heard echoing through the room. "That was easier than we expected. You fell right into our trap... not very worthy of a spider, if you ask me."

"Jess, that sounds like--" Gwen began to say, but the older woman immediately interrupted her.

"My voice. Yeah, I know. Somehow, Peter failed to inform me that I was going to have to meet a potentially evil version of myself today."

"We can hear you, you know?" the alternate Jessica said. "It's rude to talk behind someone's back. Perhaps we should teach you a lesson before you become part of our little web of friends..."

"What's with all this 'we', lady?" asked Gwen. "Do you have a squirrel in your pocket?"

Her comment had apparently annoyed the evil Jessica enough for her to open the window from which she was observing them. Whatever that window was made of, Gwen thought, must have been designed to dampen her spider-sense, because the moment the woman jumped inside the room every hair in the back of her neck rose... and, when she got a look of her all-black suit with white accents, she immediately understood why.

"We forgot how annoyingly quippy you people are before you become assimilated..." the other Jessica said. Her mouth, visible through the suit, was covered in sharp, dagger-like teeth that moved to make way for a long, red tongue and a disgusting evil smile. "No matter. We will just have to knock you out ourselves before welcoming you to the community!"

"Crap!" Jessica managed to get out before her evil doppelganger jumped toward her at light speed. Though Gwen had dealt with a symbiote before, Jess had had very few encounters with Venom and his kind, and was completely unprepared for this particular skirmish. She was quickly smashed against the wall of the strange room, unable to get her enemy off her. "Do something!"

Gwen did the first thing she could come up with: she extended her arm and tried to web the symbiote Spider-Woman up before she could do any actual damage. However, the creature was quicker: she got out of the way before Gwen's webbing could reach her, causing the attack to hit her Jess, instead.

"Gwen, what are you doing?" the woman complained as a ring of web fluid that was intended for the symbiote completely surrounded her hips. "You know I'm on your side, right? Get this off me!"

"Sorry, sorry, sorry!" Gwen began to sweat profusely under the mask. Her performance so far had been less than useful, and she was embarrassing herself in front of a woman she considered her mentor! She pulled the web toward her, hoping it would rip and let Jessica free.

The result, however, was far less elegant: being attached to the hips and behind of her suit, the sudden tug caused the web to take a piece of Jessica's suit with it... specifically, the part that was supposed to cover her butt.

"Eeeek!" cried Jess as her purple, skimpy panties became exposed.

A chuckle escaped the symbiote's terrifying mouth as she once more forced Jess against a wall. Instead of attacking her, however, she decided to do something far more creative.

"Let's see... how stretchy this inferior fabric can be!" she exclaimed before unceremoniously yanking the pair of panties out of the ripped remains of Jessica's leggings. The pair quickly rose up her back, the seat being rammed against her exposed buttcrack, eliciting a cry of pain from her. Gwen was completely paralyzed in shock as her mentor was lifted up in the air by her purple panties. She knew she was supposed to do something, but her brain was having trouble processing the nonsensical situation unfolding in front of her.



# WEDGIE WEDNESDAY #28

The symbiote took a surprisingly short amount of time to put Jessica in an atomic wedgie. Even when Gwen snapped out of it and tried to run at her, get her off from her mentor, the creature simply pushed her off her, using her superior, symbiote-powered strength to keep her away as she continued to destroy her parallel-reality self.

"You are a disappointment for every Jessica Drew in the multiverse..." she groaned as she let the woman fall to the ground, hands clutching her pained buttocks as her panties, now snapped over her forehead, forced her to arch her back in a quite uncomfortable way. The symbiote placed a foot on her victim's behind. "You really should do more exercise... like I do. You could really make this thing shrink, you know?"

"Oh, screw you!" Jessica complained. She fired off a few electric discharges in her general direction, but her inability to turn her head caused each and every one of the hits to miss.

"And as for you..." The Symbiote ignored her useless attempts at retaliation as she grabbed Gwen, who had failed yet another assault on the creature, by the head.

She removed her mask without a second thought and gave her an annoyed look. "We think we know what to do with you."

She grabbed the butt of her costume, and, with a loud, rip, completely tore everything around the hip area. Gwen's hands shot down to protect her crotch, her cheeks turning a light pink. A pair of baby blue panties with hearts all over, now on full display, was the only layer of clothing now protecting her butt... and that, she was sure, would not last long.

"You Spider-dweebs and your ridiculous underwear!" laughed the symbiote as she grabbed a handful of the panties. "You never fail to make us laugh!"

She then proceeded to bounce Gwen like a yo-yo. Gwen immediately went cross-eyed, each and every pull on her panties finding new ways to invade her most sensitive areas. The seat soon turned into little more than a string of cloth as its function changed from protection to weapon, one that did not allow its victim the slightest shred of dignity.

"Y-you're a Spider totem too!" complained the blonde as her hands massaged her pained crotch. "What are you talking about?"

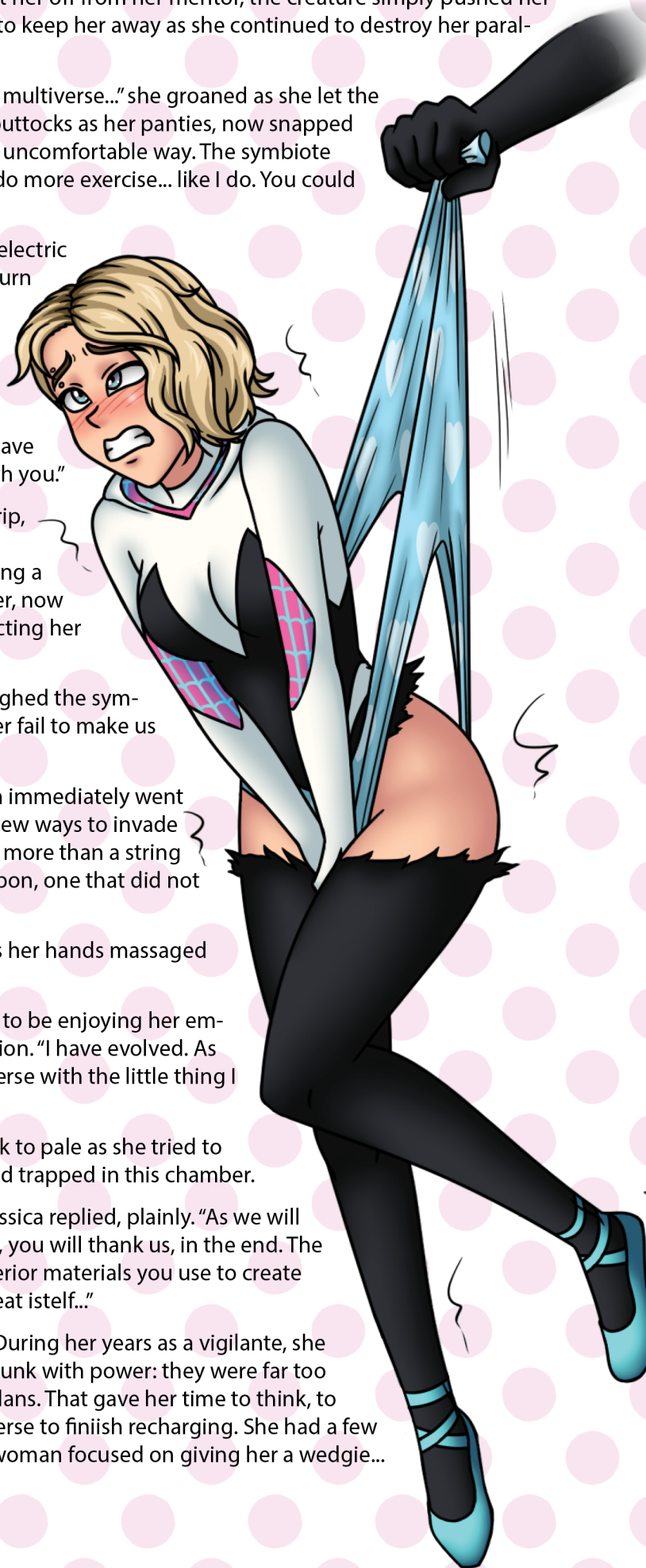
"We're no longer one of you, girl." The symbiote seemed to be enjoying her embarrassment, so she granted her an answer to her question. "I have evolved. As has every other of the totems I have lured into this universe with the little thing I discovered..."

"W-wait, what did you with them?" Gwen went from pink to pale as she tried to imagine how many other Spider-people may have ended trapped in this chamber.

"We turned them, of course. Into more of us," the evil Jessica replied, plainly. "As we will turn you when this pathetic spectacle is over. Believe us, you will thank us, in the end. The fabric of a symbiote suit is far more resilient than the inferior materials you use to create your costumes. This embarrassing situation will not repeat itself..."

Gwen was no longer listening to the woman, however. During her years as a vigilante, she had learned something very important about people drunk with power: they were far too interested in hearing themselves talk about their own plans. That gave her time to think, to plan a course of action... and for her ticket to the multiverse to finish recharging. She had a few seconds more to go, so she had to somehow keep this woman focused on giving her a wedgie...

This was definitely going to hurt.





"Sounds like overcompensating to me!" she exclaimed, giving her her best shit-eating grin in spite of the pain her nether regions found themselves in at that moment. "Someone got too many wedgies in high-school!"

"What?" that clearly hit a nerve, because the woman's grip on her panties intensified. "Those aren't wise words for someone with her panties being launched up her behind, young one. Perhaps we ought to teach you a lesson before you are turned into a superior lifeform!"

Gwen was already prepared for this to hurt, but she still shrieked when the woman began to throw her into the air, still holding her panties. The garment grieved with her, popping noises beginning to fill the air as she was played around with like a mere toy. Still, she knew this was all worth it: the ticket to the multiverse soon began to produce a beeping noise, indicating it was ready to be used again.

"What is that?" the woman ceased her pulls and stared at Gwen. Though her eyes were not visible under the white markings of her mask, Gwen could tell she was confused, as well as somewhat annoyed. Symbiotes were famously very sensitive to soundwaves, after all. "What gadget of yours is making that noise?"

"Oh, this?" Gwen took the ticket from under her hood and shoved it in the symbiote's face. "Not much. Just the thing that's about to defeat you!"

Before the evil Jess could conjure up a response, Gwen shoved the item against the woman's chest, using the natural stickiness of the symbiote suit to make sure it stayed there. Then, she swung herself backward, using her legs to propel herself away from the symbiote... ripping her panties in two in the process.

That was a necessary sacrifice, however. She had managed to rid herself of the woman's grip, and now she could sit and watch as the creature the ticket was attached to (the symbiote, not the woman wearing it. A portal quickly formed under them, quickly sucking the symbiote away from its wearer, who was progressively undressed until she was standing there in nothing but a pair of Spider-Man-themed boyshorts and a sports bra. Suddenly, Gwen didn't feel like the most ridiculous-looking person in the room.

"And you called me an embarrassment... at least I don't wear someone else's brand on my butt!" Jessica commented as she was able to get the now powerless woman off of her. She quickly removed her panties from her head and pushed the woman to the floor. "Oh, what's the matter? Too used to the symbiote suit, babe?"

The other Jess, now red like a tomato, tried to struggle away, but Gwen's mentor was right: she had spent so much time relying on the power of the symbiote, that now she was unable to defeat a version of herself who did not depend on anyone, or anything, to use her powers.

"S-shut it!" the now powerless evil Jess barked. "I don't know how you managed to pull that off, but this isn't the end of this fight! I'm going to get you two!"

"Good luck doing one while you're hanging by your stupid-looking boyshorts..." Jessica's eyes narrowed as a mischievous smile decorated her face. She turned to look at Gwen, who was trying uselessly to use the ripped remains of her panties to cover herself. "Uh... Gwen, can you go ahead and look into her lab to see if you can find the doo-hickey they told us to steal? I'm going to make sure this dork can't sit for a couple of weeks..."

"S-sure..." Gwen said, shuffling away with her back against the wall.

After a quick but awkward search, Gwen discovered the thing the evil Jess had been using to lure Spider totems into her lair: a piece of the Web of Life and Destiny. This wasn't the first time a villain tried to use it to get to them, but it was certainly the most original plan that had been concocted with it. She tried to ignore the shrieks of pain, along with the sounds of stretched cotton, that came from the chamber at the center of the facilities. And yet, a part of her could not help but enjoy the thought of that woman getting what she deserved.

"You did good today, kiddo," Jess told her once they returned to her version of New York, where the older woman had offered to buy her some ice cream. "I have to admit, I wasn't expecting you to save the day like that after you... well, put me in a very compromising position."

"Sorry, sorry!" Gwen hid her head with her hands, still embarrassed of having exposed her mentor like that. Of course, she had changed into her civilian clothes, and she had gotten a fresh pair of panties from home before hanging out with Jess. "I really need to improve my reflexes... I promise I won't strip you to your undies again."

"You better not!" Jessica gave her a wink. "Trust me, I can give a mean wedgie, even if I don't have a symbiote suit. So don't mess with me, kid!"

Gwen then decided that yes: she would like to buy some bigger underwear. Just... just in case, you know?

**THANKS  
FOR  
READING!**