

WEDGE WEDNESDAY!

FEATURING:

LOIS LANE:
PROFESSIONAL DORK
WHAT WILL SHE DO TO GET THE SCOOP?

AraneidaeArt
AN INSIGHT INTO HER
EUF
TAROT DECK

**QUESTION OF
THE MONTH**
NEW SECTION IN THE ZINE

IN THIS MONTH
WE DISCUSS:
**KINK
TOBER**

**ERZA
VERSUS
LUCINA**

MAKIMA IS LOOKING AFTER HIMENO, BUT SHE'S ABOUT TO BITE MORE THAN SHE CAN CHEW IN...

**MAKIMA'S
FIELD DAY!**





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MagentaGT

Magic In The Chamber

Mark

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Silver Soul

SkulloftheDeath

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StandardStarte

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The Big One

The360archangel

ThighHighTsar

Ticket

Vanestus

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Will

Xeneya

Ya yeet

Your mom

澤村新八

DANGER'S FOREWORD

-AN INTRODUCTION-

Spooky month my ass! We're doing something different this year.

We've already had 2 separate Halloween specials, so this time we decided to go for something a bit different. October has become a month in which both artists and writers challenge themselves with daily prompts -- a natural development of the popular "Ikntober" trend. Perhaps one of the most relevant for us is "Kinktober" which basically serves to explore a wide range of different kinks and fetishes.

So, this month we're doing that! From spanking, to swirlies, to BDSM, and even some sneaky feet, we're going to give you a wide array of kinks to work with through all of our different sections. I even give my own opinion of what place, exactly, wedgies occupy within the larger kink community. I'll also be talking about how I personally relate to the fetish as a kink, since last time I did that I was told I was putting into words things that other users were afraid or unable to let out.

We're also going to be implementing the "question of the month" feature, which I already mentioned in the last issue. We contacted some of you to answer the question we posed on Discord and Patreon, and we have to say we're very happy with the results! We will, for sure, continue to do this going forward. Thanks everyone for your participation.

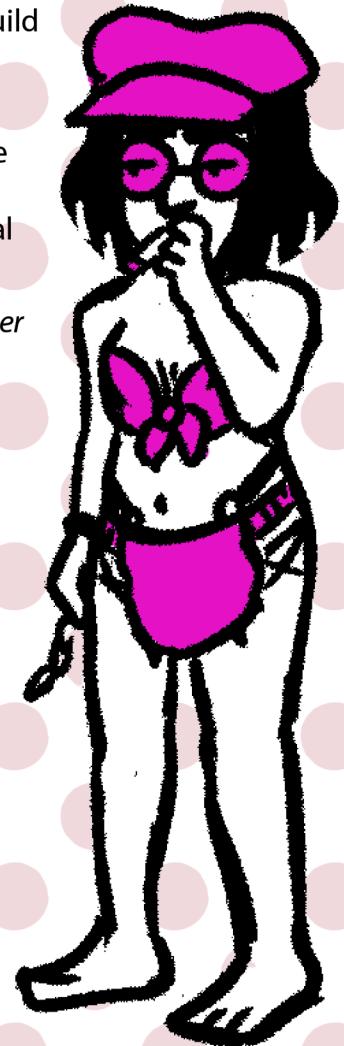
Oh, and just a quick reminder: you don't have to say your username if you don't want to when PMing me to answer the questions! You can remain anonymous if your reply is too personal or embarrassing, or if you just don't want people to know who you are.

Speaking of participation, we're also very happy with the amount of people sending us requests for cover girls and characters to be the face of Dangerous Thoughts. It seems some of you were shy about sharing your suggestions, but this last month has seen an increase of people who have come forward to suggest their favorite characters to be wedgied in the zine, in one way or another.

Like I said a couple of months ago, I really want the zine to be "for the people" in the sense that we want y'all to participate and build something collective with us, helping us pick characters and build our stories.

Also, my silly sketches are back. If you get the reference for this one, you have good musical taste.

--DangerWedgier



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LOUIS

LANE

LOIS LANE: PROFESSIONAL DORK



Being a reporter means must always to go where the story is. Ideally, however, you'll already be there before the story shows up! Lois Lane is particularly good at getting herself into trouble to attract interesting individuals, but she rarely does it on purpose -- or so Superman thinks. Let's see what this tomboy's life is like when she realizes being in trouble attracts Superman, her newest obsession...

Lois' Secret Layers

Unlike a lot of girls featured in this section so far, Lois Lane is pretty aware of the fact that she's a dork. And in fact, she enjoys being one, at least when she's alone. She will dance in her underwear while she's cleaning or cooking, and doesn't really mind wearing panties others would consider childish. It's not like she's a super-serious person when doing her job, of course, but she allows herself to breathe a bit more when she's on her own.

Her clumsiness, however, has caused her to accidentally flash her neighbors when walking around the house in her undies more than once. It doesn't help that the guy who lives in front of her is hot!



"Phew... at least I made sure to pull the curtains this time..."

This hasn't dissuaded Lois from continuing her pantsless hijinks around the house -- like I said, she enjoys the freedom living on her own allows, and knows she doesn't really have much time to enjoy being in her underwear with her new internship at the Daily Planet. She's almost always looking around for some new scoop, some new clue she can follow to show the citizens of Metropolis what's really going on in their city.

Thus, she enjoys the little pleasures in life, like spending time drinking hot chocolate or a coffee in just her undies. Plus, she really is a fan of printed panties: save for a few less elaborated pairs, it's all she owns! She's a bit of a collector in that way, and really enjoys keeping track of cute underwear she sees online so she can buy them one day.

Some of her favorite pairs of panties include animal-themed underwear, like the dog ones shown in this page and some cat ones for good measure. She also owns pairs with anime and cartoon characters, since she enjoys watching those in her free time. Of course, there's always room in her drawer for more comfortable boyshorts and even tighty whities... she's a tomboy, and her underwear must match that part of her personality!

And, uh... don't tell Clark, but she's been stocking up on Superman panties recently! At first, it wasn't on purpose, of course -- she was only doing it to get his attention via self-inflicted hanging wedgie. Her modus operandi consisted of her finding a moderately tall place to hang herself by her panties to then pretend she needed help, but she ended up really liking those Superman pairs! She now owns several pairs, and as you'll see very soon, her coworkers find that extremely funny.

All in all, while Lois' outward goofy personality is reflected in her underwear choices, she's not afraid to be the person she is... even if it sometimes leads to embarrassing situations. And speaking of embarrassing...



"Look who brought her Superman underwear to work again, everyone!"

Shenanigans at the Daily Planet

Lois' efforts to conceal her dorky underwear don't always pay off. Since she started putting herself in danger for the sake of attracting Superman -- a plan that, by the way, worked -- some of her coworkers and superiors have been raising eyebrows at her, especially because of her specific choice in underwear. Ronnie Troupe and her gang, particularly, have recently been poking fun of her for this behavior, and even pranked her a few times "since she wants to get Superman to notice her so badly".

Though at first it was jarring, the second or third time Lois showed up to work with her pants stolen, people stopped paying attention. It's not that this is such a frequent occurrence, but people are so used to Lois' shenanigans that they don't even bat an eye when something unusual happens to her. Unbeknownst to her, however, Clark has been trying to convince Ronnie to leave Lois alone, though whether he'll have to get serious with her is yet to be seen. He's definitely the person at the Daily Planet who treats Lois with the most respect, and has tried several times to convince her to stop embarrassing herself just to get Superman's attention.

Even Vicki Vale from the Gotham Gazette wrote an article about Lois' less-than-dignified status within the Daily Planet, once again using her knowledge of the inner workings of the Metropolis paper to make sure she came out on top. This led to a less-than-dignified drunken catfight between the two during a Wayne Enterprises charity event, which ended with Lois pantsed and Vicki's lacy panties completely destroyed. Though Clark was less than thrilled about the situation, Lois seemed very proud of her victory, waving the woman's ripped underwear like a flag as he walked her to their car.

But her friends and coworkers are not the only ones who have developed a liking to Lois' dorkiness... it appears Superman's enemies have also noticed how he'll drop everything to go help Lois, and so they can use her as a distraction whenever she gets in the middle of a fight. Thus, even if Lois isn't actively seeking to be saved by Superman, she can easily end up tangled in some very compromising situations.

Of course, it's always worse when Supes is not there to quite literally save her butt, and some TV station shows up before she can remove her panties from her head. She doesn't need more bad publicity at this point, and yet she can't stop herself from getting in danger in very public, crowded places where her embarrassment can even make the front page of a rival paper. Perry White is particularly tired of having to lecture her about not embarrassing herself -- even if she's just an intern, she's causing the Planet's credibility to drop!



"This is not a way to treat a reporter! I'm doing my job over here, I don't care if you're a supervillain!"

This version of Lois Lane is, canonically, more dorky than her comic counterpart and many of the other live action and cartoon adaptations. She's more overtly tomboyish, too, which often leads her to jump to conclusions and get into uncomfortable situations that even her comic version would know to avoid. It's been fun to develop my thoughts on this particular version of Lois, as my underwear and wedgie headcanons for her are very different to those of her comic-book version.

This Lois is more openly dorky, more vulnerable with her feelings, and therefore I thought to give her underwear that's more representative of that personality. I hope y'all enjoyed this little breakdown of her underwear-related shenanigans!

WAISTBAND WARRIORS: TOURNAMENT

-Round 1: Fight 4-

"Why won't you just miss once?" Erza Scarlet asked, out of the blue, as her sword and Lucina's clashed one more time, fueling her impatience. She was a woman of action and, as such, the monotonous rhythm of their weapons managing to hit only each other was getting on her nerves. "Ugh! Just let me beat you already, you're drawing this out far more than you have any right to."

"You're a skilled swordswoman, that's true," her opponent noted with a neutral expression. "But I won't give you this fight out of the kindness of my heart. You'll have to earn it."

Erza let out an exasperated sigh as their swords, once again, hit nothing but one another. Such a waste of time, she thought, when the two women were matched in skill and ability. As she watched the sparks fly once again, however, she realized there was an easy solution to get them out of the impass they'd gotten themselves into. It wasn't a guarantee that Lucina would listen to her, but... it was worth the shot.

"Hey, hear me out," she said, lowering her sword. Lucina's body remained in a defensive position, as though she believed this was some sort of trick. "We've been at this for a while, and we're not likely to get anything done if we keep going down this path. So... since this is a wedgie tournament, what do you say we ditch the swords and get to the yanking already?"

She was aware she was putting herself in a compromising situation, but she couldn't wait any longer, and she was getting extremely tired of this never-ending fight. Plus... she was sure she was better at giving wedgies than Lucina.

"Pardon me?" Lucina raised an eyebrow, still not lowering her own weapon. "Do you mean to say we should just... wedgie each other?"

"Yeah." The redhead shrugged. "You know, just hug each other and see who can dish out an atomic first. What do you say?"

Lucina lowered her sword ever so slightly, as if seriously considering the option. Just to make sure she knew she wasn't bluffing, Erza dropped her own sword to the side and crossed her arms, waiting for a response. So much waiting today, she thought. She was getting tired of it.

"That sounds... reasonable." Lucina's eyes drifted toward to Erza's discarded sword and, with a bit of hesitation, the blue-haired woman followed her steps by throwing hers aside as well. "Let us put our abilities to good use, then."

Despite her honesty, Erza gave her a cocky smile. Lucina was still her rival, after all, and she wasn't planning on showing her any mercy. She cracked her knuckles as the blue-haired woman approached with arms

outstretched, ready to begin the fight for real.

As the women awkwardly embraced, Erza thought of all the times she'd been 'forced' to wedgie one of her party members to discipline after they behaved inappropriately or embarrassed her in public.

"Ready when you are..." she said, unable to avoid feeling a bit weird as they hugged each other, hands nearing the other's rear.

Lucina, with little shame and fanfare, grabbed the hem of Erza's panties and yanked it up in order to gain access to her waistband. The redhead, suddenly a bit embarrassed, sunk her hands into the back of her pants.

"Ready", Lucina replied.



Erza didn't know what she was expecting when Lucina got a hold of her waistband, but the harshness of the yank was clearly far beyond her expectations. Not that she didn't respect Lucina as a warrior, but her body seemed far more slender than her own, and yet... she could pull with as much strength as her.

"Ah... you pack a good punch, I'll give that to you..." she admitted between gritted teeth as her show white panties were pulled out of her skirt.

Her own pulls, while strong in their own right, elicited no reaction from Lucina. Perhaps she was used to wedgies? That may've been it, considering her complete lack of a reaction as a column of cotton began to intrude in between her buttocks. When she took a look at the underwear she was pulling, however, Erza gave a light chuckle.

"Hearts? That's kinda cute," the redhead noted.

"These were... a gift." While Erza's pulls hadn't been enough to get a reaction out of her, her words sure did. "I'm a bit sad that they'll have to be stretched."

"That's why I brought a basic white pair," Erza said with a shrug as she continued to force the panties to climb up Lucina's back. Lucina replied with a pull of her own, slicing the redhead's plump buttocks as though they were butter... so Erza decided to counter-attack with another snarky retort. "That, and because they're less embarrassing."

That got a reaction, one that almost made Erza regret her words -- a powerful yank that forced the redhead to her tiptoes for a few seconds. At that rate, Lucina was going to claim the match, so the mercenary knew she had to step up her game. Without a second of hesitation, she delivered a brutal, butt-destroying pull to the heart-printed panties, causing her rival to let out a girly yelp.

If anything, her mockery had managed to throw Lucina off a bit. The woman had clearly never been in a situation like this one, and couldn't take the mockery like Erza could. After all, she spent most of her days surrounded by idiots -- she'd learned how to take a little embarrassment, which was more than could be say for her blue-haired rival. Though she was embarrassed, she could take the pain of the wedgie much better than her... and she was causing her to lose her focus.

"I won't lose..." Lucina groaned as they locked eyes with each other, their respective panties almost reaching the back of their heads. "Though you're a worthy opponent, I'll give you that..."

"I have no intention of losing either." Erza could feel the cotton getting closer and closer. "Not to someone wearing heart-printed panties!"

Using the same technique she'd used earlier, she managed to break her opponent's focus for long enough for her to take advantage of the situation. This time, she put all her might into the pull while Lucina's grip weakened. Now being the one forced to her tiptoes, the warrior could do very little to avoid the curtain of dark red cotton currently about to blind her.

Snap!

"Agh!" Lucina's back bent backward as the panties reached their final destination over her nose.

"And that's how you give a proper atomic," Erza replied, dusting herself off while she watched the defeated, humiliated woman waddle away with her panties over her head. "Sorry it had to be this way. In any case, I'm glad I got to fight such a dignified opponent."

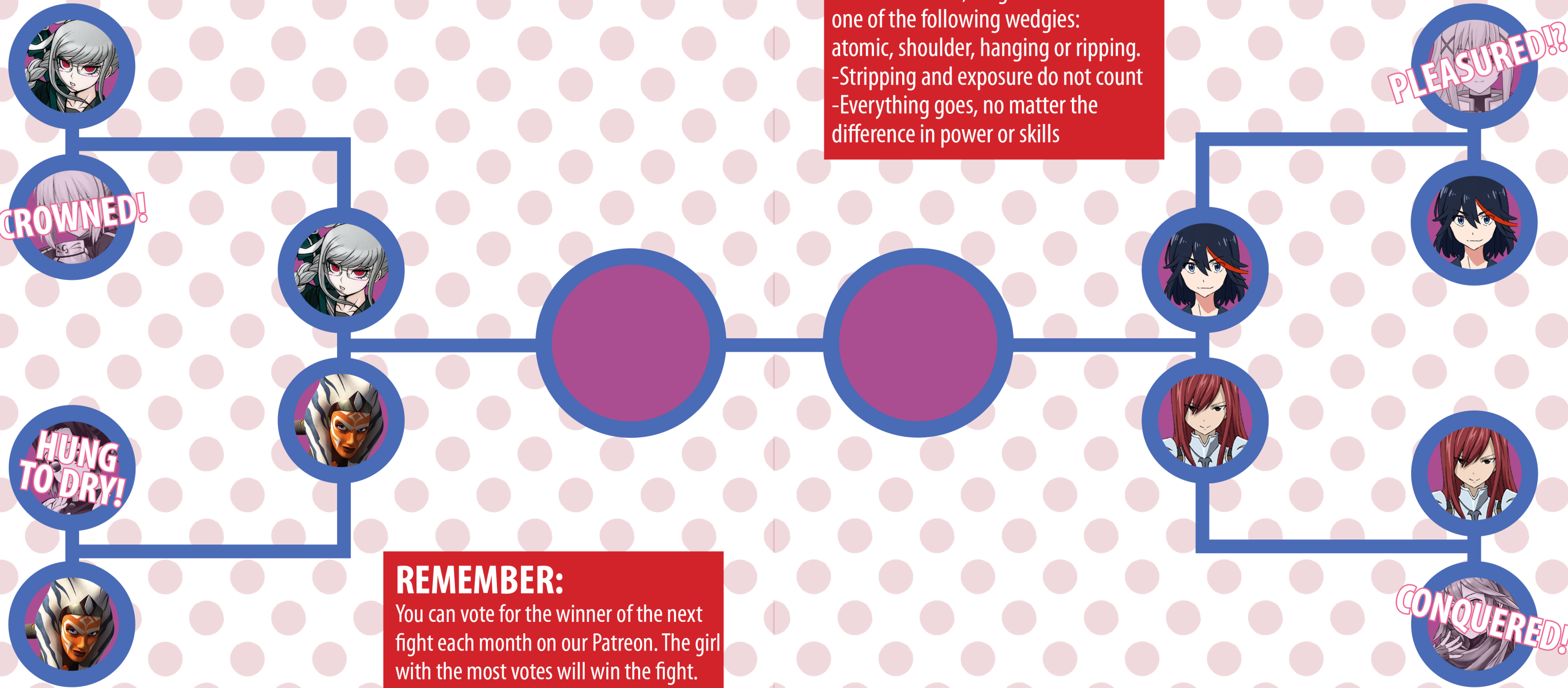
"L-likewise..." despite her attempts to keep her composure, it was clear Lucina wasn't built to take atomics. She gave her rival a thumbs up that Erza bothered to return -- a futile gesture, considering the other woman was currently being blindfolded by her own underwear.

As Erza picked up her sword and walked out of the arena, one hand busy prying cotton out of her buttcrack, she wondered if all her opponents were going to be as worthy as Lucina.

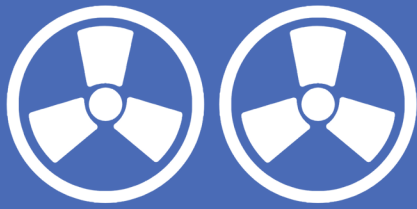
TOURNAMENT STATUS

THE RULES:

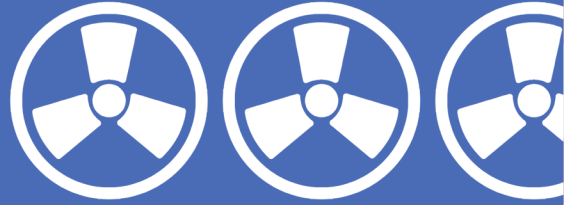
- In order to win, a fighter MUST deliver one of the following wedgies: atomic, shoulder, hanging or ripping.
- Stripping and exposure do not count
- Everything goes, no matter the difference in power or skills



REMEMBER:
 You can vote for the winner of the next fight each month on our Patreon. The girl with the most votes will win the fight. In the case of a tie, we will decide it on a coin-toss. Depending on the difference in votes, the winner may receive more or less clothing damage!



DANGEROUS THOUGHTS



We're all kinky here -- that's a given. However, I've always been curious as to the exact way in which wedgies intersect with other kinks, particularly those in BDSM circles. A lot of us are sadists or masochists (or both) to a degree, considering pain and humiliation are the two big components of wedgies as a fetish, but... how exactly does that relate to our personal enjoyment of wedgies? Let's find out.

There are quite a few things that can make wedgies "kinky", and they all depend on exactly what one is looking for within the fetish. Embarrassment and humiliation are quite prevalent within other fetishes, being feelings that leave the receiver very vulnerable and therefore easy to control. By exposing the victim's flaws in a humiliating manner, the giver gains control over them, and that's, I believe, at the heart of what makes underwear exposure in general, and wedgies in particular, so hot for some people.

The humiliation is usually the root of the enjoyment we derive from wedgies, but it can come from several different sources. The most popular, of course, is the exposure of embarrassing underwear that wasn't meant to be revealed -- we've ralked quite a bit in this section about the way it can reveal hidden personality traits or soft spots. However, the mere act of being on the receiving end of a childish prank can be enough for the humiliation to kick in.

Now, whether you find wedgies compelling because you want to imagine yourself as the victim or as the giver completely depends on your personal tastes, but the idea of control is stillt here. For some, controlling can be extremely arousing -- who doesn't like teasing and making your partner do whatever you want? And for others, it's loss of control what makes wedgies hot. For some (like yours truly) it's both.

Pain is a big part of what enables this level of control over someone else -- if you control when and how the victim receives pain, you can manipulate the scenario in any way you want, and even make them do things they wouldn't frequently do! We're talking about consensual encounters right now, but it also works for any fantasy and/or piece of art!

Whether you're thinking of doing some roleplay during a physical encounter with someone, or just developing your fantasies through art and writing, the element of control is what makes bullying so enticing. The fetish, after all, comes from a practice that consists of one or more people asserting their dominance over another in ways that often leave them feeling powerless. It's rare for a bullying victim to retaliate in wedgie fiction, and this is often because the rules of dominator / dominated are very clearly delimited.

That's what we like, after all -- to have a character in which to project our personal source of enjoyment from the fetish -- we either like perceiving ourselves as the helpless victim, being forced to endure humiliation after humiliation, or as the dominating bully, being the one exerting pain on others. The power dynamics of bully/ bullied are very clear in this fetish, and this leads to a lot of fantasies taking place in settings where these roles can be easily applied to specific characters.



Some of our readers offered a very similar perspective to the one offered here: for most of us, as it turns out, the enjoyment of wedgies as a kink is derived from the sheer humiliation caused to the victim, as well as the loss of control mentioned in the last page, and one even sees it as something that is only hot when approached specifically as a performance of the kink itself within the fiction of the piece. Refer to the "Our Readers Reply" section in this same page to see some more detailed accounts about why that is.

There is, of course, also the element of humiliating oneself without the need for an external force -- when someone is a giver, content tends to be catered to them, and it's easy to revel in the vicarious enjoyment of seeing your favorite girls being humiliated, as the voyeuristic position places you, as the observer, in a dominant role. When you're a receiver, however, and you take pleasure from receiving wedgies, this may not be enough, and you may need to go the extra mile and wedgie yourself!

In any case, after all this talk we can ascertain that, much like many other practices within BDSM, wedgies are based on the idea of control. Because it's an action with such clearly defined roles in its original context, it's very easy for fetishists enjoying it to construct narratives that foster the same behaviors a real bully would display when torturing their victims. Much like stuff like petplay and other, more traditional sexual roleplay scenarios, the sub/dom dynamic comes from a place of "realism", if we can call it that, in which a particular set of real-life harmful behaviors is replicated in order to obtain arousal through humiliation within a controlled environment.

This is very important to understand a wedgie kink -- it's a direct replication of existing social roles, but turned into a sort of game. Even when looking at a picture or reading a story, there is a sort of suspension of disbelief fetishist partake in, in which they accept that characters who usually wouldn't be seen in these situations are forced into them for the sake of the fetish, and therefore for the sake of the observer's arousal.

Apologies if I got a bit too technical there! I'm currently working on my Master's thesis, and it's hard to switch off my 'academic speak' mode. In any case, I hope you enjoyed this little breakdown of what me, as someone who practices certain aspects of BDSM in real life, considers wedgies to be within that universe. And as mentioned above, you won't need to be content with just my opinion anymore!

Here's some dorks we collected to give you an idea of what the community thinks about wedgies as an idea!

Our Readers Reply!

As promised last month, here's our first ever 'readers responses' section of Dangerous Thoughts! The question this month was:

"For you, what is it that makes wedgies 'hot' as a kink? Why do you find wedgie stories / pics attractive?"

This is what some of our readers had to say.

KingConsultant: "For me wedgies are hot for a varying number of reasons, but if I had to really narrow it down to the bare bones I'd say it because they incorporate a number of kinks. The two most prominent being underwear exposure and humiliation. Underwear has long been a staple kink for me as long as I can remember, but a wedgie not only exposes it, it adds to the level of humiliation cause of the discomfort it causes and how public it usually is. Combine that with dorky-print underwear and well, it's a perfect kink in my personal preference.

Monkey Robot: "The thing that makes wedgies hot for me are the panties themselves, the thought of revealing something that wasn't meant to be shown to others and the embarrassment that the other person feels the moment their panties get yanked and then the pain that they feel afterwards. Bonus points if the person receiving the wedgie is a masochist and its secretly enjoying the pain."

hapily11: "[Very long 'hmm']. I think a lot of it is just related to power dynamics, not exactly novel for a kink but there's a reason it's so common. Just something about the idea of being humiliated in an unavoidable way like it's their 'place' to have their underwear pulled and exposed and there's nothing they can do about it. I do think it ties into a different sort of humiliation than most other kinks, which tend to be about degradation more than this sort of public embarrassment which just hits a different spot, though the other form tends to play into it a lot too, for me the bigger appeal is just the more 'prank' aspect that your underwear is forcibly exposed (in front of other people). This is also why I personally have always preferred wedgies to be presented in the form of bullying and not as a form of foreplay or something that's 'enjoyable' to the person receiving."

Love-Lucia: "What makes wedgies 'hot' to me is how it puts a person into a compromising or helpless position. I always vastly prefer consensual wedgies that everyone involved either enjoys or at the very least is begrudgingly okay with, so being bullied becomes a show of trust and vulnerability between them. That sort of proof of connection through embarrassment is very sweet and the most attractive thing to me in wedgie content."

FEATURED CREATOR:

AraneidaeArt



Once again, we bring you an artist who doesn't draw wedgies specifically, but whose work is still underwear-adjacent. Meet the creator of the EUF tarot and one of the most active members of the EUF community on DeviantArt: AraneidaeArt.

AA: I've been on the internet for quite some time and have gone by multiple different usernames. Last year I decided to rebrand myself as AraneidaeArt/Web to represent my artistic endeavors online, separate from stuff like gamertags and other usernames. For all intents and purposes here, Hi, I'm AraneidaeArt.

DW: First off, let's talk about your relationship with your most prominent fetish: what makes EUF attractive to you?

AA: It's the dichotomy in the reveal. Underwear print and style adds depth as well as embarrassment to a character, especially when a character's undies contrast heavily with their outward appearance. Like a goth girl who normally dresses in black being revealed to be wearing pink unicorn panties, or a stern career focused office lady secretly wearing panties printed with a pattern depicting a cartoon meant for people much younger than her.

Not only is the exposure of their underwear twice as embarrassing as regular undies would be due to it shattering our preconceived judgements we make on their outward appearance, but it also begs the question, what about that person's character made them want to wear that? Does the goth secretly have a girly streak? Does the office lady have trouble adulting? The fact that underwear print can also reveal a secret aspect of a character's personality that said character also wanted to keep hidden adds to the embarrassment.

DW: I really like how you talk about that dichotomy in the last question. Is it something that features prominently in your work?

AA: I do often try to integrate colors and/or shades and tones into underwear that contrast with the main design of a character, or simply aren't featured in the design anywhere in order to draw more attention to their state of undress, as well as sometimes contrasting with a character's theming. An example I'd like to bring up is when I drew the 7 of Wands card. The character mainly had drab browns as their outfit and a gray gear print on their shirt.

The OC owner originally wanted matching drab gray gear print panties, but I pointed out how much better pink butterfly prints would contrast with both color scheme and character design, showing a hidden girlier side to a gearhead tomboy.

I also showcase a sort of dichotomy with Kia, my main spider character whom I derived my username from (seen in the next page). You see her as a sexy, skimpily dressed spider girl whose black and gray outer clothes are based on sheer lingerie with alluring web patterns. You'd think her panties would skimpily and sheer as well, only to find out that they're actually cute, pink and girly, subtly showing how her personality isn't "one note seductress".

DW: Speaking of your work... you're most famous for your EUF Tarot collection. It's a very original idea, so how did you come up with it?

AA: I get that question asked a lot, because as far as I know, I don't think anyone else has done panty exposure tarot cards as a theme. I play card games a lot, mainly Hearthstone and Yu-Gi-Oh! and I do want to eventually make my own EUF themed card game, and I just think Tarot cards are kinda cool. I've encountered a few artists who refused to be a part of this project because they didn't understand or were afraid of the mysticism and fortune telling stuff stigmatizing tarot cards, and while I do lean into a bit of what a tarot card represents in regards to fortunes when writing my art descriptions, really they don't mean anything in the long run, and are just playing cards for an old Italian card game.

I've wanted to do EUF tarot cards for a long time, and only really committed to drawing them this year. I used to draw two or three on pencil and paper using random throwaway character designs, but it went nowhere until I decided to make this a "community thing". I'd draw other people's OCs for free and just slowly begin to build a fan-base for my works based on dedication to a project that is massive in scope, but also has a definite end point so as to not bore anyone. It's always a fun surprise for fans when a different artist's OC shows up. Wondering who will be next is fun engagement, but again, there's also an endpoint for when I finish the deck. Once I'm done with that I plan on porting the deck into a Tabletop Simulator compatible file, so anyone can play with them.

DW: Do you have any specific ideas about what you'd want that TTS card game to be like?

AA: I've worked out a lot of mechanics for it already to make it like a traditional card battle game while also differentiating itself mechanically from other card games. I would like some people among the euf/wedgie/panty and embarrassment enjoying community to help playtest it a bit and come up with individual card effects. But that may be too ambitious and may take years before anything is even remotely done.

DW: We used to ask this even before DA started imploding, but I think now this is more important than ever -- where can our readers find your work?

AA: There's quite a bit of a story behind where I can be found. I definitely want to direct people to my personal website AraneidaeWeb.com where I sell non-nsfw graphic shirts with my art on them, as well as a certain pair of pink spider print panties that are available for purchase upon private request. As I do art and clothing prints as a hobby and have a completely separate full time job, I am consciously losing money owning this site, but I appreciate anyone who buys a shirt or other orders in order to help the website break even.

The store is run by shopify so it's perfectly secure and safe both financially and contentwise. You don't have to worry about people questioning you for your tastes if they see the website.

I am also on Twshitter the dying platform at @AraneidaeWeb, and seeing as Deviantart seems to want to cause an exodus of fetish artists, I am encouraging people to migrate to NewGrounds as well at araneidaeart.newgrounds.com.

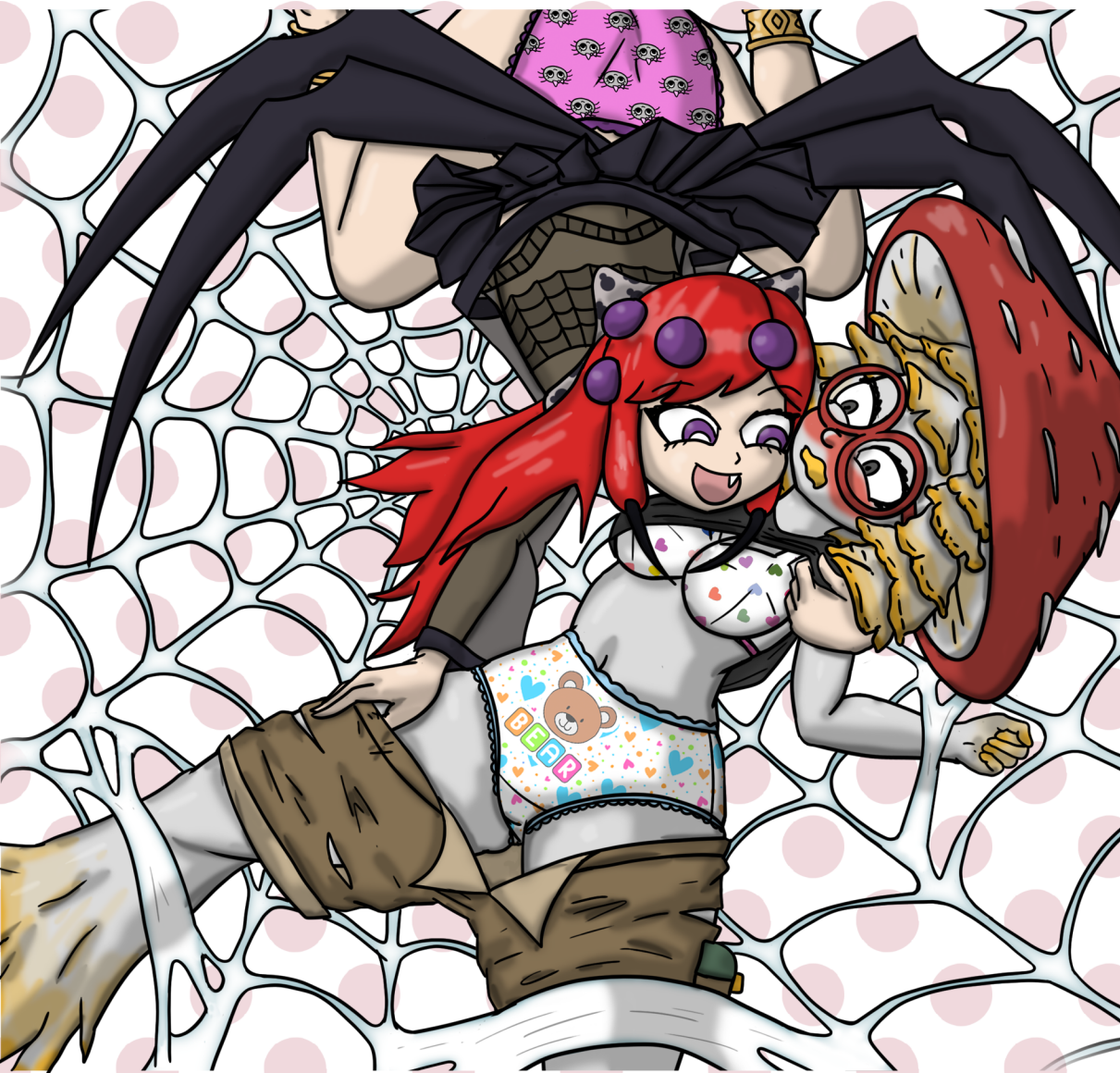
DW: Well, it's been a pleasure to have you! Anything else you want to say before you leave?

I hoped I'd be able to mention my history in drawing body horror, but it never came up. One day, I do want to mix in body horror with euf somehow. You can already see hints of it in Amanita the mushroom girl currently caught in the web with her stumpy root feet and fungal hair, as well as a lot of the "alternative" art of Kia on my website.

Stay tuned for a new character I've been hinting at recently that may incorporate that subject a bit, as well as my other future projects, such as EUF Spot the Difference and a planned EUF Zodiac. But for now, there are still slots open to have me draw your character in my EUF tarot cards. If you are an EUF artist with a wholly original, non-derivative character, feel free to reach out to me!

We leave you with the art Araneidae drew for us of two of her OCs. If you like the undies Kia is wearing, remember they're available in his store!

As for us, we'll be hosting a very special guest writer next month, so look forward to that. As we mentioned in AndYeah's interview, we'll try to alternate between artists and writers!



MAKIMA'S FIELD DAY

-A Chainsaw Man story-

Makima wasn't usually one to personally oversee her employees, but this mission was different. Himeno, as good of a devil hunter she was, had a mental image of herself that could put her in danger during a solo mission like this one, while Aki was away taking care of the two newest recruits. Since she saw herself as someone who was just waiting to be killed during a mission, she didn't value her own life in the same way as someone like Kobeni, who naturally put her own survival before others', and Denji, who Makima had already given a motivation to ensure his success.

"You coming, boss?" Himeno asked with a blank expression as she dropped the cigar stub on the floor, not bothering to step on it. "I'm ready, and the devil should be just around the corner."

The redhead simply gave her a nod and a smile -- she'd spent too long standing in place, making plans within plans. Keeping that façade of complete control was not easy, but it was all she had... until her plans finally revealed herself. This was just a small distraction to keep her façade in place while she worked on Denji -- it was what she was supposed to be doing as the leader of her division. She was just supervising an employee, nothing out of the ordinary there.

She was aware Himeno didn't like her, but that worked well enough in her favor. Perhaps her contempt for her would fuel her in battle, or perhaps it would drive her to show her what she was capable of. Makima had no way of knowing, and human unpredictability was somewhat exciting for her.

"What devil even is it, by the way?" asked her employee, interlacing her fingers behind her head in an aloof pose. "You didn't tell me."

"I don't know," Makima lied, her smile unwavering. "It was harassing a couple of people, and also kidnapped two girls. From what we've been told, however, it's clear it's not a big threat -- just your ordinary low-level devil. But someone has to deal with those, right?"

That would obviously sparked the question of why Makima was there in the first place, but she didn't care. As long as Himeno believed herself to be above the devil's abilities, she'd be happy with the results.

It didn't take them long to reach the source of the faint screams they've been hearing ever since they'd entered the perimeter. To be frank, Makima was surprised with how quickly the area had been evacuated, given the general incompetence of the public services, but she couldn't complain. It was better for the them to be alone with the creature, after all.

"Ah... here we are," she noted with a blank expression as they laid eyes on the devil.

It was a tall, spider-like entity -- its legs long, bulky metallic structures vaguely resembling lockers, supporting what appeared to be a thick, long pole ending in a malicious grin Makima thought a bit too exaggerated. From one of its legs erupted a set of taut ropes that were currently keeping the devil's two victims -- two almost naked young ladies -- in painful, tight wedgies.*

"Yikes..." Himeno let out, her expression barely changing. "I have many questions, but... let's first get the civilians outta here..."

She raised her arm and waved her hand side to side in front of her, prompting an invisible force to swat the girls away from the devil. The creature immediately turned toward the two devil hunters, its smile only becoming wider as it detected potential new prey.

"Get out of here, ladies!" Himeno commanded, nodding her head toward the main street. "We'll take care of this. Make sure to tell everyone we're going to be busy for a while, yeah? We got this."

The two of them obeyed, and Himeno gave them a wink as they passed by. They now had the devil's full attention, for better and for worse -- and that meant Makima could just sit back and see what Himeno was capable of on her own. See if, with no lives to put before her own, she would behave differently.

***Writer's note: I want to add a big 'thank you' and a shout out to my friend SuperAndyeah, who allowed me to use his idea of what a Wedgie Devil would look like for this story!**

"Go ahead," she said, calmly. "Whatever this thing is, you can take it without my assistance, right?" It was a challenge as much as it was a declaration of intent.

"You got it, boss," replied her underling with a fairly restrained smile, no true feelings behind it. She never showed real feelings when Makima was around, the redhead had observed. She lit up another cigarette and smiled at the demon -- and that one was a true display of emotion. "Alright, let's get to work then!"

Makima slightly relaxed once the battle begun. It wasn't something she hadn't seen a hundred times already, and yet she kept watch over Himeno, analyzing the way she fought, the motions she performed, the way her cheerful façade broke in almost imperceptible ways. What many humans failed to understand was that complete control was only achievable through careful observation and calculation -- one didn't take control of a chess board by doing the most optimal move each turn, but by observing the board as a whole and understanding the current state of everything and how they could turn it to their advantage.

It was through that observation that Makima noticed something crawling behind Himeno as she fought the devil. It was one of the monster's many appendages, resembling some sort of cloth, like a sock that was too long and twisted for any human to put it on. The redhead, interested, kept her yellow eyes on it as it made its way toward Himeno's back, and then...

"Eeep!" Makima's eyebrows rose as she witnessed the tip of the appendage slip into the back of Himeno's suit pants before emerging wrapped around the waistband of her grey panties. "Hey, if you're going to do that, at least buy me a drink first!"

Makima chuckled -- of course, she used her sexuality as a method of deflection. How very typical of her. Himeno raised her arm in the air, hoping to use the Ghost Devil to strike back, but the small wedgie had clearly only been a distraction -- before she knew it, both her arms were being restrained, allowing her very little mobility. The devil, then, resumed its efforts to yank on its victim's underwear.

"You're easy prey, nerd!" the devil blurted out in a distorted voice, invoking the idea of a bully. It made sense to Makima, considering what the thing drew its power from.

"No need to help, boss..." Himeno said, only being half serious. "I got this all under control..."

That was what she thought, Makima was sure. Even though she now knew exactly what kind of creature she was dealing with, however, she didn't know in what specific way it could manipulate its field of expertise to its advantage. And as it turned out... this devil could stretch her panties as far as it wanted, no matter the physical limitations that would ordinarily restrict its pulls.

"Eeeeeeeek!" cried the raven-haired woman as she was lifted in the air by the same column of grey cotton that was currently destroying her well-toned behind.

"Oh..." the devil spoke again, leaning its head toward its wedgied victim. Its twisted smile would've made anyone's heart drop, but Makima smily let out a chuckle. "I see... this is the first time... you have never experienced this sort of pain before... am I right?"

"Y-you're a pain in the ass, alright..." Himeno tried to joke, but all the creature did in response was bounce her around.

"You need to learn what your place is!" it exclaimed, anger and excitement. "Yes... it has been so long since I got a fresh, virginal nerd!"

Makima, of course, knew this -- she needed to bring this devil someone who wouldn't be easily humiliated. If she wanted to just feed the devil's power and ego and then observe, she would've picked someone like Kobeni. Himeno, however, was a far less traditionally pathetic victim for the devil to pick on, and Makima knew that was exactly what a creature like it wanted.

As for her? Well, she was of course controlling the devil's own ability to perceive her. She could be very subtle in a lot of different ways.

"Pants... down!" the devil euphorically exclaimed as another of its cloth tentacles made its way around Himeno's body before unceremoniously yanking down her suit pants, revealing her wedgied behind. The devil began to drool as it bore witness to Himeno's utter humiliation. "Yes... time for a good spanking..."

"Wait, what do you think you're d-- ow!" Showing little respect for her or her words, the devil used that same tentacle to smack Himeno's butt, leaving its flesh to jiggle before it rose again to perform an encore. Himeno groaned audibly, turning to look at the woman who was supposed to be her supervisor in this mission. "G-god damn it, Makima! Do something! Don't just stare at me!"

Makima, however, didn't move a muscle.

WEDGIE WEDNESDAY #37

She watched with her yellow, eerie orbs as the devil positioned Himeno on its malformed lap, its locker-like legs trembling with excitement as it simultaneously spanked and wedgied the devil hunter. She watched as it produced a metallic paddle from one of its many legs and continued to spank its victim, its thunderous, distorted laughter obscuring the sounds of Himeno's whines and eventual cries. She watched as her ego was slowly broken, as red spots began to appear on her behind, as the devil got more and more aggressive.

By the time the Wedgie Devil was done with Himeno, she was little more than a whimpering mess, her hands desperately rubbing her reddened behind as she waddled away from the creature, who seemed to be enjoying itself very much. Makima, too, couldn't deny that the learning experience had been cathartic, in a sadistic kind of way. So much so that she failed to consider exactly why the devil had stopped torturing Himeno when it appeared to be having so much fun.

"Yes..." It hissed with delight as it watched Himeno get away from it, relishing each motion the girl used to try to alleviate the pain and humiliation. The devil's powers, however, had essentially glued the panties to her forehead, preventing her from removing her atomic. "Turning a proud devil hunter into an absolute nerd... sooo delicious!"

Makima nodded. Wedgies was a relatively small fear, so this devil was non-lethal. It would certainly be useful to train her division... and for imparting some discipline if necessary.

"I can... see you..."

Those four words were enough to derail Makima's entire train of thought in an instant. For the first time in a long, long time... Makima was taken by surprise by something.

"I see," she replied, trying to mask the sudden burst of nervousness taking over her body. "You've been able to the whole time?"

"Yes..." hissed the devil. "You can't hide from me... with that big butt of yours!"

Makima's smile disappeared, though she cared not for the devil's attempt at an insult. If she had to defend herself, she would without hesitation, but she'd rather wait and see what the devil would do next. After all, if she wanted to use this thing to train Denji, Power and the others, she needed to bring it alive.

The devil's smile did not leave its face, however. Despite Makima's best efforts, she had already dropped her guard once, and that was all the creature needed to take advantage of her. Before she knew it, and just like it had happened to Himeno, a cloth tentacle crawled behind her in search for her panties, and gave a powerful yank to the black, lacy material hiding under her suit pants.

"Ngh!" Makima groaned as she rushed to try and recover her underwear from the creature's grasp. Seeing how that was unlikely, however, she decided to take the quicker option.

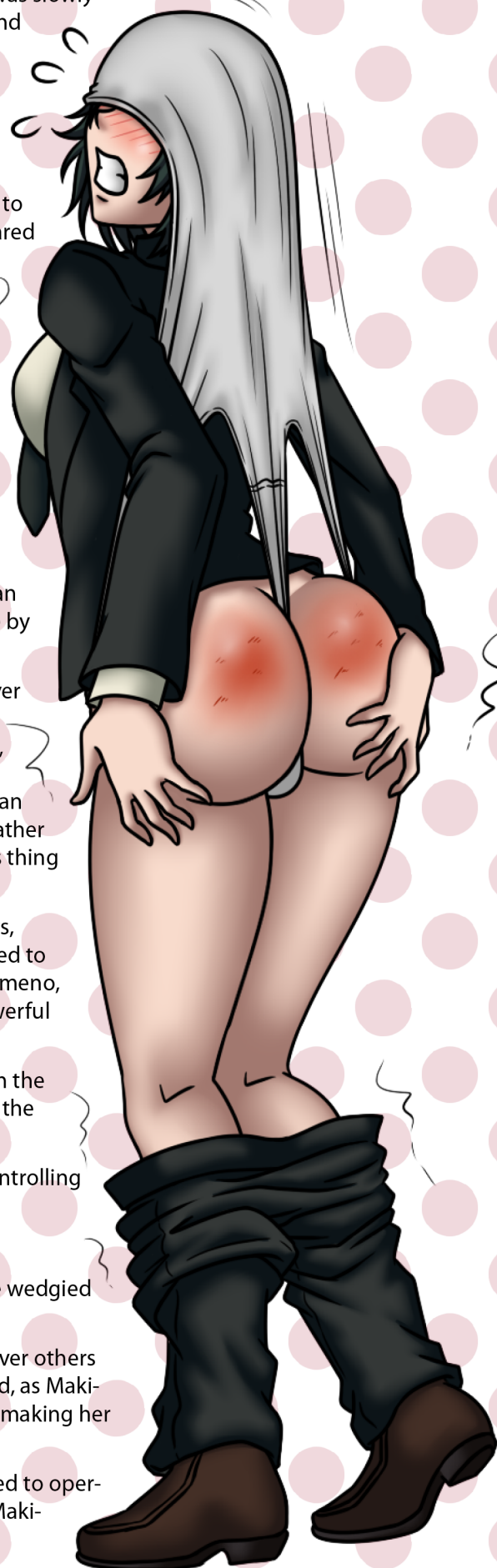
She stared directly at the devil with her piercing, yellow eyes, focusing on controlling its mind, demanding to be released...

...and nothing happened.

"You are the nerd... I am the bully!" cried the devil, sending a shiver down the wedgied woman's spine.

The devil, much like herself, relied on social constructs to exert dominance over others -- it could use its powers on anyone who was already feeling humiliation. And, as Makima was currently receiving the first wedgie of her life, it had power over her, making her *lesser* than it and therefore nullifying her own ability to psychically control it.

Because, in the end, control was a human construct, and devils were restricted to operate within the limitations of human fear. Not even someone as powerful as Makima could escape those rules.



As Makima came to this crushing realization, however, another tentacle shamelessly made its way down the front of her trousers to yank her panties from there, as well, shooting the woman into the air and leaving her dangling her legs, uselessly trying to get down. At that moment, she lost control of one more thing -- the sudden burst of heat rushing to her cheeks and turning them as red as her hair.

She wasn't in control of anything at that point -- she was just a woman. And she was at the mercy of a devil that had every intention of humiliating her.

"Yes... more fresh meat..." The devil bully began to drool again, enjoying the sight of a woman as dignified as Makima having her nether regions and butt sliced by black cotton. "Time for a... squeaky-clean wedgie!"

"There's no need for that..." Makima tried to reason, desperately clinging to the last remains of her dignity. "I can bring you more victims. You and I could--"

The Wedgie Devil was no longer interested in words, however -- its only focus was now destroying the redhead's ego. To this end, it pulled on the back of her panties, unnaturally stretched thanks to its powers, and then on the front.

Makima assumed her embarrassment -- a humiliatingly human emotion -- was also a result of the devil's power. The slicing pain she could handle, but that... she refused to admit a feeling that degrading could come from her heart.

"You never thought this would happen to you... did you?" the devil continued to tease. "With a butt as large as that... it was only a matter of time..."

Makima knew better than to beg, and she knew better than to give the devil what it wanted. And yet, she could barely restrain the urge to defend the size of her buttocks, something she had admittedly lost control of a while ago, after developing a taste for human sweets.

At any rate, she knew saying something that would elicit a mocking response from the devil was only going to make things worse for her. In fact, no matter what she said, she knew it would be for naught. She only had one thing left...

"Himeno!" she cried. "C-call for reinforcements..."

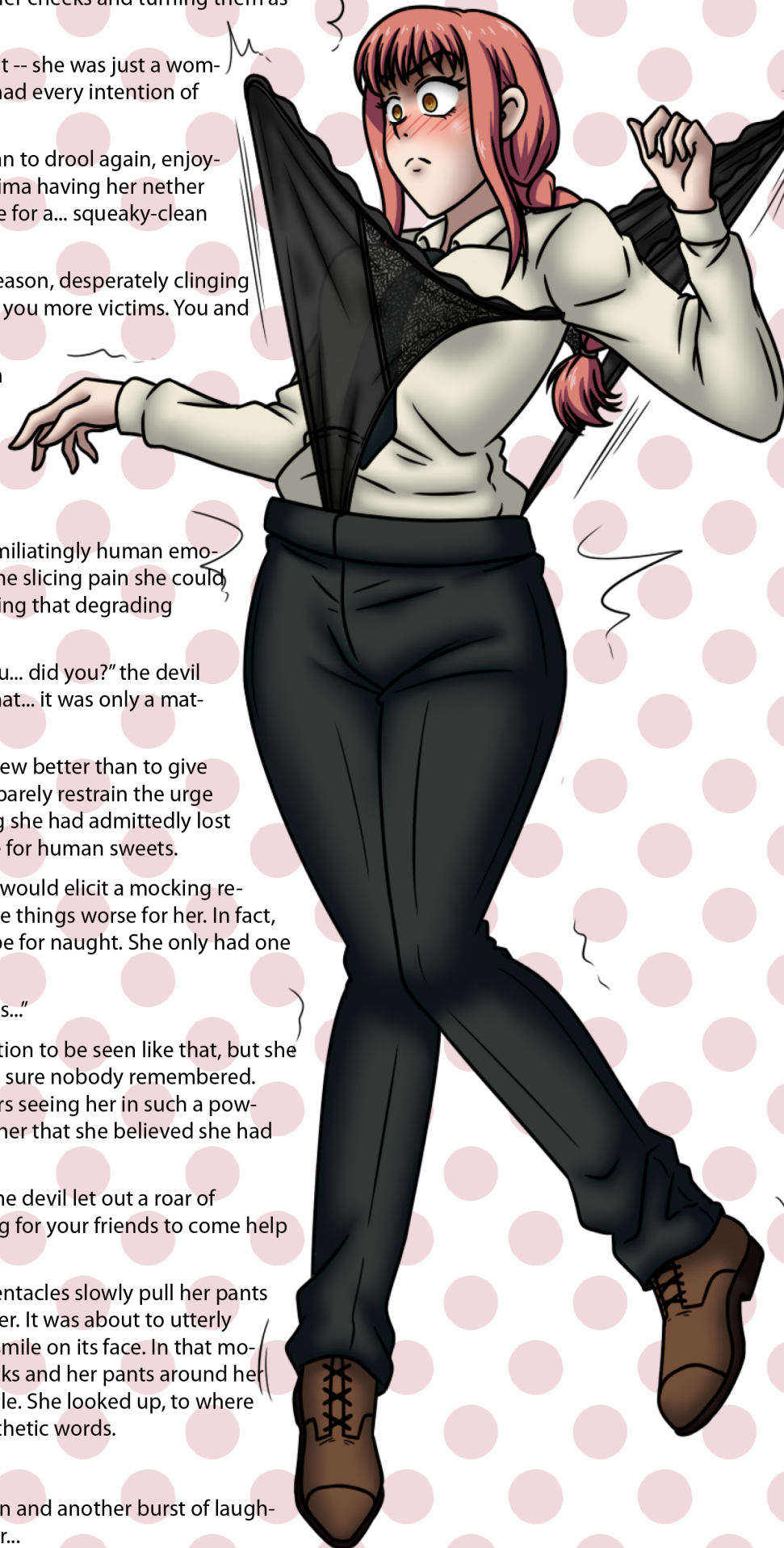
She knew what it would entail for her reputation to be seen like that, but she could always do some brainwashing to make sure nobody remembered. Still, the mere idea of Aki, Denji and the others seeing her in such a powerless position... it awakened feelings within her that she believed she had locked away a long time ago.

"That still gives us... plenty of time to play!" The devil let out a roar of laughter. "It is adorable that you... are begging for your friends to come help you..."

Makima grit her teeth as she felt the devil's tentacles slowly pull her pants down. It was about to have a field day with her. It was about to utterly destroy her. And it was going to do it with a smile on its face. In that moment, with her panties destroying her buttocks and her pants around her ankles, something within Makima broke a little. She looked up, to where the devil's eyes would be, and let out two pathetic words.

"P-please... no..."

Her request was only met with a demonic grin and another burst of laughter. It was going to have so much fun with her...





**THANKS
FOR
READING!**