

ISSUE 34
JUL 2023

WEDGIE WEDNESDAY!

DANGER
DOESN'T LIKE
BIKIINI
WEDGIES

FEATURING:
**RAVEN'S
TITANIC WEDGIES**

FEATURING THE ART OF
DESSUKI!

WW TOURNAMENT: ROUND 1
**PEKOYAMA
VS ARTORIA**

WE CELEBRATE THE BIRTHDAY OF ONE
OF OUR FAVORITE DORKS IN...

**KURISU'S
BIRTHDAY WEDGIE!**





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Joe

Joe Lowry

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StandardState

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The Big One

The360archangel

TheRadiantKnight

Vanestus

Vindru

Will

Xijs

Your mom

Zackery

澤村新八

DANGER'S FOREWORD

-AN INTRODUCTION-

Yeah, I got tired of making up titles for this section. In any case, here we are, another fresh, new issue for the zine. This one's pretty basic compared to what came before, but that's fine. It's okay to strive for simplicity.

In any case, I'm suuuuper happy of the reception our last issue got. We had some trouble with our guest artist, but that was eventually fixed somewhat. The important bit is that, despite the subject matter, we didn't get a single annoying or distasteful comment, and everyone seemed to like the issue very much! Thanks to everyone who supported the last issue, as it was a fairly important one for me, and a deeply personal one, something I made clear quite a few times.

What's more important to me, specifically, is that half a dozen different trans people from the community reached out to us to thank us for dealing with these topics, which honestly made my heart melt. We're happy we can make people's lives a little bit brighter, even if we're doing so through this silly little zine of ours.

Anyway, back to the present: our guest artist for this month, Dessuki, was a delight to work with! We're starting to work with our guest artists with 2 months in advance just to make sure there are no communication issues and they can deliver their piece in time, so we've been chatting since May, and she's a very sweet girl all around. Look forward to learning more about her and her art in this issue!

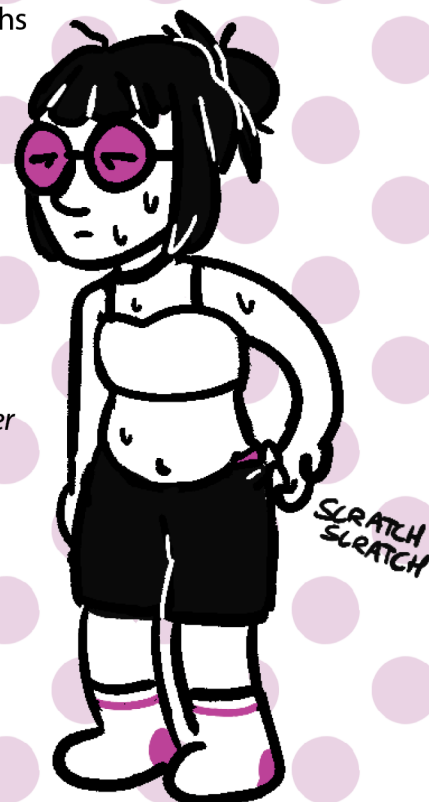
For our next issue, you'll get to see a familiar face from the wedgie community, and in fact someone who's already showed up once in this zine... but we reached out to them for an interview, since this format is relatively new, and their response was, and I quote, "hell yeah". We won't spoil the surprise until next month, of course~

This issue also marks the beginning of our "Waistband Warriors Tournament", which we started organizing back in May as well. Shout-out to my friend Andyeah, who helped me narrow the list of eligible characters a bit so we could offer some variety while still giving people some pretty popular picks to choose from. In this issue, Peko Pekoyama will fight against Artoria Pendragon, two of the most popular picks from the poll. I'm genuinely interested to see how this tournament plays out!

On the more personal side of things, I'm dying from the heat. It's been one of the hottest summers of my life, and I can barely get anything done during the day cause the sun literally hurts me. I have to be productive during the mornings or nights because the heat completely incapacitates me from 4PM onward...

Aside from that, I don't think I have a lot more to say. We have some stuff cooking for the following months that y'all will likely enjoy very much, but we can't confirm anything just yet. Until then, though, please enjoy this issue, and stay out of this killing heat!

--DangerWedgier



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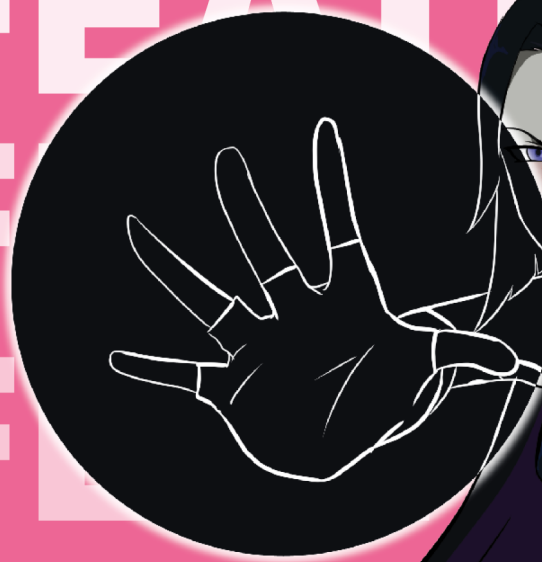
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RAVEN

RAVEN'S TITANIC WEDGIES!



Life at the Titans Tower is not as easy as it seems! Ever since she was a teen, Raven has been pranked by her fellow Titans quite a few times. Now that they're older, however, they don't seem to want to stop yanking on her underwear...

Years and Years of Gifted Underwear

You saw them in the cover, and now you're probably wondering... how come Raven wears that kind of dorky underwear? Wasn't she supposed to be the edgy, serious, goth girl of the team? Well, dear readers, that question has an easy answer... she didn't pick them herself! Raven's friends (the other members of the Titans) have been gifting her underwear as a joke for quite a few of her birthdays, and even for Christmas. It started as an in-joke between Beast Boy and her, but it didn't take very long for everyone else to want to join in on the fun.



"If you just wanted to 'check if I was wearing them' you could've just asked, you know? Jeez..."

The Christmas-themed panties you see there were, indeed, a gift from Beast Boy. A year later, however, he decided to pants Raven during the Titans Christmas party just to check if she was "appreciating his gift". Wasn't pretty. *Batman* was there, and he saw *everything*. After that little incident, however, the rest of the Titans decided it would be hilarious to do the same thing: gift her a pair of panties, then check later if she was enjoying the gift.

Her list of gifted panties includes: a pair of unicorn-themed underwear gifted to her by Kid Flash, at least two separate bird-themed pairs courtesy of Speedy, a pair of boyshorts with Nightwing's logo on the butt (I'll let you figure out who those were a gift from), and the heart-patterned pair you saw in the cover. That last one wasn't a prank, though, Starfire just thought they looked cute and gave them to her, not understanding the point of the joke. Still, they're a pretty humorous pair... and the only one Raven truly cherishes, as they're the only pair that was gifted to her out of genuine affection and not just to pull a prank on her.

Those aren't the only kinds of panties she wears, however: she, of course, has her dignity, and does buy panties by herself. They're mostly what you'd expect for a woman like her: black, purple or blue. Her "lazy" pairs include a couple of striped panties that are a little bigger than they should, and she wears a ton of lace for special occasions or important events. She has quite a few thongs, too, which she usually wears with her suit to avoid visible panty lines. It's not like she's that big of a fan of them, but she learned the hard way that panty lines are not very dignified for a superhero...

As for embarrassing underwear she's bought for herself, there aren't really a lot of pairs. The most embarrassing thing she acquired of her own volition is a dark blue pair with stars all over it, and she doesn't even consider it *that* childish.



"F-friend Raven, I don't think I quite understand this Earthly tradition..."

Giver and Receiver in equal proportion!

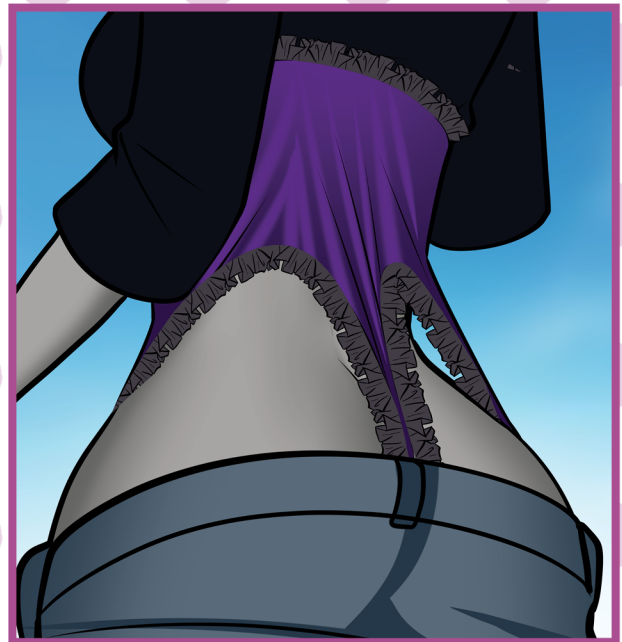
Don't get it twisted: it's not like Raven is as much of a weakling as some of her teammates may make it seem... nor is she a saint, by any means. Specifically, she used to take out her anger on Starfire by giving her butt-splitting wedgies the alien girl just took to help her friend blow off some steam. However, with time, Raven learned to control her powers and her outbursts, and made sure to make up for what she did despite Starfire never thinking it was that big of a deal. Now, she just occasionally wedgies some of her male teammates when they misbehave.

However, it's the people she doesn't like the ones who bear the blunt of her wedgies. Kiler Frost, Jinx, and, of course, Terra. No matter whether the latter is friend or foe, Raven did never quite like her, and she will go out of her way to embarrass her in front of her male teammates just in case. She isn't jealous or anything, of course, she just thinks she's suspicious... or, at least, that's what she tells herself.

Those very same women, however, will not hesitate to retaliate when they find their underwear magically snatched out of their pants by the Titan. Terra, specifically, holds a grudge for the time she pantsed her in front of Beast Boy, and will use any chance she gets to humiliate the gray-skinned sorceress, especially if there's someone there to bear witness. Fortunately for Raven, her powers are far superior to Terra's, and she can usually gain the advantage... though that also makes her a bit overconfident, something that, more often than not, has come back to bite her in the ass (quite literally, in some occasions).

Outside of the Titans and their usual rogues gallery, however, Raven has gotten wedgies from quite a few notable women from the DC Universe. Harley Quinn --of course-- paid a visit to the Titans to ask for help during a moment of turmoil in Gotham... which didn't end well for Raven and Dick, two of the blond prankster's favorite victims.

Aside from that, Wonder Woman also gave Raven a wedgie once. It was an accident, mind you; the girl's powers had gone haywire, and she started to fall to the ground. Diana had to grab something to get her to safety... a pity it had to be her underwear of all things. The hero did apologize profusely after that, of course, but that didn't stop Raven from secretly putting a wedgie hex on her leotard, causing it to ride up her butt for the rest of the day. You may call her petty but, come on, she was embarrassed in front of the entire Justice League...



"C-come on... not in front of the other Titans..."

All in all, Raven is someone who is only perceived as somewhat dorky from within her own friend group. Outside of that, her reputation remains more or less intact, even if she does have the occasional wardrobe malfunction. Luckily for her, those are very limited and don't happen in extremely compromising situations... save for the few incidents mentioned above.

Hopey you enjoyed this thorough look into the embarrassing adventures of one of our favorite DC characters! As always, remember you can suggest featured characters if you're a tier-3 patron, so watch out for the "looking for suggestions" post later this month!

WAISTBAND WARRIORS: TOURNAMENT

-Round 1: Fight 1-

One would think that, being a Super High-School Level Swordswoman, Peko Pekoyama would have an easy time in this tournament. However, one thing the girl had not accounted for was the fact that some of her opponents had at least one supernatural ability she had to be wary of. However, her title was not just for show; she knew that, whenever she was at a disadvantage, she had to tread carefully and plan her next move. With Artoria, however, even that was difficult. The servant, by herself, was not nearly as powerful as if she had a master commanding her, but she was still the King of Knights, and she had won battles with far worse odds than this one. For her, a girl in her late teens was not that much of a challenge, given her superhuman abilities.

"I don't want to hurt you," the blonde said as she eyed the battlefield for her sneaky opponent. The arena wasn't particularly big, but was designed to allow for all kinds of fighters; it had more than enough room for Peko to hide, in the form of strategically placed columns. "I'm clearly far beyond what you can do; it became clear the first time we traded blows. Let me beat you without resisting too much, and I--"

Peko was having none of that, though. With lightning speed even the servant had trouble adjusting to, she jumped from behind her hiding place and assaulted her opponent with the intention of disarming her. That sword --invisible for Peko thanks to the magic surrounding it-- was the thing giving Artoria her advantage; she had to get rid of it.

"Please, avoid that kind of condescension when you're talking to me," she said, narrowing her eyes, as Artoria stopped the blow with her own sword. Peko was aiming for her hands as, even though armored, that gave her a chance of catching her off-guard and getting rid of that weapon. Even if her attack had been stopped, however, that was still a small boon, as her analytical mind was able to more accurately discern how heavy and wide Artoria's sword truly was.

Instead of simply backing away, Peko slid her sword along the edge of Artoria's, forcing the woman to change her hand position for a moment. This accomplished something even more important: it allowed the silver-haired maiden to learn the true reach of the weapon.

"Impressive," Artoria admitted. She began to rise the sword in the air. "But you're going to need more than that to stand your ground against me. Since words won't dissuade you, though... perhaps my actions will."

That was Peko's cue to step back, calculating the exact distance she needed to cover to avoid being hit by the sword, now that she knew exactly how long it truly was. That was a big part of being the Super High-School Level Swordswoman; she was an expert at pinpointing exactly where her opponents' limitations laid.

What she had not taken into account, however, were the mystical capabilities of the mysterious weapon. As she stood back, she realized that it had been her crucial mistake: the invisible blade of the sword suddenly began to glow in a golden light, as though it was the sun during the break of day. Before Peko could move further away, however, Artoria cleaved the air in front of her, sending the golden light directly toward her.

The swordswoman took a few seconds to realize what had happened. She opened her eyes, confused, only to see that Artoria's sword was now fully visible: a strangely ornate, impractical-looking weapon that seemed to have been created for ceremonial purposes rather than for an actual sword fight. The second thing Peko noticed, however, was that whatever Artoria had done to her, it had completely relived her of her outer clothing, leaving her in a matching pair of bra and thong --white with black stripes-- and her tights, which had barely survived the hit. She couldn't but stare at the woman with rage in her eyes as she felt the heat rush to her cheeks.

"That was just a figment of what Excalibur can do once its true form is revealed," Artoria explained, lowering her sword upon seeing Peko's current state. "Since I don't want to truly fight you, I believe it's better if we--"

But Peko's brain had already devised a plan to gain the upper hand, in quite a literal way. Before Artoria could react, Peko hit the back of her right hand with the hilt of her own katana, causing the King of Knights to momentarily lose her grip on her weapon. Using the weight of the now-visible sword to her advantage, Peko elbowed it out of her way, causing it to fall to the side.

"You *lowered your sword*," Peko declared, raising her own weapon toward the blonde to prevent her from even thinking of moving. "That was your one mistake."

Artoria's reflexes, however, bordered on the supernatural; she managed to turn around and make a run for her weapon before Peko could even know what was happening. Still, though she could not hit her with her katana, she could hit her clothes... and Artoria had just put herself in the perfect position for Peko to slice the back of her dress. This not only created a conveniently-shaped gap for Peko to sink her hand into, but also completely paralyzed the larger woman just seconds before she could grab her weapon.

"You've hurt my pride," Peko said as she dragged a pair of big, pink panties out of the gap. "Which is largely an unimportant thing. But, by hurting it, you've hurt the pride of the entire Kuzuryuu clan. And I cannot allow that to go without retaliation."

Despite not being on the same level as women like Sakura Oogami, Peko was strong enough to deliver a mean pull. A pull which, of course, Artoria felt and, despite her own strength, she could do nothing to retaliate against; the assault on her underwear had been so sudden that she was still trying to process it. She tried to reach behind her to no avail; for as fit as she was, she was still a fairly frail woman.

Peko raised her eyebrows, slightly amused at the elasticity of the pair she was holding. However, that made things easier for her.

"You said you were a King... perhaps it's time I give you a new crown."

Artoria opened her mouth to whine something, but Peko cared very little for whatever she had to say. She gave a few pulls to the garment in her hands, revealing more and more of the pink fabric and eventually exposing the frilly legholes.

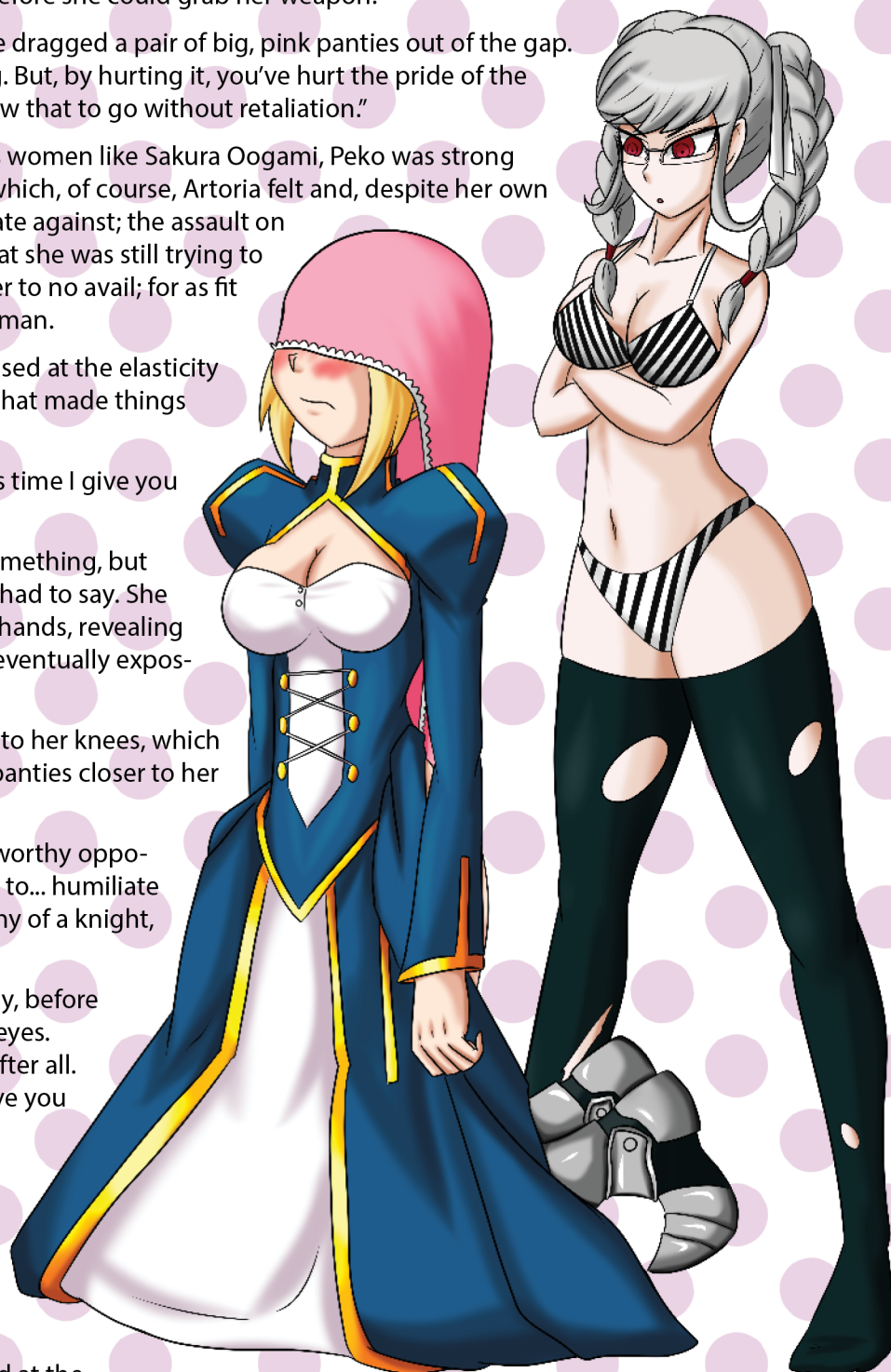
She used one foot to push the woman to her knees, which conveniently also helped her pull the panties closer to her head.

"I was almost going to consider you a worthy opponent," Artoria said. "B-but then you had to... humiliate me like this. That isn't an attitude worthy of a knight, and--"

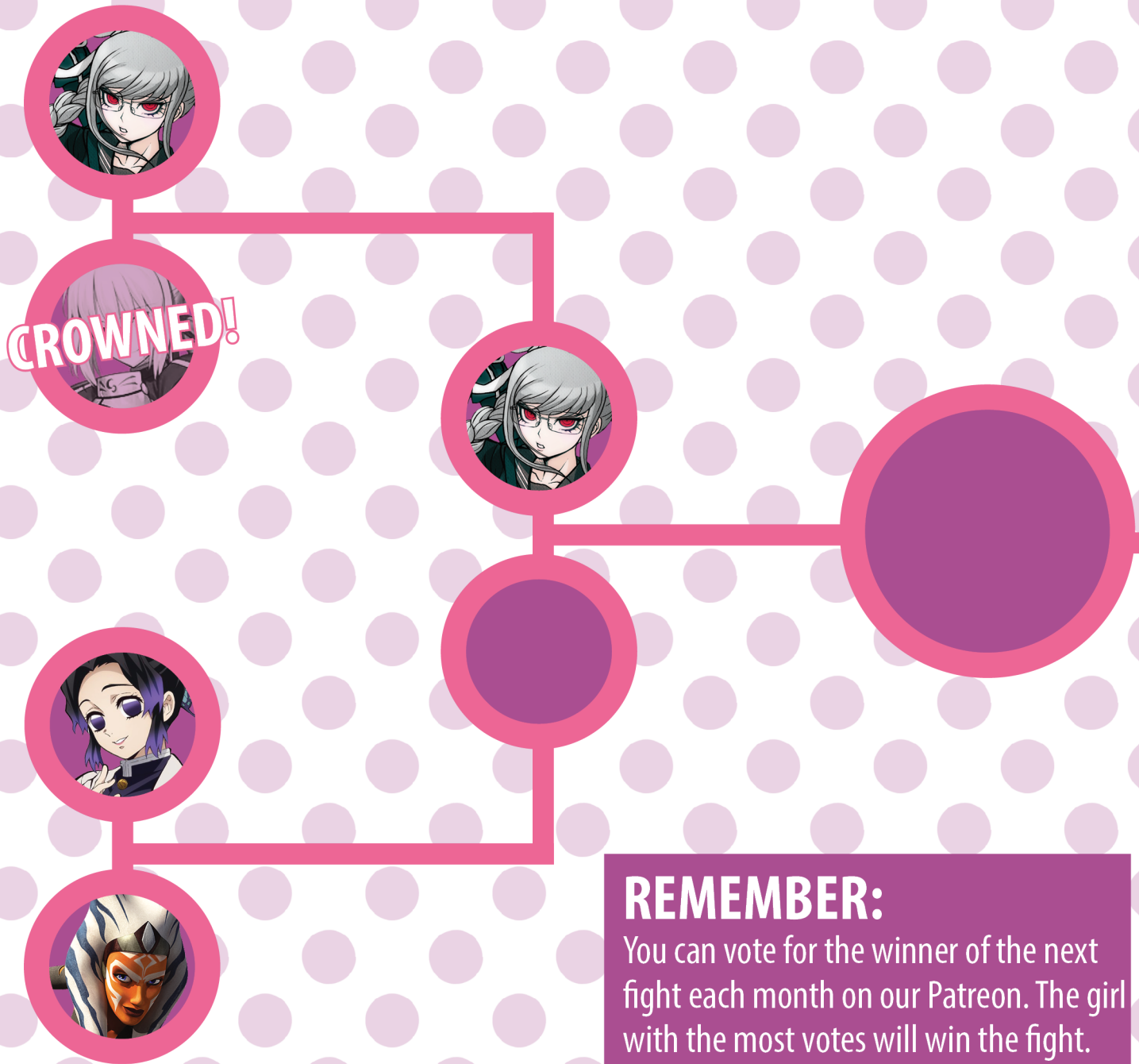
"I don't really care," Peko replied, harshly, before releasing the waistband over Artoria's eyes.

"Humiliation is the point of this fight, after all. Or rather, was... since I pretty much have you beat."

She allowed herself a moment of contemplation as she stepped back to look at her humiliated opponent, hands crossed over semi-exposed breasts. Of course, she was aware she was still semi-naked... but she'd won the fight, and that was all that mattered at the moment, so she relished on the glory of her victory for a little longer.



TOURNAMENT



REMEMBER:

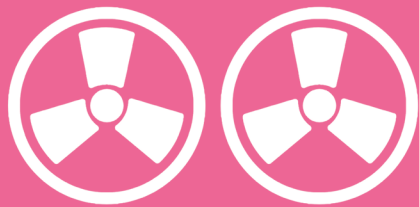
You can vote for the winner of the next fight each month on our Patreon. The girl with the most votes will win the fight. In the case of a tie, we will decide it on a toin-coss. Depending on the difference in votes, the winner may receive more or less clothing damage!

MENT 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





DANGEROUS THOUGHTS



Blegh. So, I figured I should do something even remotely summer-y, all things considered, and I decided to go for... this. Yeah, we we've gone from "how being teased changed my perception of gender by making me giddy inside" to "I don't really like bikini wedgies". Deal with it, I guess. Thing is, I really didn't know what to talk about, and I'm pretty much always giving either positive or neutral opinions in here, so... yeah, normalize being a little hater. I don't like bikini wedgies; let's talk about it.

Okay, so, the problem isn't the bikini itself. Like, I have no problem with the shape of the garment or the way it may be used to give someone a wedgie. No, my issue has more to do with the specific function of the garment. Let me explain: when you give someone a wedgie, half of the fun is getting to learn what kind of underwear they're hiding, right? Well... a bikini isn't really hidden, so it sorta doesn't work for me. Sure, you can still yank on it, and it can still hurt, but one half of the enjoyment I would derive from the wedgie is completely gone. Now the only thing left is the more sadistic side of it, which is admittedly fine, but somewhat lacking.

Mind you, this is not the same thing as giving a semi-naked person a wedgie. While you're not revealing underwear *through* the wedgie, you're still emphasizing the fact that this person is wearing a set of clothings that the general public was never supposed to see. It's still embarrassing because underwear is far more intimate, despite it covering roughly the same amount of skin. A lot of people wonder why women are fine being seen in a bikini but get embarrassed when their underwear becomes exposed, and I think intimacy plays a big role in that difference.

When you put on a bikini, you're expecting people to see it. It's the whole point; it's something you can wear to go to the beach or the pool that isn't just straight-up underwear. Panties weren't designed to be worn like that, so their exposure is, for me, what makes them special in comparison to bikinis.

Before I go a little more in-depth into why I don't think bikini wedgies are as hot as a normal, run-of-the-mill panty yank, however, let's talk about some positives!

For one, I think the ease of access that a bikini provides is very advantageous; makes it all flow more naturally. With a regular wedgie, unless someone already has the prank in mind, it's unlikely that they'll just get the idea to wedgie someone. When a bikini's concerned, though, you have very little to work with in terms of the victim's clothing. Wedgies, alongside just stealing her bikini, are one of the few things you can do to someone's clothes while in the beach or the pool, especially since there likely aren't any of the common pranking items you'd find laying around.

All you're left with is the victim's clothing, which in this case includes two garments of particular interest to us. With so little to work with, wedgies become not only extremely easy to pull off, but also a very practical and plausible joke, for those who care about such things in fiction. Therefore, I would say they're a plus in this case.

The situations that can unfold at the beach, or at a pool, are also of particular interest to wedgie lovers: hanging someone from a surf table (like Kaede here) or from the springboard of a pool are definitely interesting things you can't usually do outside of a setting requiring of a swimsuit. They would, at the very least, look a bit off if you tried to pull them off without the swimsuits.





Also, underwater wedgies are uncharted territory that I wouldn't mind seeing explored just from the novelty and creativity of it, even if I, personally, wouldn't find it all that hot by itself. I like seeing different aspects of the fetish explored, though, no matter if I'm personally into it or not! Finally, the swimsuit being wet can also be appealing to some. I'm not a fan of messy wedgies, but imagine forcing cold water up the butt of someone who's trying to dry off after an exhausting swim...

Let's go bad to the bad, now, though. What I think makes bikini wedgies so "meh" for me, to expand on what I've already talked about, is that they're supposed to be seen; there's a level of consent involved that you don't get with underwear. We've mentioned before that wedgies being non-consensual is an inevitability, since the fun comes from performing a prank on an unsuspecting victim. This extends to the clothes they're wearing as well; when you're wearing a bikini, you're already showing off everything you can --or, at least, everything that an underwear fetishist is going to remotely care about. So you're already seeing what the other person looks like under their clothes; there's no embarrassment there, and you're also not seeing anything they don't want you to see.

As you can see, then, the embarrassment factor is strongly diminished. The only embarrassment that can be derived from a bikini wedgie, if we're being thorough, is the mere fact that someone is receiving one; it's not something very dignifying under any circumstances.

Still, for me, it needs a little more spice added into the mix: the choice in underwear, and the reveal of said choice to the other characters and the audience, are important for the wedgie itself to truly work. Even if a bikini bottom is embarrassing, though... that's usually not that big of a deal, since already knows you're wearing it. That just falls more into the camp of wearing ridiculous outer clothing, except for maybe a few very niche situations in which it can work as a way to truly embarrass the victim.

Another thing is that bikini bottoms tend to not be as stretchy as some types of underwear. Or maybe that's just my experience; it's not like I've been wearing either panties or bikinis for that long, so feel free to correct me if I'm saying something stupid here.

In any case, I don't think bikini bottoms are as --for lack of a better word-- flexible as their more concealed cousins. Panties just work in more situations and are generally more fun to play around with. Keep in mind, though, that this is just my opinion, and if you like bikini wedgies... that's just great! More power to you. They do very little for me and the particular way I happen to enjoy the fetish, however, so I'm not particularly thrilled about them.

This editorial segment was a bit shorter than most --especially compared to the last one-- since I don't think I have that much to say about the matter. Still, I think it's an interesting discussion that, like everything else in this fetish

--*DangerWedgier*

FEATURED ARTIST:

DESSUKI



Back to basics with our WW interviews... fortunately, this one went super well! Say hello to Dessuki, whose main artistic drive is to draw cute girls in cute undies! But let's allow her to introduce herself, shall we?

D: Hi, I'm Dessuki. I'm a relatively new artist, both to DeviantArt and in general. I've been seriously drawing for maybe two years, and I've been primarily focusing on drawing and uploading wedgie-related art, but that's not the only kind of art I like. As long as the art and characters are cute, I'm enjoying myself while drawing them... even more so when I get to design some cute undies!

DW: Thank you for agreeing to this interview, first and foremost. For our first question, I'd like to delve into what you find cute about wedgies. It's your main thing, right?

D: Yep. Cuteness is probably the most important aspect for me when it comes to wedgies. I think it's the wave of embarrassment and momentary helplessness that comes from it -- the sudden reveal of something that is (usually) meant to be kept hidden. I think that kind of thing leads to some really cute expressions and situations.

In terms of undies, I like any with cute prints and usually frills. I guess like pairs you'd find in multi-packs? The designs can be anything really, whatever seems like it fits for the character (and is cute!). From unicorns to rainbows, stars to flowers, Pokemon to MLP, they're all fair game, with varying levels of childishness. I also tend to prefer larger pairs of panties so there's more room for patterns -- briefs or grannies are my go-to.

DW: Is that why so many of your pieces are two-parters, letting us see how the girl looks just before the wedgie?

D: Pretty much, yeah. On some level, I think I feel bad for the characters, you know? I guess I don't want to present them in any kind of serious distress in my art, which is why I lean more toward the "playful" side of wedgies.

In terms of reactions, I like embarrassment, which is probably pretty obvious. There's just something special about a good blush, especially if combined with another emotion like shock or anger, that I think is inherently cute. I guess a character's reactions depend more on their personality; for some, I don't think they'd care too much about the kind of undies they're wearing and the embarrassment would come from the specific situation they're in, but others would be really shy about their choice in underwear.

DW: The vast majority of your DeviantArt artwork is about your OCs... do you mind telling us a little about them? Did you create them on purpose to fulfill this "fantasy" of having cute reactions and dorky underwear?

D: I think I mentioned it in the first post I made on DeviantArt, but I was originally just making art for myself. So, I'd usually come up with a situation and then draw whoever I felt like -- which tended to be my OCs, which weren't created *specifically* as wedgie targets. I've been drawing Kaede for as long as I've been drawing. Her sister Kotori is a more recent addition, though mostly because I was still playing around with their designs.

I'm not good at writing lore and that kind of thing, but generally speaking, Kaede is a little older than Kotori, less mischievous, and generally pretty shy. Kotori is the more upbeat, outgoing and popular of the pair. She gets into a lot of trouble, like all little sisters do... and since they're sisters, I figured it'd be fun to make them wear similar underwear styles.

DW: You recently started drawing yourself in wedgies, as pictured here in this page. How would you say that you're self-insert is different from your OCs? Is there a reason you decided to do this?

D: I guess design wise she's a little more grounded, though none of my OCs are particularly outlandish. I still like designing them though. I think the reason for creating her in the first place was a kind of story aspect, of Kaede getting a bit of payback on her creator for a milestone I reached (since she's often a target). I guess I also had some inspiration from seeing other artists that had done similar things and thought it might be fun. It's a little embarrassing, sure... but I think most would say the same!

DW: I've noticed all your characters (and your own self-insert design) are inspired by emo / scene aesthetics from the 2000s. Anything to comment on that? Why did you choose that aesthetic?

D: Well, for my self insert... she's based on me, so the clothes aren't hugely dissimilar to what I actually wear. I got into the emo/scene circle around the mid 2010s and never really left, haha. I've always liked the heavy makeup look, as well as multi-color/dyed hair. When you pair that with grunge-y outfits and accessories, I just think it looks nice. Plus, it provides a nice contrast against cutesy underwear, don't you think?

DW: I can't say I don't! What about the future of your account? Do you have any plans, either for your OCs or for any established characters you'd like to wedgie?

D: I think I'm more of a "spur of the moment" type. I don't have a "hit list" or anything like that; I normally just have a few ideas and decide to go with one or the other depending on the moment. Though, I am thinking about making some tweaks to Kaede and Kotori's designs, so I guess that's something to look forward to!

DW: That's great to hear! Before we let you off the hook (both figuratively and literally) we'd like to thank you for taking the time to work with us, and to ask if you have anything to say to our readers... feel free to shamelessly self-promote, too!

D: I actually don't have any socials, other than Discord; it's not something I've bothered with. I don't have a Patreon either. I just started drawing fun

stuff for myself, so it still feels a bit unreal to have any number of followers or interest. However, I am hoping to open a few commission slots soon, so please check those out if you're interested!

Thank you as well; it's been great talking to you.

And that wraps up our interview with Dessuki! She's a relative newcomer to the wedgie community, and she's been posting rather sporadically, so we'd love it if you were to send some love her way!



STARS AND STRIPES!

-A Steins;Gate story-

Being out out of your element is a situation a lot of us can relate to. However, for Makise Kurisu, a lot of situations many of us would consider “normal” were decidedly not the norm, and things that everyday people would raise an eyebrow at were the most common thing in the world. Having what one would consider a friend group was definitely not something she’d been accustomed to growing up, and as such she was utterly confused when she was essentially kidnapped by an excited Faris for a “girls only birthday party spectacular”.

Kurisu had, last year, promised to a relentlessly insisting Okabe, that she would spend her next birthday in Japan so the members of the Future Lab could celebrate with her. Her birthday, however, was not planned until the next day; Okabe had insisted they celebrate the morning after out of a desire to celebrate her birthday going by American time, meaning a full half a day would need to pass for them to be able to celebrate “properly”. The dumb gesture, which all the other lab members simply took as something cool, was clearly an excuse to get her to come the day before so they could make preparations together. Though Kurisu had seen right through him, the evening had been a most enjoyable one, despite how much he insisted that none of this had been planned ahead.

That, along with her previously discussed lack of knowledge about birthday traditions amongst girls, was precisely why she was so surprised when she was dragged into the Future Lab by Faris, Mayuri, Yuki, and Moeka.

“W-we’re not supposed to be celebrating this until tomorrow, right?” she asked, flustered by not unhappy, as the girls posed around her so Moeka could take pictures of them with the birthday girl. Except for Faris, who was acting as her usual mischievous, cryptic self, all of them seemed to be acting slightly off. “Are you guys-- have you been drinking?”

“Little bit,” Yuki confessed with an embarrassed smile. “We’d been trying to get you for a while, but you and Okabe are just inseparable, you know?”

Heat rushed to Kurisu’s cheeks as Faris and Mayuri sat her down on the couch. Deciding to ignore that remark, she took a look at the table in front of her to confirm that, indeed, the bottle of champagne they must’ve bought to celebrate with her was already half empty. She didn’t particularly mind, as she was not exactly known for her ability to control herself while drinking; in fact, she found it a bit amusing, even.

“Buut now that he’s busy with Daru,” Faris said, wrapping an arm around Kurisu’s shoulders. “That guy’s going to be away for a good while, nya!”

“Yeah, this is an all girls pre-birthday party!” Mayuri seemed by far the most affected by the alcohol, unsurprisingly.

While Kurisu was certainly enjoying the attention, she noticed there was someone missing among the girls. Someone who should have been there where she left her, considering what they’d said to each other since they last spoke a few hours ago.

“Um... where’s Maho?” the redhead asked, bringing a finger to her lips. “She said she’d wait for me in the lab with Mayuri... did she go somewhere?”

The short, green-haired girl had insisted on accompanying Kurisu to Japan this time around. She, allegedly, didn’t like ‘that Okabe fellow’ and wanted to make sure he was ‘right for her.’ Kurisu managed to dissuade her by getting Mayuri to try some of her cosplays on her, and had promised to return before nightfall to the Lab, where the two were left.

“Oh, that’s right.” Faris, suddenly looking very awkward, scratched the back of her head. “Her...”

As the silence settled around them, however, Kurisu began to hear a familiar voice in the near distance. Was that... was that who she thought it was?

She immediately got up to investigate and, following the very familiar sounds coming from one of the rooms in the small apartment. She didn't have to look for too long until she found their source: a curtain on the far end of the room, one that Okabe usually utilized to hide whatever invention he was working on from the eyes of 'the Organization'.

"Uh, you don't really need to do that, nya!" Faris tried to dissuade her, reaching for Kurisu's wrist when she got a hold of one of the sides of the curtain.

That did not stop the red-headed scientist from pulling the curtain open, revealing a most strange sight: Maho Hiyaho, her fellow scientist, with her wrists tied together and her mouth ducktaped. Strangest of all, however, was the fact that her panties -- a pair of red and white shimapan -- had been stretched out of her shorts, the legholes hooked around her feet to leave her trapped in a jock-lock wedgie. The green-haired girl let out a quiet moan as she averted her gaze, her cheeks crimson red when she realized Kurisu was getting a good look at her in such a compromising situation.

"M-maho? What's going on?" Kurisu turned to look at her supposed friends, all of them giving her awkward, non-compromising looks or avoiding her gaze. "Why did you do this to her?"

"W-well, she was threatening on revealing our surprise party to you..." Yuki explained. Of all the people there, she was the one Kurisu had least expected something like this from. "So Faris suggested we leave her like that until you came back..."

The scientist's blue eyes fell on the pink-haired catgirl struggling to find an explanation for her actions.

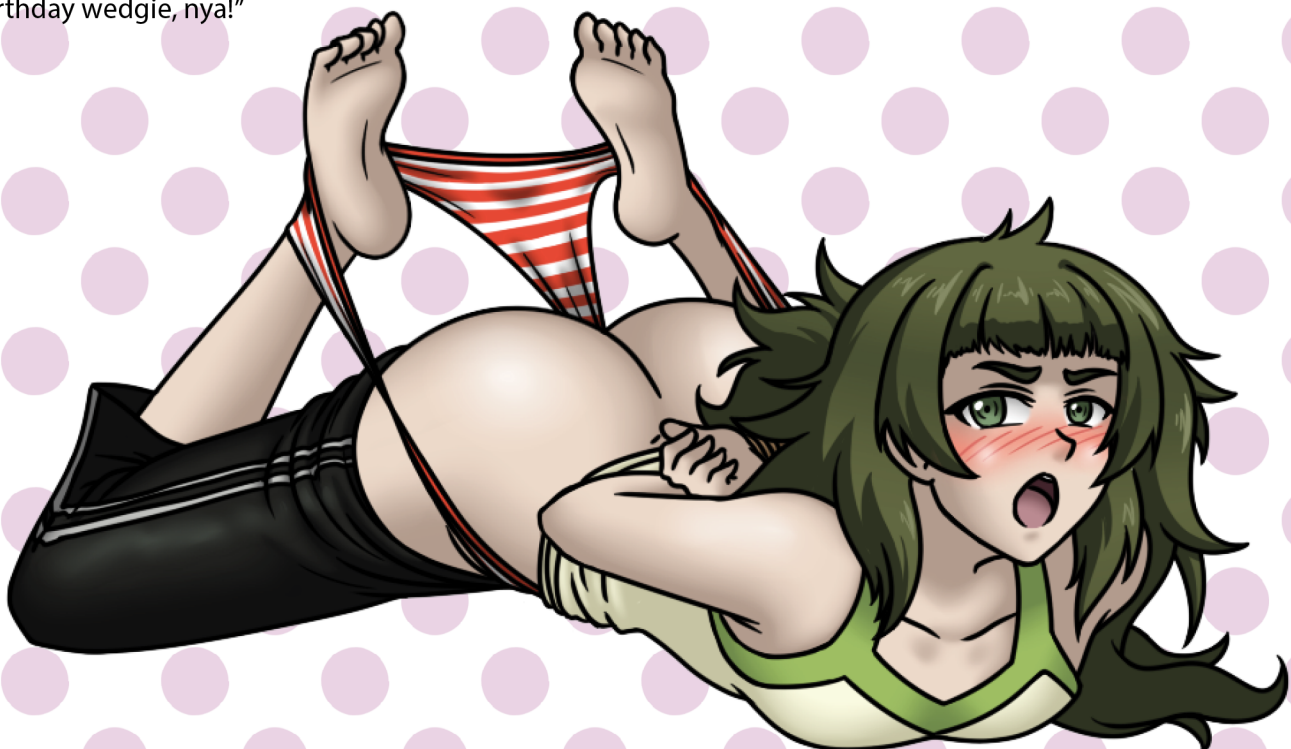
"A-alright, so..." While taken aback by Yuki's betrayal, Faris managed to conjure up a response. "This girl you brought here, uh... she wanted to ruin the surprise, nya! We told her about our secret birthday party, and she threatened to go looking for you to tell you about it! We couldn't have that, nya!"

Kurisu frowned, not knowing whether to be mad, amused, or just utterly dumbfounded, but ultimately decided to hear it from the horse's mouth before she made any decision on what to do next. She crouched and carefully removed Maho's ducktape from over her mouth, much to the scientist's discomfort. She licked her dehydrated lips, then looked up at Kurisu.

"W-what this insane woman isn't telling you is that this isn't all there is to the party!" Maho cried, sending a sharp, accusatory look at Faris and the rest. Kurisu was silently thankful that, despite this absurd situation, she was still her usual self. "T-these drunkards... aren't you wondering why they gave me a wedgie at all, huh?"

Kurisu held a closed fist to her mouth, thumb resting on her lower lip as she, once more, turned to Faris for an explanation. She didn't ask anything this time, however; she hoped her raised eyebrows did all the work for her.

"Okay, okay, I know this looks bad..." Faris said, raising her palms in front of her with an apologetic, yet still feline smile. "But I can explain! We wanted to bring you here, without any of the guys around... so we could give you a birthday wedgie, nya!"



WEDGIE WEDNESDAY #34

Kurusu's eyes shot open. She looked back at Maho, who gave her one of her infamous 'told you so' looks before looking away in embarrassment again. Despite her situation, her sassiness had not abandoned her which, were it not for the impending threat of getting the same treatment as her, would've caused Kurisu to crack a smile. Instead, she turned her head toward her friends once again, looking for sympathy from the more reasonable among them.

"G-girls... you're not really planning to do this to me, right?" she asked, eyeing an increasingly sleepy Mayuri and an uncaring Moeka.

"I think it's fun!" Yuki, who wasn't very likely to actually believe that were it not for the alcohol running through her veins, was the one who spoke first. "It's like, a fun birthday tradition from the United States, right? Faris told us about it. And, well, since you've been on America for so long..."

She wasn't entirely wrong; wedgies were a birthday tradition in the States... among young kids and teenagers. A grown woman like her, of course, would never take part in such childish habits.

"I-I mean, that's not really the kind of thing we do on *my* birthday, though..." Kurisu tried to back off, seeing how at least two out of the three women were dead set on getting a hold of her underwear. "Don't you think I'm a bit too old for that kind of stuff?"

"Nobody's ever too old to have fun, nya!" Faris said in a tone that, while cheerful, spelled nothing but danger for the redhead. "Here, let me show you..."

"N-no, really, there's no need--" In her attempt to be as candid as possible under the circumstances, Kurisu completely forgot about the tiny lab assistant laying at her feet, prompting her to trip on Maho's body and fall to the ground as soon as she tried to back away from Faris again.

"Hey, watch it!" complained the loud-mouthed greenhair.

Before Kurisu could conjure up an apology, Faris was towering over her, reaching down toward the waistband of her shorts to gain access to her underwear. The scientist, totally panicking at that point, tried to crawl away from her, not even realizing that she was just making Faris' job easier by presenting her perky behind to her. She completely froze when she felt the catgirl's fingers make her way down her shorts and her tights until they reached the waistband of her panties.

Kurusu looked behind her in horror, knowing her dignity was about to be completely stripped away from her. She saw Faris' mischievous smile as she wrapped her fingers around her waistband. Behind her, Yuki seemed excited to see what was going to happen next, while Mayuri had completely fallen asleep. Finally, Moeka was looking at her through the camera lens of her phone, perhaps waiting to take the perfect picture of the birthday girl.

"Iiit's wedgie time, nya!" exclaimed Faris as she pulled back, dragging Kurisu's blue star-covered panties with her.

The redhead couldn't believe this was happening. After such a wonderful day making preparations with Okabe, she just could not accept this was the way things were going to end for her: being given wedgies as part of a childish American tradition that wasn't even that popular anymore.

"Oh, these undies are really cute, nya!" the maid noted, as though to add insult to injury. "They really fit a *superstar* scientist like Kurisu, don't they?"

Yuki let out a drunken giggle, while Moeka simply produced a low hum as the camera of her phone went off, immortalizing the sight of prodigy scientist Kurisu becoming a victim to one of the most childish, embarrassing pranks the redhead could imagine.

"N-no pictures!" Kurisu demanded, something she knew she was not in a position of doing. "P-please, not that!"

"But we gotta immortalize the moment! It's your birthday, after all, nya!" The most surprising detail about the whole ordeal was the fact that Faris was being unironically, one hundred percent genuine about the whole situation. She truly believed she was pulling some wholesome, innocent prank on Kurisu. Her uncanny ability to read people's true emotions, however, seemed to have been disabled by the alcohol, even if her drunkenness wasn't as immediately evident as that of her fellow lab members.

Still, Faris managed, with the help of a clumsy Yuki, to stand Kurisu up, which somewhat alleviated the pain in her crotch and behind. This relief was short-lived, however, as the redhead promptly received another harsh tug to her panties, this time courtesy of Moeka. Kurisu drilled her eyes into hers, hoping to elicit some sort of guilty response out of her, but it was clear the woman had very little interest in that.

"Okay, okay, you've given me a wedgie." Kurisu conceded, hoping these few pulls were enough to quench the women's thirst for cotton. "You've taken some pictures, we've had our fun... now, can you *please* let go?"

"No way, nya!" Faris, once again, seemed to care very little for the redhead's opinion on the matter; she was dead set on pulling this prank. "Not until we hang you to dry like the good birthday girl you are, nya!"

Kurisu's eyes went wide as the words left the pink-haired maid's mouth. That was, most definitely, not a normal part of your run-of-the-mill birthday wedgie prank; it was Faris getting reedy, plain and simple. Yuki and Moeka didn't seem to mind at all, of course, with the former cheering for Faris and the later looking at them, once more, through the lenses of her phone.

No matter how many times Kurisu went through her tsundere self-defense routine --a combination of rightful indignation and whiny pleas for help-- Faris wouldn't budge. With surprising strength, she managed to lift the scientist up in the air, sending the seat of her panties further in between her perky buttocks and slicing her in two with more power than a closeted nerd like her could ever withstand.

It wasn't very long until Faris and Yuki found a way to properly hang her; after all, they didn't really want to make her suffer. It was the edge of one of the many steel shelves Okabe kept hidden behind the curtain, littered with strange-looking artifacts that were doomed to obscurity. The waistband of Kurisu's panties, much to the scientist's dismay, betrayed her by not ripping once the two drunk women managed to snag them on the cold steel of the shelf, leaving the embarrassed girl to sink, much to their enjoyment, into the increasingly sharper seat of her panties.

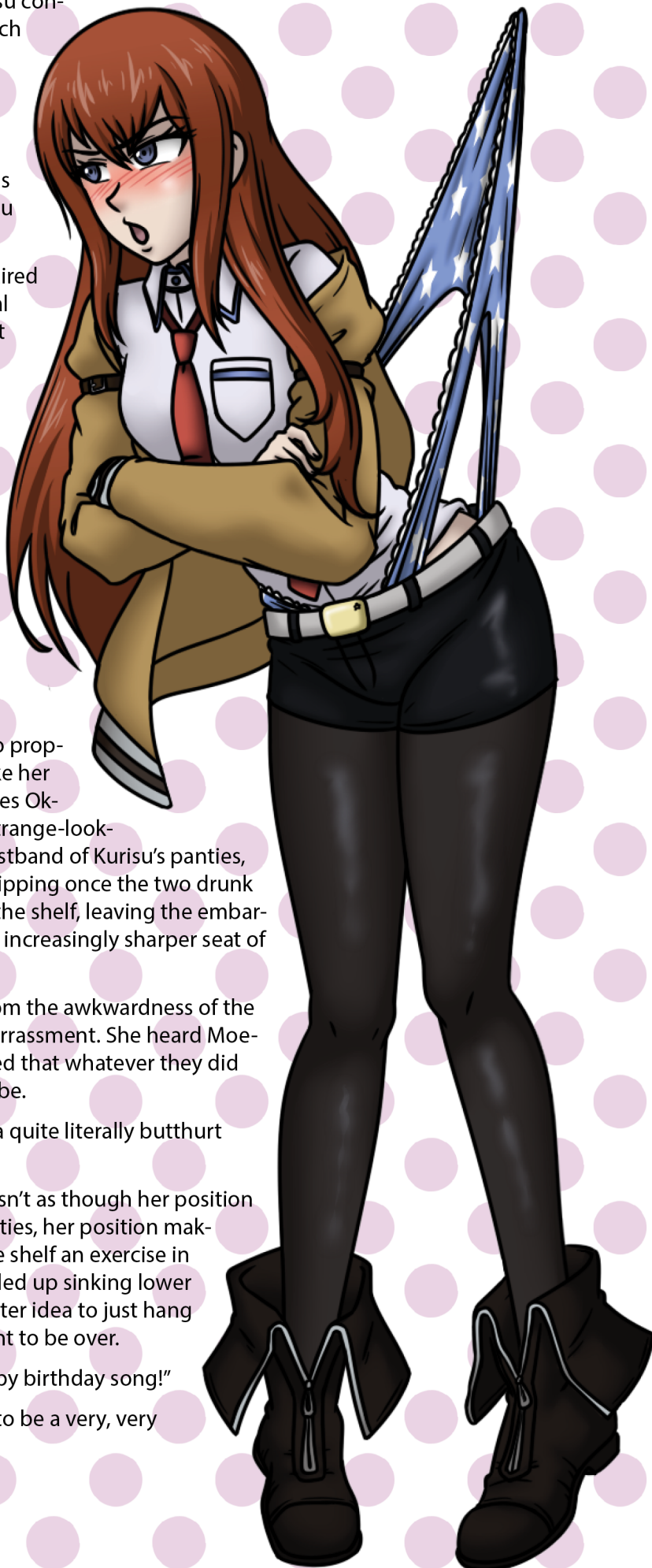
"Veery funny, guys..." Kurisu's cheeks, already red from the awkwardness of the situation, were now blazing with the flames of embarrassment. She heard Moeka's phone camera go off again, and again, and hoped that whatever they did with the pictures, they never found their way to Okabe.

"Hey, at least you can move around a bit," remarked a quite literally butthurt Maho, still trapped in her jock-lock wedgie.

Though Kurisu just pouted at her friend's reply, it wasn't as though her position was much better. She was forced to hang by her panties, her position making every attempt to unhook the waistband from the shelf an exercise in futility. Worse than that, every time she tried she ended up sinking lower and lower, eventually deciding that it might be a better idea to just hang in shame and silence and wait for this embarrassment to be over.

"And now, a special Faris rendition of the classic happy birthday song!"

Kurisu squirmed in her wedgie. God, this was going to be a very, very long day...





**THANKS
FOR
READING!**