

WEDGIE WEDNESDAY!

FT. THE UNDIES & SHAME OF
NEOPOLITAN

OUR 1ST EVER
PATREON-PICKED COVER!

INTERVIEW WITH
**LOVE
LUCIA!**

DANGEROUS THOUGHTS OF
**LOVE AND
WEDGIES**

SATSUKI KIRYUIN

RISKS HER BUTT IN THE
WAISTBAND ARENA...

READ ALL ABOUT HOW **MIORINE** TEACHES
SULETTA ABOUT EARTHLY TRADITIONS IN...

WEDGIES FROM MERCURY





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A NEW APPROACH TO SPECIAL ISSUES

-An Introduction-

Once again, I'm going to use this introductory segment to announce some changes coming to the zine! Yaay!

Mind you, the changes described here are going to be very noticeable, as we've already implemented them in this particular issue. But we still wanted to have full transparency and tell you guys how "special" issues are going to work from now onward. Before, issues with a particular theme, like Summer, Christmas, Valentine's Day and the like, were completely devoted to that particular event, which we thought was cool, but that heavily limited our choices in cover girl, featured character, and stories. It also was limiting to the guest artist, who usually felt the need to match the particular theme by creating a piece that was somehow related to it.

Anyway, we decided to change how thematic issues work. From now on, only the story and the Danger Thoughts section as well as other visual aspects of the issue, will be related to the theme. For example, the color of the accent and the backgrounds will be related to the theme at hand. We think the featured story is one of the main things people come to the zine for, so we've decided to also keep it thematic when it applies. As for the guest artist, they will be given the chance to draw a theme-related piece, but it will be made clear that this is completely optional. As for LoveLucia, the featured artist of this issue, she decided to go for a Valentine's picture anyway, since the theme of love is a very prevalent one among her works.

As for the Danger Thoughts section, the reason to keep it thematic is two-fold: I think it will be easy for me to come up with interesting ideas to comment on if we try to stick to a particular theme, and I will have guidelines that prevent me from going too off-topic (which I assure you is a problem for me irl, I just can't stay in one topic for more than a few minutes). Since it's also the least narrative section of the zine, we don't think people would

care that much if it remained on-topic, even if that restricts my freedom to write whatever bullshit's crossing my mind about any given topic.

And those should be all the changes. For now, we will keep implementing small changes as the zine continues to evolve, and we'll see how every change is received among our audience. We think the theme of each issue being looser and allowing for more creativity in terms of how we tackle each of the featured girls (especially now that they're subject to vote from our higher-tier patrons, and therefore mostly arbitrary).

As always, feel free to send us any feedback you may had, and we'll try to tackle them!

--DangerWedgier

FEATURING

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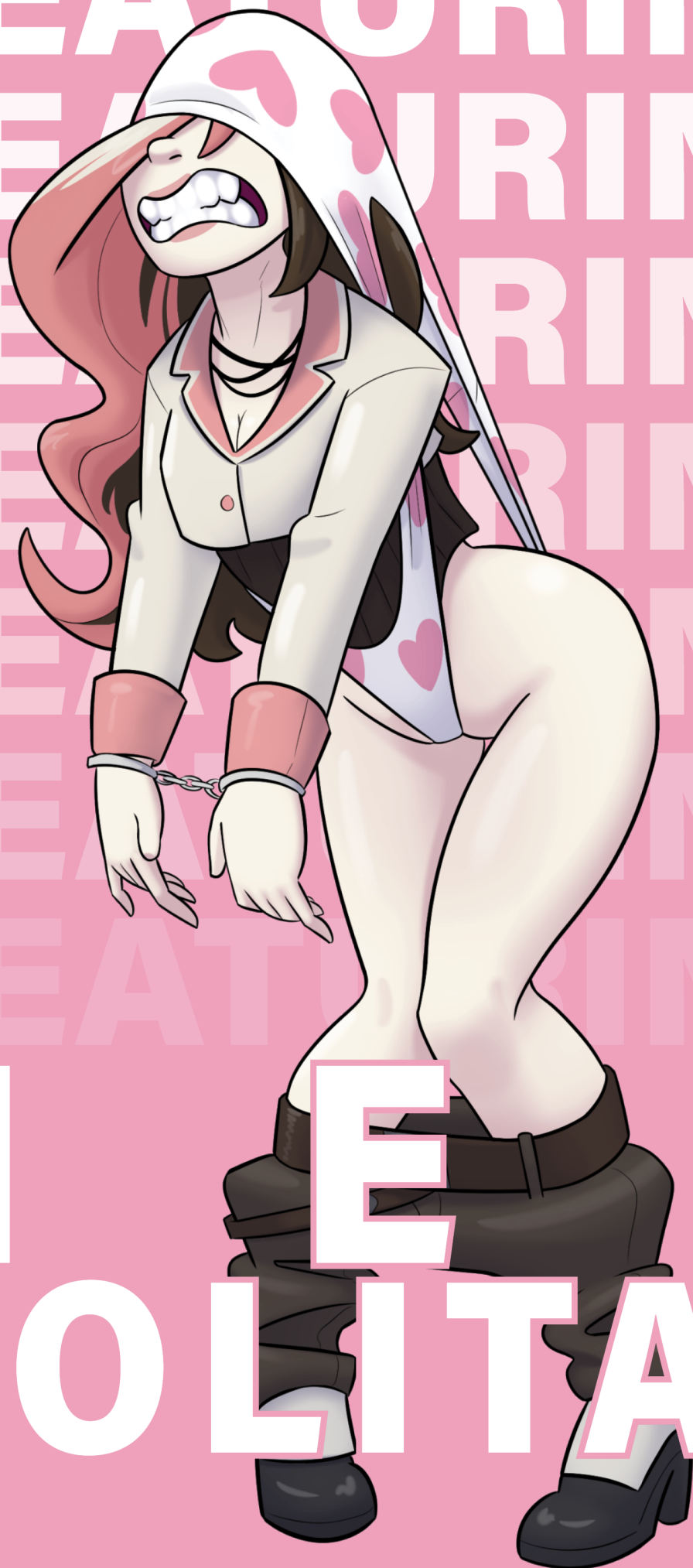
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N E O

P O L I T A N



FEATURED CHARACTER: NEOPOLITAN



Welcome to the first patron-voted *Featured Character* section! Unsurprisingly, the first winner was one of the most popular villains among RWBY fans: the mute Trivia Vanille, also known as Neopolitan. Though her position was fairly contested, she ended up being our first featured girl to be chosen by the patrons. Now, let's find out what she's hiding under her pants!

Underwear:

In spite of her villainous nature, Neo is not one to hush away from wearing colorful underwear. Her quirky personality leads her to choose somewhat unconventional underpants for a treacherous girl like herself, something both her enemies and superiors find particularly funny.



"Look! Neo's wearing pink panties again, everyone!"

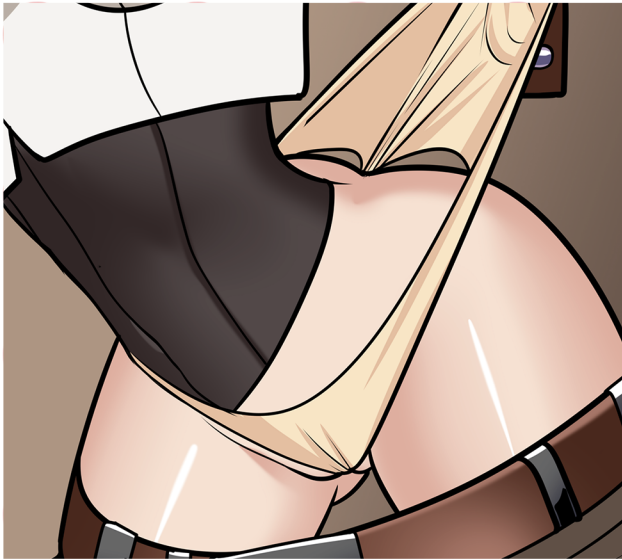
Her semblance, along with her natural ability to avoid being caught, make her more of a bully than a target, and she won't hesitate in using dirty tricks like wedgies to confuse and incapacitate her opponents. In the rare occasions in which she's caught, it's usually a direct result of her hubris and her ego; as she believes herself to be untouchable, it's not hard to get her to lower her guard against enemies she considers less intelligent than herself (see: Yang Xiao Long).

The sorts of panties Neo can be spotted wearing include striped patterns, polka-dots, and occasionally goofy prints, the most prominent of those being ice-cream-themed pairs. It would be safe to assume the girl likes pink, of course, so that's the predominant color in her underwear wardrobe. It's interesting to see that, in spite of her treacherous nature, Neo isn't afraid to wear panties with pastel colors that mostly match the aesthetic of her outer layers of clothing: it's not every day that you get to see a villainous character who's completely unafraid and unashamed of the consequences of wearing colorful panties.

She mostly keeps it to herself, but the reason she likes to match her outfits with the kinds of panties she wears is her sense of fashion. As a result, it's difficult to actually see Neo embarrassed when her panties become exposed, as she prides herself in being able to perfectly match her panties with the rest of her clothes. While being pantsed is not a particularly pleasant experience, Neo will try to act like it doesn't bother her at all, and will sometimes pose in her newly exposed panties to show the world she isn't afraid to show who she is.

In fact, Neo will often indirectly poke fun at someone else's choice in panties because of how utterly unfashionable they are: it's not secret that Team RWBY (barring Yang) like to wear panties with gaudy prints on them, and are often easy to incapacitate by being given a good pull. Neo considers this a flaw in their personality: if they weren't embarrassed to show their ugly, unfashionable undergarments, it would be far more difficult to publicly humiliate them. Since she knows her choices are impeccable, she doesn't mind as much, and will often continue to fight, and even retaliate, once her panties become exposed.

Neo's inability to talk doesn't mean she can't pull off a good taunt: the mere fact that she can stand in her panties in public without turning into a yelping, mumbling mess already makes for an excellent taunt. During the years, she's had to develop this kind of teasing techniques that involve using her body, not her voice, to show opponents her superiority.



"That will keep you busy for a while! Goodness, you're annoying..."

Wedgies:

The only proven, guaranteed way to stop Neo dead in her tracks. Though she cares very little about having her panties exposed, nobody is immune to the stinging pain that comes with a wedgie. The pain (and, let's face it, embarrassment) of a wedgie can not only serve as a great way to stop Neo during a fight, it can also dampen her powers: since her ability is to slip away, holding her by her clothes is one of the best ways to keep her from escaping.

Though pantsings and being exposed generally don't bother Neo that much, here is something far more undignified about wedgies that does annoy her to no end. After all, being the victim of such a childish prank would undermine anyone's ego... and Neo's is particularly frail. Even if her words can't betray her, her cheeks can: a wedgie will be sure to cause them to turn a faint pink, which will eventually grow into a deep crimson if her tormentor decides to tease her about her situation.

In spite of her weakness for wedgie, Neo is far more likely to give you a wedgie than to get one from you. Let's not forget that she's extremely agile, and sneaking up on someone to give them a good yank is as easy for her as stealing candy from a child. And there's nothing she takes more delight in than her ability to completely and utterly humiliate her targets: Neo will find a way to completely defuse you as a threat without having to fight you directly. Her sadistic nature extends to her pranks, and if she can destroy your dignity before actually defeating you, she will. Which is why she takes it so personal when someone wedgies her, and why she will go to great lengths to get her revenge, even if it ends up being counter-productive for whatever scheme she's supposed to be executing.

As much as Neo enjoys to humiliate her enemies, however, they aren't the sole victims of her pranks. Whenever she has the chance, she extends her sadistic practices to her partners in crime, and sometimes even her superiors. Emerald Sustrai has fallen victim to many of her pranks, as Neo loves to humiliate her in front of Cinder just to show she's the superior agent.

Whenever she manages to unearth a pair of neon green panties decorated in some dorky prints, however, Emerald doesn't take long to try to get her revenge on her, and will hunt her down until she gets a grip on the waistband of Neo's own underpants. This doesn't end up always being the case, as we've already established Neo is a very slippery young woman... but, whenever it does, Emerald makes sure to make it count.

Another woman Neo's pulls is sadly very acquainted with is her superior, Cinder Fall --while not as sadistical as her, Cinder enjoys using humiliation as a punishment to make sure her lackeys' motivation remains high and their mistakes are kept at a minimum. Considering Team RWBY's efficiency at thwarting their little schemes, however, Neo has been punished far more times than she believes she should be, especially considering she is the most efficient of all of Cinder's agents.



*"Perhaps **this** will remind you how high the price of defeat actually is, Neopolitan."*

And, yes, if Cinder ever gets on Neo's nerves, she will go ahead and remind her that she can give as good a wedgie as her, just to assert her place within the organization and to make sure Cinder goes a bit easier on her next time her butt is on the line.

WAISTBAND WARRIORS!

-Where panties come to rip-

Though 2B had faced dangerous opponents before, none had been as positively unhinged as the Ice Queen. Were it not for the android's superior agility, she would've fallen prey to her powers near the beginning of the battle, presumably meeting an embarrassing and icy end to her hands. None of the two women were ready to relent, however, as both their endurance levels were particularly high.

As 2B dodged another attack, however, she fell prey to the Queen's surprisingly clever manoeuvre: by causing her to dodge toward her, rolling across the floor to avoid being hit by several ice spikes thrown her way, she had managed to get her right where she needed to get her to go for the kill. Quickly enough, a pair of skinny, ice-cold fingers wrapped themselves around the carelessly exposed waistband of the android, causing her to let out a gasp as the sudden fear paralyzed her.

"No way..." she managed to whisper as the woman lifted her up by her white underpants, the soft cotton colliding against the particularly soft spot between her robotic buttocks.

"Oh, yes way, girl!" the Ice Queen mockingly replied before delivering a long, maniacal laugh. "You've gotten away from me for long enough! It's time to bring this annoying charade to an end!"

Her pulls were as merciless as her attacks; her sadistic nature preventing her from feeling a sliver of regret as she drove the panties further up her victim's behind, each pull a shameful reminder of how foolish 2B had been for getting that close to her without taking the necessary precautions.

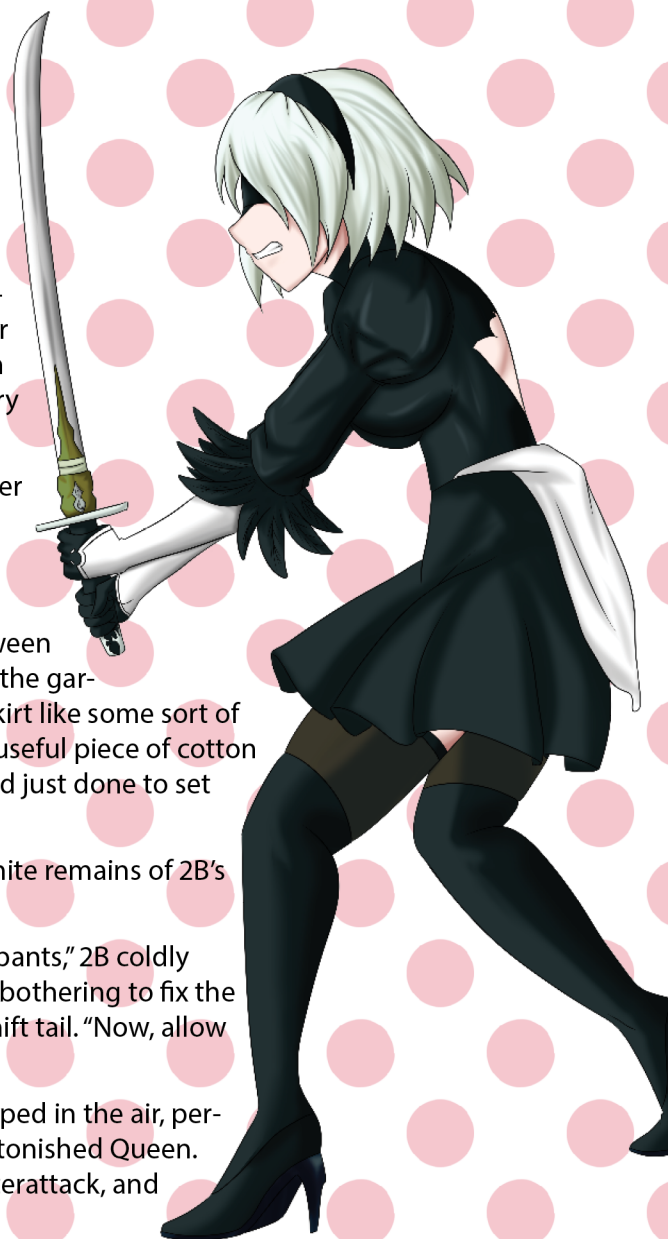
The fight was not over yet, however, and 2B wasn't about to surrender to such an opponent. She gripped her Katana with resolution, focusing through the intense and burning pain... and wrapped an arm around her own body, taking the weapon with her.

Before her cruel opponent could react, she inserted the Katana between the legholes of her panties... and delivered a powerful slice, causing the garment to rip in two. As one of the halves hung from the back of her skirt like some sort of broken, useless parachute, the Ice Queen was left with an even less useful piece of cotton in her hands, a perplex look in her eyes as she processed what 2B had just done to set herself free.

"Y-you can't do that!" she cried like a petulant child, dropping the white remains of 2B's panties at her feet. "T-that's not allowed!"

"The rules do not stipulate anything about ripping one's own underpants," 2B coldly clarified her as she repositioned herself to face the Queen, not even bothering to fix the undignifying mess of cotton that still hung behind her like a makeshift tail. "Now, allow me to end this."

Using the surprisingly effective distraction to her advantage, 2B jumped in the air, performing a mid-air pirouette so she could land just behind the still astonished Queen. Just as she had done to her previously, 2B gave her no time to counterattack, and went straight for the hem of her long, blue dress.



WAISTBAND WARRIORS

The panties that awaited her under the woman's outer garment were nothing like what 2B would've expected from a queen: a fullback pair of white panties covered in baby blue snowflakes --quite an interesting find. Though 2B had no real idea of what constituted a pair of embarrassing panties, she was fairly sure this was the closest thing she had ever seen.

"I believe it's wedgie time," she stated, coldly, as she used one hand to grab the waistband of the underpants.

Though 2B was not a hateful individual by nature, her feelings sometimes got the best of her. In this particular occasion, she had no trouble letting the anger she felt toward the Ice Queen in the powerful wedgie she delivered, one handed, as she wielded her katana with her free hand, just to keep herself safe while her rival's punishment was underway.

"How dare you?" came the annoyingly high-pitched voice fo the queen, her light blue behind jiggling as she struggled to get free from 2B's grasp. "Let go of my underwear this instant, and perhaps I'll go easy on you when I catch you again!"

"I don't think that's happening." 2B allowed herself a sliver of cockiness, barely having to move to dodge the Queen's blind attacks. Perhaps wedgies were a legitimate technique to use against an opponent, 2B thought: they were quite effective at incapacitating someone. "In fact, I believe you will not get to catch anyone else; this is the end of your reign over this arena."

"Nooo!" the Ice Queen once more delivered a barrage of freezing rays toward her enemy, but her position prevented her from doing anything more than mildly inconvenience 2B.

The android was surprised at how stretchy the fabric she was holding was. In fact, she was starting to think she could do more than just deliver periodical waves of pain to attack the Queen's vulnerable bottom, each pull causing the flesh to ripple and the squeals of pain and embarrassing to intensify.

Though she knew little about the art of giving wedgies, she didn't have to be a rocket scientist to figure out what to do next.

She prepared the terrain by getting rid of the woman's crown with one strike of her katana, letting the piece of jewelry fall on the floor. This, unbeknownst to 2B, severely weakened the woman, causing her rage to dwindle.

The next step was particularly more interesting for 2B, however, as she experimented with the cotton in her hands, trying to shape it in such a way that she could propel it toward the Queen's head. In spite of her constant cries and threats, she managed to pull the panties higher and higher, the seat barely visible now in between the Queen's royal buttocks.

And, with a loud snap, the deed was done, and the atomic-wedgied queen fell to her knees, holding her behind in her hands. Her defeat meant victory for 2B, there was no doubt of that, but the android was feeling particularly proud not of her victory, but of what she had achieved.

"You will pay for this!" cried the defeated Queen as 2B turned away from her. She crawled her way to her crown and put it right back on, but it was too late; her defeat had been announced, and 2B was already being declared the winner.

Her cries of rage would echo through the arena for at least another half hour.



AND ON THE NEXT MATCH...

YoRHa No.2 T-B

from Nier Automata



Satsuki Kiryuin

from Kill la Kill



VS

WINSTREAK: 1

NEW CONTENDER

CONTENDER PROFILE

2B is not surprised by her costly but swift victory against someone like the Ice Queen. She is, after all, a most methodical fighter that can see the weak points of her enemy even while blindfolded. There is nothing her enemies can hide from her for too long... especially if we're talking about underwear!

Fighting Style:

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

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

Outfit:

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

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

Panties:

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

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

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

Satsuki Kiryuin may look like an uptight woman, but there is very few things that can stop her from getting her hands dirty when the situation calls for it.

Fighting Style:

Much like her opponent, Satsuki is a very no-nonsense fighter who goes for the throat when necessary. Her weapon of choice is also quite similar; in fact, one of the only differences between the two is their level of arrogance. 2B usually maintains a very calm demeanor and an overall kind attitude.

Satsuki, on the other hand, is prone to anger in spite of how stern and stoic she might look. If things don't go her way in a while, she tends to get a bit more careless.

Outfit:

Unlike other women, Satsuki's outfit may be the most important part of her fighter profile. Her Kamui Junketsu is a special uniform that grants her powerful abilities when she activates its true power. Though she prefers not to resort to using it in battle, as she knows how much it may turn the balance of a fight in her favor, she will use its powers if the situation calls for it.

In her attempt to prove herself to her mother, and to everyone around her, she may choose to fight for as long as possible without activating it. The uniform, similar to that of a high-school student, has as much openings as

one, and allows for many possibilities for upskirts... but Satsuki will likely catch an opponent who tries to use that angle to their advantage.

As for the transformed form, it provides her with a natural wedgie that might, paradoxically, make it even harder to defeat her: as she is already in a wedgie, using the spandex to cause her pain may prove difficult.

Panties:

Satsuki isn't very bothered about the kind of underpants her uniform hides, however. With her mother having picked her underwear for her for most of her life, however, she has only felt the embrace of the finest of cottons, usually accompanied by a considerable amount of lace.

For a fight, she will bring something a bit less fancy, far simpler. Underwear with plain, boring colors, with the occasional stripes or polka-dots. Underwear is not something she usually takes into account when dressing up, as everyone knows that anyone who dares to look up her skirt would be smitten immediately.

The concept of shame barely exists for her, but she's never been given a wedgie before, not even by her brat of a sister, so... who knows? Perhaps she will learn what true embarrassment means once her panties get yanked.

CONTENDER PROFILE

DANGEROUS THOUGHTS

This issue, we will be discussing something quite thematic, considering this is the month of love. And I know, I know not everyone here has found The One, the person they want to spend their entire life with... but, hey, our love for wedgies brings us together, so that's more or less the same thing, right? Riiight? Whatever the case, this month I'm giving my thoughts about romantic relationships in relation to wedgies: how I like to weave them into stories, the different kinds of relationships I like to see or write, etc.

As I've discussed with our guest writer, as well as our guest from last month, there's quite a lot one can do with "consensual" wedgies, a.k.a. wedgies that are given with the consent of both parties and are not simply a bullying method. When you have a couple where wedgies are commonplace, there are quite a lot of interesting directions you can take the hand-on-panty action. The allure here, in my opinion, is far more erotic than in a normal wedgie picture or story, since the point is to get aroused by watching these two people engage in wedgie activities that are romantic in nature: the "power play" between nerd and bully is softened quite a bit, and the knowledge that one of the actors in the relationship is not outright mean, and the other is not simply a victim, can make things more interesting for certain parts of the "fandom".

To kick things off, let's clear something up: the fact that a relationship involves wedgies doesn't immediately mean that one of the sides enjoys them. Wedgies can be used as teasing, or as a way of asserting dominance in a tongue-and-cheek way. In fact, I'd go as far as to say that my favorite relationships involving wedgies are the ones where one of the sides uses wedgies and the occasional underwear reveal to tease their partner. There's something about the way in which one person can tip the balance in their favor during a discussion with a well-placed yank to the other's panties that I think is very enticing, and it makes for very interesting character dynamics.

So, first off, let's talk about the kinds of relationships that involve one clear "dom" and one clear "sub" in relationship to wedgies. I'd say this is the most popular type of wedgie relationship in the fandom, as the examples that come to mind are fairly popular. Just off

the top of my head, I can think of Yang and Blake, from RWBY, and a lot of OC relationships, like Dotti and Oddity, from Oddly Smutty, Triad9's main characters from the excellent Red String series, or Wof-Wendy's main two OCs. Of course, these relationships are more complex than just "one character gives, the other receives" but we're talking about archetypes here!

Anyway, it's not hard to see why people find this kind of relationships, specifically, so interesting, as it deals with the classic "bully and nerd" dynamic in a more controlled environment, with a lot of potential for fun romantic moments when one character is always on the receiving end, as though they "know their place" and can't even fight against the established romantic dynamic in which they're subservient to the desires of their partner. To put it bluntly: it's hot! It's really hot to see one character in the relationship, whether they enjoy wedgies or not, become the almost eternal victim of the other. And yes, I'll be the first to say that only doing one thing gets boring very quickly, but I think all the examples I quoted are actually very dynamic with the way they play with the idea. Bonus points if the "nerd" tries to give their dominant partner a wedgie and fails spectacularly!

Of course, it's always cool when the victim retaliates. This is another kind of relationship I like: one of the partners tries to be the bully, but eventually gets schooled by the other. It's especially interesting if one of the characters thinks they're in control only for them to get their undies yanked and learn what it means to be submissive! I particularly headcanon Harley Quinn and Poison Ivy as this sort of relationship, with Harley thinking she's "the cool one" and Ivy having to remind her of how much of a dork she is every once in a while.

Which brings us to the other kind of relationship: the one where both characters are constantly getting and giving, teasing each other, and generally being a loving nuisance toward their romantic partner. There's nothing like a couple that loves to hate each other, am I right? The best example of this is, for example, the way Andyeh and I like to write Maki Harukawa and Kaede Akamatsu; I remember doing a commission for him which specifically dealt with the way in which they were each other's bullies, depending on the context. I very much like this interpretation, and this style of wedgie-related relationship, even if it weren't romantic in nature: for me, it's more interesting to see a sort of Tom and Jerry dynamic where they're always trying to one-up each other, only to have that blow up in their faces in some way.

I think this dynamic has even more potential than the last one, as the relationship can develop in many different ways: maybe one of the partners becomes the dominant figure for a while and tries some "fun" stuff with their beloved, and maybe that later turns out to be a big mistake, because the other girl will likely get revenge once the status quo resets. There's a lot of fun ways the balance of power can be tipped toward one side of the other, so the fact that one of the characters is not always the dominant side of the relationship gives way to a myriad of possibilities that the classic relationship structure we mentioned earlier can never achieve without fundamentally changing the way the characters interact with one another.

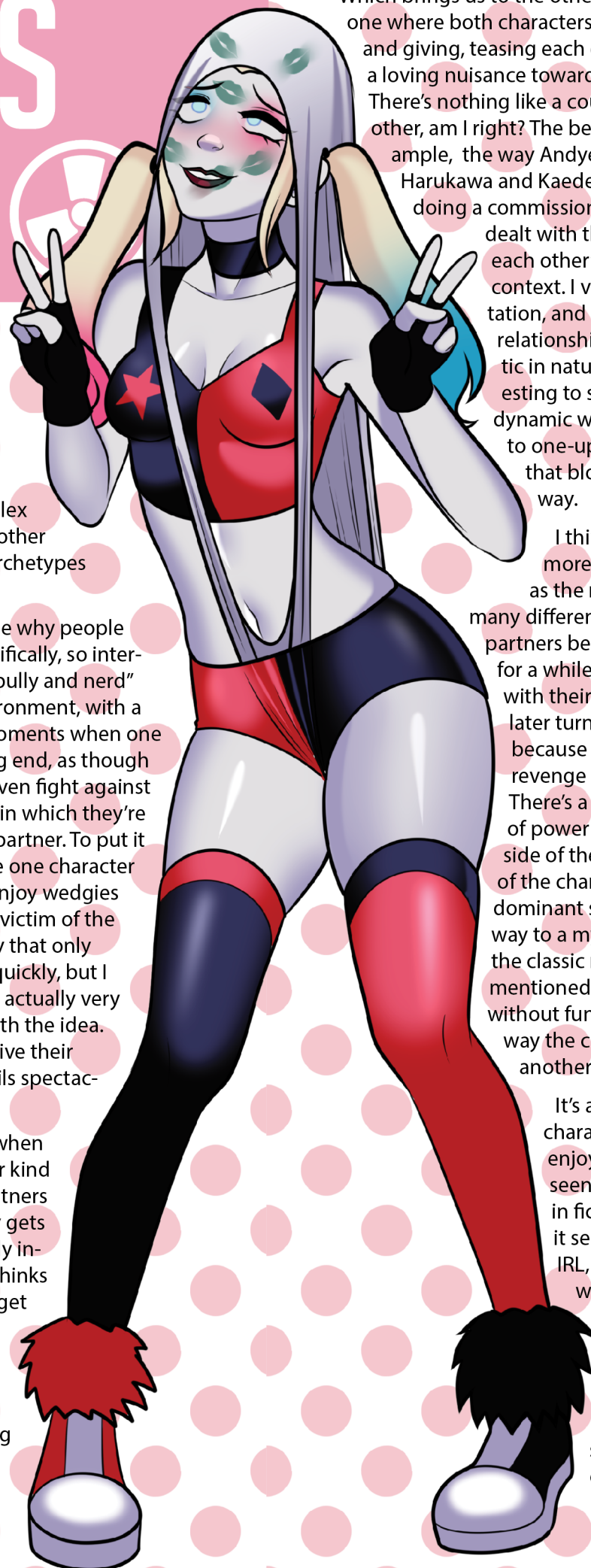
It's also a lot of fun when both characters in such a dynamic enjoy wedgies, though I've never seen a relationship that does this in fiction. Interestingly enough, it seems to be very prevalent IRL, as I know plenty of people who are in relationships with other wedgie fetishists who don't mind swapping roles every once in a while, so it's a bit strange that it's not as well-represented in fiction as it maybe could.

There's a lot of possibilities, however, when only one of the characters enjoys wedgies. Getting your partner to do what you want by teasing them with the wedgies you know they're desperately craving can be an enticing notion, but I also enjoy the very underrated idea of the "fetishist" being the one who gives wedgies to their partner every once in a while, though not necessarily because they know they'd enjoy it. There's a shortage of girls who actually enjoy wedgies giving someone a good pull, just to see what happens or how they would react. There could be a lot of "how can you enjoy this?" coming from their victim, who can't understand why their loving partner would a) give them a wedgie at all and b) actually enjoy such humiliating and painful activity.

As you might've noticed, I'm a sucker for changes in established character dynamics, and I love to watch a couple's relationship mutate around the act of bullying, even if the pranks only come in the form of teasing or gentle reminder of who's in charge. Any shake-up of the established relationship will grab my attention, which, again, is why I very much enjoy the writings of Triad9, someone who knows how to play with these ideas without making any given character too much of a wimp or too "untouchable".

This brings us to the end of the section, but we don't want to leave this matter alone just yet. We want to know if you, our readers, know of any other kind of wedgie-related relationship that we haven't mentioned yet. We'd love to hear your input on this, as members of the community! Since this section is about me rambling about things I enjoy from the community, I thought you might want to give your own opinions, so we're leaving the question open. Would you like us to do more official "question of the month" stuff where we publish the replies of our patrons in the next issue? We're all ears!

--DangerWedgier



FEATURED ARTIST:

Love-Lucia



This issue, we have a bit of a familiar face: Love-Lucia was featured in one of our earlier issues, but after changing the format of the Featured Artist section, we decided to give her a call so we could give her another chance to express herself... this time, with interview included!

WW: First of all, introduce yourself! We all know who you are, but we'd like to see you give our readers your own introduction.

LL: Well, i'm Lucia. Since that sometimes gets confused with my main OC i also go by Luca or Luci as well though. I make mostly wedgie and EUF content but mostly anything under the bullying umbrella is fair game for me. i also have a high focus on making LGBT OCs.

WW: What do you find so appealing about bullying in general? And about EUF and wedgies in particular?

LL: Well, something that people might notice is that i focus on "consensual" bullying. Some people like stories of people actually getting wedgies from mean bullies and stuff, but I much prefer leaning into the fact that it IS a fetish and people can like it happening to them. I think when you get down to it it's just like any dominant and submissive dynamic. There's something really beautiful in trusting someone to talk down to you or tease you or hurt you a little but trusting in your bond with them that it's all in good fun.

EUF, on the other hand, kinda checks a different box of just being cute. The types of panties people wear and how they react to them being exposed really tells you a lot about the person.

WW: Definitely, yeah! Does that mean most of your OCs actually enjoy the wedgies?

LL: Yeah! A vast majority of them do, or at the very least grew to like them over time. The only ones who don't have any particular interest in wedgies as a fetish are Annika, who mostly just

uses them to punish Lillith when she misbehaves, and Quinn who's kinda disinterested in sexual stuff in general.

WW: You also said you think you can tell a lot about a person by the types of panties they wear and how they react to pranks... care to elaborate on that? Perhaps using some examples?

LL: It can be as simple as the fact that Lucia usually wears brief cut or hipphuggers with gaming designs, or Zinnea wears floral granny panties, or how Orianna sometimes wears tighty whities. It just kinda adds neat detail. Or how for instance Ara gets extremely flustered whenever something embarrassing happens but Lucia is most of the time happy-go-lucky and cool with it.

WW: Panties are a great way of characterising people! Do you give a lot of thought to what kind of panties you'll make a character wear, OC or not?

LL: Generally yeah, i do. Even if it's just the kind of pattern they'd wear it's a fun way to add spice to the drawing. After all, you're seeing something most people probably don't expect to be seen.

WW: A lot of people (myself included) derive a lot of enjoyment from seeing an article of clothing a character was not expecting to reveal, especially when that expectation leads them to wear dorky underpants. What are your thoughts on that?

LL: It's a delightful way to show someone is dorkier than they might let on, or to reestablish how dorky you already knew they are. Kinda like i said it's a really cute method of insight into more of who they are as a person a lot of the time.

WW: Would you say you prefer it when characters who are already dorks get their underwear exposed, or when it happens to someone who is supposed to be “cooler” and not wear dorky undies?

LL: I think there’s a lot of merit in both. They have different reactions and are good in different contexts. Cool characters getting brought down a peg is delightful to see, but characters who are naturally dorky getting put in their place can be fun too.

WW: Before we go, one of our “classic” questions: what are your favorite pairs of dorky panties to see? Do you have some kind of underwear trope you find especially appealing? I’m all ears.

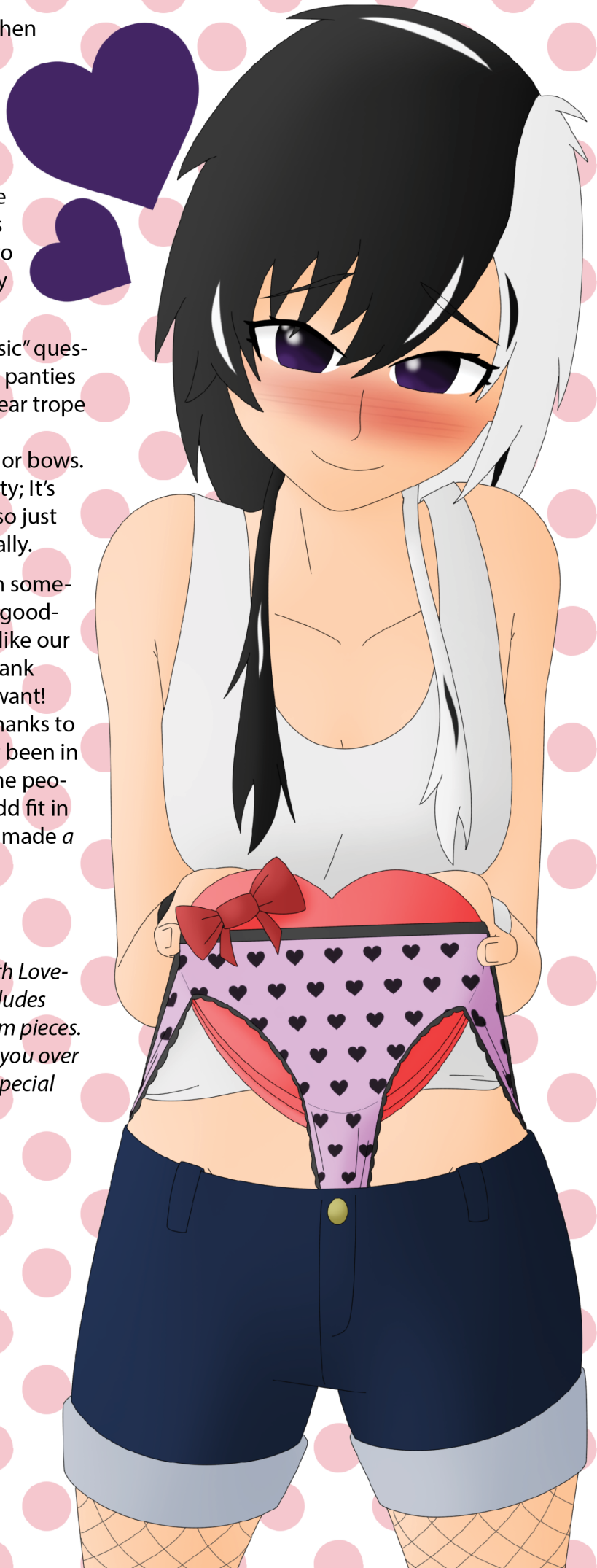
LL: Anything with cute lace or frills or bows. i also have a massive soft spot for Hello Kitty; It’s the perfect mix of cute and dorky while also just kinda looking good. Oh. and hearts, naturally.

WW: Nothing too unexpected from someone with “Love” in her name! Anyway, as a good-bye, please feel free to say anything you’d like our readers to know or think about. This is a blank space for you to talk about whatever you want!

LL: Well, overall i’d just like to say thanks to anyone who’s been a fan of mine. I haven’t been in the community too long compared to some people and, sometimes, I feel like kind of an odd fit in it, but people have been amazing and I’ve made a lot of friends doing this work.

Keep being awesome, lovelies~<3

And that concludes our interview with Love-Lucia! Please go check out her art, which includes both OC content and tons of different fandom pieces. Pictured here is her main OC Lucia, handing you over some Valentine’s chocolates... along with a special gift, just for you!



FROM EARTH, WITH LOVE

-A Gundam wedgie story-

Though Suletta didn't exactly understand the Earthly tradition of "Valentine's day", she was hoping to surprise her future wife, Miorine Rembran with a carefully picked bouquet of flowers. The amount of effort it had taken her to get out of her room to go look for Miorine. She had correctly thought to look for her in the school grounds, inside of her little garden... but she was certainly not ready for what happened once she arrived there.

"Eeeek!" the tan girl immediately threw her arms in front of her, using her bouquet to hide the immodesty from her own view. "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry! I'll go and bury my head in the ground now!"

Inside the small greenhouse, Miorine let out a long, exasperated sigh. She was used to the antics of her "groom," so she paid her little mind as she continued to change. She understood Suletta may not be used to seeing other people in the nude, but she was unaware that barging into someone's place without knocking was also something they apparently also didn't teach to the people from Mercury.

Fortunately, and even though that had never been her main concern, two layers of clothing remained to protect her modesty: her usual dark grey thighs and a set of light blue underwear.

"Well, you've already seen me like this." Though she tried her best to make it look like she didn't particularly care about being seen in her underwear, a faint blush quickly made its way to her pale cheeks. "So, unless you want to stand in the door like an idiot, you can just come in."

It took Suletta a few moments to adjust to what she was seeing, but she followed her fiancée's advice. She shuffled her way into the greenhouse and closed the door behind her to at least allow Miorine some modesty.

"S-sorry to barge in like this..." she managed to let out as she handed the white-haired girl the flower bouquet. "I-I just w-wanted to surprise you for V-valentine's day... a-and I know you like flowers and p-plants and stuff, so I got you this..."

Miorine, having apparently given up on dressing herself, looked at the gift with a raised eyebrow. It wasn't a particularly exciting gift, to be fair: the flowers had apparently been picked at random with no regard for color synergy. However, there was no denying that the gesture was sweet, only managing to cause her blush to grow in size. She wasn't going to make herself look like she was fazed by it, however, so she simply took the gift and nodded stoically.

"Thank you," she replied, plainly. "I'll be frank: I do not have a gift for you. I never thought you would be interested in such traditions."

"Ah, no worries!" Suletta's embarrassment all but faded away as her gift was accepted. "I-I've been studying Earthly customs in preparation for our... well, our w-wedding, you know?"

Miorine nodded as she put the bouquet away. Though she understood her fiancée's excitement toward their impending ceremony, she was still a bit bothered that she had failed to warn her about her arrival.

"I guess I'll I-leave you to it, then!" Suletta had already one foot out of the door, one step closer to returning to her room so she could bury her head on her pillow and scream. "See you in class, Miorine! Hope this time we can get to--"

"Wait." Miorine closed the door in Suletta's face. Her face betrayed no emotion. "I believe we have to settle something before we leave, Suletta."

"I-is that so?"

"Yes. You have seen my underwear... which means I now must get to see yours." The faintest of smiles wormed its way to Miorine's face. "This is also an Earthly tradition... did you not read about it?"

Of course, Miorine was lying out of her ass, taking advantage of Suletta's limited knowledge of Earth culture to get her flustered. Though she'd never be caught dead admitting it, she quite enjoyed seeing the redhead squirming whenever she was embarrassed.

"I-i don't know how I feel about t-that..." said the now paralyzed Mercurian girl as Miorine walked around her, using her confusion to quickly sink her hands under her shorts without any resistance at all.

Miorine wasn't a bully by any means, but she was very aware of what a wedgie was. Both Spacians and Earthlings were known for using it to annoy each other whenever there was conflict among them, and, while Miorine had learned to stay out of the way of such childish behaviors, she had always wanted to try it on someone, Suletta being the perfect victim.

"Eeek!" The panties let out a ripping sound as they left Suletta's shorts, the pastel green fabric contrasting against the black-and-white of her outfit. "M-miss Miorine, what are you doing?"

"This is what is called a wedgie," the white-haired girl explained, trying her best not to smile at Suletta's cute reaction. "I thought it may be very undignified for me to just strip you down, so this is the more convenient way of getting to see your underwear..."

Taking a closer look at the panties, she realized that what she thought were simply red polka-dots were actually small little tomatoes, scattered across the fields of green that were Suletta's undergarments. Once again, she had to repress a smile to keep her image of the stoic, seirous side of the relationship.

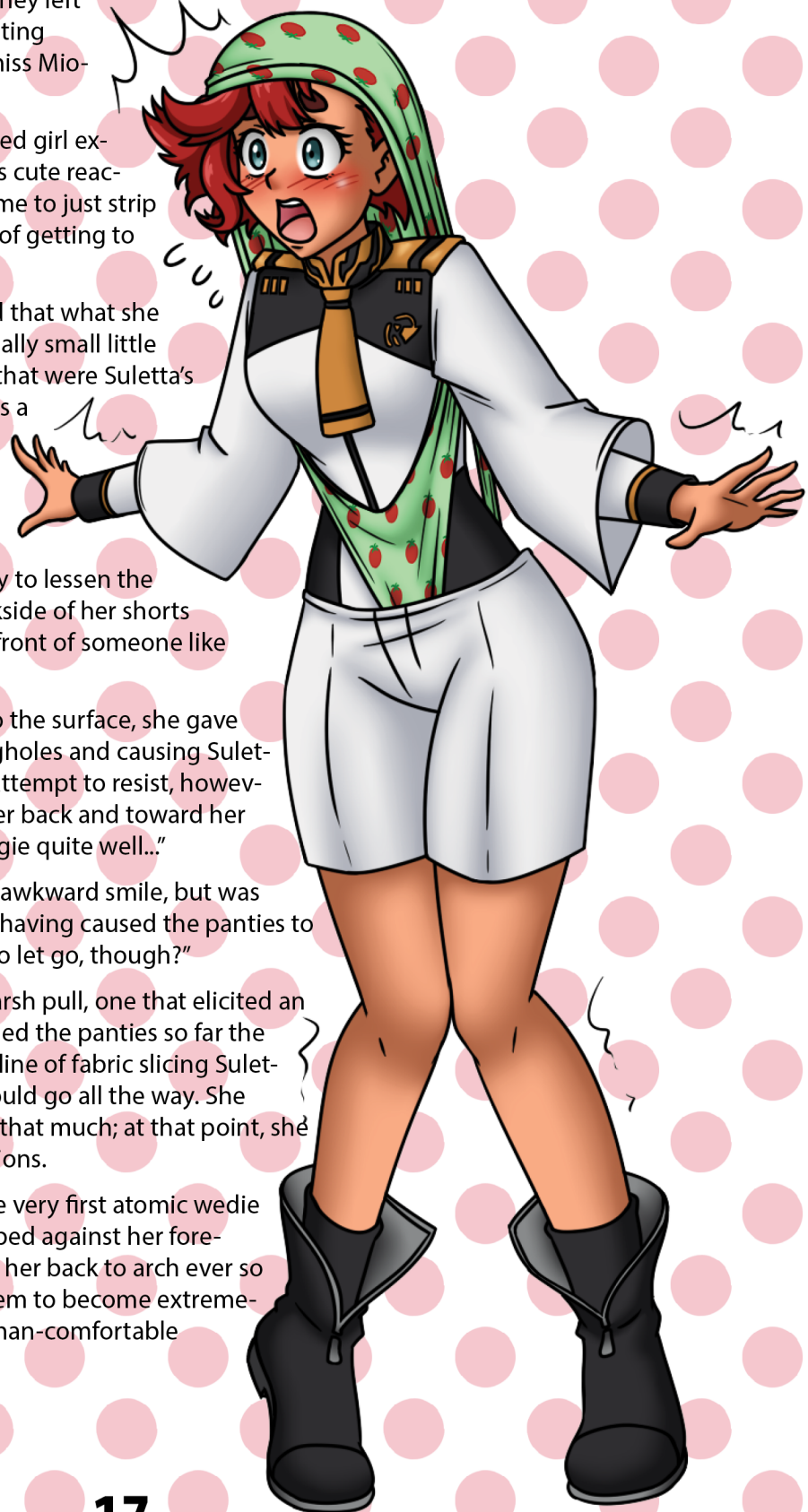
"W-well, I don't like this method that much, either..." complained the redhead as she squirmed in place, too embarrassed to even try to lessen the intensity of the wedgie; reaching into the backside of her shorts would be something too undignified to do in front of someone like Miorine.

"I do." Miorine's slightly sadistic side brought to the surface, she gave another yank to the panties, exposing their legholes and causing Suletta to knock her knees together. She made no attempt to resist, however, as the underpants continued to climb up her back and toward her head. "I have to admit, you are taking this wedgie quite well..."

"Thank... you?" Suletta turned around with an awkward smile, but was met by a wall of green and red, Miorine's pulls having caused the panties to stretch almost to their limit. "A-are you going to let go, though?"

Her answer came in the form of yet another harsh pull, one that elicited an adorable little squeal from Suletta. Having pulled the panties so far the seat was now nothing more than a thin green line of fabric slicing Suletta's tan behind in two, Miorine decided she would go all the way. She didn't even mind to be seen in her underwear that much; at that point, she just wanted to see more of Suletta's cute reactions.

And so, Suletta's first ever wedgie turned in the very first atomic wedgie of her life, as the green waistband finally snapped against her forehead, locking the panties in place and causing her back to arch ever so slightly; the size of the underpants allowed them to become extremely stretched-out without forcing her in a less-than-comfortable position.



WEDGIE WEDNESDAY #29

"Oooh... boy, I didn't even know panties could *stretch* this far!" Suletta complained as she placed her fingers over the stretched fabric of the panties, as though to confirm that this was really happening.

"I have seen far worse." Miorine walked around her until she was facing the redhead, allowing her to take a good look at her work of art. "Though I have to admit, your underwear over your head quite fits your personality. More than many of the other girls I've seen this done to..."

"Huh?" Suletta's cheeks, already quite pink from the wedgie and the exposure, turned almost as red as her hair. "What do you mean?"

Instead of replying, Miorine simply gave her an enigmatic smile. Though many people found Suletta's dorky eccentricities far above their level of tolerance, she thought they were quite endearing, unless they indirectly led to an accident that would publicly humiliate her. At that moment, however, they were alone, and she could relish in how ridiculous her fiancée looked without having to worry about any of their reputations.

"Well, I'm glad you're having fun." Suletta's annoyed look grew into a pout, one that Miorine still found extremely adorable. "Now, if you excuse me, I'm going to remove my panties from my head so I can look like a normal person again!"

The surge of feelings that had erupted from Miorine's heart during the wedgie, however, were not just limited to her admitting to herself she thought Sulett was cute; no, they led her to feel bad about the situation she had put it in. Biting her lip, she lunged forward to grab her fiancée's wrist before she reached the door, her panties now flapping behind her like a flag of shame.

"Wait," she basically commanded; Suletta froze immediately. "I... apologize if my prank was a bit too harsh. I don't want you to leave angry, Suletta."

When Suletta turned around, there was a sneaky smile in her face. Of course, it only made sense for her to feel proud about having gotten Miorine to show her even a sliver of actual emotion. The white-haired girl knew this, and yet she didn't want Suletta to leave; she had to make sure she wasn't truly angry at her.

"Well, I'm not really angry..." the Mercurian girl said. "Just a bit embarrassed, is all. I had never gotten a 'wedgie' before, so... yeah, this day is shaping to be extra embarrassing!"

"Perhaps you'd feel better..." Miorine stuttered a bit, knowing what she was about to promise, "if I were to allow you to give me a wedgie in retaliation?"

Suletta's eye twitched slightly. For her, the notion of giving someone a wedgie seemed to be as embarrassing, if not more, than getting one herself. Being such a shy girl, her ability to feel second-hand embarrassment far surpassed that of many of her peers, Miorine included. However, given the girl was already in her underwear, and the soreness that still afflicted her behind, Suletta's reticence was heavily diminished.

"You're... not kidding?" She smiled shyly as the question left her mouth.

In response, Miorine turned around. She couldn't believe she was doing it, but apparently love made people do such foolish things for the ones they cared about. The fact that never in her life Miorine had considering humiliating herself for someone else spoke volumes of how just how deep her feelings for Suletta ran.

At first, Suletta's fingers proved timid, almost reticent. She explored her fiancée's waistline with the care of someone who was getting to lay their hands on a valuable piece of art, and in turn her touch elicited an almost imperceptible shiver from Miorine, one that would've gone unnoticed were Suletta not acquainted with the girl's body language. She wrapped her fingers around the sides of Miorine's blue panties and, without saying a word, pulled them out of her thighs.

Unlike with Suletta, no sound left Miorine's lips as her underwear was lifted from both sides, almost immediately delivering a twinge of pain to her private areas that had taken her far longer to achieve when she was in the giving position. So strong the pull was, in fact, that Miorine was forced to her tiptoes, her lips pursed tightly together as a last means of defense against the gasp she was trying her hardest not to let out.

Suletta's inexperienced hands, clearly at a loss about what to do with the garment they were wrapped against, began to experiment with short but deliberate pulls to each side. Right first, then left, then right again. The cotton was soft to the touch, and, though not as stretchy as her own undergarments, clearly malleable enough to be toyed with as she wanted. Another pull managed to break all contingencies Miorine had put in place to avoid producing any embarrassing sounds, and a soft gasp escaped her lips, much to Suletta's enjoyment.

Suletta's next move was to see just how far she could bring the panties. Having mastered the art of pulling on them without completely obliterating her fiancée's behind, she decided the next logical step was to replicate the atomic wedgie Miorine had given her. However, the finer cotton of Miorine's panties proved less stretchy than what she had expected, so she was forced to go on a different direction with her wedgie.

"W-what are you doing?" Miorine asked as Suletta began to hook the legholes of her panties around her wrists, then around her arms.

"Trying something..." Suletta could not hide the mischievousness in her voice as she continued with her little experiment, forcing the panties higher and higher, the cotton becoming putting up more and more resistance with each pull.

Miorine, a pout now decorating her pink face, simply allowed Suletta to continue her experimentations, a part of her knowing she had put herself in this situation willingly; she now had to deal with the consequences.

It wasn't long until Suletta managed to snap the legholes of Miorine's panties over her shoulders, giving her thighs a set of off-color suspenders. Like Suletta before her, Miorine awkwardly stood there, her legs crossed and her face pink, before turning to look at her fiancée.

"Well... that was unexpected," she noted as she cupped her crotch, more to hide her massive cameltoe than to actually try to alleviate the pain; she knew that wasn't going to happen. "Are you happy now?"

"Well..." Suletta gave her a bright smile that would've melted Miorine's heart were she not standing in front of her in such a ridiculous position. "I have to admit, if this is what Valentine's day is all about... then I guess I'm looking forward to next year!"

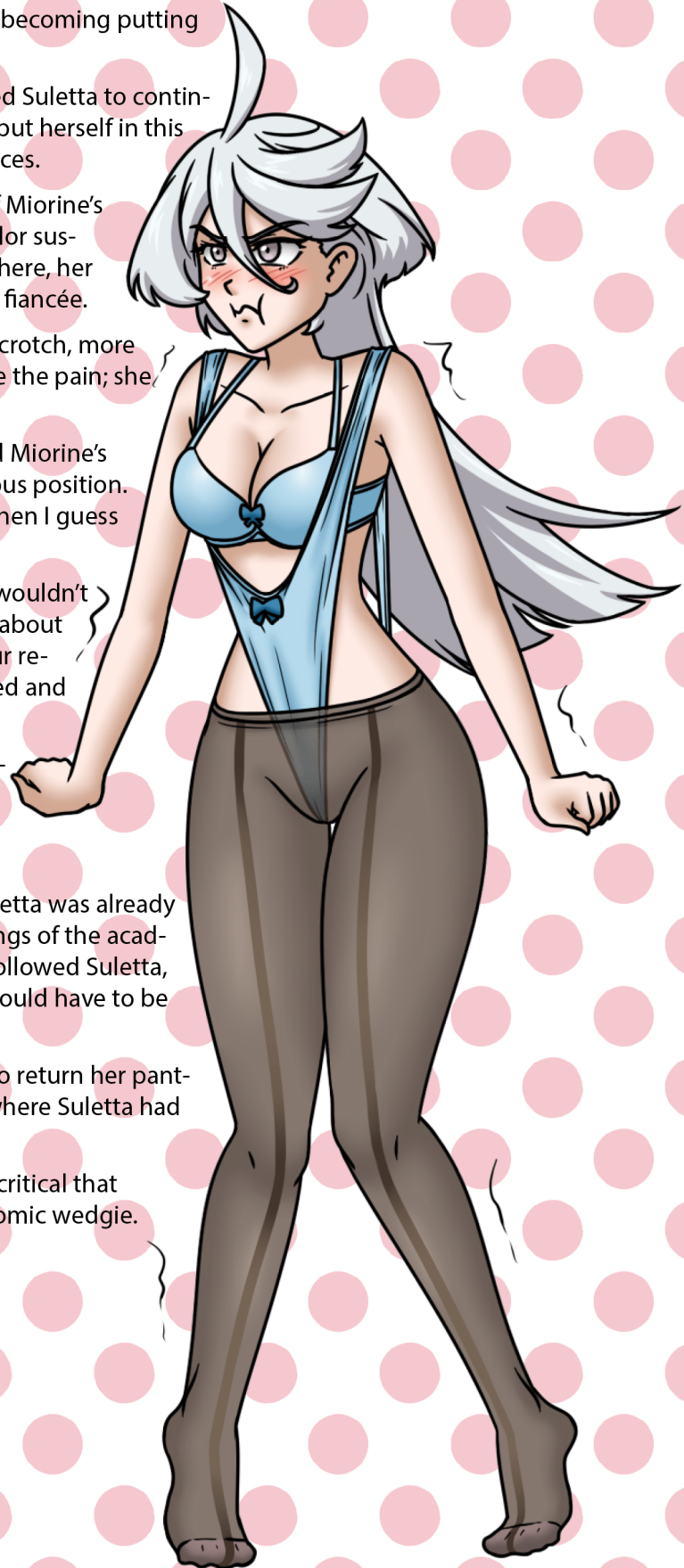
"Ha, ha." Miorine's laughter was sarcastic, but she knew she wouldn't mind to fool around like this again in the future. She wasn't about to admit it to her, though. "Well, now that you've gotten your revenge, you may leave me to my business, so I can get dressed and ready for my next class."

"Sure..." Suletta seemed all but ready to leave, however. Instead, she leaned in toward Miorine, and planted a shy, perky kiss on her right cheek, causing the white-haired's blush to grow in both size and intensity.

Before she could chastise her for her boldness, however, Suletta was already out of the door, running back toward one of the main buildings of the academy. Miorine supposed the still stretched out panties that followed Suletta, flapping in the wind like a sort of strange little parachute, would have to be enough of a reprimand from her part.

As one of her hands got busy fixing her wedgie and trying to return her panties to their original state, the other gently grazed the spot where Suletta had planted her kiss, the faintest of smiles adorning her lips.

"You are such a weirdo..." she muttered, knowing how hypocritical that sounded coming from the girl who had just given her an atomic wedgie.



**THANKS
FOR
READING!**