

WEDGIE WEDNESDAY!

FEATURING:
ELESA
UNOVA'S ELECTRIC
DORK!

**GRANNY
PANTIES**
ARE THEY OVERRATED?

INTERVIEWING
PATTIOUS

WW TOURNAMENT
ROUND 2:
ERZA SCARLET
VSAHSOKA TANO

GWEN HAS SOME ISSUES WITH MARY JANE
AND WILL SWING BY TO YANK HER UNDIES IN...

**A SPIDER
NEW YEAR!**





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DANGER'S FOREWORD

-AN INTRODUCTION-

January has been a bit of an emotional trip for me. You might've noticed I've been a bit inactive in both Patreon and DA this past month, and the reason for that is that my long-distance partner and I were finally able to meet after 6 months. While we're both part of the wedgie community and they're very aware of what I do --they even helped choose the color scheme for this issue of the zine-- I decided not to spend much of my time doing wedgie stuff while they were here, mostly so I didn't have to split my attention two ways. In the end, I ended up starting work on this issue later than usual, but that also means I wasn't distracted all the time!

Enough about me -- let's talk about the zine. I've been thinking about the Dangerous Thoughts section for a while, and I'm probably going to include a way by which you people get to choose the topic of each month's editorial section without making any monetary changes to the Patreon system. Basically, tier-3 patrons will, from March onward, be allowed to suggest topics for me to talk about and, as usual, they will be discussed at length in the pages dedicated to Dangerous Thoughts.

This will be limited to months that don't have a particular theme to them -- that's the reason we're starting in March, I want February's Thoughts to be about Valentine's Day. Since a lot of you felt seen the last time I talked about my personal experiences with the wedgie fetish irl, I decided to make February's section about the experiences I had engaging with the fetish for the first time with my partner, since it's the only time I've ever been with someone who is actually into wedgies and understands what makes the fetish appealing -- perhaps a bit too well, unfortunately for my behind.

Another change will be the way in which Waistband Warriors will be conducted every month. We'll run it by you, the patrons, before the month ends, but we'll try to find a balance between the existing tournament format and any of the other formats we've done before. Personally, I find myself very comfortable doing tournaments because I get to write the same character in different wedgie situations, and I like experimenting with interactions that would otherwise not take place on account of those characters being from different universes.

In any case, thank you all for reading. I'll put this emotionally exhausting month to rest and leave you with the content proper now!

--DangerWedgier



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ELESA



ELESA

UNOVA'S WEDGIE MAGNET!



Being the shortest of her gang, and with a bratty personality to boot, Rebecca is a prime target for childish pranks. Let's take a look at the kind of futuristic wedgies this little lady --very deservedly-- gets in her free time!

An Underwear Model

Elesa is Unova's premiere supermodel, so it should come as no surprise that she also serves as an underwear model for a fairly popular brand, Klink Klein. The brand started as a small company that produced sporty underwear, but once Elesa was brought in to represent them on magazine covers and pin-up advertisements, they realized how popular it would be to start catering to trainers by making their underwear Pokémon-themed.

The first collection Elesa modeled for after that was all designed after Electric-type Pokémon, to stay on-brand. Rotom, Zebstrika, Emolga and (of course) Pikachu were chosen for the line, and while certainly more embarrassing to pose in than normal panties with no patterns, Elesa continued to work for them due to how good the marketing was, shame be damned.



"They're a bit silly, yeah, but the fans like them. I'd love to get more of these made of different Pokémon!"

Eventually, they expanded to other types, and featured collaborations with Skyla (Swanna), Roxie (Koffing), and Caitlin (Munna), though none of them posed for the actual pictures -- it was all Elesa. She roped Skyla into working with her precisely once (she needed the money), and the Flying-type leader found it, ironically, embarrassing to stand in the panties she had signed off on.

Speaking of Skyla, she may very well be the woman who spends the most time teasing Elesa. Though many people see only the dignified, elegant model, Skyla sees beneath the veil she puts in front of her on-stage and gets to know the insecure woman beneath. In truth, Elesa is a bit awkward, which sometimes puts her in quite wacky situations when her best friend is an extroverted, aloof pilot with a dubious idea of what "personal boundaries" are. A pattern you'll see during this article is that, if Elesa ends up tangled in some embarrassing situation, Skyla is probably involved.

Before we move on to that, however, let's take a look at what other important members of the Pokémon community had to say!

"Love how dynamic they are! Plus, being Elesa's bestie means I get free undies, hehe.."

--Skyla, Unova gym leader

"I dunno how you can pose in those designs with a straight face, but they're super-duper comfy and even super-duperer cuter!"

--Iono, streamer and Paldea gym leader

"I've been asked to provide a design for the brand a few times, but the thought of modeling makes me a bit squeamish..."

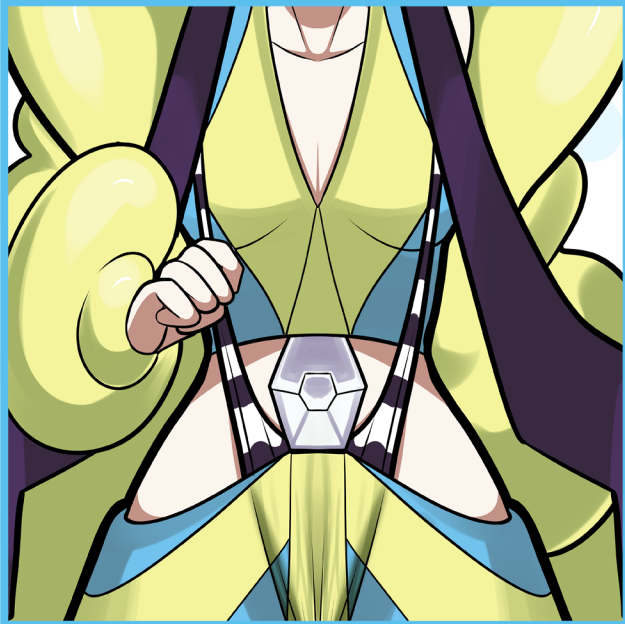
--Shauntal, Unova Elite Four

"They're great for running and training, so they're all I buy now. I don't even care about the designs."

--Bea, Galar gym leader

"I don't really get it, not gonna lie. I prefer high-waisted undies, personally, they don't get in your butt as much..."

--Aurea Juniper, Pokémon professor



"Ouch, ouch, ouch... just walking like this hurts. And I'm pretty sure Caitlin is going to scold me..."

Her Dorky Side

As dignified and serious Elesa usually looks, she's actually a fair bit of a socially awkward mess whenever she's out of her comfort zone. She's one of those rare individuals that have an easier time on the stage than mingling with their peers.

And nothing makes an awkward situation more uncomfortable than your friend being an unstoppable force of nature when it comes to pranks! Back during the first year when Caitlin started allowing other trainers inside her villa during the summer, Skyla thought it would be very funny to give Elesa a wedgie in public to celebrate the fact that she'd been picked as an underwear model by Klink Klein. This started a yearly tradition --propagated by Iris, Skyla, and Roxie-- in which all girls caught wearing the brand are given a pull.

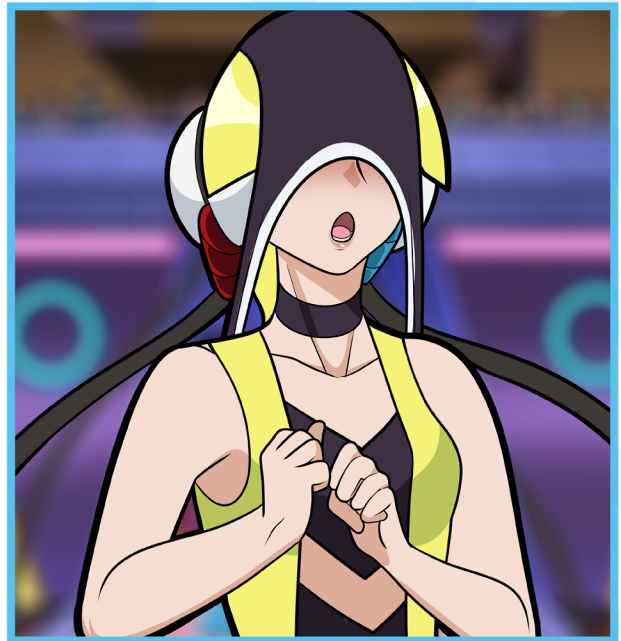
Of the women who frequent the villa, of course Elesa is the one caught wearing them most frequently, since it's more or less her job, but Skyla herself is not safe either. Cynthia was caught a couple of times, but she doesn't particularly care about the pulls; Caitlin is a known Klink wearer but nobody dares to get her due to her psychic powers. Shauntal prefers to stay out of it -- she had enough wedgies in high school and college due to being a massive nerd.

In any case, Elesa being on the receiving end of wedgies from Skyla extends past those yearly meetings, and often only happens when the two of them are together. They have a borderline flirty relationship in which Skyla keeps teasing and messing with Elesa in ways that makes people think they're a couple, since she has very weird ideas of what personal space is, and Elesa goes with it because she's not weirded out by her, unlike some other people.

In any case, it's this closeness what allows Skyla to give her friend's panties a yank every once in a while, though she's always mindful of not doing it in front of a crowd -- other gym leaders are fine, but Elesa's audience is the most cherished aspect of her life as a model, so even someone as quirky as Skyla respects that.

Plus, it's not like Elesa never fights back -- it usually takes a little bit of alcohol to get her to retaliate, and her skinny body means her wedgies aren't all that painful, but it's such a shock to feel your panties go up your butt courtesy of a woman who cannot string two sentences together when in a crowd that Skyla finds them extremely embarrassing nonetheless!

The model, all in all, has a very secretive relationship with wedgies, one that is respected by others in a genuine attempt to not embarrass her in front of her fans. Her own wardrobe malfunctions may contribute to that on their own, but those are her own fault!



"W-well, at least the gym is closed, so none of my fans can see me like this..."

Elesa has been on the brink of being chosen for a while now, and I'm glad she finally won the poll, even if she had to go against 4 other ladies in a 5-way tie!

Pokémon is one of my favorite franchises to write about, especially because it has so many different ladies with personalities that clash or complement each other. Elesa being kind of shy behind the scenes is something hinted at by the mainline games and Masters, so I wanted to capitalize on that to add a bit of a double life element to this report.

Also, kudos to Fairytales for coming up with the "Klink Klein" brand in some of his Pokémon commissions. The use of the Calvin Klein expy on this little write-up was a nod to him!

WAISTBAND WARRIORS: TOURNAMENT

-Final Fight-

Ahsoka was not pulling any punches with Erza. Having reached the same understanding as every other time, that swords paled in comparison to what she could do with the Force alone, she had spent the first minutes of the fight wielding only her natural abilities, barely even taking out one of her lightsabers.

"Fight me for real, coward!" exclaimed a frustrated Erza, tired of being swung around like a small child's doll. The battle was taking a toll on her. If Ahsoka didn't start fighting back in a way that would allow her to retaliate, she would be defeated for certain. "This tournament is for swordswomen only, right? Then show me your skill with those glowing swords of yours. I've seen you do it before..."

"Nice try," replied Ahsoka, unfazed by her taunt. "Here's the thing, though: every time I get involved in a way you would consider 'fair' I've gotten my underwear stretched, which is something I want to avoid."

Another flick of the wrist, and Erza's body was launched toward the side of the arena, the weight of her armor only making the impact worse. It was as though every time her mass collided with something, the plating of her armor did the opposite of what it should -- her pain increased instead of diminishing.

"Alright," she replied with a grunt as she got up, her fingers toying with the straps of her chestplate. "If that's how you want to do it..."

In front of Ahsoka's surprised eyes, the redhead began to remove her armor, piece by piece, until she was in her civilian clothes -- an undershirt and a blue skirt. Even her boots were gone, leaving her bare feet to graze the rough surface of the arena's floor.

"Wise move," Ahsoka conceded before blocking another one of her attacks with just her mind. "But I don't think it's going to be enough to save you."

She was right, of course -- it was only a way to gain a little more time before the inevitable happened. And, in that time, Erza came up with a way to perhaps make Ahsoka react in the way she wanted her to. She'd seen the way she moved her eyes, the way she placed all of her attention on her whenever she lurched toward the Jedi in an attempt to hit her. The only way to get to her, then, was to divert her attention.

"Catch!" she cried as she performed another attempt at getting to her. This time, though, her sword didn't come with her, having been launched toward her opponent mere milliseconds before she started her assault, and giving her a short time to move without Ahsoka intervening.

"What--" The Togruta's expression painted pure surprise on the orange canvas of her face, as her efforts were diverted toward the sword being carelessly swung her way. Before she could focus on stopping Erza as well, though, the woman tackled her to the floor, falling on top of her in a most inconvenient position.

"You've been pretty annoying so far..." Erza said into her ear as she slid her hand down the waistband of her leggings. "So I won't feel particularly bad about what I'm about to do."

With that, the blue panties were yanked out of Ahsoka's skirt, eliciting a shriek from the Togruta that Erza thoroughly enjoyed. She hadn't felt particularly good about the wedgies she'd dished out through the tournament, but this time she wasn't holding back -- neither her strength nor her enjoyment. She could feel Ahsoka's attempts at pushing her off with the Force, but Erza's sheer muscle mass was enough to keep her grounded.

It was also what allowed her to destroy her opponent's orange bottom with ease, the now half-exposed buttocks bouncing with each pull on the blue panties.

Ahsoka's efforts to rid herself of Erza did not stop, however. In her panic, she began to focus the Force on whatever she could get a hold of, seeing as how lifting Erza was impossible from her position. What this meant, annoyingly for the redhead, was that she began to pull on her remaining clothes. She'd been naked before, Erza thought, so that wasn't going to stop her.

WAISTBAND WARRIORS

The thought, however, did not make it any less awkward once her clothes were torn off of her, leaving her in only a set of pink bra and panties and bringing a slight flush to her cheeks.

"If that's all you got, I'm afraid you're going to have to try a bit harder," she said, keeping her cocky attitude despite her own predicament. She was going to win no matter what Ahsoka did to her dignity -- and, for the record, she was about to do far worse to her.

Keeping the woman pinned down under her with her foot, she got up, dragging Ahsoka's panties with her. A quick yelp and a bounce of her bubble butt told her she was doing something right, so she continued to stretch toward her, feeling Ahsoka's grip on her body weaken by the second. She'd used too much of her focus, of her mental fortitude, to mess with her during the first part of the fight, leaving her with very little to defend herself once her butt was literally on the line.

"I'm not an asshole, so I'll make this quick," Erza concluded, stretching the panties past Ahsoka's midback and toward the back of her neck. The strange, rubber-like horns that grew on top of her head proved an asset to her, as the legholes of the panties were easily hooked around her as the panties reached the defeated woman's forehead, allowing the waistband to comfortably arrive at the bridge of her nose without the trouble one would usually experience when giving an atomic wedgie. "I am a bit salty that you toyed with me so much, though, so..."

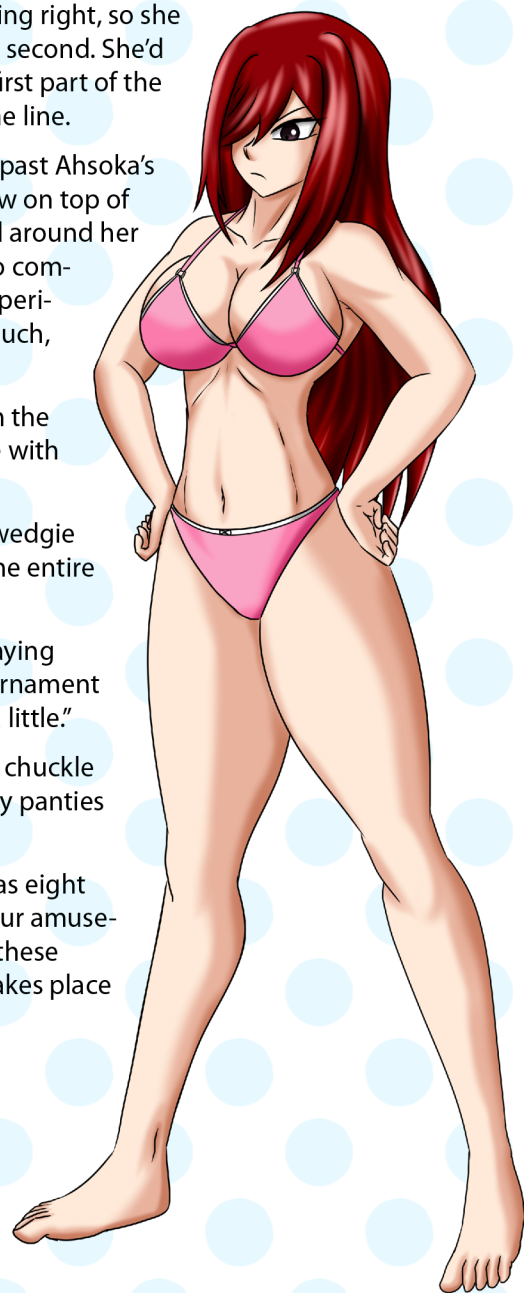
Erza gave a few playful, unnecessary tugs to the panties, lifting Ahsoka's butt from the floor further. "Alright, alright, I get it!" complained the Jedi. "Can't you just be done with it?"

Without another word exchanged between the two, Erza finished up the atomic wedgie and allowed the panties to rest on top of Ahsoka's head, winning the battle and the entire tournament.

"Finally, this thing is done..." Erza groaned to herself, happy that she could stop playing dumb games and return to her world. "I don't even know why this had to be a tournament at all, really, if we're just going back anyway, but... I can't say I didn't enjoy myself a little."

"Good to hear..." grunted Ahsoka from under her feet, her strained tone drawing a chuckle from Erza. "I can't wait to get out of this dumb competition, too... after I remove my panties from my head, that is."

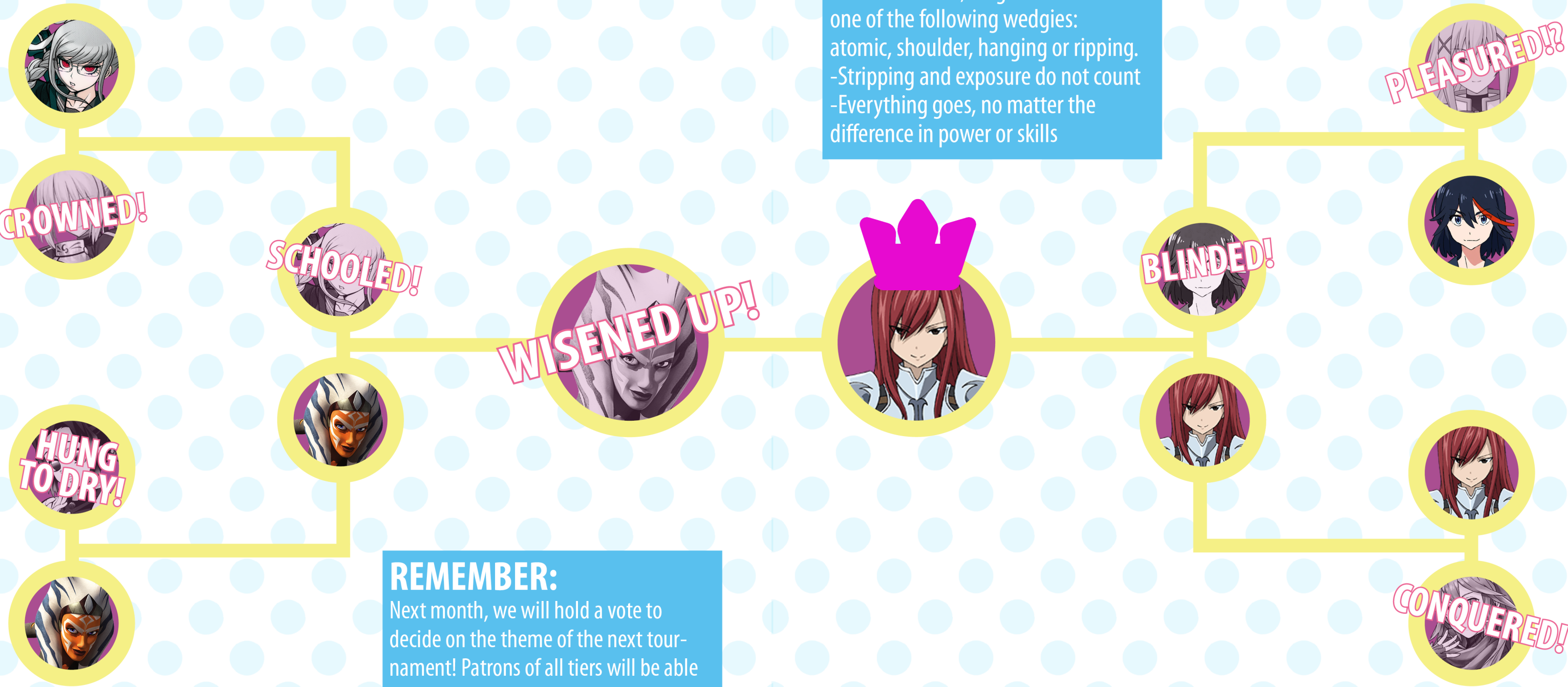
And that concluded the first Waistband Warriors Tournament... fret not, however, as eight new women will soon gather in the arena to shred each other's underpants for your amusement. The public decides what they want to see, as has been commonplace with these wedgie battles, so you will have the chance to choose what kind of tournament takes place here next! Stay put...



TOURNAMENT STATUS

THE RULES:

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



REMEMBER:
 Next month, we will hold a vote to decide on the theme of the next tournament! Patrons of all tiers will be able to vote, so stay put and make sure you don't lose out on the chance to pick a set of characters for the next big tournament!



DANGEROUS THOUGHTS



Granny panties are one of the big constants in wedgie content, aren't they? No matter what kind of conversation you're having regarding the fetish (or, hell, even just EUF), they're going to come up at some point. Some people love them, some people hate them, and I'm... somewhere in the middle.

Okay, so granny panties are seen as the pinnacle of embarrassing underwear -- just wearing them is enough to warrant mockery. They also have a fairly obvious attractive element: they're bigger than your classic bikini-cuts, so you can arguably stretch them further or get them higher when delivering a wedgie. They're dorky, too, because they often mean the owner has a big butt, or a silly taste in underwear.

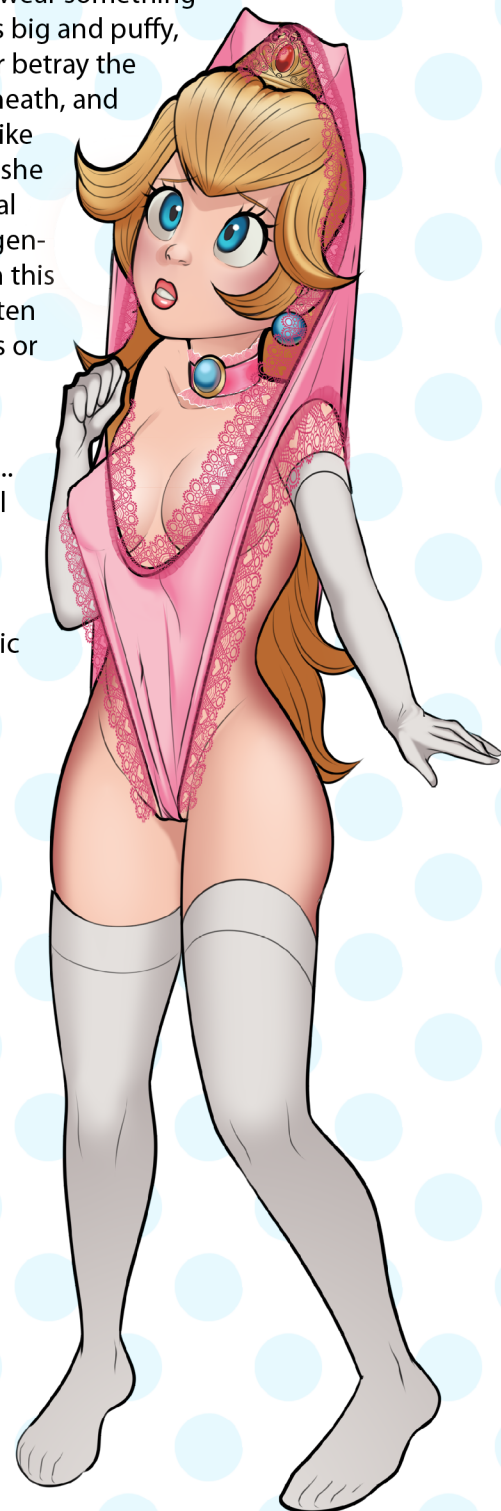
I, however, think that just giving every character granny panties is not particularly compelling, for a few reasons. First of all, since the wedgie community seems so obsessed with them, it makes them a bit overused in my eyes, and therefore not as exciting to reveal as other, more creative or more fitting pairs. On that note, I feel that not every character should be wearing grannies just because sometimes it doesn't really fit their personality. Sure, it would be more humiliating if they were, but sometimes I struggle to try to justify, in my mind, why specific characters would even wear them unless very specific conditions are met.

Of course, justifying them can be part of the fun. Maybe the evil sorceress has a butt that juts swallows normal-sized panties, and has to resort to high-cut grannies despite them not matching the images others have of her. Or perhaps the serious, no-nonsense office woman doesn't see anything wrong with wearing them, and sees them as simply something comfortable that is nobody's business but hers.

If you give me a good reason for a character wearing something like this even when I rationally know it wouldn't happen in real life (or in the canon of whatever franchise you're writing for) I'm far more likely to be invested not only in the wedgie itself, but the extra characterization the panties provide. I've spoken before about underwear being used to either reinforce or subvert the perception of a character.

The character the patrons chose to illustrate this section, Princess Peach, is a good example of someone who would naturally wear something like that -- her dress is big and puffy, and is unlikely to ever betray the dorky underwear beneath, and she would of course like to be comfortable so she can attend to her royal duties. Princesses in general are compelling in this regard, as they are often depicted as pompous or elegant characters.

That's my interpretation, at the very least... in the next page, we'll see what our readers think about the way granny panties are used in wedgie-centric media!



I'll overshare a bit and say that, despite how taken-out-of-a-fetish-story this sounds, granny panties tend to be more comfortable than bikini-cuts, or at least more all-purpose -- no matter what you're going to wear, you can bet your ass (literally) that grannies have your back (again, literally). A lot of the fanbase for the fetish likes to talk about them, but I feel like actually trying them on makes you understand why a character would wear them, especially under certain circumstances.

We can see some of the ideas I mentioned last page reflected in our readers' replies to the question of the month. When asked about granny panties, the thought that they are good for wedgie art and stories precisely due to their stretchy / bigger nature came up almost immediately!

It's also very easy to see how divisive their use can be, and how aware of their extensive use in wedgie fiction and art some of our readers are, even those who like it. And that's perfectly fair! Understanding one's own idiosyncrasies and not feeling ashamed of them is important -- I always say that, no matter what you like, it's your personal interpretation of the fetish. In other words, just do whatever works for you, since the purpose of wedgies in this community is obviously eliciting enjoyment from the fandom.

I, personally, do not find giving every character granny panties attractive, because I seek to adapt whatever is canon (or semi-canon, in some cases) or look for underwear that works from the perspective of what the character would wear if they were a real person. That's my own interpretation, of course. There is something to be said about squeezing every single drop of value you can get out of the fetish, and I can't think of a better way to do that than using panties that are as embarrassing as they are stretchy, despite how good or bad they may be at adhering to a character's personality.

On the other hand, I can see why people can be turned off by their overuse -- it happens to me, as well. In a vacuum, yes, they may work better for a fetish focused on stretching them, but if you're only seeing granny panties in your art for a while, or every character in a story happens to be wearing them... yeah, I'm sorry but my interest will be considerably diminished. It took me very little after I realized I liked wedgies to understand that I needed some degree of variety to keep me interested, and some of my earliest inspirations -- Amystories, Andyeah, MagniPulls-- do show a lot of different underpants in their stories.

At some point, I would also like to dedicate a section to underwear variety and how important it is, so I'll leave it here for now. In any case, I'm glad you guys are still participating on this section and providing your own perspectives! Thank you very much, and I hope you liked this little reflection, whether you enjoy grannies or not.

Our Readers Answer

"What do you think of granny panties? Do you like them? Do you think they're overused or not?"

Joseph Allan: "I think it really depends on what you want out of a wedgie. I personally think they're great for wedgies because they're inherently stretchy and big; that being said, not everyone likes them because they're not traditionally considered sexy. I think they work great with people with a large butt, which itself is popular in this community for both being sexy and a point of derision when it comes to the bullying aspect of this particular fetish community. Granny panties can be considered the icing on the cake for that kind of humiliation, on top of the fact that they are inherently stretchier and bigger which means you can do more with the underwear than you can with underwear that has less fabric."

Greeves Wedgie: "Personally, granny panties are the best in general. They show a character's beautiful curves, they can either have amazing and cutesy patterns or look extremely mature, and the wedgies are *top notch*. You can do almost any wedgie with them. Plus the embarrassment factor of having such panties exposed is just *hot*."

Kilo gramme: "I think they're the best because they're cute, but lame. They can be something that embarrasses any girl, because they're kinda universally lame. Plus they're big, so bigger wedgies, and can have cute prints to embarrass those girls even more!

I'd say, if anything, they're a bit underrated with the push back they get from some people but I understand the feeling of just maybe being sick of something popular that you're not really into."

Thomas Newman: "Granny panties are definitely top tier. I enjoy the full-cheek coverage, combined with the high waistband. The excess fabric makes for a satisfying sight when pulled!

Their appeal doesn't stop with wedgies. Granny panties offer both 'pantyline' potential, and 'panty-peek' opportunities.

The overuse can impact their appeal, though. So it IS nice to see a change of pace. Calling someone out on 'being a nerd' because they wear grannies loses some appeal if EVERYONE is wearing granny panties. (I am aware I am part of that problem)"

FEATURED CREATOR:

PATTIOUS



This time around, we bring you Pattious! A long-standing member of the community and a personal pal on mine, who totally didn't emotionally manipulate me to include him in the zine... anyway, let's take a look at what he had to say.

PT: Hello. My name is Pattious and I, you know. Write wedgie stories. That's sort of what this magazine is about.

I like to think I make pretty good wedgie stories on DA, probably a lot more well known for the fact that I write Fate a lot. I also write Inktober a lot and kind of spam that for the entirety of October. Overall I just do my best when it comes to writing and it seems like people like that a lot. So thanks for that, it helps a lot.

DW: And how did you get into this wedgie writing thing? What drove you to start creating art for the fetish?

PT: Vixenlover42 was a pretty big inspiration for me, since I just found him on one of the servers I was on and literally spent like, 20 minutes fangirling about him. Then we became friends. I remember talking to him about how much I wanted to write and he was encouraging about it. Then I got my computer and started typing up a storm. Too much of a storm really -- I think I did like, 10k words in a night. Don't do that.

DW: Are there any particular pieces of fiction that you were interested to write content for? I remember started writing because there was very little content for some of my favorite works, so why did you choose the works that would inspire your first stories?

PT: Well I was really into *Danganronpa* at the time, so I started with that. I wanted to do a full scale wedgie mystery with it, but that was really hard to keep all the pieces in it moving. It's actually a pretty big weakness of mine, wanting to do big stories over one shots. After that I did comms for like, way too cheap. Now I'm kind of in a place where I work on big stuff in secret and only upload one shots when they're done. And obviously only stuff I'm interested in.

DW: I feel you about the longform content... I'm bad at keeping up with long stories of my own making even if I do love reading others'

In any case, could you elaborate on what kind of big stuff do you usually work in? If it's not too much of a secret, obviously...

PT: Well, I usually try to combine the idea of the series itself with the concept of wedgies. Crazy stuff for a person in the wedgie community, I know. I got a couple of projects I want to work on, most notably one that like, every Fate fan wants to do, which is a Holy Wedgie War (It's like a Holy Grail War but I'll let you decide what replaces the murder)

I don't think the idea itself is specific to me. I think the first person to kind of move forward with it was twedgie? They inspired it either way, so that's where I got it from in that sense. As for characters, I don't want to spoil that too much, but I will let you know that the little special someone attached to this interview will be involved. Along with that, I'm including every class from FGO. So that'll be a Saber, Archer, Lancer, Rider, Assassin, Caster, Berserker, Ruler, Avenger, Moon Cancer (no special points if you can guess who that is), Alter Ego, Foreigner, and Pretender.

DW: I can see you're a big Fate fan... why don't you talk to us about the girl you chose to illustrate this section?

PT: So for those that know me in general, I.E Danger, you will know that I am a corrupted soul who once said zoomer stuff ironically. As time went on, however, that line is blurred and gone. I now pog and use default dance emotes and my grace is gone. Sei is a zoomer in Fate. She talks in a very specific dialect. At first I actually hated her. Couldn't stand her. But as my soul turned to darkness and poggies became part of my vocabulary, she nudged her way into my heart. When it comes to writing Fate stuff, she's also really fun to write. A lot of Servants in Fate have a very specific way of speaking, but Sei is a lot more freeform in how she does it. It makes writing her really fun actually.

DW: What are you some of your other favorite characters? Are there any specific situations in which you like to put them?

PT: I don't think there's a particular favorite. Quite frankly, I think it's probably a little bit of a problem that I never focus on something specific, but also one of my bigger strengths. I never get super obsessed and think I have to do this or that and stretch (get it like wedgies) a character and their situation as far as possible.

As for situations, I feel like it kind of goes hand in hand, but my usual favorite is 'Bully being slightly flirty to the nerd but always bullying them in the end' because it's just fun. Mean hearted bullying has its upsides too, of course, but when the bully is seeing it more as a fun hooby than...I guess a job, it's super fun to do. As for favorite ways to humiliate in general...Honestly HUGE centaur guy. Surprise surprise. Other than that specific wedgie, usually anything with a girl being smelly is fun, along with small enactments of bullying. You know, smacking her butt on meeting out of principle, noogies, wet willies are pretty great too

DW: From what I can infer, underwear style and coloring is not a priority for you. What are the main aspects of wedgies you find attractive, then?

PT: I don't have anything against underwear designs in particular, but I don't really care too much about them at all. At the very least, they're hardly on my mind. As for aspects I find attractive, it's mostly butt and embarrassment. The two go hand in hand and are really good.

DW: So you'd say your focus is more on the body (particularly the butt) of the victim, and less on the underwear, right?

PT: Yeah. I have nothing against underwear, but you know... "when everyone has embarrassing underwear, nobody has embarrassing underwear". I think Thanos said that.

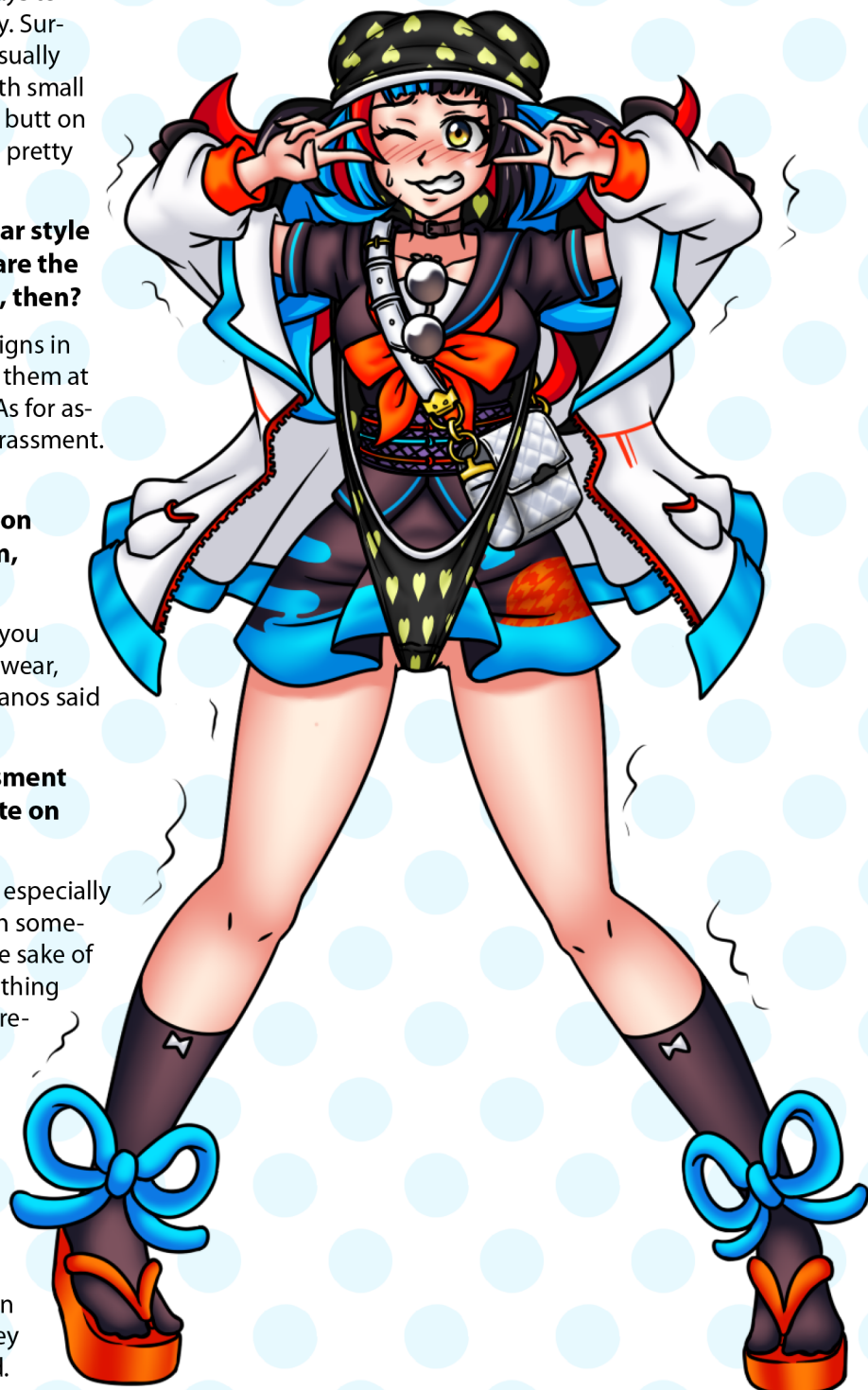
DW: And why did you say embarrassment and butts go hand in hand? Care to elaborate on that interesting remark a little?

PT: Well, I think when it comes to wedgie giving, especially with writing, you usually pair embarrassment with something. You never just write embarrassment for the sake of it, you know? You always have a mixture of something that sparks that. For some, that would be the aforementioned granny panties with all the embarrassing designs. However, as people have gotten complacent in that idea, girls have started being 'nuh uh they're cool' or otherwise ignoring the embarrassment that would come with it. So when I write, it's usually because the bully is saying seriously embarrassing things about the other's butt or, at least, exposing said cheeks via pantsing. While some girls have kind of gotten used to embarrassing underwear, I would say they aren't exactly glad to parade their cheeks around.

DW: Anything you want to get off your chest before we're done? Last chance!

PT: I'm sorry that I haven't been writing as much, work is exhausting. However, I am also writing big stuff in the back, so be prepared for that and maybe even be excited for it. I'm just a guy trying his best and I hope you like that best!

And that concludes our third writer interview. We leave you with the piece Pattious requested to accompany his answers: Sei from Fate: Grand Order! Before we go, though, we'd like to remind artists that they're welcome to submit their art to us via PM, Discord or DeviantArt, if they wish to participate in the zine as a featured creator. It's paid work, obviously, and you'll get two pages worth of interview!



A SPIDER NEW YEAR

-A Spiderman story-

Heya, it's Gwen. You know which one, right? Joined a band, got bitten by a radioactive spider, lost her best friend, yadda yadda yadda... I'm sure you're all caught up by now, in one way or another, and I'm also pretty certain you know about my multiversal adventures, too. What you may not know, though, is that my universe happens to be, if only slightly, "dislocated" in time in relation to the one you all know and love. Jess came up with the word, don't look at me. In any case, what this means is that my universe is an hour and change ahead of 616, and what that entails is that I basically can celebrate New Years twice in a row: once with my family, once with my Spider-pals!

Last time, though... well, it was a bit embarrassing from my part, not gonna lie. All I can say in my defense, really, is that my judgment was slightly clouded by alcohol at that point. I remember the night starting fairly normally, but then...

"Looks like MJ is giving Peter crap," Miles said, gesturing toward the bickering couple. Unlike me, and despite his devil-may-care attitude, the only thing he had consumed that night was orange juice. "I told him literally any other superhero could've taken on the Shocker tonight, but he just had to go and arrive late to his girlfriend's party. Not cool."

"Are you serious?" I asked, turning to look to confirm that, indeed, Mary Jane was giving Peter a mouthful. There was something weird about seeing *the* 616 Peter Parker, the most popular Spidey across the multiverse, being scolded by his girlfriend. "He's Spider-Man! You're Spider-Man! I don't like risking my personal life either, but showing up late to stuff is unavoidable sometimes."

"I dunno." He shrugged, clearly way less pressed about the issue than I was. "Go take it up with her, if you want, cause tonight I'm just gonna chill. I got lucky enough my parents don't particularly care about me spending New Years with them!"

With that, he turned around and went to refuel his drink in the minibar Mary Jane had brought, not a care in the world. I didn't let it go, though, for reasons that are very obvious --and quite embarrassing-- in retrospect. At the time, however, I was just annoyed that Mary Jane put her dumb party before the safety of the city, never mind the fact that the Shocker is a D-tier at best and is only really dangerous when someone else is pulling his strings.

In any case, drunk me thought it would be an amazing idea to mess with her. God, this part is *really* embarrassing... fellas, I'm really gonna ask you to not judge me based on my actions, alright? I fully admit that I was being a dick, and I did get my comeuppance, so no need to rub it in. Good? Good.

In less than five minutes, I was perched on the roof of their house, covered head-to-toe by my spider-suit. At least I wasn't acting dumb enough to use my powers in public without it. Anyway, I pulled out my phone and called MJ anonymously -- because, funny thing, when you use your local phone number to call interdimensionally, things get wacky and all they can hear is static. The plan worked, though, and, thinking she must have bad signal due to the sheer amount of people at the party, she ran out of the house with an annoyed look in her face.

"Hello? Is there anyone there?" she asked, and I had to hold back a giggle as I aimed my web-shooters. Say what you want about me, but I have pretty good aim even with several drinks in me.

What came next was so quick she barely had time to react -- the usual with us spider-people. Adrenaline took over as I used my synthetic webbing to lift the hem of her black dress with one hand. Now to be fair, her underwear was pretty dorky, so I don't take back what I said next.

"Oh la la!" I exclaimed, fully revealing my presence. The panties were covered in little Spider-Man faces, of course! "If I didn't know you, I'd assumed I'd just met the biggest fangirl on Earth!"

"G-gwen?" Her cheeks went red immediately, and at the time I felt very satisfied about it. "What the hell are you doing?"

I played it cool and didn't answer -- works with the villains, so... yeah. Anyway, this is when I went full dick on her, because I quickly shot another web toward the waistband of her dumb panties and *yanked*. Hard. And, not gonna lie, I did somewhat enjoy the shriek that left her throat when the panties sank into her perfect buttocks. The woman has an insane voice -- in my universe, she was the vocalist of my band for a reason!

There wasn't a whole lot she could do to stop me at that point. I do have super-strength, after all, and I don't recall her ever being bitten by a spider. Not in this universe, at least...

"Gwen, this is not funny!" she cried, her hands rushing to try to protect her panties from me. It wasn't a particularly fruitful endeavor, but the woman did try, I gotta hand her that. "Are you drunk?"

"Mmmaybe," I replied, thinking I was being funny.

"Weird. Original you never got drunk..." MJ said, an obvious reference to the Gwen from her universe. I got nothing against the girl, and what happened to her is a shame, yeah, but... she sounds pretty boring compared to me. And I'm not drunk right now, so you can judge me for that if you want. See if I care.

In any case, I got tired of playing around with the redhead's panties and quickly made sure to dispose of her. I jumped off the roof, then used my Amazing Acrobatic Abilities to dispatch her in a hanging wedgie, right beside the door. Pretty impressive for a drunk almost-20-year-old, if you ask me, even if I'm not proud of what came of it.

"Ugh!" She groaned, crossing her arms in front of her. At the time, it was satisfying to see her like that, let me tell you.

"What's gotten into you tonight?"

Again, I didn't reply. Instead, I stood back to take a good look at the results of my hard work -- seeing Mary Jane Watson, of all people, hanging from her freaking underwear? Say what you want about me, but I bet that's something you'd never get to even picture in your head if it wasn't for this unfortunate little incident. Silver lining, I guess.

"Whatever it is, I hope you got it out of your system," she sighed in a way that at the time screamed 'I can't get out of this one so I'll just play dignified'. In retrospect, what it meant was more or less 'I'm going to give you a few moments to savor this before I take revenge.'

"I have," I replied, with a grin I was a bit sorry she couldn't see under my mask.

"But I also don't want you to forget what this was for, so I'll be straight: give Peter a break."

"Really?" She didn't seem impressed. "That's what this was all about? You're mad that I gave my boyfriend an earful for arriving late to my party?"

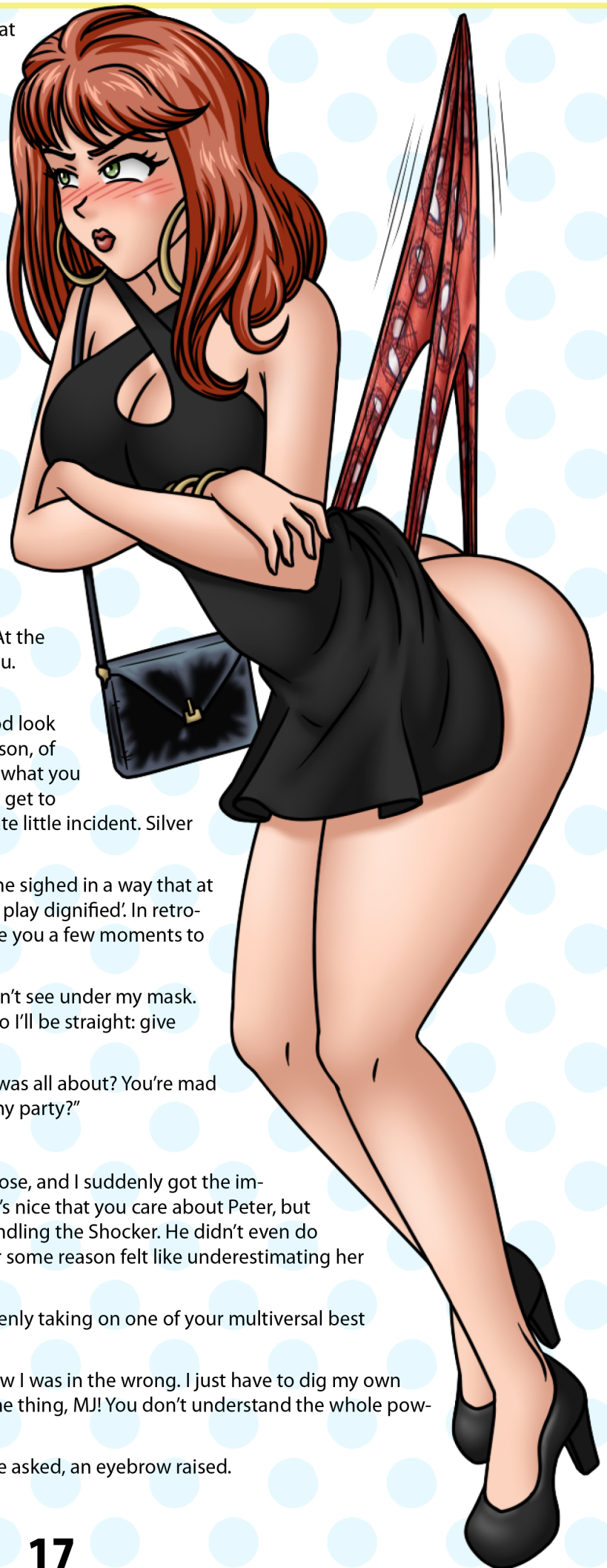
"Yeah." Seemed pretty obvious to me.

"Unbelievable..." Mary Jane rubbed the bridge of her nose, and I suddenly got the impression that I was missing something. "Look, Gwen, it's nice that you care about Peter, but I got mad at him because he already had someone handling the Shocker. He didn't even do anything! Silk was taking care of everything, but he for some reason felt like underestimating her at the last possible moment."

And that, folks, is why you double-check before drunkenly taking on one of your multiversal best friend's girlfriend via hanging wedgie.

"T-that doesn't matter!" I tried to save my ass, but I knew I was in the wrong. I just have to dig my own grave every time, don't I? "You're always doing the same thing, MJ! You don't understand the whole power and responsibility thing at all."

"Are we sure we're talking about the same person?" she asked, an eyebrow raised.



WEDGIE WEDNESDAY #40

And it was then, ladies and gentleman, that the truth hit me straight in the face. In my drunken stupor, I had rushed to go after Mary Jane because I was being reminded of all the times I had been scolded by my universe's version of her, the leader of my band. And she made me furious, don't get me wrong -- I even considered leaving the band just because of how stuck-up she could be, even if at that point she knew my secret identity.

"I... may have mixed up a few things," I said, suddenly very aware of my own stupidity. It was one of those embarrassing moments in which you're not drunk enough to avoid complete self-awareness, but still too uninhibited to stop making a fool of yourself.

"I'd say you have some unresolved issues with someone, yeah." She shrugged. She was being very chill for someone with her ass hanging out in the middle of the night and her panties attached to the wall of her home via synthetic webbing.

"Uh... sorry?"

"Apology accepted." She sighed, then looked at her exposed buttocks. "But you've chosen a terrible night to do this to me, Gwen. I'm gonna need some revenge if you want us to be even."

Now, to be fair, if I got her confused with my MJ is because both have this very interesting sense of what accepting an apology means. You can be as sorry as you want, but they're only going to let you off the hook if they get something out of it -- and I knew exactly what MJ was going to ask of me. Looking on the bright side, they usually were the kind of people to just forget about misunderstandings after that. All it took was... my dignity, usually.

"Let me help you out of--" Before I could finish my sentence, she had pulled out what looked like a pepper spray out of her bag and completely dissolved the webbing in a matter of seconds, only letting out a small grunt as her feet hit the floor again. Impressive, and I don't mean just that she managed to land on her feet even on heels. "How did you do that?"

"You can't be Peter Parker's girlfriend if you don't carry around something to get rid of his annoying webs." She shrugged again, her hands now busy fixing her wedgie. "You'd be surprised at how many daily tasks Peter likes to 'make easier' by using his web-shooters..."

I could imagine, yeah. I also liked doing that, maybe a bit too much for my own good.

"Now," she gave me a knowing smile, though we both knew she was holding back a chuckle. "I think I owe you a wedgie, lady."

Normally, I wouldn't just go ahead and do this, but you have to understand I was still under the influence, and I did feel sorry for the misunderstanding. I've gotten my fair share of wedgies, far more than have grazed MJ's perfect butt, and under normal circumstances I would bolt out of there before suffering that indignity again. Just in case any of you get any weird ideas...

"Meep!" And I don't normally make stupid noises like that one, either.

Needless to say, MJ was a strong lady for her complexion -- stronger than my MJ, that's for sure. Usually, when I get wedgied by the one in my universe, it's a quick pull before the waistband is allowed to rest on my lower back again, but this was completely different! One would think having a suit that forces your panties up your ass every five seconds would've prepared me for how deep Mary Jane decided to lodge my baby blue undies into my butthole, and without even removing my spandex at all.

When I heard ripping sounds, I knew those weren't my panties -- it was the suit. She pulled on what would be considered the waistband of my spider-suit that she ripped it right across the back, making it very easy for her to continue to pull on my undies without restriction.

"I'm not gonna lie, I kinda missed this," she confessed immediately. "I mean, not like I bullied my Gwen, but we definitely did have our moments like this."

Oh, good, so I was helping her relive all the gleeful times where she gave her Gwen wedgies. Great. In her eyes, I was the same as lame, nerdy Gwen, even though I was in a rock band and my own great-power-great-responsibility deal going on.

"I'd like to think I take it better than she did," I replied, not knowing when to keep my mouth shut. "I mean, I do have super-strength..."

"Eh..." She shrugged, much to my embarrassment. "She squirmed more, but the cute little squeals are more or less the same thing." As though to prove her point, she gave another yank to the garment sinking between my buttocks, and in my drunken state I did indeed let out a squeal that would put Banshee's to shame. I wanted to think, desperately, that I wasn't blushing, but let's face it: I was probably cherry red at that point.

"Just... get it over it? Please?"

I gotta hand it to MJ -- as petty as she could be sometimes, she didn't take her time dishing out punishment. Seeing as how my ass was currently freezing, thanks to the low temperatures of the last night of the year, I was thankful that she decided to keep going without mocking me further.

"This is not personal, by the way." My ass, but I said nothing. "We just need to get even so I can enjoy the new year with you."

Either she was lying, or she found pulling on my panties so fun that she decided to keep going for a while, and I can't blame her. I mean, if I saw someone wearing stretchy panties, I would as well -- look, before you get weird about it, I only wear them because they don't leave pantyines and because they feel comfy under the suit. I don't want to hear about it.

In any case, yeah, it didn't take long for my waistband to end up over my head. Laugh all you want, yeah, your favorite spider-hero wearing her panties as a hat.

"Happy?" I asked, seeing only baby blue.

"Not quite..." came her voice from behind the veil of my panties. Before I could ask what she was going to do to me, she got a hold of my wrist and pulled out one of my web-shooters. "Heh. Good thing I know how to use these things..."

And, after a couple of humiliating twhips, I was left with my hands bound together by my own web. "Aw, come on!"


"And you're going to stay like this for a little while." I could almost see the smirk in her cocky face. I was plenty aware I deserved it, but that didn't make the embarrassment --and the stinging pain in my ass-- any more bearable. "We still have... 20 minutes before the actual New Year's show starts, so I hope you enjoy the next 10, Gwen!"

"Wait!" I waddled toward the source of the voice, but before I could even try to convince her to not leave me like that, she closed the door and left me outside, with my bare butt enjoying the cold breeze of the night.

MJ was very aware, I think, that the best thing you can do to someone after they make a stupid mistake is to leave them alone to reflect on it. And it worked -- there's nothing as embarrassing as being left to chew on your own stupidity, especially when your butt is hanging out and your panties are over your head. I'm pretty sure part of my crotch was exposed, which was... just great.

So yeah, that's the end of my embarrassing New Year story. Nobody got really hurt, and in the end we made amends pretty quickly, but... not gonna lie, folks, I'd rather fight my own set of Sinister Six for a few hours than having to take a wedgie from MJ ever again.





**THANKS
FOR
READING!**