

# WEDGIE WEDNESDAY!

FEATURING:

## TATSUMAKI

A PSYCHIC WITH AN ATTITUDE!

## DANGER'S BIRTHDAY SPECIAL!

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS!

INTERVIEWING  
STAR WRITER

## TRIAD9

WW TOURNAMENT!!

## KISARA VERSUS SHE-HULK

A CERTAIN DORKY ELF IS ABOUT TO LEARN WHAT  
HAPPENS WHEN YOU EMBARRASS FERN...

## FRIEREN THE PRANKSTER



 PATREON



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# DANGER'S FOREWORD

## -AN INTRODUCTION-

**Wahoo! This month is my birthday and whatever.** This month has been a bit rough in terms of work, but I'm very happy with the way the zine came out.

First of all, I got to write Frieren, which is a franchise I'm very much a fan of. I've been meaning to write a story for the zine featuring her, and the ending of the first season of the show was the perfect opportunity for it. Of course, it was obvious you guys were gonna pick the story with the two most popular characters, but I'm not going to lie and say I didn't have a blast writing them and their antics. Frieren can be a big dork, and hiding it under a veneer of seriousness makes her into a perfect example of my favorite wedgie story archetype.

I also got to interview Triad9, one of my favorite writers in the community and a personal friend of mine. We recently played Among Us with the gang (a buncha wedgie writers) and that kinda ended with 5 people having to write short wedgie stories for me -- I was the only one who didn't get Impositor and the punishment was to write a story, so I got to decide the prompts for everyone else. Triad is one of the most interesting people I've known thanks to this crappy website, and he had a lot of cool things to say about writing wedgies.

I came out of our short talk thinking a lot about what makes my own stories good. In terms of setting, a lot of wedgie stories take place in school, and while I don't think that's bad by itself, I do think that creating a story and adding wedgies later helps to diversify your content a lot, and I think Triad put that pretty well when we got to talk about the things he took into account to write the Red trilogy. Check out that interview in page 14!

Also, for those who care, I'm currently spending some days with my long-distance partner. Getting to work on the zine in front of them as they do commissions is really relaxing. I never feel like I need to hide these things from them, and they even provide feedback sometimes! You can thank them for that, I suppose.

Whatever happens, I'm glad I get to spend a few days with them, even if it does take us a while to get to see each other. We do Discord calls all day, which certainly helps, and work on stuff together sometimes.

Other than that, I'm not sure what else I could talk about to introduce this issue. Expect some other seasonal anime showing up pretty soon, since I'm trying to make both the stories and the editorial content a bit more related to things currently going on.

--DangerWedgier



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TATSUKI

MAMAKI

# TATSUMAKI

## A PSYCHIC WITH AN ATTITUDE



A renowned S-Rank hero, Tatsumaki has gained the respect and fear of heroes and villains alike... however, her own younger sister seems to make upholding her reputation difficult at times. Let's see what this couple of psychic troublemakers get up to behind the scenes...

## A Perverted Rumor

If you've heard of Tatsumaki, it's very likely you've read about the fact that she seems to not be wearing any underwear underneath the dress that acts as her superhero attire. The reason for this--which we actually explored in a story in this zine!--is that her underwear never shows no matter what position she's in, except for very rare situations.

This doesn't mean she doesn't wear panties, however -- she simply allocates a small part of her psychic powers to keep them from showing by telepathically tugging on the hem of her dress. Would it be easier to simply not wear a dress? Perhaps, but you can't deny that she looks stylish as hell in that outfit. Would you sacrifice style for function when you can easily solve the problem with what at this point is an unconscious action? Yeah, I think not.



*"T-these weren't supposed to be seen outside of the house, sis! I'm going to get you for that!"*

The only other person aware of this fact is, of course, her younger sister Fubuki, who learned the technique during her psychic training. Unlike Tatsumaki, however, she considers the practice a waste of her abilities, and her method of choice is a most simple one: opaque black tights. And hey, if it ain't broke, why fix it?

In any case, Fubuki has often taken the chance to embarrass her sister in public, a pattern of behavior born from a slight inferiority complex despite arguably being as talented as her, even with the gap in sheer power. She has snatched psychic control of Tatsumaki's skirt a few times before, causing her dress to flip. Fortunately for her, her panties aren't often the most embarrassing thing in the world, and she often settles for subdued solid color underwear. Because she doesn't expect to have her underpants show at all, she doesn't plan for that eventuality -- anyone else would've picked black or grey underwear to avoid the contrast against the dark of her dress.

There are also the relatively rare cases in which she decides to put on panties with something on the butt, like a teddy bear or a dog. She's not a particularly big fan of more complex patterns like hearts, stars or others, and vastly prefers cartoonish pairs with exactly one big graphic on the butt and nothing else. This, of course, makes it harder for her sister to keep her composure when she lifts her skirt. A small, repeated pattern would be easier to hide, after all, but when you mess with your sister only to find a big teddy bear face on the butt, there is nothing you can do to stifle your laughter.

Tatsumaki's reactions are usually worth it, too! For a girl as self-serious as she is, having her silly underwear put on display is mortifying! It's also something she's far from used to, especially given how Fubuki spaces out her pranks just enough for her to never truly expect it. The one time she becomes predictable is when Tatsumaki is in the middle of an interview, as those make Fubuki slightly jealous, and she will embarrass her sister if she's not paying special attention to the part of her brain that subconsciously controls the hem of her skirt.



*"I'd love to do an interview, sure, yeah. As soon as I get my underwear from over my face, idiot!"*

## Sibling Rivalry

Despite being the oldest of the two, Tatsumaki is usually the one with the shortest fuse. Add this to the fact that her sister likes embarrassing her to feed her ego, and you get yourself a couple of girls who cannot keep away from each other's panties. It was Tatsumaki who gave the first pull after her sister flipped her skirt in front of a potential date, and ever since then the two's underwear drawers have done nothing but shrink!

The thing with them is that, once again, they really do not need to touch each other to perform a wedgie. Hell, they don't even have to be near each other! Tatsumaki once managed to lift her sister up by her panties by just watching her on TV, much to the delight to the rest of the heroes fighting alongside her. Tatsumaki's reach is wider, and her uses of her abilities usually more creative, but Fubuki does have the stronger pulls. This is due to her drive to embarrass her sister coming from her hurt ego, and has more to do with her emotions fueling her powers than with her actual power level -- we've already established Tatsumaki is the strongest between them.

Oh, and Tatsumaki's pulls carry a dangerous strength to them... this is due to the fact that her psychic powers are so extremely strong she can slightly warp reality in order to stretch her sister's underwear far more than it should be humanly possible. That's right -- her abilities are so far above human comprehension that physics themselves obey her! Stretchier underwear doesn't mean more pain, but it certainly does entail a longer and more intense humiliation for her sister. She saves these for when she's really mad, mind you, when she's truly done with her sister's antics and doesn't feel like letting her take the piss anymore.

Unfortunately for Tatsumaki's honor, it seems like her sister usually wears far more dignified panties than her, usually dark in color and decorated with lace or elegant bows. The disadvantage here relies on the fact that, given that Tatsumaki can stretch them beyond what they were designed to withstand, Fubuki ends up spending far more money than her sister replacing her underwear drawer after her and her sister engage in one of their prank wars. To see her overstretched lace panties trailing out of her dress is a strange but amusing sight, especially considering the material would never actually stretch that far.

As you can see, there are advantages and disadvantages to wearing certain types of underwear are not a yes or no thing! It's a bit more complex, especially when we're dealing with girls that can do things no real-life bully ever could.



*"Do I really have to walk around with this all day? I really made her mad this time..."*

*And that's Tatsumaki! This has been one of the instances in which I've had to go back to the source material for a refresher on her personality and her relationship with her sister -- which of course has been slightly exaggerated for the sake of wedgies. It was fun to return to her, and to go back to those discussions about whether she wore panties or not, up until she was confirmed to wear underwear in a relatively recent issue!*

*All in all, writing sibling rivalries is always fun, and I'm glad I got to engage with these two after they won a story poll a few months back. It certainly served as inspiration for this section!*

# WAISTBAND WARRIORS: TOURNAMENT 2

## -Round 1: Fight 2-

**There wasn't a lot to say when two women with a shared taste for snappy remarks met face to face.** Jennifer Walters knew this better than anyone; when you fight someone as annoyingly charismatic as she was, the banter got old really quickly. If anything, though, Kisara seemed even more frustrated about the fact that none of her hits seemed to do any real damage to the emerald giant.

"What are you even made of?" she complained as she landed another kick to the abdomen, which Jen barely registered.

"Uh... gamma radiation, I guess?" The taller woman shrugged, feeling somewhat apologetic about having to beat up someone who was in such a clear disadvantage. "Look, I've been put into this sort of situation before, and let me tell you, we don't really have to fight if we don't--"

"Of course we have to fight!" Kisara's eyebrows perked up as she relented for a second. "What, think I'm weak? Think I can't keep up? Gimme your best shot, lady. Show me what you got, because we *are* going to fight."

Jen gave her an awkward smile before delivering another quick punch to the gut that sent Kisara flying across the arena. It was calculated to not kill her, of course, since she was just a regular human, but Jen couldn't stop a twinge of guilt in her gut. She had done what the other asked, though... was she really that bad?

"How the hell--?" Kisara seemed completely out of breath--and words-- once the dust settled and she recovered from the hit, barely able to stand up now. "What kind of freak are you?"

"Hey, I resent that!" Jen made her way to the woman and placed her hands in her hips, her patience for her brattiness slowly dwindling. "Now, listen to me. I don't want to be an asshole but you're clearly outmatched here, so I'm just going to give you a wedgie and get this silly thing over with, okay? Whoever organized this wasn't taking my strength into consideration, clearly..."

She continued to think to herself just what kind of tournament would allow people with such difference in strength to participate, all while she picked a screaming and kicking Kisara from the floor.

"You're being a bit annoying..." Jen noted. She settled for a non-painful means of neutralizing her: a headlock that gave her easy access to the waistband of her very unpractical pants. It was already showing after her long struggle, so all Jen had to do was reach forward and grab a handful of it from under her pants. "Welp, here I go! Hope you're, um... not very attached to your underwear!"

And so the woman trapped under her emerald biceps felt the white cotton of her panties stretched between her buttocks, the seat turned into little more than a painful string that was sure to leave the space between her buttocks sore for a good while.

"Let go of me!" Kisara cried, now visibly unable to contain the rage and embarrassment from leaking into her tone. "I'll literally kick your ass until it's red instead of green!"

"Man, you sure don't know when to quit." Jen's brow furrowed. She had hoped that getting a hold of her panties would at least relax Kisara enough to not have to get serious, but the woman didn't seem to understand that she had already lost the fight. "I'm sorry, but I do have to give you a wedgie to win, and you're not making it easy for me..."

She gave a harsher pull, just to test the waters and see if it would quiet her opponent down. Instead, it had the opposite effect; she only began to squirm more under her strong grip, grabbing onto her muscles for support as her feet left the ground, the strength of the wedgie becoming too much even for her well-toned legs to keep up. The increase in intensity caused her to start spouting insults all over again, as though they were back to square one.



# WAISTBAND WARRIORS

"God, I really wish I could rip these..." Jen said to herself, paying little mind to the woman squirming under her arm. "I just want to get this over with so I can go back to the case I need to work on. Some of us have a life that doesn't involve fighting all the time, you know?"

"I don't care about your boring nerd job!" Kisara complained, trying desperately to get the wedgie to stop by hitting Jen in the legs with her knee.

"Okay, that's starting to hurt! I think you need to learn a lesson about knowing your place here, and I don't mean it in the bully kinda way." Jen threw the girl a stern look as she stretched her panties to the height of her own head. "I was just going to rip your panties, but they're surprisingly stretchy... and also, I don't think you deserve that mercy anymore! You're being a brat, so I'll treat you like one."

Kisara was clearly going to object, but whatever complaint she had died in her mouth and was quickly replaced by a shriek of pain as her own panties turned against her, turned into a cottony weapon of gluteal torture.

"Plus... I'm sorry to say, but I don't know how you go around acting so tough when you have a teddy bear in your underwear."

"Ah, crap..." the girl's cheeks went red when she remembered the pair she had unfortunately decided to put on that morning. "I forgot I was even wearing those..."

"Hey, nothing embarrassing about wearing cute underwear. Just... try not to bring it to a wedgie fight next time!"

The snark was enough to earn her an annoyed glance from the smaller girl, but whatever she wanted to say to her did not take priority over the whimper that left her throat once her panties were properly snagged on her forehead.

"And there you go!" Jen allowed her to gently returned to the ground, having decided she had been punished enough. "I believe that counts as a win."

"Ugh... it does." Kisara's will to fight back had been completely eroded.

"This wasn't personal, by the way." Jen crossed her arms, slightly amused by the way the girl waddled around. "Well, maybe it did get a little personal by the end. You really need to pick your fights."

"I didn't pick this fight, is the thing," Kisara growled. "Now, if you excuse me, I have several inches of cotton to remove from between my buttcheeks."

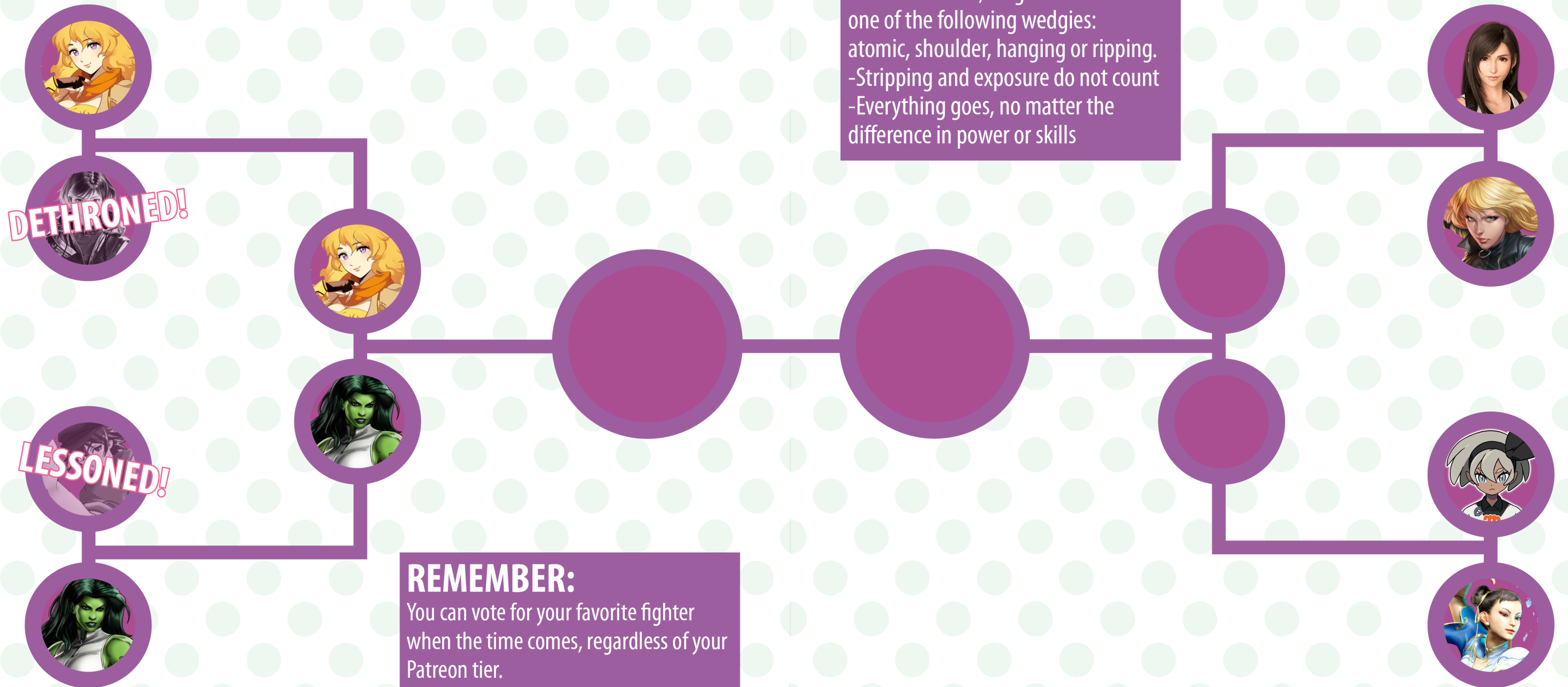
And so, the second fight of the tournament came to an end. There wasn't really much of a chance for Kisara to ever win, but the important part is that... uh... she never gave up? Sure, yeah, let's go with that. That's the moral of this story.



# TOURNAMENT STATUS

### THE RULES:

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



### REMEMBER:

You can vote for your favorite fighter when the time comes, regardless of your Patreon tier.  
 Fighters will get a special advantage upon winning the poll, but some may need a slightly higher percentage of votings to defeat their opponent!



# DANGEROUS THOUGHTS



**Special QnA edition!** As mentioned in my socials, this issue of the editorial section will be all about me answering **your** questions instead of the other way around. Furthermore, I made sure to place no restrictions, so I have to answer no matter how embarrassing the question may be!

**Masked228: Did you see the “Wedgie Wednesday” issues lasting this long or get this popular?**

To be entirely fair, no. I thought this was going to be a dumb gimmick people would get bored of fairly quickly, but it turned out y’all ended up being really into it! I can’t for the life of me understand how or why you people were so invested in the first few issues, since they were fairly low quality and I was still learning how to properly edit and design all of this, but I’m glad my audience stuck around long enough to see the zine grow and become something a bit more professional.

Overall, I think I owe it to you all for your continued support, since that is ultimately what motivates me to keep doing this.

**Crackers: What has been the most brutal wedgie you’ve ever received or given?**

Oh boy, here we go.

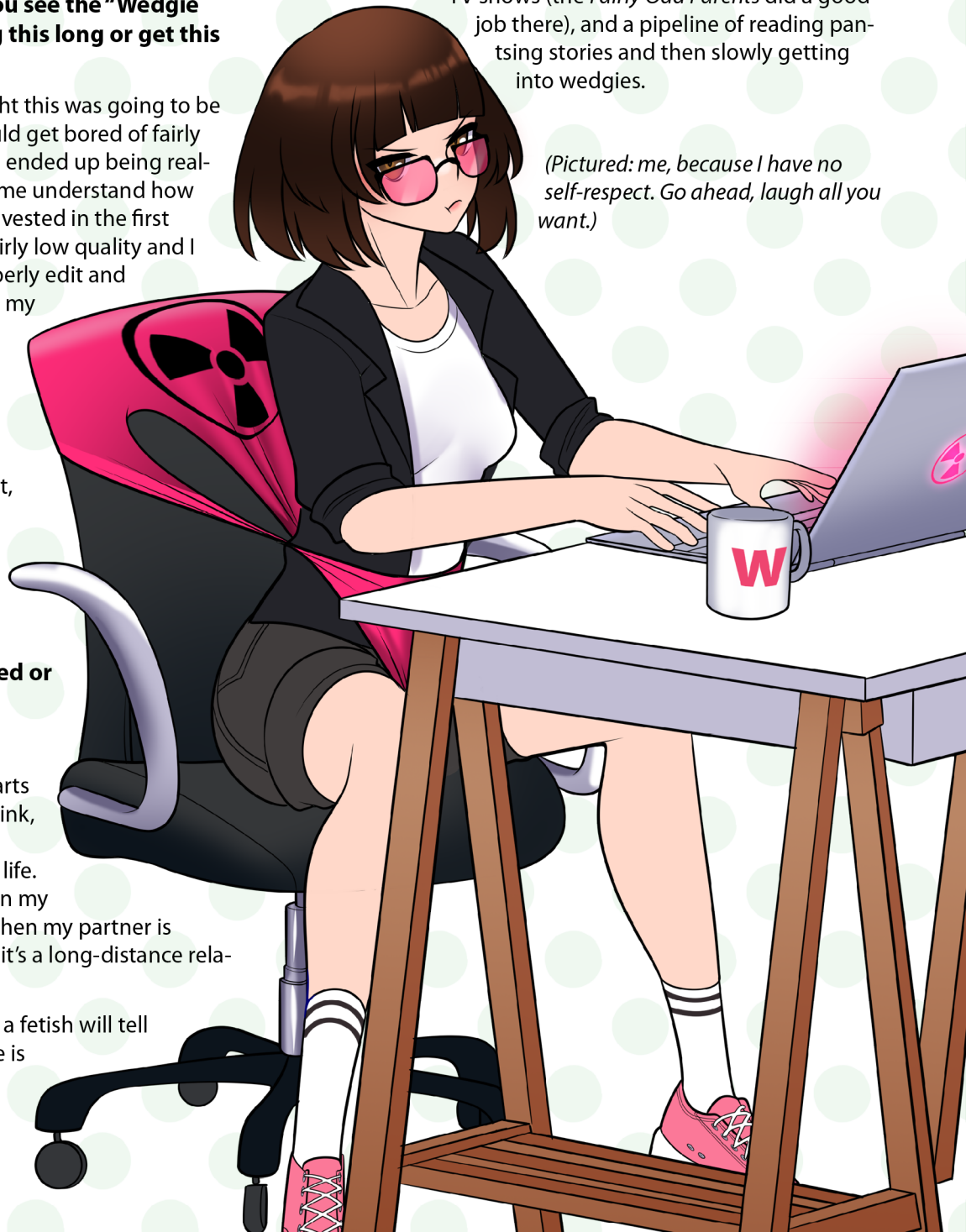
Okay, so unlike what some parts of the community seem to think, I *don’t* go around getting and giving wedgies in my normal life. They’re mostly an exception in my life, and largely only occur when my partner is around -- which, considering it’s a long-distance relationship, isn’t often.

Anyone who gets wedgies as a fetish will tell you that the most painful one is always the first, before you grow used to having your undies rammed up your ass.

**SkullOfTheDeath: What exactly got you into this community? A tv show? Accidental? Or personal experience?**

It’s a complicated question, to be honest. There wasn’t only one factor; it was a combination of a general perviness from my part in terms of underwear, seeing them in TV shows (the *Fairly Odd Parents* did a good job there), and a pipeline of reading panting stories and then slowly getting into wedgies.

*(Pictured: me, because I have no self-respect. Go ahead, laugh all you want.)*



**Yklh: Who is your favourite fictional character to see in wedgie art and stories, and what do your HC for their usual undies wardrobe?**

I could go on and on about this answer because I do have a ton of characters that I like seeing in wedgies.

Makise Kurisu has been my longest, most enduring wedgie crush since forever, and the first girl to ever show up in my page. She's a closeted nerd who loves to pretend she's above everything, and I believe girls like that should be given a few good pulls. Her underwear wouldn't be super dorky, but I'm sure she owns a few embarrassing pairs she doesn't want to show anyone!

Sonia Nevermind is also up there (the flagpole, I mean). A princess who doesn't understand how her fellow humans behave due to her culture being so strange is a perfect target! As for underwear, I imagine she owns bloomers, and stuff that's easier to wedgie like normal panties featuring Japanese pop culture icons.

Some more recent obsessions include Makoto Nijima (who probably wears Buchimaru panties), Shauntal from *Pokémon* (she looks like a nerd even to people who don't have this brainrot) and Frieren (because she's silly and dorky in the cutest way while also being incredibly competent).

**KingConsultant: What has been the best part of the community you since you became a part of it?**

I don't want to be annoying about this, but it definitely has to be the fact that I met my current partner through the community! Having another wedgie creator as a partner feels really liberating and fun for several reasons; getting to work on wedgie stuff in front of them is something I never thought I'd be able to do in front of a partner.

Other than that, I have to say that improving my writing skills has been one of the highlights of this whole affair. I personally think that when you're narrating the same prank in different ways you kinda have to learn to be creative. I don't want to brag, but I do think that doing this has made me a better writer, and you can tell from taking a look at my very cringy first few stories.

**Sleepallof2day: What is your highest anticipated upcoming show/game/movie?**

I'm really looking forward to *Beyond the Spider-Verse*, for one, especially after the end of the last movie! The *Community* movie is also something I've been hoping for for a long time, and since it got confirmed last year I haven't been able to stop thinking about it.

There's also a couple other things I'm looking forward to, like the fourth book in Jeff Vandermeer's *The Southern Reach* trilogy, and a couple of comics in Marvel's new Ultimate line. That's right, I read stuff.

At the time of writing, I'm excited for the new expansion of the *Pokémon Trading Card Game*, featuring a lot of new Paradox Pokémon. There's a couple of decks I wanna build with the new cards!

**Fireblaster40: how do you keep your motivation up while writing stories?**

This one's easy; I physically feel bad about myself if I don't feel like I've 'worked' enough for the day, so I just tend to write a decent amount every morning, be it commission content, zine stuff, or my own writing! Don't try this at home, though.

If y'all need a real writing tip: allowing yourself some treats or some fun time after writing a specific number of words is a good way of keeping yourself motivated. Also, re-reading stuff after you're done just so you can check your progress is a great way of motivating yourself in a kind of 'look at how far you've come' way.

**YamabukiFan: In a community full of OCs, who are some of your favorite OCs in the Wedgie community?**

There are certainly a lot of OCs to choose from, but here are some of my favorites.

Andyeah's Abigail is certainly a breath of fresh air, and very interesting since I saw her being designed from the ground up, and even helped up come with some minor facts about her through the whole process. JackLampy's band Brat Riot is also really fun to watch, their antics are very entertaining (and their manager a massive girlfailure who I find incredibly hot).

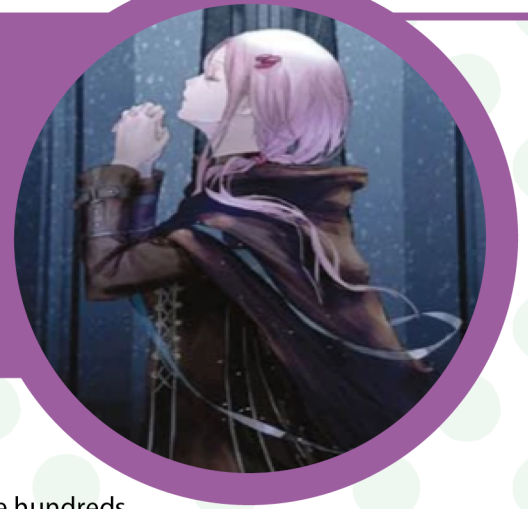
Hapily11's whole fantasy gang is also among my favorites, since I'm a big fan of DnD and fantasy/adventure content in general. Plus, since he's a sucker for it too, he does put a lot of effort into worldbuilding and the like. Getting to beta-read for him has also deepened my enjoyment of the characters a lot!

Finally, and as you'll see in the next couple of pages, I love Triad9's content, and particularly Kei from the Red series. More on that later!

*I hope you enjoyed this little QnA! It was a great way to also help me save some time to be with my long-distance partner this month while also working on the zine. It was fun to see what y'all wanted to know about me, and it was entertaining to answer all your questions.*

FEATURED CREATOR:

# TRIAD9



*For the guest artist of the month, here we have Seemscoldude! They're a lesser known artist, but they were eager to appear in Wedgie Wednesday. We also happen to share a few hobbies and tastes! In any case, here's Seemscoldude.*

**T9:** Hi, I'm Triad9. I'm the author behind both Deer River, an AU series involving multiple popular franchises, and the Red Trilogy, my current OC project. I've also written a variety of POV stories as well.

**DW:** Following up on that intro, I would like to tell me how you came up with your first big hit, Deer River. It's a relatively simple idea, crossing over your favorite franchises to have interesting bully/nerd combos, but I want to know what the process was for its creation!

**T9:** Deer River started off as a fun idea that came up in a discussion with twedgie, a fellow writer on DA. Crossovers were a common occurrence between OCs, but it was less common to see them with established characters. A college setting filled with characters from popular franchises would allow for a near limitless amount of interactions. To capture that freedom best, each volume followed four different protagonists, each with their own unique role and perspective in the setting. Students, nerds, bullies, and even teachers were all showcased with different POVs and dedicated sections to them.

As time went, more and more creators became involved in the process of creating Deer River content, leading to stuff like side stories and holiday specials. Twedgie was a huge contributor from the very beginning, LenaeUsagi provided most of Volume 2's art, and KingConsultant pitched in for some commissions in the universe. Even a young, spry sapling (who would later create Wedgie Wednesday and interview me in it) reached out to write some fun side content.

**DW:** So you'd say it was as much a crossover between creators as it was a crossover between franchises, given how many different reputable DA people were involved?

**T9:** Yeah, I would say so. I may have written Deer River's first two volumes, but the crossover setting meant anyone could commission or write something in the universe without creating complications for the main story. I ended up having ~80 characters appear in the first two volumes,

but there were hundreds more who could have easily shown up in the setting, all of whom were ripe for untold stories and creator participation.

For example, if a creator wanted to put a spotlight on Tifa Lockhart or Maki Harukawa or Sonia Nevermind, they could (and did!) incorporate them into the setting with ease. Even with the project on hiatus, I've still had random discussions with some creators who bring up the idea of them making more side content in the universe. Truthfully, if anyone still wants to do so, they have my blessing as long as they don't go scorched earth and blow up the entire campus. A comic book as well like you said, the poses of the characters are very exaggerated which makes it easier to put them into these positions where they are receiving a wedgie.

**DW:** With so many people collaborating, one can only assume the Red series, as your own brainchild with your own characters, feels way more personal, right?

**T9:** For sure. Writing established characters in that setting was fun, but after writing two entire novels, I wanted to try creating a world without borrowing from other franchises. I also wanted to take a break from writing in a school setting. Even as I was writing Deer River, I always had an OC-centric project in the back of my mind. Writing the Red Trilogy officially began a few months after wrapping up Deer River V2, but the initial planning for it stemmed back as far as mid-2019 around the time I posted my first stand-alone story on DA.

**DW:** Let's talk about the soon-to-be Red Trilogy; it's your big current project, after all. Did it start as an excuse to write wedgies, or something else?

**T9:** As strange as this may be, the wedgies actually came last in my planning for the series. I first started by deciding on the central theme I wanted to write, that being the theme of overcoming tragedy. How do you bounce back after something devastating occurs? The characters, plot, and setting were all built off that fundamental theme, and only after I finalized those three storybuilding elements did I start thinking about how to incorporate wedgies into it all.

**T9:** Most long-form stories typically put wedgies at the forefront by centralizing their worldbuilding around them. It's perfectly valid to prioritize wedgies like that, especially for fetish writing. I would even say *Deer River's* setting falls into that category. But for the *Red Trilogy*, I wanted to create characters with goals and ambitions that didn't focus purely on wedgies, with the idea that the scenes where those characters do get wedgied become a lot hotter as a result.

**DW:** So you'd say for you the narrative comes first and the fetish element is secondary, right? How do you feel that makes it hotter?

**T9:** Yeah, for sure. Erotic writing still benefits from establishing traditional storybuilding elements, from character arcs to worldbuilding to the plot itself. Building a proper narrative is what convinces readers to dive into a longer story. Without that, readers will opt to consume short stories instead. Which is totally fine! But to truly grip readers, you need to have an interesting narrative that will make them come back for more.

I also believe this approach makes the fetish scenes you do write a lot hotter in return. There are only so many ways you can write the physical descriptors of a wedgie. It's the build up and context behind the wedgie itself that will make a fetish scene truly stand out. If you can get your audience invested in your characters through your narrative, the payoff will be so much hotter because of it.

**DW:** Kei (pictured here on the right) is the big protagonist of the series. How did she come to be?

**T9:** From the start, I wanted to write a depressed, yet selfless pacifist who slowly gained confidence in herself through meeting someone carrying a deep love for her. But that confidence would also bring about selfishness and codependency, flaws I could then bounce ethical dilemmas against. The intent was always to portray Kei as a tragic character who evolves into someone willing to make immoral, yet understandably human choices. Some problems have no easy solutions, and when faced with tough choices, the girl bullied into becoming a dropout would likely default to siding with the one person who truly loves her (even if she knows doing so is wrong).

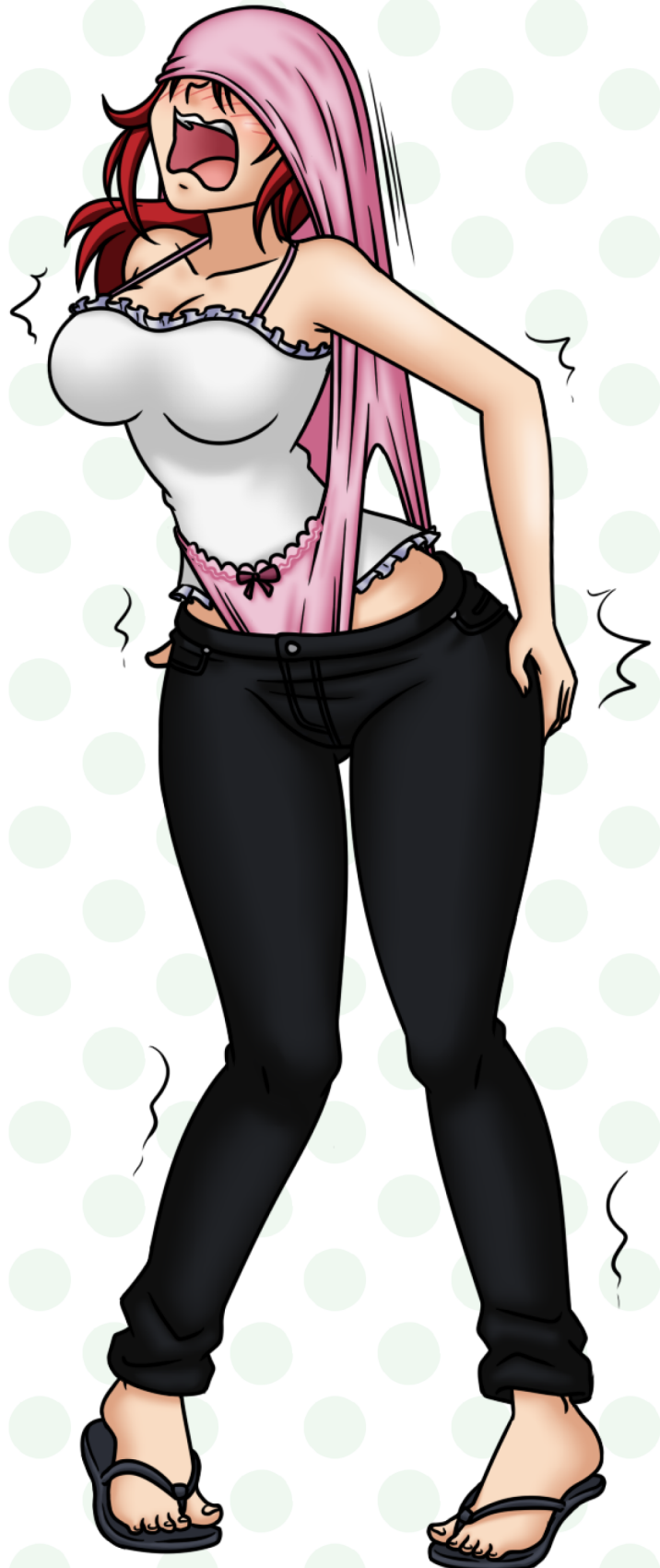
**DW:** Thank you for all these magnificent insights. Finally, if there's anything else you want to say before we're done, go ahead!

**T9:** I want to say thanks to everyone who reads my incredibly long stuff! The audience for long-term fetish stories is niche, but it's the type of story I enjoy writing the most. *Red Alert*, the third and final volume of the *Red Trilogy*, should start coming out in late April/early May.

Also, let it be known that I lost in *Among Us* and *Danger* is forcing me to write her favorite ship because of it, so send help.

*That last part is a lie, do not believe him. He was the impostor, after all.*

*In any case, this was an interview I've been looking forward to a lot, and it didn't disappoint! You all should check out Triad's content, he's one of the big inspirations for me and many other writers. We'll see you next month with another artist. The only hint I'll give is that she's produced a lot of content in just a few months...*



# FRIEREN THE PRANKSTER

-A Frieren story-

**Fern had known her master for long enough to have developed a third sense when it came to her mischief.** For years, Frieren had been doing absurd things behind her back, like spending their money on useless trinkets or running off to shove her face into a mimic chest with the excuse that an interesting grimoire may be inside.

The difference this time around was that Fern could see the signs, clear as day. She had just used a clothes-dissolving potion to dissolve the elf's pajamas after an exasperated, perverted conversation about Stark's birthday gift, and she knew Frieren was up to something. To any other human, the blank stares she was giving her were no different than the look she gave everyone else under literally any circumstance, but Fern could read Frieren like a book.

"I'm going to head out and look for Mister Stark," she declared, abruptly getting up from her seat at the table of the inn. "No need to come with me."

"Okay," Frieren nodded stoically. "I will not move one inch, Fern."

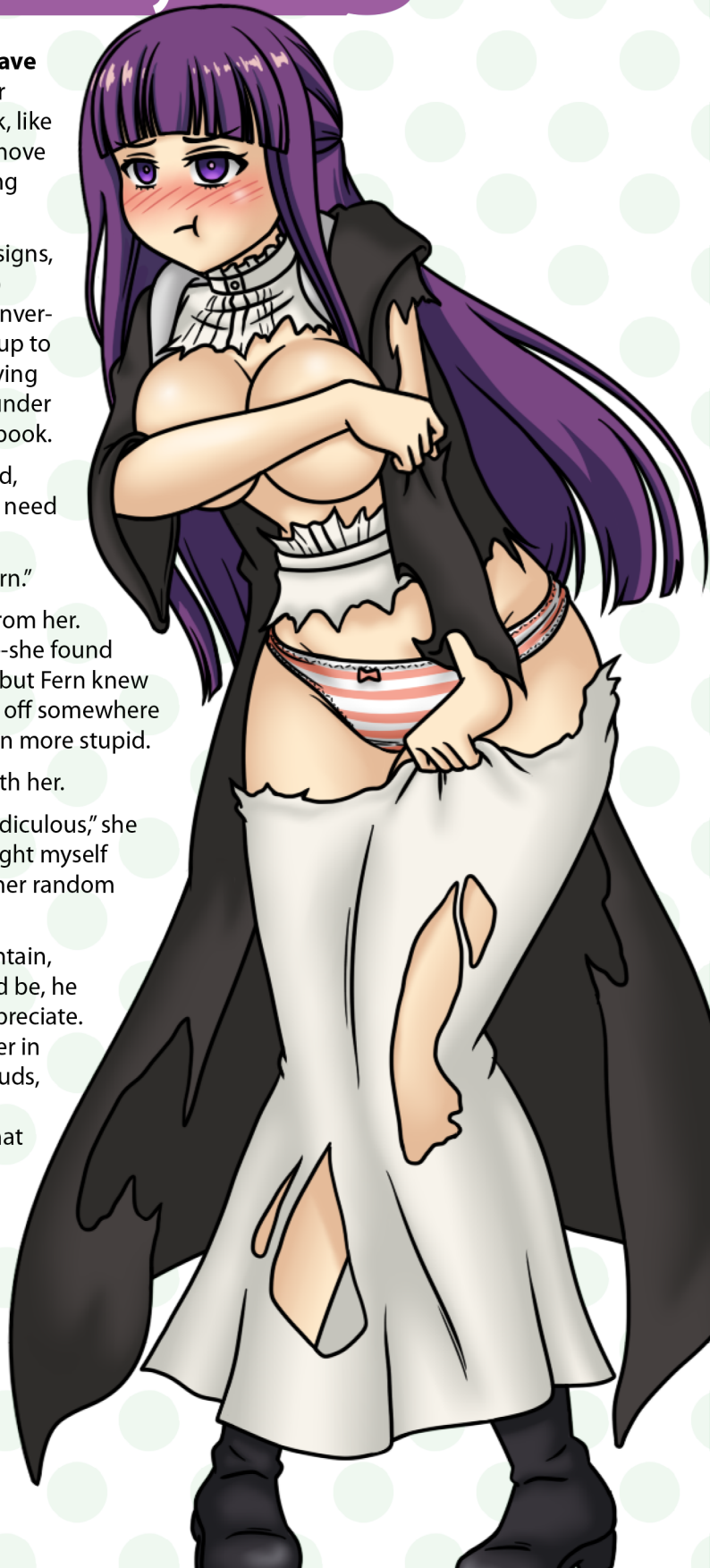
*Lies*, thought the purple-haired mage as she stepped away from her. To the untrained eye, Frieren had no intention of getting up--she found herself in the middle of a very interesting grimoire, after all--but Fern knew the second she took her eyes off of her she was going to run off somewhere to replace the clothes-dissolving potion with something even more stupid.

Which was why she had taken the party's collective purse with her.

"Miss Frieren is going to have a hard time buying anything ridiculous," she muttered to herself as she set off to find Stark. "Luckily, I bought myself a day or two before she decides to spend our savings on another random trinket."

It didn't take her long to find Stark; he was sitting near a fountain, watching the sunset. For how much of a loudmouth he could be, he did have his quiet inner life, one that Fern had learned to appreciate. Just as she called out for him, however, a drop of liquid hit her in the shoulder. She looked up, expecting to see some dark clouds, but was instead met with a most terrifying sight: Frieren was holding a bottle much like the one she had poured on her that morning.

"No," was all she could say before the girl, perched up in the roof of a nearby building, released the contents of the bottle on her, a hissing sound filling the air as the same kind of mist that had enveloped Frieren earlier now covered her body. The last thing she saw before the white mist fully enveloped her was a confused Stark perking up her eyebrows at her.



Fortunately for her dignity, the potion clearly wasn't as effective as the one she had used on Frieren -- for some reason, it only managed to poke big holes in her outfit, the corrosion stopping at random points but still leaving parts of her body and underwear exposed.

"Miss Frieren!" cried the mage, falling to her knees as her arms rushed to try to cover her body as well as she could.

"W-what's going on?" Stark didn't know how to react, his eyes darting from Frieren to Fern to the floor under his feet and the redness of his cheeks betraying his embarrassment. "What do I do? Do I do something? A-am I supposed to--"

"Shut up and turn around!" The only thing protecting Fern's dignity was the lack of strangers around them... though she couldn't really tell if she liked having Stark be the only one watching as her outer clothes dissolved, revealing most of her bra and panties. After the initial shock, she calmed down a bit and stared at her teacher with reddened cheeks. "Miss Frieren... was this really necessary?"

"You left a little bit of liquid in the bottle," Frieren replied as she levitated down to stand in front of her. "I mixed it with water to see if it would have any effect..." She gave her the closest thing she had to a cocky smile. "I'd say my experiment was a success, don't you think?"

In all her years with Frieren, the purple-haired girl had never been subjected to something that embarrassing. Clutching her semi-naked body with both arms, she gave her teacher a furious pout, wanting nothing more than to cast a spell that would make the very earth consume her so she wouldn't have to deal with the shame of walking home like that.

"Um... maybe this will help?" Stark, having removed his jacket, offered it to Fern, his gaze still locked on his boots to avoid enraging the mage even more. "S-sorry if it's not enough..."

Fern's cheeks went from red to pink at the kind gesture, giving Stark a hum of acknowledgment as she helped herself up. "Thank you. This will help cover my... underwear." The redhead gave her a quick nod before turning around, desperate to get back to the inn to wash the awkwardness away with a beer.

Frieren was quiet the whole trip back, though smugness was plastered all across her satisfied expression. Fern rolled her eyes -- sometimes, her mistress could be quite childish, despite how old she was in comparison to the rest of her party.

But, Fern thought, if the elf wanted to be childish... she wasn't afraid to show her what a petulant child really looked like.

During her next few days, the mage planned her approach carefully -- she knew Frieren would see her coming if she tried to prank her right away. Instead, she decided she wouldn't try to set up any sort of situation, particularly because she knew Frieren would put herself in the perfect spot for her to proceed with her prank, whether it was by falling asleep at the wrong time or getting stuck inside a mimic with her butt conveniently propped up for Fern to proceed.

In the end, the moment came during an afternoon of training in a forest near town, after Frieren distracted herself by chasing down a wild animal Himmel the hero used to tell her about. What promised to be a tiring session of chasing the elf until she inevitably got bored turned out to be far more interesting for Fern.

"Fern!" Came the whiny voice of her mistress. "I'm stuck!"

Fern's lips curved upward ever so slightly; it was her moment to strike. "Don't worry, Miss Frieren! I'm coming."

She didn't have to walk for long until she found the elf in one of her most habitual positions: with her upper part of her body stuck in a bush, leaving her perky butt to wiggle in the air as she uselessly attempted to free herself from her leaf prison. Fern never quite understood what made it so impossible for Frieren to get out of those embarrassing situations, but she wasn't about to question it. It was time to show her mistress to stop messing with her once and for all.

Without a single word, Fern pointed her staff toward Frieren's wriggling behind, the tip ever so slightly grazing the shape of unimpressible buttocks. The mage muttered something and, before the elf could ask what was going on behind her, her light purple panties shot out from under her tights, drawing a surprised sound from her.

"Fern... what are you doing?" She sounded whinier than usual, which was definitely a sign that the wedgie was effective. One never knew if the elf would find something embarrassing, annoying, or painful, considering her eccentricities.

"I'm paying you back for embarrassing me in the middle of the street, Miss Frieren," replied Fern.

"Huh? Oh, that..." Frieren squirmed as the panties dug deeper between her buttocks, dragging the waistband of her tights with them and causing it to slide gently down the seat of the garment, exposing half of her naked butt. "You still remember that?"

"Yes." Fern raised the tip of her staff into the air, dragging the panties with it. "Now be quiet and take your admonishment."

"Feeeeeern..." whined the elf as the panties stretched far enough for her knees to be lifted off the ground, her butt moving sideways in protest.



# WEDGIE WEDNESDAY #42

Despite remaining largely silent, Fern was enjoying herself quite a bit. There was something somewhat satisfying in seeing the elf that usually caused her so many headaches being properly punished for once, and as always her reactions were the cutest. She wondered why she even let her do stuff like that, but it may have had something to do with the way in which the elf's brain shut down whenever she was in an embarrassing or mildly distressing situation that was too mundane to solve with magic.

The elf was now soaring over the bush, her hands busy removing leaves and twigs from her hair in an attempt to remain somewhat composed even with her panties up her butt. She let her body hung limply as Fern lifted her in the air, her face distorted into an expression of embarrassment and annoyance.

"Okay, you got me out... I promise I won't use the clothes-dissolving potion ever again, okay?"

"I somehow don't think you've learned your lesson," said Fern, her enjoyment of the situation hidden behind her ever-neutral expression. "I will make sure to make this quick, but I can't promise it won't hurt..."

She proceeded to bounce the elf in the air, causing her to kick her legs around in what seemed to be an attempt at protest. Despite being a century old, her behavior was worthy of that of an inconsiderate child, and often the 18-year-old Fern had to act like the adult of the relationship, since Stark was if anything even more immature than the white-haired elf.

"At least take it with a little bit of dignity..." Fern frowned, genuinely worried by her mistress' lack of self-aware.

"I will take it however I feel like," the elf replied in protest, crossing her arms for extra brattiness. "You don't know how it feels to have your underwear stuck in your butt, so let me be..."

That was true, and she wasn't expecting that to change anytime soon. However, she took no sympathy for the woman when she was reminded of the prank she had pulled on her, and she forced her to bounce her a few more times just to drive her point home. Each time, an adorable little squeal left the elven dork's throat, and for a second Fern did think of herself as a bit of a bully for subjecting her to such indignity.

The whole endeavor had caused her tights to sag more, revealing more of her pale behind to Fern. It was a skinny, perky bum that was nevertheless shapely, and though Fern had seen it many times, the purple cotton slicing it in two certainly made the view far more entertaining than previous instances.

It also gave Fern an idea; a quite mischievous plan that involved getting her hands a bit dirtier than she had planned, but that if it worked would ensure Frieren would never bother her again with her perverted ideas.



"Okay, we're done with the bouncing..." she declared as she slowly lowered Frieren toward her, though the focus of her mana remained on the elastic waistband of her underwear, and the pressure in the elf's butt was for sure not relenting much. "But I want to make sure you understand how annoying your pranks are, so I'm going to have to do something a bit more extreme than what I had planned."

"Huh?" Frieren seemed genuinely confused, her silly expression dropping for a more quizzical one. She didn't seem concerned in the slightest, of course, but there was curiosity behind her lime green eyes. "What do you mean, extreme?"

Her answer came in the form of Fern's wooden staff colliding with her half-exposed buttocks, eliciting a girlish yelp from the elf that was unbecoming of someone her age. Her body swayed gently after the strike, her underwear still suspended in the air as a sort of fulcrum keeping her afloat.

"W-what are you doing?"

"Making sure you learn your lesson, Miss Frieren," once again, Fern's semblance betrayed no sort of sadistic enjoyment, though to a degree she was enjoying seeing Frieren fazed for the first time in a long time. "You once told me Flamme used to 'condition you' against making dumb decisions in a fashion not dissimilar to this one, so I assume it will work with me as well."

Frieren grimaced, but otherwise didn't react to the statement. What Fern didn't know was that Flamme had not been the only one to physically punish her in order to teach her against making repetitive mistakes or getting too sure of herself; Himmel the Hero had done something like that precisely once, back when they were adventuring together. While Frieren had wanted to forget about the incident for a long while, for some reason it always found its way back to her memories, being one of the few things in the world that could actually tint her cheeks pink.

Before she could protest further, her butt was hit again, causing the perky cheeks to jiggle a bit as they returned to their position, and eliciting another whine from her throat. She had taken far worse beatings during her 10-year-adventure, yet this one felt particularly bad because of the feelings of embarrassment associated with it.

"I've learned my lesson, Fern..." Frieren whined, her hands rushing to cup her pained buttocks. "You can stop with the, uh... the spanking."

"Just a couple more for good measure."

Despite Frieren's protests, she took the remainder of the spanking session like a true adventurer, barely even flinching once her butt got used to the pain. By the time they were done, though, there were clear red marks on it, making her glad her outfit included some black tights that would leave her dignity intact even during an accidental upskirt -- something that had happened to her a few times already but that she otherwise didn't mind.

"Jeez..." The elf had barely recovered her composure by the time Fern allowed her to return to the ground. She pulled up her tights and threw a glance the way her student was standing. "Did you really have to go all out on me? All I really did was use the potion on you after you used on me..."

"Yes, I believe that was the issue that sparked this." Fern was satisfied enough with the punishment, so she walked up to her mistress and gave her a small smile. "I trust you've learned your lesson and won't attempt to pull any idiotic pranks on me anymore. They are only funny to you, and the items you buy to perform them are usually far too expensive for us to afford."

"Yeah, I've learned my lesson..." Frieren sighed. "I believe I made that clear enough before you started... spanking me. Which I still believe was mostly unnecessary."

"Good Miss Frieren," Fern gave the elf a pat on the head, which she reacted to by leaning into the touch. "Now, I also remember something about positive reinforcement being important when teaching someone something... would you like us to stop by that place where they sell the sweets you like so much?"

Frieren gave her a feline smile, her previous endeavor mostly forgotten. "I like how that sounds. It also makes up for the fact that you threw out most of that potion."

"That was not the intention, I assure you." Fern was somewhat relieved that, despite the punishment, Frieren seemed to be acting like herself already. "But if you wish to believe that, I won't stop you."

"Then let's go!" Frieren grabbed her student by the wrist and began pulling her toward town, a look of excitement and hunger in her face. It was as though she had completely forgotten about her punishment. Fern could only hope that she hadn't forgotten about the lesson, however.



**THANKS  
FOR  
READING!**