

# WEDGIE WEDNESDAY!

WITH A TALK ABOUT  
**NERDIFICATION**



FEATURING THE PIXEL ART OF

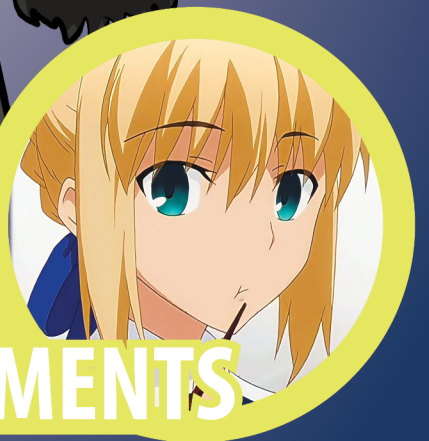
**PIXELATED  
KAI**

**JURI  
HAN**

JOINS THE WAISTBAND  
WARRIORS ARENA

RIN TOHSAKA HAS HAD ENOUGH OF  
ARTORIA, AND SHE PLANS TO REVEAL...

**HER ROYAL  
UNDERGARMENTS**



PATREON



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# CHAMPIONS, KINGS, AND MUCH MORE

## -An Introduction-

### **30 issues into the zine, and I'm running out of things to say in these introductions...**

I guess we'll start by reminding you all that, from this month onward, we've started publishing the art for each issue separately, spread through the month, instead of posting it all at once at the end of the month. 75% of our patrons voted that they'd rather get the pictures separately, little by little, so we obliged. We'll try to keep asking these questions to make sure we're doing everything we can to please our small community!

It's interesting how this issue is a bit more similar to the original ones --it's less focused on a theme and more concerned with giving you varied content. I think this is the best way to run the zine moving forward, honestly, as themed issues can get very boring very quickly. We've already explained how we're going to be organizing those in the last issue, so I won't repeat myself, but you can be sure that the issues in-between particular events or special celebrations will be much like this issue here.

Speaking of which, starting next month we will be asking our tier-2 and 3 patrons about what franchises they want to see in stories. We're going to be implementing a lot more interactive content, letting you, the audience, decide on what kind of stories you'd like to see in any given issue. While I'm not entirely sure I'll be able to write about everything you may have in mind, as I haven't gotten the chance to enjoy most of your favorite franchises, I'll try to stay up-to-date in regards to popular works so I can please as many people as possible with my writing.

At some point, we'd also like to make Waistband Warriors completely interactive, meaning higher-tier patrons will also get to choose who joins the tournament and who will get the chance to fight.

That's it for now, I believe. This introduction wasn't as long as some of the last ones because not much has changed this month. However, we're going to implement a lot more polls so you can choose the content you want to see, and I think that's a big change on its own!

Take care, stay stretchy, and look out for the polls we're going to be publishing next month.

--*DangerWedgier*



CHAMPION  
CYNTHIA

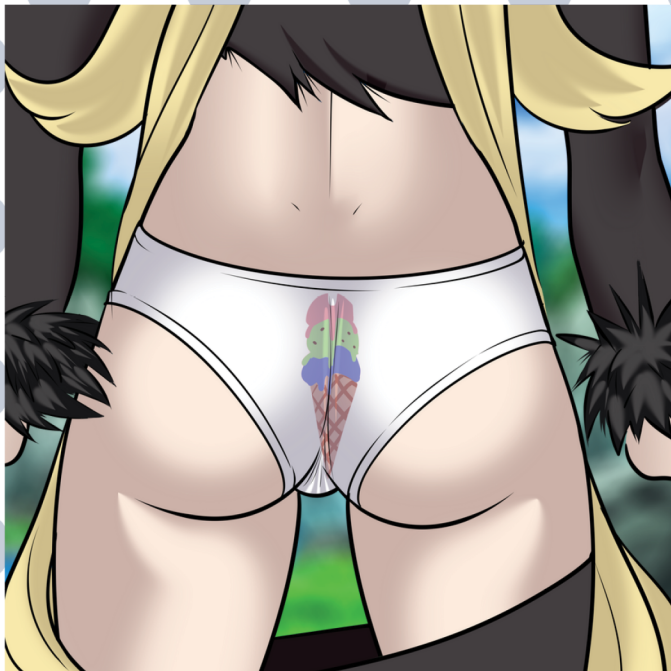
## The Caelestial Town trainer, **EXPOSED**



**Picture this:** you just beat the asses of every member of the Elite 4 in the Sinnoh League with barely any trouble... and then *that* piano song starts playing (you know the one) and this woman shows up to sweep your team with her monstrous Garchomp. Well, take this as a sort of revenge on her, because today we're learning all about Cynthia's underwear wardrobe!

### **A Guilty Pleasure**

Something you might not know about Cynthia unless you watch the anime is that she absolutely loves ice-cream! There are, in fact, several scenes that reference this in her many appearances, even if it's just a cameo. It should come as no surprise, then, that this very specific preference for ice-cold sweets is reflected in her choice in underwear.



*"Oh, these? They were a gift from Professor Juniper herself!"*

If I had a nickle for every Patreon-voted featured girl who has had some sort of ice-cream print in her panties, I'd have two nickles. Which isn't a lot, but it's weird that it happened twice in a row.

You may think a femme fatale wearing all black and sporting the title of Champion of the Sinnoh Region would be embarrassed of wearing something like that... but, in reality, Cynthia doesn't particularly mind that much. In fact, she considers it a feat to be able to expose her underwear, be it through a wedgie or a pantsing. She respects the power of other trainers, even when they overpower her physically to pull a frankly childish prank on her. In fact, she's so good at Pokémon battling that often the only way she can feel the thrill of defeat is by having someone humiliate her like this!

She doesn't find enjoyment in it in a way a masochist or exhibitionist would, but she can easily shrug it off and move on with her life, knowing that someone has just exposed her and seen her panties. There's a lot someone could do with that information... but, let's be honest, would anyone believe you if you were to tell them Cynthia wears ice-cream printed panties? Of course not.

In fact, she likes to engage in friendly competitions with her close friend Diantha. The two girls have a sort of rivalry in regards to embarrassing each other, even if Cynthia's successful prank counter is currently much higher than Diantha's. The Kalos Champion may have a type advantage in a battle, but Cynthia has learned to make use of her natural charisma and charm to prepare elaborated pranks that often take her by surprise. Her abilities in befriending Pokémon are so far above the norm that she once convinced Diantha's Gardevoir that a wedgie was supposed to be a sort of kind birthday gift, which did not end up well for the gray-haired trainer. Psychic wedgies can be much more painful than regular ones if one gives it their all!

In order to keep up appearances, however, Cynthia has devised a way of predicting Diantha's pranks. This means that, whenever she suspects she's about to be pantsed in public, or have her panties yanked by an elaborate contraction, she puts on the exact sort of panties one would expect from her: black, lacy, elegant, and without prints. This, of course, drives Diantha mad, as Cynthia usually catches her in some of her least dignified undergarments!



*"Oh, apologies! You've caught me in some of my very common panties that I wear every day, hehe..."*

## Learning to live with the pain...

Something Cynthia can rarely do something about, however, is the pain of a wedgie. She may be somewhat inprevious to the embarrassment, but the sting in your butt whenever your underpants are yanked upward can't just be ignored or toughed up. Instead, Cynthia has learned to live with it. It's not like it happens as much to her as it does to some of her fellow Pokémon trainers, but she still has learned to resist them just well enough that she can pretend to not care in front of her peers. She has an image to maintain, after all, and no amount of Pokémon-printed panties will ruin it as long as she keeps her cool about them.

Oh, did I not mention Cynthia loves Pokémon prints? She's probably one of the Champions who owns the most pairs of these pairs themed after specific species. She's a researcher, not just a trainer, and part of thar research apparently involves learning how many different Pokémon she can store inside her underwear drawer. It's like she's trying to create her very own Poké-dex in there!

Anyway, the important part is that, usually, people are too surprised by her silly Pokémon prints to give her truly painful wedgies. Some of them are collector's item, too, so if you ever rip them, you risk angering the Champion! She's been known for giving the silent treatment to those who have dared to rip her very dear Pokémon-printed panties, so tread carefully. She doesn't mind a few pulls here and there, but serious damage to her underpants will not go unnoticed, and definitely not unpunished... in her very elegant, classy way. Of course, she would never lay a finger on your underpants... unless you asked her to, or your name is Diantha.

What she is willing to do, surprisingly enough, is give herself a wedgie if she forgets her money at home and just happens to lose a battle. One side of Cynthia's character that is often referenced in many of her appearance is how much of a mess her place is, and how truly unorganized she can be. This means that, sometimes, she will offer a show if she loses a battle and her wallet is nowhere to be seen: this is a preemptive way of stopping people from wedgieing her themselves, thus retaining the integrity of her panties --and her butt.

It's strange to think that Cynthia would ever be so much of a dork, but she sees it in a different light: as long as she is the one to give herself a wedgie, preventing others from doing so, she has the control of the situation. Many people would pay real money to see her get an actual wedgie, or to even lay eyes on her formidable, pale moons, so the mere fact that she gets to choose when and where that happens, and under which conditions, already puts her on top.

Cynthia, as much as she'd hate to admit it, loves being in control. This fits her femme fatale aesthetic to a T, but is something that does not become obvious until you see how much she struggles with giving anyone control of her underpants --she'd rather humiliate herself in front of you than let you lay a finger on her.



*"Oh, you want to see a real wedgie? Well, watch and learn, then!"*

All in all, Cynthia is a pretty hard person to truly understand, but not a complicated one. While she likes keeping her secrets and pretending to be in control all the time, she clearly has a vulnerable side: her butt is not immune to wedgies, and her love for goofy-printed panties prevents her from engaging with the most dangerous types out of fear that her underwear will rip.

So, if your'e ever in a wedgie fight with her, you know exactly where to strike... as long as you don't mind being treated like garbage for a couple of weeks.

# WAISTBAND WARRIORS!

-Where panties come to rip-

The power of the two katana-wielding women seemed to be even, with neither managing to land a blow on the other's body. Every hit was just steel against still, sparks flying between them with every blow as the battle became more and more heated, both attempting to make the other sweat. Of course, Satsuki doesn't know 2B is an android, and there's no way a robot can sweat, but the effort she puts in would have definitely made a woman of her complexion struggle under similar circumstances.

"You are a worthy opponent," Satsuki says, pointing her sword at her enemy with a frown on her face. "And yet I will defeat you: I've been trained and bred for that purpose."

Truth was, even though what she was saying was true, as she was a powerful and skilled warrior, she was starting to quickly become tired herself. Seeing that 2B was not relenting, she had to devise an alternative plan to get her to drop her guard... and she did so in the blink of an eye, like the master tactician she is.

She made a dash toward her opponent, quickly slicing her midsection with her sword. 2B did not even react, as the sword barely even grazed her body.

"You missed again." She said in a somewhat confident tone as she turned around. "Are you perhaps getting tired already? If so, I suggest you give up so we can put this matter to rest."

Instead of replying, Satsuki gave her a side smile. Before 2B could open her mouth to speak again, her skirt suddenly became undone, the waistband sliced right in the middle. The black garment fell, silently, toward the ground, with neither woman making an effort to pick it up.

"I never miss," Satsuki clarified as 2B's white granny panties covered in blue polka-dots greeted the world. "The mere suggestion is so insolent I will make sure I rip those ugly things off of you once this is over."

2B, however, seemed completely unbothered by her lack of skirt. Instead of yelping or covering herself, she silently rested the blade of her sword on the ground in front of her and --presumably-- stared at Satsuki with the most deadpan expression she could muster.

"The objective of this tournament is to wedgie each-other," she explained. "You'll gain nothing by simply exposing my underwear."

Satsuki's smile quickly vanished upon hearing those words. Was she really not embarrassed by the situation, or was she just playing it cool? Either way, her plan had failed.





Using her opponent's surprise at her own lack of effectiveness to her advantage, 2B launched herself toward her, returning to an aggressive stance as quickly as she had abandoned it. Her movements were quick and agile, almost feral, as though she had been waiting for an opening like this to unleash all her power at once.

Cursing herself for her failed plan, as well as for letting her guard fall, Satsuki raised her sword to try to counter 2B's blinding assault, the android becoming little more than a flurry of blades moving at speeds the Kiryuin heir had never believed possible. Her clumsy attempts at retaliation, however, did very little to save her for what was to come.

Instead of using the blade of her katana to damage her, 2B took Satsuki by surprise by hitting her with the back of her sword on the back, sending a wave of pain across her body and temporarily shocking her. In those fateful moments, the nerves in her body stopped working altogether, causing her to let go of her own weapon.

"Now, I will teach you how you're supposed to win this game," 2B explained, completely unaware of what Satsuki had tried to do to her.

As quickly as she had immobilized her, 2B lifted the back of Satsuki's dress to gain easy access to the black pair of lacy underpants hidden underneath. In a mechanical motion worthy of a lesser android, 2B's fingers curled around the waistband and pulled, mercilessly, toward the sky.

"Nghn!" Satsuki sent her hands, now responsive, to try to protect her pale bottom from the torture it was suffering, but to no avail. Without her weapon --which 2B had managed to kick away from them to avoid retaliation-- she was far less powerful than the android. "That was... a dirty trick!"

"I used my abilities to my own advantage," 2B replied with a shrug. Her grip on the panties intensified, causing the garment to tense up between Satsuki's buttocks. "Had you been the superior warrior you claimed to be, you would not be in this situation."

Satsuki's protest died in her throat as she was almost lifted in the air by a third, far more powerful pull only made possible because of 2B's superhuman strength. She was above crying for help or begging for mercy, but the pain in her nether regions was certainly making her reconsider her options.

Whether she liked it or not, 2B had already won. She quickly dragged the raven-haired woman toward one of the many hooks that decorated the edges of the arena, designed so that participants could deliver powerful hanging wedgies with ease.

"You were a worthy opponent until you lost your focus," 2B explained as she lowered one of the hooks so she could hang Satsuki from it.

While no words left her mouth, Satsuki did let out a deep groan of frustration and pain as she sank into her panties, hands dangling uselessly to her sides as the garment was attached to the metal hook, sealing her fate.

No amount of flailing around would save her, that she was certain of --so, instead, she kept silent and allowed her shame to sink in. 2B was right, after all: it had been her inefficiency, along with her inability to adapt to her opponent's attacks, that had been her downfall.

"I hope we can settle this dispute some other time," she said, holding on to the uniform her mother had gifted her. "Perhaps in a future fight, I'll be ready for you..."

"Perhaps," 2B replied, not unsympathetically, as she walked away from her.

Though she was a clear loser in the fight, Satsuki had certainly gained something, too. While defeat was humiliating, she would be ready for a future fight against a woman such as 2B...



## AND IN THE

## YoRHa No.2 T-B

from Nier Automata



## WINSTREAK: 2

**2B is starting to feel uneasy about this wedgie tournament. Though she has quickly become a fan-favorite, each victory brings her closer to a possible defeat. Can she keep that momentum going, or will she eventually collapse under the pressure?**

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

## CONTENDER PROFILE

## Fighting Style:

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

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

## Outfit:

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

## Panties:

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

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

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

# NEXT MATCH...

## Juri Han

from Street Fighter



# S

### NEW CONTENDER

**Juri Han joins the Waistband Warriors rosters to kick some ass and pull some panties! Could this beast of a fighter finally dethrone 2B?**

### Fighting Style:

**Completely opposite to 2B**, Juri is a savage woman! She's not concerned with being proper in a fight, much less with trying to be as precise as possible. Her strength relies on her ability to deliver as many blows to her enemy as humanly possible within inhuman timespans. Though 2B is an expert at combat with weapons, and is somewhat used to duel others, she may not be prepared for a wild creature such as Juri. Her ruthless and reckless combat style may prove too overwhelming for someone as methodical as 2B to handle.

Of course, we haven't forgotten about her kicks: they're an essential part of her style... and we may even get to see Juri use them to yank some panties!

### Outfit:

**Though her outfit varies wildly**, Juri is known for wearing baggy pants, something that may come into play if someone decides to pants her.

They're almost beggint to have a pair of hands sink into them and grab some panties, aren't they? Well, it may be a bit difficult to get close to Juri in order to do that. Though her outfit definitely makes her vulnerable

to the most prevalent types of pranks we've seen so far, we can't forget that in order to hurt her, one must first get past the impenetrable wall of muscle and manic energy that is Juri herself. Sometimes, the whole is far better than the sum of her parts, and Juri is the living example of that.

### Panties:

**Juri doesn't particularly care about what people think about her underwear.**

This doesn't mean she's immune to being humiliating, of course! Getting pantsed or wedgied in front of a crowd is always extremely embarrassing.

What it means is that Juri has no concern for fashion when she chooses her underwear. She likes colorful, bold patterns and pairs that allow her to go move without restriction, but anything goes for her. Her opponent may end up even more shocked than her once they get to see her panites, considering how gaudy some of the designs she prefers can be!

Her favorite pairs, however, match her outfit: they're either purple, white, black, or a combination of all of them. She likes having a "brand" in spite of her reckless attitude, so you're as likely to find these under her baggy pants as you are to see something far more colorful and/or strange.

The only way to find out what she's wearing, though... is to see her in action! Look forward to next issue...

# CONTENDER PROFILE

# DANGEROUS THOUGHTS

For this issue, I decided to delve into a fetish that is somewhat tangential to wedgies, but not 100% tied to it. That's right, I'm talking about "nerdification": a fetish by which a character is turned into a stereotypically nerdy version of themselves. While it has its roots in classic transformation fetishes and its original fandom rarely ever relates it to wedgies, lately artists like Bimbo6707 and commissioners like Toxi have been playing around with the tropes of wedgie fiction in relation to nerdification.

Full disclosure: I believe nerdifying a character and then giving them a bunch of wedgies and swirlies is very hot! There's something about turning a character into a meek, sheepish and generally less attractive and powerful version of themselves before actually bullying them that tickles my brain in a good way. In this article I'll try to discuss why is that, and why I think nerdification can be both interesting and boring depending on the execution and the characters it's done to.

First of all, let's talk about the interesting bits. Nerdification, as in, the in-universe transformation a character undertakes to turn into a traditional "nerd", can be interesting right off the bat because it starts humiliating the victim far before the wedgies are actually a thing. The humiliation can come from inside the actual fiction, meaning the characters are conscious of this inversion, or it can come from meta-knowledge from the reader's part: if we know how the character behaves in her normal life, seeing her turned into a nerd is already a turn-on because we understand that this is not how the character is "supposed" to present, but a ridiculous, less dignified version of herself.

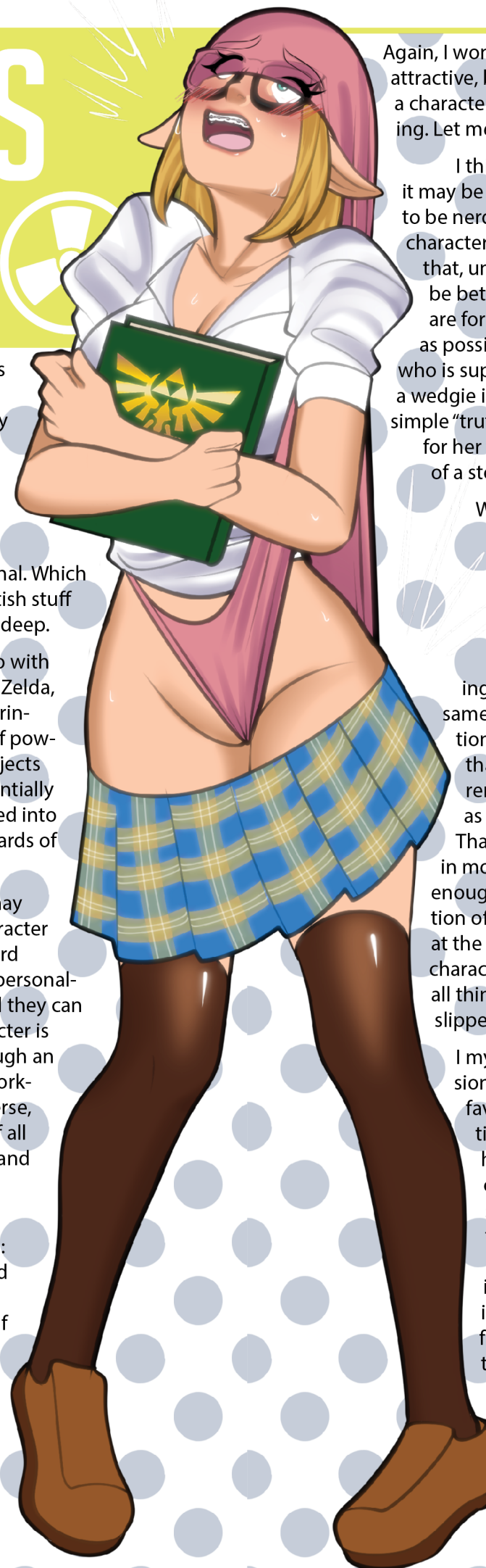
This, of course, is assuming the character is not originally nerdy! In order for this very specific part of the fetish to work, we need to recontextualize a character, meaning the victims of nerdification are usually either characters who are dark, serious or mature, or ones who are usually cool and badass. If we turn a character who's already halfway between a more "dignified" persona and a stereotypical nerd, it may not work half as much. For example, cool and collected detective Kyoko Kirigiri may be much more effective as a victim of nerdification than the already dorky Ultimate Gamer, Chiaki Nanami.

So, then, nerdification works because it subverts our original perception of a character, and it may even be aided by characteristics a character already has. If we grab a girl who has a quirky side under her otherwise cool demeanor, we can amplify that and turn her into a nerd who is far more one-dimensional. Which is fine; again, we're talking about fetish stuff that doesn't need to be particularly deep.

The example I decided to go with to illustrate nerdification is Princess Zelda, as I'm sure you've all already seen. Princesses and characters in positions of power may work particularly well as subjects for nerdification, since they are essentially stripped of all their power and turned into the lowest of the low, at least in regards of the classic high-school totem pole.

This is another factor that may very well help make a nerdified character more attractive: the position of a nerd within society. It's no longer about personality, but about the amount of control they can exert over their peers. Once a character is turned into a nerd, be it either through an in-universe device or the internal workings of some kind of alternate universe, they are stripped by the narrative of all power they might have had before and relegated to being the teacher's pet and the bullie's favorite victim.

So far, this all well and good: nerdification sounds like a niche and underused yet interesting way of humiliating your favorite character if you've run out of wedgie ideas for your stories, pictures, or commissions. But I actually also have some arguments against it! Let's check them out...



Again, I won't pretend I don't find nerdification attractive, but I believe it can be detrimental to a character if overused or used without thinking. Let me explain:

I think there's the very real chance that it may be more interesting for a character *not* to be nerdified. And I'm not talking about characters who are already dorky: I mean that, under the right circumstances, it may be better for a character to remain as they are for the humiliation to be as effective as possible. The mere idea of a character who is supposedly cool or serious to be given a wedgie is humiliating enough, and often a simple "truth or dare" plot can make it feasible for her to get a wedgie within the context of a story or a comic.

While it would be cool to see a character turned into a lesser version of herself, as we've already established, perhaps that takes away from their true personality, making the wedgie less satisfying. While, yes, they are technically the same character, it's possible for nerdification to be such an exaggerated process that very little of the original character remains, making the final product not as attractive for the interested party. That's why I think nerdification is good in moderation: making them powerful enough to completely shift the perception of a character in the public eye, but at the same time keeping what made this character interesting in the first place. Like all things regarding attractiveness, it's a slippery slope.

I myself I've been considering commissioning a nerdified version of one of my favorite characters, but at the same time I've been struggling to think of how much the character should be changed in terms of design and personality before I'm 100% happy with the product. So yeah, even though I think this part of the fetish it's interesting, I also don't want to make it seem like the only reason to poke fun at any of those characters is that they're nerds! They can be tsunderes, slightly dorky, too uptight... or perhaps they just look a bit too cool and need to be knocked down a peg.

I believe that would be all for me, really: I'm not an expert in the fetish nor am I into transformation in general, so I don't think I can give insight into why the process itself can be attractive to some people (as that's often the focus of the actual fetish). All I can do is give my silly little opinions about which girls would be hotter to give a new underwear hat to, and the conditions under which that should happen, in my opinion. I want to know what y'all think, though! This topic is not nearly as discussed as I thought it has the potential to be, so I would be surprised if anyone actually comes forward with their opinion, but... I think there's a lot of interesting stuff left to be said about this, regarding wedgies or otherwise. Anyway, our PMs are always open.

Before we finish this section, however, I want to bring attention to the aforementioned artist Bimbo6707. She's one of the main reasons I even started thinking about nerdification and how it relates to wedgies, so she deserves a special mention. However, besides that, I'll like to remind everyone here that she's currently in a difficult familiar situation, and that she would appreciate any help you can send her way. Her ko-fi is accessible through her profile, and you can also tip her extra for a commission, like a few friends and I are planning on doing as we work with her for a particular picture. Any amount helps, especially when several people are involved. I think it's important to help those members of our community who are in need, even if we only know them as the people who draw silly girls being hung by their undies.

--DangerWedgier

FEATURED ARTIST:

# PixelatedKai



*This time, we moved away from more traditional forms of art to seek someone who works on a different kind of picture: PixelatedKai, like his name indicates, is a wedgie pixel artist! We asked him some questions about his craft and his interests.*

**PK:** Hello readers! I'm PixelatedKai, a pixel artist and story writer in the wedgie community. I'm happy to be a featured artist in this month's issue, as I love this community and appreciate all of you.

**WW: Welcome to the zine, Kai! First of all, we'd like to know what got you into wedgies and EUF content at all.**

**PK:** I honestly saw them on television a lot. When I was growing up, I got to see a lot of wedgie and EUF scenes in shows like iCarly, K.N.D, Suite Life, etc. and I always found them interesting. As I got older, I came across internet wedgie art (Auburn-Ink, Rwedgies) and stories (Like Seseta and Sleep) in online circles, and I just got more and more interested in them. They inspired me to do my own stories and art work.

**WW: And what made you specifically decide to get into pixel art?**

**PK:** I always was good at sprite art, often because I loved all of the Pokémon games. I started doing wedgie sprites and continued to grow from there, until I got to the style that I use now.

**WW: And what would you say are the advantages and disadvantages of this style? Anything you think makes you different from other artists?**

**PK:** One of the biggest advantages is that my style is unique, since it's kind of a mix of pixel art and traditional art. So it's easy to tell apart something that I drew. I've posted multiple times outside of dA and, when people see it, they go "Oh, you're Kai!" or "I didn't even realize you were Kai!"

The only disadvantage would be that it can be hard to even out my proportions, it's not too bad but it can set me back sometimes. I think it also makes certain poses harder to draw, but I'm working around that.

**WW: You mentioned Pokémon... is that one of the franchises you like to work with? If so, what are some of your favorite characters to make art for?**

**PK:** Yeah, I started out doing Pokemon stories, and I actually made a few OCs for them. Honestly, there's too many characters to choose from, but I have been thinking about doing something with Mela and Penny from Scarlet and Violet for a while now.

**WW: And what are some of the other franchises you like to work with?**

**PK:** Well, I'm already touching on Marvel and DC characters. I also developed a fanmade "next generation" of Fairy Tail with dA users Omni-Shinobi and The SecondStart, and I do actually want to drive into that franchise a bit more. I'd also like to work on pieces for Naruto, DBZ, MHA and One Piece, just to name a few.

**WW: What about OCs? You mentioned your Pokémon ones, but could you elaborate on them?**

**PK:** Oh, I have a lot of them. Most of them belong to a series I started, called Angel Square, which features my main girl Raven and some of the others. Then I started collaborating with the Edgen creators: RookofSpades, Blakesmith1212, Seseta, Sleepallof2day, KingConsultant and IWriteWedgies. The last one who doesn't do Edgen stories as much now, but It's a friend worth adding to the list.

**PK:** I also collaborated with TomtheWedgieWriter and MrAwesome40 a couple of times with some of my female characters. They are really good friends of mine and I love working and talking with them, it's always a fun time.

There's also Annali Martinez, my superhero OC (also known as Starlight) who travels around different parallel universes and always finds a way to have someone's underwear yanked. Her evil doppelganger, Darkstar, is a huge multiversal bully as well. I also have a Fairy Tail OC, Emiko Kaminari, the "next generation" Lightning Dragon Slayer, my Saiyan OC Korra and my Naruto OC Akari, who I plan to make some more content for at some point.

There's also my femsona/self-insert Dakiaa, who is fun to use for celebrations. She also has some fun shenanigans with the Suns and Moons girls. The creators of that story are the already mentioned Omni-Shinobi, SecondStart and Seseta, as well as Jtlmann Picgirls01 and Sorry12. They're a fun group to chat with.

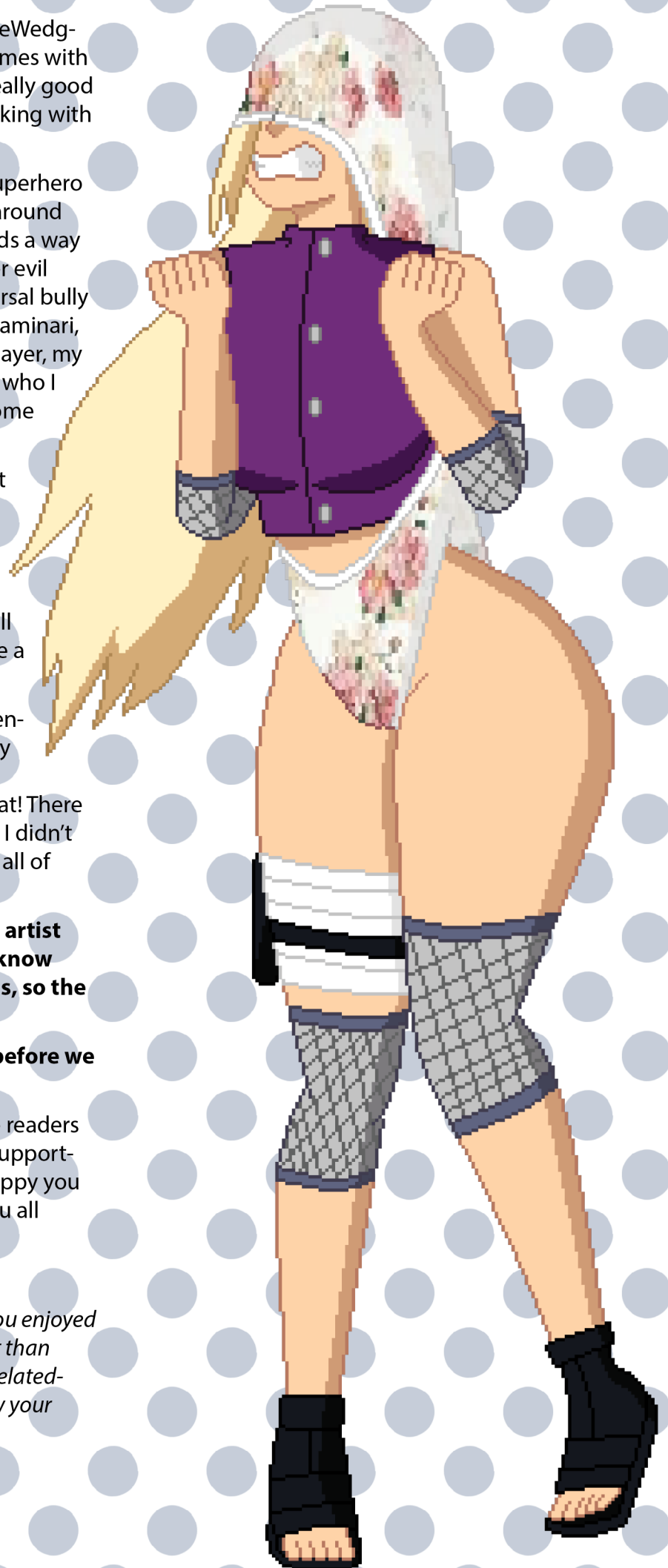
Honestly, all of the creators I've mentioned so far have helped me a lot with my art, characters and stories, so before I go I want to give them a mini-shout out for that! There are also many more deviantArt users who I didn't get to name, but I do appreciate them for all of their support as well.

**WW: It's always great to meet an artist with such extensive friend groups! We know for a fact some of them are readers of us, so the shout out will reach them!**

**Do you have any closing words before we wrap this up?**

**PK:** One thing I'd love to say to the readers is thank you for being here with me and supporting me. I really do appreciate it and I'm happy you all enjoy the work that I put out. Thank you all again!

*And that would be all, folks! Hope you enjoyed the appearance of a less conventional artist than what we're used to! Please go check out Pixelated-Kai's work on his deviantArt page, and show your support!*



# HER ROYAL UNDERGARMENTS

-A FATE wedgie story-

**Though they were rarely in the same page, both Rin and Artoria agreed on one thing: Shirou Emiya was definitely a very unusual Master.** The reasons why he allowed Artoria to remain home in spite of the dangers that lurked for him outside of the house during the Grail War was utterly uncomprehensible for Rin, and, though she would always claim she wouldn't be responsible for anything that happened to him, she had secretly sent her own Servant after him just to make sure no trouble befell him.

That left just her and Artoria at the house, preparing dinner --or rather, making their best attempt at it.

"I believe you're supposed to wait until the oven is fully warm before placing the pastries inside," Artoria's almost robotic voice reminded Rin as she bent down to put their sad looking soufflé inside the oven. If the girl could roll her eyes 180 degrees to glare at her through her skull, she would've.

"And I believe I'm the only one in this room who knows how to operate anything that runs on electricity!" she barked back as she retreated from inside the oven so quickly she almost hit her head. "You know, I have enough with having to put up with you while Shirou isn't home *and* having to take care of his chores as though I was his maid. You don't have to pretend to be smarter than me on top of that!"

Though she could swear she saw Artoria's left eye twitch, no protest came from the mouth of the King of Knights, who simply gave an obedient nod.

"My apologies," she replied, somewhat begrudgingly. "I'm used to my Masters wanting to receive input. Staying quiet in this kind of situations goes against my nature, but... I will try my best."

'Her best' was not nearly enough for Rin's standards. Not five minutes later, the blonde had opened her mouth to protest again, this time about how she was putting too much salt in the rice she was cooking, something Rin did not take very kindly to.

"Alright." Rin dropped what she was doing and turned to look at Artoria, hands on her hips. "I've had enough of you and your constant nitpicking of what I do." She reminded her so much of her sister when they were young... and she knew exactly how to deal with this sort of unsubsordination. "Turn around, and I'll show you why you don't bother Rin Tohsaka when she's working."

Perhaps it was because Rin had already been designated as her guardian while Shirou wasn't home, or perhaps because she knew Rin had the ability to get rid of Shirou at any point by just sending a command to her Servant, but Artoria apparently felt compelled to obey. She wasn't going to do it with a smile on her face, however, and glared at Rin as she was forced to turn around for reasons only privy to the girl in red.

Rin knew this was childish, but she had operated her entire life on childish to get what she wanted. And, so far, she was pretty happy with the results.

As soon as Artoria's back was turned to her, she dug her hands into the back of her high-waisted skirt and, with eager fingers, grabbed the thick cotton that lied underneath. To be completely honest, Rin wasn't exactly sure of what she would find under the skirt of a King, and she hesitated ever so slightly before giving the desired pull. Once it came, however, it was merciless.

"Eeep!" Artoria let out an uncharacteristically girlish yelp as her hands shot downward to try to protect her crotch from the sudden and stinging pain, one she was completely unfamiliar with. "W-what is this indignity?"

"This is what we call a 'wedgie', Mrs. Know-it-all." Rin was very much enjoying herself. "I used to give them to my sister when she was being annoying... and, just now, I happened to think you deserved one. How does it feel, Your Majesty?"

The royal's reaction to have her undergarments exposed in such a way was, to say the least, amusing. She cleared her throat, trying to hide the blush in her cheeks by turning away from Rin, even though the black-haired girl had seen enough to know just how embarrassed she truly was. How could she not? The panties Rin was holding in her hand were something her sister Sakura would've worn when she was twelve: blue stars over a snow white background, complete with lace on the waistband and legholes!

"I would appreciate it if we could stop this nonsense now." Artoria's commanding tone, in spite of it all, did not waver.

The satisfaction in Rin's face soon died down once she realized it would take a bit more than a couple of pulls to truly make Artoria into the source of entertainment she had been hoping for. However, both women knew that the situation they both found themselves in was a very particular one, and she was quick to remind Artoria of this:

"Oh, I think you're going to let me make this wedgie as long as I want." Her sly smile returned as she loaded her strongest weapon yet. "Because *my* Servant is currently following *your* Master, remember? And you wouldn't want anything bad to happen to him, would you?"

Now, this made Artoria flinch. She turned her head once more, her blue eyes betraying her thoughts: she didn't know whether to trust Rin or not. She must've been considering the option to allow her to do as she pleased in order to keep Shirou safe, because she didn't say or did anything as Rin continued to lodge the panties deeper in between her buttocks, front waistband of the garment now grazing Artoria's breasts.

"You wouldn't hurt him over something as trivial and petty as this..." Artoria whined, her voice slightly higher-pitched now that her bottom was stuffed with star-printed cotton.

"Wanna take the risk?" Rin's eyebrows rose as a malevolent playfulness overtook her tone. "Or would you rather admit you were wrong and I was right?"

Artoria's lips remained pursed. Rin could almost see the cogs inside her mind moving, considering her options.

"Perhaps I was wrong, yes," she concluded, as Rin expected. "I will not correct you again about matters I'm not knowledgeable about. Is that what you want?"

Rin was about to reply affirmatively when she realized the position she found herself in: she had Artoria completely at her mercy, something not even the strongest Servants they had faced up until then could proud themselves in. A devilish thought materialized into her mind, and her mouth quickly executed it:

"Now... say that you're the King of Dorks." She paused for emphasis. "Say that out loud, Artoria."

It took the blonde a few seconds to realize what was going on, the redness in her cheeks increasing tenfold. She stared at Rin as though she had committed some sort of unforgivable crime.





# WEDGIE WEDNESDAY #30

"Come on... I want to hear you say it, Saber," Rin enticed her to talk, knowing there was nothing she could do to get out of this situation but humiliate herself. Perhaps she was going a bit too far... but she was starting to truly enjoy it.

"I... I am..." Artoria paused, either out of rage or embarrassment. "I am the King of Dorks."

Her words were followed by a prolonged silence, one that Rin did not even dare to break with a chuckle. It was too precious, too magical of a thing to let go of: it was as though that silence, that all but confirmed that Rin had the upper hand in the situation, that Artoria was completely under her control, was carefully crafted for the former's enjoyment. Not wanting to ruin the moment, Rin said nothing more of the matter --instead, she gave one final pull that finally sent Artoria's waistband over her head, allowing the panties to rest on her forehead.

"Gah!" the knight's well-trained poise allowed her to not stumble forward like a lesser woman would, her flailing arms keeping her from even having to reposition herself. "What have you done?"

"I just gave the King of Dorks her worthy crown!" Rin's smile widened in a feline fashion, hands in her hips as she bent forward to take a good look at her stretched cotton masterpiece. "You know, you took that wedgie super well, considering. Not many people I know would be able to resist the urge to cry for their mommy!"

That mock, that last attempt to deprive her of her dignity, triggered something within Artoria's brain. She immediately stepped forward, the cotton invading her bottom more and more with each step, and pushed Rin against the wall of the kitchen, completely catching the young Master by surprise. A whimper not dissimilar to the ones Artoria had been letting out only a few seconds ago.

"W-what are you doing?" Rin managed to blurt out in a panic. Her control quickly dissipated, even though she still believed she had the winning hand in this confrontation. She showed her the magically tattooed back of her trembling hand. "Don't you dare hurt me! I still have my command spells, and I'll--"

"You'll do nothing." Artoria finished the sentence for her. Her tone was commanding, but the anger Rin expected to find there was so under control it was virtually nonexistent. "You won't murder my Master on cold blood over a petty misunderstanding. In fact, I don't think you'd ever be able to cause him real harm, considering how you act around him."

"How I--?" Before Rin could finish her sentence, she was spun around, her body now pressed against the cool surface of the wall. "W-what are you doing?" Even though she knew full well what was going on.

Artoria let the sharp shriek of cotton do the talking for her. Unlike her, however, Rin did let go a loud yelp as the bubblegum pink material left her skirt and turned against her, weaponized by expert hands. She was quick to grab her own crotch, where the pain was more intense, an attempt that proved more symbolic than useful.

"L-let go of me right now!" she cried, the situation now completely derailed. "I'll order my Servant to attack him, I mean it!"

Once more, Artoria decided to let the wedgie speak for itself. Another harsh pull sent a wave of pain through Rin's now arched back. Her bluff called, there was nothing she could do to talk her way out of this situation: it was true, she wouldn't hurt Shirou like that. They had made a deal, one that she intended to keep for as long as possible... and, even if it would bring her the advantage in the War, she would never forgive herself if she were to remove him from the equation like that. Unfortunately for her, Artoria had seen right through her.

"Now, I only entertained your antics because I would hope they would allow you to let off some steam," Artoria explained. "But you're way too interested in making a fool out of me, so why should I not do the same with you?"

The third pull was more brutal than the last two combined, eliciting a high-pitched scream from Rin. It, however, brought into both women's attention something of note about the wedgie currently in process: Rin's panties were not nearly as stretchy --or durable-- as Artoria, meaning they would rip if she tried to pull off an atomic wedgie like the one still stuck over her head. Though she was angry and humiliated, Artoria was still a rational woman, and as satisfying as ripping Rin's panties would be, she decided she would take a different course of action.

A few quick, successive pulls followed. These, however, were not intended to further stretch Rin's panties --their purpose was to move her around the kitchen, drag her toward where she wanted her to be using her newfound ability to wedgie.

"C-come on, you've made your point!" Rin could do nothing but plead at this point, even though she knew

Of course, nothing she could say would change Artoria's mind, not at this point. Though she was now regretting allowing her more childish side to take over. Artoria had clearly endured too much of her antics to feel any sympathy for her, and, though Rin still maintained her position in their prior argument, she thought she was taking things a bit too far.

Though it was clear that her inexperience about wedgies made it a bit more difficult for her to find a proper place from which to hang her, Artoria was good thinking on her feet. She stared at the kitchen door for a few seconds, then decided to drag Rin toward it as though she was pulling on a dog's leash. The easiness with which she was playing with her body was even more embarrassing than the wedgie herself, but what could Rin do? Without the fake leverage she had foolishly lost, she could never hope to match the strength of a Servant, especially not one like this particular Saber's.

"I believe this should be sturdy enough," Artoria muttered to herself as she placed a hand on the door, her right hand still focused on grabbing Rin by her cottony leash. "If not, I will repair the door myself..."

No amount of "don't you dare"s or "I'll get you for this"s broke Artoria's firm grip on Rin's panties, nor did they manage to convince to ease up with her pulls. If anything, every time Rin protested, she made it her mission to stretch the cotton further up her already destroyed bottom, being extra careful not to rip them before they fulfilled their ultimate mission.

In the end, everything went as planned, and Rin soon found herself dangling in the air, shoe-clad foot waving uselessly in the air to try to reach a floor that was too far away from them.

"Ugh!" Rin sank into her panties, a new kind of pain that went beyond just a sharp sting and turned into a more intense ache. Even though Artoria was no longer holding her underwear, gravity proved to be far less gentle of a torturer. "You better let me down, woman! I still have to finish dinner, and if the food gets sburned, Shirou will--"

"Shirou will find an extremely entertaining sight once he comes back from his walk," Artoria replied, a calm smile worming its way to her face. Whatever anger was left in her quickly dissipated, giving way to unadulterated amusement. "I'm able to gain knowledge about any modern device with just a touch, so I'll have no trouble finishing dinner. You... you should perhaps focus on getting down from there, instead."

"W-what?" Rin asked, dumbfounded, as Artoria simply walked away from the door and continued to prepare dinner like nothing had transpired between them, almost as though mocking her. "W-what do you want me to do? To rip my own underwear? Because I don't see myself getting out of here in any other way!"

"Well, it would be either that..." Artoria did not turn around, too focused on not burning the rice, "or getting Shirou to help you once he comes back. The choice is yours, really."

The already deep crimson in Rin's cheeks turned so intense one could almost mistake her face as a part of her outfit. Deciding that time was of the essence, she didn't even bother replying to Artoria; she knew it would only make her cockyness grow.

Instead, she focused on swinging herself around, trying desperately to destroy the cotton of her panties, once loyal to her. Needless to say, it would take a while.

Artoria's smile only grew wider as she continued to cook dinner, only having to hear Rin's struggle to get an idea of what was going through the raven-haired girl's head.



**THANKS  
FOR  
READING!**