

WEDGIE WEDNESDAY!

FEATURING:

YOR FORGER

SPY X WIFE X DORK!

WHAT GOES ON IN THE BUTT OF
THIS FAN-FAVORITE GIRL?
THE ANSWERS INSIDE!

DANGEROUS THOUGHTS ON
**MASOCHISTIC
CHARACTERS**

DO WE LIKE IT WHEN GIRLS ENJOY WEDGIES?

FEATURED ARTIST:

FREIDESUU!

INTERVIEW+EXCLUSIVE PIC!

WW TOURNAMENT!!

**TIFA VS
BLACK CANARY**

VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE GIRL!

SONIA GETS KYOKO INTO SOME WEDGIE
SHENANIGANS IN THIS DANGANRONPA STORY...

**THE GREAT
DORK DETECTIVE**



PATREON



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Ticket

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Wedgie404

Will

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澤村新八

DANGER'S FOREWORD

-AN INTRODUCTION-

Another month, another issue. This month, I'm doing an internship, so I decided to go with Danganronpa for the monthly story, mostly because whatever characters the patrons ended up choosing would be easy and fun to write -- DR is a saga that lets me play around with some very fun characters while not having to put as much work into it, since I know all of them so much I don't have to think that hard into putting them in bullying situations.

This allowed me to go easy on myself with all the extra workload, and to be fair Yor Forger being chosen as the character of the month also helped a ton; she's particularly easy to write in a wedgie/EUF context, since SPYxFAMILY is a setting that allows for a lot of flexibility due to its inherent goofiness. While I may not enjoy SPYxFAMILY that much as a piece of art, I do think the setting is pretty fun, and I enjoy Yor and Loid as characters even if I do wish they were better written.

Overall, the last few featured girl choices have been very distinct from one another, which I think has helped stimulate the part of my brain that comes up with wedgie headcanons -- which, funnily enough, is also to blame for the existence of this zine, as some of you may know. The zine started out as a way for me to dump my assorted wedgie headcanons, after all, so being challenged with all sorts of different settings (some of them I hadn't thought about in a while) also makes it a fun product to make!

The zine really has changed a lot since I first started making it, but the whole idea of turning my general thoughts on a character into a "document" y'all can enjoy.

Let's see, what else? Oh, you should probably be on the lookout for the Girls-Wedgies 7,500 watchers special! I'm advertising it here because I genuinely think it's a great thing that we have something like that in the community, and the work SuperAndye-ah does every time to make the special something engaging and interesting is *monumental*.

So yeah, if you have time to thank him (or to donate to the special so it doesn't have to come entirely out of his pocket) please do so! Sorry I have nothing more zine-related stuff to say, but I just really wanted to shout this event out because it's genuinely a big part of the community that just keeps happening thanks to his efforts.

In any case, have fun with this issue, and please take care!

--DangerWedgier

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YOR
FORGER

YOR FORGER

SPY X WIFE X DORK!

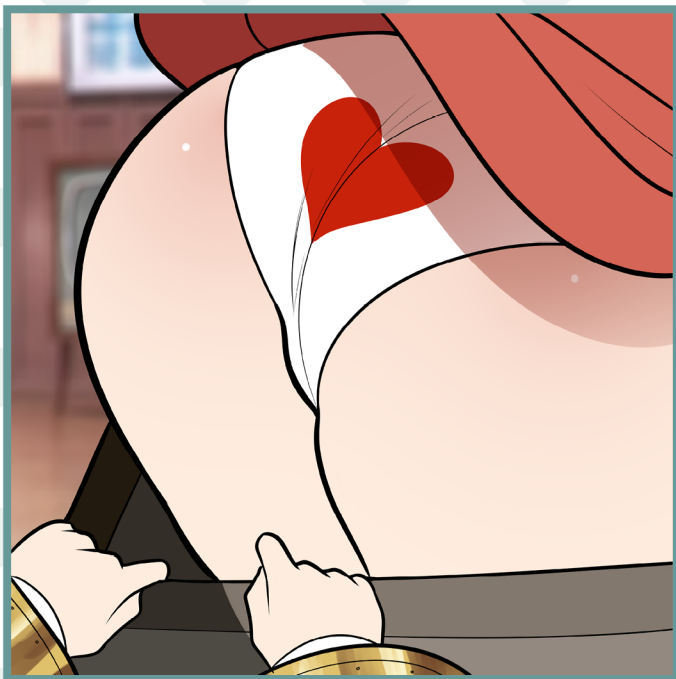


You know her as both the ruthless “Thorn Princess” and the not-so-fake wife of Loid Forger... but where does Yor’s true essence lie? As she gets more and more comfortable with her family life, this deadly assassin may have allowed her dorky side to shine more than she had originally expected...

A Bit Too Far...

In order to better play the role of the loving, somewhat airheaded wife, Yor has become great at theatrics. Despite her very suspicious physical capabilities, that she sometimes puts on display out of sheer reflex, she has developed a way to fake her own incompetence in front of others, in a way that may throw whoever may be watching her off her scent. She, of course, tries to be on her best behavior when she’s in front of Loid—even if she tells herself she’s only doing it for the sake of the role—but even then she can get compromised.

Anya is partially to blame for these compromising situations. The girl, of course, has made it her life mission to keep Loid and Yor together and make them realize their love for each other.



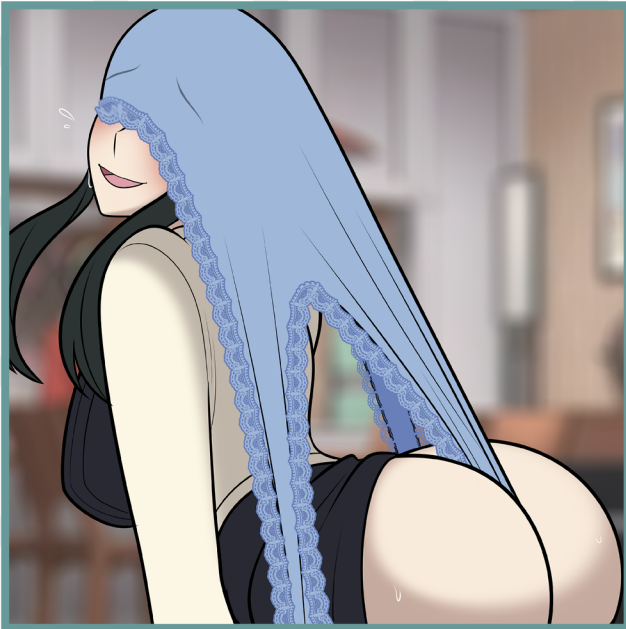
“O-oh my! Anya, what are you doing down there?
P-please let go...”

Sometimes, that compromise with her personal mission means she has to embarrass one of them, often Yor. In the latest incident, she yanked down her tights so Loid could see the big red heart in her butt, hoping that the subliminal message was enough for him to realize that the woman had feelings for him. Of course, Yor could have easily seen Anya coming, but she didn’t suspect her at all until it was too late.

When her underwear is exposed like this, the woman often reacts in a somewhat exaggerated way, but to be fair she has become easier and easier to fluster as time has gone by. One of the things she had to start doing in order to fit her role was to buy non-suspicious underwear. None of the tactical, black getups she had before the long-term mission would work anymore; she had to pretend to be a mom, and moms usually don’t have the best taste in underwear.

As embarrassing as it is, Yor was forced to start wearing less than stylish underwear. Even worse, she started to *like* it. Granny panties are considered the quintessential “mom underwear” and Yor is no different: half of her underwear wardrobe, at the very least, is composed of those silly things. Most of them are plain, but among the clothes she was given when the mission began were some more interesting pairs that she originally refused to wear. Still, as she got more and more comfortable becoming a normal wife for Loid—even if it was supposed to be a fake arrangement—she also became a bit bolder with her choice in underwear, and eventually developed a fondness for pairs like the one you can see on the left.

‘Bolder’ in this context means she started buying underwear with patterns out of her own volition, of course. She sometimes even lets Anya choose, hence why she knew about the heart-printed underwear her mother was wearing. In any case, her interesting choice in underwear has come somewhat in handy, since Loid, unbeknownst to her, actually finds that part of her pretty cute! He would never tell her, of course, since he’s usually a gentleman and pretends not to notice her occasional wardrobe malfunctions.



"W-welcome home, honey! I, um... I was just performing a new kind of exercise I learned about!"

A One-Sided Rivalry

As we all know, Fiona Frost is Yor's mortal enemy in love and war (which, for all intents and purposes, may be the same thing). However, Yor doesn't really understand the extent of what Fiona wishes to accomplish: she thinks she's a woman who genuinely loves Loid and who she's getting in the way of, a belief that does little to improve her already dwindling self-esteem. Fiona, on the other hand, doesn't know about Yor's true identity, and so fails to truly understand why she keeps losing every time she challenges her in the name of Loid's love.

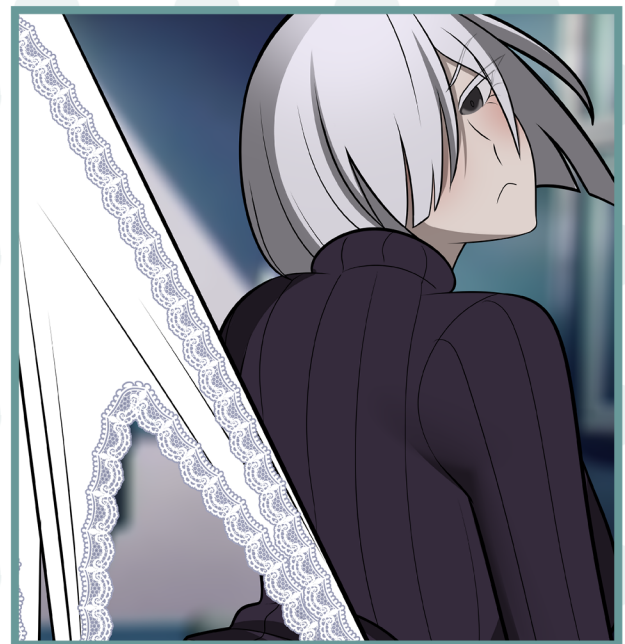
To a degree, their rivalry is misunderstood by both, and so Fiona is way meaner about it than Yor could ever be: she understands the rules of engagement even if she doesn't know who Yor really is, and so her only mission is to humiliate the woman she considers a commoner. Of course, her childish desire for what she perceives as revenge extends to bullying as well, and she has put Yor in more than one embarrassing situation.

Above, you can see the result of that one time her underwear was snapped over her head just before Loid arrived home and Fiona conveniently sneaked out of the window. Because the two women cannot address their distaste for each other, Fiona's approach is to 'challenge' or 'dare' Yor to do things in the name of being a good wife, and since the dorky mother has very little experience in the way of relationships, she feels inclined to accept.

Of course, the above incident did little to erode Loid's genuine affection for Yor; the most it did was almost leave the man without air when he walked into the room. It's not every day that your fake wife receives you with a big grin on her face, trying to pretend as though her underwear was not stretched from her very fine ass to just above her nose.

Oh, but of course Yor has been known to occasionally retaliate, even if she doesn't do it in the way one would expect her to. She doesn't want to confront Fiona directly, so she just tries to apply the same logic she uses; something that has come to bite her rival in love in the ass quite a few times -- and quite literally, too!

Basically, since Fiona has told Yor she has to be able to endure this kind of thing for the sake of her husband, Yor tried giving her a wedgie once just to see if she was better at handling than she was. This move was made out of a sense of insecurity, and not due to a genuine wish to hurt Fiona (though to be fair, seeing her hanging by her underwear had her stifling a chuckle). I mean, if you saw someone as self-serious as Fiona hanging from her underwear, you would probably not be able to help yourself either!



"I can't believe that empty-headed woman actually thought I was for real... what a pain!"

And that is the full extent of Yor Forger's misadventures with wedgies! As you can see, her involvement with these pranks are not as extreme as that of other characters we have featured here before, but I think that's for the better! Not every girl has to be a super-nerd getting wedgies every day, and I think Yor hits a very nice balance between dorky and serious, especially because she has two very distinct sides to her life.

In any case, keep it up with the great featured girl choices! I'm loving writing this section for the zine every time, especially the last few issues.

WAISTBAND WARRIORS: TOURNAMENT 2

-Round 1: Fight 3-

"Looking good!" said the brawler as she cracked her knuckles. A true trial of strength against a woman like Black Canary was exactly what Tifa was looking for, and judging by the tournament's battles so far, she at least was going to be part of a fairly spectacular battle. "I have the feeling you're going to be a worthy opponent."

"The feeling is mutual," Canary replied with a cocky smile. "Now, shall we begin?"

The beginning of the fight fulfilled Tifa's brawling fantasies; with two evenly matched opponents trying to out-kick each other, and with tons of last second dodges and flurries of punches that got the adrenaline pumping through her veins. Despite being a fairly shy person, Tifa found herself at home in the battlefield, and never missed an opportunity to face someone she believed interesting. Hand-to-hand combat, to her, was almost a more intelligible language than English, and allowed her to discern a person's main characteristics without having to exchange a word.

But Canary did not stay quiet for long -- her voice was her most powerful weapon, after all, and she was not above using it against a non-powered individual.

"Oh!" Tifa managed to stay clear of the first canary cry, her reflexes allowing her to dash away just as her opponent opened her mouth. "Okay, I was wondering when you'd start doing that."

Canary gave her a shrug and another playful grin. "You've done your homework. Good job."

And so, the nature of their battle completely changed, with Tifa avoiding close quarters to focus on avoiding sonic screams that could send her flying against a wall on impact. Thankfully for her, her body was resilient enough that she could continue to avoid Canary's cries for the following few minutes.

Still, something worried Tifa; if she kept at it for too long, eventually Canary would tire her enough to be able to get a hold of her waistband with ease. If she wanted to get close, she would have to do so before she weakened enough.

To get close, though... would mean a bit of a sacrifice, and one Tifa was a bit too embarrassed to make.

"Okay, let's... try this!" Without a second thought, she lunged toward Canary -- if victory meant she had to sacrifice a bit of her dignity, then so be it!

She dodged the next two screams, just to lure her opponent into a fake sense of security and familiarity just before she performed her attack. Instead of trying to attack Canary, she went for a grab, and of course the superhero reacted accordingly by shouting at her with all her might. Tifa's grip was strong, though, and despite being hit across the abdomen by the canary cry, she managed to hold on to the woman's arm, destabilizing her as she was flung backward by the powerful scream, and causing her both to collapse to the floor.

Heat rushed to paint Tifa's cheeks red as she realized that, as expected, she had lost her shorts in the attempt, her midsection now only covered by a white pair of red pola-dotted panties.

She had no time to feel embarrassed, though, because they had an advantage to press -- since Canary was now laying down, it would be virtually impossible for her to use her supowerpoers if Tifa acted quickly, and the rebel did exactly that. Within a fraction of a second, she was sitting on the back of her opponent, pinning her to the floor of the arena.

"Oof! Hey, what are you--"

WAISTBAND WARRIORS

The next cry that came out of her mouth was not a superpowered one, but a completely normal scream of pain as her panties were hauled up her ass. Little black skulls spread across a hot pink canvas suddenly sank in between her buttocks, now partly showing thanks to the sagging of her black shorts.

"Ohh, I kinda like these," said Tifa, now conveniently sitting just on her enemy's blindspot. "They're cute."

"T-thank you... would you let go of them?"

"Not a chance."

And so, Tifa once more pressed her advantage, her own exposure becoming secondary to the destruction of her opponent's butt. Or, more specifically, the thing previously hugging said butt comfortably before the terrorist began pulling on it. The second she did, popping and tearing noises began to be heard across the arena, leaving little room for the imagination in regards to who would win the fight. When both opponents are so equally strong, it only takes a few pulls to rid the other of their waistband... and so, that's exactly what Tifa did.

One final sonic cry escaped Canary's lips as her panties were snapped in two, and a wave of embarrassment washed over her, having been completely defeated.

"Okay, okay, that was rough," she said as the pantsless warrior stood up. Tifa, being the good sport that she was, helped them up by the hand, and was kind enough to not look as she fixed her shorts. "That was intense, if a bit too short for my liking."

"I'd say we could meet again and do it a second time, but that would be difficult after this tournament is over," replied Tifa with a small smile. "But... I suppose you can help me train for my next opponent, if you can't get enough of fighting me."

"Doesn't sound like a bad plan to me." Canary shrugged. "Not like I have anything better to do in this place...2

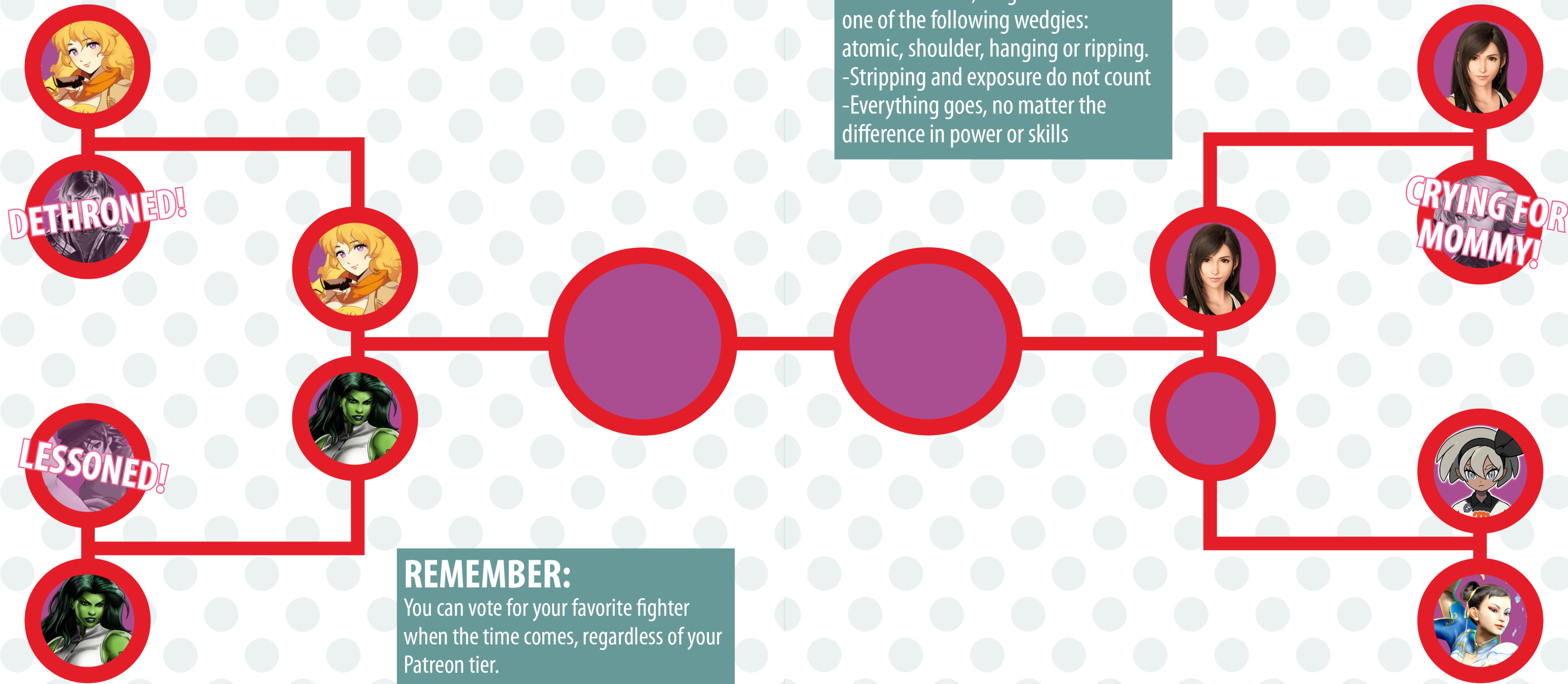
And so, the two women, in varying degrees of embarrassment, returned to the facilities to, at the very least, get some more training before they were forced to part ways.



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



This month, it's about the weirdos. We all love it when a character reacts negatively to a wedgie, right? It's the entire point of the fetish, be the discomfort tied to embarrassment or pain. In this section, we've talked at length about those two main factors that make up our enjoyment of wedgies being performed on people and fictional characters. This time around, however, we have a bit of a reversal: what if the character derives pleasure from the pain and/or humiliation of the wedgie? Let's delve deep into what this kind of character can bring to the table, fetish-wise.

I know a fair bunch of people who aren't into girls enjoying wedgies, be it in a video, a story, or a pic. After all, why would they care about a character who happens to enjoy the thing they're supposed to hate? The answer, for me, comes not from the fact that the character is immune to the wedgie, but that in fact the embarrassing and pain are being reversed in their intentions. As in, they're *not* not there, they're just being sexualized by the character in question, and that can be pretty attractive.

The first way in which these factors can be interpreted is in the way that they affect a character sexually; if we're talking about a story that's supposed to be hot, then a character being stimulated by wedgies makes for a sexy enough scenario. Think of stories like *Underwater Love* (Andyeh), *A Hands-On Demonstration* (hapily11) and quite a few chapters in the *Red* saga (Triad9): they are supposed to be about characters indulging in sexual activities that either include or are entirely based around masochism, and just happen to feature wedgies. They fulfill the role of more traditional smut fics, even if they also indulge in our dear underwear-pulling fetish for extra spice (and, of course, to better fit the tastes of their writers).

That is the most basic approach in which masochism in wedgie content can be effective, but it's far from the only one. A character secretly enjoying being humiliated is, after all, a very embarrassing thing in and of itself, and that secret getting out via butt flossing can be very, very enticing to see or read about. Our fetish is based on humiliation, and even if the character enjoys wedgies to a degree, that secret violently coming out is humiliating enough that it may undercut the enjoyment of whatever wedgie they may be receiving. In other words: it turns the fetish against them, and humiliates them even more than if they were merely getting a normal wedgie.

This last example also makes the erotic element depend on context: a random person yanking a character's underwear is not going to be enjoyable, but the character they are attracted to will elicit the desired response based solely on the fact that they're the one the receiver finds attractive. That, or (like Virgo here) they prefer to do it themselves, and they only get enjoyment out of it if they are in full control.

Those are two ways in which an author or artist can control a character's level of pleasure while also preventing them from becoming aroused in scenes where they are supposed to be embarrassed. It keeps the best of both worlds, in my opinion!



When looking at our reader's responses, of which I have selected only a few (seriously, thanks for all the great answers) we can pinpoint one main element shared among most of the people who enjoy these kind of characters and/or reactions: intimacy. It's a very loaded word in the context of wedgie content, and understanding its meaning, I think, forces us to relate it to other forms of kinky masochism/sadism.

Sadism, when extrapolated to real life (and note that most of our positive answers do so) usually entails the existence of a masochist as well. As in, while we may get off to seeing characters suffer physical punishment and decidedly not enjoying them, in real life we would never want to share intimacy with someone in a way that would be truly hurtful for both sides; in other words, masochism is a requirement for real-life practices of the fetish we all share. If your hypothetical partner didn't think you'd enjoy a certain degree of pain, they wouldn't hurt you, right?

These answers, then, come with a degree of understanding the fundamental real life dynamic between a masochist and a sadist; both parties need to enjoy the act, or else it becomes little more than abuse. Of course, this doesn't apply to fictional stories and pictures, but you can see how it would be easier to accept characters who fall into a dynamic that closely resembles real life when a subject is closely involved with the fetish, be it from the giver or receiver side. We could even call it more realistic.

Of course, the other side of the spectrum is the negation of this sort of identities, in a way that more closely resembles with fictitious or online practices of the fetish. For some people, the point of sadism is that the characters suffering pain don't actually enjoy it, because they aren't real people, and these people are therefore relieved of the obligation to care about their pleasure. It's a perfectly valid standpoint, too, and not mutually exclusive with the one we've discussed before: you can enjoy more traditional, non-subversive sadism in fiction while having a sexual partner that very much likes being hurt or humiliated.

So please, do not take this as an indictment of one or the other! Both sides are absolutely correct, and they can also work with each other to conform a person's complex relationship with a particular fetish -- or with their entire sexuality. There are a myriad of ways to understand the relationship between a character and their fetish, and if seeing a character embrace or reject the pain and embarrassment of a wedgie as a part of themselves brings joy to a particular person, then so be it!

Anyway, I hope you enjoyed this little piece about masochistic characters. I personally love it when I can write about topics as interesting and divisive as this one, also because your replies tend to also be very varied! This month, we had almost double the amount of replies we get for the 'Readers Answer' section, which is both a blessing and a curse, since I would love to feature all of you!

Anyway, as always, thanks for your participation, and see you next month!

Our Readers Answer

"What do you think of characters who enjoy wedgies? Do you like seeing them, or would you rather not?"

TanakaTheRose: "As someone who writes a character that likes wedgies, it's fun playing out a character who's the nerdy, bullyable type, but who grew to like one part of the bullying she received over time. She doesn't like it from everyone, of course, from most people it's still miserable, but from people she trusts she enjoys it"

Yklh: "Not a fan personally, I'm sure it's a thing for some people, and there's no issues with that, it's a matter of personal opinion after all. But if a wedgie doesn't have dorks blushing from their own nerdy undies being exposed it's just not as fun! The humiliation is a big aspect of wedgies, and bullying in general! Of course some dweebs are into the humiliation too, so I guess that about evens out lmao."

That being said I do think possessive bullies and dorks work well with that sort of trope, like if a wedgie giver and receiver are dating, and get particularly upset when someone else bullies their nerd, I think that's pretty fun, especially if the nerd only likes being bullied by their partner. Specifically fun if they're both givers, and enjoy tricking or otherwise luring their partner into wedgies, be it from them or other people."

VenomWright: "It's strange, because as someone who likes getting wedgies... I feel more interested in the characters feeling embarrassed than actually enjoying it lol. Wedgies are more silly than sexy in my opinion, and when it comes to story or art I feel like most characters would feel embarrassed while getting one, although one of my personal favorite tropes is seeing someone go from disliking the wedgie to secretly enjoying them, it feels somewhat personal and pervy!"

TotalChaos: "Considering my ideal partner is someone who enjoys wedgies, I love seeing fiction where the receiver actively enjoys them. In a way, it feels more intimate. Also sadism. Sadism while watching it all makes it great."

Peach: "I always enjoy knowing that regardless of how humiliating or painful an experience is the receiving end is to some degree, enjoying it. Partially because that's my own feeling and because it in a sense makes it feel more intimate. It also kind of grounds the scene which also feels more intimate to me. While I don't let realism bog down stories and drawings about fictional usually super-powered characters pulling underwear, wedgies happening because a character wants one and is potentially seeking one out, is usually more believable!"

FEATURED CREATOR:

FREIDESUU



You know her for spamming your 'watching' page with plenty of high-quality wedgie art, and for having a very unique artstyle. This is Freidesuu, who we snatched by her undies a couple months ago to get an interview out of her!

FDS: Hello hello!!! Hi everyone! I'm Freidesuu! I'm a digital artist who is *really* addicted to drawing -- and im being serious! I've been since I was a little baby, and started creating digital safe for work drawings in 2016, but I only began studying art fundamentals and being a self-taught just in 2023 (and that was the year i discovered wedgies!). By the way, I don't make just wedgie art, but also other fetish-related art for my followers!

DW: That's very interesting... and just how did you discover wedgies? Most members of the community got into them

FDS: Aaah, it's a really funny story. It all started with just a silly drawing that I made for a friend of mine (her OC getting wedgied by mine, Freicubus), and I posted it on DA, because why not?! And then, I received a lot of favs for it. At first, I was really confused, but then I discovered this was some fetish stuff, and I got into it. I like it! My followers really love this kind of content, so this turned out to be my *main* fetish for my drawings! I can do other stuff sometimes, though.

DW: I see! So you're not into wedgies, strictly speaking? Do you just draw them for content, or do you enjoy the fetish yourself?

FDS: Wellll... to be completely honest, I'm kinda into wedgie stuff! I just like the feeling of "satisfying" someone's likings, and I do it through the drawings, i know it's a bit weird, but it works! So yes! If you are into wedgies, I'm into them too.

Since i started to make NSFW art i noticed that I really was into turning people on through the drawings. I feel a bit embarrassed about it, but i don't really care on stating it publicly. If someone's into wedgies, I'll make a wedgie drawing for them no problem! It's something like "oh yes i turned this person on, so I fulfilled my purpose on making this drawing for them!". That basically sums me up.

DW: One could say that your main goal it's to arouse others through your art, then. But do you have preferences in terms of wedgie content?

FDS: Yes! That's it!

About the content... I'm really open-minded about this, and I can draw almost any character you could imagine, except for mechas or mythologic creatures (I don't think anyone would like to comission an wedgie art of those, though). But yeah, I really like simple ideas like cartoonish characters giving each other a basic wedgie or something with more of an anime style; these two things are the *absolute* perfection for me to draw! And I hope i get better and better in the future!

DW: I think the whole cartoonish aspect is why people--me included--like your work so much. You prefer to work with cartoonish proportions, which work really well for wedgies because they're inherently silly. What are the main inspirations behind your style?

FDS: Oh yes! The main inspirations for my works are Cartoon Network characters and their artstyles (I really like animation!), silly and funny anime series like Azumanga Daioh or Lucky Star, and works from other artists that I really admire. Merunyaa's 2017-2018 drawings were the main boost for me to keep up my good work; she inspires me so much, even now! Someday I need to thank her for all this inspiration and good vibes I've felt viewing her old drawings!

DW: You could draw one of her OCs in a wedgie as a sign of your admiration! In any case, what would you say has been the best thing about making it big in the wedgie community?

FDS: The feeling of not being alone anymore and having people like all the stuff you put out is the best thing you could have in your life. I want to thank you all guys and gals for liking my work, helping me with ideas, commissioning and being friends with me to chat about something cool (and wedgies too... cough cough). Being popular in a community like this is an *extreme* pleasure to have, and i really love all interacting with every single one of yall! It's so fun!

DW: Next up, I want to talk about your OC Freicubus, who you chose to illustrate this page. Is her purpose to be a fetish character, or did you create her for personal use?

FDS: Both! I really like it when she is included in other arts that aren't mine, and also when it is included in different fetishes! I think it's cute though, and she basically represents my intrusive thoughts sometimes, hehe.

DW: So you'd say she's sort of a self-insert.

FDS: Basically yes! It's also a way to avoid ending up drawing my real life self, because I think it's a bit forced, and I personally don't like it. But yes, I definitely think she represents both my kindness and my desire to make the others horny, ahaha.

DW: Could you tell us why you chose this particular wedgie for your self-insert OC?

FDS: Oh, well, I just thought it would be a great idea to show as much of the panty material as possible in the drawing, to imply the hands are pulling *really hard*! It kind of turns me on, you know? It's a way of saying "Wow, this girl is being wedgied so hard and she's loving it! I want to do it to her too!" This also explains why the multiple hands are on this piece. Stretching together is something related to public humiliation too, hahah, this is all so perfect!

DW: So you like showing wedgies that are showing a lot of underwear? Your style is very cartoony, so this sort of exaggerated pose/wedgie works very well. Do you think you can use the cartoon style to your advantage to show wedgies that other more realistic artists can't?

FDS: Of course I can! Whenever possible I've been trying to make my wedgies look 'prettier' and have them make more sense, and of course, people's opinions also count a lot and help me *so much*!!! Who knows, maybe one day I'll draw a perfect wedgie that nobody else could ever draw! That would be amazing!

DW: You also work at an astonishing pace... how do you manage to create so many quality artworks in such a short time?

FDS: Ummm... I don't think so, but thank you! I always try to focus on my own stuff and I take art quite seriously hehe... and I really like seeing my followers' reactions when I post something, so I'm in a kind of infinite loop, wanting to make more art and see more reactions.

And despite all this, I *really love* drawing, and I always try to improve or always practice, that is, I will probably never stop doing it!

DW: Is there anything you want to tell our readers before we're done?

FDS: I have nothing to say other than that my followers were and to this day are *very* important to me; I always try to pay attention to each one of them even though I don't have time, and I really want to thank everyone for being so kind to me and for being able to sustain this wedgie community. Even though it's silly, I'm enjoying working with the most of it! Thank you so much, people! little kisses from Frei!

Oh, and she's a bit too modest, but I'll let you know her commissions are open!

~Danger



THE GREAT DORK DETECTIVE

-A Danganronpa story-

"You better start telling us everything you know, bucko," came the voice from behind the all too intense light, followed by a slam against the wooden desk that made the detective's half-empty ramen cup shake in place. "Or you're going away for a long, long time.."

The excessively gruff voice--an attempt, no doubt, to imitate some cartoonish caricature of a Japanese cop--belonged to none other than Sonia Nevermind, an unlikely candidate for the job in front of her. Mukuro, unfazed by the girl's desperate attempt to sound intimidating, looked past her to raise an eyebrow at her 'partner'.

"So," she said, blandly, "is this a new pathetic interrogation tactic, or...?"

Kyoko sighed, bringing a gloved hand to her face so she could pinch the bridge of her nose in exasperation. "I thought we agreed you wouldn't attempt the 'good cop, bad cop' routine, Sonia."

"Oh, but you do not need to play along!" replied the princess, her grimace dissipating into a dorky smile. "We did say that we wouldn't perform the dynamic, but you said nothing of our individual roles! This is a perfect opportunity to train a tougher approach to ruling for me. Besides, I think it's working!"

Kyoko looked at the utterly unamused Mukuro, then back at Sonia.

"Look," she said, lowering her voice to prevent the mercenary from hearing them. "The only reason I even agreed to let you come along is that Chiaki, the victim, is your best friend. But, to be fully honest with you, I don't need your help actually interrogating Mukuro."

"Oh no, please continue," the raven-haired girl said, leaning back on her chair. "I didn't even hang that loser up on the flagpole, but you two are kinda making me wish I did."

"Is that so?" Sonia leaned against the desk again, her eyes narrowing. "The suspect is showing a desire for violence!"

"Sonia..." Kyoko pinched the bridge of her nose again, her composure breaking ever so slightly. "Don't make a scene. If you're going to 'help' with this, I'd rather you didn't antagonize Mukuro more than necessary."

"B-but what are we going to do with all the evidence we have?" Sonia asked, quickly returning to her normal self.

"Evidence?" Mukuro's right eyebrow traveled up her forehead yet again.

Kyoko, this time, had to stop herself from letting out an annoyed sigh. Instead, she stared daggers at the princess. "Sonia is mistaking this for something else, surely."

"Oh! Well..." The princess's voice dropped to a whisper. "You did say you had something to make Mukuro talk, so I assumed you meant hard evidence."

"I also want to know what this is about..." the soldier said, her somewhat amused expression dissolving into a suspicious frown. Each of her well-trained muscles seemed to tense up as she stood up in a motion so abrupt the chair was violently ejected away from her butt. "Because if you think you have dirt on me, Kirigiri, maybe you should be having a conversation with the toilet bowl instead of with me."

The quiet awkwardness of someone who just realized they were probably fucked took over the room, with even Sonia unable to come up with something that would save their skin. Kyoko cleared her throat.

"I have no idea what she's talking about."

"Oh, really?" Mukuro began to circle them like a hungry hyena, the interrogatee suddenly turned into an interrogator.

"Then I suppose even if I were to grab this idiot and floss her ass, you would have nothing to tell me, right? I could just go to town on here and that would not convince you at all to give up whatever it is you *would* be hiding in the unlikely case that you just lied to me."

"That's not--" Sonia's composure, despite her best efforts, had already begun to dwindle. It spoke volumes of her upbringing that she had not tried to get away the second Mukuro turned to look at her, but her knees were already shaking by the time the soldier stood in front of her. "I don't think that is necessary..."

"Yes, Sonia was just misunderstood."

Kyoko was many things, but she wasn't the best liar, and while Mukuro did not share the prodigious analytical abilities of her sister, she was keen enough to understand when something was being kept from her.

"You know," she said, completely humorlessly now, as she gripped the princess by the back of her dress, "I don't like being treated like I'm an idiot, Kirigiri. My sister does that enough."

Sonia could only shake in place, her eyes closing shut as she felt a trained hand snake its way down the back of her dress in an inexorable path toward its frilly hem. Her face was already going red as every part of her understood there was no getting out of this unless Kyoko spoke up.

"There's no need to--"

"Would you look at that?" Mukuro asked, again showing very little actual amusement. "Her buttcheeks are already clenched. The nerd knows what's coming to her."

She was usually not one for teasing, but the theatrics the princess had indulged into had opened the floodgates for her to be insufferably smug about the whole ordeal. Despite the pragmatism in her approach, she was making the princess feel every second of the psychological torture right before she finally curled her fingers around the pink, lacy waistband of her panties.

"Eeeek!" Sonia cried, whatever complaints she might've had quickly dying before they could be properly voice. She was instantly hoisted in the air, not even her formidable ass being enough to anchor her to the ground thanks to Mukuro's borderline inhuman strength.

And of course, now Kyoko was stuck between a rock and a hard place. She had hoped even someone as airheaded as Sonia would keep quiet about the dirt she had on Mukuro, which she was most decidedly planning to use against her to get her to confess -- or, more likely, to tell on her sadistic sister. The flagpole wedgie was almost certainly Junko's handiwork, but the woman, aided by her superior analytical abilities, had left no traces of her in the scene in order to escape whatever punishment the teachers would deem appropriate. If there was one way to get to her, it was through Mukuro, and right now gaining leverage was nothing short of impossible.

"Put Sonia down and we'll talk," she tried, knowing beforehand it would fail. When dealing with someone as unreasonable as the despair sisters, always start with an absolute binary option before you bargain something more realistic given the scenario.

"Nope." The legbands now tightening around Sonia's hips, drawing extended moans of pain from her, seemed to be far from giving in. This was on purpose, of course -- Mukuro wasn't going to let go of her prey so easily, and would rather play with her in front of Kyoko to get the leverage she wanted. "You know what you have to do if you want to get her down. Tell me what kinda dirt you have on me, and I'll stop."



WEDGIE WEDNESDAY #43

"I don't have anything on you, Mukuro." Kyoko imagined lying again wasn't her worst option. "Sonia was just..." a momentary hesitation before the words, ringing somewhat true in that situation, stumbled out of her mouth with very little regret. "She was just being stupid."

Fortunately for her, it seemed that the words had far from offended Sonia.

"Y-yes, I was just being a big dumb idiot!" corroborated the bouncing princess as her butt continued to be split by her own black undepants, the seat turning thinner by the second. "I did not mean anything by it--"

"Wrong answer."

The familiar sound of cotton being stretched to its physical limits, along with a high-pitched screech courtesy of its wearer, completely denied Kyoko the chance to ever think about lying again. The way Mukuro had turned the tables on them with so little effort stood as a testament to the fact that she was likely only indulging their little interrogatory for the sake of seeing where it went. Had Sonia kept her mouth shut, no underwear would be suffering such undignified fate.

Still, guilt continued to creep up Kyoko's spine as she watched the princess's butt get obliterated, with the thin layer of cotton that had once protected it from view turned into a sharp weapon of torture.

"Okay, I'll tell you," Kyoko decided. Mukuro's pulls stopped for a second, allowing her victim some degree of respite, and Kyoko let out a long sigh. "It's... pictures of you. Being bullied by your own sister."

The soldier's eyes narrowed, and the beginnings of a blush began to spread across her cheeks. "Elaborate."

"I... I wanted to get something on you," Kyoko admitted. "Being one of the few students who can overpower me with ease, I needed leverage in case I needed to deal with you in a case like this one. So I told Mahiru to follow you around for a week and investigate you in your alone time with Junko."

A loud ripping noise was Mukuro's only real response, declaring the end of Sonia's tortuous wedgie. The princess fell to the ground, her fancy underwear destroyed and its remains falling on her propped-up butt as she held her crotch with what little elegance she had left. Mukuro stepped closer to Kyoko, who despite everything managed to stay perfectly still, and spoke only two words.

"Turn around."

"Mukuro, I--"

"Turn around," the soldier repeated, slower and louder. "You don't want to know what happens if you don't cooperate."

With only a passing glance to Sonia, Kyoko did as she was told. She had her dignity, yes, but she wasn't about to argue with someone who could physically hurt her more than any other student in the academy. "You know, if you go overboard with me, I'll just release the pictures--"

"I couldn't care less about the pictures, Kirigiri." Unlike with Sonia, the first yank on the detective's underwear came without foreplay. "I'm about to create enough leverage to not have to give a crap about them."

Pink and white stripes suddenly climbing up her plump bottom, Kyoko's attempt at a retort turned into the trademark low groan that only ever slipped out of her when she was being relentlessly bullied by one of her classmates. She was promptly pushed against the wall of the almost empty classroom, her breasts and right cheek smushed against the cold stone as her panties continued their steady climb toward their ultimate destination -- which, at this point, Kyoko assumed to be her head. She had, embarrassingly enough, gotten enough wedgies in her lifetime to be able to recognize the way her hands twisted the cotton, the particular eagerness behind every upward pull. Not even the soaring pain currently assaulting her privates could cloud her mind enough to allow her to recognize at least that.

"You think you're so clever, with your stupid little investigations and your webs of information," Mukuro whispered into her ear, sadism seeping from her every syllable. "But, in the end, you're just a smartass with too much free time, Kirigiri. And, in this school, smartasses get their asses destroyed. I'll get to the idiot photographer, too, don't you worry, and I'll personally tell you you're to thank for their new underwear hat."

Terrifyingly enough, Mukuro seemed to turn into a completely different person when Junko was not there to boss her around. When not receiving orders, her personality got to truly shine, and with it came the very real enjoyment she derived from the humiliation of those she considered lesser. And, despite Kyoko's strong willpower, it was working; the detective could feel all sense of dignity slip away as she was treated no better than the teacher's pet after they forgot to bring their bully the answers for an upcoming test.

"At least I don't follow Junko like a laptop, doing everything she asks of--"

Great idea, Kyoko, antagonize the person currently holding the waistband of your underwear hostage.

Despite her usually collected behavior, she sometimes had small outbursts of ego, in her unprofessional opinion a natural reaction to her father's own lack of a spine.

As retribution for her words, the climb to the top of her head became far, far slower, and without Mukuro having to say anything, Kyoko knew she could've finished her off whenever she wanted. Instead, however, she kept pulling slowly, placing her genuine hatred for the detective in each long, excruciating pull as she pressed the cotton against the back of Kyoko's head, just to let her know how close she was to reaching the zenith of her wedge.

"Just so you know, the only reason I don't make this even worse for you is because I need to meet sis in half an hour." Mukuro's fingers were now grazing the hairs on the back of her head, sending a shiver down Kyoko's spine with every single motion of her gloved hands. "So you should thank that empty-brained fashionista you hate so much."

And then, just like that, the climb was over, and Kyoko's waistband came to rest just above the bridge of her nose, allowing Mukuro to retreat and witness her work.

"Hold on, there's something else I want to do..."

From up close, Kyoko could just about make out what the mercenary was doing. She saw her walk up to the desk, grab something from it, and...

"Wait, don't--"

"There," Mukuro stated as she allowed the contents of the ramen cup to pour over her panty-clad head, drawing another groan of discomfort from the humiliated detective. "A fitting crown for the nerd queen. Now say still if you don't want to earn yourself a spanking, too!"

While Kyoko could barely see what was going on from behind her pink-white mask, by the time she heard the camera click she already knew what was going to happen to her. After all, Mukuro had mentioned getting some leverage on her. What she was not expecting, though, was to have her skirt unzipped and dropped to the height of her boots before the pictures were taken.

"Good. Now, if you're done with the interrogation, I'll take my leave."

Kyoko really wanted to spit something back to her, but her mouth had already gotten her into plenty of trouble for a day. She was content with letting out a low-pitched moan, the thought of moving even to just pull her skirt back up sounding like a bad idea while Mukuro was still in the room.

"Okay, we have an understanding, then," concluded the mercenary. "I hope we don't have to have a meeting like this again."

And then, without much fanfare, she left, leaving the would-be detectives to clutch their sore asses and groan in pain.


"Sonia," said Kyoko between clenched teeth. "

"Yes?"

"Next time you even bring up the idea of 'teaming up' with me, I will hang you inside a locker myself."

"...understood."





**THANKS
FOR
READING!**