

February 2022

WEDGIE WEDNESDAY!



Cover girl: Aphrodite (art by CriminalKiwi)

VALENTINE'S MONTH!

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Wedgies and Chill

A League of Legends story

Sneaking into Caitlyn's house to see her without her parents noticing had become common practice for Vi, who had used the parkour skills she had developed during her childhood to go visit the girl in secret.

They had spent the evening cuddling in her and talking about life, and somehow the conversation had shifted towards Caitlyn's childhood. She had mentioned being kind of a loner in high school because of her parents' very strict rules about making friends that did not match her social status.

"And some of the other kids would make fun of me for not hanging out with them," she explained. "They thought I was an eleitst."

"Should've given them a wedgie," Vi said.

"That's what I would do if other kids annoyed me or made fun of Powder."

"A... wedgie?" the purple-haired woman repeated, not sure if she had heard the word correctly. "Pardon me, but what is that, exactly?"

Vi stared at her in silence for a few seconds, not knowing how to react to the fact that her girlfriend did not understand what a wedgie was. It made sense, though, considering her upbringing. A sly smile appeared on her face when she realized she could use that opportunity to tease her.

"It's something you do to someone when you want to put them in place," she explained, leaving the meaning of the word purposefully ambiguous. "Want me to show you?"

Caitlyn visibly hesitated. After a few seconds, though, she shyly nodded and got up from the bed, motioning Vi to follow her. The pink-haired girl did, already laying eyes on her girlfriend's behind.

"Do not make it hurt," said the officer as she stood straight.

"But that would take away the fun," Vi said. Before Caitlyn could complain, she turned her around and dug a hand inside the back of her shorts, grabbing the soft fabric underneath before giving them a powerful yank. "Wedgie!"

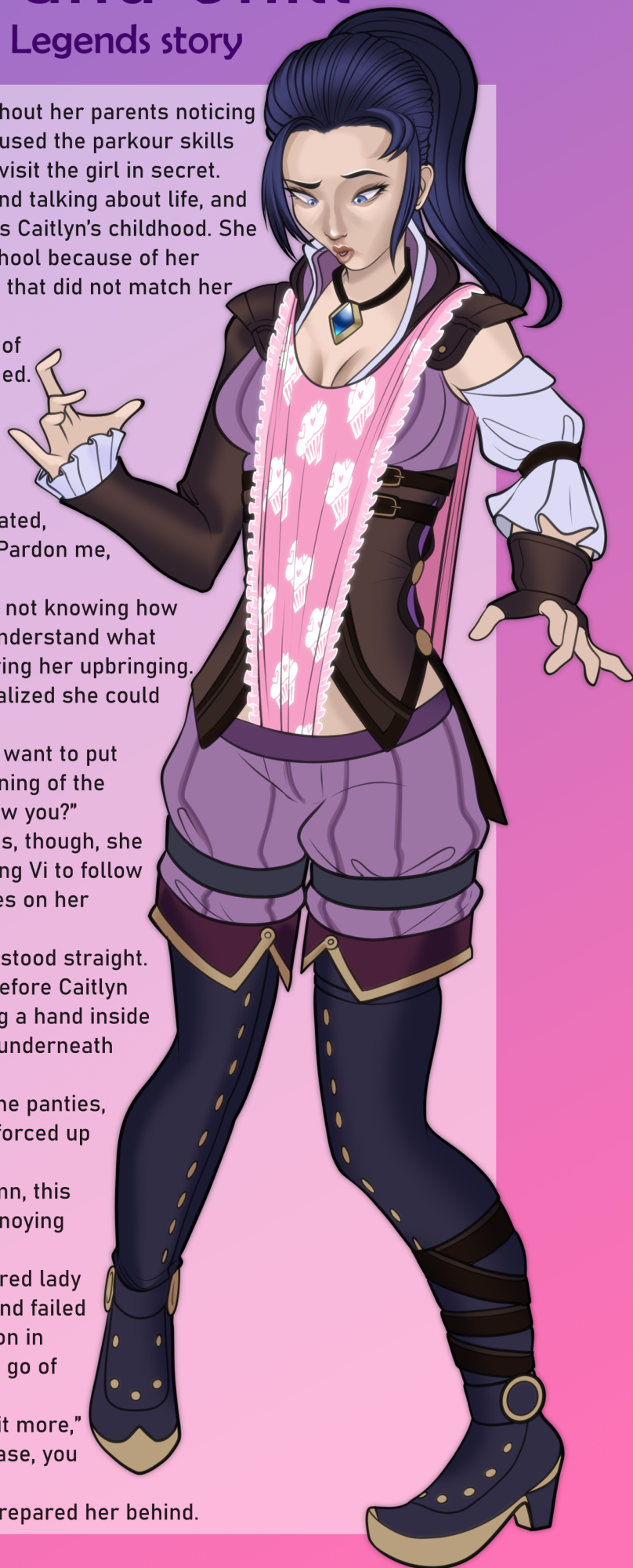
"Eep!" cried Caitlyn, her body tensing up as the panties, pink with white cupcakes all over them, were forced up her behind. "V-vi, what is this?"

"It's a wedgie, silly!" explained her bully. "Damn, this takes me back. I used to do this to so many annoying kids back in the day."

"I'm glad this is amusing you," the purple-haired lady replied, squirming in place as she attempted and failed to get used to the uncomfortable feeling of cotton in between her plump buttocks. "But, please, let go of my knickers already!"

"Nah, I think I'm going to make fun of you a bit more," nonchalantly replied Vi. "You're very easy to tease, you know that?"

Caitlyn groaned, clenching her fists as she prepared her behind.



After just a few pulls, Vi managed to give her girlfriend a new pair of underwear suspenders, the legholes now firmly attached over her shoulders. Caitlyn stared at her wedgied body in shame, feeling exposed in a way she did not believe possible.

"Alright, are you happy now?" she asked with indignation as she stood straight, arms crossed. All attempts she made to appear angry or annoyed fell short because of the way her underwear was stretched over her shoulders, however.

"I'd say I'm happy with the results, yeah," Vi said with a cheeky smile, stepping back to admire her work. "Plus, now you know what you should do to people who are mean to you, right?"

"Oh, I believe I certainly do," Caitlyn replied sardonically. She stepped forward and looked Vi in the eye for a few seconds, before suddenly grabbing her shoulders and spinning her around so she could get a good grasp on her underwear. "Let's see what I've learned from this lesson, yes?"

"Ah, shit," Vi uttered as the inevitable happened: Caitlyn's expert hands dug into the back of her trousers and produced a pink and black piece of elastic cotton that the woman then proceeded to stretch towards her girlfriend's head. "Eh, doesn't hurt that much."

The purple-haired girl groaned before trying again, yanking on Vi's underpants once again so she could take a good look at them. Vi grunted as her butt was invaded by cotton. Caitlyn may have not looked like it at first, but she was strong.

"Alright, you've had your fun," she complains, not wanting to admit that the wedgie was hurting her in any capacity. "Now let me go so I can remove your panties from your shoulders, okay?"

"Oh, do you really think I would let you go that easily?" asked Caitlyn with a cheeky smile. She was clearly enjoying herself way too much now that she had power over Vi, who was usually the one in control in the relationship. "Certainly not. I wish to see just how creative one can get with these 'wedgies', and you will be the perfect test subject."

Vi decided it would not be so bad to allow her to have her fun, but she soon learned that she had underestimated Caitlyn's bullying abilities. The following minutes were full of yanking, pulling, and stretching, with the stripes in her underwear growing in size every time Caitlyn forced them further up her rear behind.

She was surprised, and perhaps kind of proud, when Caitlyn managed to pull the pair over her head, snapping them against her forehead and finishing her with a painful atomic wedgie.

"I... didn't think you had it in you..." she said, with a pained expression, as she was finally allowed to walk away from her girlfriend, holding her crotch in pain. "Congratulations, I guess..."

Caitlyn let out a light chuckle as she saw her girlfriend waddle through the room in an attempt to remove her atomic wedgie. After a few more seconds of struggle, she walked up to her and held her in a gentle embrace, grabbing on to the legholes of her panties.

"If you let me handle this," she said, "I'll help you out of your wedgie."

Vi groaned. She hated not being in control.



Wedgie Warriors!

"How d-dare you...?" asked a defeated Sabrina, a pair of Abra-themed panties snapped over her forehead, to the woman towering over her. "You brute..."

"Brute?" asked Mt. Lady, pointing at the ripped bottoms of her costume, revealing the pair of tighty whities underneath. "You ripped my costume with your psychic doohickeys! Does that not count as being a brute in your book?"

"Whatever the case, I accept defeat," said the humiliated gym leader.

Her psychic powers, now completely depleted, had been useful while her opponent and her were of the same size, but once the woman used her powers to grow ten times bigger, she had found herself unable to hold any kind of control over her, trying to focus instead on revealing and stretching her underwear as quickly as possible.

That plan had gone south pretty quickly, however.

"Oh, you think you can just walk away after having ripped my suit, lady?" asked Mt. Lady, still not satisfied with her opponent's humiliation. "No, you're not!"

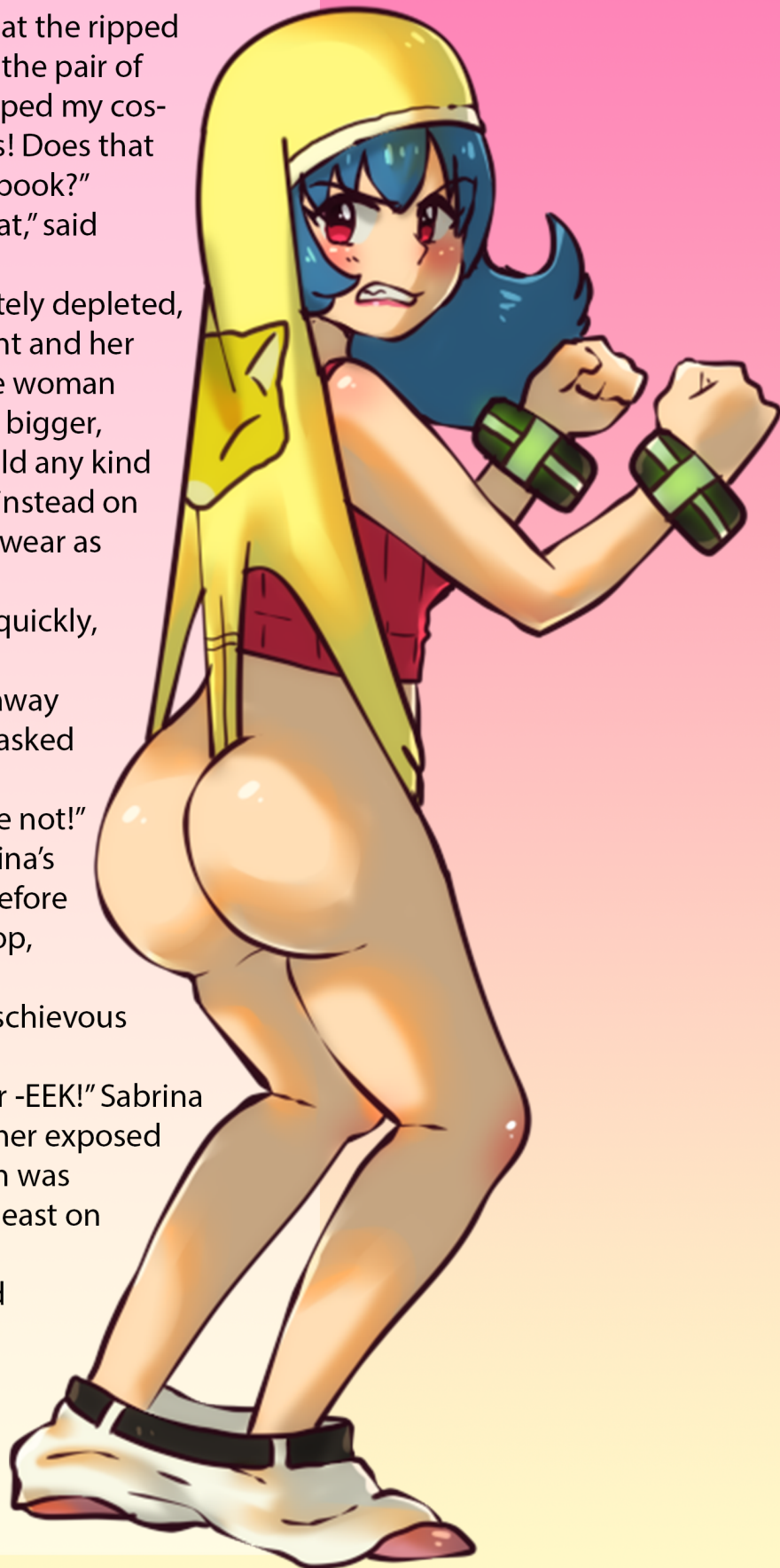
She then proceeded to grab Sabrina's pants with her index and thumb, before pulling them down in one fell swoop, revealing her plump behind.

"Much better!" she said with a mischievous smile. "Now do a little dance!"

"O-of all my opponents, I've never -EEK!" Sabrina yelped as the giant lady lightly hit her exposed behind with her index finger, which was enough to count as a spanking, at least on Sabrina's scale.

Blushing like mad, the blue-haired woman began to wiggle her butt around, raising and lowering her arms to the tune of a song in her head.

"Good girl!" said Mt. Lady as she enjoyed the show.



Next round...



WEISS
from
RWBY

Main weapon: sword + semblance
Outfit susceptible to:
[X] Wedgies
[-] Pantsings
[X] Upskirts
Weakness: too uptight
Underwear: white,
lacy panties with
a blue bow

Wins: 0
Losses: 0

VS

Wins: 1
Losses: 0



MT. LADY
from
MY HERO
ACADEMIA

Underwear: orange
boyshorts with stripes
Weakness: clumsy
Outfit susceptible to:
[-] Wedgies
[-] Pantsings
[-] Upskirts
Main weapon: size-augmenting
quirk, massive strength

Don't Lose Your Clothes

A Kill la Kill story

There was no way it was actually happening, thought Ryuko Matoi as she made her way through the streets of the city, people turning their heads to look at her and chuckle, some more subtly than others. Her blush intensified as she remembered how she got herself in such a situation, and glared at the girl walking alongside her.

"I hate you," she mumbled towards one Mako Mankanshoku, who was supposed to be taking her out on a date.

There was something quite different about what she had expected from a date, however: Ryuko's underpants were stretched all the way from the back of her skirt to the top of her head, resting atop her forehead, the waistband allowing her just enough room to be able to see.

"You were the one who lost the bet, Ryuko!" cheerfully replied the shorter girl. She was right, Ryuko thought, but that did not make her atomic any less embarrassing.

It was strange, she thought, that she still had the ability to feel shame, after she had suffered so many humiliations during her fights against Satsuki Kiryuin.

"Do I have to keep this on during the whole date?" she asked between clenched teeth.

"Yep!" Mako replied nonchalantly. Ryuko always knew she was a closeted pervert, but forcing her to walk around with her shimpan panties over her head was on a whole new level, even for her.

"You're enjoying this way too much..." groaned the blue-haired girl as Mako played with the bridge of her panties, wincing in pain every time the tense string of fabric was bounced sideways, like one of the strings in a guitar.

"You're always the one bullying me!" retorted Mako with an admittedly cute pout. "It's time for me to have my fun, don't you think?"

"Did you miss the part where I was stripped to my underwear again and again by Satsuki's minions, and even by my own living uniform?" Ryuko asked back in annoyance. "I mean, we're only still alive because I had to get rid of my dignity about a million times!"

"I mean, it's only your underwear," Mako replied, seemingly not getting the point that standing there in just your underwear was embarrassing enough on its own. "Plus, it's really cute! At least you aren't wearing something ugly that you don't want people to see!"

Ryuko had never considered her very plain and basic choice in underpants (white with stripes of a different color depending on the day of the week) cute, but Mako was somewhat right.



After a few more minutes of walking (and stopping to grab some ice cream), Ryuko began to feel not just the embarrassment, but also the pain of her panties rubbing against an already sore behind. She asked again if she could remove her atomic wedgie, and Mako simply shook her head, smiling all the way through.

"Damn, girl," Ryuko complained, "you are really ruthless, you know that?"

"I'm just holding up to your word," Mako said. There was no malice in her voice, though, and she simply appeared to be enjoying the walk while getting to make fun of her friend in a fairly innocent way.

Ryuko made a sardonic smile, her left eye twitching. Before she could say anything else, however, she felt Mako's hand colliding with one of her almost exposed buttocks, and let out a girlish yelp as she jumped forward, completely taken by surprise.

"Alright, that does it!" she said, putting down her backpack and slowly opening it. "I may have lost a bet, but you're just taking advantage of me at this point!"

"Come on, Ryuko!" Mako said, still trying to use her cuteness to dissuade her friend. "I'm just fooling around!"

"Oh, I'll show you what it's like to fool around!" Ryuko exclaimed, producing the red side of her father's scissor blade from her backpack. "Let me remind you, I still carry this thing around in case of emergency!"

Mako gulped. She knew words were not going to help her now, so she tried to run away before Ryuko could do something drastic. After months of constant fighting, however, Ryuko had developed some quite amazing reflexes, and she managed to snag her by the back of her shirt before she could make a run for it.

Seconds later, Mako's clothes were laying around her, torn to shreds. With only a swing of her scissor blade, Ryuko had managed to cut off all of her clothes, revealing a matching set of light pink panties with black lace and bows.

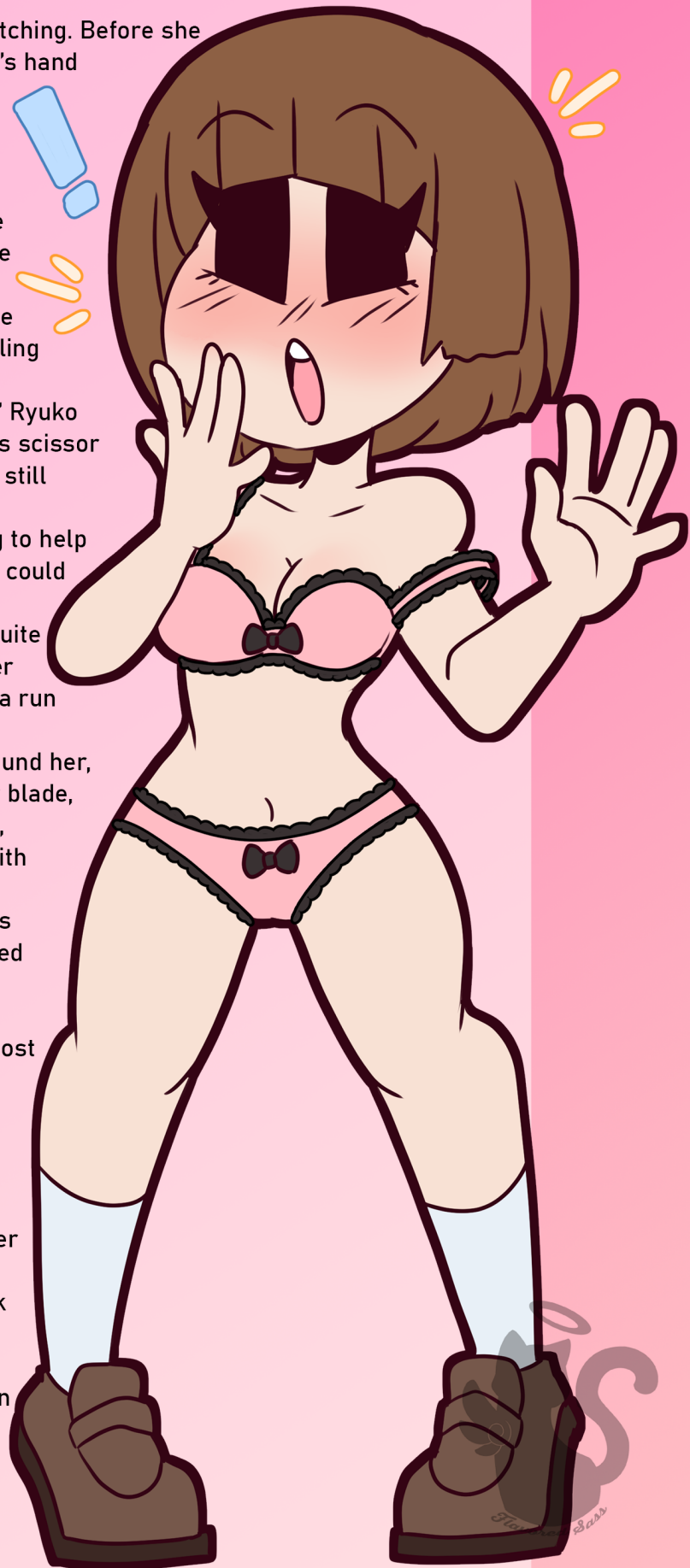
"R-ryuko!" cried a surprised Mako as all heads turned to look at her. "Geez, you really didn't need to do that!"

"I'm just proving a point," Ryuko said with a satisfied smile. Having embarrassed Mako almost made her forget that her own panties were still lodged over her forehead, applying pressure in the space in between her buttocks. "Didn't you say standing around in your underwear wasn't such a big deal?"

Mako groaned. She clearly wanted to cover her exposed underwear with her arms, but out of sheer pride, she was refusing to do so. Her pink cheeks, however, betrayed her true feelings about being exposed.

"Very well!" she said, crossing her arms. "Then let's make another bet. Let's see who can last longer, me in my underwear or you in your wedgie!"

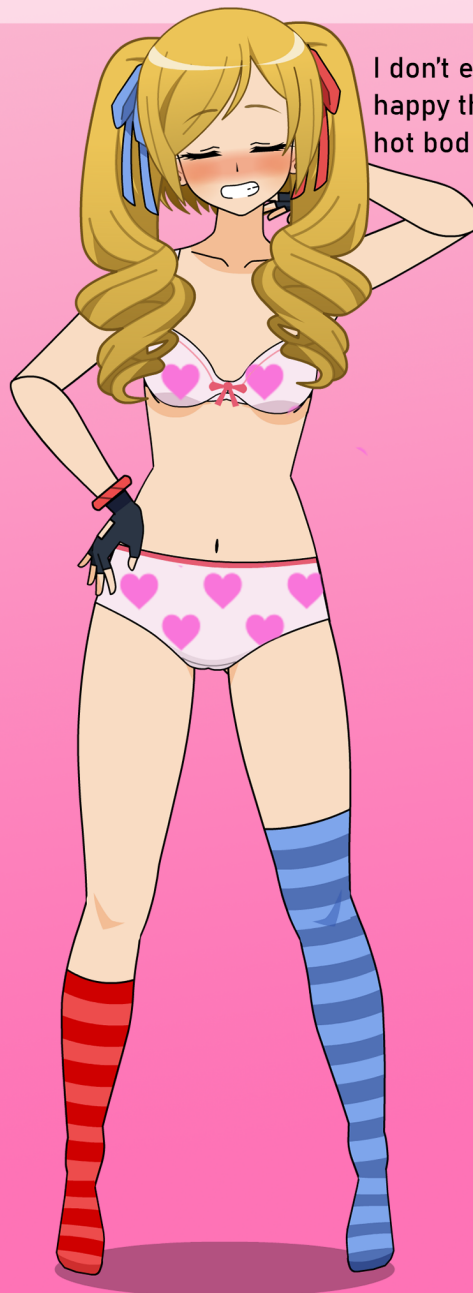
"Deal!" Ryuko said. The two girls held hands before walking away from the ice cream store.



Credits

This magazine is written by DangerWedgier and illustrated by kukukumisao, FlavoredSass and cutebunB
Cover art by CriminalKiwi

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I don't even care this time. Just be happy that you got to stare at this hot bod as a Valentine's Day treat...