

## Ahe-what?

April 2022

It was another dark evening. Annette – aka StealthPanda – was back at it, hard at work before the triple monitors and glowing ring light and green screen that was her streaming setup. The viewers were trickling in, and she was her usual self: cocking her pink cat-eared headphones at their comments, laughing out self-deprecating jokes, reading off notifications, welcoming new subscribers...

She loved this sort of life. It felt good to be the center of attention, after all – and all while in the safety and comfort of her own home. Hell, she didn't even need to put on anything more than pajama bottoms or gym shorts. Just so long as she had a cute top – the lower cut, the better – she could while away hour after hour grinding through the latest games: Ancient Annulus, and Edge of Midnight, and really whatever else she wanted.

She was a variety streamer, after all.

"Yeah? What the heck is going on with you folks tonight?" She was checking in on chat after a particularly grueling run, and was amused and puzzled by what she was seeing. "What the hell? Wait, do I want to know what that is? Should I even google it?" She paused, her eyes scanning over the scrolling feed of emojis and comments. "Ahegao? Like, am I supposed to know what it means?" Another pause, then an insulted smirk. "Whoa, whoa, DarkRay44 – easy on the roasts! Tell me this. When's the last time you went anywhere and heard somebody use that word? Uh-hee-go? Ay-huh-gow? Like, what the heck? Is it like, Chinese or something?"

"Y'all be crazy," she asserted a minute later, watching the pleas of "do it!" "show us, SP, plz" "omfg yes" and "wtf is going on? went out for a red bull and come back to this?" trickle in. She turned to face the camera, her dark eyebrows raised in exasperation. "Oh, believe me – I'm looking at an image right now! You want me to make one of these weird-ass sex-doll faces? And that's all this ay-huh-go shit is? Nah, I don't believe it. It's gotta be more than just a face... right?"

She spun slowly back and forth in her chair as her viewers weighed in. Yeah, it was so much more than a face, the most outspoken maintained. It was about a mindset – a mood – a sort of state of being. "Aint legit unless you watch this first" opined one – only to respond a second later with "crap! forgot links dont work in chat". "Oh, don't worry," Annette cut in, and with a click of the mouse brought up a new tab. "Just cut out the http crap and it'll work just fine..."

Oh, it did. Her eyes widened as she saw the linked video flash up before her: a pastel spiral, slowly spinning before her eyes. "Wait, what the heck? Holy frick-balls – this is an hour-long clip, Artsy! An HOUR LONG! You really think I'm going to watch a *sixty-minute* movie on stream just to make y'all happy?"

The chat was speeding into overdrive now, her viewers for the most part bandwagoning on, enthusiastically seconding the idea despite knowing nothing about it. And so she cocked her head again, reading off comment after comment, her expression shifting from disgust to thoughtful assent. "It's all part of getting into it?" "You'll pay to watch with me?" "I mean, I dunno, y'all. I was planning on grinding some more tonight on EOM..." "Really? Okay, if that's what y'all *really* want. Though hang on first – better not stream whatever the heck this trippy-ass soundtrack is. Don't wanna get copystruck..."

And so it began: that first, unforgettable night. The night when she brought up the strangely soothing spiral and leaned back and let her eyes unfocus and zone out into the distance while the swelling waves of synthesizers and whispering voices filled her ears. That was the first night... but certainly not the last.

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A week later, she was back in her usual gaming chair. At first glance it seemed like she was no different than before. There she sat in her gym shorts, energy drink in one hand and her pink headphones proudly in their usual perch atop her frizzy brown hair. And yet... as soon as she opened her mouth, something seemed decidedly... off.

"Hey, guys! Hee-hee! Ohhhh... wow! Ooh, I'm feeling it tonight! Waddya say we all look at some super pretty pink swirlies, huh?" A pause, and then a burst of giggles in a rather higher pitch than usual. "Uh-huh! Ooh, you're being a naughty one tonight, Artsy-Tartsy! 'Course my boobs look good tonight! I mean, why wouldn't they be? 'Cause lez be honest here – this top makes me feel *hooottt!*"

She was glancing down brightly into her prominent cleavage, her eyes dancing as she squeezed her upper arms together to set her bosom undulating in the most provocative ways. "Ookay, enough o' that, though!" she declared after a few seconds, with another gale of giggles and a slurp of her drink. "Let's get started, guys! Ooh, this is gonna be fun! I'm tellin' ya – I'm feeling this whole ahoy-go thing tonight!"

Was she? The pleasurable expressions on her face that unfolded over the next hour – as she slipped forward in her chair and her eyes settled into a dreamy expression and her hands slid slowly up and down her curvaceous top – well, they were rather far from the ahegao model she had called up on the third screen. But they weren't entirely incorrect, either.

And really, to judge by the reactions of the viewers in chat, no one really cared. For they, like StealthPanda herself, were far too intent on enjoying the mesmerizing sight before them.

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"Heyy-*loo* there, all you beautiful peoples! Wassa matter? Ain't you ever seen a pretty-ass girl before?"

Things were starting to look quite different indeed now – nearly three weeks after that fateful night. There Annette sat: not in her customary athleisure outfit, but in what looked most definitely like a swimsuit. A bikini, in fact – bright pink with black polka dots stretched across the generous curves of her breasts. There were the headphones cupping her ears as always – but what was that in her hand?

"Now, hold on, y'all," she was tittering, leaning closer to the screen and simpering into the camera. "I know y'all are impatient out there! Y'all liking what you see, aren't ya?" Sh licked her lips and flicked her mascara-ed gaze toward the object in her hand. "See, I was thinking. This video thing is fun, of course. But you see..." and here she bent close to the mic and dropped into a guilty, excited titter. "See, I'm feelin' horny as heck tonight, y'all. And I thought... well, fuck it! Why not have a bit of fun together with y'all, huh? So long as *this* bad boy is out of sight, nobody's got any reason to censor me..."

It was a dildo she was holding up to the camera. A long, undeniably girthy, glass dildo.

And thus began a novel new stream – at least, for her. For as soon as the now-familiar spiral began and her eyes stilled and she slid unconsciously lower in her chair, her viewers were treated to the sight and sound of a phallus hard at work beneath her desk. "Mmm... oh, yeah!" she managed now and then, her eyes almost glazing with obvious pleasure as the spiral filled her sight. "Oh... oh, fuck... This is trippy, y'all... Ooh, I feel like such a dirty bitch. Such a wet, horny, dirty-ass, brainless bimbo *bitch*..."

The chat was going berserk, but she didn't notice. She didn't care. All the lewd emotes and

lascivious comments meant nothing in this moment. She was floating... pleasuring herself... finding such oddly incredible pleasure in the knowledge that hundreds of people were at this moment watching her masturbating for the camera. That pink spiral was making her feel so trippy... so horny...

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It was a full month after that first, fateful stream that it finally happened. Of course, what *actually* transpired that night with StealthPanda has become the subject of hot debate among streamers for years since, and the recorded video – itself endlessly pirated and passed around the far corners of the internet – has become a sort of legendary touchstone. To "pull a panda" has come to mean doing something extraordinarily NSFW on stream – and for very good reason.

What now exists of the uncensored video is astonishing, to say the least. Within the first five seconds, here she comes: StealthPanda herself, and dressed in nothing but the same outlandish bikini top that she'd begun wearing a week before. But what really sets this stream apart from the others is the bizarre, puffy garment around her waist. It seems to be an actual adult diaper – though judging by the lumpiness, it seems to be hiding some very odd protuberances.

"Heeeeyyyyy, guyzzz!" she drawls, almost as if intoxicated, and she bends so low over the camera that it's almost smothered in her cleavage. "I'm *baaa*-aack! And lookie what I found! I brought me some special toys to play with tonight!" And as she sinks into her chair, she lets out a shamelessly guttural moan of pleasure. "Ooh! Oh, that's nice! Well, what's goin' on with y'all? Wassa matter – never seen a horny bimbo bitch before?"

And then she seems to scan the chat for some time, her eyes blinking uncertainly – almost as if she's struggling to comprehend the words. "Uhh... what? The *dye*-per? Oh, silly – innit so cute? 'Course it's a diaper! Y'all was giving me rats about how wet I was makin' my chair, 'member?" She wriggles with an audible crinkle in her chair and beams with oddly vacant eyes into the camera. "See, *this* way me an' my leaky pussy can make all the naughty little wet messes we want! An' boy howdy, are we gonna be makin' messes tonight!"

The sight that unfolds is most extraordinary. Not a minute after she drawls out that she's starting up her "pretty pinkie-pie thingie," her eyes glaze over... she leans ever closer to the screen... and over the mic one can hear the rhythmic crinkle and thump of her grinding shamelessly into the chair. Not only that – if we skip toward the end of the clip, we hear her muttering something, low and hoarse, into the mic. It's garbled, but it seems to be something like "bimbo baby... wet... horny... brainless... good bimbo..."

Though it's when she tugs off that bikini top of hers that the stream really runs off the rails.

The last four and a half minutes of the clip are perhaps the most risqué of all. For all the viewer can see is her now-naked breasts, undulating ceaselessly as she rocks back and forth, and the sight of her face drawn tight in lewd concentration. All one hears is her panting moans, and the crinkle of the oversized diaper beneath her, and the wet squelching of the giant dildo and butt plug within her. And so on and on it builds, until as the climax tears through her and she jerks and shudders before the camera, her face twists and contorts into the wordless, ecstatic, empty-eyed bliss of a confirmed bimbo.

That's the final frame of the vod: nothing but her face frozen in what can only be described as the epitome of *abegao*.

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Since that night, when her stream was taken down and her user account terminated for breach of terms, the variety streamer known as StealthPanda has never been seen or heard from as far as anyone can confirm. Though of course there are rumors...