

The Pampshifter: Chapter 18

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Hurrying through the labyrinth of mechanical parts, Meg was reinvigorated by hope now that she had her trusty captain at her side. Squeezing between a row of vertical pipes, she stumbled through another grated corridor before arriving in the same room that Ellis was in. Her eyes welled up as she opened her arms and ran toward him, "Ellis!"

Sadly, Ellis was nowhere as welcoming as Meg had hoped. Instead of returning Meg's loving gesture, he simply held up a metal pipe as if it were a baseball bat and pointed it in the direction of his crewmate. "Step back, Meg," he said, nodding toward the wall nearest Meg, "That's an order."

Lowering her hands in a mix of shock and dejection, Meg was awestruck by her skittish captain; a trait he had never shown before. "Ellis...it's me," she pleaded, hoping that Ellis would be able to see that.

"I know it's you. But before I know for sure that it's YOU you, I need to do something a little crazy," said Ellis, his eyes darting to the floor, readying himself for a very negative reaction from his long-time crew member, "I need you to...to defecate yourself...right now."

Meg cocked her head to the side and stared at Ellis with utter confusion. "Y-You need me to...what?!" she said, her temper getting the better of her midway through her sentence.

Easing Meg's rage down with his hands as if he were taming a lion, Ellis explained, "I know it's weird but...after my interaction with the alien...look, I just know, okay?" A spot of red appeared on both his cheeks.

"Ellis...d-did you..." stuttered Meg, stretching her neck to the side as her eyes fell to Ellis's diaper, only for her to step behind Roland's workbench before she could get a good look.

"Yes, okay, I shit myself. Are you happy?" said Ellis, showing off a side of himself that his crew rarely got to see: bashful Ellis, "Whatever that thing is, it went directly for my diaper after it happened. I think it's attracted to them for some reason."

Curling her lips in to keep from giggling at Ellis and his clearly wounded ego, Meg knew she needed to keep a straight face for her captain's sake. "That...that actually makes sense. When I was climbing out from under Roland, it attacked his midsection the moment he lost control," she said as everything started to click together in her head, Unfortunately, this meant she was now on the hot seat to prove her innocence in the most embarrassing way possible. "J-Just turn around, okay?"

"Sorry, Meg. I'm not showing you my back until I know it's you," said Ellis, his face burning up more over the ridiculousness of the situation, "Look, the sooner you get it over with, the sooner we can move forward."

Dropping her shoulders and groaning, Meg had already been in a muddy diaper once today and was far from eager to return to such a putrid state. With an equal amount of blush on

her cheeks, she squatted down and began pushing on her bowel muscles, “When this is over, you’re buying me a STRONG drink,” she said, squinting her eyes closed as she proceeded to double her efforts.

“Duly noted,” said Ellis, relaxing a bit thanks to Meg’s quick quip, “Also, we’re never to speak of this again. Understood?”

PFFFFFFFSLOOOORCH!

A deep red hue immediately overtook Meg’s face as her body let out a far noisier bowel movement than she had anticipated. She turned her head completely away from Ellis, dying a little on the inside, “No arguments here.”

“That’s it...that’s your big fucking plan?!” said Luna, her face firmly in her hands over the idiocy on display.

Puffing out his chest, Mason wasn’t exactly thrilled with Luna’s response to his plan. “It’s a solid plan! We lure the creature into the escape pod and lock it down inside. Unlike other parts of the ship, the pod is completely isolated,” he said, slapping his hand against the console for emphasis, “And then, we can-”

“We can what, Mason? Drop them off at the nearest Federation checkpoint? Yeah, I’m sure they won’t ask questions like where the alien came from or why the ship wasn’t on their radar. Un-fucking-believable,” said Luna, unable to fathom Mason’s lack of forethought. The last thing she needed was for this ship and her priceless flora to end up in the hands of a corrupt world government.

Snatching the box of cigarettes off of Ellis’s console, Mason removed a tiny stick of death from the pack and placed it in his mouth. “It’s not foolproof but it’s a start. Can you really argue that isolating them in an air-tight space is a bad idea?” he said, smirking as his question left Luna without a way to respond. Her silence made him more emboldened by his plan, “Mother, please open all pathways leading to the escape pod and lock down other areas. We’re gonna lead them right to it.

“YES, CAPTAIN. OPENING AND SEALING ALL DESIGNATED ENTRANCES,” said Mother, wasting no time following Mason’s orders.

Meanwhile, Luna could do nothing but watch, fully of the belief that Mason’s plan would soon drive this whole rig off a cliff. She needed to do something. Her research was very important. SHE was too important. Reaching into her bag, she pulled out a small container with the creature’s sample inside; something she swiped when everyone was distracted by Donnie in the med bay. She had hoped to put this sample to scientific use but seeing as both her life and her work were at risk, desperate times called for desperate measures.

TO BE CONTINUED...