

# The Pampshifter: Chapter 1

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Tossing a stress ball back and forth between her hands in zero gravity, Meg struggled to keep her eyes on the communications bay, completely bored out of her mind. She sighed momentarily, recognizing her own loss of innocence in regard to the wonders of space travel. What a stark difference 60 days in space had made, considering that in her early days, she would often be found floating freely around the cabin. Now, she found it less nauseating to keep herself strapped into her chair.

\*GUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRGGGGLE!\*

Kids, don't believe the hype when you go to NASA and see that freeze-dried ice cream crap being sold for ten bucks a pop. After nothing but a steady diet of frozen dinners, Meg's body had trouble producing anything more solid than a bunch of pasty mush. This unfortunately also meant that her ability to hold in her bowels had been greatly reduced as well. Tacking on the fact that diapers were mandatory while in space and you had a recipe for a very unfun time.

Turning her head nonchalantly to the side, Meg eyed up the only companion she had on this ship who was still conscious, that being Lt. Donald Reed, the ship's navigator and second-in-command. Despite his honorable title, he always asked everyone on the ship to call him Donnie.

Among the sea of military suits that Meg had the misfortune of meeting, she had to admit that Donnie was by far one of the most chill, which mercifully meant her time spent awake on this voyage wasn't a pain in the ass. That being said, she didn't exactly want him to see her taking a shit either. Thankfully, he was snoring away with the cowboy hat he had tied around his chin having been slid down to cover his eyes.

Wanting the pain in her gut to go away sooner rather than later, Meg unbuckled her lower seat belt and allowed her rear end to float upward before beginning to push. She clenched her teeth as she slowly applied pressure, being careful not to rip ass in front of her colleague and potentially wake him up. After a few seconds of making little progress, she decided to turn up the heat a bit, adding a bit more pressure.

\*BEEP! BEEP BEEP!\*

\*BLOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRT!!!\*

Suddenly, a very loud alarm began going off on Meg's comms board. The noise shocked her senses so much that she accidentally evacuated her bowels in one big flood. While she was happy to have gained some relief, it wasn't without its blushy cost. Being an astronaut was truly a dream come true but if there was one thing she couldn't stand, it was having to shit in a diaper.

Stirring from his slumber at the sound of the alarm, Donnie either missed or completely ignored the sound that erupted from Meg's backside, choosing instead to focus on the alarm. "What's up? What'd I miss?" he said, still coming out of his groggy state as he shifted his hat back over his receding hairline.

"Uhh, it's uhh..." mumbled Meg, doing her best to not think about the muck that was hovering inside her pampers and instead focus on the job she was being paid to do, "...it

appears to be a...distress signal?" She sat forward, getting a closer look at the strange abnormality.

Equally confused, Donnie responded, "How's that possible? There aren't any planets in our vicinity and with as popular of an intergalactic highway as this is, there's no way a distress beacon wouldn't be picked up by the Federation."

"Maybe it just happened? Or perhaps it's a glitch on our end? I don't know," said Meg, having never dealt with a distress signal before in spite of her 15 years of service, "So...what do we do? Should we wake the Captain?"

Tapping his hand against the side of Meg's display, Donnie wasn't excited about the idea of adding a stop to their already lengthy trip. Not to mention that depending on the number of people in need of help, their ship might not have the life support to take on such a task. That being said, there was also duty to think about. With so many factors at play, Donnie was left with a very important decision.

TO BE CONTINUED...