

The Pampshifter: Chapter 20

Written By: CrissieBaby & the Interactive Story Club

SLAM!

Unfortunately, Meg and Ellis's efforts were unsuccessful as they rammed into the door just as it sealed shut. Finding themselves stuck on the wrong side of the thick emergency door, Ellis placed a hand to his throbbing skull as he lamented on their latest setback, "Shit! We need to be on the other side of that door.

Shifting onto her knees, Meg pounded her fist against its hard, metal surface as she gazed through a small port window. She moved to open the door via the nearby control panel, receiving an error code in response. "Mother! Open the door," she said, an uneasy feeling creeping up on her.

"NEGATIVE. THE CAPTAIN HAS ORDERED A DESIGNATED LOCKDOWN," responded Mother, refusing to listen to the ship's senior crewmembers.

Justifiably confused, Ellis climbed to his feet and approached a nearby security camera waving his hands high for Mother to see. "Excuse me? I gave no such order," he said starkly, a hint of concern hidden within his tone. He waited for Mother to respond only to receive radio silence from the ship's artificial intelligence, "Great, now Mother is malfunctioning. Just what we fucking need."

CLANK!

Suddenly, a loud banging noise impacted both Meg and Ellis's eardrums as they echoed throughout the corridors of the Juventas, causing them to simultaneously look toward the direction of the eerie sound. While they hoped for the best, it was easy to assume who, or in this case, what was causing the awful racket.

"We need to move," said Meg, wanting to avoid another run-in with Donnie and his pet slime, at least until their plan was fully in place. Not intending to wait around for the creature to show up, she instantly began moving in the opposite direction of the noise, "Let's just hope whatever path Mother has us on doesn't lead to a dead end."

"Agreed. Though, based on the direction we're heading, I have a pretty good guess where our destination is," said Ellis as he tailed behind Meg, the two of them walking so fast that they may as well have been running.

Inching her neck forward to peer around a blind corner, to say Luna was terrified would be the understatement of the millennia. While she still felt confident that ditching Mason with the goo sample was the right decision, the fear of being on her own against an unknown alien entity

definitely had her questioning whether or not she made the right choice. Regardless, unless she wanted to end up like Donnie, Roland, and now Mason, she needed to get to that escape pod.

Mercifully, the hallway adjacent to the one Luna was in was vacant, allowing her to let out a shaky breath as her tension eased slightly. Mason's little plan would've been disastrous but with her lack of knowledge of the ship's layout, it did give her a clear path to the escape pod. That being said, it also gave her goody foe a clear path as well. She tiptoed forward, keeping her steps light to prevent from attracting the monster to her exact location. If only she had a way to keep track of the monster's location, then she wouldn't have to be so on edge.

Lightbulb!

"Mother, can you tell me where Donnie is?" asked Luna, crossing her fingers that he and his mucky parasite were as far away from her as possible.

"DONNIE IS CURRENTLY IN HALLWAY SECTOR 23B," said Mother, unaware of how useless this information was to someone in Luna's position, "Would you like me to page him for you?"

"No! N-No. All good," said Luna, shifting from yelling to whispering as she realized how momentarily high her volume had gotten, "J-Just tell me if he's close, okay?" She ran an anxious hand through her hair, pushing it away from her eyes to keep her vision clear.

GRUUUUUUMBLE!

Suddenly, Luna was hit by a wave of tummy cramps. They weren't strong but they were enough to stop Luna in her tracks for a few seconds. "Seriously? Of all the times?" she said to herself, as she gripped her stomach and took in some calming breaths. Now was far from the time to make proper use of her diaper. Once her cramps subsided, she was quick to get moving again. She wasn't sure how far she was from the escape pod but she knew the longer she took to get there, the more likely it would be for her to run into the shapeshifting alien.

"CRACKLE!*

"GAH!" said Luna, her hands shooting upward to cover her ears as a startling static sound caused her to practically jump out of her skin. That same skin would turn pale white once she heard which voice was on the other end of the speaker.

"Miss Luna Vickers. Would you please join me in the cockpit at your earliest convenience? The captain would like a word with you," said Mason with a heaping amount of sadism baked into his voice.

Now carrying with her the knowledge that Mason was watching her every move, Luna looked up at the nearest security camera with eyes as wide as dinner plates. With how small the sample that she infected Mason with was, she had hoped he would be incapacitated for longer as the minuscule organism slowly overtook his mind and body. Sadly, he seemed to be wide awake.

Sitting down in the captain's chair with a satisfied smirk on his face, Mason stared at the monitor in front of him, enjoying every millisecond of Luna's panicked behavior. He may not have had control over his mind and body anymore but that didn't mean there wasn't a tiny part

of his brain taking pleasure in messing with the person who screwed him over. Feeling confident in his impending victory, he decided to have a bit of fun with the voyage's financier.

TO BE CONTINUED...