

Yuri's Antiques: Dreams Really Do Come True\ #4

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Lindsey eyed the curious looking fixture before daring to touch it. It looked ancient, yet robust at the same time, as if time had never truly weakened it. The dreamcatcher was the traditional round shape with an intricate weaving of webbing. In some positions, it held one pattern, in others another, and in other positions still, it had no pattern at all. The three strings dangled helplessly from the bottom of the circle -- each with their own distinct pattern, almost as if the very thing had been combined from various Native American tribes. She had been having nightmares lately, so perhaps this could help.

"Ahh, the Dreamcatcher of Gogyeng Sowuhti, or the Spider Grandmother as others have called her," a soft, yet stern Russian accented voice broke Henry from his concentration.

"I'm sorry, who?"

"Yuri."

"What?"

"You asked who, and I am he."

"No, no, I mean who is Gogwing Sowthui?" Lindsey asked, trying to navigate the awkward waters she had found herself in. Even at twenty eight, she still had yet to learn to navigate the finer points of social interaction.

"Gogyeng Sowuhti," the man corrected, "Who she was depends on which story you choose to hear and believe. As for me, I'm a fan of the Hopi tradition -- she was once a woman who sought to protect children. She'd weave ornate webs that would catch all the evil and vile in the world and protect them while they slept. Eventually, her followers made these out of her own silk, she would be able to protect them from anywhere."

"Uhh, fascinating," Lindsey blanked, trying to figure out where to steer the conversation after such a tale.

"This is an original, from around 1400. In some of my separate research, I believe it may be much older and that the Hopi were originally a group from Cahokia that moved west and settled in Arizona, but that's just me."

"Cool," Lindsey responded, unsure of why the man had bothered to present him with so much

unnecessary information about such a simple item, "So I suppose it is not for sale then?"

"Of course it is for sale! Everything in my store is! I wouldn't put it out unless it was for sale!"

"Okay, sorry, I just thought with the story and the research and everything that you wouldn't want to part with it."

"No, it clearly called to you or else we wouldn't be chatting over it right now," Yuri smiled, "I will say this though, there is a reason the Spider Grandmother called to you -- perhaps she senses something is troubling you."

"No, pretty sure I'm good," Lindsey smiled, trying to sound confident in her life. She really didn't feel like telling this old man her entire life story and her near constant nightmares of the moment.

"Well, regardless, in some other research of mine, I have found that the Spider Grandmother does like to help people and will 'catch' their deepest desires in her web and help them realize who they were always meant to be."

"That's cool," Lindsey casually replied, "So, how much?"

"Ahh, for this old thing?" Yuri paused, eyeing the dreamcatcher with a critical eye, "Ten dollars."

"Ten?"

"Ten."

"Okay, I can do that," Lindsey smiled as she walked with the old man up to the register to check out. She had never known that this place had existed. It was a menagerie of trinkets and items, some of which he had never seen before. She'd have to make a point to come back at some point in the future.

Lindsey excitedly entered her bare apartment -- she had what one could best describe as minimalist poor. Her living room was a high end TV and gaming console with a sole armchair facing it. The dining room was nothing more than a card table and some foldable chairs. The kitchen? One long counter with a shallow sink and terrible oven that couldn't heat properly, a low wattage microwave, and a fridge that probably existed from the 90's by the looks of it. Various comic mugs hung by her coffee pot.

The sobering reality that was her apartment quickly absorbed any enthusiasm she had about her dreamcatcher. This was why she had no money. She had bills to pay -- student loans, car payments, and the like. Yet, she consistently spent money on stupid things. Her job was decent enough -- writing code for a web design company, but she never really grew up. All her money went into gaming and gaming wasn't exactly a skill that would draw in any kind of companionship. Afterall, she had long since given up being a famous streamer. It didn't matter how skilled she was -- they donors only wanted hot girls and that was not her.

Lindsey wasn't an unattractive person, nor was she an overly attractive person. She was

squarely in the middle of the attractiveness meter. She'd probably have a boyfriend by this point in her life if she had better social skills to chat up people at the bar, or was just slightly more attractive to get actual tinder matches with people that weren't atrocious. Her hair was a raven black, which she loved, but it made her pale white tone all the more haunting. She had no real curves either her stomach was a little chunky from all the food and video games. She was sure this wouldn't really matter, but she had no butt to speak of and her breasts were tiny A-cups at 28. She was eternally stuck with the body of a fifteen year old who would never truly complete puberty.

The lack of companionship, the poor management of money, and the lack of friends and family in this dead city were haunting specters that would routinely prey on her quiet thoughts while waiting for a dinner to cook in the microwave or while brushing her teeth at night. Perhaps this existential dread was what was fueling the stress leading to his nightmares?

The nightmares.

Not only were her waking moments overwhelmed with thoughts of regret, but she couldn't even garner a moment of respite in her sleep. They were always different, but constantly felt the same. It was always set in a video game that she recognized. The landscapes were always bursting with a plethora of pristine colors. For a time, all was well, she enjoyed the moment. She'd ponder life by a river or at a peak, or simply lay in a field and bask in the warmth of the sun. There would be friends and parties, it was always pleasant. But at some point she'd leave. Sometimes it'd be to get changed before sleeping with a character she had a crush on or to go to the bathroom. Regardless, when she'd return, there was no one there. An inky blackness would creep and crawl like tendrils, consuming the super bloom of greyed colors like a black hole consuming stars. She'd always run, but the tendrils would always catch up and she'd fall into an infinite blackness before waking with a start. Nearly every night, sometimes multiple times a night.

She'd long since given up trying to diagnosis and psychoanalyze her dreams. She chalked it up to existential dread mixed with a dose of nihilism and called it a day. No treatments had helped either. The melatonin gave her sleep paralysis which was something she dared not live again and the other treatments just made it harder to break from the dream. Those were the nights she'd fall for what would feel like hours, just screaming until hoarse in the throat.

Please work. You're my only hope of getting real rest. With that, Lindsey carefully handled the dream catcher and fixed it atop her headboard. Hopefully it would be the guardian that she needed.

The digital clock on her nightstand blinked eleven twenty three -- perhaps she should really consider trying to go to bed sooner instead of playing video games all night. Lindsey entertained the thought for a moment, but quickly shrugged it off -- that kid needed put in his place, telling her she belonged in a kitchen. Yet, her satisfaction quickly subsided when she realized that she had spent at least two hours beating a kid senseless in an online video game where she would never actually meet him real life. Maybe this was why her life was the way it was?

Regardless, she changed into some baggy shorts and t shirt and crawled into bed, hoping that her purchase would produce something resembling an improvement to her restless nights. The blankets were heavy, the air cool, and her body exhausted and hopefully ready for whatever awaited her on the other side.

Lindsey awoke with a start -- yet she was unable to move. A quick turn of the head revealed that she was stretched out, caught in a web. She struggled, but her resistance was met with nothing more than bouncing on the web, as if she were stuck lying on a trampoline. Whatever breasts she did have bounced ever so slightly as she realized that she was most likely naked. She could feel a cool breeze on her legs.

"What the fuck?" she asked herself aloud. This was a new kind of dream. Was there even a point in struggling? Was this some kind of bizarre sleep paralysis that she had to deal with?

As she was pondering her next move, she bounced again. However, she had done nothing this time to trigger a response from the web. Fuck.

Lindsey frantically darted her eye all around, North, South, East, West, North, South, East, West, again and again. Yet there was nothing. Another jolt would hit to her right. Nothing. Then to her left. Again nothing. Beneath her. And once again, nothing. A final jolt above her head. She cautiously brought her eyes up, trying to peer above her forehead.

Lindsey screamed and thrashed.

A woman's face met hers, yet it was monstrous as much as it was human. Onyx hair flowed in chunked frays from her scalp with streaks of grey running like the flotsam in rapids. Her tone was oaken -- clearly of Native American ancestry. Her eyes were the most startling. Two large eyes, the same as any humans peered at her, black as the night sky, horrifyingly demonic looking. Other, smaller eyes, three around each large one, each like small and as dark and piercing as obsidian. Her mouth was human, but showed two large fangs where the canines would be. Just as startling as her eyes however, were her jaws. They were protrude, like the fangs on an actually spider. Her expression quickly changed from curious to shocked and jumped back when Lindsey screamed.

"Always with the screaming," she sighed as she jumped out of Lindsey's eyesight.

Lindsey quickly felt what she could only assume was silk hit her skin and pin her down. Soon, her thrashing as totally bound, she could only bounce up and down. That action alone was already making her nauseous and exhausted so she began to slow. But her screams didn't.

The being before her had the torso of any woman. Heavy breasts capped with walnut sized and colored nipples sagged from her chest, showing her age. She boasted two average looking arms from her shoulders. Her abdomen was taut and youthful still in appearance, but that was where the norms ended. The rest of her was a horrifying body of a spider. Dark mahogany and black coloration that had a glossy sheen to hit. The additional six appendages were adorned with white hairs standing on end. Lindsey could see where her web shot from -- her screams only

intensified until the spinnerets on her spider abdomen took aim at her face and shot a quick web sealing her mouth.

"I apologize for that dear," the spider woman said standing over an entombed Lindsey, "But it's hard for us to talk when you're screaming and thrashing, you understand don't you?"

Lindsey cocked her eyes, wary of this creature. She could feel that her raven hair was matted around her face. She wasn't sure what to do. This thing could be toying with her before killing her, but if it was a dream, it was nothing to worry about right? She nodded her agreement to the spider woman.

"Excellent," she cooed, "Now, I would like to talk with you and not to you. I can remove the web on your mouth if you promise not to scream. Deal?"

Lindsey nodded. She didn't really have a choice. She could listen to dream spider or talk with it. Talking seemed like a more acceptable option given that it would make the dream time go faster.

"Splendid," the spider woman smiled. With a quick swell of one of her spider legs, the silk covering was gone and Lindsey could move her mouth once more.

"Who are you?" Lindsey asked, not wanting to waste any time for the spider to start doing any kind of weird dream psychoanalysis on her.

"You don't know?" she sighed, "Gogyeng Sowuhti, the Spider Grandmother?"

"Wait, you're real?" Lindsey asked astonished.

"Of course I'm real!" she stated, offended by such a thought, "But, you can call me Yeng."

"Okay Yeng," Lindsey said with trepidation, "You don't look like a grandmother. And, and why am I here?"

"So first child," Yeng said posturing herself up away from Lindsey, as if to show off her human side, "I like to take care of my looks. Second, you're here because I want to help you. I saw what you're working with out there in the real world. I can offer you something better."

"Really?" Lindsey laughed, "How?"

"Well, you're yearning for companionship, purpose, acceptance, success, all things that humans of all stripes desire in some degree. I can offer you a way to a better, more ideal life."

"And how so?"

"You saw the talismans on my dreamcatcher right?" she said coolly, "I provide all who get caught in my web three options of a life that I think they want based on what I see in their dreams and nightmares. You live through all three options -- the hare, the osprey, and the squirrel. Afterwards, you come back and choose a life you want. Of course, you can reject them

and go back to normal, but almost no one does that."

"And how do you know that I'll like what you have for me?" Lindsey asked suspicious of anything a dream spider might tell her, "How do I know that this isn't all projection from my subconscious?"

"I mean it could be, or you can at least enjoy the ride and find," Yeng said casually, "It doesn't matter to me. I eat your bad dreams, so I'm quite satisfied. You should have nothing but good dreams for a while. But while I eat your fears, I learn what you most want. At least take it for a spin. I mean, like you said, maybe it's all a really weird dream and nothing changes, but you have a good dream for a change. Or maybe it's all real and you can leave here with more satisfaction out of life. What do you really have to lose?"

"Alright, fair," Lindsey conceded. She might as well get a good dream out of this, "What do I do?"

"Well you have three paths before, Hare, Osprey, Squirrel, which would you like first?"

"Don't I get a description before choosing?"

"No, that takes the fun out of it. Choose."

"Fine. The Hare I guess," Lindsey conceded, "Now what?"

"Just close your eyes, you'll go to sleep and wake up to what your life will be like if you choose the path of the hare." Yeng said, "You will recognize that the reality isn't your own, but you will have all the knowledge you need to fit in."

"Sounds good I guess. Here goes nothing," Lindsey joked before closing her eyes.

Light warmed her face as she slowly stirred from her slumber. Despite dealing with a bizarre dream spider woman, she felt surprisingly well rested. Lindsey yawned, stretching out her arms and rolling over in the sheets of her bed when she struck someone with her hand. Her eyes shot wide. She didn't go to bed with anyone last night.

"Oh good morning babe," spoke a masculine voice under the lump.

The lump rustled and rolled over, revealing a handsome face that was foreign, yet familiar. He was chiseled with dark hair. Short on the sides with some extra on top that he could style. His stubble was black and gave him a more rugged appearance while his hazel eyes were warm and inviting. His smile soothed immediately her troubled spirit. He was utterly gorgeous. Someone she could only hope to have in her dreams.

"Good morning," she reflexively smiled and cooed. While she didn't know this man, she still knew him. Slowly, like a puzzle, the pieces started to fit together. This was her husband Mark. It was strange. Her body reacted to his appearance as one madly in love would do, but mentally, he still seemed a stranger.

"How'd you sleep?" he asked, smiling into her eyes.

"Some weird dreams, but surprisingly well," she replied, still smiling. This wasn't that bad of a reality after all. She was married to a handsome man, they seemed happy together too.

"That's great," he responded and readjusted. Almost instinctually, Lindsey looked down the bed and was met with the massive mound poking up where she could only suspect his dick was. Her curiosity was piqued.

Path of the Hare -- Domicile Housewife

Path of the Osprey -- Fit, busty girl, amateur pornstar

Path of the Squirrel -- Bimbo, pornstar