

Realm of the Spider (garavagliat Horror Challenge)

By : Mistress of Word Play

This story is about a creature as old as time itself. To survive it must consume blood. It prefers human blood. It's true shape is that of a large silver spider, but it can transform into human shape at will. It has been trapped for over thirty years in a small cage behind a brick wall in its former home. It waits for freedom and to extract vengeance on those who imprisoned it.



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Realm of the Spider (garavagliat Horror Challenge) :

Chapter 1

Realm of the Spider Prologue

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He slept in the dark prison they had placed him in and dreamed. From time to time one of his eight legs would twitch. They had trapped him thirty years ago, here in his home, behind the brick wall in a cage. The cage was made of thick wire mesh and offered very little room for him to maneuver. He had tried for the first two years to escape back into the world of humanity, but each attempt was another failure. He cursed them, the four that had done this to him. He swore if he ever escaped this confinement they would pay with their lives. The woman he had fancied himself in love with would suffer most. He rubbed his two front legs together with anticipation.

"Claire," he spat her name, "Claire Newborn you will be last and I will kill you slowly."

The other three he would take great measures insuring that they too would cry for mercy before he killed them. Bill Albright, Tim Newton, and Chester Cunningham those were his captors' names. If a hundred years went by he would not forget their names or how they looked.

He had made an error in judgment when he let Claire see his true visage. He knew that now. She had been horrified. He remembered well the look of terror on her face as he transformed into the monster she had called him. He had been wise in not telling her how he sustained his longevity. He was sure she would not have understood his need for blood to survive.

There was little to feed on behind the brick wall. From time to time some unfortunate bug or a rat would venture too close; he would bite them and then glut himself. He grew weary of being hungry more times than he was full so he had put himself into this state of suspended animation and fantasized of one day extracting his revenge on those who had placed him here. He would have felt differently if they had not been his friends and if Claire had not chosen Bill Albright over him. He had made the error of revealing his true shape to Claire and she in a panic had told the others. Claire had used her charms and tricked him so the others could subdue him and place him in the tiny prison he now resided in. What a fool he had been. He should have killed them all when he had a chance.

Yes one day he would be free again to feed fully, he thought to himself. For now he would rest and wait for his chance. He had the time and surely somehow an opportunity would present itself. He stretched as far as he could in his prison and slumbered on. He hoped his day of emancipation would come soon.

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I wait here in the corner
of the web I've spun for thee.
I watch with these hungry eyes.
Here I lie in wait, impatiently.

Concentrating on my trap
till some unfortunate lands
among the silken chords
I made with these eight hands.

Chapter 2: Chapter 2

The young girl pulled her car into the slightly overgrown driveway. She had almost missed the turn off from the freeway. She had been driving for several hours and had not stopped along the way. Her long skinny slightly tanned legs ached from sitting too long. Now finally she had reached her destination. She grabbed her purse, keys, and travel bag and climbed out of her late model Volkswagen beetle. She stood a stately six foot tall. Her hair was the same color her mother's had been, it was a soft light brown and she had just last year opted to cut it short. She also had the same eyes that her mother had possessed, they were hazel. Most people when they first met her thought she was beautiful. Her name was Ella Cunningham. She had married her childhood sweetheart two years ago. Now she had traveled to Green Bow to see if the house her parents had left her would be ideal living quarters for her and her husband or another let down.

Ella stood in front of the house on Lee Street. Ella's mother and father had inherited it from a friend after his rather bizarre and untimely death. Ella had asked them about him several times when she was younger, but they both either ignored her questions or gave some vague mystic answer she could not understand. Evidently from what her parents had told her that she could comprehend, he had gone out on his boat and never returned. No trace of his body had ever been found and he was eventually declared dead. The stately mansion that Ella gazed at was his and he had left it to her mother Claire Albright in his will.

The house had not been lived in for over thirty years and needed an extensive restoration. The roof had a few missing shingles and some of the gutters were barely attached. She made mental notes of things she saw that needed immediate attention. Several of the window panes were broken, most likely by vandals or young hooligans. Ella loved the basic look and feel of the oversized Victorian home and for some reason it reminded her of a dollhouse her parents had purchased for her. The rest of the renovations could wait till a later date. Paint would be a plus for the house since the old paint was starting to peel and slough off, besides she thought I don't care for the dark gray color. A coat or two of some nice white paint would give the old place a totally clean look. Having assessed the damages on the exterior of the home she found herself walking down the sidewalk and up the massive stone stairs. This she liked, she thought to herself at least the sidewalk and stairs would not need any work done to them. The massive front yard lay in ruins. The grass had not been cared for and stood at least a foot tall. The few trees she saw as she walked toward the house were in desperate need of trimming. Good thing her husband enjoyed yard work, she thought to herself. At one time she imagined the place had been immaculately kept, but now it looked like wilderness which needed taming in the worst sort of way. She walked slowly to the front door and inserted the key. She forced the door open and walked inside. The smell of dust and decay assailed her nose as she entered the house. No time to chicken out she chided, best get busy.

She spent the day taking measurements of the floors and windows. Ella paused from time to time and wrote her dimensions on a layout plan she had printed from one of those home fix it up places. The interior of the home was not as decrepit as the outside was. She plotted and designed each room. In the master bedroom Ella noticed the brick wall that covered the area against the west wall. She thought it rather odd that anyone would want such a thing instead of tile or a smooth painted surface. Her hand touched the surface thinking perhaps there had been a fireplace in the room and as an after thought the fireplace had been blocked off to conserve heat. The red brick felt rough and grainy and Ella flinched as she hit an extremely rough area. The sharp surface opened a small gash in her right hand and she cried out in pain. Instinctively she pushed the injured area to her lips to stop the bleeding.

"That settles it," she said pointing at the brick wall, "You I don't like and you will be gone."

On the other side of the wall, the spider had sensed someone was close to the wall. He heard the cry of pain and smelled the fresh warm blood. Its senses reeled. Just as quickly the presence was gone, but not before it heard the words the person had spoken.

At last freedom was at hand. The wall would come down and then the fun could start. A smile appeared briefly as it planned an appropriate re-emergence into the human world.

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Having tended to her injury, Ella noticed the darkness creeping in the windows and when she looked at her watch she realized it was almost six in the evening. She quickly gathered her tape measure and layout. Having had one last look around she headed for the door.

"Yep," she said to the house, "you're going to need a lot of work."

As Ella continued toward the door to start her journey home her cell phone rang. She dug through her oversized purse and retrieved it.

"Hello!" she said, "Hi sweetie! Just getting ready to head home. It might be seven or eight before I get there. See you in a little. Love you! Bye!"

As Ella was placing her cell phone back in her purse from somewhere in the upper part of the house she thought she heard a sound. It was a strange scratching type noise. It was there quite distinct one moment than just as quickly gone. Her skin crawled and she felt her heart kick up a decibel. Ella searched in vain, but was never able to find an explanation for the peculiar sound. She passed it off as mice or rats and made a mental note to buy some traps.

Behind the brick wall the spider had heard the sounds of movement in the house. It hoped whatever the sounds were it would be found and set free. A large rat unaware the spider was not as helpless as it seemed, ventured to close to the cage. A silver silken chord flew through the air and ensnared the creature. More threads wrapped about the rat's face and front legs. The spider realizing it had captured its prey began pulling the subdued rat closer to the cage's side. The rat squeaked and fought valiantly but soon the spider sank its fangs into the creature's muzzle and began to suck it dry.

After draining the rat completely the spider felt better. Perhaps today was not a bad day after all. Having sated its lust for a bit the spider lulled itself back into a deep slumber where it devised any number of horrible ways of killing off its captors.

Chapter 3

Ella made her way back on to the freeway. Things were looking up for her and her husband Stan. They had both found jobs not too far from where the house was located and renovations would not take long to make the house livable. She adored the neighborhood and the house itself. She began to plot and scheme as she made her way back to the apartment where she and Stan had lived for two years. It seemed fortune had smiled on her for a change.

Ella still had not recovered from her parent's deaths. A drunk driver had slammed into her parent's car and they died immediately. Tears started to form in her eyes. She could feel the anger and despair rising in her throat as it had so many times before. They had locked the drunken driver up for a year and then set him loose on society once more.

"It's not fair!" Ella screamed at the top of her lungs, "It's just not fair!"

The door had slammed as the visitor to his home left. Silence weighed down on him yet again. Feeling the exhilaration of freedom and now the despondency of captivity he fell back into a hibernation state. The rat had given him some amount of energy, but not near enough. He would wait impatiently as he had for years. As he slept he dreamed of a time when he was not here locked away and an evil smirk appeared around his deadly fangs. Memories and dreams of Claire filtered in clearly as if it were only yesterdayâ lâ lâ lâ lâ lâ lâ lâ lâ !

"You are so beautiful tonight, Claire," he had said to her.

"Thank you, Nicholas," Claire had replied with a blush, "You look very stunning yourself."

Nicholas had straightened his tie like a foolish school boy. Each time he was with his lovely Claire he wanted to never leave her side. A sense of normalcy came over him as if nothing mattered but to make her happy. Her eyes enchanted and bewitched him. He had never felt for another as he did for this goddess.

"Shall we be off then," Nicholas asked taking Claire's tiny delicate hand in his.

"Yes," she had answered smiling at him with her lips and those hazel eyes she possessed.

They had spent an evening at the opera, drinking wine and exchanging hungry glances. He wanted her so desperately and deeply. She seemed at the time to want the same of him. How could he be so foolish! After the opera he had escorted her back home and she prepared a night cap for him. As they sat in Claire's modest living room he felt compelled to share his love and dark secret with her, the woman he longed to share his life with. Nicholas had taken a large swallow of the brandy and then began pacing the floor in front of Claire. He was unsure of how she would take his confessions.

"Whatever is the matter?" Claire asked him smiling, "Are you in some type of distress?"

He had walked over to the sofa and taken Claire's hand into his own. From inside his trouser pocket he retrieved a ring box. He presented it to her. Claire gasped as she saw the one carat diamond engagement ring. A look of concern crossed her delicate facial features.

"Well, Claire will you marry me?" Nicholas asked impatiently.

"The ring is just exquisite," she whispered, "You know I love you Nicholas but don't you think it is a bit soon to think of such things?"

His eyes narrowed and darkened for a second and then he answered pleadingly, "I know what I want Claire. I want you and only you."

Claire smiled at him and replied, "Yes then darling let us plan a wedding, shall we."

Nicholas picked her up and kissed her full on her lips. He could feel the blood coursing through her young tender body. She pressed close to him and sighed. A yearning started deep inside him and his kisses explored deeper into her mouth. The sweetness of youth and life were strong in her and his arousal became complete.

There had been that magical night with her. It was everything and more than he could have ever wanted. They could and should have been happy together, but he had opted to tell her everything. It was the second mistake he had ever made in his eternal life; the first mistake was in loving her.

He had told her after their night of passion about his true nature. At first Claire laughed and said what an imagination he possessed. Nicholas had changed before her eyes. His human disguise was dispelled quickly enough and there before his now quite hysterical fiancé he stood swaying back and forth on his long thin eight legs.

Claire watch in horror as Nicholas' flesh disappeared and his facial features decomposed. What stood in front of her at last was a gigantic hideous silver colored spider. The creature stood a good five feet in height and encompassed at least a quarter of her living room. Where Nicholas' lips had been there were now two fangs that dripped steadily. Terrified she screamed and fainted dead away.

When Claire finally opened her eyes, she was lying on the sofa and Nicholas hovered over her. It was not hard to convince her she had been having a nightmare of sorts, or so he thought. He had been careless and now that she knew what Nicholas really was, she plotted and schemed to have an end to him.

She had enlisted the services of Bill Albright, Tim Newton, and Chester Cunningham. They helped ensnare him first in the larger trap they had prepared for him and then later in the smaller wire mesh cage. He had tried to escape or at least take one of them with him, but they had taken precautions and succeeded in absolving him of his freedom.

He watched as Claire, his Claire, was being held tightly by Chester Cunningham. Nicholas also observed the same look of hunger in his former friend Chester's eyes as had been in his own. He fought the heavy wire mesh of the cage and tried to escape. He would kill Chester quickly and feed on him, but the woman he would torture first.

The four co-conspirators had tried to kill him using various techniques, but soon found he would not die. Fire, water, lack of air, and bug spray seemed to have no affect on him. They finally devised a plan to seal him in behind the wall he now looked at day in and day out. It had been the cruelest blow. Claire had inherited the house. He had written her into his will in anticipation of their up and coming marriage. She had not rented or sold the house for fear he would be discovered and released.

Now after endless years of non-existence he might regain freedom and dole out the justice he felt the four deserved. A leg twitched and he sighed in his dreams.

Soon his mind wandered off to more pleasant memories. There was the young woman, who was barely sixteen that he had lured into an alley and killed. He had tortured her first taking care no one would hear her screams. Slowly he had wound her in the silk cocoon he spun. Nicholas had left her eyes where he could observe her reactions and so might see that he was devouring her from the bottom up. As he remembered a smile appeared raising his fangs high above his lower lip.

"Sweet," he whispered to his neighbors, the rats and roaches, "So very sweet and tasty."

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