Antichrist, Clones & the Mistress of Webs Dream 10-15-25@3:19 AM Shared 10-18-25

I'm here, Lord, to write down the dream from the night before. Sweet, sweet, Holy Ghost friend of mine, please don't let me write one word that's not from my lovely Jesus Christ. Help me to explain all I've seen and heard as You want it described and written, for it is you, my lovely Jesus Christ this discerns as from. As I prayed and sought You and discerned it as Your Word calls us to do.

I see Macron, I see the man of sin in an elegant looking office, only the room is dimly lit. He's sitting in a high back leather chair, slightly pushed away from the head position of a long conference type table. I can tell the top of the table is white and polished. He's in a dark suit, wearing a white shirt and a red tie. His jacket buttons are undone. He's sitting with his hands clasped together with the pointer fingers touching together. It's a hand symbol I recognize as many in the occult do out in the open as a signal to others, identifying who they are among other things. His elbows are resting on his legs. He's in deep, deep thought. He seems upset, even disturbed by something. I'm seeing him as if I'm looking through an open window where no window is. There's a slight hesitant knock that I can hear going out through the silent room. It jars the man of sin out of his deep thought and it seems to only irritate and upset him more. “What is it?” He snapped angrily, then continued, “I said I was not to be disturbed.”

I saw a door crack open. I could tell that's what it is by the sliver of light now piercing the dark room. An almost timid sounding voice came through the cracked door. I heard the voice say, “Sir, chosen one, they're here. They finally arrived.” And with this information, Macron didn't move nor speak for a moment, his head still looking down at the floor. Suddenly, he raised his head and I could see a wicked gleam had entered his eyes. Finally, he spoke in a slow, purposeful voice, “Eduardo, show them in.” The voice outside spoke again through the cracked door, and this time his voice was a little bolder, but not by much. “Chosen one, shall I turn on the lights for you?” “Yes, Eduardo, please do,” the man of sin replied. The room filled with bright light as the man reached his hand inside the door and flipped the lights on. Apparently, he knew where the light switch was without entering the room. It makes me wonder if Macron spends a lot of time brooding alone in the room, in the dark room. I felt he did, because when the lights flooded the room, he never flinched or blinked as the room went from dark to light. “Creepy,” I said to myself. “It's as if night and day are the same to him. It must be all the cyborg cybernetics he's enhanced his body with. One grip of his hand, I understand, and he can badly bruise or break a few bones by just a handshake. A few extra parts he ordered in addition to having his evil brain hooked directly to the AI system and its mainframe. I know because my lovely Jesus Christ has shown me many of the alterations he has done to his once human body.”

He finally stood up, pushing back the leather chair a few paces. Then he reached up and buttoned his jacket buttons quickly and efficiently. He looked around for a moment. I felt a chilly coldness enter the room and the hairs on my arm began standing up on end. Something very evil, eviler than he had entered the room. “What is it, father?” Macron asked, to what looked like an empty room besides him in the room. For Macron to call out father means lucifer or lu lu as I call him, he's just entered the room. I saw a black sooty apparition appear and realized it was a portal opening and the black smoke is coming from the opening. I heard a clear evil voice dripping with

poisonous venom say to Antichrist, “You fix this now. Make no mistakes. Fix this now, my son. Nothing can stand in our way. It's our time to rule, your time to rule. But if you don't get things under control, you will be ruling with an army less than half, if not three quarters of its original size, it's supposed to be after years and years of our precision planning. Do you realize yet how hard it will be to bring the world to its knees if there's not enough to create our formidable armies? This includes the robots, drones, hybrids, clones, and the mutated. We're guaranteed to be able to pull many of our allies through the spirit realm's barrier and earth's timeline into this physical realm before the darkness of three days has lifted of my brothers and our children and spirit children. But the God of Heaven has intervened. Our time of retrieval is now less than half of our original allotted time. If you don't fix this and get them in line and united when the Nazarene returns with His filthy Warriors of Lights, then we'll have more to continue with than we have ever realized,” the evil voice of lucifer finished saying through the portal's opening. “I understand, Father,” Macron replied reverently as he bowed his head slightly. It made me want to puke, but I held it in.
“Thank You, Jesus Christ,” I whispered, but no answer came.

Suddenly, a claw-like hand came through the portal and grabbed Macron under his chin. I could see his long yellow nails digging deep into it. I saw him wince in pain as I heard lucifer's cruel voice say, “Don't fail me, Macron. Don't fail me. Fix this now,” he demanded. Antichrist managed to croak out,”I will, Father, I will.” Lucifer let go of Emmanuel Macron’s chin suddenly as he said, “See that you do, because if you don't, then I will.” Macron has reached up and grabbed his chin, rubbing it. There are deep red marks on his chin area from lucifer's long, cruel fingernails. Finally, he said, “I will handle it. I will see to it that it gets done.” There's a buzzing sound that's coming from the end of the long table where Macron's chair had been at first. As the noise sounds again, the black smoke begins to fade as the portal closes. Still rubbing his chin, the man of sin walks over to the table and presses something on the table and then says, “Yes?” I heard the voice of Eduardo say, “They're here.” Macron let out a few curse words under his breath and then said out loud, I need a few minutes. See that our guest needs are met until I'm ready. Yes, sir,” came Eduardo's reply. Then Antichrist let out a loud string of curse words as he walked over to a wooden cabinet. He pulled open the top drawer, took out a silver mirror on a stand and set it out on top of the cabinet. He reaches back into the cabinet drawer and pulls out what looks like a glass jar, like what makeup comes in, and a white man's handkerchief. Still cursing, he opened the jar and placed his fingers into it and pulled them out. He looks into the mirror and begins wiping his fingers on his face, his now fully red and bruised chin. “It is makeup,” I exclaimed to myself as I saw him quickly, as if he was an expert covering up the marks on his face made on his face by his so-called fallen angel father, Lulu Lucifer. The makeup covered the bruises and blotches easily. As Macron is wiping his hands on the handkerchief, which must already have some type of soap or cleaner on it for the makeup to come off his fingers so easily. I couldn't help but say, “If that's how affection is shown in the kingdom of darkness between so-called father and son, it's no wonder they're all losers and Jesus Christ is the winner.”

Macron gave himself one final look in the mirror, closed the makeup and threw it into the cabinet drawer, none too gently, followed by the handkerchief, then next the mirror, which was cushioned by the handkerchief and kept it from breaking, even though he threw it forcibly into the drawer also. “Makes you wonder,” I said to myself, “for him to have all this in the drawer, how many

times does this happen to him?" Before I could think, anything else, he slammed the cabinet drawer shut with a long bang while still cursing under his breath the whole time. "My, my, my," I said to myself, "the man of sin's feathers are fully ruffled tonight." Macron adjusted his red tie, walks over to the head of the table, then sits down once again in the expensive leather chair. He rolls himself up close to the table, then presses a button on the panel I can now see is made into the table itself. I heard Eduardo's voice say, yes, chosen one? Macron replied quickly, "Send them in." "Yes, sir," the voice replied. I watched still through my window type view as antichrist smoothed his hair back as if ensuring not one hair was out of place. Then he places both hands in front of him on the table before him as he waits for his company to arrive. The door opened inward and in walked a thin tan skin man with thinning hair on top of his head. His one dark hair now has turned gray. He's dressed also in his suit, but one that's not as nice or expensive as the man of sins who I knew, which I knew was tailor made by the finest tailors in Europe. This man I know is Eduardo.
He opens the door fully as he announces the guests. "The hunters and assassins are here as you requested." Then he steps aside to allow four people to enter. It is three men and one woman.

The first man is tall and slender with long, thin, straight blonde hair that hangs past his shoulders. His skin looks more red than white, though still lighter in his color. He's wearing tan pants, a white pullover shirt with a tan sports jacket that has patches on the elbows of a darker tan color. The top of his head looks like his hair is thinning and I understood this man most times wears a hat. Next to him is a medium height man dressed in a dark gray suit that has what looks like tiny black pinstripes running vertically up and down his suit jacket and matching pants. He's wearing spiffy looking black dress shoes that have a braided fringe in the center of the shoes top. He's also wearing a white shirt with a dark gray maroon tie. The man appears to be dressed for success by the world's standards. He is carrying a black satchel with him. Accompanying these two men is another man and the woman who is heavy set. She has wavy auburn hair. She's wearing loose around her shoulders. Her skin is light but it's slightly tan on her arms as if she wore a lot of sleeveless items. She appears to be taller than the average woman but not by much. She's dressed in a royal blue loose fitting dressy pantsuit with a lightweight shawl that is white in color with a gold chain necklace that has near the bottom of it on each side two pearls for a total of four. The chain is thin and narrow. When I see the pearls for some reason my mind thought,"Pearls to represent the marine kingdom. She must be from that part of Lucifer's kingdom originally." I realize she is wearing makeup on her face and light pink lipstick. Her eyes, her eyes, I can't see the color of them of her pupils. They look solid black and soulless to me. I have the odd feeling I know her from somewhere but it's behind a veil somehow. Possibly the others too. "Jesus Christ my love, do I know these four? I feel like I've met them or know them." My eyes focused on the last man by the woman. He's a younger man, tan skin with dark hair pulled back in a ponytail. He's dressed in black dress pants and a button-up white shirt. He's younger than the rest. His eyes look black and soulless like the woman's. Actually as I get a really good look at all four of the people in the group, all their eyes appear similar. It is, I recognize the look of evil, pure evil. The four are loyal to the kingdom of darkness. Before I could study and examine these four anymore, Antichrist began to speak.

"Good, you're here," he said to the four with a charming, suave smile upon his face that never reached his eyes. He nodded his head toward the older man who had let the four into the

conference room,again… who had to be Eduardo. He nodded and bowed his head slightly, then turned and walked out of the door, shutting it as he did. Antichrist, the man of sin, turned his full attention on the four guests. He gives them a cold, hard stare, going from face to face, and then he said, “Give me a status and it better be good.” The long-haired, blonde-headed man spoke first. “Chosen one, you have enlisted our aid because each of us are the best in our fields.” “I know this, Wyatt,” the man of sin replied, “but lately your performance has not been up to my expectations.” The woman spoke up. “We're not here to make excuses, but to give our response, our reports, so we can together formulate a better plan for success. None of us could have contemplated that so many of the Nazarene's children would not only wake up out of our slumber spells and sleep webs of deception, but also begin to learn the authority they have as the foul Nazarene's children.”

The man in the gray suit with the black satchel still in hand looked over and said, “You should have known, mistress of webs, after all, that's your field of expertise. How many years have you hidden inside the Nazarene's ranks as one of his professing to love him dearly while worshiping and working for the dark lords and our beloved chosen one as you weaved your webs of witchery? You know the ins and outs of Christianity. You should have moved sooner when those around your target began waking up.” The woman looked over at him as her eyes narrowed. “Executioner,” she called him., “you would be wise to watch your words. The Nazarene watches this one closely, and she speaks with him often. If not for my expertise, I would have been rejected like all the rest who have failed in their assignments.” I heard Antichrist speak in a deadly voice, “Yet you have failed in your assignment. The target is still very much a problem. You have not stopped her. You have not been able to gain her full trust, and more of the Nazarene's children are beginning to rise up and war against our kingdom. Your woven webs of lies and deception weaved into webs of truth so they would not be detected in the world a man has failed. Your web weavers have failed. All of you have failed,” he said angrily as he addressed all four of the people still standing before him. He turned to Wyatt, the blonde haired man, and snapped, “You were supposed to be the best hunter and tracker. You were given the assignment to track down all those who have risen up to stand in our way. I have the whole world at my fingertips. I have called forth the world's greatest to aid me. I send each of you because those prior have failed to move out the problems. Wyatt, you know the ways of the Nazarene too, having once served him, but you renounced his ways for the true power our dark lords have given you, given to all of you,” he said angrily.

Then Macron addressed the blonde haired man again. “Your spirit guides of our dark lord's spirit children have given you the uncanny ability to track down the dead and living. That's all about spirits, guys. Why have you not taken out those we know to be of the 144,000? And I'm not talking about our own moles in place that are involved in reaching out as groups of support under the guise of helping and teaching one another as we gather information from the 144,000 and their loose lips. I am referring to those that when you get close enough into their lives, they bear the unmistakable marking of the God of Heaven's warrior’s seal.” The blonde headed man replied, "It is as you have warned. Those that are truly one of these 144,000 warriors of light, as they call themselves, have extra protection surrounding their lives, but even in this, I have not failed. I have a comprised list of many across the world who are the real deal. We have been in the process of infiltrating their lives. Our abduction teams are in place and ready to go. We have been successful in our endeavors because many still have not learned how to fight us in the realms of the spirit

world." "Really?" Antichrist said in a steely voice. "My last report tells otherwise." And then he spoke again. "Executioner, what have you got for me?" "f I may," the man in the gray suit asked as he pointed to the satchel, signifying he wanted to open it. Macron nodded his head quickly. Executioner opened his business satchel to pull out a thick blue file. "May I?" He asked again as he pointed to the conference table. Macron said tartly to all of them, "You may sit down. Executioner, let us hear what you have collected."

The four people made their way to the long conference table, but none of them sat directly by Macron. The man named Executioner sat one chair away from the man of sin. Next to him sat Wyatt in the tan jacket. Then next to him was the dark headed younger man and the woman that was called the mistress of webs. The executioner man opened the blue folder, sifted through the many files inside it until he pulled out several pages and began to read out loud. We have infiltrated 142 confirmed areas that are to be what many of our enemy side calls safe camps. Our internment camps are ready as well, so that after the three days of darkness lifts and we're in control, we can quickly move in during the chaos that will ensue after the initial shock to those still remaining in the world wears off. Many of those professing to know the Nazarene will still be here. Thanks to the dark lords, we have a copy of every one of them who still have legal standing ties and agreements with them, although they profess to love and know the Nazarene. If there is truth to the rumor that the Nazarene's children will go through a purging inside the darkness, then some of these agreements may be broken, but most of them that are successful at this time in breaking their ties and agreements with the dark lords will be taken out of the way when the Nazarene returns for them. These will be those no longer connected in any way to our kingdom of darkness. For those who are left, we shall gather them up quickly and take them to our camps, calling them our safe zones. Here we will execute them before they can rise up or join with others to become a problem. Then we will confiscate for our new world government all the supplies that were meant for the Nazarene's disobedient ones who were left after His return," the executioner finished saying. Macron, the man of sin, said, "These locations, what areas do they cover?" "Chosen one," he replied, "this covers the known world of the upper world."

For the first time since I had seen Macrone, the antichrist, this night, he began to smile, a small one, but one nonetheless. "That's up over 50%. It does show a definite improvement that our latest tactics are working. Still," he said quickly, "we did not anticipate those that have been waking out of our slumbering spells to be able to learn so quickly how to really fight us." I heard the sound of muffled curse words coming from the dark haired, tan skinned man next to the mistress of webs. So did everyone else in the room. "Esau," Macron called out, "did you have something to add to this?" He began speaking, "It's not just the cuss cuss woman witness, but now it's others. It's like trying to put out a fire that keeps popping up in various locations. Never in any of our calculations, not even from the dark lords, was this accounted for. Yes, we knew some would wake up, but these have woke up with a holy vengeance. No matter how many times we knock them down, they somehow get the strength to rise back up. This is not like before, something is different." "This I know," antichrist said, through clenched teeth." The warfare has greatly hampered our endeavors to rule this world, but our time has come. I have called you here to warn each of you, failure will not be tolerated. Each of you are supposed to be among the top in our kingdom of human agents, yet you have failed from stopping your targets and completing your objectives. Mistress of webs, you came highly recommended, and although you have gained

entrance into the target's life, you have yet to stop her from sending forth the information the Nazarene shares with her or those close to her. That one is a snare to me," he replied. "She has been given protection by the Nazarene. In addition, your sister weavers have not been able to stifle the Nazarene's words from going forth by other of his children. Even though we own the media and news outlets, we control the social media, and you still have not provided information of when the God of Heaven brings the darkness. It's imperative we get this before our locations and numbers are reduced any further.
You are just one of several I have sent to try to offer aid to the target witness to try to gain her trust."

"Our operatives keep sending and feeding her items of truth in hopes she will let her guard down as the information we send, it discerns as true. But the Nazarene speaks and warns her," the woman said. "But I have managed to gain access to the manipulation of emotions as one in need who came in through secret means by words of praise from another. I've hidden my true nature from all for many years. My cover is secure. I am established as a known believer of the Nazarene. I know the Nazarene's word better than most of His own children, as disgusting as it is. Those around me cannot discern who I truly am because the holy discernment is so dulled by my spells and protection. I am familiar to them so they don't detect my being evil, plus, because of how deep I've buried myself. I'm not called the Mistress of Webs because I'm some new novice. I've earned every one of my kills and weaving web abilities. The Dark Lords can attest to that, she said in a hoarse voice. Then she laughed, a cruel laugh as she said, "For 120 souls collected were the dark lords, I was even granted the voice of song so I can entice those who will listen to my beautiful voice into my webs. I shall not fail," she finished saying. "We'll see," was all Antichrist replied and then he addressed the whole group. "Listen well. The darkness has to come soon because of the information and orders given to the dark lords from the Courts of Heaven. But all petitions by our dark lords have been rejected in the Courts of Heaven to know the time of the three days of darkness. Then with that, cuss, cuss, President Trump trying to go rogue and not follow our full script given to the world leaders, but only when and how he pleases, even the times of the ten suitcases exploding in the United States has been removed from our hands. This too is through the interference of the Nazarene and His praying, warring children. We cannot withstand the holy angels of God now in control of their detonations. So if I don't see immediate results and a turnaround on all our numbers, then your services will be terminated…and so will you. Is that clear?"Macron, the man of sin said in a deadly voice, and then he continued. "There will be no place in my kingdom for those who cannot follow through on their assignments. Not even if the Nazarene's children pray or not. They're soon to be removed, then you will no longer have to contend with them."

"Maybe not in this form, but many of those praying the warfare prayers will be returning as part of the 144,000. Somehow I don't think the Nazarene is going to have them be less effective when they return than before when they were still in their mortal bodies," the dark-haired Esau commented. Macron replied, "You are right. We would be fools to not take seriously all the information about the 144,000 that the Nazarene's children are revealing. Then he paused and then he said out loud, "Out of the many people, their relatives and friends, their acquaintances that's been picked up, how many Esau have you been able to get needed information from?" Esau replied, "We've been mostly successful in retrieving information through the mind scans enhanced

with the dark lord's power, their witchcraft, with most never even knowing we've accessed their minds. So few know to shield their minds from our many memory probes devices, and witchcraft that we can go in and out of their minds undetected and retrieve the information, then release them. Most times this is done during the hours of sleep, then we leave them a nice dream of pleasantries, confusion, or want of horror to cover our tracks." Then he laughed as he said, "The fools don't even know to pray over their minds and sleep when they sleep." He sobered up quickly as he said, the prayers of the Nazarene's children have increased by those who are no longer asleep and they've interfered with our operations some. This chosen one is why our numbers and success rate have slightly dropped," Esau finished.

"Some," Macron said and then continued, "your 'some' is a significant amount. Get it under control. Send in the clones. Apprehend those who might have a possible clue to the Nazarene's plans and the coming darkness. Hold them until they speak. Make them squeal like pigs. Retrieval of information, Esau, is your specialty, I'm told. It's time to impress me. The clone duplicates can replace the person for roughly two weeks in these lower models. In that length of time, their deaths can be arranged to appear like an accident, so the clone can be removed before the flesh begins to decay. Then you can keep the real ones in your care as long as needed until I get the results I expect. Is that clear, Esau," the man of sin asked him. "It is chosen one," he replied. "Good," Antichrist said, "I will authorize the release of the use of more clones of the level 21 series. Remember if the abductees need to be held longer or they die while extracting the information from them before the two weeks have expired, the replacement clones need to be dead, buried, or cremated before this two weeks expires. Otherwise, the smell of rotten, decaying flesh will become unavoidably noticeable and possibly cause the exposure of our use of clones. Don't let that happen," Antichrist said in a lethal sounding voice. "I understand," Esau replied and then asked, "will there be any restrictions on what extraction methods I can use?" "Not anymore," antichrist snapped in response.

Then he said to the whole group, "All restrictions are removed. Get done what you've been hired to do and do it quickly. We must gain the information so we can be prepared for the emergence of the two realms. We must stop these praying warriors. Enlist further the aid of the fallen one's spirit children, the ones the Nazarene's children call demons, and I shall arrange the assistance of the nephilim armies," antichrist sparked out. Mistress of webs, send out more of your brothers and sister weavers to infiltrate further the witness target and the others. All contact with the Nazarene's children who hear from His voice, who recognize it, must always be approached by use of truth laden with deception. Otherwise, they will discern quickly you're really one of the enemy. Even the dull-witted spiritually minded ones also make it a top priority to discover the identity of the second witness. We need this information," he said to the whole group, but it was the mistress of webs who responded."Chosen one, it shall be done," she replied with a wicked smile on her face, then said, "that will require more innocent blood to get this desired results you are asking for, and maybe even some who are not so pure and innocent," as she looked around at the other three in the group who are nodding their heads in agreement. "That should not be a problem" Macron replied.
"Take your pick, and while you're at it, why don't you use more of the Nazarene's children's blood to reduce their numbers and aid our cause further in that way," he finished saying. "If that's your will, we shall do it, but chosen one, you know well the quicker results come by getting it from the

children. A lot of the children are left physically and spiritually unprotected, while the Nazarene's children, those who are purer than the majority, know how to protect themselves by calling on the Nazarene's name. This makes them also, the children, easier targets."

Macron paused for a moment, only a brief moment, and then said, "Go for the pure source, get it from the children, we need results now. ""It shall be done," the mistress of webs told him with a smile, and then added,"I shall send out the orders immediately to my weavers. Some I will contact myself when I go to tonight's service at the Nazarene's church. After all, one must keep up appearances until they're all dead." No one seemed surprised by our words. Antichrist looked at each other again and then said, "You have your orders, failure will not be accepted." Then Antichrist reached out and touched the button again, built into the large conference table, and he said these words, "Eduardo, please show our guest out." "Right away," came the man's reply. Within a few minutes, Eduardo promptly appeared at the door, holding it open. He said smoothly, "If you will follow me." Even though it was a serious meeting, I heard the mistress of webs comment, "I'll get home in time to cook my family's dinner." Then the one named Esau looked at her and said, "Oh really, what's for supper,?" He asked, and then laughed, causing the two men and the mistress of webs to join in just as they walked out the door, which Eduardo quickly shut behind them as they left. The room was silent and Macron the man of sin sat very still until finally he said, "Father, it's been handled." I heard the evil voice of lucifer speak into the room, "It had better be," and then I woke up.

Take this to Jesus Christ in prayer. Again, you're called to try, test, and discern it. There's a lot of information for those prayer warriors you can pray about. Ask the Lord Jesus Christ to lead you to His truth. If you look, because he is true.

<u>Verses</u>
John 14:13-14; Hebrews 13: 6; Romans 8:28; Deuteronomy 3:22; Jude 9; Philippians 2:9-11; Matthew 12:29; Mark 16:17-18; James 4:7-8; Luke 8:17; Habakkuk 1:12; Psalms 89:13-14; John 10:27; Hebrews 10:19-31; Leviticus 19:31; 20:6;27; Isaiah 8:19; Colossians 1:13-14; 1 Chronicles 10:13; Revelation 14:1-5; Jude 14-15; Matthew 5:37; Daniel 2:22; Revelation 7:1-8; Matthew 7:13-14; 1 John 4:4; Isaiah 41:10; Psalms 138:7; Isaiah 54:17; Luke 10:19; Psalms 46:1; 2 Thessalonians 3:3; Psalms 91; Ephesians 5:11-12; Matthew 28:18; John 10:10; Romans 8:37; Zechariah 4:6; Isaiah 59:19; Matthew 18:18-19; John 16:33; 1 Corinthians 10:13; Deuteronomy 28:7; Romans 8:31