

Venomous Fishing Trip

Fishing.

On the one hand; a relaxing pass time where fishermen get to kick back in the sun, down a few cold ones and enjoy the beautiful view of a calming, peaceful ocean all around them. Maybe they'll grab a few bites, maybe they won't. Doesn't matter, it's a good time anyway.

...On the other hand; an infuriating nightmare where not a single blasted fish ever swims near the perfectly woven net the dashing spider-taur chucked angrily into the river...

...That especially dashing spider-taur was known by himself and, pretty much just himself as Venandi Spinnerak. Venandi was a massive, exoskeletal half-humanoid half-spider with a web-silk hood atop his head with six eyes...half of which were twitching murderously. "...Get in the damn net, you miserable little whelps..." Venandi hissed through clenched fangs.

After a sudden craving for salmon, Venandi opted to weave himself a rather large, spider-silk net. It extended by well over a dozen feet and had a pseudo-silk rope attached to it, allowing Venandi to chuck and retrieve his net, as well as clamp it shut with a firm yank. After all, he was a giant spider, and spiders did not do well with swimming...

...Unfortunately, they didn't seem to be doing especially well with fishing either. Venandi had been out and about for a solid hour and hadn't so much as nabbed a single fish for his rather sizable buckets, all of which he'd filled with water moments earlier to keep the fish alive. Venandi wasn't particularly patient as it was, but factor in how hungry he was, and it was a recipe for disaster.

The fact that his armored stomach roared almost as impatiently didn't help the situation. Venandi just grimaced and clutched his upper stomach with one hand, hissing venomously. "Grr...I know...I know...I know, confound it!!!"

He hated how much he loved the taste of fish. They weren't even filling!

Nonetheless, Venandi kept at it, chucking his net into the water and yanking it firmly anytime fish so much as swam near it. Every single grumble from his achingly empty stomach and every return and release of an empty silk net strained Venandi's very last nerves. If he wasn't certain the current would send him adrift and tumbling down a waterfall, he'd storm his way into the river and snatch up the fish with his bare, exoskeletal hands.

After more trial and error, Venandi paused for a moment, taking a few deep, calming (or so he'd claim) breaths. Retrieving his empty net, Venandi was forced to concede that his strategy wasn't working. Then, something caught his many eyes. It was a large, long-since toppled tree which almost acted as a bridge to the middle of the river. The tree was quite old and quite sturdy, having been in that position for years.

Curious, Venandi scuttled over to the tree and experimentally scrambled on top of it. Venandi did not do water well, but to continue experimenting, he inched further and further towards the river itself from atop the fallen tree. To his shock, it was able to support his weight. Suddenly, that frustrated sneer turned into a sly grin.

“Oh ho, Venandi, you crafty, devilishly handsome, supremely intelligent, all powerful and knowing creature, you...” Venandi praised himself in a rather modest and not at all arrogant way, with his large, silk net still at hand. His confidence dipped somewhat when he realized this meant having to actually go to the edge of the fallen tree where it laid above the river itself. That was pretty far into the deep end for Venandi's comfort. But when his belly growled rather relentlessly, he bit the bullet and hurriedly scurried over to the deep side and cast his net.

This time, Venandi was too on edge to be as impatient and angry as he was on land. He was going to take his time. More than that, he was going to make sure his haul was a big one. After all, he didn't put in all this effort just to merely satiate his hunger. He wanted to leave it beyond satisfied.

Venandi stood there, a bit anxious from being pretty much in the middle of the river, but confident that he had a solid grasp on the downed tree. He waited and waited for a large enough school of fish to pass by. A few swam here and there, but they were small potatoes. Venandi wanted the big game.

Several minutes ticked away, but Venandi remained, standing by, eager to gulp down as many fish as he could stomach. Then, a passing school swam by. Venandi's eyes all widened and he rather eagerly gripped his end of the net, ready to yank at a moments notice. He had to time it just right to grab them before they could swim away. Then, they were finally in reach, and in one fell swoop, Venandi yanked the 'rope' of his net.

When he pulled the net out of the water, ensnared shut, to his utter glee, it was considerably heavy and loaded with fish. "Ha!!! I caught you at last, you miserable worms! Hahahah! Did you really think you could evade my immaculately woven nets forever?! Think again, you mindless drones!!!" Venandi was hysterical as he practically shouted tauntingly at a bunch of mindless, flapping fish being held up in his net. He continued praising himself and sneering at the fish in his grasp for a solid twenty seconds more.

He may have taken all the salmon refusing to allow themselves to be eaten a little personally...

After settling down and remembering that the fish wouldn't be able to flap around much longer without water, Venandi scuttled off of the fallen tree and down on land. He had four large buckets of water, and carefully dumped all the fish in his net into each and every bucket. Venandi grinned down at his catch and rubbed his grumbling stomach with anticipation. "Ho ho, you cunning spider, you'll be eating like a king today..."

Venandi was strong and large enough to carry two buckets per hand, then made his way back to his den deep within the woods, where no one dared venture, lest they be added to the menu. The giant spider-man settled comfortably within his home. And despite being a den deep underground, it was surprisingly well kept.

The dirt walls, floor and roof were all smoothed out and perfectly compacted, looking rather tidy for an underground, cavernous tunnel system. No pebbles littered the ground. In fact, there were fine, silk rugs laid neatly and perfectly all across the floor, woven straight from Venandi's own silks. There were also quite a few decorations assembled using silk, some bone fragments, even discarded parts of Venandi's long-shed exoskeletal remains. After all, Venandi, like many species of spider, shed his exoskeleton and grew a new one every once in a while.

Most surprising were the dangling strands from the ceiling he'd established throughout the burrows. They were all decorated with cyan bead-like materials, giving everything a slight glisten. It was almost like the spider-taurs' own set of chandeliers. Venandi grinned smugly to himself while carrying his full load of fish, all of which were still swimming and flopping around within their buckets. "Mmmmm, perfect, brilliantly designed home," Venandi rumbled to himself. The pride radiating from his voice was anything but subtle.

He idly tapped a few bits of décor on his way in, but didn't stop to admire anything. Rather, Venandi merely navigated through one of the cavernous tunnel complexes that he himself had assembled, heading deeper and deeper into his caves. Eventually, he finally reached his destination; a sizable den with an equally sizable "mattress" made entirely from Venandi's own silk.

Setting the buckets down, Venandi grinned and rubbed his palms together, running his thin yet long tongue across his upper lip eagerly. In an equally eager fashion, he reached into the bucket and yanked a single fish out, dangling it above his head and considerably extended jaws. His mandibles parted open at either side, twitching eagerly for his catch. The fish flopped and flapped around helplessly within his grasp as he proceeded to just carelessly drop, head first, into his mouth. Venandi swallowed that first fish whole, rumbling pleasantly around his sizable snack, and gulping heartily. His exoskeletal throat expanded out as the fish slid down his gullet all at once. Those throat muscles slickly squelched around its catch, pushing the fish down past his collarbone and dropping it right into the spider-taurs' upper stomach.

Venandi smacked his chops then grinned contently. He rested his palm against his hardened stomach, feeling his prey flop around within his gut. But then, after a moment of this, he frowned. "Hmm, delicious as ever...but...not particularly satisfying for some reason..." He drummed his slender, armored fingers atop his midsection in thought while the fish continued flopping around within his stomach.

Then, when his stomach emitted another hungry, borderline impatient groan, he recoiled slightly, gripping his gut tightly and hissing mildly to himself. His many eyes darted down from the bucket he'd reached into and his stomach. And, as if a lightbulb had clicked within his arachnid brain, he grinned once more.

"...Well, I am rather parched..." Venandi admitted to himself, smacking his chops thirstily.

Surprisingly, rather than reach for another fish within the bucket, Venandi grabbed the first bucket itself with both his hands, and proceeded to heave the considerable object high above his maw. Then, Venandi opened his jaw as wide as it could extend, so much so that his lower jaw split down the middle, once again causing his mandibles to part at the sides, twitching with anticipation. The giant spider-man proceeded to pour the entire contents of the bucket straight down his gaping maw. Gallons of water went rushing down Venandi's throat along with all the fish that were swimming around within the bucket itself. Venandi swallowed it all, water and fish alike with one rapid, considerable gulp after the other. His slick, armored throat bulged out considerably with each ample glug he took in, bobbing in and out rhythmically and sizably for every single gulp.

As Venandi all but practically chugged down that entire barrel, his lean, exoskeletal stomach expanded slowly yet steadily. Gallons of water rushed down his gullet all at once along with several fish, all of which flopped into cramped yet expanding belly without ceremony. Since Venandi was slugging down all that water all at once, rather than flop around like the first fish had been doing, the fish were actually still able to just barely swim around. That was all due to Venandi's belly acting as a slimier 'barrel' full of just as much water.

Eventually, Venandi had slugged down very last drop of water and fish within his first barrel, then carelessly discarded it to the side. The spiders' upper, humanoid belly had swollen out by almost three feet. However, due to just how large Venandi himself was in frame, it only appeared as though the arachnid had a considerable beer belly on him. Almost immediately, Venandi's hands dropped down onto his bulging belly, then Venandi let out a huge, wet, den-rattling belch.

"**BWWWWUUUU**
UURRRRREEEE
EEEoooooo
OORRRRP!!!!"

That crass eruption bellowed from Venandi's jaws for almost five seconds straight. It rumbled loudly and wetly out of the arachnids' maw and rumbled all throughout Venandi's den and the self-made caverns beyond. When it ended, Venandi sighed contently and gave his belly a couple of hearty pats of satisfaction, making it slosh heartily on account of the sheer volume of water and fish festering within his belly.

"Ahhh, ***HIC!*** Guh, heheh, not exactly couth, *but devil take me*, that felt good," Venandi cooed. He grimaced, thumped his exoskeletal chest firmly with one fist, and expelled another wet, really watery-sounding burp right after that. When it ended, he smacked his chops and looked down at the second barrel of water, then back at his bloated belly sagging from his firm, armored torso.

The spider gripped his underbelly and gave it a light jostle. His gut sloshed about heavily and worked up a sharp hiccup in the process which left Venandi grunting to himself. Then, after some mulling it over, the large spider threw up his hands. "Ohh, what the hell! You did good today, Venandi Spinnerak! You deserve to indulge every once in an hour, you handsome, cunning, brilliant devil, you!"

He could've gone on praising himself for several more minutes and likely would have were he not so unapologetically greedy. However, rather than do that, Venandi grabbed the second barrel loaded with water and fish and heaved it high. He brought it up to his mouth, tilted the whole thing forward and proceeded to extend his jaws and greedily chug its contents down.

Like the first barrel, Venandi's throat bobbed in and out with especially large, rhythmic and especially wet-sounding, **thick** gulps. Every single mouthful he slugged down was a good dozen or so pounds of water and fish rushing down his gullet all at once and filling his already engorged upper stomach even further. Venandi's belly continued expanding, rounding out even further and further the more the spider chugged that second barrel away.

The fish all piled atop each other within Venandi's putrid gut, barely able to even swim even with all of that water filling him up all at once. It wasn't going to be long before his second stomach would need to get to work on all these fish. But until then, that upper belly continued to grow more and more massive. That immensely rounded stomach expanded from a mere beer belly into an immensely swollen, almost boulder-like, exoskeletal dome which hung heavily from Venandi's otherwise lean, armored torso.

Eventually, that second barrel had been drained of its contents. Tossing it aside, Venandi huffed breathlessly to himself, letting his tongue hang and salivate from his jaws. Venandi had a rather groggy look on his face while he groaned and rested both of his hands atop his massive, warbling dome of a gut. "Urrf...***HIC!!*** Ourgh, okay...I...urrgh, m-may have overduh-***HILP!*** done it..." Venandi croaked as he rubbed his achingly full, immensely large belly all over. Shortly after, it lurched suddenly, and Venandi's jaws flew open...

**"BRAAA
AUUUU
URRRR-
HUUUU
URRRE
EEESEE

ELCH!!!!"**

An absolutely thunderous, den-shaking belch erupted out of Venandi's maw for several seconds straight. His many eyes widened as several flicks of saliva and residual water that was still in his mouth flew out. When it ended, Venandi sighed with relief, looking almost dazed while his long, slick tongue hung out of his maw.

“Ahhh, ***HICCUP!*** Oof, that hit the spot,” Venandi cooed, hiccuping suddenly and grunting to himself. He contently gave his belly a couple of pats of satisfaction, causing the immensely engorged surface to warble as the gallons of water and fish festering in his belly sloshed intensely. This dislodged another sharp hiccup which left Venandi huffing and thumping his exoskeletal chest firmly.

The massive spider carefully eased himself down onto his immense, web-formulated 'nook'. Venandi eased his lower, spider-body down into the 'cushioning,' letting his many legs twitch and adjust until he was comfortable. Then, Venandi eased his humanoid upper body backwards against the webs like one would, leaning against a couch. His incredibly round belly hung heavily, getting a little bottom heavy from just how much water Venandi chugged down all at once. The slightest movements caused Venandi's bloated stomach to sway and jostle intensely.

All the while, Venandi's belly burbled intensely and incessantly. His gut sounded like a vat of liquids under a burner, bubbling and gurgling away. Since so many fish were packed away, cramped together and constantly flopping and swaying within the water-packed innards of the spider, Venandi's belly was constantly jostling and swaying even when the spider wasn't even moving.

Normally, Venandi had a very sensitive stomach. He would always make it a point to chomp into his larger prey and inject his venom into whatever he devoured so they'd be too paralyzed to squirm and upset his stomach. Fish, on the other hand, were very weak creatures, and even when there was a whole bunch of them stowed away within his belly at once, their constant motion and swaying with all that liquid didn't cause the spider-taur any degree of indigestion. His stomach was burbling quite loudly, but otherwise, Venandi was savoring every second, basking in absolute, blissful, contented semi-fullness.

As Venandi lounged within the webbed 'cushioning,' he glanced down at his immensely engorged gut and contently rested his palms atop it. Gingerly, he stroked his belly up and down with his exoskeletal fingers, feeling it gurgle as he grasped his sagging underbelly and heaved his belly upwards. "Mmmm, all mine," Venandi practically purred as he felt his gut slosh tremendously from the influx of water and fish. Then, Venandi released his grip, causing his massive, heavy belly to drop back down into place, bouncing and sloshing heavily and dislodging a big, watery belch in the process.

The arachnid clicked contently and smacked his chops. Then, he resumed rubbing his prominent middle fondly. His fingers dug into the sides of his armored belly, practically feeling his prey festering around within him.

"Hmph, perhaps I could have spaced out devouring these delectable little guppies throughout the day, but they're hardly the most filling meal in the world," Venandi remarked. His face tightened with discomfort for a moment. But then, he thumped his chest firmly and expelled another wet, gurgle-y burp, followed by another right after that. "**BWAAARRRRUUUUP!!**
OOOOORRRRLLLLJULP!!!! Guh, goodness," Venandi remarked with a mildly hoarse tone.

He shook his head, as if not satisfied, and then smacked his palm against the side of his belly firmly, making it jostle and slosh immensely, which caused Venandi to expel a much louder and longer belch.

**"BRRROOOOUUU
UUURRRRAAAA
AAAHHUUUU
UUUURRRRP!!!!"**

As that burp raged out of Venandi's maw with a gurgling edge to it, more water drips and strands of saliva flew out of his maw. When it ended, Venandi sighed with relief, looking much more at bliss than gave his belly a couple of pats of satisfaction.

"Graaah, much better," he cooed. Then, as if nothing happened, he resumed rubbing his belly all over. A low clicking sound emitted from his mandibles, a sound which indicated pleasure for the spider, and horror for any arachnophobes that may have been within earshot. "Mmmm, even if I've had much larger meals, these succulent little cretins get the job done, and dear sweet me, do they taste good..." Venandi purred, once again running his tongue across his upper 'lip'. Then, he hiccuped again, snorted and slapped his gut in a possessive manner, making it jostle intensely beneath his palm. "And really-
HIC CURLP!!! Woof, and really, it's what I deserve. It isn't easy being so cunning, handsome, strong, handsome, deathly intelligent and handsome. To say nothing of my devilishly charming

personality... **BWUUUOOORRRP!!!!**

Fittingly, as soon as Venandi finished talking about his charming personality, his belly lurched and yet another big, watery burp punctuated the completion of his self-aggrandizing.

...Which he then proceeded to resume as soon as he had finished clearing his throat and contentedly ran his tongue across his fangs.

"...Mph, indeed, these mindless fish should consider themselves lucky to become one with such a magnificent, handsome creature with a perfectly shimmering exoskeleton. I'd say I envy them, but, well, then I wouldn't get to be me..." Venandi continued boasting, but even he grew tired of hearing about how perfect he was. Not annoyed, but literally exhausted, the praise and semi-fullness got the better of him, and before long, Venandi was snoozing peacefully within his nook. Indeed, around these woods, no predator was more feared...and full of himself (and fish) than Venandi Spinnerak...

The End