

Cracker Kingdom, home of the goldfish crackians!

Many roam this vast kingdom, going from one place to the next: Residing in their homes, or shopping for some delicious salts. Heck, some even hang out with each other at the park! Peace is the main theme for this lively kingdom, everyone smiling and swimming and relaxing along the way.

Somewhere in the kingdom's many neighborhood lies one house: Being fairly large while colored blue, displaying various windows across it. Inside is Gilbert, the orange goldfish tightening up the living room via sweeping with his broom. He hums, sweeping behind the couches, the armchair, and the table, too!

Gilbert smiles. (Such a wonderful day today in Cracker Kingdom.) He sweeps in front of the armchair, sighing. (As per usual.)

Something rings on the stool besides the armchair, Gilbert eyeing it.

"Hmm?"

His phone jitters and shakes, ringing throughout the house. He swims over, picking the phone up with his nonexistent hand.

"Hello?"

"Hey, Gilbert! How's it going?" someone on the other end says, calm and feminine.

Gilbert perks up. "Oh greetings, Brooke! It's been awhile since we've last talked!"

"It sure has, haha! How's, uh, things going for you, dude?"

The fish shifts his head. "Oh you know: Cleaning my house, tidying everything up." He dances a little, smiling. "The usual."

"Hah." Brooke snorts. "You sure like to do that a lot!"

"What can I say? Cleaning is quite therapeutic, once you get into the groove of it."

"True dude, haha. True."

Gilbert looks out of the window. "What about you? How's things going for you?"

"Ah...Well, I'm doing fine myself. It's just...um..." Brooke trails.

"Just..." Gilbert tilts his head. "What exactly?"

"I, uh, need you to come visit my place at the other side of the neighborhood. I need your help with something, *badly*." She pants a bit after that last part, Gilbert raising his brow in suspicion.

"Huh. Is it something urgent?" he asks, concerns seeping into his tone.

"You...could say it's, mmm, like that." Brooke becomes quiet for a moment. "Y-Yeah."

Gilbert shakes his head, mystique circulating in his mind on what's going on with his friend. He nods. "Alright. I'll be there shortly, pal."

"Thanks, dude! You're the best!" Is all Brooke says before hanging up.

Setting his phone down, Gilbert swims to the front door, grabbing his round hat. "The way she's talking today was...bizarre." He glances off. "Not sure what any of that was about, but I'll get to the bottom of it." After a firm nod, he heads out.

...

Gilbert stands in front of another large house: Looking quite similar to his', but colored red instead of blue. He swims towards the front door, knocking.

"Hello, Brooke? It's me, Gilbert!" he proclaims. "I'm here!"

No answers.

The orange crackian knocks once more. "Brooke? You there, pal?"

Still nothing but silence. However...the door swings open.

Gilbert looks around for a brief moment, suspicion rising. (Why...was the door unlocked?) He dozes off in thought. "Hmm..." Without thinking further, he enters and closes the door.

The inside looks pretty neat: Furniture and a TV on the fish's right while there's a kitchen on his left, organized in a properly manner. Gilbert eyes around, caressing his hat.

"Doesn't seem like anything is out of the..." His voice trails. "Ordinary."

The fish spots a row of...white liquid? Spiraling up the stairs, even!

His eyes squints, uncertainty rising. "Wh...What *is* that?" he questions, swimming forward. He sniffs the liquid: Hardly any aroma comes out of it, but for a brief moment, he could've sworn he smelled something sugary. "Hmm...Welp, time to bring back my detective skills of the old days and give it a quick lick."

The crackian laps up the liquid, smacking his lips. He stares up: Blinking. "Hmm...Tastes sugary. Sweet, even." His brow quirks. "How perplexing..."

SPLISH!

"A-AH!"

A familiar voice shouts from the upstairs, Gilbert jolting up immediately. He gasps.

"Brooke!"

Without a second thought, he swims up the stairs, following the trail.

“Ngh. Oh goodness, it just keeps on going!” Brooke yells, following by a moan afterwards.

Gilbert narrows his brows. “I’m coming, Brooke! Just hang in there, bud!” Once he reaches the top floor, he notices the trail leading to Brooke’s bedroom: A pile being more obvious than ever before, spreading around the closed door.

Before he moves ahead, the fish stops in place, groaning. “Ngh. What in the—” Something in his belly churn, pants uttering. (Why am I suddenly...in pain?) Groans. (W-Wait, no: I-It’s not pain! It’s...something else. Pl-Pleasure, maybe?) Once he drags himself to the door, he freezes up: Yapping.

“E-Eek!” His lower body oscillates, rumbling before something enlarges. (H-Huh!?) The thing keeps expanding and expanding, to the point of the sheer length opening the bedroom door. All Gilbert can do is moan as something round also expanded itself in size.

“Wh-What’s going on!?” Is all Gilbert can muster out, heated energy spiraling throughout. Soon, his sudden growth comes to a halt: A massive cock and balls take its place, the orbs barely floating above the floorboard. Gilbert blushes, panting like crazy.

“Wh-What even is...” He gulps. “***This!***?”

“You tell me, dude!” Brooke says, lying on the bed in front of Gilbert. The orange fish yelps, taking one look ahead of him.

Brooke’s massive tits release milk over the sheets, the yellow fish gnashing her teeth—sweating at the sight of Gilbert’s raging cock. She blushes.

“I-I...” Gilbert is almost at lost of words. “Brooke: What *happened* to you? Heck, what happened to me, too!?” Gilbert eyes himself up. “Literally what’s going on here!?”

Brooke moans. “Y-Yeah, uh...I ate this colorful looking cookie that the next door neighbor was selling because I’ve never seen one like it before.” She gazes down. “And, uh, afterwards it...gave me these huge melons or something.” Groans. “I’ve been leaking milk since then.”

“Milk...” Gilbert glances down. “*That’s* what those are.”

“What about you?” Brooke looks up and down at the juicy orbs and throbbing wood. “How did you end up looking like that?”

Gilbert swims forward, his cock and balls swaying. “I don’t know, but...*maybe* it has something to do with your milk earlier.” The crackian whimpers. “I was merely curious on what the content was.”

“I see.” Brooke sighs. “That explains your massive length and balls, then.”

Gilbert blushes deeply. “O-Oh dear...So my guess *was* right, then!”

Brooke nods shyly. "P-Pretty much dude, haha..."

"Don't laugh, Brooke: How will I attend work today looking like *this!*?" Shudders. "What...will the other crackians think of me because of it!?" The fish swims back and forth frantically. "Oh dear, oh dear, oh DEAR!" Whines. "What am I going to do? I'm not even sure *how* I'm able to move around with these large monsters!?" A precum shoots out of his dick, the fish uttering a single moan as it throbs.

"What the blazes did I just..."

"Gilbert." Brooke is next to the orange fish, gazing at him with reassurance. "Relax. This is stressing me out, too. But..." She gazes the wood up and down, her tits still spilling milk. "...think I might know what the solution is."

Gilbert blinks for a moment before moving away. "W-Wait." He shivers. "You don't mean—" he eyes her tits as she stares at his dick: A simple gulp is all he does, Brooke smiling at him.

"Brooke, I...I'm not sure if that'll—"

"It *will*, dude. I just have a hunch that if we have sex, these baddies will disappear afterwards." She lifts her tits as though using telepathy. "All I have to do is get your hung taken cared of, and then we'll be set." A sigh escapes her mouth. "I know it's a huge, huge hunch. But what other choice do we have?"

"I-I mean, could we just...call the others about this?"

Brooke dozes off. "I've thought about that too, but..." Her head shakes. "I get the feeling they'll be too freaked out by whatever this is. We goldfish crackians don't have these...'tits' and 'dicks' and even 'balls', too. Like how we tend to see from the mammals outside our kingdom." She laughs nervously. "It's abnormal, and I fear they won't help us because of it."

"Oof...f-fair point." Gilbert blinks. "Oh wait: So THAT'S what these huge abominations I have called?"

"Y-Yeah." Brooke looks away.

"Also, hold on!" His brow quirks. "How do *you* know so much about these...'parts', Brooke?"

"I, uh—" blushes. "Found some random book at the library that was all dark colored and...learned about them from there."

"..."

The two remain silent for a moment: Exchanging occasional awkward glances. Soon, they rest on Brooke's bed: Gilbert sighing heavily.

"L-Let's just get this over with."

Brooke nods. "Sounds like the plan, yeah."

The orange goldfish's balls lie on the sheets as Brooke hovers over him, positioning her tits between the

massive shafts. She gazes into his eyes.

“Consider this as a friend helping out another, alright?” Brooke smiles.

Gilbert nods meekly. “Al-Alright.”

Brooke’s tits squeeze between the goldfish’s menacing meat, Gilbert shuddering, his balls churning. His cock trembles, a soft moan escaping the orange goldfish.

“M-Mm...”

The yellow goldfish eyes the orange’s tip, the head scooting close to her lips.

(Wow he’s big.) Brooke lifts her tits up and down, Gilbert groaning along the way. His cock throbs, nudging Brooke’s face.

“A-Ah...” He pants. “Th-This feels so weird, yet...” The goldfish shivers: His dick thumping and trembling, his tail wagging. He sways side to side, his eyes roll up—*drooling* ever so slightly.

“So...”

“Good?”

Brooke finishes for him, slowly panting herself. She gazes at the tip, blushing deeply at its bulbous appearance. “Y-Yeah, I feel ya.” She moans softly, the goldfish crackian leaning forward and kissing the tip. Her massive boobs sandwich the penis, licking her lips in delight. (Oh his dick just looks really...*delightful*.)

She kisses again, causing Gilbert to shake.

“A-Ah.” He eyes her down, mewling. “B-Brooke, the kisses. They’re so...” Pants. “They make my dick feel sensitive.”

“Mmm?” She keeps at it, smiling up at the fish. “I see~” Brooke licks the head, kissing all over it.

Gilbert clenches his teeth, spraying a few pre-seeds onto Brooke’s face. “A-Ah!”

Brooke gasps, the white sauce staining her face a bit. “Whoa...That was just the pre-ejaculation!” She smiles, her tits speeding up. She rubs and grinds, biting her lower lip. “Mmf.”

Gilbert moans, his dick twitching once more. “A-Ah, what?”

The yellow goldfish’s tongue sticks out, Brooke’s tits nudging and squeezing the massive rod, her tail wagging. “Heh. If that was just the pre-seeds, then I’m interested to see what the climax looks like.”

“Brooke.” Gilbert grunts. “You know, nggh, so much about this from just a random book you’ve read???”

The fish laughs nervously. “Yeah...” She looks off, the titjob persisting. “It caught my interest, dude. I had

to know what it's about because I, mmm, found body parts pretty cool to learn."

"I-I see." Gilbert chuckles softly. "You're always the more, mmm, curious type than I am, Brooke." He blushes once more. "I'd normally not dive into stuff unlike you, haha."

Brooke snickers, licking and kissing the shaft by the side. "That's what makes us different from one another, ya know?"

Gilbert grunts, his dick twitching. "I-Indeed."

Brooke's lips presses the tip. "Alright. I'mma suck on this now."

Gilbert yaps. "W-Wait, are you sure—**AH!**"

Brooke's maw wraps around the tip, the woman keeping her pace going. Her tits flop about, causing Gilbert to groan and moan loudly. His cock trembles more, his balls rumbling. He can feel it, his climax: It is inching *closer and closer*.

"O-Oh goodness, Brooke! I-I'm feeling tingly! L-Like something is about to I-leave me!" he yells, whimpering.

"Mmf." Brooke bops her head, smirking at the orange goldfish.

Eventually, Gilbert moans loudly and explodes his seeds throughout Brooke's maw, many cum leaving it without seconds. Brooke's eyes widen.

"MMF!" She pulls back immediately, letting the fountain of jizz spill all over her. Her tits even lactate to the excessive extremes, moans hollering out of her. "A-Aah! Oh god, I'm lactating again, ah~!" Mewls.

Both of fishes' parts tremble and shake, Gilbert clenching his teeth while drooling. "Nggh!" (Th-This release! I've never felt anything like it before, aah!!!) he thinks, spilling mountains upon mountains of cum across Brooke's bed, her dresser, the ceiling—just *everything* in this room in mere seconds, really.

Brooke's milk squirts out like a water hose, spilling all over Gilbert's dick along with the room itself, mixing in with the seeds. (I'm leaking so much milk! Holy crap, I don't think I've ever, mm, experience this level of joy before!) She whines, her eyes rolling up in pure bliss.

"Yes! Don't stop! Aaah, keep cumming, Gilbert~!"

"AAAAH!!!"

The fish sprays more and more of his erupting seeds, his cock and balls shuddering, churning with everlasting joy. Brooke's tits shivers, spraying its milk like a shower's sprinkler. The room keeps being clouded by the two's fluids, crafting a tsunami.

...

Gilbert and Brooke lie on their sides: Their parts no longer there as they remain still peacefully. The bed

coats in their cum and milks, the room itself being flooded with them. They cover the dresser, the closet—even the windows Brooke uses to look outside!

It's a miracle that either of them can rest as the flood only reaches the tip of the bed, nothing more.

Brooke stares at her lack of tits, sighing softly. "I'm...glad that my hunch was correct." Groans. "You, mm, feeling alright back there, Gilbert?"

No response.

"...Gilbert?" She turns: Eyeing the panting, sweating—absolutely *tired* mess of a goldfish. He isn't even aware that goldfishes can sweat up until this point.

He stares into outer space, dozing. "I—" Gilbert moans. "I-I'm fine...I needed that. The relief." Sighing, the fish closes his eyes. "E-Even if it sounds ridiculous." He nuzzles the pillows. "I can't believe that actually *worked*."

"It was a risky guess, but a darn GOOD one, honestly." She laughs nervously. "You said you have work today, right?"

Gilbert looks outside: The sky still being day out. "Well...It's a night shift so..." Shrugs. "I should be fine resting here for now."

"Good." Brooke sighs in relief. "Glad to hear that, dude. *Especially* after all of that, haha." Brooke nudges Gilbert. "I'm sorry for causing this mess."

"No...It's okay." Gilbert nuzzles against her, snickering. "I bet that cookie tasted good, too."

"It does, to be honest." She snorts before tilting her head. "Although, I wonder where they got it from."

"Who knows?" The goldfish gazes into Brooke's eyes, lust filling throughout them. "All I know is that...u-um..."

"That...what?"

"..." He looks off. "I want to eat those cookies myself." Blushes. "Just to experience that enticing moment again. The...release of my dick or whatever felt a-amazing." Blushes further. "One of the best feeling I've ever felt." Chuckles. "I'd like to go through it once more."

"Heh." Brooke smirks. "No problem, dude. Again, my neighbor lives next door. So we can ask them to loan us some by then."

"Sweet!"

Gilbert then eyes the flooding mess surrounding Brooke's bedroom.

"A-Also, um...sorry for the mess."

Brooke looks as well: Feeling some of the cum milk combo touching her. She shrugs. "Eh, it's alright. I'm sure it'll go away on its own. Maybe."

"*Maybe*?" Gilbert tilts his head.

"Hey man, I don't know the full effects of those cookies besides giving us melons and wieners." Brooke snorts.

The orange goldfish pouts, glancing at the mess. "You *really* need to look into the side effects of things before doing them."

The yellow goldfish nudges Gilbert. "Look at it this way: There wouldn't be any sorts of adventuring and learning experiences if I always think before I do, yeah?"

Gilbert rolls his eyes, smiling. "I *suppose*. Still doesn't hurt to try playing safe every now and then." He perks up. "With that said: What's the name of those cookies, anyways?"

Brooke thinks for a moment, succumbing to thoughts as she gazes up. "Hmm..." After a minute has passed, she eyes Gilbert and says the following:

"Never-Ending Chocolate Balls."

"..."

Gilbert stands there in utter silence.

"What."