In a rare period of calm between interplanetary conflict, the Tennyson cousins were settled within a plumber-provided RV the same model as the one they had travelled in as kids. The pair were less at each other’s throats as the stress of battle faded into the past, undoubtedly to return again. As Gwen sat at the table typing away at her laptop, Ben reclined on their sofa, flipping through channels on the remote. There wasn’t much to watch, so he settled on something he had already seen. Instead, he laid back and withdrew his phone.

Ben scrolled through a few websites, bored out of his mind, before a sudden lascivious thought sent a jolt between his legs. As he began to firm up, he huffed, and he sneakily typed a search term. His hand crept into his sweatpants as the images he wanted popped up- each one a skinny redhead with big tits. He was pulled from the moment by a snort across the room, and his hand snapped backwards, his eyes rolling back towards the television.

“You’re such a horny dweeb.” His cousin said, ostensibly under her breath, but loud enough for him to hear. His face turned red with embarrassment, and he tried to think of a justification beyond having an itch, but nothing came to him. Instead, once she began typing again, his hand slid down once again. He was able to give himself a few strokes before she huffed, and the laptop slammed shut.

“I’m not gonna be able to focus until I help you, am I?” She demanded to know, humor clear in her voice. Gwen sauntered over to him and climbed onto his lap, head bending down to kiss him. The pair made out sloppily for a few seconds, until a thin layer of saliva was smeared over both of their faces. Ben laughed. “For as snooty as you are I thought you hated this.”
She gave him a smile and grabbed his arms, pinning him to the sofa as she gyrated against him. Had either of them been paying attention they would’ve heard the telltale click of the omnitrix glowing to life. Ben had inadvertently flexed in the way coded to activate it. Her hands rolled over his wrists as she all but humped against him, until her hand slipped, and her closed fist came down upon the metallic face of the watch.

There was a blinding light, and all of a sudden she was being raised into the air. Ben let out a gasp that slowly deepened into a snarl. He grunted in discontent as his clothes began to tear before the watch stored them, as his muscles began to rise closer to his skin and swell. His skin began to dry and flake off, revealing a thick layer of scales that rolled with every movement. He became the color of red clay as his hair hardened into spikes, and his skull extended to create a snout. His pecs inflated, as did his chest, going from a lithe tone to a barrel-chested buffness.

His toes and fingers stuck together until they melded into razor sharp claws, and Ben roared. Unlike his other transformations, his focus was not on combat. Instead, his alien form was more accomodating. His cock became a deeper orange than the rest of his scales, foreskin returning and thickening. His frenulum fattened, as did the head of his cock. His meat expanded into a full on sausage, veins spidering down the increased length and letting it swell. As he once again stood to full mass.

“You’re insatiable.” The humungousaur told Gwen as she gasped, and her hands began to rub over his dick, which now dwarfed her. She merely laughed before her tongue extended to give it a few teasing licks, sneaking underneath the new soft foreskin to taste underneath. The sweaty, musky scent underneath was exotic but not unpleasant. If anything, Gwen took to snorting his balls, hands caressing and stroking the massive length.

Ben was thankful that the RV was constructed to account for interplanetary visitors. As the cockiness inherent to this form began to cloud his decision making, the thick-headed hero laughed. One of his claws found its way to Gwen’s hair, and he pressed her against his meat as she continued to lick over him dutifully. “Wonder if you could take a monster like this? Probably, this thing could stretch anyone!” He boasted. His cousin merely laughed as the head of his dick was engulfed in her warm throat. The lizard felt a wave of pride at her servitude.

Gwen beamed at the massive schlong, having already been made a lover of alien cock via their travels. Even if it was her doofus of a cousin, it wasn’t technically him. The spellcaster simply stopped trying to justify it. The cock tasted good, and it was that simple. She moaned against it as Ben tried to push himself deeper into her throat, but she simply couldn’t accommodate him. Even her magic wasn’t enough, or at least what she was willing to expend.

She pulled back with a gasp, panting as a trail of thick saliva connected her with the monstrous meat. Ben clicked his tongue in disapproval. “Your throat needs work.” He told her disapprovingly, grabbing the back of her head again and pressing her forward.

However, Gwen was caught off guard, and she let herself be pushed harder than she expected. The massive cock was too much to take within her mouth, and instead her nose slammed against the pole. There was a strange sucking noise as she tried to pull back, but his hand was still holding her down. The smell of cum and musk filled her lungs, and dulled her mind. Her focus faltered long enough that she sunk deeper, her whole nose vanishing within the tip.

Ben let go, but it was too late. The humongousaur’s humongous cockhole had gotten a hold of her, and his release inadvertently sucked her forwards. Her head vanished in a split second, buried within the moist tunnel that made up the cock. The humungousaur laughed with pride as he flexed his cock, the movement yanking her deeper. Ben had been overwhelmed by his alien urges, pride at the power of his cock overwhelming his care for his cousin. The flex raised his cock up, yanking his comparatively small cousin into the air. With her legs kicking and magic flaring, Gwen yelped in protest, but the predatory passion of her cousin was too much.

Ben grabbed his cock with one of his claws and raised it straight up, letting gravity and Gwen’s struggles send her slumping into the shaft. The urge to kick was too much, and she practically down downwards, landing with a splash into one of the cum-filled orbs. The humungousaur cackled as he stroked himself. “Talk about powerful!” He told himself, muscles flexing pridefully.

Inside, Gwen coughed as the boiling ball batter filled her lungs. Her alveoli began to melt into more of the spooge, body attacked by the powerful xenological sperm. They began to poke at her cells, converting them bit by bit into more of the lizard’s load. Her skin began to melt and grow sticky, rolling off in thick gooey drops and raining down into the puddle beneath her. She cleared her throat and coughed up a mouthful of cum that might as well have been a lung. As her thoughts faded into the simple biological imperative of billions of sperm cells, a singular bubble emerged as her last gasps.

The humungousaur brought himself to climax as the squirming stopped, and roared. His cock pulsed as it belched up rope after rope of seed, staining the ceiling and himself with the remains of his cousin. Streaks of red marked the cum, remaining pigment from her barely-digested hair. The lizard slowly fell asleep with near-feral exhaustion, leaving his human form to wake up to the mess his cousin had made once the watch timed out.