

Cafe Special- Night Cop
by Holo

Bokra grumbled to himself as he dragged a pair of cuffed criminals to his car. The pair of bank robbers had hit up several places in the past month, but they slipped up at their latest break-in, and had a run-in with the on-duty croc. Bokra was a big guy who barely fit into the largest uniforms the force had available, and so he had had no issues with subduing the criminal pair and dragging them back to his car. The struggle had exhausted him though, and he was already burning the midnight oil. The moon was high, the night was late, and Bokra was exhausted and in no mood to deal with two mouthy perps and a load of paperwork.

The perps were cuffed to the handles of the car door, talking smack about Bokra's weight when the croc cop decided he could solve several of his problems at once with a single move. He got out of his car, and the suspension lifted noticeably. He walked around to the other side where he had his two bank robbers cuffed up, and he grabbed one by the arm and uncuffed him. The thief gave him a puzzled look that quickly turned to fear as Bokra opened his jaws and stuffed him in.

He filled the croc's wide mouth, but his slim figure was hardly a challenge for Bokra's practiced throat. He swallowed and pushed on the perp's feet to push him down his throat. Bokra's throat bulged as it made room for the wide shoulders of his squirming meal. All of the thrashing was useless though. Bokra's muscled arms were more than enough to restrain his captive as he was swallowed and reduced to a bulge under his uniform.

The second perp looked on in stunned, silent horror until it was his turn. He tried to get away, pulling on his cuffs until he tripped himself and fell to the floor. Bokra chuckled, shrugged, and lifted the thief by his feet, and began to swallow him. The feet went down easy, as did the legs, but the trouble came once the hips were inside the croc's jaws. Those deft, safe-cracking hands started slapping Bokra's cheeks, which he didn't appreciate. This would probably be several counts of assaulting an officer in any other situation.

Bad as the slapping was, Bokra was able to shake it off until those hands grabbed his nose ring to try and use it as leverage. Bokra could feel the painful tug, and his reflexes kicked in. His arm came up, and then down on the perp's head, clocking him hard enough to make him pass out. Bokra snorted, irritated, and gave another heavy swallow to help slide his second meal into his gut.

His uniform was failing as his gut expanded large enough to fit two full people inside of it. The buttons at the front popped off, showing off his heavily tattooed stomach. He swallowed again, trying to clear a pair of shoulders from his throat, and the second body hit his stomach with a groan and a slosh. Bokra stumbled as his weight shifted to his front, and he lurched forward, falling onto his gut with a thud. He grunted, dazed from the fall. His stomach stopped struggling as the blow knocked out his first midnight snack.

He rolled over onto his back, letting out a belch as he did so, but his stomach was keeping him pinned to the floor. He scowled, waited a moment, and then resigned himself to grabbing his radio from his side. "Hello, dispatch?" he said into it. "This is Officer Bokra. I'm gonna need some backup. A couple of perps have me, uh, pinned down. Send two of your strongest, thanks," he said, barely cutting off the line before he belched again. He sprawled out

on the floor with his belly groaning above him and stared up at the moon, resigning himself to digesting his captives until his backup arrived.