

'Some leads were best left followed by Batman' was a lesson no Robin ever wanted to hear, least of all Tim Drake, the latest and youngest of the Batfamily. When investigating a string of robberies, Robin was quick to deduce that the one commonality was that each bank and jeweler robbed was adjacent to manholes that all led to the same interconnected sewer system. Naturally, Robin assumed that the sewers were just an escape route, one that likely led to the docks near the Bowery, which was how the thieves could always get away without a trace.

Little did Robin realize that the sewers weren't leading to any escape route...they were leading him straight to the lair of none other than one of Gotham's deadliest rogues, the carnivorous, reptilian metahuman, Waylon Jones, aka 'Killer Croc'.

...Had Robin known that he'd find himself cornered by the giant, scaly beast, he probably would have at least called Batman for backup... *outside*, where he still had a signal...

Croc, who towered over Robin, glared down at the teenage vigilante and cackled menacingly, claws bared with violent anticipation.

“Heh heh...well, looky what we got here...a lil birdy migratin' way further down south than they bargained fer...” Croc growled out in that inhumanly deep and guttural voice of his. “What brings ya t'my neck'uh the woods, bird boy...?”

Robin swallowed thinly, clearly nervous but still gripping his staff defensively as he pointed it up at Croc and said, “...Several busted bank vaults and broken in jewelers...but I'll admit, I didn't think it was you...no claw marks, nothing torn up...”

Croc grinned and scratched his thick scaly sides with his claws. “Somethin' neat I learned 'bout myself; when yer as strong as a tank...a lil pressure can be a helluva lot more effective than tearin' somethin' up. Guess ya CAN teach an ol' dog new tricks, not that I'm old, mind, but...I ain't as one-track as you meatbags like t'think neither...”

“I mean, your first thought was ROBBERY, sounds kinda on-brand for you, lizard lips...”

Croc cackled menacingly as he lumbered closer and closer to Robin. “And yer first thought was runnin' that lil mouth'uh yers when backed into a corner...pretty on brand fer ALL you Bat-brats...”

“Well, actually, my first thought is buying time until I can-”

THINK!!!

“Graahh!!” Croc growled out in sudden pain as Robin swiftly drove his staff right into Croc's thick, slightly paunchy gut; a much softer part of his body than the rest of his scaly body.

Robin immediately attempted a followup strike straight to Croc's jaw, but the big reptile catch the staff with his bone-crunching jaws and immediately gripped Robin by the chest with his meaty, clawed hand. The brute quickly slammed Robin against the concrete walls of the sewer, knocking the wind out of him while he CHOMPED the staff clean in half. Looming over the young hero, Croc snarled then bared his fangs in a terrifying grin.

“Heh, not bad, kid...I actually *felt* that one...” Croc growled out as his claws dug into Robin's chest lightly and warningly.

Robin coughed and gasped, still trying to catch his breath from the slam. He tried in vein to pry himself loose, but Croc's grip was like an iron vice.

“Ya know somethin'...maybe yer right...maybe I AM more single-minded than I wanna admit...cuz lookin' at'cha right now, powerless in my grasp...?” Croc looked the young man over and licked his scaly lips hungrily before adding, “...All I'm thinkin' 'bout is how HUNGRY I am...”

Right on cue, Croc's slightly paunchy stomach gave a rather prolonged, hungry-sounding grumble. Croc grinned even wider and pinned Robin's head against his soft, scaly belly, forcing the boy to listen as Croc's gut grumbled hungrily.

“Mmmm, ya hear that? That's the sound'uh me bein' in the mood fer some plucked bird...” Croc rumbled tauntingly.

Robin struggled to try and pry himself off, pushing his palm against Croc's belly as it sank slightly into his notably doughy middle, jiggling it a bit as he resisted. In an act of desperation, he repeatedly punched Croc's thick stomach, but once again, it did little more than jiggle slightly with each impact.

Croc cackled in amusement. “Tch, man, you Bat-brats oughta pick up some barbells every now'n then,” he taunted, before quickly hoisting Robin up until he was inches away from his maw and adding, “...not that it'll do ya any good now...”

And with those last words, Croc's maw opened nice and wide. Robin's eyes widened as he stared down the cavernous insides of Croc's jaw, coughing as the reptile's putrid breath hit him like a freight train. Though, that was the least of his worries when Croc shoved him face first right into his mouth. Croc wasted absolutely no time greedily shoving the boy's upper body right through his maw, slurping up every inch of Robin's body with his thick, slimy tongue.

As Croc slurped and scarfed, Robin's head and shoulders quickly found themselves getting pushed down Croc's gullet. He resisted, but it was such a tight fit that it was downright impossible to try and fight back. His entire body was getting constricted by Croc's mighty, rippling throat muscles; pulsating all around his slender form as he descended further and further down that damp, fleshy pit...

Croc's thick, scaly throat bulged out immensely as more of Robin's body slid down his gullet. The big brute rested his claws around the watermelon-sized lump in his neck and moaned pleasantly as he felt his prey sink with each wet gulp he gave. As Robin started sliding down into his stomach, Croc's other hand gripped his thick belly, feeling it steadily swell as more and more of Robin slid downward. With only his feet remaining outside of his maw, Croc greedily slurped them up, and with one especially wet and hearty-sounding gulp, Robin plummeted down into the belly of the beast. Croc's belly had expanded by over three feet, accommodating Robin's form and sagging heavily past the waistband of Croc's busted up trousers, forcing them to sink down, exposing his notably curvy defined scaly hips and more of his underbelly.

Killer Croc gasped breathlessly, slimy saliva dribbling down his chin as he caught his breath and dropped both hands atop his bulbous gut, cradling it as he felt Robin writhe around inside to get into a sitting position.

"Gruuuooooohhhh...ohhhh man, yer fillin' fer such a lil guy..." Croc groaned out breathlessly as he ran his clawed hands up and down his big, rounded belly. His face scrunched up in discomfort as he felt a mound of pressure brewing in his gut after swallowing Robin down so fast.

Gripping his gut tightly with both hands, Croc threw head back and let out an absolutely deafening belch, one that blasted out of his maw with such force that it could be heard echoing throughout the entire underground and beyond.

Croc sighed with relief, giving his belly a couple of hearty pats of satisfaction. "Whew! Heh, damn, bet they heard that one on the streets," Croc boasted in a hoarse voice, before hitting his broad chest and knocking loose a deep afterburp.

Inside, Robin managed to get himself into a sitting position as he found himself completely enveloped by the slimy, fleshy sac that was Croc's stomach. It was damp, the stench was nauseating, and the boy barely had any room to move. Every time he did, he could feel the confines squirm and slosh as deep burbles erupted from the slimy stomach lining all around him. "Ugh...it's every bit as bad as Nightwing said it was..." Robin mumbled under his breath.

"Tch, I remember eatin' that punk back in the day," Croc mumbled as he casually picked his fangs with his claw. "Word is, King Shark got a taste'uh him a few weeks ago...buuuut he screwed up'n the cocky bastard escaped..."

Croc cradled his heavy dome of a gut from the bottom and heaved it up, feeling Robin struggle to stay in position. Then with a grin, he let go and let his belly flop unceremoniously back into place, bouncing heavily and jiggling for several seconds after the fact as Robin tumbled face first into the stomach lining, creating a small barely visible indent of his face peering from the surface of Croc's gut.

“Mmmm, ain't every day I get a meal like you, bird boy...damn, I miss this feelin'...this feelin' uh'havin' you punks writhin' in my gut, strugglin' fer dear life as I remind y'all who's at the top'uh the food chain 'ere...” Croc growled as he gripped the sides of his belly and started tauntingly jostling his gut around, shaking up Robin as he toppled all over his fleshy confinement.

Robin gritted his teeth as he tried to stabilize himself and shouted, “Feel THIS, you overgrown purse!” Then he kicked out as hard as he could right in the center of Croc's belly.

A small bulge protrude from the much larger one that Robin formed. One that snapped back into place and made Croc's belly ripple from the impact. In response, Croc once again threw his head back and expelled another huge burp, one so strong that it made his belly jostle heavily around Robin. When it ended, Croc slapped the side of his fat belly as hard as he could and knocked loose another record-breaking belch, one that felt like a mini-earthquake for Robin as it blared out of Croc for several seconds and morphed into a relieved moan at the end.

“Whew! Hehe, you bat-brats always DID have a nasty habit'uh makin' me gassy,” Croc mumbled before hitting his chest and expelling a much softer burp. Robin responded by continuously pounding at the stomach lining around him, which caused Croc's belly to start writhing and bouncing. Croc's eyes widened slightly with surprise as he gripped his gut to keep it in place, but it was hard to get a hold of with Robin's nonstop onslaught.

In retaliation, Croc gripped his enormous belly and pinned it against the concrete wall. Clutching his claws against the wall, Croc began to grind his belly against the concrete, smothering and compressing Robin between the sheer unmovable force of the wall, dampened by Croc's fleshy innards, and Croc's own several hundred pounds of sheer body mass, squeezing the young hero in place to the point where his whole body felt like it was creaking under the impossible weight.

Croc moaned with pleasure, letting his tongue hang from his maw as he slowly swayed his wide hips, smothering his gut against the wall and grinding it up and down. There was something so oddly pleasurable about the sensation, especially with such insubordinate prey smothered deep inside of him. “Now, are you gonna be a good boy...? Or do I hafta grind yer scrawny ass into paste in there...” Croc growled menacingly with a wicked grin just as menacing.

When the thrashing ceased, Croc nodded and eased up. Scratching his bulging belly contently and brushing off some debris from all the smothering against the wall.

“That’s what I thought, ya lil punk,” Croc muttered before adding, “now, don’tcha worry. I ain’t gonna digest ya. Temptin’ as that may be, even I ain’t stupid enough t’off one’uh the Bat’s brats. I’ll puke ya back up in the harbor’n yer gonna stay off’uh my hide...cuz if I catch ya down ‘ere again? Yer gonna be churned up niiiiice’n slow...”

The scaly brute stretched back and yawned in a beastly fashion, stretching his arms out behind his head as he arched his back and made his immensely rounded gut jut out more. As he did, he gave his belly a few more pats.

“Mmm, but fer now? I’mma take a lil nap. Y’know what food comas’ll do t’ya,” Croc mumbled tiredly.

“Wait, what?! You mean I’m gonna be stuck in here for god knows how long?!” Robin blurted out. “I thought you said you weren’t gonna digest me!!”

Croc snorted. “Kid, d’ya think my belly is gonna churn up an entire person like you; bones’n all, in a few hours? Fuller I am, the slower it takes my body t’break ya down. So don’tchu worry, yer gonna be juuuuust fine fer the next few hours...” Croc said, giving his belly a few almost teasingly hearty pats with his last few words for emphasis.

Lugging his enormous gut with both hands, the brute turned heel and headed straight to his lair for some much needed rest; his big belly bouncing and jostling with each lumbering step he took.

“...I guess the jewelers are insured anyway...” Robin muttered dejectedly to himself. His voice drowned out by the sound of one last thunderous belch blasting out of Killer Croc’s fang-filled maw.

Sufficed to say, some leads truly were just best left for Batman to handle...