Roz Grobowski tried to be a good cop—for the most part, anyway.

Despite what she might have believed when she first joined the force, it *was* possible to be a “good cop” and also be on the take. In our kind of work, we see all kinds of people who fall quick as can be—but underneath all that flab, Grobowski was still a good cop. Plain as day, anyone could see it.

She didn’t go around shooting people who didn’t deserve it. She punished anyone who did so without just cause. She didn’t take money from orphanages and she didn’t burn down nursing homes, and she did her best to do her civic duty in and of as far as her role as Police Captain was concerned. Sure there were hard choices—her personal vendetta against our crime syndicate in particular weighed heavy on her every mornin’ noon an’ night.

But a couple of extra trips to Sophie’s went a long way towards making her feel more comfortable with the choices that got her throughout the day.

Years of coming through the door, chowing down on pastries until she felt better, and then waddling back out a few minutes after close had left her, formerly a thin, athletic rookie, in something of a sorry state.

If she *hadn’t* learned to roll with the punches, she would have still been chasing down crooks. Chasin’ down *us.* And that was something that, given her current size, would have been downright impossible.

Now, this makes it sound like Roz is the bad guy here—she’s not.

The *real* bad guys were the Japanese. In and of as far as the racket on Daven’s Port went.

See, for years there had been a sort of Cold War between the Italians, Russians, and the Irish. Sure, sometimes the Amish muscled in on their territory, but anybody who was everybody already had a seat at the Big Kids’ table.

Until the Japanese started coming in on those Yeng boats.

Nobody was quite sure the connection between those two, but there had to be something there. A huge, publicly upstanding company doesn’t just let Yakuza in on the boat like it’s Ellis Island. But before anybody knew it, the whole city seemed to be overrun with them.

Not… not in a racist kind of way, okay? There ain’t nothin’ wrong with Japanese people. It’s just the people who work with Japanese mafia, gettin’ their fingers dirty with the regular affairs of good, honest, hard-working gangsters that had already claimed a piece of the American Pie.

We were actually at Sophie’s talkin’ about it one day. How we were gonna try and muscle them out of our territory.

And wouldn’t you know it that Lieutenant Grobowski *just so happened* to be within earshot.

I’ll be honest to tell you that it felt weird to work with the cops. S’not like we hadn’t done that kind of thing before, just never with someone that wasn’t *obviously* on the take. Instead, we’d just fattened her up to the point where she was hardly good at anything but desk work.

But with how high up she was in the chain of command, Roz had enough pull to get us what we needed. And what we needed was for the Japanese to get the hell out of our town.

And boy let me tell you, that double-wide kiester of hers could *move* when she really wanted it to. Figuratively speaking, naturally. She still spent most of her time squished behind her desk, ordering this and that, but having this kind of exciting assignment for the first time in way too long really helped to light a fire under her. She helped to organize the sting operation that would set everything up between snack breaks. I’m not kiddin’ you—she did it before she finished one box of pralines from Sophia’s.

*Man,* we oughtta have gotten her on the take.

Now, make no mistake, she still hated the bejezus outta us. She was one’a them “crime is crime” cops. No matter how low that gut hung, or how hard it pressed against her belt, we couldn’t get her to back off of our operations one inch without distractions. And letting her know where we worked most of the time was a risk that we had to be willing to take—these Yeng creeps were comin’ in and outdoin’ us on every avenue.

But it was either help Officer Grobowski nail the Japanese, or run the risk of takin’ them on head first.

And that was somethin’ we couldn’t quite risk.

I remember everythin’ perfectly—that day before the sting. The big meeting with the head of the Yakuza branch that had moved to DP.

Roz was plopped across two diner stools, hunched over a box of donuts that had (naturally) been on the house. She was in good spirits, but the donuts also helped serve to keep her focused. She had gotten real comfortable on operating on a full stomach. When she got hungry, she got sloppy. So we’d been feedin’ her full of Italian pastries.

In hindsight, it probably wasn’t the best idea. But it made her slower on the chase—so good for us, I guess.

“Do you guys have a paperclip or somethin’?” Grobowski asked in that heavy voice of hers, “I managed to lose a button somewhere…”

Grabbing a handful of creamy gut flesh, she hefted it up over the waistband of her pants. Sure enough, the flap of her trousers had come undone. As if she’d ever be able to keep that thing tucked in for long anyway…

“How the fuck are you ever gonna wear a wire, piggy?”

We really, *really* enjoyed getting to call her piggy. Y’know, because she was a cop. But also, because she was fat. Hey, I didn’t say that we were an especially creative bunch—but she was in surprisingly good spirits about it.

“What, you think they’ll search me?” Roz cocked a prominent brunette eyebrow as she ran her five-fingered donut grabber the side of her gut, “By the time they find anything, we’ll have everything that we need to convict.”

Somethin’ about the way that she was lookin’ at me there, and the way that my pantlegs suddenly got shorter, I wanted to think that she might have been flirting with me. Not that I would have ever gotten busy with no cop (again—long story) but I’m not gonna lie… I was enjoying the view.

Don’t you dare tell Sophia about this, alright? She’d fuckin’ kill me if she knew I got hard over Roz Growbowski of all people…

“If you say so…”

Anyway, I weren’t never one to doubt a cop in their natural habitat. Roz might have been a double-wide cannoli dumpster with an ass that could block traffic, but she knew what she was doing…

At least, that’s what I thought.

Y’see, the thing that a lot of people don’t realize when you see shit like this on TV, is that the cops and the crooks still can’t fuckin’ stand each other even when they’re workin’ together. And if we’re being honest here, that hostility really comes more from the cops’ side’a things. Because me? I’m just some mook luggin’ around boxes and bustin’ up mugs. I got beef with cops, yeah. But I ain’t about to just start rubbin’ their noses into the sidewalk just because they wear the badge, alright? We might be criminals, but we’re part of *organized crime*. You can’t have that without some kind of rules set in place—some kind of separation between “these are the cops” and “these are people who are just tryin’ to do their civic duty to uphold the law.”

For whatever that was worth.

But Roz Grobowski? I should have never let myself doubt that she was any less sharp than the day she squeezed into that uniform. Even if there was a lot more squeezin’ to her than there ever had been in that warehouse, Roz didn’t have that line.

Well, she did, but she found out exactly where she drew it. We all did, before the night was through.

We had set up a meeting with the Yakuza boss, with Grobowski playing the part of “good cop gone bad”—sauntering in with those wide hips of hers, saying that she wanted to work with those greasy bastards and give them the official “DPPD Welcome Wagon”.

So you’ve got a Lieutenant knocking on your doorstep, obviously out of shape, *obviously* not the kind of cop who’s used to doing field work anymore, cockin’ her eyebrows and sloshin’ her ass from side to side, tellin’ you that she wants to work with you for a cut. You think it’s an easy gig, right? Who wouldn’t have let her in?

I would have let her in. And not just ‘cause I’d been starin’ at that ferry-sized ass of hers all night neither, I can tell you that.

Those Japanese folk didn’t know what to do with ‘er. So while they talked it over amongst themselves, me and our guys started getting into position.

The plan was simple—too simple, lookin’ back. But at the time, it sounded like a great idea.

Roz keeps them busy while me and the boys listen in outside in the van. We had about three of the suckers outside, communicating with those walkie-talkie things. When she gives the word, we start sneakin’ into the bushes all quiet-like. From there, we surround the place and open fire. Take as many of ‘em as we can, put the rest down. Like somethin’ out of the movies. There were a few cops on point to help keep us on point, but ain’t none of them had their uniforms on. In the dark, it was kind of hard to tell who were our guys and who were DPPD.

It was kinda like we were all workin’ together for the greater good. To keep our city safe from an invading force.

Meanwhile, I could hear Roz’s heartbeat in the feed. You’d think with all that chest, it would have been muffled a little. But then, this was the first field job she’d done since we got her hooked on Sophie’s joint. She was probably nervous. Or exhausted. That big ass of hers didn’t haul itself around, and it was clear that she was out of practice the minute she wobbled out of our van.

Honestly, considerin’ that all those guys had guns aimed at her from pretty much the moment she walked into the warehouse, I couldn’t blame her for bein’ nervous. Hell, I was nervous. How was it gonna look if our side got wrapped up in getting a cop pumped full of lead while we did nothing to save her? That’d be harder to explain that what exactly we was doin’ teaming up with her in the first place.

But believe me, she played her part like a pro. She didn’t play the part of one’a them flirty, “I want your dick” ladies. Nah, Roz had too much class for that. She went in and was all business from the get-go.

It was kinda hot—I’m man enough to admit it.

 I wish that it weren’t, because then maybe I would have noticed the little subtle cues that I had missed out on in the heat of the moment, but what are you gonna do, right?

Roz had unbuttoned the top two buttons on her big blue uniform, letting her big Italian tits show out by a good half a foot. She’d done her hair up real nice, and she *smelled* amazing. Something like Sophie’s kitchen mixed with a flower garden. We had spent so long cramped in that van that I’d gotten lots’a nosefulls of whatever perfume she was wearin’. My hands brushed against her big hips and her round ass as she wobbled around in the back, getting ready for our sting operation…

I don’t know. I guess I always had a weakness for big women.

Whatever, back to the story.

So Roz gives us the code word over the microphone—it was Street Pizza, by the way—and I start getting my guys and her guys and the other folks who had decided to join in into position. It was exactly as we had rehearsed it, and getting everyone to where they were supposed to be went smooth as butter.

Which, in hindsight, should have been my first clue that something weren’t right.

Because nothing goes *exactly* the way that it’s supposed to in our line of work. And I mean *exactly*. Nobody saw us out the back, we didn’t have to cover, and we didn’t have to open fire early. There were no hiccups from the other side. And I *knew* that my guys gettin’ this kind of thing right on the first shot was about a million to half of a half of one shot. So in the heat of the moment, I think *lucky us* you know? I didn’t stop to think that maybe it would have been a bad thing if everything went off without a hitch.

I never would have even *thought* to consider that we might have been set up.

What’s more than that, I never would have thought to consider that the broad with the big ass that I had been staring at all night with my dick tucked between my legs was the one who had done the setting up.

But by the time I realized what was happening, it was too late.

As it turned out, while we were busy surrounding them, the Japanese were busy flippin’ the script on us. For what they lacked in the size of their operation, they more than made up for in cleverness. They had guys on the roof lookin’ down a scope aimed at our reserve guys who kept point outside windows and on fire escapes. Before we even realized what had happened, they had already won. Made a real big show of it too—makin’ it clear that they *could* have shot all of us, but instead they took us down with insider information.

And that insider information came from Roz Grobowski.

“Alright Liu, you don’t need to rough up the poor guys too much.” Roz crossed her arms underneath those heavy tits of hers, “Not that they don’t deserve it…”

The whole gang went fuckin’ nuts. You don’t get a bunch of Italians together, sweep the leg, and then take pity on ‘em. I ain’t never cursed so loud and so long in my life—if my mother heard the words that I called that woman, she woulda smacked me across the room.

“Oh, Frankie…” Roz clicked her tongue and grabbed me by the cheeks, she was so close that I could feel her gut brushing against my crotch, “Don’t take it so hard, huh? It ain’t nothin’ personal… like you said, just workin’ together for the common good.”

Roz Grobowski tried to be a good cop—and as it turned out, the best way for her to be a good cop, at least in her mind, was to trade one more chaotic threat for one that offered to work within a more established set of rules.

And as I would learn later, Roz really had learned that it was possible to be a good cop while also being on the take. Because those Japanese fuckers had paid her out the nose to help convince her that they were a more palatable threat for the city of Daven’s Port. Something about them bringing industry and innovation or whatever…

At the time, I thought that they would have shot me. Not to toot my own horn here, but I used to be pretty high up on Sophie’s chain of command. I had been in the game longer than just about anyone else in that warehouse that night, and I thought for sure that my loyalty would have signed my death warrant right then and there.

But much to my surprise, they let me go. Eventually.

But not until Roz Grobowski made it clear to me, in no uncertain terms, that our time as the biggest crime family in Daven’s Port was at an end—and now, the Yakuza were sittin’ at the head of the table.

And sure, we tried to fight back. Sophie didn’t take anything lyin’ down, and she was pissed as could be that her time at the top of the food chain was being threatened. But from that night movin’ forward, it became clearer and clearer that we in a losin’ fight.

And… you know, call me a mook, but I ain’t really into losin’ fights.

The next time that I saw Roz Grobowski, it was when I had been picked up to the precinct. As soon as she heard my name come up, she hauled herself out of the Captain’s office and into the interrogation room.

She’d been eatin’ well.

“So.” She said to me in that same low voice that she had spoken to me while we were in the van together all those months before, “You lookin’ to trade hats, Frankie?”

Let me tell you, these Yeng creeps… they pay well. Havin’ a base of operations to work out of that ain’t fishin’ or bakeries… it’s nice.

An’ before you go throwin’ up hands, I weren’t the only one who turned tail and ran. The Japanese ran a smooth, clean operation. There were just *so many* of ‘em, and they could afford to throw money at anyone who stood in their way of the takeover of my hometown…

Or, you know, send guys like me after anyone who decided that they weren’t gonna get with the new program.

Hey, I still got my talents.

But, uh… just between you an’ me? There are some perks that we ain’t gonna talk about.

“Frankie, baby… you comin’ back to bed?”

Somethin’ about that belly bein’ bat between her legs, sloshin’ back and forth as it waits for me with those greedy little hands layin’ on top of it… I just can’t say no.

“This little piggy’s startin’ to get hungry...”