

Hyacinth tapped her chin as she looked out over the bar, mumbling to herself and watching the people across from her talk among themselves. The gigantic pink hippo *would* have stood out amid all the day job working men in the bar if they could see her, but that wasn't a problem. Not for a couple more hours yet anyway. In the meantime they had to make sure they had this right, and the evidence was mounting.

“..did twice as much work as they asked for this week, but-” “..all the time, never takes any time off since..” “..you know it still isn't enough though, the company comes..”

It was easy to tell the general state of what she was seeing. Hyacinth could tell they were co-workers, and she could tell the company they were at was an outright bane on the world itself. That was beyond her scope though, she couldn't solve everything for everyone..

But she could make things better for one of them. A skinny, tired looking young man with far too much life ahead of him to spend it killing himself for people who didn't even know his name. Hyacinth made her decision, she let herself be noticed – but not recognized. Just enough to get one of the staff of the bar to send a drink to a particular young man as a gift. Enough to make sure he got *really* sloshed tonight, so much so he would need help getting home

Which was precisely what Hyacinth planned to make happen.

The after-work drinking party lasted a good four more hours yet, but Hyacinth could tell her regular gift drinks were making sure the one she wanted was worse for wear. When they all stumbled out to go home and left her chosen behind to fend for himself Hyacinth was there to scoop him up and carry him home. Her home. It was still some time before their new guest woke however, which gave the hippo ample time to make sure their room was prepared for them – and they were prepared for it.

Well, physically anyway. Hyacinth had to double check a few things first – like making sure the booties and mittens tied on good and snug and making sure they were in her biggest available diaper. There'd been an awful lot of drinking after all, she knew her new baby was going to need a change by now – and was probably going to wake up a wee bit disoriented. Sure enough-

“Ugghw.. wwhhgguh? W..wehhremai? Hohgawd, how mushddye haf.. t-to..”

Hyacinth watched the young man wake in a daze, blinking around himself at the crib he was in and starting to slowly piece things together. It wasn't until she broke into an involuntary squee of

delight that her new child noticed they weren't alone though. Which led to the young man in the diaper looking up at her and screaming. His efforts to back away in a panic were clumsy, Hyacinth suspected he was still at least a little bit drunk, and he was definitely wet. The hippo could hardly be surprised given how much of a shock this was and how full his bladder must have been.

“Hello darling! I- yes, I know- it's very disorienting I'm sure but please-”

The efforts the hippo put forth did nothing much to calm the human. Finding themselves stuck in thick mittens that made it impossible to use his thumbs and thus impossible to untie the things, or the booties, or get the diaper off, he instead backed into the far side of the crib and realized he was stuck. Or, at least, the point was for him to be – it only took a moment for the frantic young man to start trying to climb the bars and end up tumbling back onto his ass. Then to do so again.. and again.

“F-fuck! What.. why?! What are you even! I don't.. w-what.. what was in those drinks?! I'm.. I have to be dreaming. Right, this is.. I need to never drink again, oh f-”

A wince ran across Hyacinth's features as she heard her new little boy cursing, which left her deciding it was time to act rather than just bask in the wonders of *having* him. The hippo woman took two steps up to the crib and caused quite a bit of fresh panic in her charge – and a little more wetting of that diaper – when she put her hand over his mouth. Over most of his head really. Hyacinth had one hand behind his neck and the other over his lips, with a bottle that was *quite huge* for a person his size tucked under her arm.

“Language! Goodness. My dear, that just won't do. Now I know this is quite a strange way to wake up, but mommy is going to make everything better. You don't have to go back to that *awful* place anymore. This time someone is going to take care of *you* and that's that. Now-”

Hyacinth had to move quickly when she removed her hand. It took some doing to get the bottle situated and stuffed into her new child's mouth before they could get a hand up to stop her, but once she had it in there stifling what was likely to be his next round of baffled and frightened questions things were set. She could relax – and so could he. Granted, it might take a couple before her new charge got with that program. Currently he was ineffectually batting at her arms with his little padded mittens while the thick cream in the bottle with the handful of *special* additives trickled in bit by bit.

But it would become a bit smoother of a process soon. She knew that.

“Don't be ridiculous about this darling – you *must* be hungry after all, and you can't have been eating right at all back beforehand. Mmph, mommy will fix that too.”

It didn't take long to take effect at all. The sweet, creamy liquid started filling her new child's belly and his squirming protests dimmed. They didn't *stop*, but Hyacinth expected that.. and had other things to bring to bear with the young one. She started to sing, and to rock him side to side. Bit by bit that and the drugged cream took their toll and her new child started to relax while Hyacinth saw to the very first of their needs. She didn't begin to release them until the entire bottle was drained, a good gallon or so of the stuff.

When she lifted the bottle from her baby's lips the young man let out a groan, trying weakly to raise his arms and not getting very far. The little one's belly was quite full, bulging a bit even, and she could hear it quickly working through the meal. Hyacinth let it churn away while she finished her song, then leaned down to kiss the young man's forehead.

“There we are. Now, let's get you changed darling. You'll have to get used to this.”

The towering hippo woman laid her young one out on his back. He could still squirm a bit, and did so, but there wasn't any chance of going anywhere anymore. He just breathed shakily and grunted in protest, blushing furiously, while Hyacinth peeled the soggy covering off him and started cleaning him up. While he was lying there naked apart from the mittens and booties she gave his full belly a little patting at.

“Much better than a belly full of alcohol, isn't it? Mommy will make sure you have *plenty* more, you'll get some nice baby fat on you – maybe *a lot of it* really.. Mommy likes that idea.”

Curling her thick lips into a smile, Hyacinth found herself looking down at the little pink and pale form of her new charge. It was easy to imagine-

“Mmn, yes.. I think we'll feed you again *very soon* indeed. Do you like the sound of that?”

Plucking her child up, Hyacinth laid the newly cleaned up young man over her shoulder and started patting him on the back firmly. The young man babbled some through that, trying to say *something* but not managing to be particularly clear about it. Still, Hyacinth felt like she understood what he wanted.. And if not, she certainly understood what he **needed**.

Much better than he did, anyway.

“I know you think this is too much, but believe me dear.. What you were putting yourself through *before* was too much. I heard those other 'friends' of yours talking about how you were

competing to be the most.. I do not even want to call it 'responsible' because.. no! You were *hurting yourselves* and making a contest out of it, all for **work**. So- no more work.”

Another pat on the back and the abducted human let out a curiously involuntary *Bwurrphhbb* before shuddering and going limp against Hyacinth. She kept holding him though, and kept bouncing him gently up and down as she turned to head further into her home. Out to the front patio so she could get some of the fresh morning air in her lungs and let her new baby see his new home. It was bracing and cool, and it seemed to help clear her new child's mind a little as well.

“Mmmgnn w-h.. Why m.. me? I d-don't.. I need t- to go b..”

With a look of mild annoyance Hyacinth held her child out, hands under his arms, so she could look him in the eye as he tried to babble more nonsense at her.

“No. *No you do not*. You are *my baby* now, understand? So-”

Curling her arms inward and holding her baby tight, Hyacinth fished a pacifier out from her cleavage and tucked it into his lips. Hyacinth put her hand to the back of her baby's head again, stroking his hair gently and letting out a sigh.

“You are *my baby*. So from now on your life is just playing and sleeping and eating, okay? Mommy will take you to play with other kids, show you off to her friends, and starting tomorrow we'll buy you some new clothes and some toys.. alright?”

Hyacinth told herself that the look on her baby's face was acceptance, or maybe *at worst* resignation. Either way it was something encouraging. Probably. Maybe. The hippo smiled anyway and gave her baby's belly a little tease with one of her big, thick fingers.

“I knew you'd be okay with it eventually dear. I promise, this will be the best thing that's happened to you! I'll make sure of it.”

A little rumble from that belly and a massive blush on her child's face left Hyacinth's lips curling a little higher still.

“Getting messy again already, are we? Don't worry, that's something babies do too – and your special milk might be helping it along a little. It'll help make you nice and fat too!”

Chuckling, Hyacinth leaned and nuzzled at her baby's belly while he whimpered and squirmed entirely helplessly.

“You're going to be mommy's precious little dumpling. In fact, let's go feed you again *right now*. No reason to make you wait~”