Emilie Agreste had forgotten how much work it was to run a fashion empire, especially one that was without a designer on the board of directors. When in doubt the directors would always favor a safer option and none of the lower designers were ready to join the board and definitely couldn’t carry enough weight in a conversation to sway the directors decisions. She would need to talk to Marinette about her possibly joining her as an executive/owner of the failing Gabriel fashion empire, maybe she could finally turn it around the company that had become synonyms with the super villain and domestic terrorist. Her rumbling stomach reminded Emilie that she would need to find herself another food slave/human pet to own and eat, normal food just wasn’t filling without of person thrown into the diet once every couple of weeks or so, after more then a month she felt that she could eat the entire pantry at once and still crave more. First things first Adrien was coming over for the day tomorrow and could pass along an invite to his owner, even if she declined to join the two of them could discuss ways to get the company going again, which would free up some time for her to either charm someone off the street into acting as a one time meal or shop around at the nearest distributors for a pet that she could include in her diet. Plans weather or not they worked doesn’t matter, they calm her down regardless. Plans suck; hers didn’t even get off the ground before going sideways. It had been more then two months since she had eaten someone and nothing in the house could fill her stomach enough for it not to hurt. She could still function well enough but she would need to clear her schedule in order to expedite her search for a food pet. If she was having this much trouble in an empty house having her meat boy son in the house would to great of a temptation for her to resist, she’d have to call Marinette and have her keep him close to her/in her stomach until she found a food pet. Picking up the phone Emilie dialed Marinette’s number and waited as she heard to phone ring. When the phone was answered she was greeted with a cheerful “Hello Mrs. Agreste.”

“Hi Marinette, I need to cancel/postpone my time with Adrien today.” Emilie responded in a regretful tone. “It’s just not safe for him to be in my presence until I find a new pet to include in my diet. At the moment it’s been just over two months since I ate a meat person and I’m having withdrawals.” As strangle as it sounded a pred could grow used of eating a meat pet every so often and suffer through craving when they haven’t eaten a person-sized meal recently. “I’ve already cleared my schedule today so that I Can look but you know these things take time to get right.”

“Why don’t you just barrow my pet until you find your own” Marinette responded. “I don’t mind and I know that he’ll be ok with you eating him for the time being” If Marinette knew her pet, and she did, Adrien would all but jump down his mom’s throat if it meant helping her. He’d probably jump down her throat even if she didn’t need help. “Before you say any thing I live above a bakery that routinely orders more meat then we need for our pastries, that meat is never carved and cooked so I’ll just eat it while you have my pet”

 “Are you sure?” Emilie asked. Being offed to barrow a person’s pet is unheard of, let alone a pet hat was routinely eaten and reformed by its owner. “ I know that you can find other food source free of cost, but do you really want to, Adrien may be my son, but thanks to my ass of an ex-husband he’s your pet and meat boy first and foremost.” Emilie continued, still shocked that Marinette was kind enough to even consider what she was offering.

“I’m sure, you’re family, and family looks out for each other. You can have the same access to him that my parents do; they can eat him whenever they need to on the condition that they get my permission in advance. And you have my permission to treat him as your property for the next couple of weeks until I need him again.” Marinette knew she didn’t need Adrien back anytime soon but if Mrs. Agreste felt that their was some limit to her offer then she was more likely to accept her offer, Mrs. Agreste didn’t want to take advantage of her kindness and a deadline would help with that. “Feed him and take care of him for the next two or so weeks and he’s yours to do with as you please for that time frame.”

Emilie was stunned not even her friends would’ve been that kind and thoughtful. “Ok” she stuttered out before she found her voice again. “I guess I’ll see him later, would you mind telling him though, I assume he already knows but can you just make sure for me.” After a quick confirmation from Marinette she hung up the phone. Now all Emilie had to do was wait for Adrien to arrive. She still needed to find a new pet because Natalie was now to ingrained in the day-to-day operations of Gabriel to be a valid pet and food. She’d also need to come up with a job offer for Marinette to join Gabriel Fashions in a leading role now that her ex-husband had been disposed of. But those could wait until she’d finally had a filling meal.

One of the many benefits of his bond with his owner Marinette was that Adrien had an increase awareness of the goings on around him, including his two week stay as his mother’s pet. He knew this despite the fact that he was halfway to her house his collar and naked body on proud display while Marinette opted to stay home and spend time relaxing and designing. He also knew his mom, he knew that she’s more then likely be waiting for him either in the front room by the stairs, in her room, or in the underground garden that was going to be renovated. He had money on her being in the front room though. A city bus rushing past him drew him out of his thoughts; he noticed several hungry looks as it passed by. As a registered pet Adrien was forbidden from wearing clothes and from using public bathrooms the only thing he can wear is his collar and any tags that his owner deemed fit. Some owners got around that by giving written permission to their pet to wear clothes, a practice that Marinette had offered him and he had denied, which in turn gave pets the right to dress as they saw fit some even foregoing to wear a collar. Some people feel the need to hold onto some aspects of their humanity once its been stripped away, not him though, sure he was scared, and entirely dependent on Marinette to feel normal, but at the end of the day he was a pet and as such had several laws that protected him just fine, having those extra rights circumvented many of those laws and his protection would almost entirely fall on Marinette, something that he was not willing to put her through after how much she’d done to help him through the hard times immediately following his decent from a person to a common food pet.

Standing just outside the gate Adrien knew that living under that roof once again would take some getting used to, even if would only be for a couple of weeks. Gathering his courage Adrien hit the buzzer and could only watch as the gates swung open before him, welcoming him back into the night mare that his life had been just before he was granted his freedom from the gilded cage that his father had locked him in. **I’ll make sure that your mom knows to keep you close kitty, that and if that doesn’t help we’ll figure something out. It’ll be ok, I promise.** How his lady knew just what to say was beyond him, but having her talk through their bond reminded him that his father had no control of him any more and that his mom would take good care of him. Thank you Marinette. Finally pushing the mansions front door open he didn’t even get three steps into the building before his mom scooped him up.

Emilie hugged her son tightly to her chest the moment he opened the door, glad to once again have him in her arms after avoiding him for the past month for fear of her hungers reaction to his place in life. Thankfully she had no such fears anymore “Time to go down the hatch my little meal” she whispered in his ear before drawing his head into her mouth. Moving quickly past his thankfully short well-groomed hair Emilie slowed down her progress so that she could once again enjoy the taste of his body. Licking his face and neck Emilie noticed that his taste had changed over the years, she knew it would, he went from her sweet little candy cane to a well seasoned roast, it was a taste she couldn’t get enough of as she slowly worked her way down his body, only moving when she had cleaned all the flavor from the section in her mouth.

Adrien could feel his mom’s tongue working itself over every inch of his exposed body in a tantalizing dance that left him moaning and squirming, struggling to work his way further and further into his mom’s digestive tract. As the tongue he was laying on worked over his skin Adrien relished in the warm hug that his mom’s throat was giving him.

Emilie was loving ever second of her meal, her little boy sliding down her throat once again was a dream come true, no even the salty sperm spilled on her tongue could diminish the moment for her. With the last of her meals hips now firmly in her throat Emilie tilted her head back and all but slurped up her son’s legs sending the last of him to her waiting stomach. Turning to head back to her office Emilie knew that she’d enjoy the next two weeks. First things first though before she could do anything with her son other then eat him she’d need to look for a new pet to own, she had always preferred to own girls but maybe if she found the right meat boy she’d buy him instead.

Mean while in his mom’s stomach Adrien could already feel his skin loosening and slipping off his body as digestion set in. he was also having a harder and harder time staying awake the longer he stayed whispering “I love you mom, good night” Adrien let himself fall asleep fully realizing that the next time he woke up it’d be in a reformation chamber.

That night As Emilie lay in bed she could help but feel satisfied with how productive her day had been, after eating Adrien she could finally focus on what needed to be done. She had called a contractor to start working on her secret garden, order a pet bed for Adrien to use for the rest of his stay after Marinette called in concern of him staying in his old room, she had even talked to Marinette about the executive/co-ownership of Gabriel and the two had spent several hours talking about how to get the company back off the ground, back out of the grave truth be told. Feeling her self finally drifting off to sleep Emilie relaxed into her bed and rubbing her stomach lovingly as she pulled up the covers.

She was in her home office the next day when she felt Adrien asking to be released, thankfully she had a slave seat (Seat with a hole in the center of the seat to facilitate the use of a toilet slave) she didn’t even pause as her anus opened up and the first log of shit squeezed out “I hope you remember how to reform yourself Adrien” she called out with out pausing as more shit slipped out and fell to the floor with a resounding **PLOP**. Emilie continued her bowl movement until there was a large pile of her shit under her chair, feeling her bladder twinge, she relieved it next, high pressure pee blasting away at the pile still siting below her.

Adrien was still looking up at his mom’s butt when her piss streamed out and started to erode away the shit that his body had been turned into, might as well started to reform. Concentrating Adrien felt his head take shape first followed shortly by his neck, shoulders, and torso. His mom was still pissing at that point giving him a pleasantly warm golden shower as his arms and legs reformed, the piss washing away any remaining shit that still clung to his naked body. Fully reformed and still being showered Adrien put his mouth against his mom’s pussy and began to drink her still flowing piss before laying against her feet once she was done, excited to see how she’d use him next.