

Quantum Feet Theory

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"A sensual addition, no?"

Outlined with a faint aura of red that matched the unusual markings lining those sleek fins and thighs, the shark's lips curled into a grin as that new appendage twisted in a theatrical circle. Black and grey scales gleamed with a similar supernormal hue of crimson along the powerful leg, as muscles which had not existed a day before flexed playfully.

Anyx blushed, as the perfectly symmetric new middle foot waved *seven* perfectly-balanced toes at him, faint traces of sock and shoe and sweat wafting towards the lyon's keen nose as its larger than life sole scrunched in his direction.

"I... suppose so, Semper," he admitted, trying to *sound* as if he didn't at all.

Compared to the radiant selachian, the lynx-lion hybrid was rather plain, his fur decorated only with a cute dappling of stripes. His puffy blond mop of hair and his soft, curvaceous figure showed not a mote of bioluminescence, nor was his body so boldly displayed as that of his nudist friend.

"I'm not really sure why you'd want a third leg though.... Or for that matter how it's possible to just *grow* a new limb overnight."

Semper's carnivorous grin might have made another man quail, but Anyx seemed as oblivious to the menace of those many sharp teeth as he had been when first they met. The lyon had always been more interested in the contents of the shark's pants, than any dietary predilections.

"Oh, *quantum fields* can do all manner of things. Here, feel for yourself."

With Anyx seated, he had no chance to react as Semper brought that powerful middle foot down, directly atop his crotch.

"Hey! Wh-what are you doing?!"

Anyx's protest was obviously, adorably anxious, his usual confidence melting away, as ever it did when his... humiliating predilection for paws came to the fore.

Larger than his own, Semper's foot easily engulfed Anyx's bulge, and the feline bucked as he felt the pressure of moving muscles in that sensual double-sole. It pressed the shape, the imposing outline of his friend's middle foot, directly into his flesh through the fabric, while many dexterous toes were sliding under his shirt to play with his belt.

Two more legs, right and left, enclosed him on either side, stroking over his cheeks with six-toed caresses, guiding, enticing Anyx's cheeks into their creasing soles, brushing through his hair and holding his head.

Far too flustered to resist, the lion gripped his chair, sniffing the shark's feet as the central seven digits slid down, into his underwear, a moan slipping out past his lips as they pressed naked to his rising erection.

Semper's toes were skillful, easily extracting his cock from the fabric folds, and as it stood up, pushing out of his sheath, the shark's weight pushed up against it. Anyx whined with pleasure at the feeling of those masterful feet, pressing against his length and gripping his shoulder and head, feeling the wonderful spring of their soles, the alluring shapes, the succulent toes – especially those surrounding and engulfing his glans, groping and kneading his sex underfoot.

Tenderly trampled under a trio of soles, he purred with perverse pleasure, pressing himself against the feet he had desired all too long, each slicked with a slight coating of sweat, a hint of musk that made his mouth water.

He humped the soft underside of his friend's middle foot, thrusting his cock into the embrace of that fragrant expanse of pillow-soft muscle as the odors of the other two tantalized his nose more directly.

Semper brushed both outer feet along the lion's nose, and watched how he shuddered with lust.

"Looks too me like you understand well after all, given what a hopeless *footslut* you are."

Anyx wanted to deny it, to push the shark off and perverse his dignity, but even as he opened his mouth to protest, the selachian pressed down firmly, and with a clench of those toes, took hold.

Pulled out of his chair, the lion panted, as he was guided down onto his knees, brought face to face with those twin sheaths, so intriguingly oversized between the double-clefts of Semper's three legs.

With a wave of intense, intoxicating scent, they opened, as the shark's genitals slid out to greet him.

At least, he'd *expected* genitals.

The mouthwatering tingle on his tongue was the only warning, before those unfurling parts stretched out their digits, glistening with a fine sheen of musky sweat... two more feet, fresh from the 'socks' of Semper's crotch. Longer than the others, their toes unfurled more like fingers, emerging from their wrinkling, flexing soles, themselves agile as prehensile palms.

"What... what is this?"

Semper grinned all the more.

“Far more erogenous than mere genitals, don’t you think? I never saw much use in a phallus, when there were *feet* to fondle.”

It made no sense... but then nor did the middle leg between them. Or the alluring aroma of *five* fabulous feet, all closing in around him.

A needy, eager sniff was all it took to persuade Anyx that they were the real thing... but he couldn’t stop at one.

Guiding him in, Semper’s original pair of soles pressed to his back, hugging his head and his hips while the middle still kneaded his crotch, holding, engulfing him in legs and feet.

Heart pounding, face burning pink with the embarrassment of his perverse passion, he pressed his face into the welcoming embrace of those soles, elongated toes sliding up through his hair to pull him closer, to caress him like hands as he kissed the salty, savory surfaces of those soft soles.

Huffing their humid undersides, his hands reached up to run over the tops of the crotchfeet, caressing those commanding toes that embraced his face, massaging the soft, smooth scales of such surreal sex-replacements.

Semper’s own extremities explored the lyon in return, middle foot still caressing Anyx’s throbbing shaft with those similarly talented, if less dexterous, lower toes. The others were pulling away his clothes and running through his fur, marking him with their pheromones. Feeling their forms only spurred Anyx on, and the feline’s soft lips sank lovingly into the gaps between the digits of those delicious crotchfeet.

“That’s the way now, take deep breaths.”

Semper’s order was obeyed, and the horny mew evoked by that pheromonal flood into the lyon’s lungs was all the affirmation required.

Fingers intertwining with his toes, the shark gripped the cat’s hands in those new netherfeet, squeezing and pressing soles to palms as hands were dominated so easily by their betters. Grinding hips to heel, as Anyx’s erection was flattened underfoot.

The lyon could feel them sweating, soaking his skin with their essence, and he purred in debased, delirious desire, the pungent perfume seeping into his pores, flesh permeated by sharksmell, pulsating with perverse new pleasure. Sensation and sensitivity, beyond the norm, as his hands and shaft swelled.

Each was expanding, surfaces pressed around the selachian’s feet, stretching and spreading to match the footprints they revered, as if the feline’s hands and manhood were mere sandals for Semper to wear.

“What’s... happening to my... body?”

His breathless question had an obvious answer.

“You did ask how I grew another leg,” Semper reminded him, “so consider this a demonstration.”

Giving another fond squeeze with those captivating crotchfeet made the cat mew louder, Anyx pressing into the embrace as he felt his extremities ache with doubled and redoubled sensuality.

“I’m just replacing a few unnecessary parts for you – it’s rather obvious you prefer these to hands, after all... and I don’t think you really needed genitals, when you could have feet, right?”

Glands tingled all over the throbbing stretches of foot-flattened phallus and toe-tightened fingers, palms and shaft welling up with new moisture, and marvelous, musky scent. Balls too were transforming – those of crotch *and* hand – smoothly sinking into the expanses of the flattening forms they underpinned. With the intense sensitivity of so many new nerves, spreading throughout those warping bodyparts, Anyx could perfectly perceive how his extremities were altering, *transforming*, his hands less so each moment, fingers shortening before his eyes as his palms lengthened, his cock already quite useless for any purpose to which a penis might be put.

“Oh gods,” he gasped, between desperate, depraved snorts of his own smell, his nose pressing into twisting fingers as he felt, watched, *smelt* them become toes.

Pinned in Semper’s hold, they couldn’t move, so his arms had to rise and bend instead, twisting to accommodate his altering anatomy, as tightening tendons pulled Anyx’s new feet up into hard right angles with his wrists.

Paws were growing from Anyx’s wrists, attached, rooted in place as naturally as if they’d always been there, and as he rubbed them against Semper’s own he shuddered, gasping and writhing in taboo lust, body tensing as he felt the rush of impending release, embarrassingly eager to orgasm from his own reformation.

But his shaft was a sole too.

His glans was aching, pulsing with runaway pressure from his rampant pleasure, but rather than erupt, his glans *split*. With a soft pop of liberated digits, he felt it spread, and shuddered in intoxicating humiliation as the growing bumps on his cockhead peeled away from one another, into pristine new toes.

Wriggling them in lust, he felt suddenly and intensely aware of the impossibility of release, but the sensuality of those petite, feminine digits was so much better. The softness, the scent, the squishing sole below, all were pulsing with pleasure as he pressed his three new

feet to those of the selachian, clumsily clutching at the far more skillful digits of Semper's sets.

Finally, Semper set him loose, his squishy soles springing out into flawless, feminine foot-forms, free for him to admire.

Anyx held up his arms, gaping and panting as he tried to process what he was seeing.

Before his very eyes, the lyon's extremities had been remade, into a matching set of five, impossible, orgasmically sensitive feet.

Perfectly formed and perversely useless paws.

His new feet emerged at crude and awkward angles to his arms and crotch, just as they did at his legs, his upper additions no more dexterous than the originals. He couldn't possibly write or type with these. Driving, gaming, even working doors would be a nightmare – they were useless for anything but sniffing and groping... sucking... pressing to his face....

Perverse thoughts still pervading his mind, he stared at the feet on his arms and crotch, gingerly pressing one to the other. With a gasp his toes pulled back, as he felt that terrible, overburdening burst of stimulation, where erstwhile fingers sank into former palms, to spark of fireworks of pleasure in his mind.

It was the most humiliating moment of Anyx's life.

"You see? A little gift for you, to celebrate my own rebirth! I knew a foot-fan as hopelessly horny as you would adore it. Admittedly you can't exactly masturbate now – or expect anything in the way of orgasm – but I think you'll find the *intoxication* of your new erogenous soles and toes more than makes up for little things like sex or cumming."

Outraged, Anyx opened his mouth to argue, to protest his innocence... but in that shocking moment, feeling so deeply debilitated and deformed, he realized he was still snorting his new smell. Still flexing those supple soles, to feel how his new toes splayed.

Sliding them up, over his face, towards his lips, to kiss the taste from each.

Quivering with the depraved thrill, the lyon sucked the digits of his own footcrotch, tongue slithering between each to savor the feeling, the flavors, even as he groped at his own footcrotch.

"But I... need my cock," he gasped out, words muffled by the toes still fumbling with his lips and tongue. "I have to have genitals!"

"Not at all! I certainly don't!"

Anyx's eyes widened, and he perceived how the form of the shark had changed during his distraction.

His friend's 'body' lay slumped over the chair, an empty hole like a sheath visible at the neck, mirroring the two at the crotches.

Simultaneously, the face of the selachian smirked at him from crotch-height, on the *other* side of the room.

"As you can see, whether it's hands, genitals or even gender, I'm quite perfect without them."

Semper stood on two legs again, tail swishing behind, but far from extra limbs or orifices, or even an ordinary erection, there was *nothing* between their thighs now. Not even feet. Above that well-formed expanse of soft undertail and loin, devoid of any form of sex, there was a still more notable absence.

A torso.

Semper's grinning head emerged smoothly from atop their tapering waist, sitting quite naturally over their hips as though they had never possessed anything like arms or a chest at all.

"I decided the 'SWB' shape suited me best, and of course I ditched trifling distractions like dicks or 'manhood'," they explained merrily, "the rest, my... costume? 'Exo-suit', you might say... that's just a convenience. Keeps questions at bay, and provides some extra extremities, should they be wanted. And as for orgasms, well, I don't think you or I have any use for such crude activities as 'sex' now, hmm? That's why I nullified us both!"

"But... I don't have a... a 'suit' like that to wear," the Lyon protested, staring back and forth, between the two bodies.

"No, but then would you really want to hide paws as perfect as yours?"

His crotchfoot was already grinding into the stray sole of one of the suit's feet, riding the squishing muscle and supple skin, clutching at the six toes and grinding into the supple, sweaty underside, straining and groping impotently with desire, yet still the Lyon's mind flailed, as useless as his foothands, but fighting to resist all the same.

"I... I *need* hands! I don't even like feet... that much...."

"Really? Well then you certainly won't enjoy this...."

As they stepped closer, Semper reached out with a foot, one of what Anyx realized belatedly were the very same fingered feet which had poked out through the crotch of that discarded shell on the seat. Anyx's foothands wrapped around it, clutching clumsily, wrists twisting to try to point them in a manner they could no longer move as he rubbed and squeezed at that heaven-scented shape.

It was impossible to pretend any longer.

Face burning with embarrassment and lust, he pressed his crotchfoot down harder, groaning as he felt soles creasing together, mingling their mouthwatering tastes.

“H-how long does this last? When do I... get my hands back? Or get to... ahhh... cum again?”

“Well that would require me turning your extremities back into something as dull as a dick or hands, so probably never? You’re far cuter as a femme, footified, impotent null!”

The gasp that escaped Anyx’s lips carried a disgraceful, masochistic note of thrill.

Whining and shivering, he pressed his nose to the offered sole, burying it between the curves of those gorgeous toes, flooding his lungs with the fragrance of both nulls’ feet, as he lapped the sweat from Semper’s sole, tongue massaging, worshipping the undulations and contours of the underside of that exquisite foot.

That seductively musky smell, that tantalizingly tart, fermented taste, the sensations of the shape, burned indelibly into his body and pervading his every thought, together they warped his mind with their addictive, intoxicating allure... and as he smushed all five feet into those of the shark and their discarded shell, Anyx understood.

Genitals couldn’t possibly compare to this.

Feet were his pleasure now.

Semper’s voice was plainly, perversely delighted as they spoke from somewhere above.

“Don’t worry, perhaps you’ll climax when I turn your head into a foot!”