

# Kung Fu Tigress (MtF, AR, Anthro)

Familiar sounds filled the apartment, and Mitch didn't even have to look at the screen to know what was going on. When he closed his eyes, he could see it perfectly, the movies and every scene now burnt into his mind. He had seen them, over and over again, and he couldn't get enough of the films.

Most would probably say that being obsessed with a children's movie about a panda fighting guys using Kung Fu wasn't healthy. However, the brown-haired guy certainly didn't care about that. Mitch didn't feel like he was obsessed with them. In his mind, he was just passionate about them.

The guy didn't just watch the films either. He found himself thinking about them quite a bit, imagining scenarios that could have been different. His mind often wandered to Tigress and how things could have been so much better for her. He had always felt like she had been held back by Shifu and the others, how she could have been so more than she currently was.

It wasn't really correct to say that he was angry about it. However, it did annoy him a bit, and there were times where he found himself wondering what she could have done to do things better. To be better. To not let the others weigh her down and hold her back. It was such a shame to see her sidelined by the others that clearly were weaker than her, at least in Mitch's mind.

It was late a Friday evening, and the familiar sounds of Kung Fu and Jack Black's silly voice acting filled the room. As always, Mitch found himself mostly just listening to the movies as he worked on his latest Kung Fu Panda fanfic on his laptop. The room suddenly went silent, and an odd buzz came from the TV. He looked up and saw the Furious Five frozen mid-action on the screen.

**"Oh, come on!"** He huffed in annoyance when he noticed the frozen screen. Mitch groaned and stood up, now stomping over to the TV to give it a good whack on the side. It wasn't the first time the damn thing had acted up this way, and he figured it wouldn't be the last either. God, he really needed to get a new TV. It usually got fixed after smacking it on the side, but not this time. The screen flickered for a bit before a strange dripping sound reached his ears.

**"What the hell?"** He muttered as he glanced down, and his eyes went wide when he saw the screen dripping. He got even more surprised when the color from the screen started to spread outwards from the TV and into the room. It crawled over the device, soon moving over the floors and walls as the swirling mess of color started to engulf his entire apartment.

**"Uh..."** Mitch was shocked, unable to understand or comprehend how this was even happening. He didn't have time to ponder on it for too long before the entire room started to flicker like his TV usually did. Each time it happened, something seemed to change. The room shifted and altered, furniture disappearing, and Mitch could feel like something was happening to his body.

A sudden series of cracks echoed through the room, and Mitch groaned when he realized that it came from his own body. There was no pain, just sheer discomfort, as his entire body was being pulled and twisted against his will. Bones shrank and realigned, his skeleton shrinking down and changing into a far more feminine shape. Pelvis widened, his torso shrank, and the mass on his frame moved around. The poor guy fell to his hands and knees as this happened, groaning as the room continued to flicker. His cries became more delicate and frailer as time went on, his face cracking as it took on a softer and cuter shape.

He was vaguely aware of his body changing, and he could feel how a new weight started to adorn his torso. Mitch moved a hand to his chest, and he got greeted by a pair of tiny womanly breasts that were still swelling larger and fuller. Every part of his body got remolded, hips popping and thighs swelling, as he took on a more feminine form. Mitch could feel his cock twitching and aching between his legs as if it knew that it didn't have long for this world. He let out a deep guttural moan as it slipped into his body, and he shuddered as he felt a new womanly snatch take its place.

A gasp escaped his lips as his waist contracted and pinched together, becoming thin. It stood in contrast with his hips, which were now wide compared to before, and his entire body had this faint hourglass figure. There was nothing masculine about it anymore, and he could even feel how his skin became hairless and soft.

The brown-haired man only opened his eyes when it was over, and at that point, his entire body felt foreign and strange. He could see his small and dainty hands, feel the weight of his ample bosom, and notice the feminine flower that had replaced his manly shaft. If there were a mirror nearby, then he would have been shocked by what he would have seen. The man he, or rather she, used to be was gone, replaced with a feminine version of himself. Her brown hair was short, and her body was slim yet womanly. Modest and perky tits adorned her chest, and her hips were wide in comparison to before. Gently padded thighs. Round ass. Dainty limbs. There was nothing masculine about her body anymore.

**"W-What is happening?"** She muttered as she glanced around the room, her eyes going wide at the empty void she was seemingly floating in. The entire apartment had unraveled, and all that remained was the TV and herself. The screen flickered, and so did reality around her, and it was only getting worse as time went on. Another flicker shot through the room, sending a tingle through her sore body, and once again, she could feel herself changing.

A few moments later, another series of cracks filled the room. Once again, Mitch found herself shrinking and this time at a much quicker pace than before. Time around her seemed to rewind, and she could almost feel the years seeping out from her body. Soon her womanly figure started to disappear as the clock inside of her turned backward.

**"Ah!"** She groaned as her body snapped and popped as it shrank, her body regressing rapidly in years. Her curves shrank as she went from an adult to a teenager in a matter of minutes, leaving her far less womanly with each passing moment. Soon her developed body was returning to a prepubescent state. The modest bosom that had adorned her chest was receding into her body, leaving it flatter and smoother than ever. The active reproductive system in her body soon went back into a far less developed state, returning her feminine flower to a far more pristine and innocent form.

Mitch's entire body popped as she lost inch after inch in height. It hadn't taken long before she was a foot shorter than before, and there were no signs of it slowing down either. She groaned as she became more juvenile, her mature features going back to a more childish shape. Even her cries became softer as her voice took on a more youthful tone, a voice that sounded so young and girly. The masculine clothes on her body had been hanging loose over her feminine figure, but it only got worse as she became younger. The T-shirt soon looked far more like a dress on her shorter frame, and her pants were already on the floor at this point.

**"Stop!"** She groaned in the voice of a child that hadn't even started school yet, her body matching it perfectly. Reality continued to flicker for a bit more around her as she changed, her body aching as she continued to regress down in age. It was finally over, and at that point, she was no longer an adult nor a man.

Mitch was a mere child, barely five of age, and she couldn't believe what had just happened to her. She brought up tiny hands up to her face, feeling how soft and juvenile it was. Everything about her was so young, so frail, and she sat on her knees as she stared around the empty void she almost floated in. The screen was now gone, leaving her alone in this strange room, but the flickering continued.

Reality pulsed and shifted again, sending a tingle through her entire body. Mitch could soon feel how her body started to itch and ache, much to her discomfort. She stood up, scratching her itchy skin, and she could feel how her body was changing once more. It was strange, but Mitch started to feel a bit stronger all of a sudden. It was as if the strength she had lost during the age regression was returning to her. Her lithe and tiny form started to thicken up slightly, which made her grow a little. However, that wasn't what worried her. What she was worried about was the hair that was starting to grow all over her body.

She stared in awe and horror as fur swept over her body like wildfire, hiding her pale and soft skin in a fluffy coat. Her hands ached, and her fingers popped, her eyes going wide when she saw her hands turning into far more powerful and thicker paws. Claws replaced nails, and fangs replaced teeth. Mitch couldn't hide her surprise and excitement when she saw the pattern and color her coat took on.

**"Oh god, I'm turning into her..."** She muttered in awe as she watched her coat turning into that fit for a Tiger, and she could feel how her still young and soft body became more fit. Her physiology slowly changed and took on something of a mixture between a tiger and a girl. There was a sudden ache just above her cute little tush as her tailbone lengthened, slowly but surely resulting in a feline tail adorning her body. It swayed back and forth with joy as fear turned to excitement. The fur spread over her body, covering every inch of it in the regal coat until only her head remained.

Then, all of a sudden, the world became quiet. Mitch could no longer hear her body changing nor hear her heavy breaths. The tingling sensation moved from her ears to the top of her head until her hearing returned to her. At that point, she had a pair of adorably fluffy ears adorning her increasingly more feline head. She gasped as her face shifted, her nose becoming far more tiger-like and with sensitive whiskers appearing on her face. Her vision faded as her eyes changed, becoming the trademark amber that Tigress had.

The clothes that had been hanging loosely over her body finally started to ripple and change. They shifted around her body, hugging her young feline body tighter with each passing moment. It wasn't long until they were a form-fitting red outfit with a gold pattern spread over it, the same one from the movies.

Mitch's body was now gone, replaced with that of a young Tigress, and she found herself standing up on wobbly legs as she marveled at her tiny and youthful body. It felt so foreign, so unnatural, and yet so familiar at the same time. The sway of her tail, the way her ears flicked at the tiniest noise, and how her body felt oddly powerful despite her young age.

**"I'm really her..."** She muttered in awe and joy, moving her large paws over her feline face. Mitch was Tigress, she knew it, although she was less excited about being a child again. Suddenly, the world around her flickered again, and she found herself falling. Faster and deeper into the abyss. She screamed, fearing for her life until she landed with a thud on the grass. The new Tigress groaned as she pushed herself upright, her amber eyes soon scanning the area around her.

Tall and slim trees covered the wooded area she was in, the leaves swaying slightly in the wind. The sun hung low in the sky, casting the entire area with long shadows. In the distance, she could see a palace that she instantly recognized. New smells and sounds reached her sharper senses, and the former man couldn't help but smile as she realized where she was. It was a world that she recognized.

**"Stand up, Tigress. And focus."** A voice said behind her. She instantly recognized his voice, and she could see that her master and adoptive father stood behind her. Tigress smiled, despite the stern gaze of her master, before standing up on her paws again.

**"Master."** She said in her childish voice, trying to hide her joy at being the person she had idolized for so long.

**"Continue your training,"** Master Shifu said, showing none of the love that the real Tigress might have wanted to feel. However, Mitch, or the new Tigress, did not need it. **"and meet me in the courtyard when the sun has set."**

And, with that, he was gone, and Tigress was left in the Ironwood Forest to continue her training. She grinned, her mind racing as she realized what this meant. She could finally do everything that she had wanted the real Tigress to do. She could finally be the version of Tigress that she knew she could be. Her tiny heart raced, and with a grin, she punched the nearest tree as hard as she could, expecting to feel nothing. Instead, all she felt was pain.

**"OW!"** She groaned, holding her poor aching fist as she pulled it away from the sturdy tree. It was like punching a steel slab, and the poor young girl dropped to her knees a moment later. She groaned, and she glanced at her aching fist in dismay. There was a part of her that had expected this to be easy. And that she would be as hardcore as the girl she had idolized for so long.

However, she was too young. Her body hadn't matured enough, nor was it hardened from years of training. Tigress groaned as she stood up, feeling the pain pulsating up her arm from the entire ordeal. She took a deep breath, got into a stance that she seemed to know by heart, and punched it again with the other fist. Once again, pain shot through her entire limb. But she didn't stop. She wouldn't stop until she couldn't feel a thing in her arms.

It would take blood, sweat, and tears to be hardcore, and she wasn't going to give up yet. Her young eyes burned with determination, obsession even as she pushed her tiny body as far as it could. Tigress grinned through the pain, intent on pushing herself to the limit. No one would hold her back, not like how she interpreted it from the movies. Her eyes now gleamed with an obsession to grow powerful that would even rival that of Tai Lung. History wouldn't repeat itself, she told herself, and she would be content with being held down or be overshadowed by anyone. She would show them all what Tigress was capable of becoming.

In the back of her mind, she knew where this might lead. There was a risk of turning into another Tai Lung if she held onto this obsession. However, she didn't care. She didn't care what she would need to do or what she would need to sacrifice. All she cared about now was to become the fittest and greatest version of herself as possible. She wanted to show Master Shifu and everyone else just how great she could be.

However, in time, things wouldn't turn out the way she wanted. It didn't matter how strong she became since Master Shifu never seemed to acknowledge it. Her frustrations grew, slowly but surely repeating the cycle of his first pupil and child. The day she would be overshadowed by a panda, and be stolen the opportunity of being the Dragon Warrior, was the day she would snap.

For now, though, she just tried her best to keep the juvenile tears from falling from her cheek as she continued to punch the tree. God, it really wasn't easy being hardcore.