

For the spry warrior Tigress, the last hour blew by her in a matter of seconds before she realized how far she came from the Valley of Peace to where her destination awaited her. She flew across the treetops with her legs stretched out and quickly latched onto the nearest branch ahead by the tips of her toes. Her claws dug into the bark as swung around in a circle and threw herself towards the next tree in sight. She didn't shudder let alone wince from the cold, moody air that blew throughout the sprawling bamboo forest, as her nerves were already put to sleep before she left the Jade Palace. If this were any other mission, her fellow Furious Five members would have been following her from close behind, easily jumping across the towering stalks not like how she would have. It helped that Tigress studied each of their movements over the years, having learned her latest parkour skills from her friend Monkey for risky situations such as this. Her matted paws curled underneath the stalk's branch when she stood upright and leaned her shoulder against the sturdy member.

From over a thousand feet away sat a blurry visage of a stone-like building no bigger than a mausoleum. Of course, Tigress knew better than to assume anybody would be smart enough to be traveling so far outside the Valley of Peace and brave the cloudy skies just to pray in peace. The monks were certainly dedicated, but nowhere near as powerful as her thighs alone. With the orders given out to her by Master Shifu, she alone was set to break into the Temple of Crèpeven, where a rumored weapon of mass destruction awaited those foolish enough to enter. Beyond the empty path and the smoggy field of grass below Tigress were the remains of shattered bamboo stalks, torn peaches and broken boulders, strewn so closely together by means of ritualistic purposes. They formed the shape of a peach with the drained juices from the bamboo soiling the earth. That not a single hut nor soul crossed paths with Tigress during her venture had the hairs on her brazen neck standing tall. Kooky cultists were the least of her concern.

When Tigress hugged the bamboo tree she stood upon and sank her hands and feet into the olive-green member, her toes pierced through the thick hide before she sprinted along the surface of the tree. In the blink of an eye, she ran a quarter of a mile while her fur blew back from the fierce winds that assaulted her. A series of pierced holes littered the tree behind her until Tigress reached the very top where the endless visage of gray clouds blanketed her above. They cast a thin shadow over her body as her golden eyes pierced through the dark, illuminating the bleak sky that awaited her above. Tigress folded her bulky arms over one another while standing on the stalk. Her right leg lifted high until she placed her foot on her other leg, balancing herself on a single paw, leaning carefully backwards inch-by-inch every few seconds.

Jumping across these stalks isn't going to get me very far, Tigress thought to herself. Time gradually slipped away before the moon's lush glow annihilated whatever semblance of the day left. It might be a little darker than normal, but Tigress could also just as easily weave through the night thanks to the few beams around her. The pits of hell, a swarm of locusts, the frozen tundras, a never ending river. In that time, she learned to eat anything she could, assuming it

didn't come from the earth's crust. Her only limits besides that were her fellow teammates, no matter how fat or annoying they could be; exactly why she chose to keep Po at home despite his insistence to tag along.

The top of the bamboo tree curved gently backward when the puffy clouds ahead blurred and pulled away from Tigress. A hundred missions she took on by herself, yet thankfully so far, she returned home to Shifu and her fellow warriors of the valley relatively unscathed. All scars would eventually heal as the days passed by, something Po managed to teach her after all that she taught him. She stroked her forearms when a sharply distinct creaking sound rang in her curved ears the farther the clouds disappeared, and she lifted the foot on her knee gently onto the stalk. She couldn't wait to get home after so long. If anything were to happen to Po, Tigress would tear apart whoever came for him with the ferocity of a dragon. It was why she ordered him and everyone else to stay home and why she waited until now for gravity to give way so that she could tear through the skies like the best of her flying friends.

Tigress brought her other foot off the top of the bamboo tree when it ricocheted forward and catapulted her throughout the skies as if she were a cannonball and not a person. Her arms stretched out with an eerie whistle blowing around her; the promise of death coming, but never fulfilling its vow. Less than five seconds went by as Tigress travelled the length of two entire football fields and gradually descended into another field of trees where she effortlessly caught the next branch below. She swung herself around in two whole loops when she released her grip and flew again, carrying her momentum forward while tearing apart the next few feeble branches ahead with the bottoms of her feet. Her toes clung around the last branch that she would have kicked down before Tigress swung herself again and careened to the ground.

The earth itself shuddered once she finally landed on her feet, her body straightening as she stood in front of a large lake with the temple a long swim away. A purple hue decorated the water below with the bodies of dead insects polluting the formerly fabulous foray, and a lone bamboo tree on her right. Several years ago, a terrible demon poisoned the lake so that anyone whose lips touched the water would die shortly after ingesting it. But Tigress knew better than to swim to the temple. She kicked at the tree beside her and caught it before it could fall into the lake. Her arms spun the stalk in circles before throwing it in the air behind her back. The stalk wasn't anywhere near twice as tall as her, but she didn't need it to be. In a matter of seconds, it jabbed into the ground, allowing Tigress to lean her back against it, bending nature to her will once again. She wrapped her arms behind the stalk as her breath caught in her mouth, and the temple temporarily pulled away from her.

The weight of the Valley of Peace rested on her shoulders as a chill crawled up Tigress' neck. One wrong move and she would be dead. Her tongue recoiled down her throat as the taste of poison traveled from several miles below, reminding her of what could come at any moment. A

single slip meant losing everything, and not just her own life. Tigress didn't care much for death as she did for losing what she already enjoyed if she lost, and those pleasures alone were bigger than she would ever be.

Her spine curving in like a pretzel, Tigress calmly exhaled as her chest deflated and the gloomy skies blurred with a pudgy shape she knew too well. If she failed to launch or messed up the trajectory and drowned in liquid death, losing her friends would be the least of her concerns. The pounding of her heart beat to a tenacious thrumming sensation. Thump, thump, thump. Tigress knew it all too well to ever forget it, even when she laid in bed at night, accompanied by her thoughts alone. During her time with Po, she could always go toe-to-toe either against him or especially alongside him whenever they fought. She would win some fights, he would almost win others, hell, sometimes *she* would almost win them until he surprised her. And it was there, after taking a rather humiliating defeat on an otherwise unremarkable day well before a deadly mission would ever occur, that Po said something Tigress never forgot.

"Sorry about slamming you with my belly there, Tigress," Po emphatically said. "You gonna be okay? You aren't too sore to have some ice cream, are ya?"

Tigress stumbled to her feet from being blown into a wall from the sheer impact of Po's jelly belly alone. Kicking at a wall made of rubber didn't describe the impact alone. She dragged up clumps of dirt as she slid across the lawn outside the Jade Palace when Po reached her at last and she took his hand.

"I suppose I could use a chance to cool off..." she grumbled.

"Ha, awesome!" Po grinned from ear-to-ear as she rose beside him, the pair sauntering to the back door of the palace where they first came. "I hope you're not upset from earlier or anything."

"Honestly, I've been through much worse than this," admitted Tigress. "So don't give it another thought."

"Well, okay. Someday, we're not gonna be able to enjoy this stuff, so might as well have some now, you know?"

Tigress remembered Po running at top speed into the palace when she froze behind him, briefly stunned by his words, soaking them in carefully while he gave them no thought. She probably shouldn't have thought about it terribly much considering Po never gave much consideration to what he said (minutes before he won, Po couldn't help but ask Tigress about why her leggings were see-through from behind), but unlike the day she first met him, she knew better than to judge a book by its cover. And even as another bamboo stalk launched Tigress to the temple

again, her body sailing across the lake in the blink of an eye, her heart jumped to her throat, and she remembered exactly why she held onto that philosophy from Po even if she didn't have an endless stomach like him.

Listening to the constant thrumming that was her pulses couldn't have been more satisfying. Tigress never bothered to remember what she ate for lunch or every minute detail of a sunny day, but she never forgot what it felt like to fly and cheat death even if she did it twice in an afternoon. A day would arrive sooner than she expected when she might not be able to have what she did now; a chance to fight for people she loved, to hone her skills constantly, and yes, to try something new no matter what it entailed. She slammed her feet onto the stone flooring below when cracks formed where she stood, and she fell underneath the massive shadow of the untouched doors of the temple, where no other traveler dared to enter until now.

For anyone else, this would be the moment where they gave up, ready to accept a destitute end with no way back to dry land. Tigress, however, simply kicked the doors open and threw them off their hinges, not bothering to hesitate for a second. The solemn *thud* that echoed through the halls served as the only indication that they didn't disappear into the darkness and beyond. She cautiously strolled ahead when her golden eyes sparkled from the few glimpses of light inside. The sky never crackled with any ray of sunshine piercing past the clouds, nevermind any cracks in the roof, but Tigress' limited night vision allowed her to feel her surroundings better than she could see them. The tight walls practically gave way as her claws clacked against the surface with the doors she destroyed serving as an extra step to raise her that much higher to the ceiling. But so long as Tigress kept her head low, the five-foot-eight warrior could budge through the hallway perfectly fine. And once she slipped by, Tigress arrived at the main lobby of the foreboding tomb, where an ember of fire exhumed beside her.

All around the room were a litany of torches decorated the inside of the temple with a large pit several feet away and a slender rectangular walkway on all sides, leading to other rooms at every corner. Tigress reached her arm out to the nearest torch and swiped it in her paw when she brought it to her tail, twirling it around the staff. She raised the fire well above (and far away from) her head while trotting around the corner to her right where cobwebs blocked the door. She practically hugged the wall to her back as her brow furrowed. One wrong slip would mean falling indefinitely to her doom, and Tigress didn't wish to see if she would land on her feet or not. She simply swung her tail at the webs and squinted her eyes when a bright red fireball exploded in front of her. It burned the webs to a crisp, leaving a dimly lit passage with some of the floortiles sticking up... and clumps of broken bones that were scattered across to the other side.

Dozens of amateurs must have died before I got here, Tigress thought to herself. She simply scoffed before stretching her leg to the one tile near that didn't jut out of the ground, her grip on

the torch tighter than ever. Crossing her legs over each other, Tigress grazed the tips of the trap-laden tiles by the tips of her toes, yet never pushed down on them by an inch. The holes along the walls were enough to keep Tigress' eyes on the other side where the threat of death teased her, with the path to safety out of arm's length. Her feet came together at a single tile when she grabbed the torch from her tail then tossed it ahead where it landed by the exit. It rolled clockwise several times before Tigress herself leapt forward. She rolled across the ground, not pushing a single tile beneath her, until she spread her arms and legs out. She swallowed a deep breath of air as she rose to her feet and grit her teeth, wondering why the smell of smoke quickly swelled behind her. Then a harsh light glowed against her body, and Tigress turned to the plume of fire on the floor that danced and swayed beside a strange glowing puddle.

Gasoline! Tigress wasted no time as she jumped back before the flames swelled around her, blocking off the hallway she exited behind a curtain of fire. The hairs across her body stood tall as she skirted to the corner of the room before hugging the wall behind her. Why didn't she catch a whiff of the fumes sooner?! Her toes curled along the stone flooring when she strained her head to where another faint light, one not consuming the ground she stood on, blistered. And although her nerves settled from the few torches lit ahead, the pit in Tigress' stomach quickly swelled from the long stretch of nothingness that laid between her and where the ground started again more than several feet away.

At an average spitting distance, the gap must have been a mile long with a drop so deep, the light couldn't bear to offer a glimmer of the floor, wherever it might be. But as Tigress gradually walked away from the edge, her breathing rose higher than the flames engulfing where she once stood. Chunks of the floor crumbled and collapsed off the structure in large chunks - chunks that echoed during their descent without any reverberations whatsoever. Tigress swallowed hard as the cracks in the floor glowed yellow the farther they stretched to her. She didn't have time to drop something and go from there if she wanted to live now. Thankfully however, if her fellow Furious Five members reminded her of anything, it was that she didn't need to fly to escape certain gaps. Even if one of them literally had wings, there were plenty of other ways to defy gravity on her own. For Tigress, she simply took a few steps back before running towards the wall on her right, haunted by the smell of gasoline on the bottoms of her feet.

Leaping at the wall, Tigress clenched her teeth as the fire behind her spat embers along the puddles she left with every step. The faster she ran, the faster the row of flames grew. Tigress fortunately remained stuck to the wall despite the drizzling sweat beading off her. She didn't have to worry about the magmatic temperature or the bottomless pit while the floor disappeared beneath her. Her arm drifted along the surface of the wall as her claws grazed solid stone, with her legs constantly jogging, bringing her higher than where she once stood. But as soon as Tigress ascended well above the floor, she soon curved down and down until the dark void below threatened to catch her from her fall. Nevertheless, that faint fire on the other side continued to

grow alongside the pit before she jumped ahead with arms stretched out. Her shoulder collided against the other side of the room as Tigress rolled into a ball before her limbs splayed out, her chest rising then deflating in small thrusts as the ceiling brightened quickly.

She laid flat on her back for a few moments longer until she flipped over to her stomach. It rose and sank as she took careful breaths, wallowing not in joy but relief that she survived. By the time Tigress stood up and weighed herself against the wall, her orange and white fur glowed from the massive fire behind her having incinerated the entirety of the puny walkway she once lingered at. Running back now would mean risking incineration. Her legs ached as she forced through the pain and staggered to the small stairway where two torches sat prominently at each side, with a large door sitting in front of her. Tigress ascended the first couple of steps when the square lock on the front taunted her, illuminated by a small keyhole large enough to fit her finger inside. A simple grunt escaped her lips as she brandished a claw from her index finger and stuck it within the keyhole, carefully fingering the lock, slowly wiggling at the notches inside.

I'll have to thank Mantis for this when I get home, Tigress thought. Saves me a lot of trouble without Po around to slam the door down with his big, round a-

The click of the lock rang throughout the room, overpowering that of the fuming flames dancing madly behind Tigress. She pulled her hand to her hip when the lock fell at her feet. Before she could entertain another thought, Tigress kicked the door wide open and sniffed the air hard. No gasoline, thankfully. An unamused grimace met across Tigress' face as the doors swung away and she strolled inside the next dank, empty room before her teeth chattered. In contrast to the hellish inferno behind her, a chilling frost persisted all around Tigress before she took her first step. There were no torches let alone a speck of light beside the plume of sunshine(?) that emanated from the ceiling. Tigress didn't wait to take another step as she stomped to the nearest torch at the bottom of the stairs, swiped it in her grasp, then waved it side-to-side as she entered the frozen chamber, where her feet cling to the icy ground right as gravity threatened to give way.

Her padded soles slipped briefly on the smooth slick ground; eyes closing shut, bracing for a fall that never came. Tigress' fingers tensed around the bottom of her torch when she opened her eyes again and froze at the light beckoning to her above. Not a single pair of bones nor a spider's web awaited Tigress inside this chilling crypt, yet she kept the torch close to her chest. Her every breath escaped as vapor clouds that blew in her face. The room thankfully didn't stretch any farther than any of the previously large walkways she ventured on, but there wasn't a single block or statue to get a vantage point anywhere. And still the ascent to heaven teased Tigress up above, and her knuckles whitened the harder she gripped the torch, determined to uncover how she could reach the light.

With the torch over her head, dissipating whatever few specks of darkness there were that didn't linger in the middle of the room, Tigress rubbed her stomach using her other arm as a sharp ache brought her to a halt. She could still stand, but the consequences of skipping out on both breakfast and lunch before she left the valley of peace were eating her more than what she ate in an entire week. Muscles softened as her arm limply fell to her side. The torch Tigress held in her tail lazily swung in a circle, spitting little flames onto the thin sheet of ice that froze across the floor. She let it dangle momentarily before she immediately brought her arm up again, her feet wetter yet arched away, ready to run again, should the floor be frozen gasoline itself.

Fortunately, Tigress didn't slip or stand ablaze in flames, but her feet sank nonetheless, weighing down upon a select tile pressing inches within the ground.

Tigress soaked her toes in the puddle for a second when a solid, bronzed circular platform emerged in the blink of an eye, as if it were made of pure magic, with a sparkle of light to complement its appearance. She lifted her feet off the panel and onto the thin ice again, yet the tile refused to go up. Water seeped below when she brought the torch to her face and turned to the remaining layer of frost awaiting to be melted.

Now I almost wish Po joined me for this, Tigress couldn't help but smirk as she gracefully skated across the ground, holding her arm out with the torch behind her back. After what happened before with the gasoline, she never would have considered setting the ground on fire if it meant risking her own life. But as the water continued seeping into the tile she once pressed upon, Tigress circled the entire room even jumping into the air before spinning around with her arm still extended. And as she skated around the ring, a rare smile met across her face, with Tigress wishing more than ever that she could have gotten Po to share this moment alongside her.

The last time the two of them went together for a solo mission, the fat panda fell right on his ass, sliding across an oily, slippery floor no different than what Tigress skated along now. He screamed for dear life, yet he managed to take out three bandits with his large mass alone. Pandas weren't normally known for their grace, but for Po, he may as well have been an elephant considering how often he got into accidents during battle. At first Tigress hated him for it until he proved he could pull his weight through battle like any other capable warrior could. Even the occasional wisdom he shared like when he offered her ice cream months ago resonated with her as Tigress leapt to her feet, having nothing else to melt. Perhaps Po would have been happy to skate alongside her now or maybe thought of another way to avoid the fires besides running along the walls. No doubt he might have hurt himself in the process, though Tigress refused to rule him out for a second. Maybe then he could explain why none of the tiles beneath Tigress sank as she walked along them, with nothing but her thoughts accompanying her throughout.

The bronzed platform remained present where it hovered, but not another step lead Tigress any further to heaven, leaving her to wallow in the now empty mausoleum that she breathed life into. Her arms slacked as she hesitantly approached the pad before placing one leg on top. Another second later and Tigress lifted her other leg when the platform rose higher off the ground, with Tigress' foot slipping clean off. Arms waved throughout the air until she clung to the edges with her arms held tight, her leg dangling off below once she hovered ten feet in the air. It was a matter of digging her claws through solid metal while her toes curled, praying she didn't let go.

The sound of iron scraping whined in Tigress' ears as she jerked her head at the first screech. Nails on a chalkboard were far more pleasant than this! Her muscles bunched before she threw her body onto the platform; arms and legs splayed to the sides, with the pad continuing to rise higher to the beacon of light above. Tigress quickly shuffled her legs underneath the surface as she sat crisscrossed and grateful that it didn't jitter once as she moved. But as she laid perfectly still, refusing to rock the pad lest she fall to an untimely death, a glimmer of orange light broke up the white glow as Tigress craned her head below, with the back of her throat quickly going dry.

Waiting for her at the bottom of the floor she melted mere seconds ago were ancient carvings that buzzed with a lush apricot hue, all painted in thin lines like hieroglyphics on the walls. They swirled and twisted together to form the vague shapes of people who were... sticking their butts out at each other? Although the heavenly glow didn't brighten any further, Tigress couldn't help but squint at the lines to find smiling faces who were obviously twerking in front of dancing masses before them. She wretched as the shapes and symbols grew across the canvas every few feet she soared. Thanks to the villagers teaching Po every new craze that swept the valley, Tigress saw enough panda twerking for one lifetime and didn't hesitate to slap Po whenever he goofed off. It didn't help that he split the crotch of his pants the first time he ever attempted it, nor did it help how oddly shapely the twerking figures' oddly big butts were.

For what was an array of stick figures, the artists who made them spared no expenses in regards to their shapely hips protruding past their feeble frames and especially their large legs taking form below. The thighs were rippling as if real mass swelled within them - mass that a flabby fatty like Po nor a hardened warrior like Tigress would ever achieve, nor care to aspire towards. Tigress turned her head back to the ceiling when the color white swallowed the world around her and the platform came to a dead halt. She blinked repeatedly until her vision no longer blurred and she stepped off the platform, staggering to find her balance when the room around Tigress came into perfect focus at last.

And oh, how she wished it hadn't.

Tears welled at the corners of Tigress' eyes as the remnants of the light taunted her with a slew

of perverted carvings no different than the one that she found during her ascent. Blue and red markings adorned the walls full of fat-assed stick figures and the obsessed crowds around them. It was a shock that none of them were on the floor or ceiling, but even then, no matter where Tigress dared to turn, not a single window outside awaited her. A curved dome blanketed her above when her blood chilled and her mood flared at once. She must have been at the top of the building given the dome she saw outside. But none of that answered the question of why these were made and for what purpose when nobody in China's history would have any ties to these... lewd drawings of any sort. Tigress couldn't help but huff as she faced her back to them, already planning her escape.

She sprinted towards the nearest wall and slammed her fist into it when a jolt of sharp pain surged through her wrist. Tigress clenched her teeth as a long hiss escaped her mouth. Although she didn't flinch or whimper, her knuckles throbbed before she punched the wall again, leaving not a single crack on impact. Throwing both of her hands in unison shook the room down to the floor, but the hard stone refused to crumble. It didn't take long until Tigress graduated towards slamming her shoulder at the wall, but even then, it wouldn't do. Her breath stalled in her mouth, and she sank to one knee, gasping and groaning underneath her breath.

*There has to be a weak spot I'm not considering, she thought. A room with no windows but a ray of light leading me inside needs to have **some** sort of escape. How else are all these carvings here? And where did that light even come from?*

None of the hieroglyphics painted any sort of cracks or indents in the walls, just to Tigress' luck. She huffed and sprinted at the other side of the room when she cocked her fist behind her back before punching it with all her strength, praying it would give her some sort of luck. Instead, her knuckles seared in pain again, and she pulled her arm to her chest; toes curled beneath the floor, crackling bursts rocking her body. By now, Tigress' nerves were twisting within her stomach until her neck stiffened completely. This couldn't be the end! There *must* be a way to leave this room if there were carvings inside! If she landed on a dead end, Tigress would be perfectly fine with going elsewhere, but as she stomped her way to the middle of the area and slammed her foot on the centerpiece, she didn't fall back to where she came. The floor simply shuddered yet not even a plume of dust exhumed up top. Only then did Tigress go still, with the realization of her situation dawning onto her.

Quickly, Tigress stomped at the floor panel she used to enter the room again and again, but she couldn't shake it by an inch, let alone stop the markings from glowing. Her legs and feet ached as she knelt down before punching the panel. Muscles hunched beneath her skin at the first strike then burned furiously the faster Tigress slammed at them. She could have left an indent in the stone like it was made of steel yet the floor refused to change. Tigress brought her hands to the sides of her head and rustled her thin 'hair' while growling profusely, unable to ease the

white hot anger inside her. Her paws dragged down the sides of her cheeks before Togress reared both hands back and slammed down one last time, like she did with the walls before them. The muscles in her forearms bunched until they were bulkier than oak trees.

But still, much like with the wall, the bronzed pad refused to budge whatsoever. It taunted Tigress as she fell on her back, gasping for air and whimpering under her breath. She shivered profusely as the twerking hieroglyphs from above swirled together in circles along with the rest of the room. They were teasing her no doubt. Years of other tigers each fighting off the forces of evil were lamenting Tigress as a failure and she simply went limp. Would this tomb be her grave if nobody could ever find her? The color orange gradually flowed brighter as Tigress squinted her eyes, sweating from the flames that continued to burn beneath her skin, boiling in her new fresh hell that she called home.

Giving in to a new life might not be as bad as you think, young lady.

Tigress' eyes shot open while she kept her body flat on the ground. She recognized that voice in her head, but she couldn't find another person shifting around the dark void of the floor, nevermind any source of sound as the stranger continued... speaking in her head?

What they won't tell you is that the generations of big-bottomed women before you lived happy lives regardless of how they ended. Even if they were slaves, they found joy in being bimbos until the day they died. You should be grateful to have their blood in your veins, even if you don't realize it yet.

"Who's speaking to me?!" Tigress forced herself to jump to her feet when fire seared up her ass and she cried out in retort, clutching the back of her seat tight. "Where are you?! And why am I trapped here?!"

If you're trying to find me inside here, I think you'll be very disappointed, the voice admitted.

"What do you mean 'find you'?" asked Tigress.

I'm not 'here' as much as I am everywhere in this temple. I never even existed until you came after so long. I'm so happy too! After living inside you for ages, being free has made me incredibly happy.

"Are you a ghost or some other kind of spirit? And what do you mean by 'inside me'? I would know if I got possessed before stepping foot in this sanctuary."

The spirit simply giggled as Tigress wiped her forehead of the glossy sheen of sweat continuing to grow. Lips curled into a frown as her legs tensed and stiffened while standing still. Since when did such a relatively cool temple become so hot? Did that fire storming below in the other room catch up to the once frozen chamber? Tigress didn't wear anything besides the usual flowing golden vest and black sweatpants, yet she might as well have been wearing a coat the same size as Po. And that voice, she knew she heard it somewhere before. The coy playfulness betrayed the cool, albeit vicious tone that underlied the wickedness behind those words. But Tigress swore the last time she heard that voice, it didn't have any jovialness behind it. She would know because she heard it every time she happened to be alone... talking to herself.

Tigress' neck jolted when her jaw went slack. It couldn't be possible no matter how absurd the ghost might be. That 'inside you' comment looped in her mind before the spirit's sultry voice blared over the tone with Tigress squatting to the ground, not yet falling but unable to stand tall any longer.

How many years has it been since you first began training under Shifu's orders? the voice questioned. Has it been a decade and a half? Maybe twenty years at most? Or have you shoved away your entire adult life to listen to the little red panda like the good girl you are?

Tigress growled through the flames threatening to burn her skin from the inside out. "Who the hell are you?!" she yelled. The spirit didn't waver as it continued speaking in the same gentle, albeit malicious tone, using Tigress' voice while it talked.

You could say I'm your shadow, maybe even your true self. But that would be too simple when the truth is, I'm really something that's genuinely important to you...

"Don't tell me," murmured Tigress, "you're my—"

Conscious? Why, yes, of course! the voice chirped. Did you expect me to be a little cricket on your shoulder? That's such an annoying stereotype, you know.

"If I really thought you were a bug, you would be dead by now," Tigress huffed.

Luckily I only exist in the confines of your mind, so I'll be safe there. That being said, it's you who should be more worried. And not because you've been trapped.

Still squatting down, Tigress furrowed her brow as she jerked her leg, desperate to push away from the middle of the room. But rather than waddle away, Tigress remained stagnant, content to arch her hips out from behind while her spine curved inward. Her arms slid down to her knees and quickly clutched her shins when her breath caught in her mouth. Tigress didn't grab them on

her own volition, and she certainly didn't remember bending her back in further, as if her bones were twisting to fit a new frame.

The spine pushed towards where Tigress stared ahead, her tight vest loosening where solid skin once met. What once were stout flat curves grew voluptuous as Tigress' sweatpants hugged her hips and dug up her crotch. She gnawed her lip with a gentle hiss whispering through the air, reeling from the spike in pressure overtaking her.

For someone so flexible, it's a shock you were never curvaceous, said the voice, tsk-tsking between words. *Imagine what you could look like if you redistributed that meat on your body somewhere else. Or rather, you grew some extra meat to shake.*

Before Tigress could ask what her 'consciousness' meant by that, a weight brought her further to the floor with a few inches of space between her and the hard stone. Yet as she hovered in place not moving a muscle, that space shrunk further and further, until her backside kissed the floor below. It pressed against it gently when she rose two whole feet higher before bucking her hips away. Tigress hollered and jerked her forearms when they refused to budge, all the while her hips wiggled with a mind of their own.

It didn't take a genius to recognize the dance, as Tigress' skin burned and crawled forcing herself to stop. She shook her head in defiance when she reared her ass out; the villagers' twerking dance moves memorized by heart thanks to years of involuntary studying made all the worse by her constant dribbling. Her sweatpants curved to her taut cheeks until they were practically painted onto her skin, but it wouldn't be until Tigress' paws moved to the back of her head against her will that her fears were confirmed by a tear across the seat of her pants, with her white svelte underwear disappearing into her ass crack.

"You have five seconds," Tigress grumbled, "to stop whatever you're doing..."

Hmm?

Tigress cocked her head to the side and groaned, the tear on her ass spreading to form a small hole revealing tawny orange fur devouring her panties. When she first them on in the morning, they covered her butt perfectly fine, but as she kept shaking to a nonexistent beat, they shrank by several inches until even her hips devoured them - hips that were pushing out the sides of her sweatpants and reaching the length of her shoulders each passing second.

"Tell me right now!" barked Tigress. "Tell me what's going on or you're going to be sorry!"

I'm not sure if you're in any position to talk right now, Tigress' conscious mused.

“Ergh! You—”

Oh calm down, dear! The magic flowing inside you will keep you safe for generations, with no need for food or water. That being said, I think I can offer a little clue about your predicament, though I’m sure that rising dough behind you will say everything that I have to say.

The back of Tigress’ pants exploded out as a gentle round of applause filled the room, echoing throughout the large dome with the hairs on Tigress’ neck turning to needles at the sound. She recognized the twerking from the moment she started doing it, so the sound sadly came just as naturally once her legs spread apart. Keeping her spine curved inward, Tigress whimpered as her paws shifted behind her back and went to her ass cheeks, gently squeezing them with all the tenderness of a loving touch. They were softer than actual lumps of dough, perhaps rivaling pillows even? What little musculature Tigress felt faded in favor of warm, furry, jiggly cheeks that bobbed like crazy when she slapped them at once then brought her hands to her knees, rocking the lower half of her body to accentuate the shift in weight.

Little by little, the few strands of fabric covering that swelling ass snapped apart until bare naked fur seeped through. A cherry hue dusted across Tigress’ face when only three strings were left to protect her near-nude rump. She never took herself as the nubile type, let alone a girl interested in dating or seducing anyone she met. For missions that required the Furious Five to have a femme fatale, Viper normally stepped up to bat with her own feminine wiles, assuming Po or Mantis didn’t want to wear drag again. Yet now as Tigress dropped her fat ass to the ground, swinging it back using all the grace of a jackhammer, her eyes popped out of her skull at the increasing amount of jello behind her. Her thighs were doubling in size until they were larger than her stomach and chest combined, but still they vanished underneath her magnificent ass stretching the elasticity of her legging to the absolute limit. One final strand remained as the color white exhumed behind her, cascading into lush orange fur dashed in black stripes and dripping in sweat.

Scrumptious doesn’t even begin to describe how good that looks...

Tigress hissed through her teeth when her cheeks separated momentarily and slapped together. A pleasant shock traveled up her spine before rattling towards her crotch. It dared her to drag two fingers between the legs to satisfy the beast - a beast Tigress tamed several times but never as she forced herself to dance for some wicked demon. Tending to it would be so easy if she weren’t so stubborn. The fact that the demon in her head called itself her ‘conscious’ couldn’t have been any more bullshit unless Tigress herself was a literal cow. Why would *she* want to shake her ass if it were huger than a water bed? Po’s extra weight hardly contributed much in a fight and she hardly considered him well-endowed as much as hilariously obese. Tigress’ cheeks swelled past the

length of her already fantastic hips when another spark ran down her crotch, and she cocked her head back, moaning once again.

Imagine all those years spent serving Shifu and rejecting a normal life. That's no way to live, is it?

Drool slathered down Tigress' lower lip as her mouth remained halfway open. When did she last go on a regular date or have sex with somebody? Eating ice cream with Po hardly counted for much when Tigress couldn't think of being in a relationship alongside anyone of the Furious Five, including her more seasoned teammates. They were her partners to the very end, but Tigress wretched at the thought of sex alone. Her lifestyle would never allow her to relax or to flirt with anyone... no matter how close those opportunities were, they couldn't happen.

You might not have anyone here, but those responsibilities will be gone forever.

Tigress mewled under her breath, squatting in a puddle of her own sweat, staining the bottoms of her feet. If she got any taller to accentuate the increase in ass, she couldn't tell. Her hands refused to budge from her legs, content to help her spine bend inward so that thunderous applause never stopped. Every calamitous clap and triumphant twerk splintered the walls within her crotch further until her pants moistened down to her knees. Little drops of splooge were leaking out and Tigress rolled her tongue along the edges of her mouth the faster they, and she, came.

She couldn't believe she enjoyed it until her pants went damp and a whimper escaped her mouth. Masturbation used to be something she swore off on her own for the sake of discipline when she studied under Shifu. Whether there were rules before or not didn't matter, but now, Tigress panted wildly, still reeling from the sensation alone. All four of her cheeks burned as she grinned ear-to-ear, slobbering at the gelatinous rush coursing behind her. The orange lights along the markings bled with one another as a lush apricot filled the room.

What harm is there with a little twerking? Po could easily fill the role of the Furious Five... for me, Tigress giggled like a bimbo under her breath as her thoughts took hold. He won't need me anymore. Not him or Shifu, or anyone else of the Five. Nobody will need me ever again. And I won't need them anymore either. I won't need to exist for any other reason... than to twerk!

The final string holding Tigress' ass back snapped as her hyper-size butt blew out back, putting all beach balls to shame. Hot winds turned to a cool sheen of sweat from behind that locked tufts of fur together. Tigress rolled her eyes to the far ends of her head with every passing minute. Falling on her back would mean being rocked side-to-side by her monster of a rump, but Tigress couldn't break hold if she wanted to. The entirety of her body, especially her legs and feet, burned with a strong fire that licked her inner thighs until sweat and cum stained the floor. A

vibrant orange glow sparkled through the dome as Tigress brought her hands behind her head and thrust her ass in the air, sending a powerful shock wave that shook the temple down to the very first floor she crossed several hours ago.

From outside the temple, where not a single other creature dared stir, chunks of stone from above the entrance shuddered with each clap. Tigress' twerking sent reverberations everywhere until the very walls themselves vibrated. And while a grin larger than her already enormous ass spread across her face, the ornaments above the temple slipped and fell over the wide open entrance, piling it beneath several clumps that rose to the top. Dust exhumed from the sides and billowed out when the quaking temple rumbled underneath Tigress' hold. A small crack of flickering light protruded out a hole amongst the rubble before one final boulder fell, sealing the entrance inside, and blocking off Tigress' only chance to escape.

But that was some twenty years ago, at a time when the spry warrior Tigress once dominated China alongside her friends, each of whom carried on until their respective passings. What little heartbreak stirred in the Valley of Peace faded however, as the villagers and the Furious Five knew they couldn't let Tigress' sudden disappearance get them down. One by one, they simply passed away or fought to their deaths in battle, with none of them ever finding where Tigress went. At best they assumed she chose to leave a quiet life once her mission ended, trusting the valley's safety to capable hands ready to save the world at a moment's notice. And as the days turned to weeks and the weeks turned to months, years, decades, and centuries, one legacy led to the next, with Tigress elevating from a legend to a myth unlike any other.

Those who traveled to the temple she ventured towards could swear they heard a faint clapping sound within, but the poisoned lake of water and the caved-in entrance ensured nobody could enter. Staring off into the unknown theorizing about what might have happened to her became a pastime for historians but none of them came close to guessing what happened. They either assumed Tigress met her end in the lake failing to jump over the water or assumed she burned to a crisp thanks to the buckets of oil inside. Some even assumed she got lost and starved thanks to the cryptic layout, as nobody entered the temple for several years before Tigress arrived.

However, for those unwise enough to lean close to the edge of the cliff leading to the temple, they swore they heard the applause of a raving lunatic inside, complemented by a bimbo's giggles and water drops daring them to enter. But the path to Tigress herself could never be reached, as the tiger achieved true immortality and zen, defying the spirit realm in favor of a twisted blessing that cursed her to this very day. The dome of the temple could be blown off with a stairway to heaven tumbling down for her, but even then, Tigress would refuse. A big butt and a smile certainly beat some dumb afterlife doing nothing as a petite nobody.

Time ceased to exist as she spent every waking hour cumming and cackling while twerking, her golden eyes turned to swirling vortexes, her mouth perpetually cracked into a smile. The entire sensation of lightning bolts circling inside her with the clap of her ass cheeks and the sheer weight of her new form never left Tigress as time went by. She drooled over her enormous ass, wallowing in its sheer size compared to all the other big butt sluts she hardly ever met. None of them might ever see it, but Tigress could rest, swinging her seat nonstop, never sleeping, never eating, never having to think. And whenever she could force through the magic, she would rub her crotch for hours on end, endlessly chasing the rush from that first night she transformed.

And to think Po actually told Tigress that one day she wouldn't be able to enjoy the pleasures of life.