A day at the Museum

Part one

By Whitestripe and Caudle

They had fought, struggled, raged, and complained. But nothing had worked. The Alleycats had finally met their match.

With a heavy heart, and moving as though walking towards their own execution, the six Alleycats marched with the rest of their class towards the last place they wanted to go to. The museum of natural history. Whitestripe and Leogun, a pair of black and white tigers, had tried to get out of having to attend the field trip, but Nea wouldn't hear it, and thus, the duo had decided their whole little 'family' had to share in the boredom.

"Come on Nea, it's not to late, you can just let us go back to campus, me and Whitestripe have paperwork we need to get done." Leogun said, strolling up to walk besides the professor.

Fenrir, the youngest looking of the six, was a tiger just like Whitestripe and Leogun, only his fur was reversed, a snow white pelt, with midnight black stripes. The feline snickered softly as he walked between Whitestripe and his mate Vence a sky blue river cat. Following right behind them were the last two members of their makeshift family, Sparky, an orange and black tiger and Gaje, a gold spotted ocelot. The pair of felines holding hands as they waited for the fireworks to start. At least watching Leogun get made into something might be entertaining.

The professor eyed the smaller feline out the corner of his vision. "If you'd rather do paper work you must really be desperate Mr.Gun." The pink teacher groused, rolling his eyes. "The museum is a fun and active place for one's mind. Besides being from another dimension you lot are horribly out of touch with our history. To be the deans of a magic school you must learn magic history. It's filled with fascinating characters, such as Sulimon the magnificent who c-"

The professor went into a full on ramble for the entire twenty-minute walk, Pistachio looked on sympathetically. "Don't worry," the massive tail whispered. "It'll be fun."

The cats already began to look a little dazed and out of it as the professor began to go into full blown lecture mode, the expression mirrored across Nea's other students that had been forced to experience this hel......wonderful outing.

When they finally arrived, Fenrir couldn't help but jog forward to the front of the group, the youngest of the Alleycats looking around, unlike the older felines, Fenrir actually was interested in learning a bit more about the history, or at the very least, looking at all of the neat exhibits. "So, where do we start first Nea?" He asked, Leogun rolling his eyes playfully as he reached over to ruffle Fenrir's headfur but he didn't tease his younger brother, let the boy have his fun, lord knows he deserved it.

"And that's how we came to get Homogeneomancy, or the magic of peace a some call it, though it was controversial in the second age of Bogarthra, where it was seen as more of a method of control than true peace a-"

"Humphry?" Pistahio chided. "Humpry we've arrived."

The professor blinked, stiffening. "O-oh, oh yes. Right, where to start? Well I figure we'll start with natural history, then work our way up to supernatural history." He padded up the stairs. The guard gave a surprised look when a pink cat with a living tail the size of a tiger padded past him, but Pistachio handed him the museum fare and he could say nothing more as they walked into the museum proper.

In the center of the lobby stood a massive dragon skeleton, it's wings stretched wide across old bones as it roared at the entrance.

"Now, a 'Friend' of the school's used to work here, he's been fired recently, but don't wander off, this is not as safe a place as it appears. Follow." The professor turned, padding towards the natural history section, which started with the Precambrian era of microscopic life.

Fenrir stared up at the dragon skeleton in wonder, giggling softly as he leaned over to Leogun. "Think it looks like what the Dean would have if we'd gone through with taking him out?" He teased, the feline referring to the apocalyptic fight that had occurred between the Alleycats and the former head of the Lunar Academy, a dragon so vast, the entirety of the school was built over his form.

Leogun snorted, gently giving Fenrir a little shove before Nea gave his warning.

The Alleycats all shared a glance before racing to keep up with the massive feline. "Um, Nea, who was he, and is he going to try and pop up while we're here?" Vence asked slowly. Knowing their luck, something was just bound to go wrong.

Then again, they, barring Fenrir were all here against their will, so maybe it balanced things out.

The professor shrugged. "Most likely not, but I like to air on the side of caution." He shrugged. "His name was Ages, he's a mouse fellow with a penchant for.... adding to the museum. It took us ages to sort out what was real and what was.... recent when he was let go." The professor cleared his throat. "But that's all past us now. They've hired on some new staff to help with such things."

Pistachio nodded. "Indeed, and so long as we stay together there can be no threat."

Nearby something went 'Boom'.

"Or at least I hope not."

the six cats listened eagerly as the professor explained about this mouse fellow. "Professor, why is it that so many magic users tend to be corrupted by their powers? Do you think there could be something about magic itself that could cause people to get rid of their self-control or restraint?" Sparky spoke up. He'd been considering that for a while, it wasn’t just the magic users here, but back in their own world, Throwbacks had a tendency to go off the rails, especially those whose talents were the most powerful.

As they heard that Boom, they tried, they truly, truly did, but they couldn't resist the tug of the unknown. And like a bullet, the cats took off in a sprint, the six felines going to investigate what had crashed, and offer any assistance if it was needed.

"Well it's true of any power, Sparky. Politicians are the same way, as are CEOs. Anyone when given power must be strong of will, or it will corrupt them. It is not the magic's fault. Magic is chaotic neutral, a force of nature, it is neither good nor evil, simply there to harness as we wish to do so."

Neapolitan was interrupted by the boom.

"H-hey! Wait stay together!"

The cats walked into the museum's library section to find someone struggling under a massive pile of tomes. "Ow..." Groaned a feminine voice colored slightly by a south African accent.

Vence slid to a halt, raising a paw tapping into the well of power within himself to activate his talent. Not a moment later, a rift in space opened around the trapped fur, the books falling through it and appearing in neatly stacked piles on either side of the bookshelves.

Whitestripe sped past Vence and skidded to a halt besides the fur, extending his paws as he tapped his own talent to heal over any damage that said books may have cause. "Hey there, you alright? He asked gently, a bright smile on his muzzle.

A pale pink hand grabbed Whitestripe’s, it was warmer than usual and soft to the touch. A hairless cat hauled herself from the pile of books, a pair of large round glasses slightly eschew on her face. "I'm alright...History of Ballistics was in a bad mood today..." She grumped, shaking herself off. Little splotches covered her pink body, an orange sweater serving to keep her warm against the museum's powerful air conditioner. As she shook herself off her tail emerged from the book pile. It was easily five feet long, and as thick around at the base as any of the Alleycats. "Apologies for the interruption. Usually things are more quiet."

the six Alleycats all eyed the tail for a brief moment, as though mentally telling themselves that it wouldn't suddenly open wide and try and eat them. "Um, no worries miss, my name's Whitestripe, this is my....um....twin, Leogun, our little brother Fenrir." Leogun gave a small nod to her while Fenrir gave a jaunty wave. "Sparky and Gaje, they're sort of like our parents, they raised us." The elder tiger, and golden spotted felines both seemed to blush at that. Sparky reaching over to gently rap Whitestripe's on the head. Whitestripe letting out a soft yip as he wiggled free, and waved a hand to Vence. “And this is Vence, my mate.” The sky blue cat seemed to blush at that as he moved over to Whitestripe, and gently squeezed his paw.

"We're the Alleycats, Professor Nelson brought us and some of the other students here on a field trip, we heard that crash and wanted to see if we could help out." Fenrir spoke up eagerly. "Your tail is really cool, it's kinda like Nea's, except, you know, not trying to eat us." He said with a giggle.

The cat blinked, tilting her head. "I understood about a quarter of what you just attempted to tell me." She admitted. "Though thank you for your concern." She looked back at her tail, which swished irritably. "I wish it were 'Cool' 'Cursed' is more the word." She shrugged. "Still, tis a danger of working with tomes of mag-"

She was interrupted as Neapolitan came bowling from the hallway at full speed. "Boys! I told you to stay togeth-"

He ran into her at full tilt, sending the two of them tumbling into a nearby bookshelf before landing, with the hairless cat looking up from between Neapolitan's forepaws as their noses nearly touched.

"er..." The professor finished, though he was pink, he still managed to blush. "O-oh....excuse me."

The sphinx cat blinked a few times, before her own cheeks colored. "N-not to worry, I shouldn't have stood in the doorway..."

The Alleycats all stared as they saw their professor bowl into their new friend. Leogun let out a howl of laughter slapping his leg, while Gaje glanced between the two of them before giving a firm nod. "I ship it." He said cheerfully.

Whitestripe lifted a paw as a camera formed their, the feline snapping a few pictures before sliding it back into his pocket. "And I do love me some blackmail material." He said good naturedly.

Fenrir was the only one of the group to actually move over to try and help them up, but even then, he was still giggling softly. "You two alright?"

The two got up, stepping away from one another awkwardly, the tip of the archivist’s tail twitching nervously, though they both looked at Gaje.

"In what way do you 'Ship it?'" They said in unison. "There is no parcel to be delivered."

They both looked at each other, then looked away, still blushing before the professor regained his composure.

"In any case, I am sorry for the boys, they are quite rambunctious. I am Professor Nelson, but you can call me Humphry."

The hairless cat nodded offering a hand. "Oh no, they were just checking on me. Hello, I'm Fahima Rastajhan. Nice to meet you all."

The felines surrounding them all shared a look before nodding and with an effort of will and the magic they'd infused into a pin they'd given Nea as a gift almost a year ago. Nea's form would be surrounded in light before he'd be returned back into his former anthro self. A sleek, black panther, standing over six feet tall. Pistachio would grow smaller, to the size of a normal tail, though she would retain every other unique feature.

Leogun strolled over and elbowed Nea playfully, smiling up at the black cat. "Go get her Romeo." He whispered to him.

Fenrir giggled and nodded his head. "Ya, you two are adorable, I agree with Gaje, totally shipping this."

Gaje gave a shrug. "I call's them as I see's them."

Sparky snorted, grabbing Gaje and tugging him over. "Ya ya, don't make them blow a gasket everyone." He chided, earning a snicker from everyone.

The professor blinked as he was suddenly bipedal once more, blushing a touch as Pistachio shoved Leogun away, handing them a map.

"Why don't you wall go explore the museum on your own, while the three of us get some coffee hmmm?” The tail prompted, as Neapolitan blushed and got used to walking on two legs. "I'm not sure that's a good ide-"

"Nonsense, so long as they stay together they should be fine. Besides, it's so rare I get to talk to another girl."

Fahima for her part was taking the talking tail in stride. "Um....yes...that sounds rather nice." She smiled.

"Well....alright..." The professor relented sighing. "We'll be in the restaurant at the front of the museum just...stay together and...don’t' cause any trouble alright?"

"You tell us that, what about the rest of the class?" Leogun grumbled as he had that map shoved into his arms. The tiger promptly received an elbow to the gut as Whitestripe grabbed him and dragged him out. Vence, Sparky, and Gaje all moving to follow after the black and white tigers. Fenrir followed up the rear, walking backwards and looking at Nea and his date. "Don't worry about us Nea, we got this, just enjoy your date, have fun, don't do anything Leogun would do." He called before turning and running after the other Alleycats.

Leogun grumbled softly as he rubbed his belly, glancing down at the map in his hands. "So, I just want to check, what are the odds, Ages is somewhere in this museum and our horrible luck is going to cause him to target us and try and transform us?" He asked casually.

Vence tilted his head, as though weighing the odds. "Eh, I'd put it at seventy-five percent chance, ninety percent if Nea gets so distracted that he'd forget about us and go home with her."

Leogun gave a small nod. "Just checking, good thing I made sure the amulet was all tuned up before we left, so, what do you say we go get into some trouble?"

"Didn't Nea tell us to stay out of trouble?" Sparky asked as they walked down the hall.

"Has that ever stopped us before?"

"Eh, good point."

The museum, as they walked through it, was filled with various interesting things, despite the worry that the place would be boring, there was actually a lot of interactivity and audio features that made the museum engaging. As they walked into the pre-history wing however a voice floated down to them as a dog entered. "Oh! Well hello their boys, enjoying the museum?" Asked the dog, a Dalmatian with a friendly smile and a fairly large stance. "I'm the pre-history curator, you can call me Sega."

the cats were looking around at everything, even Leogun was starting to get into it, though he vehemently denied anything if one of the others brought it up.

When the dog came out, they all paused, slightly, wary, before relaxing as they saw it was a dog.

It was Fenrir who spoke up first. "Ya, this is our first time ever in a place like this, it's pretty cool, we thought it'd be kind of boring." He admitted shyly, rubbing the back of his head.

Sparky and Gaje shared a glance before the golden feline spoke up. "Um, don't take this the wrong sir, I just had a question, did you ever attend the Lunar Academy or work for it?"

The dog smiled. "Oh I'm so glad to hear that! I do so love young people who love history and the sciences." He clasped his hands together happily, before tilting his head, his floppy ears twitching slightly in confusion. "The lunar whatnow?" He shrugged. "I'm sorry I'm not familiar. In any case, if you boys would like a personal tour I'd be happy to oblige!"

At the dog's words, it was like a great weight had fallen away from the felines, all of them relaxing. While it was true that the dog could be lying, they weren't really getting the sense of that. So it was likely safe.....or at least as safe as things got in this world.

Fenrir grinned as he scampered over to the dog’s side, smiling as he looked up at him. "Yes sir, we'd love a personal tour, thank you." The young cub said brightly. He looked to be the youngest, around eight or nine years old, while Whitestripe, Leogun, and Vence, all appeared to be around eleven or twelve. Sparky and Gaje appeared to be the oldest at around seventeen or eighteen years old.

Though, if they were honest, most of them had over a century of experience in life. Looking younger brought back happy memories for them all........And nobody ever took them seriously, which was wonderful when a fight started. Being underestimated was such a blessing if trouble happened.

The dog nodded. "Grand!" He rubbed the young cat's head with his hand. "Come along then!" He tapped his nametag. "You're lucky you got the number one tour guide in all the museum!" He grinned, “come on, let's go." He walked deeper into the museum, they were in the early stages of life, starting with the first shelled chelopods.

"Here we are at the dawn of life, everything in our world came from these shelled creatures. Some of them still exist today." He walked over to a fish tank that was at waist height to the small cats. "These are horseshoe crabs, some of the least changed beings on the planet." The large crabs scuttled about in the shallow water. "Go ahead, you can pick one up, but be careful not to drop him!"

the felines all followed behind the dog, listening intently to everything he had to say. Vence took a few steps forward and reached down into the water to grab the large crab, many of the felines couldn't help but lick their lips as they eyed the creature like it was a fine meal. "So, everyone on this planet evolved from these things?" Vence couldn't help but question, it just didn't seem possible to him, his eyes roamed over the crab in his paws. It didn't seem like anything special to him at all.

The Dalmatian laughed as the crab wiggled helplessly in Vence's hands, it's spindly legs wriggling. "Not this specifically, but this is one of the ancestors of earth's creatures yes. What made most furs specifically is probably extinct." He gently guided the crab back into the water. "But let's take a look at the hall of predators huh? That seems up your alley!" He led them to another room filled with stuffed animals in exciting poses. Behind him, a massive tiger was frozen in mid leap. "His name is Bo, isn't he impressive? Man, sometimes I envy these displays, getting to stay here all day in their best possible positions. Sure beats a nine to five, eh?" He chuckled warmly.

Vence nodded his head slowly as he let the Dalmatian take the crab back. That did make sense, whatever creature these people came from was likely replaced by them after they evolved.

At the mention of the hall of predators Leogun and Fenrir both grinned eagerly, that sounded awesome. The group of felines happily followed after him, the cats all glancing past him to look at Bo.

At their guides words though, they all hesitated and shared a brief glance. They knew those words.

Those were not good words.

Welp, time to test the waters so to speak, after dealing with so many professors at the school, they'd gotten good at recognizing when they might be being led on. Fenrir put on his best smile as he tilted his head, looking at the dog adorably. "How come mister?" He asked slowly. "They're stuffed, they can't move or do anything, and they probably get cleaned every day." He stuck out his tongue. "I hate baths, I don't wanna get sprayed and polished."

The Dalmatian chuckled. "Oh well, you'd want to look good for the kids right? Like you, would you want to look at old Bo here if he were a cruddy mess? I think not." Sega gave Fenrir a scratch behind the ears, smiling kindly. "And baths are good, I know you young types don't like them, but everything has its purpose, and every purpose has a place. You can't tell me not having a purpose is better than having one, right?" The Dalmatian nodded, chuckling. The cats might notice he had strangely bucked teeth in the front of his mouth.

Fenrir purred, the boy couldn't help but lean up into his touch. "Um....well, having a purpose is nice, but we've gotta find it, we can't be like these things, we aren't stuffed, we're kids, we'd find out what it is eventually." He said cheerfully to him. "How long has Bo been here?"

Leogun and Whitestripe shared a glance, their paws moving subtly, flashing a few signs to the others as they noted the bucked teeth of this dog. It was Ages, likely under some illusion spell.

Now the question was, did they want a vacation? Or should they trounce the mouse before he got a chance to stuff and mount them all, or add them to the museum’s collection?

Vence spoke up slowly. "Hey Mister, could I keep looking around too, would that be okay?" He asked. Let's see how he reacted to one of them wanting to go off on their own.

The dog chuckled. "Oh Bo is brand spanking new. he came to be here just when the last tour guide got off." he smiled, his ears standing up straighter and looking...rounder. A quick glance into the mirror behind the display showed his nametag. Sega was unaware that close inspection would reveal it said ageS.

The dog turned towards Vence, now his tail was quite a bit longer, and not moving like a dogs, his snout was slightly less boxy. He was beginning to look more like a hybrid than anything. "Oh that'd be fine, in fact I encourage it! Why don't you all split up and find your FAVORITE thing about the museum?"

The feline's all looked at each other, an effort of will and Gaje activated his talent, connecting all the felines in an illusion.

"He's trying to separate us and pick us of one by one." Leogun grumbled, crossing his arms. "That tiger, Bo, was probably the last tour guide, the person Ages replaced, and now he's after us."

Whitestripe gave a small shrug. "Eh, he doesn't seem all that bad, He's not like Bryce or Asher, I don't sense any Inga from him or his magical aura." The feline was referring to the buildup negative energy. Many of the professors were crawling with the stuff, and it corrupted them, spurring them on to greater and greater acts of abuse.

"So, you think he's probably just doing this because he truly thinks he's helping improve the museum and the people in it?" Sparky asked.

Fenrir nodded his head. "That'd be my guess. He's someone that loves the museum so much, who thinks history is so amazing, he wants people to be a part of it. And honestly, it doesn't seem like he's killing anyone. I think he's just confused for the most part; he's doing the wrong thing for the sort of right reason."

Gaje gave a small nod as he listened to the other Alleycats. "Well then, vote? Play along, or stop?" He asked.

Vence giggled. "Well, we haven't had a vacation for awhile, we've all been working nonstop trying to help out with the school. What's the harm? We've got Whitestripe's medallion to tug us back if we're gone too long, and Nea knows that we're here."

Leogun crossed his arms. "And what if he has some spell that makes us forget about each other whenever he transforms one of us? It's what I'd do. If I didn't want to get caught, I'd just use a spell to wipe their memory and existence from the world, make them seem like they were always part of an exhibit."

All of the Alleycats glanced at Leogun, the black and white tiger rubbing the back of his head sheepishly. "What?"

"That is disturbing on so many levels Leogun." Fenrir said. "But I vote we have some fun, let's see what this mouse can do." He said.

The Alleycats all nodded before they blinked, back in the museum hall, as though no time had passed. Vence grinned brightly at the mouse, nodding his head. "Okay sir." He said before he and many of the other Alleycats took off, vanishing into the different halls and exhibits.

Fenrir giggled as he watched his friends and brother race off, leaving him alone with the mouse. "What's your favorite thing about this place mister Sega?" He asked with an innocent smile on his face. He was technically the youngest, and thus, got first dibs on this.

The dal-mouse-tion smiled at the little Fenrir. "Mine? Well would you like to see, kitty cat?" He rubbed Fenrir's ears again, chuckling a bit, though he still looked slightly canine, he was mostly mouse at this point and the sound had squeaks around the edges. "Come, I'll show you." He curled his hand around Fenrir's back and led him towards the Hall of Big Cats. "Tell me, what do you know about feral cats?"

Fenrir smiled as he let his body relax as the mouse began to guide him towards the hall of big cats. He had to admit, he was enjoying the ear scratches. "Um, they're like us, only they can't talk and walk on all fours, they're what we came from, evolved from." Fenrir told him proudly.

The kinda-dog nodded. "Oh yes, very good." They walked past a large panther display, heading towards the snow leopards, each posed majestically for all to see in their splendor and regality. "Tell me, don't you think it'd be nice to be feral? To have no worries, just sating your base needs whenever you wish? No depression, no responsibilities....and even moreso for these guys, they want for nothing..."

Fenrir beamed at the dog's praise. His gaze swept around, looking at each display excitedly. They all seemed so beautiful and majestic, their coats sleek and well cared for, shining under the display lights. "Ya, being feral would be kinda cool, no worries, no problems, nothing at all, just eating and playing." Fenrir said proudly before pausing. "But....these guys aren't alive, they're stuffed cats, like Bo." He told him hesitantly.

By this point 'Sega' looked a lot less like Sega, glasses had appeared from nowhere, along with a mustache, his museum uniform being replaced by a poofy white shirt and red vest as his pointed nose twitched. "Well that's not so bad, what's living anyway? Is living being constantly appreciated? Marveled at? Becoming a learning tool for all to see where they came from?"

Fenrir listened to the mouse, squeezing his paw as he watched him change. "Well....that does sound kinda nice....being looked at and marveled at. But, I like being a living tiger." He told him happily. He tilted his head as he looked at him. "Mister....you’re a mouse now."

The mouse shook his head. "What? No, don't speak nonsense lad, I'm Sega, the fun loving Dalmatian." The mouse nodded, assured to himself of this. He stroked down along the back of Fenrir's head and the tiny cat felt a tingle of energy pass pleasantly down along his spine, his fur standing on end. "And I can tell your life has been hard. Trying....tiring, wouldn't be nice to have peace from all that? To have rest? And what better way than to become something useful? Something beautiful..."

Fenrir purred as he arched into the Mouse's touch, purring as he felt that tingle of energy flow through his spine, his fur standing on end. "Ya....it has been." He admitted softly. "It does sound a bit nice to be able to relax from that.....what would I be?" He asked him hesitantly.

The mouse chuckled warmly. "A tiger of course, what else could fit such a brave, handsome boy like yourself..." Another stroke, a warm feeling welled up from the center of Fenrir's chest as the mouse guided him past the boarders of one of the displays, this one was empty, covered in bamboo and jungle foliage like the dense bush of Asia. In its center sat a rock outcropping just crying out for its centerpiece. "doesn’t' that sound nice?"

Fenrir blushed as he heard the mouse calling him brave. A purr escaping from him as he felt that warmth begin to slide up his chest. He followed happily besides the mouse as he was led to one of the displays, looking around. "It does sound kinda nice.....where's the animal for this one?" He asked in confusion, his eyes locking onto the rock outcropping in the center of the display, the boy flexing his paws

"Why...he's right here..." The mouse purred gently, sliding a hand down onto either one of Fenrir's shoulders and massaging gently, that warm feeling grew stronger, seeming to emanate from his very core and spreading outwards...like it was...filling him up, his fur began to feel stiff, and his legs started to feel...different, lest bipedal. "Why don't you just come up here hmmm?" He led the small feline up onto the rock outcropping with slow gentle prodding. "get down onto all fours and take your rightful place?

Fenrir wiggled slightly as he felt the mouse's paws messaging and stroking his back and shoulders. He could feel the warmth emanating outwards, filling him, his body and fur growing slightly stiff as he slowly began to follow him towards the outcropping, starting to stumble as he climbed up onto the rock on all fours as he'd been told. "Like this?" He asked, tilting his head as he looked around. "There isn't any big tigers?" He whined softly, looking up at the mouse with innocent eyes. It did feel nice standing here, like he'd been made for it, this was his rock.

The mouse stroked down Fenrir's back, his legs feeling stiff now as that warm feeling filled him more, like he was being stuffed with a blissful haze. "There are plenty, but I think a nice little tiger cub will look adorable on display don't you?" He pushed one of Fenrir's paws upwards into the classic pre-roar pose spacing his hind legs apart as they became harder and harder to move, his clothes slowly vanishing, there was no need for such thing on a lovely display. "You'll look so lovely when you're finished..."

Fenrir couldn't help but purr as he felt that warm haze starting to engulf his senses. "Um....ya....ya would be adorable." He agreed softly. He hardly even noticed as the mouse began to pose his body, his clothes vanishing. "When I'm finished?" He asked slowly, his gaze looking up at the mouse He....he wanted to be a nice display didn't he? To be a good tiger cub, to be examined and looked upon for years to go? To be kept nice and squeaky clean each day.....no....baths weren't good.....he didn't want that part.....Did he?

Ages gently took his chin in a hand and adjusted it to look forwards again, stroking over the little cat's head again and again as that warm feeling filled him, his legs no longer mobile as the sheen of his fur changed, losing that lifelike quality and becoming static, unchanging, that warm feeling reaching its peak as the sensation started in his hind legs and climbed forwards. "Yes, when you're finished, and you'll be so very, very lovely. I can wait to show you to all the kids who want to learn where they come from." The mouse chuckled as Fenrir felt his eyes growing glassy. "And you'll enjoy it too, even being cleaned, because you won't have to worry, not about a single, solitary thing, you'll just be a gorgeous decoration, a conversation piece, a learning tool, a part of our wonderful museum."

Fenrir let the man gently adjust his gaze, the feline gaze ahead, a proud, happy grin on his muzzle as his body was being engulfed in that warmth. He didn't even notice as his fur began to grow stack, his legs freezing in place as he listened to the mouse's kind words. Ya....that did sound nice. His eyes began to glaze over, the tiger's gaze becoming blank and distant as his thoughts became fuzzy, that warmth starting to engulf his minds and thoughts. It did sound nice, to be cleaned, cared for. No thoughts, no worries, no problems. He'd get to be a part of the museum forever and ever. What could be wrong with that? Who wouldn't want that?

That feeling grew climbing up along his chest and back as the mouse stroked along it, his gaze becoming more and more glazed, glassy even, though he could still move his head. His insides changed, becoming hollow, stuffed to maintain the perfect pose. "Now...before you change completely into my perfect little display, why don’t' you give as a roar Fenrir?" Ages cooed softly into his little round ear. "Really wow all the people who will come and see and marvel at you. Go on..."

Fenrir heard the mouse's words, even as that warmth hollowed him out, made him perfect. He grinned at the thought, he wanted to impress everyone who looked at him. He had to look his best, and he wanted to make his new mouse friend happy. He took a deep breath before lifting his head up to give a fierce, adorable roar.

That roar echoed with surprising force around the large empty space of the display hall, that lifeless, warm feeling flowed up along Fenrir's chest and neck, freezing his mouth in that position, the sound growing quieter and quieter until it finally reached his eyes. They turned glassy and dull as the transformation finished, the mouse now standing alone with his perfect new tiger cub display. He stroked down the length of its back with an approving coo. "Oooh, this is just what the museum needs, thank you Fenrir, you and Bo will make such lovely additions to our little cabal..." His eyes glinted in the light behind his glasses. "Now...to add a few more displays..."