

TLALOCKOUT

COMMISSION STORY

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Teotihuacan. The site of the most architecturally significant Mesoamerican pyramids and a very popular tourist attraction near Mexico City.

It was about a forty five minute drive from the city, and for a history buff like me that amount of time was *small potatoes*! I had already traveled all the way out to Mexico City on my own dime, and that was a trip that was significantly longer and significantly more expensive. I was going to make the best of it if my name wasn't— Well, my name wasn't *really* important, was it?

Buuuuut, I guess a little bit of information about myself is important, right? Like I already said, I was a *big* history buff! I had been enthusiastic about history ever since I was a young girl, and that had carried over into my studies and ultimately my career choice. After getting my degree, I was now a woman in my twenties that worked alongside archeologists – being a little too inexperienced to refer to myself as one *just* yet.

Based on what I just said, you might be thinking that I had come to Mexico City *for* archaeological reasons. I wasn't! I had been saving up money to visit for a long time and had just finally gotten the opportunity to take some holidays. I just *really* liked Mexico City and, by extension, Mexico itself. It had such a storied history, and the capital city itself had been built over the ruins of a very important historical location.

Tenochtitlan, it had been called. Had more of it been preserved, I would have loved to have seen remnants of *that* city. Almost nothing of the original city remained even though Mexico City stood in its place. In a

way it was exciting just to be staying in the city for that reason alone, but my inquisitive mind yearned to see *actual* historical traces of a civilization long past. That was why I had set out to Teotihuacan early that morning.

“It’s a lot quieter out here than I would have thought. Maybe no one else comes out here this early?” The sound of my rental car’s door closing was the *only* thing I could hear after I stepped out, aside from the usual suspects when it came to natural noise. Wind, birds chirping, that sort of thing. But there weren’t any other tourists there yet? To be fair, it *was* only 7am.

But I didn’t really see a problem with it! **“More ruins for me!”** ...It wasn’t like I was going to do anything *with* them. I was still just a tourist, so I was just going to look. Still, the absence of lines and crowds meant that it would be a much smoother process than I could have imagined. I pulled my long, light-colored hair up into a ponytail before I entered the ticketing booth. Well, I wasn’t expecting it to be *free*!

Once I crossed through ticketing and headed onto the main site, I was given several options. I could go visit the Teotihuacan pyramids, visit one of the temples, or head to the museum they had set up off to the side. Even though it was early morning, I could already tell that it was going to be a *hot* one. My loose, khaki shorts and white tank top weren’t doing much to ease the warmth. I was a taller woman, standing at roughly 5’8”, but I was also a little *chubby*.

“I guess I should visit the museum before it gets busy.” My logic was sound to *me*. I was lucky that the site wasn’t crowded yet, and while a lot of Teotihuacan was outside, allowing for a lot of space? That *wasn’t* the case with the museum. If it got too busy, it would be hard to move around freely inside to look at the numerous artifacts I *knew* they had on display. This plan, as it turned out, had worked out *perfectly*!

Aside from the staff members I had seen working when I first entered the museum, there were no other guests in the museum just yet. There *had* been other cars in the parking lot, which meant other visitors *were* around. They just must have beelined towards one of the outdoor exhibits instead! This meant that my tour through the museum went *incredibly* smoothly.

I had done research on what I would see there ahead of time. Most of what they carried was on their website, so it hadn’t been very hard to do at all. I wasn’t really expecting *surprises* or anything like that. But I was proven wrong, surprisingly. **“W-WAIT! IS THIS FROM TENOCHTITLAN!? REALLY!?”** It was lucky that no one else was in the display room other than me at that moment, because I had caught

sight of something so exciting (to me) that I had ended up yelling at the top of my lungs.

There was a worn stone slab with a red gem in the center behind a glass case (for understandable reasons) with a name card below it with the following written in English underneath the Spanish from which it had likely been translated: *TENOCHTITLAN SLAB*. Well, it hadn't been all that *informative*. A slab from what? A wall? A floor? Maybe it didn't matter in the end. I took the baby blue camera I'd stashed in one of the pockets of my khakis and snapped a photo.

“Ow!?”

...Ow?

It felt like something had just shot into my chest? It was alarming enough that I dropped my camera. There was no wound nor pain, but once I looked back to the slab? Something was *different*. The red gem in the center was *missing*. **“Uh oh... Did I do that?”** But how could that possibly be the case? All I had done was take a picture! Maybe nothing had been there in the first place? Could I really have been imagining things?

Well, there was *one* very easy way to check. If there had been something on the slab before I'd taken that picture, then it definitely would have been visible on the photo I'd taken, right? Not that I was sure how an object could just *disappear* like that either way, but at least I could put aside whether or not I had been imagining things. So, as anyone else would in this situation, I reached down to grab the dropped camera.

Or at least I *would* have had I not become *extremely* distracted on the way down. **“Huh? Is that paint?”** I had very clearly noticed on my hand when I had reached down: specks of a dark crimson around my fingers, palms, and forearms that contrasted the light tan I had developed from my stay in Mexico thus far. I abandoned the camera for the time being and checked not only the one hand, but *both* of them. Specks continued to form before my very eyes, as if the color of my skin was being altered by *magic*.

This explanation wasn't all that far from the truth, actually. Not that I could have possibly known this since, at the time, I had *no* reason to even consider that magic might be *real*. **“H-How is this happening!?”** I naturally panicked. The speckles were multiplying and, at times, fusing. It wasn't long at all before my hands were *entirely* red – and did my fingers seem thinner? – right up to my forearms where the color turned off in a flickering flame pattern.

I blinked. Several times. Because where that red met my regular skin color? I had noticed the tan I'd developed was *gone*, and my skin was paler than what I even believed my natural shade to be. "**Am I dying? I must be dying, right?**" That wasn't really a *rational* assumption regarding what was happening, but one's skin didn't randomly turn a sickle pale color where it *wasn't* turning *freaking red*! I wasn't even aware that there was more red paint on my *face* in the form of a horizontal line that ran under my eyes and across my nose.

There *was* more going on with my face, but I was distracted *elsewhere*. When I'd noticed my skin color being lighter, my eyes (which had turned grey, for the record) were turned against the rest of my body. I'd become *very* paranoid that something was *very* wrong with me, like I'd contracted some kind of unrecorded, fatal disease. And my grey eyes went wide once I realized another trend that ticked in favor of that incorrect theory.

"**I'm losing weight...**" Which was a process that would *normally* happen slowly over days, weeks, and months – yet I could see *and* feel my soft body shedding the weight that had made me a little chubbier than what most would consider to be 'healthy'. I could see it in my thinning arms, and I could feel my skin tightening around my tummy. But seconds later it occurred to me it was more than that. I slapped a red palm against a belly that wasn't just flat: it was *firm*.

My *entire* body was, for that weight had transformed into muscle that would have taken months into the gym to develop.

I felt strong. *Too* strong. "**Where did this strength come... from? A *Sevant*?**" I'd asked myself a question and immediately received an answer... also from myself. I had never heard of this term before, but I now had memories of it. And... other things? My extensive knowledge of Mexican history was in the forefront of my mind, but new facts were mixed in. Recollections that could only be possible if I'd memorized every book on the matter known to mankind. Or, perhaps, unless I'd *lived* through it. "***This is... strange.***"

It was so strange that even though I was experiencing *additional* physical changes, I was way too caught up in my own thoughts to actually place a finger on them. It wasn't like me to be so *calm*, either. I'd been panicking from the outset, but now I seemed to be taking things in stride with my almost quiet acceptance. It hadn't even struck me that I'd grown slightly to 5'6", but since my clothes had become a little baggier with my weight loss, it didn't really matter all *that* much.

In fact, with my height adjusted? My figure had more or less been *entirely* remade in the image of a different woman entirely. Despite

becoming thinner, taller, and much more muscular though? Evidently, I was still a little *too* overweight in the areas where most women *wanted* to have a little weight to them. My D-cup tits were *compressing* within my tank top, which flattened in front of me, until they could be fully held by the palms of my hands if I so chose. This meant my nipples didn't need to be as thick and puffy, so they shrunk in kind, and before long they were only *B-cups* at best.

Any bigger would be a pain in battle though. I always need to be battle conscious, just in case.

Whether or not that was true, I didn't exactly make any efforts to question the thought. I was too far gone; too adjusted to what was happening at this point. Not even the thinning of my thighs nor the vague flattening of my ass to show off more of the new muscles that I'd built really inspired any complaints. Though, it there was anything... **"These clothes don't really suit me now."** Nor did my blonde hair, but neither of these things were permanent issues anyways.

The hair was an issue enough fix. If my boobs could get smaller, why couldn't my hair change? Sure enough, the blonde strands darkened, straightened, *and* shortened until they were cut in a messy black bob that reached the center of my chin in the back. The hair on the *sides* of my head reached all the way to my chin and framed my face nicely, otherwise highlighting how my facial features had narrowed, and my lips seemed to be fuller somehow. Amidst the sea of black hair, it was also layered with a *very* vibrant blue that wasn't dyed. It was *natural*.

As for my clothes... Their own transformation was much different from what had happened to my flesh and mind. Everything I was still wearing seemingly evaporated, leaving nothing but golden particles in the air that I found captivating. They converged against my skin in key areas, ultimately losing their glow as they became a traditional outfit that showed off *plenty* of my skin between windows of black cloth. There was clear Aztec inspiration in these garments, from the raised heels to the golden headdress with feathers sprouting out. But it didn't really matter.

I didn't plan on wearing it for long.

"Hm... This outfit just won't do for



this modern era.” While my words were calm and cool, deep down I was *extremely* excited. I had been given a new identity. *Tenochtitlan*: I had become the ancient city itself, but in a body that resembled a human. I was a... *Servant*? Brand new vernacular had been pushed into my head along with the memories of the city. I was a being that was supposed to be summoned to fight in something called a *Holy Grail War*, and yet I could tell there was no war to be fought. Two Aztec identities had also been mixed with my soul: Tlaloc and Huitzilopochtli. But I was still just *me*.

‘Me’ being *Tenochtitlan*.

I left the camera I had dropped on the ground, completely forgetting about it as I moved towards the exit to the exhibit room that I had been in. I had renewed purpose as a *Servant*: I wanted to see this modern world. I wanted to fit in. Even though I absolutely *had* before I was transformed in the first place. So, according to my will, my *style* changed once more as everything I was wearing split into golden sparkles.

My dark hair spilled out, passing over my shoulders and down my back while my traditional outfit shifted into a modern fit consisting of tight, black shorts, with a green jacket that rested off my shoulders over a translucent black top. Gold decorated this new outfit with golden bands, while my head found a matching, green hat and a pair of round-lensed sunglasses. Glasses that I adjusted with hands that were no longer painted crimson as I stepped through the exit. **“This will do.”** All of the red paint on my body had faded.



My new black, high-heeled boots clacked against the stone floor as I walked through the hall and through the front door. The staff that had seen the old me walk in exchanged glances as I passed them, clearly confused about where this beautiful woman had come from. I offered them no explanation and just left the site in the car the past me had rented. I had to return to Mexico City, to my point of origin. Once I was there, I could perform maintenance on my body.

“Then I can figure out just what I want to do with this new life.”