

Dark Lord Substitute

Chapter 2

By Draconicon

Of course, with his mind as scattered as it was, there was little chance of Bertram being able to focus on any one thing for very long. The idea of planning out how to win against a prophecy like that shifted to learning more about the apartment or whatever he happened to be in right then, and that immediately took priority as he realized that he was sitting on a chair that had come out of the floor rather than a normal piece of furniture. He stood up, but as soon as he did, the chair disappeared, sucked down into the floor without any apparent seam to catch it with.

He turned around, trying to find where the lights were, but as soon as he started fumbling along the dark wall, he found that the room started brightening up. The ram paused, then pulled his hand from the wall. The light remained, and stayed the way that it was, dim but not completely dark. After a moment's hesitation, he put his hand back on the wall. He imagined the room a bit brighter, specifically thinking a number, one that he pulled at random. 777% brighter.

It went from dim to feeling brighter than the sun almost instantly.

“GAH!”

He covered his eyes, trying to block it out, but it wasn't until he thought it dimmer that it actually happened, and he panted as he realized just what was going on.

It's some sort of thought reader...or at least, something like it, he thought, blinking away the light that had almost blinded him. He ran his fingers over the wall, feeling little sparks that he hadn't noticed before. Conductive material. Very conductive, if it's responding to the body's bioelectric field like that...

He'd already known that they had massively different tech in this universe, something that was well and truly ahead of his own, but that was a huge concrete example of just how far ahead they were. The fact that they had something that could read thoughts and intent that clearly...

If that's not part of the starfighters and everything else that they have, then they're wasting massive amounts of technology.

Of course, that implied that everyone else in the universe was an idiot, and Bertram had seen enough bad fiction to know not to fall into *that* trap. He was going to take his time, he was going to see what worked and what didn't, and for the love of all that was sane, he was going to listen to the advisors that he had. The two hyenas seemed like they had at least a little experience in the way that this was supposed to work, and if he could turn that to his advantage, all the better.

He looked back at the floor, still not seeing any sign of where the chair had gone. For that matter, now that the room was a little brighter, he could see that there was almost nothing there. No doors, no windows, no furniture. Nothing. It was just a square, twenty feet by twenty feet. So, large, but not particularly filled with features.

Unless...

He looked at the ground. He still wore the thick boots that came with the Dark Lord outfit, but he had noticed they weren't leather or rubber. They were something different. His feet were being tingled by something, too.

Could that be...

Conductive material that was flexible enough to wear was rare enough. Something that could be flexible or stiff as needed was even less common. Something that was conductive, as stiff as needed, *and* adaptable, on the other hand...

It seemed impossible, but he tried it. He thought of a chair, and immediately, one popped up right behind him, almost knocking him into it by the way that it slammed into his knees. He yelped, looking back at it, his eyes wider than ever, and he had to really tense up to avoid freaking out right at that moment.

Their tech here was so far ahead of his own that it had gone from crazy to downright scary. He didn't know how they hadn't conquered the entire universe with something like this, and he immediately started trying to guess what the downside to it was. Some sort of energy requirement to shift the state of things? Something that required a certain amount of it to be able to do anything? Something that was a rare material, perhaps?

Whatever it was, it meant that the Dark Citadel could be damn near impregnable if it had someone that knew how to work with it. He'd need to do a lot of experimenting with that, something to see just how far this material could be pushed, and just how many limitations he had on it -

Oh, and how many the officers have on it...

That would be an easy way for the forces of the Allied Systems to take him down. Just get one of the soldiers in the army on their side, have them create a tunnel through the Citadel to his room, and then suffocate him in the material before he could think his way out. It would be a quick, easy murder, and not a shot would be fired.

Yes, he'd definitely need to do something about all the different ways that the soldiers might be able to use the Citadel.

Wishing the chair away with nothing but a thought, he looked around. No doors, but if he thought of a room -

As soon as he thought 'bedroom', a portion of the wall slid away, revealing another portal. So, they weren't all connected to each other. That wasn't bad for security, he supposed, though it did mean that sneaking around would be all but impossible if there were records of people that passed through the portals. Something else that he was going to have to figure out as he played around with all this.

Nevertheless, the ram stepped through the door into the bedroom. Again, it was featureless, but this time, there was something more when he started to open his thoughts to whatever this material was.

Bedroom Template suggested. Accept?

It was halfway between text and a voice in his head, and he wasn't sure if the new thing had a voice or if he was just assigning it one as he read through the text. Bertram groaned, rubbing his forehead.

"If this place has an AI, this just got so much more complicated."

There was no response, which either meant that the AI was stupid, that it was incredibly intelligent, or that there was no AI at all and it was just a computer program waiting for a response. Given that two of the three meant that there was a liability or a threat waiting for him, he didn't like that at all.

"Um, accept template," he said.

There was no response.

Accept template, he thought, and this time, there was.

When the chair had come up, it had done it so fast that he didn't have the chance to see how it all worked. This time, much more was coming together, so he had the chance to watch. A spark of white lightning shot through the ground, marking out different areas. Two squares at the far end of the room, a rectangle that ran from the far end all the way to the edge of his boots, blocks in the corners of the room that were foot-by-foot squares, and a few others that were etched out in different sizes and lines.

And then, as the shapes were marked, they rose up, all at once. Two nightstands, a rectangular bed, lights in the corners of the room, a bookcase of different...chips? Something like

that. He didn't know how it worked, but it was there. The room went from empty to full in the space of five seconds, perhaps four, and it had happened at nothing but a thought.

...This tech is insane...

He stumbled to the bed, sitting down on the foot of it. He expected it to be hard, stony, firm like the walls, but no. It was surprisingly soft and bendy, much like the beds back at home. The possibility of it reading his mind and giving him something familiar was not at all helpful, nor did it make him feel better.

He remembered that the generals had mentioned something about a harem, too, something that he had access to, and he rather desperately threw himself towards the nightstands. The fact that he had one notwithstanding, he rather needed something that would distract him from the impending panic that was creeping up from the back of his head and threatening to send him into a hysterical fit.

The remote was inside the top drawer of the nightstand on the left, though it was more of a palm-sized circle than the remotes that he was used to. He looked at it, saw that there were three buttons. One was marked with weapons, which he immediately moved his fingers away from. Whether that was security, personal weapons, or something else, he didn't want to see more of those just yet.

The next one was labeled with a picture of a planet. He imagined that was either mapping or something regarding the whole army direction stuff that he was going to have to do, eventually. Perhaps something to get in touch with the Twist twins or something like that. Either way, he didn't need to do that, either.

The last of the buttons was marked with a heart with a pair of horns growing out of the top, almost like devil horns. He stared at it for a moment, then slowly shook his head.

"It's definitely reading my mind, somehow. There's no way that's the universal symbol for being naughty..."

There was no response, and he sighed.

"Well...let's see what it does."

The ram tapped the button, and immediately the air was filled with more light. This time, it was a grid pattern of blue light that panned over it, scanning his body from some sort of emitter in the ceiling.

"Dark Lord of the Void recognized," an artificial voice said, the light fading away.
"Species: Ram. Age: 23. Health: Moderately Healthy. Stamina: High. Strength: Low."

"Hey...you're not wrong, but..."

And so on it went, going through all sorts of little stats of his, from the fact that his heart was racing at two or three times where it should be all the way down to the stats of his own dick - seven inches long, two wide - and the state of his balls - rather full. He groaned under his breath as he heard the intimate stuff said out loud, crossing his legs a little clumsily in his armor as he waited for the list to be done.

“Fur: White.”

“That’s obvious.”

“Records saved, stored. Welcome to the bedroom, Dark Lord of the Void.”

“Do you have to call me that?”

“If the title ‘Dark Lord of the Void’ displeases you, please state a different title that this program may refer to you now. If you do not wish to change your title, please say ‘Skip this step’ now.”

“Bertram.”

“Bertram logged. Nicknames allowed?”

The immediate thought of being called ‘Bertie’ by a computer immediately had him saying ‘no,’ and thinking it just to make sure that the message was completely received by whatever program was running this thing. If he was ever, ever, *ever* called ‘Bertie’ in front of the generals, he could imagine that his authority would disappear almost immediately, and that was assuming that he had much in the way of that, anyway, considering that he was probably little more than a figurehead.

“Response stored. Do you wish to assign a name to this assistant program?”

“Are you intelligent?”

“Question does not register with potential replies in the database. Do you wish to assign a name to this assistant program?”

He imagined that it was something of a more honest, more useful version of all the little AIs that were passed around by the shopping megacorps of his own planet and time. Smiling slightly, he thought about it for a moment, then thought at the computer.

Assign name. Data.

“Name Accepted. I will now respond to the designation ‘Data’.”

“Data. Why are we doing this?”

“Acknowledged. We are creating records to match you with appropriate members of your harem to save on search time.”

“Do you need that much information?”

There was no response. He groaned under his breath, muttering to himself, but that at least answered one question. The programs were run independently of the material in the building. They could not respond merely to intent. They had to be addressed more directly, particularly when named. That could be useful.

“Data, do you need that much information? How many members of the harem are there?”

“At the last update at 0300 this morning, there were approximately two million individuals stored in the harem databanks.”

Bertram nearly choked on his next breath, coughing and slapping his chest to get himself to breathe normally again. Two million? That was almost as much as a small country back home, more than most armies, as a matter of fact. Two million people registered as part of a harem? Or...

He remembered what the Twist twins had been implying. Mark had been a bit nicer about it, but his sister, Zelda, had been much more blunt and to the point. There were slaves in this universe, and since he was the ‘Dark Lord’, that probably meant that he had his free pick of all the slaves that they had.

Were the soldiers slaves, he wondered? Were there many free people under the banner of the Dread Star or the Void or whatever it was that he was supposed to command? What was the way that the whole thing was run? What was their economy based on? Their primary trading partners? What sort of things did they make and what sort of things did they need? Did the slaves do anything besides just fuck? Were they there for labor, did they operate as part of the army, merchants, medical corp, or -

There were so many questions and painfully few answers, and he didn’t know how long that was going to be the case. All he knew was that this was going to get more confusing before it got less.

Shaking his head, he looked back at the ceiling.

“Data, how much more information do you need?”

“We are building two more data sets. One for preferences for species, one for personal kinks, Bertram.”

“Data, set preference for species to ‘non-existent.’”

“Preference set, Bertram.”

“As for kinks...Data, define database and requirements, as well as options.”

“Processing. ‘Database’, in this context, is defined as a set of information and variables that can be drawn upon and compared to at all future dates. It can be edited as needed, but will be set as the foundation for future searches in this matter. Options at this point in time include filling out the database, or temporarily putting off informing the database to use a search string instead.”

“Data, use a search string.”

“Acknowledged. Please state your kink search now, with whatever kink or fetish you wish, followed by ‘comma’, your next search term, or ‘search’ to begin list compilation.”

The fact that he was actually doing this was surreal, and he was starting to wonder if he was genuinely in shock at this point. He might very well have been. There was no way that he was entirely himself with the way that he was deliberately running away from all the different bits of weirdness that were going on. That said, he knew that if he broke down now, he’d probably never quite stop. Better to do something to hold it off for a bit longer until the full crash wouldn’t hit him quite so hard.

And as for what he wanted...well, he had often wondered about a number of things, and he thought that, maybe, it would be time to see just what it would be like to push someone to do things that people wouldn’t normally want to do in his world.

“Royalty, comma, Musk, comma, Gay, comma, Oral Fetish, comma, Rimming, comma, Worship, comma, Rut, search.”

“Acknowledged. Searching.”

The blue light went off, and the room hummed softly. Bertram barely had the chance to cross his arms before the light returned.

“Search concluded. Two thousand, three-hundred forty-two results found. Would you like to refine them by species?”

“...Yes. Refine by ‘Rodent’.”

“Four results remain.”

“Data, display results.”

It seemed that there were two mice, one rat, and a squirrel. They were displayed as four images of blue light in front of him, spinning slowly. They were all male, too, which was for the better, he supposed.

The squirrel looked like he would be interesting, but at the same time, those bit teeth put him off a bit. The rat looked like he had the sort of ass that would be good for a good pounding, but again, that wasn't what he was in the mood for tonight, and he was a little put off by those big balls. He had a feeling that the 'musk' return on the search was more for the rat's musk than for appreciation of someone else's.

The mice were the better choices, one brown-furred, one white-furred. He tapped between them a few times, considering it for a moment, then decided to go with the white-furred one. He tapped the picture, bringing it up as Data read through the information.

“King Soledad. Captured three days ago. Moderate success with slavery indoctrination procedure. Formerly a powerful supporter of the Federation of Allied Systems, now a supporter of the armies of the Dread Star. Captured with his queen. Trained in various sexual acts, as well as for diplomacy and command of military forces.”

So, the slaves were capable of more than just sex. That was good to know. He nodded at the slave in question, tapping the picture again to confirm his choice. The light disappeared, and Data didn't say another word.

Instead, a square about two feet across in all directions appeared on the floor. It was created in that same white-lightning line-drawing that the furniture had been done in, and as soon as it was done, the floor opened and the white-furred rodent appeared. He was completely naked, his cock ringed at the base and his head marked by several black dots that formed what looked like anchor points that ran around his head. Each one was linked with a string of light that ran from one to another, and Bertram wondered if those were involved in the indoctrination process that Data had mentioned.

King Soledad's eyes flicked over to him, and the mouse's mouth wobbled for a moment before stiffening, then turned up in a smile. The energy lines between the little dark points on the mouse's forehead flared a bit, and Bertram nodded. Definitely part of the indoctrination process.

“Dark Lord of the Void,” the mouse king said, kneeling down. “I apologize for my disturbance. I was - mmph - unaware of your identity.”

“You're still being trained, aren't you?”

“I'm sure - ah - I don't know what you mean.”

Each little grunt might have been pain or pleasure, but Bertram chose to believe that the rising shaft between the slave king's legs meant that it felt good. At least, he hoped it did. He didn't want to be part of torture, particularly not with someone that he didn't know. Shaking his head, he scooted back to the foot of the bed, looking the mouse king over in the process.

Soledad was obviously in his middle age, coming up towards the end of his forties. He looked like the sort of mouse that had had a good life, had done a lot with his people, and had kept in shape in the process. The mouse's jawline was strong, running along the edge of his

muzzle with a hard line, and he looked like he might have had a little rat in his family history somewhere. More than that, he had the body that was good and fit, the sort that would have worked well on the front line.

Down between his legs, he had a good-sized cock, just about an inch bigger than Bertram's, and a little bit thicker, too. His balls were nice, but not particularly huge, looking a bit small for the rodent, actually. His white fur was otherwise unblemished save for the marks around his head.

Sitting at the edge of the bed, Bertram cocked his head to the side, looking the mouse over again before slowly reaching down to the crotch of his pants. The king looked down with him, his eyes flickering for a moment before he smiled again.

“Do you wish my services, Dark Lord?” Soledad asked.

“I heard that you were...married?” Bertram asked, curious.

“I was. The indoctrination has opened my mind. Service is not based on any objections I might have. All must serve the Dark Lord, and all shall.”

“In any way?”

“In any way.”

He shook his head. So, the indoctrination took it down that route. The king might not have been gay to start with, but he had been altered to be able to do gay acts. He wondered, in the back of his mind, what that had done to the relationship that the king had with his wife. He wondered, too, if this sort of slavery and indoctrination and downright mind control had been common before this new ‘dark lord’ cycle, and if they were normally in the process of changing people like this.

Despite the creepiness and strangeness of the whole thing, he couldn't say that it wasn't unarousing on some level. The fact that he could call for a king, a real royal, to be brought before for a blowjob was a power trip and a half, and the fact that he could call for even more, from up to two million different individuals, meant that he had more power than anyone on earth had ever dreamed of having. He looked down at the king, debated the morals of the moment, and then kicked them over the cliff.

His fingers drew his zipper down, freeing his cock from his pants. It sprung up and throbbed for attention, bouncing up and down in front of King Soledad's face. The mouse's eyes followed it up and down, the energy band pulsing and likely feeding the mouse slave more information.

Before he could say anything, the mouse king leaned in, breathing against the ram's balls. The warmth of air rushing against them made his cock throb all the harder, as did the soft groan that followed.

“Dark Lord, you smell...good. So...so strong...”

“You like it, huh?”

“Mmmph...It is...so much stronger...than my own...”

“That’s because...I’m a bigger man than you...”

Or at least, he had bigger balls. And the fantasy of putting someone else down like that, of having a stronger scent, a better manhood, was something that he had long-since wondered about. Doing it now, doing it to someone real...oh, god, he felt like he was going to explode already.

The mouse leaned down again, dragging his nose along Bertram’s balls. The ram groaned every time that he felt that cool tip rubbing along his testicles, running towards the gap between them and then going up towards the base of his cock. The soft sniffs continued, the worship of his scent going on further and further. He groaned every time that he felt that nose working up his shaft, half-expecting to feel a tongue following, but no. It was just worship and nuzzling, making it clear that the king found himself below the ram.

It made him hard, it made him hot, and it made him feel like a true lord on a throne. He growled deep in his throat, a rumble that echoed through him. His cock was hard as steel, bobbing up and down over the mouse’s face, oozing pre-cum in short order. He stomped one foot after the king leaned in and lifted his balls, dragging his tongue over them.

“Mmmph...Dark Lord...you are well-endowed, indeed...”

“Yeah...you like it that much?”

“Yes, my lord...it is beautiful...your cock, your balls...they are wonderful...”

“Do you like them better than your wife’s body?”

There was a pause, the mouse king looking up at him. The hum of the indoctrination ring grew louder for a moment, and then the king smiled again.

“Far more, my lord.”

“That thing is messing with your head pretty badly, isn’t it?” he asked, unable to help himself.

“...It clarifies my thinking, my lord. It tells me what I should think for the good of everyone.”

In other words, it made the king obey for the good of himself, his wife, and probably most of his people. The more that the slaves obeyed, the less danger they were in, and the ring around the head was telling them what sort of thoughts they needed to have.

Bertram was fascinated. There were many applications for that sort of power, but he wondered just how much of the original person was left behind. How much of the former King Soledad was before him now, and how much had been erased by the ring? It was a good question, and yet another thing that he'd need to discover later.

“Okay...enough worshiping...lean in...”

He grabbed the king by the ears, and slowly dragged him forward. He felt the soft lips against the head of his cock, then felt them part as his cock slid over a tongue. For the first time, Bertram had someone else sucking his cock rather than just his own hand on it.

“Mmmph...”

He curled his toes in his boots as he felt the mouse king bobbing his head up and down, taking it deep before pulling back to just keep the head in his mouth. Forward, back, forward, back, each little movement making his cock feel even more pleasure. A practiced tongue - or well-trained, he supposed - danced along the bottom of his cock, teasing just behind the head, and then down along the bulge that ran along the bottom of his cock.

The mouse's mouth reached the base of his cock, and the lips tightened, squeezing around it. He felt the head of his cock pop into the mouse's throat, felt that tightness, the swallowing motions pulling at the head of his shaft for a few seconds before the mouse pulled back again. The slow suck, the gentle pull, the worship that came from the king as the ram got his cock sucked for the first time -

Well, it was all far too much for anyone to take, let alone him.

He yanked King Soledad back down to the base of his cock, and he held him there, feeling his balls rise and his cock throb, swelling, squirting his load down a willing throat. The slave king moaned under him, and the ram wondered if he'd see a mess on the floor after. If the king came, would the floor automatically clean it up, or would it need to be ordered?

Another mystery.

He panted as his orgasm came to an end, and he shivered as he felt the pleasure slowly draining away. Pulling back, his cock popping out of the king's throat, he felt...better. Not completely out of the woods, but better.

“Are you satisfied, Dark Lord?” King Soledad asked, and for the first time, there was a hint of something more than just the servile king in that voice. Something darker, something more frustrated and angry. A phrase that could slip past the indoctrination.

And Bertram caught it.

He looked the king in the eye, slowly nodded, and then leaned back.

“Data, take the king away.”

And with that, the floor opened, the king taken away. He was alone again, and he groaned as he leaned back on the bed. Much as he wanted to rest, he needed more information.

“Data. Assemble a history for me. Start with the first Dark Lord of the Void and how that played out, give me a secondary file on the Dread Star, and then give me a summary of all the Dark Lords of the Void up until the one before me, and then a full history of the previous Dark Lord of the Void. Compile and display.”

“Acknowledged. Compiling.”

He needed information, and he hoped that he hadn't missed anything in that list. If nothing else, it'd tell him about how this got started, and what he'd be facing right off the bat. If there was one thing that he could probably count on, it'd be the other side trying to fight the last war all over again. Every winner in war always tried to win the next war the same way that they had won the last one.

If his enemies followed that strategy, he might be able to buy some time.

The End