

Few superpowers are more frustrating to fight against than reality-altering powers.

Powers that fit within physical boundaries are much easier to define, and finding their weaknesses is a straightforward task as well. After all, they still have to follow the laws of physics – mostly, anyway, in the ways that matter the most. More elemental powers – such as fire and ice-related abilities – will fall victim to their opposites, as well as more conventional methods of approaching said elements. Super-strength and super-speed can be turned against the user pretty swiftly, as long as they're approached with the right techniques and a little bit of luck. There are even methods of negating telepathic powers with the right tools: some heroes have found it's possible to negate psychic attacks by manipulating the wavelengths of such abilities!

It took a few nights before Power Core figured out that was why Brain Drain's titular ability didn't affect him as long as either of them expected, and how he could toy with electric currents inside and outside his body to create a barrier against those powers – should he ever need to. He kept it as a trade secret to be used sparingly, dependent on the urgency of the situation – the knife in his boot when a villain closes past his bolts and blades. After all, it was a purely defensive tactic, and once he played that card, word would spread quickly. Any psychic-powered supervillains would immediately work against such a tactic, if they operated nearby his patrol.

Tonight, though, as another Power Core straddled him with a sinister grin, he had a different dilemma in mind: how exactly can you tell if a villain has psychic powers or reality-altering powers on the fly?

The idea did come to mind earlier, when he received the tip of the night. A villain that seemed fond of mirrors, and could make use of them to confound and baffle their enemies... And of course, there happened to be a hall of mirrors in town for them to call their base of operations. Their identity – both their civilian and villain names – were a complete mystery. No one was even sure what they really looked like, but their activities gave away their presence: too many scared and confused innocents running screaming from the hall of mirrors, as well as shopkeepers and bank tellers deliriously insistent their own reflections left them tied up.

Hearing the tip, Power Core had to muse over such a power; he compared and contrasted how a psychic or a reality warper might fit the bill. A psychic might emit a wavelength that subconsciously alters how they're viewed – perhaps they're completely invisible when viewed straight on, but reflected light from a mirror is harder to manipulate like that, so they decided to instead convince people they're seeing their own reflections or something. Pushing those reflections into the real world – as so many witnesses stated occurred to them – would just be a matter of creating hallucinations in a specific victim's mind, overtaking all the right senses at the right times to convince them a mirror world clone pounced and grappled them.

But altering the rules of the world around them to create a similar effect? There are as many ways for them to twist reality as there are stars in the sky. They could be creating clones out of the reflections in the glass, beholden to their creator's will. They could be fragmenting their own consciousness and pulling it from any mirror they need, shaped like whichever poor sucker got caught gazing into a puddle on a rainy street. Or the mirrors are actual portals to other worlds, filled with disgruntled puppets on the strings of their counterparts in this world, and all the reality warper need do is cut them free.

The ‘why’ isn’t that important, Power Core thought, seeing as counteracting them was the problem to solve. When the laws of physics – and more – are mere playthings in an enhanced person’s hands, there’s little and less a man with more physically-bound powers can do. Not without finding them first, in any case. If the villain was simply in front of him, it would take one quick zap. Not even close to lethal voltage, of course; one subtle jolt is more than enough to throw anyone off their balance, giving ample time to throw them off further. Then it barely matters at all what powers they have.

Of course, it’s never that simple, is it?

After all, the Power Core on top of him... probably wasn’t the real mirror villain. Just because it was one of his reflections that hopped out of this house of mirrors, doesn’t necessarily mean it had to be his real target. It was likely just a distraction. A fairly good distraction, as it turned out. The knee digging against his crotch and groping under his chest armour was proof enough of that. Why bother with a fist fight, if there was a better avenue to traverse?

Which, naturally, had the hero wonder why a villain would bother with such a sexual approach so quickly? There were plenty of logistic reasons he could venture: perhaps they were a pacifist, and this form of assault seemed less violent to them? When – if – he caught this asshole, he suspected he would first have to explain how absence of consent would make this just as violent as a beatdown. Maybe they held some vested interest in toying with their prey? Maybe this WAS the real villain holding him down, and seeing a strapping, handsome hero waltzing into their lair inspired them to take a new angle... Though for some reason, even considering that possibility made Power Core feel strangely narcissistic.

But what if they were simply playing to his weaknesses...? That was one thought that came to mind, as his reflection focused more on fondling his chest, rubbing digits along his hardening nipples beneath the stretched fabric of his uniform. There was plenty of justification for that: if they were a psychic, they wouldn’t have to dig too deep to find his sexual preferences – and disturbingly, his more niche interests would be next in line. Manipulating whatever psychosomatic illusions they sent his way to play to those desires would serve as a quick and effective countermeasure to his intrusion, after all.

Though, an equally likely possibility, to argue for the world-altering powers again: this man really could be an alternate version of himself. A mirror image of himself – in every way such a villain would need, and would know the absolute best approach to handle this intruder. The hint of sweat accumulating through his uniform, the subtle shift in weight as his knees get sore, the gnawing on his lips – less from arousal and more out of habit... How much effort a psychic would have to go through to emulate the minutiae is hard to tell, but if you turn a mirror clone on their counterpart, there’s no effort to be made. Even the most obscure and unexpected details came to light – details that made him think it couldn’t be an image implanted into his brain: the confidence he has in fiddling with all the weak points he would expect this world’s Power Core to have, yet the subtle clumsiness in attacking those points; fingers rubbing against his areola just a smidge harder than he would, hands grazing along his skin a little lower than needed to titillate...

Those hands reached for his uniform, teasing down the bottom half of the spandex material, slowly exposing his groin to the open air. He was taking his time with it... More than this world’s Power Core would expect another version of him to take... If all he was meant to do was stall, then a psychic would influence the visions to take as long as they needed. And – if this was all in the hero’s head – it was easy enough to convince him those were someone else’s hands while puppeting his own. But what an effort to go through just to distract one small-time superhero...

It might not be all that much effort at all, he ventured, even as his bottomwear reached his ankles. For all he knew, a psychic might only need to implant a basic idea, and let the victim's brain do the rest of the heavy-lifting.

Given all his musings on the villain's powers, he reckoned it would be quite easy to turn his brain against him...

His mirror counterpart took an action that cemented Power Core's passivity. Hands reaching under his thighs, he could feel his lower body lifted, parting his cheeks ever so slightly. Suddenly, knowing what his clone had in store, the villain's powers seemed so irrelevant. The villain seemed equally distant to him now. This whole time, he was gauging the situation carefully – perhaps too carefully, even overthinking it. He spent the last few minutes bouncing back and forth in his head, trying to figure out how to approach fighting this unknown threat, and even gauging just how threatening they truly were...

But as his buttohole gets exposed to his mirror world friend, and his cock juts out from under his own uniform? Power Core couldn't give a shit about that troublemaker, because he's about to get topped by himself!

Whatever his own reaction was, his mirror wore a satisfied smirk. He knew exactly what he had achieved, and what his reward would be. He took his time pressing his dick against the pucker beneath, firm yet patient in his efforts to open up the passage beyond. The hero relished each push against him, feeling his ass slowly relaxing. He only wished he could open up faster. But he was a lock to be picked, and for better or worse, it would take delicate and timely work, if he didn't want to be simply broken.

There was some allure to the idea of being broken like that, though...

A fortunate thrust sunk deeper than the last, and he could feel the warmth of his twin's cock head sink into him. That familiar pain mixed with pleasure as his limits were tested, as more of that girthy rod wormed into his ass... Illusions or psychic influence be damned, it felt real as it needed to! Now that he was inside, the mirror only moved forward; his push deeper into the hero's guts was slow, gentle, yet unabating. Each centimeter – each millimeter – was another wave of sensation to ride. What little sting came with it was no match for the elation of being filled more and more.

That elation would only escalate, as the invading cock began to inevitably rub against his prostate. Power Core moaned, riding on the ecstasy of his weak spot being teased so sensually by what was effectively his own dick. Even as the head slowly slipped past, burrowing its way deeper still, he could still flex and feel that pressure against him. That flexing brought out a contented sigh from the Power Core above. Both wore their own hungry smiles, no doubt eager for what the other would give.

The hero soon felt his double's lap pressing tight against his glutes. All 18 centimeters of that warm cock rested inside of him, and he was more than ready to feel the pounding they would give soon. He closed his eyes, biting his bottom lip, and relaxed, just feeling the hog inside him. It made him more aware of the more awkward elements of the situation: he was flat on his back against a thin carpet covering some hard flooring. It wasn't the least comfortable place to get his back blown out, sure, but the carpet was still poor padding in general. He wagered it would be easier to ignore once they really got started, when he realized it's been at least a minute since his clone stopped thrusting.

He opened his eyes, only to find he was seeing double.

No-- triple... quad-- QUINTuple!

There wasn't just one duplicate of Power Core hovering over the original anymore. Five separate, visually identical redheads in the same black-and-pink spandex surrounded him as he lay on his back. All of them had the same lecherous grin stretched across their cheeks, glaring expectantly down at him. For just a moment, before the narcissistic orgy could pull his focus entirely, he recalled the villain who put him into this situation. Even now, he couldn't be certain if this was psychic powers or reality-altering powers. More frustrating still, he couldn't say if he considered this losing a fight to these powers, or successfully resolving the issue without conflict... What he could be sure of – even as each one of the new dupes positioned themselves around him, taking claim of whichever body part they could occupy their dicks with – could be condensed into two statements:

First, this villain wanted to make absolutely certain that Power Core stayed put. Regardless of the conventions at hand, there hardly seemed a purpose in bringing more duplicates into the picture if their goals – nebulous as they were – could be achieved in the time it took the first of them to finish. Perhaps having them all take him at the same time would seem counterproductive to that effort, but he certainly couldn't fathom leaving. Not with one straddling his chest and feeding him his cock, or with two keeping both his hands busy, or the final one – left with only unconventional but creative methods to use the original – sliding his legs behind the fellatee's ass and his crotch under one of Power Core's armpits... Physically, he couldn't move.

Not that he wanted to, due to the second of those statements: there was no way in hell he was going to pass up the opportunity to be used so thoroughly by these mirror images of himself!