

## True Power

If you could have any super-power in the world, what would it be?

Invisibility? Sure, great for a voyeur or a thief. But doing nothing except watching, I imagine, would get old fast. And sure, there's no bank you wouldn't be able to rob blind, but what happens when you leave a fingerprint behind? Invisibility sounds great on paper. But, in reality, how useful would it really be?

The ability to fly? I mean, if you want to freeze your ass off with birds and bugs and shit, go for it. I'll take a plane, and get where I'm going in relative comfort and relaxation.

Immortality? The holy grail. Who doesn't want to live forever, right? But what happens when forever lasts forever? When the world dies and the sun explodes, and you spend the rest of eternity waiting for the universe to die - only to remain behind, floating in a black void forever, unable to end the suffering? Doesn't sound so appealing now, does it?

Super-human strength? Good for showing off and getting thrown into prison for using excessive, lethal force in a drunken brawl.

Time control, super-human speed, laser eyes, telekinesis, on and on the list goes. All of them useless. Sure, some would be fun to have. But trust me, the novelty wears off. There's a reason why Heroes are all young; naive, optimistic and idealistic.

So, of all the Powers out there, which would you choose?

It's a pointless question, I know. We don't get to choose the gifts we're born with. But how a person answers says a lot about who they are.

Which would you choose?

Me? I've thought about the question a lot in my life. If I had the ability to change my Power, what would I choose instead?

And, after considering it so much, for so long, I can safely say I wouldn't change my Power for anything.

Mind-Manipulation.

The ability to read thoughts, change them. The ability to rewrite minds, alter personalities to fit my tastes.

That is my Power. And it is perfection.

Who needs to rob a bank when you can simply make the person behind the counter to give you all the money you need? Who needs to fly when you can get yourself a private jet on a whim?

Real power, true power, is not the ability to change the world, but the ability to change *people*.

Of course, people don't generally like someone with my Power roaming around unchecked. That's where the self-proclaimed 'Heroes' come in. The 'Guardians of Justice'. What a load of shit.

Spandex-wearing clowns who have too much free time.

Three of them were outside my warehouse hideout right now. Two men and a woman. It wasn't unheard of for Heroes to work in teams like this, but it was rare. Generally, Heroes didn't like to share the spotlight with other Heroes. Glory-hounds, the lot of them, all wanting fame and fortune for themselves.

That there were three of them said a lot.

First, it told me that they were at least smart enough to know they couldn't take me alone. Which meant they probably knew what my Power was, and had an idea of how it worked.

Second, that their idea of how my power worked was incorrect.

Most Mind-Manipulators can only control a single person at a time. A painful, widely-known limitation. And not a limitation that I possessed. No, I could manipulate far more than one person in any given moment. If they'd known what I was truly capable of, there

won't be three Heroes out there - there would be an army them.

And, even then, it might not be enough.

I smiled, tapped buttons on the console in front of me.

Time for the fun to begin.

"Are you sure this is the place?" Mister Might asked.

Kat - no, Wonder Girl - looked up at her father's friend. A towering, huge-muscled man. Most of him was concealed by his black and white costume - only his mouth and jaw and eyes were visible.

She'd never met him before. But then, she wouldn't have. Her father kept his Hero life and his home life separate. She glanced over at him, at his red and white and blue costume, and couldn't help but feel both amazed and excited. This was the first time she'd ever seen him wear it up close. Her father, The Enforcer.

She could hardly believe it. Her first mission!

The excitement was almost too much. She wanted to squeal. Jump and dance about, let all that energy out somehow. But that would be unseemly for a newcomer Heroine. So she stood, back straight, and listened to the two professionals.

"This is it," her father answered. "One person inside. Male. Mind-Manipulator. Identity unknown. No known Villain Alias."

"Sure you need me, if it's just one little mindfreak?"

The Enforcer gestured to Ally. "It's her first outing. Better safe than sorry, especially when it comes to Mind-Manipulators."

Mister Might nodded his head. "Alright. Lets knock and see if our little mindfreak is in the mood for guests."

Mister Might, The Enforcer, and an unknown.

The first, Mister Might himself, demonstrated his Power by punching my warehouse door, sending the inch-thick steel sheet flying through the almost-empty building. Super-human strength. A muscled-brained fool if I ever saw one. He'd be easy enough to gain control of.

The Enforcer, from what a quick internet search had to say, was a negligible threat. A weak telekinetic with an extra-sensory Power of some kind. A second-generation Hero with two Powers. A shame both were so pathetic, or Mr Enforcer might well have made it to the big-leagues.

And the unknown. No record of her existed, that I could find. A newbie, perhaps. But without knowing her Power, I'd have to be cautious. Still, the girl was certainly something to look at.

Red, white and blue. The infamous colours of bland and unoriginal Heroes. Only this girl's outfit was anything but bland and boring. Short-skirt, the hem of which was half-way between her knees and crotch. Tank-top style shirt, showing enough of the girl's cleavage to make her appealing, though not enough that it was outright slutty. An eye-mask that did little to hide her pretty face, with her flowing blonde hair on either side.

She with fit, athletic. Nice round ass and lovely big tits.

Suddenly, this whole hideout invasion had become a lot less annoying and a lot more interesting.

"Knock knock," Mister Might said loudly, his voice echoing through the warehouse. "Is anyone home?"

The steel door rattled loudly on the floor. As it settled, an eerie silence fell. The Enforcer glanced about, searching for the criminal. Ally watched him and Might both; half in awe, half to study how a Hero acted in this situation.

Together, the three of them advanced into the dark warehouse in search of their

target.

He was in here somewhere, Ally could feel it.

It was always amusing to watch Heroes walk right into a trap. They spent so much time preaching about how Good will always triumph over Evil, pretending that they're invincible, that they seem to forget the one ultimate truth in the universe.

The one with the greatest Power wins.

As soon as Mister Might came into my line of sight, it was over. All Mind-Manipulators need direct visual contact to activate their Power. TV screens or windows don't work, it needs to be a direct line of sight, unimpeded and real.

Unlike with most Mind-Manipulators, however, I don't need to struggle for dominance. Not against someone as weak-minded and simple as Mister Might, at least. That's where The Enforcer was caught off guard.

Mister Might stopped, turned to his friend. The Enforcer looked at him confused, realising an instant too late what had happened. Mister Might's fist made contact with The Enforcer's stomach. A powerful hit which sent his friend flying through the air and crumpled him when he hit the ground.

Before the unknown, the pretty rookie, could react, Mister Might lunged. Grabbing her by her long, blonde hair, he lifted her off the ground.

I stepped out from my hiding place as the girl struggled. It seemed her Power wasn't offensive in nature. Good. I watched the struggle for a moment before activating my Power once again.

Slipping into the mind of another was euphoric. Feeling their every feeling, knowing them more intimately than any lover ever could. To know them better than themselves. In an instant, I knew exactly who this Wonder Girl was. Katrina, Kat for short, daughter of The Enforcer. Third Generation, very interesting. Eager to prove herself, to be a famous Heroine.

With a smile, I began tweaking the strings of her mind.

It didn't take long. I am a master at what I do. Where some might have taken hours or even days, it took me only seconds from start to finish.

"Release her," I commanded my new, brawny thrall. I gestured over to the limp form of The Enforcer. "Restrain him."

It wouldn't do for the father to regain consciousness while I was busy with his daughter. No, that would not do at all. The Enforcer would not be interfering with my fun. But he was more than welcome to watch it.

"Well then, Wonder Girl," I smiled. "Show me what a Hero can do."

Her head hurt. A painful, throbbing ache. But, as she stared at the Villain, she knew there was nothing she could do about it. The ache would have to wait, she had her job to do. She had to defeat this monster once and for all.

But first, she needed to release her full power.

Quickly, before the Villain could stop her, her hands shot up to her shoulders, to the straps that held her top on. In one swift motion, she pushed the straps aside, yanked down her top.

Her breasts bounced free, catching the eyes of the Villain.

Wonder Girl sprang forwards, diving for the Villain's crotch. She took him unaware, dragged down his trousers and underwear.

There it was. The source of his evil Power. His cock.

Without hesitation, she grabbed it, opened her mouth.

My cock disappeared down Wonder Girl's throat. Watching her head, that beautiful blonde hair, moving back and forth along my shaft as she 'battled evil' was lovely.

Slurping and gagging and choking, never stopping or slowing down. A true champion of justice.

At some point, her father came to and saw what was happening. There was some shouting, some resisting. But in the end, all the man could do was watch as his pretty daughter sucked my cock.

And, when it was time for the main event, Wonder Girl lay down on her back, legs spread open, exposed.

It was the only way. Drastic times called for drastic measures.

As the Villain positioned himself between her legs, her eyes drifted over to where Mister Might held her father. Why was he struggling so much, shouting at her to stop? This was her job. He should know that better than anyone. This is what it meant to be a real Hero.

She felt something pressing against her pussy, applying pressure to her opening. She relaxed herself, felt the Villain's cock pressing inside her.

The pleasure was instantaneous. That electrical, tingling sensation as her insides were filled inch by inch.

Ally moaned, tightened herself around his cock.

He thrust back, pushed his cock deeper into her. The pressure of it, the warmth, the tingling feeling spreading through her body bit by bit. She loved it. Every second, every moment.

This was her job, her calling.

Time was up. Soon, other Heroes would come calling. I could handle however many were sent, but it wasn't worth the bother. Wonder Girl had helped me take care of my fleeting desire, and Mister Might would take care of any Heroes that tried to follow me.

All that remained was an extra little punishment for The Enforcer. A warning, if you will, for Heroes who might decide to come after me in future.

I walked over to him, used my Power.

A good father, loving husband. A man who wasn't a Hero for fame or fortune, but simply because he believed he could make a difference. I almost felt sorry for him as I reprogrammed his mind, replaced his fatherly love with something much darker, much kinkier. Almost.

As I walked towards my secret escape route, my warehouse was filled with a new bout of moans and cries of pleasure.

And once again, I was reminded of just how amazing my Power is. True Power. The only one truly worth having.