

One Inch of Authority

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One Inch of Authority

by [Cosmic_Surgeon](#)

Summary

Officer Zhu Yuan takes pride in her discipline, restraint, and control. But when she crosses paths with a woman who sees through the badge, it only takes a hand on her small, sensitive, and humiliatingly eager cock to unravel everything.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

On a sun-laden afternoon, Sixth Street simmered with the idle rhythm of city heat. Zhu Yuan walked her patrol route with the steady assurance of someone who had long since merged discipline with instinct. Her uniform, tailored, tight, and unforgiving, clung to her like a second skin, soaked in the heat of the day. Each step she took stirred a sensual tension in the fabric, the sway of her hips exaggerated by the tautness of the waistband and the glisten of perspiration along her thighs.

The sun pressed on her shoulders like a jealous lover, relentless and possessive.

Focus, she told herself, squinting into the horizon. *Routine. Observance. Order.*

But even as she repeated the mantra of Public Security, her body betrayed her: slick with sweat, pulse quickened, the faintest tremor of something unprofessional humming beneath her skin.

“Damn it,” she murmured. “If I don’t find shade and something cold, I’ll break apart like glass left in a kiln.”

Minutes later, she slipped into a corner store, welcomed by the hiss of air conditioning and the antiseptic chill of refrigeration. She moved straight to the glass-doored cooler, pulled free a bottle of cold water, and twisted off the cap. The plastic cracked sharply in her hand. She drank not delicately, but with quiet desperation. Cold water spilled from the corner of her mouth, trailing down her throat, slipping between her breasts and lower still: uncomfortably cooling skin that had begun to warm for the wrong reasons.

A twitch beneath her uniform made her jaw tighten. The pathetic ache low in her pelvis pulsed once, small and humiliating, a reminder of just how little control she had.

Control yourself. You're a captain, not some heat-drunk intern.

Then, movement.

A flicker—peripheral, fast, feminine. At the edge of the alleyway behind the store, where shadows met sunlight like opposing wills, Zhu Yuan caught the silhouette of a woman. Not just any woman.

Zhu's heartbeat doubled in pace, not out of fear (never that) but recognition. The witness descriptions, the camera footage, the motion in her memory like a lingering scent on a pillow.

So she didn't run far.

With practiced silence, Zhu exited the back door and stepped into the mouth of the alley, her boots finding purchase on the cracked concrete. The air was thicker here as if the heat had pooled and curdled in the absence of witnesses. Her hand rested on the holster at her hip. The baton waited, cold and obedient.

She did not call for backup. She didn't want it.

The woman stood near the wall, half-turned, her breath visible in the tension of her shoulders. Sweat painted the nape of her neck and darkened the collar of her shirt. Even cornered, she held herself like someone who knew she had been watched.

Why didn't you keep running?

“You,” Zhu Yuan said, her voice a measured blade, honed and held close. “Robbery on Sixth Street. Four hours ago. Eyewitnesses saw a woman matching your description.”

The woman didn't respond at first. Her silence was not uncertainty but calculation, and her breath came steady, too steady: each rise and fall of her chest a quiet assertion of control. It made Zhu Yuan achingly aware of her own breath, the shallowness of it, the way it hitched too easily.

“I should drag you in,” Zhu Yuan said, her voice low, measured. One step brought her closer to the suspect. The baton stayed holstered, untouched, but her fingers ghosted along its edge idly, almost thoughtfully. “But you're not even trying to run, are you?”

Internally, Zhu Yuan was unraveling.

The cling of sweat and spilled water had turned her uniform clingy and damp, like a second skin gone cruel. Every shift of fabric kissed the wrong places. Every breath drew her further into discomfort, and every motion made it worse. That humiliating, treacherous throb beneath her waistband had returned: small, insistent, and undeniable. Her cock, pitiful thing that it was, pressed against the tight seam of her pants like it had any right to announce itself.

Not now. Please, not now.

She shifted her stance to relieve the pressure, but the movement only made things worse. The fabric rubbed over her head with punishing precision, sending a shiver lancing through her. Her thighs squeezed together involuntarily. Her fingers tightened around her baton. She couldn't stop the heat pooling low in her belly. Couldn't stop how her hips gave a shameful twitch.

You are a captain. Not a desperate mess.

But her breath hitched. Her chest tightened. That miserable little bulge twitched harder against her zipper, barely there, but to her it felt enormous, exposed. A spotlight on her shame.

Then the woman moved.

Fast, disarmingly fast. The baton was gone, spinning across the pavement before Zhu Yuan had even realized her grip had faltered. And then...

The wall. Her back slammed into it, hard enough to knock the air from her lungs. The woman's body pinned hers like a trap, all heat and strength and certainty. Her forearm pressed against Zhu Yuan's collarbone, not cruelly, but with absolute control. Dominance made manifest. The contact made her skin light up.

She froze. Not from fear: she'd faced worse. But this was different. This was worse.

"Is this the best Public Security has to offer?" the woman breathed, her voice rich with mockery and curiosity alike. Her lips were too close. Her thigh pressed right between Zhu Yuan's legs, right against that mortifying little bulge.

Zhu Yuan gasped. She tried to speak, to protest, but her mouth wouldn't obey. Her hands twitched uselessly at her sides. Her hips, traitors, rocked forward ever so slightly, grinding her hardness into the woman's thigh.

The woman looked down.

Her smile was slow, wicked. "What tiny equipment you have," she murmured, and Zhu Yuan wanted to die. Her entire body went still, a frozen sculpture of dread and arousal.

She sees it. She feels it.

Then the woman's hand slid down, casual as anything, and cupped her. Through her uniform, through thick fabric, there it was. Her small, aching cock pulsing against that warm palm. It felt unbearably hard. Painfully alive. Her whole world narrowed to that single point of contact.

She whimpered.

No...no...

She tried to bite it back, but it slipped out, a pathetic sound from somewhere deep inside her throat. Her eyes fluttered shut in shame. But that didn't stop the mortification as the woman squeezed, rough and firm. It didn't stop the way her body responded, twitching against the pressure like a needy thing.

Zhu Yuan's breathing turned ragged. Her chest rose and fell as if she'd just sprinted ten blocks. Her face burned. She couldn't look her in the eye.

And yet, she didn't move. Couldn't. Her hands remained useless at her sides, her thighs trembling. Her cock pulsed weakly in the woman's grip, painfully hard, barely there, and exposed now, not in flesh but in meaning.

There was nowhere to hide.

Zhu Yuan let out a sharp, broken gasp as the woman's hand closed more fully around her. The grip was firm, almost cruel, and it stole the air from her lungs. Her back arched against the brick wall, heels scraping helplessly against the concrete. Her whole body convulsed with the shock of sensation, humiliation laced with such raw, dizzying pleasure that it made her feel sick.

Her cheeks flamed crimson. Not just from shame, but from the betrayal blooming inside her: from how quickly and easily her cock responded. That pathetic little thing, barely worthy of the name, already throbbed under the stranger's palm, leaking helplessly into the fabric of her uniform.

"D-Don't...!" she choked out, voice brittle, cracking. Her hands pushed weakly against the woman's shoulders, but her strength had drained from her limbs. It was no use. That hand, rough and deliberate, moved against her with merciless purpose. Each stroke, even through fabric, sent a jolt through her spine. Her thighs trembled, knees unsteady.

Not like this. Not so fast. Not so easy.

She bit down hard on her lower lip, jaw tight. It wasn't enough to stop the sounds, those horrible, involuntary gasps and whimpers that escaped with every grind of the woman's fingers. Her hips gave a desperate little jerk forward, seeking more contact even as she told herself to resist.

"You bastard," she whispered, venom dulled by need. "I'll have you arrested...I...ah...!"

The rest disintegrated into a moan, thick with helplessness. Her breath hitched as the woman's thumb found the tip of her trapped length and began to move in slow, mocking circles. Zhu Yuan's whole body locked up. Her toes curled in her boots.

Tears.

They pricked at the corners of her eyes; not from pain, not even from fear, but from the sheer overload of it all. The pleasure was unbearable. Too sharp. Too much. And worst of all, it was hers. Born from her own body, her own desperate, aching desire.

Her thighs clenched as her cock pulsed again, harder this time. Too hard. There was no holding it back. With a strangled whimper, she came.

Her whole body seized, back arching, chest rising as her cock, small, throbbing, and helpless, spilled inside her pants. It wasn't even a proper climax. Just a thin, watery release, soaking into her underwear, barely more than a spurt before it began to trickle down her trembling legs. The shame hit her in waves.

You didn't even last a minute.

The woman pulled back slightly, enough to look down, and then laughed. A sound like velvet and razors.

"Well now... that's just pathetic," she murmured, her tone full of wicked amusement. "Have you ever even been touched before?"

Zhu Yuan flinched, but couldn't bring herself to answer. Her face was burning, eyes wet, breath ragged.

The woman smirked, then, without ceremony, reached down and yanked her pants down to her thighs. Cool air struck her wet skin, and Zhu Yuan whimpered in disbelief. Her one-inch cock twitched once in the open air, red and spent and still embarrassingly stiff despite everything.

The woman looked down, eyes gleaming with a cruel kind of curiosity.

“Did you think I was done?” the woman said, wrapping her fingers around the trembling shaft again, no longer through cloth but skin to skin. Her grip was firm, not violent, but utterly inescapable. She began to stroke, slowly. Mockingly, “How cute.”

Zhu Yuan’s eyes rolled back for a moment. Her hips jerked again, as if her body didn’t know how to stop reacting. Every nerve was raw. Her stomach coiled, legs trembling with overstimulation. She wanted to say something, anything, but no words came. Only breath, shallow and broken.

Too much... oh god, too much...

Her thoughts were dissolving, scattering into white noise. Every stroke was a lightning bolt: sharp, precise, and excruciatingly perfect. The woman's grip was measured, deliberate, and it enveloped her entirely. Her cock was so pathetically small that it disappeared almost completely within those fingers. Each movement became a full-body experience, amplified by her tiny size, her shame, and her utter helplessness.

Clear fluid streamed freely from the tip now, slicking the woman's hand, dripping down onto the concrete below in fragile strings. It left Zhu Yuan trembling, open-mouthed and gasping as if drowning in pleasure she couldn't control.

Then came the thumb.

It pressed against the tip, so gently, so slowly, and began to move in tight, smearing circles, mixing the thin pre-cum across her oversensitive head. Zhu Yuan’s breath hitched sharply, her shoulders knocking against the wall as her hips jerked forward in a panic of sensation.

“H-Hah... nng...”

The sounds left her without her consent, whimpers torn from deep inside her throat. Her voice was faint now, laced with disbelief and heat. Her tiny cock twitched wildly in the woman's grasp, as if trying to retreat from the pleasure even as it leaned into it.

She tried to twist away, she really tried, but the woman’s grip held fast. Firm. Controlling. Inevitable.

No... not again...

The pressure was mounting again far too quickly, a humiliating second climax building deep inside her belly. She hadn’t even recovered from the last. Her cock, still flushed and wet from the first spill, now throbbed violently, growing stiffer and needier.

I can't... I can't take anymore...

But the woman didn’t relent. She tightened her grip.

Zhu Yuan’s knees buckled fully this time. She slumped down the wall, legs trembling so hard they barely held her weight. Her body collapsed into itself, her spine sliding until her shoulders found support behind her. The only thing keeping her upright was the wall and that hand, still pumping her mercilessly.

Another thin, useless dribble of cum spilled from her, no climax shout, no peak of pleasure: just a raw, overstimulated surrender. Her mouth fell open in a silent cry, her whole body quivering like a broken instrument.

She had nothing left. Only the trembling aftermath of humiliation.

The woman smirked. She didn't pause. If anything, she tightened her grip further, twisting slightly now, dragging her hand faster up and down that flushed little shaft as it twitched and convulsed in her palm. Her voice was low and amused, cutting through the haze like a knife.

“You pathetic thing...”

Zhu Yuan couldn't answer. Her eyes were glassy, unfocused. Her thighs had parted fully now, legs spread in defeat, hands limp at her sides. Her cock kept twitching, as if confused by its own limits, pulsing weakly in her tormentor's hand.

And the strokes continued.

She didn't even know if she was still moaning; only that the world had narrowed to that one unbearable place between her legs.

Zhu Yuan's body locked up like a struck wire: sharp, electric, uncontrollable. Her back arched violently away from the wall, every muscle pulled taut with the shock of it. The woman's hand moved without mercy, twisting and stroking her pitiful little cock with the precision of someone who knew exactly how to break her. Her mouth opened wide, but no sound emerged. Just a series of shattered, airless gasps.

“Nngh...! H-Hah... nnf...”

The noises came in fragments, raw and helpless. Her cock pulsed in the woman's grip like it still had something left to give, another humiliating twitch, another dribble of weak, watery cum that barely oozed past the tip before spilling over the woman's fingers. It wasn't even a climax. It was a surrender: automatic, involuntary, and pathetic.

Her body wasn't just sensitive now, it was exposed, raw, a nerve set alight. Every stroke bordered on agony, a pleasure so sharp it collapsed into pain. But even as her legs shook and her face crumpled in shame, her hips jerked forward, seeking it. Her cock, tiny, swollen, and spent, still tried to rut into that merciless hand.

Too much... please, stop... but I can't...I can't stop...

Tears streamed freely now. Not misty-eyed restraint, but full collapse: wet streaks racing down her burning cheeks, caught at the edge of her chin. Her thighs trembled uncontrollably, slick with sweat and her own mess. She had no idea how she was still upright. Shame anchored her body in space, and even that anchor was slipping.

Then came the pinch.

The woman's fingers closed around the swollen head of her cock and gave a cruel twist, a deliberate squeeze. Pain bloomed, sharp and intimate. Zhu Yuan's legs gave out completely.

Her body folded forward, and she collapsed against the woman, clutching at her shoulders as if they were the last stable surface in the world.

“A-Ahh... N-No more... please...”

Her voice was broken glass, whimpering and childlike; so far from the composed officer she'd been only minutes ago. Her cock twitched miserably in the woman's hand, still drooling thin strands of cum despite having long since emptied. Her whole body quivered with aftershocks, a puppet strung together by overstimulation and raw, unspeakable need.

I can't think...I can't breathe...I don't even know who I am...

Her hips moved on their own now, caught in a limbo between escape and surrender. One moment trying to twist away, the next grinding forward with a desperate need for contact. The rhythm was pitiful. The friction burned. The fire in her spine rose, searing everything in its path.

Then it hit her: the unbearable realization of how easily she'd fallen apart. Of how completely she had shattered. A fresh wave of humiliation consumed her, even more overwhelming than the pleasure.

“You bastard...” she breathed, slurred and unconvincing. “I-I'll...nnggh!...I'll arrest y-you f-for th-this...”

It was almost laughable.

With a smirk, the woman gave a few final strokes, just enough to make Zhu Yuan's whole body jolt one more time. Her cock twitched in protest, flushed red and raw, no longer even leaking, just pulsing weakly, used up. Her skin burned. Her thighs were slick with her shame.

“Look at the mess you made,” the woman murmured, her tone smooth, cruel, delighted.

Zhu Yuan's breath came in stuttered gasps, ribs heaving beneath her soaked uniform. She looked down. Her cock, tiny and bright red from the relentless stroking, twitched one last time, visibly sore. Watery cum clung to it in strands, pooled on the inside of her pants, and streaked down her thighs. The pavement below was stained with what little she'd managed to produce: thin, pathetic trails that sparkled in the alley light like something forgotten.

She couldn't even lift her head.

She had no words left. Just the shame, the heat, the ache, and the unbearable knowledge that she'd let this happen.

“I...I didn't... nnggh...!”

Her voice broke open mid-sentence, dissolving into a strangled sound more breath than protest. Her words died on her tongue, crushed beneath the weight of shame and raw sensation. She tried to pull away, a final act of dignity, but all she managed was another humiliating grind of her aching, overworked cock against the woman's palm.

The contact made her twitch like a dying creature: reflexive, involuntary, obscene.

Disgusting... I'm disgusting...

The thought repeated in her head like a mantra, unrelenting, poisonous. It echoed through every nerve as her hips gave one last, traitorous jerk forward. Her cock, too small to fight and too sensitive to endure, throbbed pitifully in the woman's grip, still leaking thin strings of watery release.

And yet...yet...the heat in her gut refused to die. It burned low and deep, feeding on the woman's gaze, on the sick pleasure she took in watching her squirm. Zhu Yuan could see it: the amusement, the cruelty, the satisfaction in seeing her reduced to nothing.

Nothing but a plaything.

Her body spasmed as the woman's fingers suddenly closed hard around the base of her cock, squeezing in a sharp ring of pressure. Zhu Yuan saw white. Her knees gave out completely. She slumped forward, arms limp, face burying itself into the woman's shoulder as she let out a helpless, shuddering sob.

Her cock twitched again in the woman's palm: a final, pathetic pulse, like a broken insect still trying to move.

"P-Please... s-stop... nnggh..."

The words were barely more than air, stripped of volume, of command. Her throat ached from moaning, from gasping, from begging. Yet her body kept trembling, spasming with overstimulation. Droplets of slick fluid still leaked from her tip in soft, humiliating pulses. Her cock was bright red, tender to the touch, twitching like it wanted to retreat into her.

Each spurt came with a full-body shiver. Every twitch of her length sent ripples through her chest, her arms, her spine. She felt unraveled, nerves stripped bare, no protection left.

I can't take any more.

The thought repeated once, twice, and then collapsed into nothing. No more words. Just static. Just heat and noise and sensation.

She didn't even register the fingernail, not until it traced up the underside of her hypersensitive cockhead, slow and cruel. The touch was barely there, feather-light, but it might as well have been a blade.

Her entire body convulsed.

A strangled, animalistic cry ripped from her throat. Her back arched. Her arms flailed for support before collapsing again. Tears spilled anew, cutting wet lines through the already ruined mess of her face. She shook with the effort to breathe.

And yet.

When the woman paused, pulled back, withheld...

Zhu Yuan whimpered.

With all the dignity of a broken animal, her hips shifted forward, seeking contact, begging in motion even as her mouth remained frozen in shame. Her cock, though abused beyond reason, twitched upward as if chasing the hand that had made her suffer.

She was a wreck. A captain reduced to instinct. A soldier unraveling at the seams.

And worst of all... somehow, still wanting.

“Open your mouth,” the woman said.

Zhu Yuan whimpered. Her body twitched, trying to recoil, reflex, not resistance. Torn open by sensation, her mind a soup of static...she trembled, hesitated. She barely recognized herself, stripped of command, of cool detachment. Her uniform bunched around her waist, her thighs slick, her breath ragged, and her cock... twitching pitifully, leaking steadily, small and red and humiliated beyond repair.

“D-Don’t...” she started, but her words dissolved into nothing. Her jaw slackened, and her lips parted, barely able to form a thought.

The woman’s fingers slid past her lips.

The taste hit her immediately: salt, sweat, and her own watery cum, smeared across skin that had manhandled her from the start. She gagged lightly, the intrusion sudden, but she didn’t pull away. Her mouth closed around the fingers instinctively, and she began to suck slowly and shamefully.

Her eyes fluttered, blurring with fresh tears that streaked hot down her cheeks. The woman pressed deeper, curling her fingers just enough to smear the taste everywhere, until it dripped from the corners of Zhu Yuan’s mouth, thick and humiliating. Her cock throbbed in the open air, useless and aching, twitching against her thigh with every shallow breath.

When the woman finally withdrew, Zhu Yuan swayed forward like a puppet cut from its strings. Her knees gave. She collapsed onto the filthy pavement in a wet sprawl, thighs splayed, arms limp at her sides.

“Mmmm... our time is up now, officer.”

The voice was mocking. Warm. Dismissive.

Zhu Yuan could only breathe.

“Hah... ahh... y-you...” she tried, but her throat was hoarse, her voice shredded. Her body refused to cooperate. The concrete bit coldly into her palms. Her limbs trembled with aftershocks. The taste of her own ruin still clung thick to her tongue. She tried to sit up, but her arms buckled, too weak and too sore.

Disgusting... I'm disgusting...

She closed her eyes, feeling the humiliation pool in her belly alongside the low throb of lingering arousal. Her mind was a haze of exhaustion, shame, and something dangerously close to satisfaction.

“T-This isn’t... over...”

The words spilled from Zhu Yuan’s lips in a cracked whisper, defiant only in shape. Pride flickered in her like a dying ember, faint, absurd, and overshadowed by the involuntary way her thighs pressed together as a breeze swept across her exposed, raw cock. Even that tiny gust made her flinch. Made her burn.

The woman loomed above her, silent and smiling. Not with amusement, but with something darker, slower, and far more personal. One boot came down on Zhu Yuan’s cheek, grinding her face into the pavement. The grit bit into her skin. Her breath hitched against the sole, tears smearing into the dirt.

“A parting gift, officer,” the woman purred. With a slow, deliberate motion, she pulled down her own panties, filthy, soaked through with sweat and musky with arousal. Zhu Yuan’s eyes widened. She tried to shake her head, tried to speak...

...but the soaked fabric is already being shoved into her mouth.

Zhu Yuan gagged immediately, her jaw forced wide. The fabric was slick and warm, nearly clogging her throat. She barely had time to sputter before strong hands pinned her, one at her jaw, the other winding tape around her head. Once. Twice. A third time. Her vision blurred. The taste of salt and musk was suffocating. Her moans were reduced to choked, high-pitched gasps. Her eyes watered. Breath came in shallow, frantic bursts through her nose.

She struggled, but the woman's grip moved lower, precise and practiced. In moments, cold restraints bit into her wrists, then her ankles, cinched tight. She could barely move. Could barely think. Her cock twitched helplessly in the open air, red, puffy, and utterly obscene, leaking a fresh droplet that slid across her belly like a slow accusation.

Then the woman lifted her.

Zhu Yuan’s body dangled in the air, every joint aching, her limbs useless. Her cock brushed against the woman’s forearm, just a grazing touch, and she jerked in response, a broken whimper escaping behind the gag.

She didn’t have time to recover.

The woman carried her toward the alley’s edge, toward the open dumpster yawning in the shadows. Panic exploded behind Zhu Yuan’s eyes.

Noe...pleasee...no no not there...

But she couldn’t speak. Couldn’t beg. She could only flail, her bonds holding tight as the world tilted and her body dropped.

She landed in wet, decaying garbage with a sickening squelch.

Bags burst beneath her. The filth hits her all at once: rotting fruit, plastic bags torn open, wet paper, grease. Her face plunged into a mound of rotting food and mold-slick cardboard. Her cock, raw and hypersensitive, landed directly in a slick of grease and filth, grinding against something unidentifiable and cold.

“NNGH—MMMPH—!”

Her spine arched violently. Her hips bucked. Her cock twitched and released a pathetic dribble into the filth. The smell of decomposition invaded her nostrils. Something viscous and sour oozed across her inner thigh.

I'm trash...I'm nothing...why does this...why does this feel...

The thought didn't finish. It fractured into static.

Her body convulsed again as something sharp scraped beneath her bound thighs: glass, maybe, or the edge of a can. Her cock was pressed into warm rot, so overstimulated it pulsed with every breath. Her nose was filled with stench, her mouth gagged with sweat-soaked cotton, and the tape made her humiliation airtight. Intimate.

Zhu Yuan writhed, barely human now, just a mess of sweat, tears, and shame. Her body gleamed under the dim alley light, smeared with sauce and refuse. Her cock was slick with garbage. Her chest heaved. And she made no sound but a pathetic, muffled sob.

Above her, the woman lingers for a moment, enjoying the sight of the proud Public Security officer collapsed in a pile of trash, panting through a gag made of her filthy panties, cock twitching against spoiled meat and broken plastic. Then, slowly, she reached for the dumpster lid.

“Mmm... don't worry, officer,” she said softly, turning away as metal groaned above Zhu Yuan's head. “I'm sure your precious Qingyi will find you... eventually.”

Zhu Yuan's scream was muffled, desperate, and hopeless. The lid slammed shut with a deafening clang. Darkness collapsed around her, thick and humid, and the world narrowed to the wet slap of trash, the burn of her oversensitive flesh, and the distant sound of chattering raccoons, drawn in by the scent of something fresh.

Something ruined.

End Notes

And so, Zhu Yuan is left face-down in filth with her cocklet leaking and still grinding for more. Let her know it was worth it 😊

Works inspired by this one

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