

*“I Want a Big Titted Nurse!”*

Anne took a deep breath as she stood outside the door of her most dreaded patient of the day. She had to work a double tonight, and Roman Halloran may be the worst patient she has ever had. Reluctantly, she opened the door and stepped into the hospital room, his face flushed with anger and frustration. “Nurse Marrow!?” he grumbled at the poor nurse. Anne Marrow was a cute girl, but apparently, the tall woman was still far too petite for his tastes. “Stuck with your A-cups for another night, eh? I asked for a nurse with big tits, not a flat-chested schoolgirl!” he scoffed, eyeing her slender, fit frame with disdain.

Anne just sighed and tried to calm the belligerent patient. “Sir, we already moved you to your own wing. It's still under construction, and we can't spare any other nurses, especially as the quarantine patient's case is far more pressing. We must prioritize his treatment and recovery.”

Roman scoffed again. “Quarantine patient? I don't give a damn about some contagious fool. I'm Roman Halloran. I deserve the best care this hospital can offer!” He slammed his fist on the bedrail, rattling the metal and plastic.

Anne just shook her head and checked his chart again. The doctors were baffled by his condition; no one could pinpoint the exact malady that ailed the wealthy man. But he insisted on being treated for something only he could perceive. She thought he was a hypochondriac or was just trying to get free morphine. Or he was just an asshole who wanted to torture her and the other nurses. One nurse suggested that he was doing this to avoid meetings and binge-watch some shows. Considering he had a specialty TV brought into his room to do just that, Anne was wondering if that was the real reason.

She set the tray with his meal down on the table beside his bed. He got a luxury meal that was brought in, rather than the “slop” the others got. His words, not hers. She usually ate the same meals from the cafeteria as the patients or a salad. Before she could be verbally assaulted further, the intercom chimed.

“Nurse Marrow, please report to room 201. Nurse Marrow, please report to Room 201.”

The quarantined room was also in its own wing across the hospital. She excused herself from the pompous tech bro and made her way down the absurdly long walk to the quarantine wing below. When she got there, she was met with a group of people leaving the room with light protective gear on. Just gloves and masks. Dr. Clemons waved her over. He handed her a bag marked to be incinerated.

“Just masks?” she asked as she nervously accepted the bag. “He has the Shrink Flu, right?”

“Yeah, but it’s not the airborne one. He has the fluid-based one, which, granted, is more potent, but only contagious if some of his blood or saliva, or the strain ends up inside of you. Speaking of, be careful with that. It has an isolated strain in one of those syringes. Take it to be incinerated immediately.”

She nodded and walked away towards the elevator to the incinerator. Then she thought about what she held. A sample of the shrinking flu virus that was taken from the quarantine patient. An idea began to form in her mind. If she could just get rid of this insufferable man for a little while, the hospital would be a more peaceful place. Or at least he wouldn’t harass her for another 12-hour night shift.

As she exited the elevator, she subtly switched out the contaminated syringe with one containing a sedative in her pocket. That was the one that she sent to the incinerator. She knew that Roman would be requesting her soon, so she went back to the new wing. There were no cameras here either, as they hadn't been installed yet, one of the reasons Roman requested to be moved there. He didn't want his stockholders to know where he was.

Upon returning to his room, she saw that he was asleep. She grabbed the syringe filled with the potent virus and approached Roman, a sly grin on her face. "Sir, I believe I've found the treatment you need. This should help alleviate your symptoms posthaste." She muttered as she injected the virus directly into his IV line as he slept fitfully, likely still dreaming of complaining about the lack of buxom nurses.

A few hours later, as Anne crept back into the room during her overnight shift, she gasped in shock. There in the bed lay the great Roman Halloran, shrunken down to a mere few inches tall! The virus had not only infected him but also accelerated his diminishment. He was now tiny, a far cry from his once imposing figure. Anne's eyes widened as she took in the sight before her. Roman, once a towering man who demanded the world bend to his whims, now lay helpless and minuscule on the hospital bed. The scale of his transformation was staggering - from a man of average height to barely three inches tall. It was almost poetic justice. She leaned over him, her face filling his entire field of vision. Her lips curled into a cruel smirk as she watched him come to consciousness, his eyes going wide with horror and incomprehension.

"Wake up, sleepyhead," she purred, her voice booming to his tiny ears. With deliberate slowness, she poked his diminutive form with her index finger. The slightest touch could potentially break him.

Roman's mouth opened and closed soundlessly at first, his throat working but no words emerging. When he finally managed to speak, his voice came out as nothing more than a squeak - pathetic and powerless.

"I-I... what... what happened? What did you do to me?! You're so big!" he stammered, his voice cracking with panic and disbelief. His hands clawed uselessly at the hospital sheets and his overgrown gown, his voice barely registering to Anne.

Anne's grin widened into a full smile as she straightened up slightly, then reached down with her right hand. She cupped her own modest breasts, lifting them slightly as she looked down at him with predatory amusement.

"Big? But you always complained about how... small I was, I guess an A-cup is more than you can handle after all," she said, her tone dripping with mock sympathy. "Poor Mr. Halloran, reduced to this. Though I suppose at three inches tall, you can't complain about the view, can you? Granted, if I stand up too much, I couldn't even hear you. I'm what, 5'8? You're smaller than my index finger."

She released her breasts and leaned back down, her face inches from his tiny body. Her breath washed over him like a warm, humid wind.

"Don't worry, though. I'll make sure you get the care you need. Even if you are just a little rat now. I am a professional, after all." She practically hissed, feeling very satisfied with her course of action.

She had this miserable prick small enough to hold his life in the palm of her hand. And he was still shrinking. She didn't know if he noticed, but she certainly did. So, so small. And getting

even smaller. Anne turned away from the tiny man and moved toward his bed, her movements casual and unhurried. She sat down on the edge of the mattress, deliberately positioning herself so that her posterior was facing his direction. The bed dipped under her weight, and she could feel his eyes on her.

She had always taken pride in her fitness. Her ass was perhaps her best feature, round and firm with thick, powerful thighs that came from years of running and working out during her nursing shifts. Also, the past two years of rock climbing did not hurt their development. While her chest might not be large, she always thought her lower half more than made up for it. She glanced back over her shoulder at him with that same cruel smile playing at her lips.

“Something you want to say, Mr. Halloran? You seemed to have plenty to say before you became, well, smaller than my tits.” She gestured vaguely back at him, her eyes glinting with amusement. “Or have you finally learned some humility? Or at least when to shut up?”

She adjusted her position slightly, arching her back just a bit so that her curves were even more pronounced beneath her scrubs. The movement was subtle but intentional. It was a reminder that while he might have mocked her chest, she had other assets that were far more impressive.

“Though I suppose at your current size, I’m not even sure you can see me properly. I probably just look like a giant wall of light blue fabric to you now, huh?” She laughed softly, clearly enjoying his predicament. “How does it feel, Roman? Being so small and helpless? I bet you never imagined you’d end up like this, did you?”

Anne shifted her position, turning around and crawling backward until she was positioned directly above the tiny Roman. She lowered herself down, settling her substantial posterior directly over him. The soft warmth of her body enveloped him completely, her thick thighs and round ass creating a cocoon of fabric that pressed down on him from above.

“Mmm, comfy?” she asked in a sing-song voice, though there was no real warmth in it. The heat of her body was substantial even through the scrubs, pressing down on his diminutive form. He was trapped beneath the weight of her posterior, her body heat radiating down on him like a warm, suffocating blanket.

“Sorry if I’m a bit heavy,” she continued, her tone dripping with false sympathy as she shifted her weight slightly. “I know I’m a lot bigger than you. Though honestly, I think I’m still smaller than your ego, even if it is getting crushed right now.”

She remained in this position, her body creating a soft but firm, fleshy prison around him. The fabric of her scrubs prevented him from actually being in her crack, but he was still completely enveloped and compressed by her lower body. Her thick thighs pressed against his sides, and he could feel the warmth of her skin through the thin fabric.

“I’m going to have to keep you here for a while,” Anne said, reaching over to grab a clipboard from the nightstand. “You are such an important and high-profile patient that the admins assigned me to monitor your quote ‘condition’ all night. This wing you requested to be in is so isolated that they told me that you are my only patient tonight. Aren’t we so lucky? I bet the docs would be even more interested if they knew you’d started shrinking. Speaking of, I wonder if the shrinking will continue or if it will stabilize.” She glanced down at him, her smile cruel and knowing. “Lucky you, getting all this... intimate attention from a lil old nurse like me. Though I

suppose at your size, I am more like a goddess to you now, aren't I? Or at least something more than you, which I always have been. You're just a rich parasite draining others."

She settled more comfortably, her posterior pressing down on him with a gentle but firm pressure. "Try not to struggle too much. You're not going anywhere, and I'm not leaving until my break is over. Even then, I am assigned to your wing of the hospital until my shift is over in... oh, about seven more hours. Get comfortable down there. If you keep shrinking, you may end up being a mite on my ass."

"But you're not an ass man, are you?" she said, her voice dripping with mockery. "You're a tit guy. I wonder what you'll think of mine when you keep shrinking. To me, you are an ass. An asshole. A pain in my ass."

She shifted her weight slightly, deliberately pressing her posterior more firmly against him through the fabric of her scrubs. The movement made her cheeks shift and jiggle slightly, the soft flesh pressing down on his tiny form.

"Though I suppose at your current size, my ass is probably more than you can bear. And my tits? Well, give it time, and those will be mountains to you. I wonder if you're regretting all those comments you made about my 'A-cups' yet?"

She reached down with one hand, not to help him up, but to trace a fingertip along the edge of her posterior, the digit moving dangerously close to where he lay trapped beneath.

"Or maybe you'll keep shrinking so much that you'll be able to fit in places you never even imagined," she purred, her voice low and teasing. "I wonder what would happen if you got small enough to actually fit in my crack. Would you like that, Roman? To be that small? To be

trapped in the most intimate place on my body, unable to escape? Honestly, you're about that small now."

She laughed softly, the sound like muffled thunder under her ass given his size. She shifted her position slightly, her rump rolling from side to side as if she was getting comfortable to watch him. The movement made the fabric of her scrubs scrape and rub over his nude body. She loved the feeling of him beneath her. If she took her pants off, she probably could shove him up her ass.

Anne's expression shifted from mocking amusement to something more predatory as she made her decision. Getting up on her knees, she looked back over her shoulder and ass at the tiny man below. So small and pathetically squirming for fresh air now that she'd risen. She reached down with both hands, gripping the waistband of her scrubs and slowly peeling them down over her hips and thighs. The blue fabric pooled around her ankles as she stood up from the bed, flexing her taunt cheeks, giving him a full view of her lower half.

She leaned back, presenting her ass to him. Her purple lace panties clung tightly to her curves, the delicate fabric stretched taut over her round cheeks and thick thighs. The thin material left little to the imagination, and there was a visible dampness in the fabric - she was already sweaty from work and was growing aroused by the changing power dynamic. She knew that much and was not afraid to acknowledge it. He was insanely, disgustingly rich, and she had a seventy-hour work week. Where was the justice in that?

"Oh my god, Roman, you're so small now," she breathed, her voice husky with excitement. "I think it's time for you to see what you really are. A pain in my ass, well, hopefully you'll give it some pleasure instead."



She hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and slowly rolled them down her hips and thighs, stepping out of them and tossing them onto the floor. Her bare ass was now completely exposed - smooth skin, round and firm, with the most perfect, toned cheeks that flexed and jiggled with the slightest movement. A thin sheen of sweat glistened on the skin. She bent over at the waist, presenting her bare posterior directly over his tiny form. Her cheeks spread apart slightly, revealing the tight pink pucker of her asshole nestled between them. The scent of her arousal was intoxicating at this proximity.

“Come on, little guy,” she cooed, reaching down with two fingers and delicately pinching his dwindling body. “Let’s see if you can fit.”

She grabbed him between her fingers and carefully positioned him at the entrance of her crack. Then, with slow, deliberate pressure, she pulled her cheeks apart and guided him between them. His tiny form slid easily into the warm, sweaty valley of her bare ass.

“Oh fuck,” she breathed out, her voice trembling with excitement. The feeling of his impossibly small body nestled between her cheeks was intoxicating. She could feel every minute detail of his form against her sensitive skin.

She slowly lowered herself back down onto the bed, straddling his position. Her body weight pressed down, and her fit, muscular glutes flexed and squeezed around him like a warm, fleshy embrace. She had someone who may be the richest man in the entire state, certainly the richest in the city, between the firm cheeks of her ass. She almost came from the sheer power alone. Anne let out a soft gasp as she felt his tiny form nestled between her bare cheeks. The sensation was unlike anything she’d ever experienced - the intimate, vulnerable feeling of having

someone so small, so completely at her mercy, trapped in one of the most private and sensitive parts of her body.

“Oh god,” she whispered, her voice thick with arousal as she began to flex her glutes. The muscles in her ass contracted and released rhythmically, kneading his diminutive body like dough being worked by a baker’s hands. Each flex brought her soft, warm flesh pressing against him from all sides.

To her, he felt like a firm, warm little nugget - a perfect, tiny object that her body instinctively wanted to hold and squeeze. The texture of his skin against hers was maddening, especially knowing that he was completely naked and vulnerable while she was bare from the waist down. She could feel every inch of him, though at his size, he was less than an inch and a half tall. Still, his presence was unmistakable - a solid, living warmth nestled in the sweaty, fleshy embrace of her ass.

She squeezed harder, her cheeks clenching around him like a vice made of soft, feminine flesh. The pressure increased dramatically, his tiny body being compressed and molded by the powerful muscles of her posterior. She could feel him shift slightly in response, and the sensation sent a jolt of pleasure through her core.

“Does that feel good, little guy?” she purred, her voice dripping with cruel amusement and genuine arousal. “My ass is so much bigger than you. So much stronger. I could crush you if I wanted to. It would take just one good squeeze.”

She flexed again, her glutes tightening to their full, rippling power. The muscles in her thighs and hips tensed as well, creating an even tighter embrace around his trapped form. She

could feel the heat of his body, the slight dampness of his skin from the sweat that had started to bead on his tiny frame from the warmth and pressure. Had she gone further, she was sure he would burst, so she stopped herself. Though that required a greater test of will than she expected. She had never intentionally hurt anyone in her life, but dear lord was she having a hard time justifying not hurting this man further.

“Mmm, you’re so perfectly small,” she moaned softly, her voice breaking with pleasure. “I love having you trapped here. You’re all mine now. You’re basically my little secret. No one will ever know you’re in here with me like this. And the best part is that you will just get smaller and smaller.”

Anne carefully pulled her scrubs back on, the fabric sliding down over her still-bare ass and the tiny form nestled between her cheeks. The sensation of having him trapped there was intoxicating - a constant reminder of the power she held over him. Every step she took made her glutes flex and shift, the fabric of her pants pressing against his minuscule body.

She made some rounds, covering the shifts of a few friends. Her tasks were mundane: checking on patients, equipment, and reviewing charts. The work was mind-numbingly boring, but she barely noticed. That was all routine. All she could think about was the warm, squirming man nestled in her ass. She could feel him shifting slightly with each movement of her body, and it sent pleasant little shivers through her.

As she walked, she noticed him beginning to shrink further. The pressure between her cheeks lessened slightly as his form diminished. It was fascinating. The virus was still working, still transforming him. She glanced down at her pants, wondering how small he was getting. By the time an hour had passed, she was certain he had shrunk to barely a speck. Just a tiny spot of

warmth adhered to her anus, barely visible to the naked eye. The raw power made her weak at the knees.

She returned to his room, the isolation of his wing ensuring privacy. With trembling hands, she reached down and began to work at the waistband of her scrubs, trying to pull them down carefully, worried about losing him. But as soon as she did, she realized the futility of it. He was now so small, so microscopic, that he had become completely lodged in the tight space between her cheeks. He was essentially stuck, adhered to her skin by the natural oils and sweat. He was too small to accidentally lose. He was utterly trapped on her. Nearly in her. That thought made her shudder. With just a jab of her finger he could disappear within her ass. Lost in her bowels forever.

“Fuck,” she breathed out, her voice a mixture of frustration and dark amusement. “You’re stuck in there, aren’t you? Oh my god, I actually did it. I trapped you in my ass.”

She reached back with both hands, pulling her cheeks apart to find him. It was difficult, even with a mirror. He was just a tiny speck now, barely distinguishable from the rest of her skin. She could feel him there, a faint tickle, like a speck of toilet paper, but she couldn’t see him or pull him out easily. She reached back and scraped along her cheeks and anus. Eventually, she felt a slight bump hit the underside of her nail as it passed along her puckered anus. She pulled her finger out and raised it up to her face. There, she could see a tiny sweat-slicked speck under her fingernail.

“Well, this is new,” she said mostly to herself. “You’re so small. Just a little speck.”

Anne held the tiny speck between her thumb and forefinger, studying it like a scientist examining a specimen. It was hard to believe that this minuscule dot had once been a man - a wealthy, arrogant man at that.

“Look at you,” she said, her voice dripping with cruel amusement. “You’re not even a real person anymore. You’re just a little speck. A stain on my nail. If anyone saw you like this, they wouldn’t even recognize you as human.”

She brought her finger closer to her face, the speck glinting in the light. It was so small, so utterly insignificant. The thought made her shiver with dark pleasure.

“You know what the best part is?” she continued, her tone taking on a more sinister edge. “You insisted on this new wing. You said you wanted privacy, didn’t you? Well, you got it. This entire wing is yours. Isolated. Just like my ass was for you. No one comes here except me, because of you, and I’m the only one who even knows where you are right now.”

She laughed softly, the sound like a knife twisting in a wound.

“No one will ever know what I did to you. They’ll just assume you disappeared. That you just... left. Or were kidnapped. And who would even find you? You’re less than dust, Roman. You’re nothing.”

She lowered her finger back toward her mouth, letting the tiny speck slide down her palm. It clung to her skin, still nearly too small to see clearly, but she knew it was him.

“I could keep you like this forever,” she whispered, her breath washing over the minuscule form. “Trapped between my ass cheeks. Or maybe I’ll keep you somewhere even more intimate. Or somewhere more embarrassing.”

She pressed the speck against her lips, barely feeling him.

“And the best part is, you’re still shrinking. Every hour, every day, you’ll get smaller. Eventually, you’ll be microscopic. Then you’ll be sub-microscopic. You’ll be nothing. And I’ll be the only person who knows what happened to the famous Roman Halloran. And I know exactly where it’ll happen to you. On my tiny tits, as you called them. You’re going to get so small that just my areola and nipple will be a great plain and mountain range to you. Isn’t that just perfect?”

Anne pulled her scrubs off over her head, tossing the fabric aside. Her bare chest was revealed. Yes, it was modest in size, maybe a generous soul would call them small B cups rather than the A cups he had mocked her for. Regardless, what she did have were large, dusky areolas that were almost an inch and a half in diameter, with prominent, thick nipples that jutted out prominently from the center of the darker skin.

She held her hand up, scooping the tiny speck with her fingertip. As she brought it closer to her breast, the perspective became even more dramatic. The areola, which had seemed large on her small chest, now loomed like a vast landscape from this new scale. The textured ridges and bumps of the areolar tissue created a topography of hills and valleys, and her nipple stood up from the center like a mountain peak.

“Look at that,” she breathed, her voice filled with dark wonder. “Your new home. My nipple. My areola. And you’re still getting smaller...”

She carefully guided the speck down onto the surface of her breast, positioning it at the base of her nipple. The moment the tiny form made contact with her warm, sensitive skin, she felt a jolt of pleasure. The virus would respond to his fear, accelerating the shrinking process. She watched in fascination as he rapidly diminished in size. The shrinking was visible. It was not a slow process, but a quickening. His form became less distinct, more like a smudge of warmth than a defined speck. The areola, which had already seemed comparatively large, now appeared even vaster in comparison. The texture of her skin became a complex landscape of ridges and valleys, each bump now a hill, each line a canyon.

“Oh god,” Anne gasped, her nipple hardening further as she watched him shrink. “You’re going to disappear into it. It’s not even my nipple. You’ll be lost in the valleys of my areola...”

She cupped her breast with her other hand, wishing there was enough of it to lift to get a better view. The movement caused her nipple to jut up even more prominently, the peak now towering over the shrinking form like a skyscraper. Her areola spread out around it, the texture becoming more pronounced, with little bumps and ridges that were now like mountains and hills from his perspective. She had wiped the finger containing the pompous ass at the base of her nipple, atop her areola. He was getting so small now that he was barely visible as a distinct shape. He was on one of the most sensitive spots of her body, and she couldn’t even feel him. While she was disappointed with the lack of sensation, she reveled at the power inherent in the situation.

Anne leaned in closer, her breath washing over the surface of her breast as she tried to catch sight of him. Her nipple was hard as a diamond and looked as large as a mountain over where she dropped him. For the moment, she could still make out a faint shape, a tiny form nestled among the bumps and ridges of her areola. The shrinking had accelerated dramatically. The virus responding to his terror, perhaps? Or maybe just the natural progression of the infection. His form had grown indistinct, the tiny speck of a man that was once Roman Halloran now barely visible as a slight discoloration on her dusky areola. Or was that a piece of lint from her scrubs?

But then she blinked.

And when she opened her eyes again, he was gone.

Not just out of sight, completely invisible. There was no sign of him, no indication of where he'd landed. He had simply... disappeared from view. Only the texture of her areola remained, the bumps and valleys unchanged, but the tiny form that had been clinging to it was nowhere to be found.

"Oh," she breathed out, a mixture of surprise and dark satisfaction in her voice. "You're gone. I can't even see you anymore."

She shifted her position slightly, her nipple jutting up from the center of her areola. The movement caused the landscape of her breast to shift and ripple, but still no sign of the man anymore. He was now smaller than the smallest detail of her skin. Lost somewhere in the microscopic landscape of her nipple and areola.



Anne reached up and traced a fingertip along the surface of her breast, feeling the texture but not finding any trace of him. He was so small now that he was essentially invisible to the naked eye. She would have to use a microscope to find him, if he was even still there and not fallen into a crack or pore or something.

“Poor Roman,” she whispered mockingly, though there was no real sympathy in her tone. “You wanted privacy, and a nurse with giant tits. Well, now you have both. You’re so small that even I could barely see you. You’re just a speck on my breast. A tiny, insignificant speck.”

She pulled her sports bra and scrubs back on, the fabric sliding over her chest. He was still there, somewhere on her nipple, but he was utterly alone and invisible. The most powerful man in the city was reduced to an unseen microbe on the breast of a nurse who was just trying to get through her shift. She cleaned up his room a bit. If anyone asked, she would say she went to check on him later, and he was gone. She went back to work, happy to know that the miserable man was now trapped atop her as a parasite. And as the virus continued its work, he would only get smaller.