

(Warning: This story contains female muscle growth, graphic sexual content, and taboo elements

Note: So this story is 'different' than usual. In the sense that the commissioner saw that other Monthly Request I wrote, Nurse of Steel, and wanted it adapted into a taboo story. So, for that reason, the character of FGO's Nightingale is interpreted here not in the game's setting, but as an isolated setting that will also take fantastical elements. Think of the design of the character integrated here in its own standalone thing to fit with the commissioner's request.)

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The war had been going on even before Joshua's birth. Joshua heard vague things about how it started; nobody was sure anymore. The only certainty was the front lines, the No Man's Lands that stretched for miles. Wastelands filled with death, forests where danger lurked at every shadow, swamps and lakes where things older than men dwelled.

It wasn't just a war between men, it was a war between men and *beasts*.

Hulking creatures that oozed bloodlust, spindly beings of bony limbs that crawled out of nightmares, shapeless monsters that defied all description.

Joshua had grown used to the sights of the dead and the dying. It was his job as a medic-in-training to experience all these terrible things in hopes of saving a life. He cursed his weakness for staying at the rear, feeling like a coward when others risked their lives to drive back the darkness, venturing between the mortar and darkness, to fight with blade and gun against the depraved and the monstrous.

The sick and wounded would look upon these men and women trying to save them and see angels.

At his nineteen years of age, Joshua already knew there were no angels here, not in the front.

Except for one.

Eyes like red jewels, a soft shade of pink hair bordering on silver tied into a long braid that looped over, pale skin like porcelain. Without blemish, pure and radiant despite all the dirt, the grim and the mud around her. Her sharply colored uniform shone like a beacon amidst all the

grey and scorched earth. The bright red, button-up jacket, decorated with all the commendations and awards granted to her for her service, struggled to contain her outstanding bosom and staggering musculature. Her gray pants stuck to her muscular legs like a second skin, highlighting every part of her wide quads, while her high boots constrained around the bulging calves.

A sight that inspired hope and relief, the Angel of Steel, the Nightingale.

His mother.

The woman's steely gaze did not waver for a moment; she saw her duty before her and sprang into action.

The broken wreckage of a tank sank into the mud, but she grabbed the piece of machinery and slowly *hoisted* it over her head. Her jacket strained as her lats flared out like wings, her back muscles widening as her biceps bloomed imperiously. Her superhuman strength used not just for fighting, but to save lives.

"Down there," Her firm, almost monotone voice spoke up. "Joshua, quick"

"Yes!" He replied, diving into the mud to pull out the unconscious soldier. His mother held the broken piece of the tank above her until they were in the clear, and then threw it away like garbage.

"Status." She requested.

"Multiple bullet wounds. Shoulder, stomach. A gash on his forehead." He laid the soldier on the ground and began treating him.

"I will look for more wounded," Nightingale said. "Remain here."

"I can help--"

"Your priority is your patient. I will find more to take to safety." Florence said with a light frown that brokered no argument. "Got it?"

“...Understood”

She nodded and took off in a run. He watched as his imposing mother moved through the remnants of the battlefield, through obstacles and wreckage too dense or too heavy for regular humans to move through. But she swatted them away like tiny scraps of garbage, her superhuman strength letting her retrieve three wounded soldiers at once.

Such a glorious sight she was. His greatest inspiration. The source of his hope in this bleak war.

He could never be like her, but took solace in knowing that despite it all, he was still her companion, her trusted aide. He was more than her son; he was her closest confidant. There was nobody closer to the Angel of Steel than him.

But that illusion would shatter away one fateful day... when she took in that young man into their home...

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Theirs was a simple life, with their house located far enough from the front lines to be safe but close enough that they could spring into action whenever they were needed. Their house was rustic, but it did not lack for necessities like running water. Wood and game were plentiful, he was good with a rifle to hunt down a deer. And his mother could easily split wood with a swing of her axe, then lift the entire trunk over her massive shoulder with just one powerful arm. It was quite a sight to see her out of uniform, dressed like a frontier woman. Her bulging physique stretched the flannel and jeans...

Joshua was not blind to his mother's beauty. The stern, often neutral expression, did little to mask her lovely visage. And when she smiled, that's when all the warmth and care that lay deep inside her truly shone. The Nurse of Steel fought to save lives, for she truly cared about others above all else.

And there was another key component to her beauty that Joshua could not ignore, her outstanding iron-like frame. Her bulging muscles were world-class, with arms as thick as cannon balls, easily as big as his own head, legs that could crush a steel beam between their overwhelming thickness and power.

She trained with such diligence, such superhuman rigor, that she had become absolutely goddess-like in her visage and might. A true amazon of modern times. Yet his mother treated it like another tool in her arsenal, just another asset to let her perform her duty properly.

Joshua wished he could have inherited her superhuman physique, but he was too ordinary compared to her. He took after his father, she would say. She did not talk about him much, and he would not press.

Even if he could not train on the same level as her, he still supported his mother as much as he could. Helping her prepare meals, develop better nutrients, and, of course, research medicine and new medical procedures for the front lines.

But helping her train, watching her body flex and ripple, a thin sheet of sweat coating her toned, veiny visage...

He lost count of the times he saw the biceps swell imperiously as they lifted those titanic weights designed to test her superior strength. How the flesh wobbled under the skin, making the etched definition deepen with each repetition. Power rising in her chest as the movement of her arms carried ripples all the way to the corners of her pecs. How her stomach tightened with each deep breath and made her strained, jutting abdominals flex.

The way she bent over when picking up a large bar made the hamstrings pop like corded cables while her derriere tightened impressively into a blend of muscular tone and softness. To say nothing of the way her thighs *bulged* so outrageously.

Yes, Joshua was quite aware that his admiration for his mother had long since crossed a threshold of what was considered acceptable. Particularly once he matured and started having dreams that would result in him waking up erect, needing to relieve himself in the privacy of his bathroom.

But it was fine, he could live with it. He could live with keeping this side of him hidden. He was the son of the Iron Angel, the Nurse of Steel. So long as he could marvel at her physique closely, getting a touch once in a while as he helped towel her off or measure her progress, or better yet, when she taught him anatomy using herself as a model, then he was quite happy.

He was her apprentice and her assistant; what more could he want from life?

It wasn't until *he* arrived that he felt those precious things were taken from him.

A young soldier about his age named Gudao had all but dropped into their doorstep. Wounded from battle, away from the front lines. Nightingale was swift to treat him, granting him shelter under their roof as she helped him recover in a spare bedroom.

From the first day, he felt something off. The way his gaze lingered on his mother, how he snapped to attention as her muscles twitched even slightly. That longing gaze, the dry lips...

It was like staring into a mirror.

And worst of all, his mother seemed to pay more attention than necessary to her patient.

The way her gaze softened and smiled softened in that way should only be reserved for *him*.

Joshua did not like it all.

But he was his mother's son; he upheld her beliefs. A patient's well-being was paramount. Of course, he wanted him recovered as fast as possible to get him out of the house, so it'd be the two of them once more.

"His recovery is coming along smoothly," Joshua said casually as he served the boiled vegetables onto a plate. "It is impressive, considering the state we found him in."

"Indeed." His large mother replied. "He made it all the way from a battle to our home after all, that alone shows he is quite resilient." She grabbed the plate he had just finished serving and placed it on a tray.

"Yes..." He did not like how he unintentionally praised Gudao. "How long do you think until he is good to go?"

"Will require a few more days of rest." She said, pouring water into a cup and then placing it on the tray too. "I'll bring him his meal."

"Oh, I can do it for you," He said, a touch too quickly. "You've been working so much, please just take it easy. Enjoy your lunch."

"It's fine," She smiled softly at him, carrying the tray. "I want to do this."

'Want to do this' ... another phrase that did not sit well with him.

He waited until his mother was out of view to stab a knife into the table, venting his frustrations upon the furniture.

All the check-ups, all the conversations between his mother and the soldier... Just what was the deal with this man that had her mother tending to him so? He should be just another patient.

He needed answers.