

The Nurse of Steel lived up to her title, a fact that Gudao could not deny.

Every inch of her body, from head to toe, was wrapped in steely, sinewy muscle. Her form forged through long years of conflict in her quest to spare the sick and wounded from the war, rushing through battlefields, carrying the injured. To save those from falling in battle, she had to be powerful herself.

And she truly was.

Slow, steady breaths escaped her beautiful lips as her arms rhythmically lifted the dumbbells one at a time, her repetitions continuing without stop for what had to be thirty minutes now. Her Servant strength and stamina allowed her to curl those enormous weights with only a small strain on her muscles.

Gudao licked his dry lips, gods, what *muscles*—bulging, rippling, throbbing with veins. Her biceps were the size of his head, her legs two outstanding pillars of flesh, corded with powerfully dense muscles, making her already tight red briefs hike up to the point it almost looked like a bikini. Her back stretched wide as the horizon, a landscape of mountainous meat carved with peerless definition. Her pectorals were two slabs of concrete-like flesh, grinding together and producing a deep line between them. Her pecs supported her ample breasts, pushing upward as they strained the red sports bra whose straps seemed to thin each time her muscles acquired a new level of pump.

The vision of an angel in Gudao's heart.

"Physical fitness is important to good health, Master" She said in her usual toneless voice. "Train your body, develop your muscles, follow a proper diet, and your condition will improve by leaps and bounds."

He could only nod shakily, lost in the sight of those flexing biceps that swelled imperiously as veins coursed over them like angry snakes. He watched the rise and fall of her shredded stomach with interest, enjoying the way the abs clenched and unclenched, deepening the crevices between them. Her monstrous Servant strength warranted the heaviest of weights magic and alchemy could craft, the dumbbells in her arms were so heavy they'd outright break his arms were he to try them...

When she set them down, Nightingale shook her arms and made the *voluminous* mounds of flesh ripple with an hypnotic movement. Their fluidity morphed into a tight solid state with a sudden flex of her arms as she joined hands together in front of her stomach. Her shoulders

bunched, deltoids split into multiple lines of definition as her biceps flexed, the ever-present veins crawling under her skin from forearm to pectoral, lifting a bit of the strained bra under their path.

Gudao breathed heavily as Gale inspected herself. Flexing slowly as if to test her muscles, "I am glad you are paying attention, Master." She said, her voice and expression neutral as always. "I hope you heed my lessons well."

"I-I'll do what I can to be healthy like you say, Gale!" He quickly said, awkwardly shifting so she wouldn't notice how his member was slowly rising in his pants. "But I don't think it'll be possible for me to look like... you."

"The goal is not to look like me, it is to maintain a steady training regimen and diet," She corrected. "You are not required to build muscles; I merely did because they facilitate my work. They are superfluous, a convenient tool."

"I think they look beautiful."

His mouth ran off before he could stop it.

Her red eyes looked at him, unblinking, blank.

"T-They really suit you!" Once more, he spoke without thinking. "You look amazing, just... perfect." Oh, gods, please stop.

"...Beautiful." She repeated. "Hmm, I had not considered it. But if you find them aesthetically pleasing, then I am... glad."

Was that a small blush on her cheeks?

Her flex remained firm, though it looked like she was putting more effort into it. Her hands clasped together tighter, almost to the shaking point, as the volume of her arms and thorax seemed to expand slightly. He could see the outline of her nipples under her sports bra...

Was it getting tighter?

Nightingale put more pressure into her flex. "If you find them attractive, I... will endeavor to show them as much as possible to you."

"T-That's not really--"

*"I want to"*

Her voice shut him up. It felt... huskier?

She kept flexing more and more; the muscles in her arms and chest were expanding with the fierce flex.

"A healthy body can be beautiful," She muttered as if in realization. "A strong body can be..."

There was a faint ripping sound as a tear spread between her large breasts, showing the sweaty pale skin underneath.

*"Perfection"*

Her top split in half. The tear spread in an instant from top to bottom, letting her breasts spill freely as the straps over her shoulders snapped, and the fabric fell to the floor. Leaving Gudao slack-jawed at the sight of her naked torso. Filled to the brim with muscles, corded and striated to the max with definition and firmness.

The gasp that came out of her lips once she busted through her top sounded a little bit... orgasmic. Her nipples certainly stood erect enough to attest that.

They weren't the only things erect, Gudao noted, embarrassed as his manhood was ramrod straight under his shorts.

And she noticed it.

“Do not be ashamed, master,” She said, her voice almost breathless. “It’s a natural response.” By that same logic, she seemed to see nothing wrong with her own half-naked stage. At least, not with *him*.

She walked up to him, her steps making those bulging monster legs *bloom* and ripple. She had to be at least half a head taller than him...

“You carry too much stress. My professional advice is to seek relief.”

“Gale...”

“Hush,” She muttered softly, her hand slowly pulled down his shorts. “Let me... *Master*”

He shuddered and let her.

His erection sprung free, pointing high at her shredded abs.

Then Gale embraced him; those enormous arms surrounded him protectively, *possessively*. Their strength felt so magnificent, their hardness contrasted by her magnificently soft bosom as they molded over his small chest.

Gudao moaned as his erection brushed over her abs.

“Let me help you relieve yourself, Master.” She whispered while flexing her abs, the motion stimulated the underside of his cock and made it wobble.

Waves of pleasure erupted from him. It was too much. Nightingale’s beauty, her raw, powerful muscles, the training he’d witnessed, that erotic display of clothes ripping under the strain of her bulging body. And now this... it was no surprise Gudao came so fast.

And so fiercely.

He spilled his seed over her abs in a stream, like a hose emptying itself, until her own pale midsection was coated by his creamy white semen.

"I'm..." He gasped, going limp in her grasp. "I'm so sorry."

Gale closed her eyes, her expression strained, her face flushed. Like she was barely restraining herself from doing something Berserker-worthy. "It's... It's alright, Master. It's only natural, I wanted to help your stress levels after all. I am... *pleased* with my success."

Her embrace tightened just a little.

"Such volume in your release... you possess a strong virility. A good sign of health."

Her red eyes were *smoldering* with arousal.

"I recommend we continue this session in the showers, Master." She almost growled. "So I can properly... examine you."

Her mouth drew closer.

"Nurse's orders... *Master*"

And sealed their lips into a fierce kiss.