

(**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 brooked 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...