

## Fate/Knights of the Heroic Throne

**Disclaimer: This story is set in an alternate universe that diverges from established Star Wars lore. I'm not confident enough to follow Star Wars lore one-to-one, but I'll do my best to respect both Legends and canon where possible. Some timelines and characters' ages have been adjusted to either fit a narrative or just for the sake of it. Shirou Emiya (former Counter Guardian EMIYA) and Arturia Pendragon (former Saber Alter) won't be curbstomping Jedi and Sith—they're both powerful, respectively—but both Jedi and Sith could also reach heights that could rival legends.**

Chapter Intro

Human order: Restored.

History: Preserved.

But what of the ones who made it possible?

Heroic Spirits—echoes of legends, bound to vessels, fated to fade without remembrance.

But a wish was made.

One last miracle from humanity's saviour—  
that her fallen companions might live once more.

**Story Starts**

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**Chapter 3.1 -**

**The Once,**

**'Once and Future Tyrant King'**

**a small interlude**

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*"Okay, here I made you guys a spread of finger foods sa—"*

*"Let's start this watch party with a to—"*

*“Lorna, I can’t be with you because—”*

*“Cliffhanger, such discourtesy!”*

*“Cheers!”*

*“We’ve finished the keg!”*

*“I’ve found a case—”*

*“Noooo—!”*

*“Ria! Ria! Ria!”*

*“Hmm— You shmell nvoice Shiiir—”*

*“And you st—”*

*Beep! Beep! Beep!...Thud!*

*Beep! Beep! Beep!...Shirou!!*

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*Beep! Beep! Beep!*

Arturia Pendragon—former Tyrant King—opened her golden-yellow eyes to darkness as the alarm’s beeping blared incessantly. She kicked behind her, eyes already sinking shut—in preparation for her return to slumber—but her foot found only empty sheets.

*“Shirou!”*

*Beep! Beep! Beep!*

“Shi—rou?”

*Beep! Beep! Beep!*

Her hand stretched forward, fingertips brushing a cold wall through the blanket still draped over her, while her legs shivered faintly in the cool air.

Curling tighter into her cocoon—bringing her cold feet into the warmth—she finally let one arm slip free, fumbling behind only to pat empty space.

*Beep! Beep! Beep!*

“Argh!”

She flung the blanket aside in frustration, sprawling supine with arms and legs spread. Her eyes shot open to the textured ceiling of their modest quarters—a studio apartment perched above the restaurant they had lucked into.

A pulse of pain thudded behind her eyes—last night’s revelry fighting its way back into the periphery of her memory.

*Beep! Beep! Beep!*

The chrono clinked 04:48, its steady pulse mocking her with every beat of the alarm.

Her eyes settled on the faint outline of a glass waiting on the nightstand.

She dragged herself upright, golden hair spilling over her shoulders as dizziness lanced through her head, as her fingers reached for the water—only to find a small packet.

Blinking groggily, she rubbed at her eyes, golden hair tumbling over her shoulders as she brought the object closer.

Pain meds.

Her lips curled into a small, unguarded smile.

Cross-legged now, she leaned forward on an elbow, claiming the glass with her free hand. With a smooth tilt of her head, she downed the pill, chasing it with a swallow of cool water.

Arturia sat idly, listening to the alarm's constant shrill, waiting for the dull comfort of the medication to take hold.

"Dumb Shirou," the curve of her lips lingered. Refusing to leave her face as she heard the telltale sound of Shirou's speeder bike leaving.

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"Dumb Shirou indeed," Arturia muttered to the empty kitchen. Three large pizzas waiting—Shirou's greasy morning offerings—as opposed to his regular rolled omelettes, fish, soup, and his cherished rice.

She had planned to peruse the forums on last night's triple-feature while sipping her morning caf. As she scrolled through, most debates circled whether the holodrama's protagonist would continue with his sworn revenge—toppling the vast conglomerate that had destroyed his family through hostile takeovers, blackmail, and even assassinations—or yield to the love he had come to acknowledge for the heiress, innocent yet the most fitting target of his vengeance.

Mid-sip—just as she was about to deliver a riposte in the forum, being firmly of the have-you-cake-and-eat-it-too camp, siding with both vengeance and love—Shirou sent a brief message: *Check warmer.*

Later, and after her first cup of caf and morning distractions, she now started with the day's prep and *mise en place*. Normally, she would do this with Shirou after they did their morning supply run, '*I could be a benevolent king for once,*' she thought as she tore into a slice of her greasy breakfast while pulling out the three-day fermented dough for the day's shift.

Her appetite remained immense, her tastes still indulgent—or rather unhealthy. '*Well, that's Shirou's opinion,*' she thought, as he always aimed for some balance in diet... usually.

Of course, she couldn't miss that her rich breakfast was a concession for last night's binge, a thoughtful gesture as he even added her favourite spiced sausage—a smoked bit of heaven Shirou had perfected to her taste—though he hadn't missed the chance to an equal amount of vegetables as a complement to her heavily spiced slices of smoked, emulsified meat.

With a sip of caf and another bite of her breakfast, she set about making the bread for the day's sandwiches. Shirou had already portioned the dough that morning, and like his pizza dough—the very ones she had pulled from the cooling chamber to warm—he did a great deal of what he described as cold proofing with many of his baked goods.

A qualitative improvement without the need for much active guidance—or so he explained. Arturia double-checked the programmed preset before misting the oven's chamber and shutting the door.

It was a practised action born from observation and Shirou's nagging. Endless lectures on critical control points, safety, timing and more.

Arturia wrinkled her nose at the memory. She had been subjected to countless tirades on proper kitchen protocols—all thanks to the day she had reduced a perfectly good oven to scrap and nearly set fire to their recently acquired, rent-to-own establishment.

First came the smell of smoke. Then, through the bar's access door, she glimpsed a choking black smog. Shirou had rushed in—from the fresher—trousers half-pulled, just in time to keep the flames from spreading.

The result was that she sat seiza for the whole long and merciless lecture on microbial gases, gluten development, heat, moisture, crumb, and crust—while Tessari Nyl, Pantoran, former co-owner, and all-around mischief-chaser, filmed her humiliation with a gleeful glint in her golden eyes.

Her legs felt numb after that gruelling lecture, humiliation compounding when Shirou had to carry her to one of the bedding mats in the dining area. That crude arrangement hadn't lasted; once profits came in they had invested in a small upstairs studio apartment.

We also added a separate fresher and bath—the bath was non-negotiable, according to Shirou.

Anyway, Arturia then brought out their fry slicer, clamping it down on the prep table, and she then dragged a large container full of tubers—already washed.

She couldn't help but feel a tick forming on her head as she stomped angrily at the reminder, as further punishment, Shirou and the Pantoran had conspired and collaborated on her uniform.

She knew his history with her lighter counterpart—long before his regrets began to settle, long before his idealised dream of becoming a hero had been twisted by Alaya's pragmatic solution to preserving humanity, and long before his paradoxical suicide wish had resonated with the Grail.

Depressing history aside, Arturia was sure that this uniform was nothing more than Shirou's hidden kink made manifest and Tessari's boundless mischief.

She harrumphed, though her lips betrayed her with a smile as she took another bite, a sharp 'mokkyu' ringing out. Then she turned back to the task at hand, sliding tubers into the fry cutter and dropping them into a cold bath of water.

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