

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 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 4.1 -

**The Future Queen
and the Decree to Empty the Pantry**

Shirou's eyes skimmed the order list as he checked each thermocrate in turn. He'd usually refer to it as 'leasable food container units,' when talking with customers—less questions asked. Cold meats layered with pickles, cheese, salad greens, oil and vinegars, sealed in bread rolls and wrapped tightly in

flimsiplast. A lasagna, cooled and firm enough to hold its shape once sliced. Sausages, smoked cuts, dips, flatbreads stack neatly—everything in its place.

Shirou swung open the thermal oven, the relatively new unit gleaming—a replacement for the ‘Arturia incident’—reaching in and lifting the pizza just enough to see the telltale leopard spots beneath the crust.

The heat of the oven barely registered—his nerves were long since used to it.”

“Alright. Pizza’s done,” he told the empty kitchen, hefting the pizza with the peel he’d made from Perlote wood—an indigenous tree of Naboo—and slid the pie into another thermocrate.

“All I need are the fried goods,” he said to himself, dusting off the peel and propping it against the oven. The delay—having to retrieve the thermocrates from the speeder bay—had been irritating, but at least gave the lasagna time to set. The thought of the dish collapsing into a sloppy mess on a plate nagged at him.

“Ok, that’s done. Pizza’s done. Just the fried goods left,” He declared, hand on waist, his hip lightly jutted to one side, as he grabbed a towel to wipe his slightly sweaty face.

He moved back towards the prep table, sealed the thermocrate shut, and stacked them both—he could feel the container slightly heated up as it did its thing.

‘*These thermocrates are really convenient,*’ Shirou mused as he hauled them out toward the speeder.

The thermocrates held meals at the perfect temperature—graphene weave heaters regulating warmth, smart humidity controls preserving balance, and a hydrophobic mesh catching stray droplets before they reached the food. Even fried goods stayed sharp and crisp while the meat retained its juices.

He stowed the containers in the speeder, then rushed back inside. The smell of tip-yip and tuber fries greeted him, along with the sight of Arturia engaged in hushed conversation with the Vareli customer. He winced—once again regretting the day curiosity had led him to look up what tip-yip actually looked like alive.

Shirou fetched two stainless—or rather plasteel—bowls, still warm from the washer, and set them by the fryer. He lifted both baskets—gave them a brisk shake over the fat, then hooked them on the rack above the vat as grease dripped back into the fryer.

Shirou turned the heat down to standby before dumping the golden tip-yip and fries into separate bowls. Raising his hand high, he scattered salt in an even shower as he tossed the fried goods.

He carried the bowl back in two trips, sealing each in its thermocrate before loading them into the speeder.

He snatched up a towel, wiping his hands before circling the bar with quick refills, then stopped before the pair—the guest jotting notes on a datapad while Arturia was describing the garden area they have upstairs.

'Curious.' “Your orders are done.”

His gaze shifted to his maidware-clad partner. “Would you care to escort our guest back to the speeder bay?”

Both turned to him.

“Our guest here ordered three thermocrates' worth of food—I would think that would be an inconvenient walk back to their speeder,” he explained dryly.

“I’m fine with that,” Arturia replied, her hand gesturing with quiet poise toward the blonde guest. Hair tied up in twin buns, bangs, and loose locks of hair framed a sharp, high-cheekboned face, her brown eyes calm and composed. “However, our guest also wishes to book the restaurant for private use after hours.”

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The chrono read 13:01. Outside, the luminous disc of Ohma-D’un, Naboo’s water moon, spilt silver light across the city of Theed as her sleek six-seater speeder—a graduation present from her parents—slid through the air.

She guided the speeder toward the last-minute event Tsabin had put together.

Rabbine Ondel sat beside her, bright-eyed and cheerful. A new graduate from Coruscant University, she’d landed only today and was already drinking in Theed’s nighttime skyline. Palpatine had recommended her; soon she’d take over Tsabin’s event duties and help with makeup and wardrobe.

Since it was her first day, Rabbine would mostly observe while Tsabin showed her the ropes. Tsabin and Su Yan, along with the others, had gone ahead to prepare the event, while Rabbine was left to rest for a few hours before joining in to help once they arrived.

Padmé smiled into the holomirror. Behind her, Mara dozed while Sasha leaned against the transparisteel, watching the city pass.

Lately, she had felt the pressure to step up—an idea of becoming a symbol for the people, inspired partly by a holonovel mentioned during one of her mentoring sessions with Senator Palpatine.

With the demonstration postponed—now set three weeks from today, two weeks later than the original Benduday, and in line with the merchant guild’s festival—she felt relieved of some of the pressure. She had proposed her idea

at that afternoon's meeting, amidst the flavourful spread of food Tsabin had brought—well, she had someone help the three thermocrates' worth of food.

She'd proposed her idea of becoming a symbol for the masses, adopting the name Amidala—taking inspiration from her current public pseudonym Liora, meaning light, while Amidala also means compassion, nobility, and divine favour—a fitting name and symbol for the people to rally behind.

Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, Tsabin, along with most of the team, refused it outright, believing in the power of the people. 'No need to martyr yourself for the cause,' Tsabin had told her, her voice steady, softened by the bite she took from the cheesy, sauced flatbread she called a pizza.

Padmé's lips curved at the thought of Tsabin—her closest friend since childhood. She remembered them splashing in Lake Paonga as neighbours, their school and academy days, afternoons after volunteer work, the internship they shared and the quiet moments between lectures at Theed University.

She could hardly ignore how their friendship had grown into something deeper, sometimes physical when mood, convenience, and discretion met. Since her only relationship with Tavern Furoli ended, she hadn't sought others nor did she have much time for a serious relationship.

Though that final weekend of fun at her family's villa at Lake Country—was a memorable night of passion—and that fiery encore when both their ex, now in a relationship, had visited.

Her reflection in the transparisteel betrayed the blush heating her face, stirred by the memory of four sets of limbs tangled, intertwined, and glistening with sweat after their shared night of passion—made sweeter by her deepening bond with her best friend.

She gave a slight shake of her head, clearing away the thoughts before her companions could notice. She shifted in her seat, thighs brushing, a quiet pulse of relief grounding her.

She shook off the memory, letting her thoughts drift back to the day's events.

Earlier that day, after she'd risen from a refreshing sleep, Tsabin had arrived with a petite companion at her side. The woman held herself with perfect posture; her skin was pale, with a greyish hue, her fair hair tied neatly in a bun, and her arresting golden eyes.

An aura of majesty and severity clung to her as she carried three thermocrates with ease, one arm bearing their weight while the other steadied a faltering Tsabin.

Padmé lifted her gaze to them, her first thought a wry one—that perhaps Tsabin's weakened knees came from some quick indiscretion. Unlike herself, Tsabin did take the occasional partner; Padmé even thought that Tsabin and Su Yan had once shared a history.

She placed the thermocrates on the table, then guided Tsabin into a seat with composure both severe and graceful. Up close, Padmé felt her aura all the more—intimidating, regal—accented by a peculiar dress. Its hem stopped at her thighs, revealing flashes of pale skin above fitted white stockings, with narrow straps trailing upward beneath the skirt.

“This is the spread your companion ordered. May it be to your liking.” The voice was dignified, carrying a faint masculine quality. Padmé startled, heat blooming across her cheeks as she realised she had been staring—but the woman gave no sign of caring.

Her delicate fingers brushed the controls, and the thermocrates slid open with a hiss. Steam curled into the air, carrying the mingled aromas of familiar

comforts and curious novelties. Her pupils dilated, her mouth tingled with saliva, her senses alight under the assault of fragrance.

“Would you also provide a glass of warm water?” She motioned gracefully toward Tsabin. “Your companion lacks the constitution for speeder travel. I would recommend the use of mild stims to guard against such discomfort.”

The bluntness of the remark left the table in silence. The wordless confusion of the others mirrored Tsabin’s incredulous disbelief.

She then faced Tsabin with unflinching composure. “We shall strive to meet your request swiftly. I must ask that you arrive early—” not at all sounding like a request, Padmé thought, “should there be last-minute changes—and you did pledge assistance with staffing. As there are supply runs yet to complete, I shall withdraw.”

With hands clasped, the woman bowed slightly before turning, each step toward the apartment’s entrance deliberate and measured. Her exit seemed to break the spell she had cast, leaving the others blinking in confusion.

“Padmé,” Tsabin said, breaking the silence.

“Yes, Tsabin?”

“If tall, dark, and handsome warns me not to let that demon drive, make sure I listen next time,” she muttered, cheek against the marble table.

“Oooh, tall, dark, and handsome—Shirou Emiya, the co-owner. He leaves an impression, doesn’t he?” Su Yan teased.

A chuckle escaped her as she remembered Tsabin’s colourful account of the petite demon at the controls.

“Ms Padmé?” Rabbine came tentatively from her side.

“Oh, it’s nothing. Just recalling today’s little entertainment.” She shared a chuckle before glancing at the navigator. “We’re close now. Would you message Su Yan and Tsabin for me?”

“Yes, Ms Padmé.”

“Rabbine, call me Padmé. Just remember—I’m Liora in public. Tsabin’s been careless with names lately.

“Yes, Ms...Pad—Liora?”

Padmé chuckled, her smile warm and encouraging. “It’s all right. You’ll learn quickly enough.”

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