

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.

Quick AN (Pseudonym Guide):

Real Name - Current Pseudonym - Future Name/Handmaiden Name

Padmé Naberrie - Liora - Queen Amidala/Padmé

Tsabin Vareli - Serin - Sabé

Mara Solune - Kaela - Riané

Eirtama Ballory - Train - Eirtaé

Su Yan Calris - Niva - Yané

Sasha Malvern - Ryn - Saché

Rabbine Ondel - Veyra - Rabé

Story Starts

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Chapter 4.3 -
The Future Queen
and the Decree to Empty the Pantry

“Emiya. One of the owners of The Empty Pantry. I hope you enjoy tonight’s festivities.”

The now-identified Emiya—Mr Tall-Dark-and-Handsome, as Serin had dubbed him—released her hand and offered her a helmet, and Padmé reminded herself to keep their pseudonyms straight for the night.

At this distance, she found herself craning upwards; even when facing forward, her vision barely reached the line of his chin, the disparity in their height unmistakable.

Brown eyes met grey. His hair—short, white, brushed back by the wind—framed a face of sharp lines, softened only by the quiet ease with which he carried himself.

She cleared her throat, accepting the helmet with a slight nod. “Thank you. Yes—it’s Liora, on behalf of Tsabin... well, Serin tonight. Apologies for the last-minute booking.

Turning back to her speeder, she placed the helmet with care, her reflection faintly visible on the transparisteel hatch. “If I am not mistaken, you were to close early this evening—your first true rest day since the restaurant’s doors opened.”

He chuckled in amusement. In the reflection of her speeder’s hatch, Padmé noticed his gaze trail over her before shifting to his own vehicle, a slight frown creasing his features.

A faint frown touched Padmé's face. She had been told the owner was respectful, yet she had just caught him plainly looking her over.

"It's not a problem. The previous owners—Balron and Tessari—told us to seize opportunities. We're simply following their advice."

She fussed with the helmet, tucking her hair so it wouldn't whip across her face once the speeder picked up. In the reflection, he leaned sideways, resting a forearm lazily against his hip while his other hand lifted to his chin in thought.

"Hmm..." His gaze lingered. "Perhaps my speeder would serve us better—the dress may make the ride... problematic."

When she turned back, his eyes weren't on her face but lower. A moment later, she understood—he hadn't been ogling at all. He was puzzling over her dress.

She nearly laughed at herself. "It's fine. I've ridden like this before—I'll just sit side-saddle and hang onto you, if you don't mind?"

Then the memory of Tsabin and Su Yan's earlier gossip hit her.

"I apologise. Such familiarity may not be proper. Your wife might object, and I would not wish to put you in an awkward—"

Her hurried words were cut short by his low, easy chuckle. "Don't worry, Arturia is certainly not my wife. I only hesitated so as not to presume or be too familiar. If you do not mind, I certainly would not."

His words concluded, he stepped to the vehicle and drew up a comlink headset, the slender mouthpiece settling against his jaw. Extending a hand, he beckoned.

“Come on—the event is about to start.”

Padmé gathered the long folds of her gown, placed her hand in his—noting the rough, calloused texture of his fingers—and mounted the speeder sideways. The craft dipped at once beneath her, only to level smoothly as the repulsorlift held its balance.

“Take this handle with your left—yes, just so. Place your foot there—perfect. Ah... like you said, not your first *rodeo* with a speeder bike.”

She tilted her head, puzzled by the unfamiliar word *rodeo*—clearly a colloquialism from some distant world.

He drew up the goggles that hung from the controls and fastened them with care before touching the side of his comlink headset, the indicator glowing blue; he did the same with the side of her helmet.

“Testing. Does my voice reach you through the helmet?”

Lifting her gaze, Padmé gave her assent as he swung onto the craft.

Her eyes lingered on his back—broad, framed by a red duster of tanned hide. She drew closer, warmth bleeding through the leather as her side rested lightly against him.

Carefully, she slipped an arm around his waist, though her hand could not meet the far side.

Padmé jolted when he caught her forearm, shifting her hand to grip his coat instead. A reassuring pat followed. “Feel secure?” he asked, the speeder’s engines thrumming to life beneath them.

Padmé then tightened her hold, checked her footing on the side rail, and answered in the affirmative with quiet confidence.

At her word, the speeder descended through the tiers of the parking bay before rising again into open air. Padmé let her head rest lightly against his back—taking care not to dig in as the helmet might not be comfortable against him—as the craft soared into the Naboo sky.

“So, about the pseudonyms—mind if I ask?”

His voice crackled through her helmet, snapping her from her thoughts.

She sighed. “We began using them when we grew more active in pushing for regime change. It is a small defence, so our public actions do not spill into our private lives and make our families political targets.”

“Hmm.” The faintest note of doubt reached her through the comlink.

“Our allies within the government have backdated our assumed identities and consigned our true names to the Chommell Sector’s Privacy Register. Within this Sector, privacy is more than a custom—it is law and civic value. Even our senate representative is known to the galaxy only as Palpatine, as are many figures of note throughout the Sector. It’s not nearly as easy to pierce that veil as you’d think.”

“Hmm—interesting. Still, if the holonews is to be believed, he has successfully ordered political assassinations. A pseudonym means little if your face is on display.” Emiya observed. Padmé acknowledged the truth of it, though she wondered that this, above all, concerned him.

“So—your opinion—” Padmé began, but the speeder dipped before she could finish, steep yet controlled. The palace plaza rose swiftly to meet them before he guided them smoothly into a side street.

“What was it you wished to ask?” Emiya asked, Padmé blinked, startled to find both arms wrapped around him. It hadn’t been frightening, nothing like Tsabin’s tale of her horror-ride—relatively gentle—but the dip still flipped her insides.

‘Wait, I think he asked a question?’

“Padmé! You’re back.” Tsabin emerged with a grin far too knowing, brows wagging.

“Shouldn’t she be called Liora?” Emiya remarked dryly, “And you could let go now. I apologise if the dive made you feel uncomfortable.”

Heat rushed to Padmé’s face. She froze, still clinging to him as Tsabin was joined by Su Yan, Mara, Eirtama, Sasha, and Rabbine.

‘Serin, Nive, Kaela, Tarin, Ryn, and Veyra,’ she admonished herself, hastening to release him and dismount—helmet left on to conceal her cheeks.

Padmé caught a glimpse of Emiya, shaking his head in amusement, before ducking through the back entrance, swiftly falling in step with Tsabin.

‘Kriff—it’s Serin.’

Padmé stood before the group, the plasteel shopfront shuttered behind her. As this was a private event, all entry was through the back; the front of the shop remained firmly closed.

With a deep breath, she confirmed the datapad in her hand, a microphone held aloft in the other. The room buzzed with conversation—heat crept up her neck as she glanced down at herself.

Serin had insisted they all wear the shop's uniform—a so-called maid outfit. Padmé fidgeted in it, the chest window far too revealing for her taste, while the chill air traced the exposed skin between her skirt's hem and the top of her stockings.

But with a firm exhale, she pushed down her embarrassment as she surveyed the restaurant.

A short tour before the gathering had shown her how The Marble Kettle had been transformed—now refitted into a restaurant, doubling as the owners' home.

Within the dining hall, few alterations were evident—the walls, the marbled floor, and the bar counter all stood as before, unchanged in their familiar order.

She remembered Balron and Tessari—the old owners, always sneaking her and Tsabin extra pastries when they dropped by the café—who'd apparently taken to the couple. Still, Padmé wasn't sure what their relationship or arrangement truly was.

Changing in their private quarters—a single-room suite where the bed, kitchen, and sitting area all shared the same space, modest in size yet comfortably lived in—she could not help but notice the solitary bed in the corner, plainly made for two. Arturia had also been present, sprawled across it during her break, lazily scrolling the holoscreen for something to watch.

In any case, the retirees had liked the pair enough to offer them a generous arrangement for the premises. Padmé had caught Serin and Nive pestering Arturia for gossip, but they got only flat, deadpan answers—her regal air blunted when off duty.

Arturia Pendragon and Shirou Emiya—the pair was quite curious indeed. Tsa—Serin and Nive, giggling as they traded fantastical theories, had claimed

that Arturia might hail from a noble house of the Hapes Consortium, with Emiya serving as her attendant.

Supposedly, the pair had fallen in love and eloped in protest against the Consortium's traditions. Yet Padmé herself noted—their names did not match those of that region of the galaxy.

'Well, the pair's names are too—'

Her datapad blinked—one dot from Serin. Padmé frowned, glancing up at Serin perched beside Arturia, who sat motionless, regal aura dialled up to full. Nive was there too, along with their newest hire, Veyra—Rabbine.

Serin's impish smile caught her eye, followed by a subtle flick toward the rear kitchen door. The narrow gap revealed Emiya for a heartbeat, brows lifted, thumb raised, before he disappeared once more.

She almost dropped the microphone as lively music trickled through the sound system. "Good evening—thank you for coming to this last-minute event." Padmé stood rooted as every eye turned to her.

Padmé caught sight of Kaela pushing through—elbow braced against the kitchen door, tray balanced high in her other hand. Behind her came Emiya, Tarin, and Ryn, in a quick blur of motion, setting platters in neat rows across the bar. From there, they fanned out—delivering a large set to each of the three opposing tables arranged in the middle of the dining area and placing others along the wall counters, spaced evenly around the room.

"This last-minute gathering is modest, but meaningful," Padmé started as she locked eyes with her companions in these trying times. "These past months have weighed heavily on us all as we've struggled to build support."

Padmé let her warm smile soften the words, and the crowd responded with approving cheers.

“Tonight we welcome the Merchant Guild—whose pledge of support makes this celebration possible.”

Raucous cheering followed—people raising cups, stamping their feet, and calling out in celebration.

“Our demonstration has been granted a greater stage: a booth and time upon the platform at the Festival of Merchant’s Boon, two weeks hence.”

Padmé paused as applause once again swelled, her team turning to face the members of the Merchant Guild in gratitude.

Her smile brightened as it now bore a more teasing quality. “Now, you might be wondering about the platters of scrumptious offerings prepared by our last-minute host—The Empty Pantry.”

Her gaze swept the room: three groups seated at round tables set in opposition, while the other guests formed a loose circle around them.

“To start tonight’s revelry, we shall offer you a task so daunting, an uphill battle few have ever glimpsed the peak of. Tonight, I set upon you a challenge—a challenge to... Empty. The. Pantry!”

The room shook in reply. Participants roared, cutlery slamming the tables in thunderous rhythm until the sound rolled like a drumbeat through the room.

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END

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