

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 2 -

The Empty Pantry

The first thing Tsabin thought as she settled behind him was simply—'*his back's large.*'

At least she'd chosen to wear pants beneath her robe. In a dress, she might have to hitch up the skirt and risk flashing the stranger.

'Emiya. That's an unusual name,' She wondered if his parents had come from another Mid Rim world—like the Pantoran wife of the man who'd once owned *The Marble Kettle*, before it became *The Empty Pantry*.

He'd been courteous, offering a steady hand as she climbed onto the speeder. His grip hand had been rough with callouses, his hand broad against hers—the kind of hand shaped by work. Or perhaps by training.

It fit. His build was strong and lean, not the bloated bulk of bodybuilders but the hardened frame of someone who'd laboured most of his life. Maybe he'd saved enough credits from it to open a restaurant.

'Though, I wonder what type of work would leave callouses between your thumb and index fing—'

"Ms Vareli." His warm baritone cut into her thoughts.

She blinked, startled—it struck her they'd already stopped. The street was one she knew well.

The same narrow alleys she and Padmé had haunted in their younger days stretched before her, before politics and duty turned those days into cherished memories.

She removed the helmet he'd lent her and leaned towards the bike's holo-mirror, fingers combing her hair back into place.

Satisfied, she swung her leg over the idle bike. Nodding her thanks, she accepted his hand as she alighted from the vehicle. Unfortunately, her heel caught one of the bike's pedals as she stumbled into the man.

In response, he easily steadied Tsabin as he grasped her hands a little more firmly and palmed her shoulder, but not lingering.

“Careful,” he said mildly, setting her straight before moving on. He opened the speeder’s storage, lifting out container units. “Entrance’s around the corner. You can sit by the counter—I’ll be with you shortly”

A burst of raucous cheering came from that way. Emiya gave her a rueful little smile. “Apologies for the noise.”

Then he was gone, slipping inside through what she assumed was the restaurant’s back door—leaving her alone.

“ ... ”

For some reason, Tsabin felt mildly irritated. She looked down at her outfit, which was terrific as always, and then gazed at her reflection in the bike's holo-mirror. From that angle, the holo-mirror gave her a clean side profile—face and shoulders framed just so.

She found nothing amiss. Beauty was one of her constants; not vanity, simply a fact she’d long since accepted. She’d long grown used to the attention—men and the occasional woman turning their heads, the weight of stares on her back, the endless flirtations, bold or quiet.

Which, of course, could be frustrating sometimes, especially in her line of work. Too many times, older men of power, lecherous and smug, or pampered heirs, had tried their luck. Though some of them would probably be an interesting lay, she at all times maintained an air of professionalism.

Something about not eating where you shit—of course, Padmé’s the occasional exception.

But this Emiya kept his distance. Instead of the usual ‘hold on tight’ trick, he’d simply pointed to the side handles.

Even when she stumbled, he'd steadied her with the bare minimum of contact, offering only a curt warning to be careful.

No lingering glances, no suggestive excuses, no hint of interest at all.

'Hmph. His loss.'

Tsabin turned the corner and was faced with a swoop bike, parked at the side of the establishment. Heat shimmered in the air—midday sun pressing down, the plaza's clamour bleeding into the side streets.

As the restaurant sat at the corner entrance of the street, facing the Palace Plaza, this bike was either registered or they were just blatant with the—usually illegal and infamous—vehicle.

She shrugged—she wasn't Security Forces.

As she turned the next corner, a blast of noise hit her—jeers, laughter, the groans of disappointment—just as a body lurched into view, nearly colliding with her. He caught himself against the wall and heaved, retching into the street.

“You there—” a stoic yet dignified voice said, cutting through all the raucous, “come assist your downed comrade, here.”

Tsabin hurriedly moved away from the retching figure, only to face a peculiar scene.

The restaurant was packed, credits sliding hand to hand as losers groaned and winners toasted their so-called 'maid goddess.'

'Whatever that means,' thought Tsabin.

A group of five men, of which four were hunched over a table, their foreheads leaning heavily against the table. At the same time, the fifth had his cheek mashed against the table, looking at the figure that seemed to hold the attention of everyone in the establishment.

At the centre of this all stands a petite, slender woman in her late teens or early twenties. She was dressed in a black-and-white dress with frills and an apron, stockings tight above the knees and a ribbon at her hair and throat. It looked cute, almost playful—yet the expression on her face was anything but.

Her expression was severe, framed by light-golden blonde bangs and locks, and her yellow-golden eyes were sharp as a sky raptor's. The mismatch only made her stand out more.

In her right hand, she held a mop and a bucket, extended toward the hunched man at the centre table. And on her left hand was a large folded triangular flatbread in which she bit, a sharp '*mokkyu*' sound escaping as the crowd leaned in.

“See that you clean the area—and as for the rest, though you have lost, you must finish what you began. To waste what has been prepared, or to leave disorder behind, would be an insult to the toils of others.”

The crowd erupted in applause as the girl nodded, eyes closing in solemn dignity as if she accepted their praise as her due. She continued to demolish her slice of flatbread, each sharp '*mokkyu*' only fuelling the crowd's cheers.”

The man, who had hunched over but was facing the black-clad girl, begrudgingly stood up and waddled over to her as she handed over the cleaning materials to the guy. She patted his shoulder, giving him a sudden second wind at the gesture as she warned him. “One must take care not to dirty my mount... or else.”

“One must also finish their bowl of salad,” a dry voice cut in. Emiya—somehow already behind the counter, sleeves rolled neat under a black waistcoat—drew fresh laughter from the regulars.”

The once-imposing girl puffed her cheeks, pouting like a chastised child. Laughter rippled through the room; clearly, this was a familiar routine. But when she swept her golden eyes across the crowd, silence and order fell in an instant.

At the exact moment Tsabin reached the counter, the girl who had been recently chastised—or teased—by Emiya retrieved an empty platter from the centre table. A matching tray was left filled with various familiar foods, yet unfamiliar at the same time. There were half-eaten sandwiches—meat patties, breaded cuts, battered slices—alongside fried scraps and a heap of noodles.

That same flatbread she’d seen earlier appeared again, this time circular, smeared with red sauce, a layer of what looked like melted cheese, and sprinkled with toppings, cut into triangles. At the edge of each opposite side—mirroring each other sat large bowls of salad, both conspicuously untouched.

“Ms Verali. This is the co-owner of the restaurant—Arturia Pendragon.” Emiya gestured towards his petite coworker as she set the tray on the counter. He retrieved it a moment later, sliding into the auto-washer.

The name Pendragon caught Tsabin’s ear—it sounded like the sort of family name you’d hear in noble circles, and it fit the girl’s bearing. Was this an heiress and her bodyguard, eloping from a family that can’t accept their love? The thought made her giggle as she followed Emiya’s movements.

He pulled on a long black apron—simple, straight, no frills—tying it neatly at his waist before folding the hem to conceal the ties.

Tsabin's gaze drifted, lingering on Emiya's shapely rear. She only remembered too late that she had just been introduced, and when she turned her head to her left, Arturia—still gazing at her stoically—caught her in the act.

Her gaze dipped, tracing where her own eyes had lingered a moment earlier. When she looked back, there was the faintest glint of amusement in the girl's golden eyes—but her expression stayed perfectly stoic.

“A pleasure,” she said, bowing before collecting her untouched salad bowl, grabbing a fork, and carrying it towards the caf machine at the open front of the shop.

Arturia balanced the bowl of salad against the caf machine, absentmindedly forking greens into her mouth as she set out five cups. Tsabin found her gaze straying back to Emiya—heat brushing her cheeks before she looked away again. He lowered several baskets into the fryer, oil hissing sharply as steam curled upward.

He crouched by the bar's side cooling supply unit, fishing out two bottles and a small plate with what looked like a slice of cake.

He held both bottles between his thumb, index, and middle fingers as he placed the plate of dessert in front of Tsabin.

“My apologies for just saying this now—you'll have to wait about fifteen to twenty minutes for your order. I just dropped your large batch of fried tip-yip and fried tubers in the fryer.” Emiya set a dainty fork on the plate, his expression faintly contrite.

“As you can see behind you, I had to juggle two—well, technically three—large orders at the same time. I was going to be on time when I remembered that I left our leaseable food storage units in our speeder.”

She'd paid the deposit for the leaseable food containers—they kept meals fresh on the way back. The system skimmed a five per cent fee, the rest refunded once the units were returned.

“So this is on the house—cheesecake, I made with kaaf milk,” Emiya explained.

Tsabin took the small fork with a grin. “Oh, don't worry about it—I can wait, but thanks for the freebie.” She caught the faintest smile touch his lips before he bowed and moved along the counter, topping off drinks with practised ease.

She propped open her datapad and took her first bite of the dessert.

“...!”

‘Wow, this is so good!’ Tsabin nearly moaned as she forked a second bite, and then a third, and before she realised it, the plate was bare. Horror struck—she hadn't even savoured a single bite.

‘I know, I'll just or—’ Her thought broke off as another plate appeared as if conjured, offering up a slice of heaven on Theed.

A chuckle rumbled above her, and she looked up to find Emiya watching her with quiet amusement, eyebrow lifted. He set down another plate—fried pastry, white with powdered sugar.

“Zepolle,” he said evenly. “A fried pastry, its dough blended with the same kaaf cream cheese as the cake. So—red, white or caf?”

“Huh?” Tsabin looked up, slow and dumbfounded, her mood still whiplashed from the past half minute.

“Do you want a glass of red or white Nabooan Wine—or perhaps caf?” His tone carried a dry edge. “Consider your driving, caf might be wiser.” He gestured towards Arturia with a slight lift of his hand.

“No need, I’ll take a white. I can always switch the speeder to automatic, so one or two glasses won’t hurt.”

Technically, the law didn’t care if the system was automated—the driver was always accountable in an emergency. Still, Tsabin reasoned, one or two glasses hardly counted. Emiya’s brow ticked upward as he silently poured her glass of Nabooan white.

He gave a brief nod, then turned away, working the fryer with practised ease—long tongs agitating the fried goods as he shook the basket and sent a wave of steam rolling upward.

He waved. Tsabin’s hand twitched up before she realised it wasn’t meant for her—Arturia, behind her, dismissed it with a brisk shoo while delivering five steaming cups of caf to a group seated amongst the outside tables.

Her cheeks flamed as she turned the aborted wave into a hair-fuss, trying to project an air of nonchalance. Pointless—Emiya had already vanished into the back.

She groaned inwardly as an elderly woman at the bar met her eye and winked conspiratorially. Wonderful. Even her embarrassment had an audience.

Her datapad buzzed to life. Tsabin flicked it open—Sasha Malvern. Tsabin smiled faintly—an old acquaintance from their studies, now a trusted teammate, and the reason Tsabin had her Environmental Ministry connection in the first place.

The message was brief and to the point: the demonstration was being pushed back two weeks. Better timing, festival day, local shops and businesses already signed on.

Tsabin exhaled hard. More time to plan. Less panic. Though Padmé would still run herself ragged.

Not if she could help it. Fingers flew as she sent a reply to the whole team, slipping in a cheerful suggestion to invite guests along.

She grinned at the thought and waved for the petite and stoic lone waitress.

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END

Tip-yip: Domesticated bird from Endor. It's cute, so don't Google it if you don't want to imagine it as fried chicken. haha

Holo-mirror: Don't think it's canon, but this mirror provides the distance of vehicles behind.

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