

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 1 -

The Future Handmaiden

Tsabin Vareli—Tsabin to those who knew her—groaned as dim morning light slipped through the shuttered balcony doors. She yawned, high and sharp, stretching until her spine popped; the blanket slid to her waist, a strap of her sheer black nightgown sliding halfway down her arm.

She rubbed at one eye and hunched forward with a groan, fumbling across the bed until her fingers found her datapad and the control fob. She thumbed the holoscreen on, its glow spilling over her as she skimmed today's schedule.

It had defaulted to the news channel—of course—and there it was: their latest planetary scandal splashed across the HoloNet. A polished anchor from the Coruscant News Net recited details of suspected political assassinations tied to King Veruna.

She filed the scandal under future Tsabin's problem and shut off the feed, eyes landing on the chrono's pale digits.

06:58—about half an hour after first light. She stifled another yawn behind her hand while her other arm arched high, reaching over the bed toward her nightstand.

Her fingertips found the smooth bottle of hydration drops. With a practised tilt of her head, she pried one eyelid open, let two drops fall, then switched to the other eye.

The cool sting made her blink twice. Excess moisture slid down to her cheeks, and she swiped it away with the fold of her blanket.

“Caf...” She vocalised yearning for a pick-me-up as they finished their meeting just shy of six hours ago, meaning she probably only had two to three hours of sleep.

She couldn't even use a sedative as she couldn't risk sleeping in. She grumbled about wanting more hours in a day as she stood up, her feet touching the cold Nabooan marbled floor.

Her toes sank into the plush warmth of her slippers. A satin robe slid over her shoulders, its untied belt swaying with her steps. The loose fabric parted, and the hem of her nightgown whispered against the smooth skin of her toned

thighs—her tri-weekly training regimen still leaving its mark despite the recent strain on her schedule.

What had started as a local push was now a current, pulling in support from all sides. Naboo's own senator in the Republic, a banking clan, and several shadowed political patrons had stepped in behind the scenes. The senator's reach into the Core gave them valuable connections—though she doubted his aid came without a price.

Their monarch might sit on the throne, but his authority existed only because the people allowed it to do so. And only the people could take it back.

Five days from now, they would try. The planned demonstration had been a nightmare to arrange—the governor of Theed buried them in bureaucratic binds—but Senator Palpatine's discreet influence had carved a way through.

Like most allies in this fight, Palpatine wouldn't stake his name in public. Tsabin, however, had her own theories about what he stood to gain.

Tsabin stepped out into the hall, shuffling toward the dining area with no particular haste.

"One day, we're going to have a guest in here—and you'll be giving them a free show." The voice came light but edged in amusement.

She turned and found Padmé Naberrie, still in last night's attire, a plate of fruit in one hand and a steaming cup—almost certainly caf—in the other.

Only then did Tsabin glance down, taking in the parted robe and sheer nightgown beneath. Not transparent but enough for outlines to show... and for the cool air to draw attention to certain pointy details.

“If this imaginary guest happens to be handsome, I’d be doing them a service by showing off the goods,” Tsabin quipped, giving her chest a theatrical squeeze.

“Ahh, you—you’re impossible,” Padmé sputtered, cheeks heating as she flicked a grape in her direction.

Tsabin plucked the fruit neatly from the air, popped it between her lips and claimed a seat—deliberately facing away from the holoscreen as Padmé focused on Corscant News Net’s latest on King Ars Veruna.

“Have you even slept yet?” Tsabin asked, helping herself to a cup of caf.

Only then did she notice Padmé’s drink—just steaming water with a slice of meiloorun citrus floating in it, not the caf she’d first assumed.

Padmé let out a weary sigh and switched off the holoscreen; the feed had moved on from Naboo. “I’ve just spent the last hour on a holocall with Senator Palpatine, going over the talking points for my speech at the demonstration.”

Padmé pushed her chair back and stood, stretching lightly. “I’m going to nap for a bit before I start on today’s meeting prep.” She set her dish into the automatic washer and looked over her shoulder. “What about you—any rest? What’s keeping you busy today?”

“I think I managed a luxurious three hours of sleep,” Sabe said with a sarcastic smile. “But we’re in the home stretch now. I can sneak in naps here and there—just like back when we were cramming academy deadlines between intern shifts.

She flicked through her datapad. “Let’s see... compile poll stats, get Sasha to link me with someone from environmental, and hunt down something edible for the team—but I think Su Yan sent me something and her recommendations.”

She clicked on an unread message from Su Yan—*The Empty Pantry*. ‘Weird name,’ she thought, smirking.

Then arms slipped around her from behind, warm and familiar. “Thank you, as always.”

The soft scent of Padmé’s perfume mingled with the warmth of her breath as she rested her chin on Tsabin’s shoulder. “You’ve always had my back.”

Tsabin leaned in until their cheeks touched, her fingers curling gently around Padmé’s forearm, tracing idle shapes against her sleeve.

“Always. Who else would endure your relentless idealism, oh—”

Padmé’s fingers pinched her side before she could finish. “You’re insufferable,” she said, though the small smile tugging at her lips betrayed her.”

Tsabin leaned back, arms lifting above her head. “Enough sentiment—you’ve got a bed calling your name, and I’ve got a day’s worth of errands.

“Well, maybe half a day’s worth.” She quickly amended.

“Eat before you head out,” Padmé replied, pausing in the doorway. “And you should rest too.”

“One battle at a time,” Tsabin said with a small smile, watching to make sure Padmé’s footsteps led to her quarters.

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Tsabin steered the speeder toward the Palace Plaza, the drone of the repulsors fading into the background noise of midday traffic. She glanced at

the chrono—half past noon already—and angled toward the restaurant Su Yan had sworn was worth the trip.

Before the change in ownership, the building had housed The Marble Kettle, where she, Padmé, and a handful of friends had lingered over caf and laughter in their university years. Its closure still felt like a small loss, and it was unfortunate that they couldn't visit such a place full of memories recently. Plus, few places could match the decadence of their desserts.

The kindly Nabooan and Pantoran owners had been as much a fixture as the marble counters, slipping her and Padmé free samples whenever they stopped by. Back then, it was often a walk to or from the Palace Plaza with friends—or, in her case, a date with her then-fun, charming, and sweet boyfriend, Casius Virello. He would later introduce Padmé to her first boyfriend, Tavern Duroli.

They'd both been engineering majors, and the four of them had roamed the Palace Plaza on countless double dates. The Marble Kettle had usually been their unofficial last stop, a place to end the evening over decadent desserts.

Being two years ahead, the men had graduated early and taken positions with Kuat Drive Yards. With Padmé and Tsabin buried in internships and coursework, and the men embarking on their careers, all agreed that distance would be unkind.

So they made time for one last week together—Padmé, persuasive as ever, winning her parents' blessing to use their villa in the Lake Country

On the second morning, the quiet villa was broken by the sight of Casius and Tavren locked in a slow, passionate kiss.

They'd laughed nervously when confronted, explaining that they'd always been close—too close for the comfort of their traditional families—and that

they were attracted to both men and women. They cared for Padmé and Tsabin, but also for each other, and were caught in the heat of the moment.

What could have ended the trip instead transformed it; the rest of the week was a blur of shared touches, whispered laughter, and a sexual awakening none of them would forget.

They parted on warm terms, maintaining contact over the years. Both men had since earned promotions to lead their own projects and, unsurprisingly, had made their relationship official.

Padmé and Tsabin had never been a couple, yet their bond had grown closer ever since that week, sometimes blurring into intimacy when circumstances—and desire—aligned.

When Caius and Tavren visited last year, they'd all slipped back into the pleasures of their Lake Country escape without hesitation. Now, with Naboo's politics souring by the week, those memories felt impossibly distant—like sunlight through tinted glass. These days, every private indulgence was a potential liability, and Tsabin carried that awareness like a weight on her shoulders.

The illusion broke as she eased her speeder into the multi-tier bay a block from the Palace Plaza, the hum of the repulsorlifts echoing in the enclosed structure. She followed the glowing guide-strips to an open slot on the second tier, the kind of half-secluded space she'd learned to prefer. From here, the sunlit arches of the plaza were just a thin sliver between the bay's duracrete walls.

She killed the engine, locking the speeder before slipping out and tightening her robe. The political tension she'd been living in had made her hyper-aware of her surroundings—eyes scanning the shadows, ears tracking the distant hiss of lift doors.

A low whine drew her attention: a speeder bike approaching along the row. She paused, waiting for it to pass, but instead of continuing on, the bike glided to the end of the lane and swung back.

A prickle of unease ran up her spine. Her hand twitched toward the inside pocket where her blaster should have been—then she cursed silently.

She'd left it in the speeder. Ever since everyone had been tied publicly to opposition movements, they'd been taking self-defence classes and carrying for security... well, trying to.

The rider slowed to a stop a few metres away, the bike still hovering in idle. He was unfamiliar—yet there was something disconcertingly familiar in his bearing. A plain white shirt, simple black slacks, and over it, a striking long coat of deep crimson leather. Broad shoulders strained against the seams, sleeves tugged by the muscles of his arms. Light brown skin, short white hair, sharp grey eyes. He was... handsome. And that only made her more wary.

“Ms Valerie, right?” His voice was a rich, warm baritone—unexpectedly civil for someone blocking her in.

‘Was he putting up a pretence to catch me off guard?’ The thought came sharp and reflexive.

“It's Vareli,” she corrected, her tone cool, shoulders squaring in quiet readiness in case the encounter turned.

“Ah, yes—my apologies. Vareli, Tsabin.” The man inclined his head slightly as though trying to smooth away any unease. “You're the one who placed the large feast order earlier.” His mouth quirked, faintly amused. “I'd guess you've just parked here and were planning on walking the rest of the way to the restaurant.”

He swung a leg over and dismounted, and it was only then that she caught his full height. The bike hovered beside him, engine purring in idle, as he unhooked something from the side compartment.

Holding it out—a sleek black riding helmet—he said, “Name’s Emiya. I’m one of the owners of The Empty Pantry... and the one who took your order. Do you need a ride?”

“Uh...” Tsabin stared at the helmet, the unexpected civility of the gesture taking the edge off her suspicion to make her pause. “That’s... not the offer I thought you’d be making.”

She hesitated, eyeing the helmet, then him. “Do you give all your customers personal delivery service?”

Emiya’s brow lifted in quiet amusement. “Well, I usually wouldn’t leave my restaurant mid-service. But I’d forgotten my food transport containers in the speeder, so I had no choice. I recognise you from the holocall and I wouldn’t want a high-paying customer later thinking I passed them by without offering the neighbourly thing.”

He was nice? With a dry edge to his sarcasm. And there was something in the way he spoke—confident, easy—as if he was used to bantering with people of higher station without ever sounding deferential.

“Excuse me,” he said, pulling out of her thoughts. “While I’m sure my partner could handle the restaurant alone, I’d like to return sooner rather than later. So do you need—or want—a ride?”

“Uh.” Was again her succinct reply.

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END

AN: Tsabin Vareli is Sabé before she changed her name when she pledged herself to Queen Padmé Amidala, neé Nabberie. She seems to suffer from a condition where she was born without a family name, quite the unfortunate predicament, so I gave her one.

Oh, and by the way, before you get confused, Naboo has 26 hours in a day, and clocks pretty much work like Earth's. Shirou's 02:27 is about four hours before sunrise, around 6:30 am. 00:00 - 06:29, early morning, 06:30 - 12:59 is morning, 13:00-18:59 is afternoon, 19:00 - 25:59 is evening.

Additionally, the bi M/M aspect was something I added to make it more natural for Tsabin (Sabe) and Padmé to be open to a quad relationship later. I find nothing wrong with M/M, but it's just not my thing, so I'll probably only do references. And the two OCs wouldn't probably appear in this story again, well, under normal circumstances, they do work in KDY.

Why do we have letters like this é! It's frustrating to write with. haha

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