

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 3.2 -

The Once,

**'Once and Future Tyrant King'
and The Empty Pantry Challenge**

Arturia, once the Tyrant King of Camelot, feared ruler, peerless knight, took up a napkin and primly dabbed at the corners of her mouth. Her regal composure never wavered as she dispatched another double-patty shaakburger with

cheese—seven already finished, their flimsiplast wraps folded neatly at the edge of her large tray, which was laden with her chosen favourites from the restaurant—and, by Shirou’s insistence, a large bowl of salad.

The minced shaak patty, smashed near paper-thin, provided a crisp bite, while the second patty was cooked thick, brimming with juice—her deliberate preference for both a seared crust and tender, juicy meat gave her the best of both worlds in mouthfeel.

Melted shaak-milk cheese, a blend of cheeses crafted by Shirou, was draped across each patty, its silky consistency the result of Shirou’s expertise in cooking.

Back when they were starting, Arturia, of course, demanded her favourite items, like the current burger she was demolishing demurely. And a burger isn’t complete without the greatness of melted American cheese. Like always, he acquiesced and asked for patience as he made several types of cheese from shaak milk.

He used a blend of this and melted it in a splash of white wine, and stabilised it with some sodium citrate. According to him, this was the key ingredient needed for a melting cheese as it prevents the fats from splitting when melted.

Additionally, Shirou prepared an amazing sauce and some pickles, which served as the perfect complement, cutting through the richness of the high-quality meat and cheese.

‘An indulgence worthy of a king,’ she thought, her eyes closing briefly as she savoured the daily caloric conquest made possible by Tessari Nyl and her holodrama-in-arms, Lessa Vellasi.

In a rare concession to her personal chef, attendant, and mother hen, Arturia had admitted that her appetite might prove a burden on Shirou and their

shared finances. She had approached Tessari—Lessa at her side—and together they devised a scheme: a food challenge.

The rules were simple. A group of up to six could be formed for this challenge. If one side cleared their platter within the hour while the other failed, the losers paid for both. If both finished, each simply paid for their own. However, if they finish it within half an hour or the challengers beat the record—currently seventeen minutes—they would eat for free. But if they were to beat the current record, not only would they eat for free, but drinks were on the house for that night, and they could request a reward—provided it's within reason.

She had overheard more than once that customers hoped to claim her company as a prize. Most fell silent whenever Shirou appeared in the room. Only one had been bold enough to speak it aloud: a hulking Zabrak merchant, prosperous, well-travelled, and a regular customer whenever trade carried him through the Chommell sector.

It was that same Zabrak who carved his name into the record at seventeen minutes—beating hers by half a minute. His triumph, however, ended less gloriously—struck down not by defeat but by indigestion. He had, after all, been the first challenger to brave the platter alone.

The platter was daunting: ten sandwiches of every variety—shaakburgers with cheese, battered fish, breaded tip-yip, and sausage in buns—plus a forty-six centimetre pizza, a pile of fried tip-yip, a mountain of tuber fries, a bowl of salad, and a bowl of shaakmeat pasta large enough to feed a family.

He requested transportation to the nearest medcentre—only for Arturia to loudly proclaim that his wish was her command—thus cancelling his earlier request for a date, much to his dismay.

Two months had passed, and the merchant had yet to return. Perhaps trade called him elsewhere. Perhaps he still recalled the indigestion. Or perhaps the

humiliation of being carried by a petite 154-centimetre Arturia—perched side-saddle on her swoop bike and clinging for dear life—none could say.

She now faced a challenger of five, the dining area bustling with cheers and wagers. The spectacle had become frequent enough that Shirou was forced to impose limits: once per day only, with no more than four groups permitted at a time. Arturia would still have but a single platter, yet up to four groups could stand against her simultaneously.

Without Shirou's restrictions, the restaurant might truly have lived up to its name—The Empty Pantry. Despite rumours, her stomach wasn't a bottomless abyss, nor was she a sarlacc that had devoured a goddess and stolen her form.

Arturia bristled at the reminder of that rumour—one that had first surfaced shortly after a certain Pantoran's visit. The timing had been too coincidental to dismiss. Distracted by the thought, she seemed to glare openly at one of the challengers as she bit, prim yet menacing, into a piece of fried tip-yip.

The challenger, already heavy with food, stiffened under her heated gaze. Sweat shone on his brow as he bent back over his platter, shovelling more down despite the visible strain. To her, it seemed needless; he was clearly near his limit already.

She spared the man one last glance, noted his foolish persistence, and dismissed it at once. If he chose to choke himself in pride, that was his affair. Arturia returned to her meal, taking a neat bite of pizza with a small '*mokkyu*' that, inexplicably, drew giggles and soft '*awws*' from the crowd.

Arturia then stood up and bussed out the empty bowl, previously filled with pasta, and threw away all the neatly folded flimsiplast before coming back to the centre table and settling in.

'Anyway,' she thought, forcing herself to dismiss the sarlacc rumour. To temper matters, Shirou ruled that if multiple groups challenged her and lost, they would divide the price of her platter amongst themselves.

For many, the challenge became less a contest and more a bargain. Office workers, families, and circles of friends often booked it on the Zhellday nights before the weekend, treating it as a gathering rather than a competition.

Drink flowed freely during these gatherings—fortunate, given beverages yielded two to three times their cost—often eclipsing food itself. Such revelry was a recent development. For the first half of the year, their income had been steady and unremarkable—until the Zabrak proved the challenge was possible alone. From then, not only did the number of challengers grow, but so too did the restaurant's traffic.

Looking down at her platter, she was surprised that she had already finished all but a single slice of pizza—while the bowl of salad loomed at her periphery, menacingly.

A piercing screech echoed across the marble floor as the challenger shoved his chair back. He rose unsteadily, hand pressed to his mouth, and stumbled for the open street-front, his path swerving close enough to nearly knock into a customer entering.

From the adjacent street—where her swoop bike was parked—came the sound of retching. The crowd jeered and cheered at the group's automatic disqualification.

With her last slice in hand, she leaned to the side and fetched the bucket and mop Shirou had wisely stationed for such occasions. She stood tall, regarding the five disqualified men, hunched and labouring for breath.

Their tray was still filled with untouched wrapped sandwiches, half-eaten burgers, and a mauled piece of fried tip-yip—a significant amount of meat still clung to its bones.

'At least they were able to finish the fries, though they barely touched the pizza, pasta, and salad,' Arturia noted, sighing at the pathetic attempt.

Arturia stood up, holding both the bucket in one hand and biting her last slice of pizza with another *'mokkyu.'*

“You there—” the raucous slightly abating at her words, “come assist your downed comrade, here.”

The man sitting nearest turned his head to face her, as his cheeks mashed against the table’s surface.

Arturia gave him a severe stare as she took another bite of her pizza with a *'mokkyu'*. The man held a mesmerised look as the light hit Arturia in such a way that it just enhanced her regality.

“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 Arturia nodded, eyes closed in solemn dignity as she basked in their appreciation of her words. 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 him. 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.

‘This man—’ Arturia thought, irritatingly, as she puffed her cheeks, as her pout was followed by a ripple of laughter through the room.

Arturia cast her gaze around—quieting the insolence of the crowd—as she lifted her empty tray and carried it towards the counter for Shirou to place in the autowasher

It was then that she got a good look at the new arrival. She hadn’t seen her before—or at least not enough to warrant recognition. Judging by her bearing, however, she would have been impossible to forget had she visited more than once.

Black and gold draped her form in distinctly Nabooan style, the robe’s lines flowing into gleaming fitted trousers. Her hair was wound into looping coils tied into twin buns, with bangs neatly framing an elegant, sharp-featured face. Amber eyes, steady and unblinking, were fixed on the—

“Ms Verali. This is the co-owner of the restaurant—Arturia Pendragon.”

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END

AN: In Star Wars they have five-day weeks. Zhellday is the fourth before the weekend—Benduday.

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