

## 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 4.2 -**

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

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*Previously...*

*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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After acknowledging her call, the stoic lone waitress stacked five steaming cups of caf on a tray, slid another under the dispenser, and carried them to the table of six—the earlier wretching customer now back. At the same time, his struggling comrades took cautionary bites of their still massive pile of food.

She set each cup down in turn, skipping the man who had nearly bowled Tsabin over. Each of their faces lit up, eagerly nodding at something she said—her words drowned by the chatter of the restaurant crowd.

Retrieving the last cup from the dispenser, she placed it before the poor guy hunched over the table as she gave him a consoling pat on the shoulder.

With that task down, her gaze did a quick sweep of her surroundings before she approached Tsabin, tray tucked beside her.

“How may I help you?” The server clad in black and white asked, her voice as flat as her expression.

“I’m putting together a last-minute gathering—my colleagues have been working without pause for weeks. Do you take on catering deliveries?”

The question seemed to snag her composure; her face, usually blank as carved stone, gathered into lines of quiet concentration.

“Before I answer that question, how last-minute would this be and for how many people?” Her voice remained even, though a weight lay behind it.

“Perhaps twenty-five, at most thirty. And... tonight,” Tsabin admitted, as heat pricked her cheeks. She forced a small sheepish smile, scratching her jaw as she remembered the posted closing time.

“Around the twenty-third hour,” Tsabin added quickly, faltering under the weight of her stare, an awkward chuckle slipping out.

“Hmm.” Arturia laid the tray aside, words measured but heavy. “We were planning to close early. Tomorrow is our first day off since opening.”

Tsabin frowned at that, already thinking of an alternate.

“However, the previous owner told us to seize opportunities,” she added, giving a solemn little nod.

“Besides...” Her lips twitched, a slight smile forming. “Shirou’s a busybody.” Her gaze flicked toward the back.

For Tsabin, it was a fleeting, picturesque image—broken the next moment by the abrupt snap of her head.

“Unfortunately, the last of our thermocrats are committed to your current order. Would disposable containers suffice?” Arturia asked, pausing only to acknowledge departing patrons with a curt nod.

Tsabin turned the thought over—then inspiration struck.

“Or... we could rent this place instead after hours. Invite more people, have drinks. Everyone wins, right?” She flashed a hopeful smile.

“...!”

“Sorry, is Shirou Mr Emiya?”

Arturia’s brow arched as she nodded in acknowledgement. Serendipitously, the back door opened and in stepped the subject of her query.

His gaze swept around the room once before fixing on the fryer. Two baskets, one in each hand, shaken with effortless ease. Not a twitch of strain as the heavy-looking filled baskets were then clipped above the vat.

Then, retrieving two stacked plasteel bowls, he placed them on the counter beside the fryer.

The fried goods fell in a crisp heap. His hand rose high, scattering salt with a motion almost theatrical, light from above framing him as though centre stage. Tsabin caught herself staring—her gaze drawn lower by the unfortunate placement of the bowl.

A prickling awareness slid over her, and she coughed into her hand, trying to shake off the evidence of eyes that had lingered too long. Her quarry had already vanished—retreated into the back, likely to finalise her order.

She straightened her back, expression level, eyes meeting the approach of the waitress who had returned after quickly clearing a table and tending to an elderly lady at the counter.

The woman’s face remained unreadable, yet in those golden eyes, Tsabin swore there flickered a glint of amusement.

Their brief staring contest broke when a baritone voice sounded—Shirou Emiya, now fully identified. Tsabin assumed Emiya was his family name. Unless Shirou was, and Arturia simply chose to use it, which seemed unlikely.

“Your orders are done,” he said crisply, wiping his hands with a towel.

His silver-grey eyes shifted to his partner, “Would you care to escort our guest back to the speeder?”

“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 Tsabin. “However, our guest also wishes to book the restaurant for private use after hours.”

“Oh, really.” His brow arched while he set the towel down with exacting neatness on the plasteel counter.

Their eyes locked in wordless exchange—Tsabin felt as though she were intruding on a private moment.

However, this brief moment of silent exchange—a testament to how much they know each other, or at least that’s what Tsabin assumed—was broken when Arturia directed her gaze to Tsabin.

“I’m fine with it. We can have our break next week instead. It would be remiss to squander an opportunity; idleness is the enemy,” she declared.

“We do seem to collect enemies, don’t we? Isn’t hunger one of them? Perhaps this is your ploy to upsell the ‘Beat the Sarlacc challenge.’ I already placed limits on it, lest you become Chunktura.”

Tsabin almost winced at the tension—Arturia’s glare could have cut durastell, though the effect was undercut by the faintly puffed cheek she was pouting with.

“I do not appreciate any perversion of my name, nor am I to be likened to an anthropomorphised sarlacc,” she intoned, arms crossing with a faint stamp of her foot.

“Furthermore, we maintain rigorous nightly sparring. Two ‘Empty the Pantry Challenges’ in one day is of little consequence,” Arturia proclaimed, her voice cutting cleanly across the room.

Tsabin’s cheeks flared instantly, the room going quiet at the innuendo no one missed. Emiya’s face shifted from frozen disbelief to the long-suffering look of a man used to this. His raised eyebrow hooked at Tsabin like a dare—as though he knew of the images now circling her overwrought mind: the petite woman at her side and the tall, dark, undeniably handsome man locked in a sweaty, passionate ‘spar.’

“Ahem.” Emiya’s cough cracked the silence, his eyes sweeping the room like a teacher catching out unruly students. Chairs scraped as conversations sputtered back to life, a few patrons seizing the chance to settle their bills with a quick tap of their credit chips.

“What is this ‘Beat the Sarlacc Challenge’?” Tsabin asked. Emiya’s grin was all triumph, while Tsabin squirmed under the tempered glare of the thoroughly teased ‘sparring’ aficionado.

And on that note, plans for the night’s revelry took shape fast—loudly punctuated by Arturia’s indignant protest that it was the ‘Empty the Pantry Challenge,’ not whatever else people were calling it. It ended with Emiya volunteering her to haul the three heavy thermocrates to their apartments, since she’d be heading out on a supply run anyway.

Despite warnings—from Mr Tall-Dark-and-Sarcastic—Tsabin had allowed Arturia the controls of her speeder. She had wanted to see what the fuss was about, slaving their speeder to hers. But as soon as both speeders lifted into the air, any trace of sleepiness left her body—burned away by terror as she clung white-knuckled all the way back home.

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Padmé cruised the skyline on the way to the parking bay, having just dropped off Rabbine, Sasha and Mara—Veyra, Ryn, and Kaela, she corrected in her mind. She sighed, fighting Tsabin’s careless habits that Su Yan had begun to mirror. Serin, Nive, she repeated aloud, the sound grounding her resolve.

When she landed in front of the closed establishment, the plasteel shopfront shutter was pulled down and locked, yet she could see light bleeding through the thin gap between the shutter and the floor.

Serin and Nive greeted her as they were standing at the closed shopfront waiting for her, dressed in the same uniform as the so-called “demon driver”—Serin’s nickname for the petite co-owner.

Padmé’s gaze lingered on the uniform, a faint heat rising in her chest.

*‘Perhaps I could convince them to let her keep it?’* She thought hopefully—the dress suited her best friend far too well.

Serin—Padmé, reminding herself firmly of the pseudonym, easing into the habit before the event—offered to park her speeder. She explained the owner had already ridden ahead on a speeder bike to save her the walk.

Padmé’s mind betrayed her for a moment, the name Tsabin almost rising to her lips. She then shook her head in refusal, preferring a little more peace before the night’s rhythm began.

Serin instead passed her the bay number and, oddly, wished her to enjoy.

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Padmé eased her vehicle into the parking bay, steering toward the assigned number. A man sat idly on his speeder, his back a dark silhouette against the sky. The moonlight left her with nothing but his shadowed outline.

She noted the breadth of his shoulders, the cropped cut of his hair, and the lazy way he leaned back while eating—likely a piece of fruit.

As she drew closer, her headlights struck him as he turned to face her approaching vehicle—revealing his white hair and sun-touched skin.

He raised an arm against the glare until she eased the lights down. With a flick of his wrist, the fruit core sailed into the refuse bin, neat as if he'd aimed. Padmé's gaze lingered, catching the subtle shape of his lips—frustratingly silent behind the transparisteel.

With a tap, the transparisteel hatch lowered, the speeder shifting to idle as its thrumming sank to a soft rhythmic hum.

“Padmé—though I suppose Liora is the name I should use, isn't it?”

Her stomach dropped. *'Tsabin!'* The thought flared like a spark; her face, no doubt, betrayed the frustration twisting in her chest. The man's amused chuckle confirmed that her face currently reflects her feelings.

“Don't worry,” he said, the words carrying a calm assurance. “Serin and Nive already swore us to secrecy. They're...a—”

“Handful.” Padmé finished for him, voice flat.

The quiet laugh that followed was disarmingly warm. He turned back to his controls, attitude control thrusters firing in short bursts, his speeder gliding aside with practised ease.

Encouragement wasn't needed. She guided the speeder neatly into the bay and powered it down. The repulsors' hum dwindled to silence, ending in a soft thud as the craft touched down on the duracrete.

He closed the distance in a few strides, one arm offered in a deliberate steadying gesture as she rose from her seat.

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

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**END**

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