Love Without Hope

by Mrs_Doitsu

Summary

What would happen if somehow the King of Heroes had obtained the seal of command for the King of Knights?

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
Prologue

She was a king for her people.

He was a king for himself.

And he was overcome with greed for her. He wished to posses such a naive and giving spirit, then break it. He rose his hand, displaying the seal of ownership to himself, then to her, only to find her attention elsewhere.

He looked at her face as she cried over the body of her past master. He was just a boy, but it was apparent that they had formed a bond.

How foolish.

He would wither and die before her eyes. Why waste ones time on such a futile wish?

The boys blood pooled around his lifeless body, coating her legs and amour. She did not care. She was too stricken with grief. He took this display of weakness to speak and belittle his pet.

"I had warned you, King of Knights. If you defy and resist me, I will subdue you."

His lips twitched up into a cruel smirk. She looked at him, eyes glistening with tears, expression lost and grieved. She grit her teeth before charging at him, anger hazing her vision.

"Gilgamesh, you will pay!"

"Do you think it wise to kill me, woman!"

She stopped, her sword invisible, hidden and raised above her head. Her arms trembled, as the seal came into her line of vision. He bore his teeth to her.

"Excellent, you are learning. You are mine. My servant. And I, your cruel master."

"No-"

Her legs collapsed from under her as the light left her eyes. She saw no hope.

"No, this can't be, you cannot win like this."

He looked down at her, finding the position she was in quite beautiful. On her knees, as she should be.

"How can I win, when you've given up, Saber?"

'There is a fate worse than death,' she thought to herself, closing her lifeless eyes.

*It is a life with no hope.*
Chapter 1

Arthuria slowly opened her eyes, the jade irises struggling to adjust to the darkened room she found herself in. She shut them again as the lull of sleep and warmth clouded her senses. Without thinking of past events, she snuggled closer to a steady source of heat next to her. Her fogged mind immediately assumed it was her late master, Shirō. She nuzzled a bare chest, smiling to herself.

"You're so warm this morning, Shirō." She murmured, lips grazing against the male's throat. She heard a sleepy yawn then a condescending chuckle. Her eyes snapped open.

This scent... It was wrong.

"I would appreciate it if you would use my name, King of Knights. Or master will suffice."

She wretched herself away so fast, Saber would have fallen off if what she was laying on was a normal bed. Similar to a lion, Gilgamesh stretched his lean and fit body, looking at Saber with lidded and satisfied eyes. He settled on his side, head propped up by his hand, looking Saber over, and she felt naked under his scrutinizing gaze. She moved again, and realized her lack of clothing.

Somehow, she had been dressed in something quite scandalous. There was a dark band of cloth across her breast's that just barely covered, the flesh spilling over and probably giving the King of Hero's quite the view. On her lower half, she wore an opaque kind of blue baggy pants that had been tied at her waist and the ends of the pants also tied. Thank the heavens that she still wore the under wear that had been gifted to her by Rin, or else she might as well have been naked. On her wrist's and ankles were loud and heavy circular jewelry that clanged and jingled with every slight movement she made.

"What...?!" She tried to pull them off, but somehow they were too small to slip off of her wrists.

"They are a sort of charm. You cannot take them off unless I do so." He grasped her wrist and successfully slid one of them off, shaking it noisily in his hand, before slipping it back on again. Saber watched the whole display with a look of horror.

"This is used to tell your master of your whereabouts." He grinned wickedly, a finger stroking the inner side of her wrist.

"Escape is impossible."

Saber flinched, then backed up until she felt the edge of the lavish and frankly excessively large bed. She stepped onto the cool floor, struggling the see in the dark.

Stopping, she furrowed her eyes brows. Something was around her neck and inhibiting her to move away further. Her fingers searched and felt a soft, silk binding around her neck. A collar...?!

Saber looked back and saw Gilgamesh's hand lift, the collar connected to a long piece of fabric that protruded from behind her neck, and into his hand.

"I never said you could leave, pet."

"I never consented to such treatment!" She finally spoke, eyes hard and demeanour anything but submissive.

He smirked and yanked on the collar, successfully choking her and forcing her back into the bed.
She gurgled then flopped onto the bed, trying to get away again, only to slowly be pulled closer and closer. When she was close enough, the male grabbed her wrist and pulled her flush against his warm body.

It suddenly became apparent of Gilagmesh’s lack of clothing as the intimate parts of him rested on her leg. Her eyes widened in horror and he grinned wider. Only to have her smack his hands away.

"I do not wish to be treated as an object, King of Hero’s." She stated, trying to back away further, once again. He frowned and tightened the collar, causing her to choke.

"Does the pet question its masters treatment? Or does it endure it and patiently wait for affection..." He said bitterly, bring her face closer to his own. She coughed, clawing at the silk attempting to breath.

"Am I not your pet, Gilagmesh!"

"Oh, but you are, Saber." He leaned his head against her throat, inhaling her scent deeply, his nose behind her ear. She shivered in disgust, struggling for breath, but Gilgamesh saw it as a pleasurable shiver.

"My most prized possession. The very thing I take pride in the most. The thing that I have been waiting so long for. My most beloved and adorable pet."

"You disgust me." Saber whispered, how much she despised this King not even remotely hidden in her hard voice.

"You disgust me in the ways of Kingship."

Her eyes faltered for a second as insecurity made itself known within her, striking a chord deep in her belly and causing pain to blossom across her very being. Gilgamesh reached forward and ran his hand through her hair, undoing the braided bun and relishing in her soft, golden locks.

"But it is my duty to turn you from a pathetic King, to a worthy mate." He murmured into her throat.

"Worthy mate...?" She questioned in disbelief.

"Of course. Not just any woman is worthy of such a specimen of myself. You will have to be trained." He spoke quite highly, and arrogantly. Saber held back the eye roll, as her current situation could somehow worsen. It could have been chains instead of silk. Completely typical for the demi-God to speak in such a prideful manner.

"And you are assuming that you live up to my standards?"

Gilgamesh enjoyed challenges, Saber thought, that if she played along to his sadistic and disadvantaged games, she could strategize her way out of her unfortunate standing.

Gilgamesh raised a pale eye brow, crimson eyes sparkling.

"I reside above your standards. Arthuria." His voice became low and seductive as he tilted her chin up towards his own face.

"I am everything you want and need. That, and more." Saber slapped his hand away again, scooting back.

"Do not assume anything. Especially about me. You had originally thought I was a man, did you
not?" Gilgamesh faltered for a moment, before grinning.

"Of course not."

"If there is one thing I cannot stand, it is liars, King of Hero's." Saber glared, sitting up, only to be pinned down, hands around her throat.

She gurgled and struggled to breath, eyes tearing up in the struggle. Gilgamesh squeezed the pale flesh of her throat. His eyes crazed and angry.

"It seems sad that I may have to beat the submission into you, King of Knights." He squeezed harder.

"But if that is what it is going to take, then so be it."

_~.~_

Arthuria sat on the bed still, but this time, thankfully, alone.

The arrogant man had forced a deep kiss from her mouth, the woman struggling and hitting Gilagmesh's shoulders until he was satisfied. He had told her to 'be good' while he went out to fetch some things.

Before he had left, he had warned her not to break any of his things. He treasured them greatly, almost as much as he did her. But disobedience would not be tolerated any longer. He had also snapped his fingers, illuminating the room with soft candle light, before disappearing completely.

Saber had scoffed to herself.

"If this pathetic attempt is to try and woo me, he is more lost in the ways of women than he lets on." She had said to herself.

After sulking for what she had estimated was about an hour, she had sat up and decided to take in her surroundings. The amount of luxurious items was so much, that it made the she-King blush in embarrassment. The room was much larger than she had anticipated. If she had to guess, it would probably be a tad bit smaller than Shirō's home.

Her eyes immediately watered at the thought of him. Arthuria's love for her late master still throbbed painfully in her chest. A few fat tears ran down her pale cheeks as she hugged her chest, leaning forward, and struggling to not sob. Saber did not want to seem weak in front of her new enemy, and have him return, and find her crying over the death of Shirō.

No, every attempt at escape and every ounce of fight within her would be in his name. Everything she would do henceforth would be for him. He would have wanted that.

Shamefully wiping away the tears with her bare arms, she looked around again. Yes, the room was large. And so was the bed. Her eyebrows furrowed at it. It could have easily fit more than twelve people comfortably. But the King of Hero's had claimed it for himself.

How selfish.

She shifted over to the edge once again, she made sure to roll up the leash of her collar, lest it catch itself on something, strangling her once again. She stepped back onto the floor, finding it covered with expensive and lavish marble tile. Scoffing in disgust at her outfit, she flinched at the jingling of the bangles on almost all of her appendages.
Her eyes darted around as she looked for a closet of some sort, hoping to find a change of clothes. Or a robe at the very least.

In one corner of the room, there was a large pillow pit, with a small table in the middle with empty wine glasses atop it. In the other was a large wooden wardrobe, decorate with gold designs and handles. She bounded over to it, grasping the cool metal, attempting to wretch it open. It did not comply to her dismay. A cool, amused voice whispered in her ear.

"Anything of mine is yours, pet. All you have to do, is ask it of me."

"Open the door."

She grounded her teeth as she heard a chuckle and clicking of Gilgamesh's tongue.

"Properly, pet."

"I have a name." She stated impatiently. Saber had enough of the man's irritating nick name for her. She was not a dog, nor cat.

"Oh? Then do tell me, Saber. It would please me immensely to know your precious name."

She considered not telling him, to possibly obtain some sort of displeasure for withholding information from the male. But she remembered her earlier conclusion. She had to play along.

"... Arthuria." She finally said, giving in, shoulders slumping.

The male gave a pleased hum into her ear.

"Yes, I enjoy the sound of that. Arthuria."

He purred into her ear, shocking her, and making her lip curl in disgust. It sounded like a snake beckoning for her to come closer before it bit, injecting its poisoning venom into her veins.

"Now, you want to open this door?" He asked, and Arthuria swore she felt hands resting on her hips. She flinched and turned around, eyes darting across the room, only to find nothing. She quietly grunted.

"Y-... Yes." She said.

"Then ask properly." Gilgamesh emphasized the importance of the last word by stretching the syllables out into almost two separate words. Saber gave a low growl.

"How am I to ask."

"Why, it is simple, Arthuria." She already regret telling him her name, flinching as it rolled off his tongue so smoothly.

"It is as simple as saying, 'My lord, please open this wardrobe for your most humble servant'."

"Never! That is humiliating and degrading. If I remember correctly, I am the most powerful of the servants. I will never stoop so low as to refer to you as 'Lord'." She bit out, hoping to wound his ego.

"Yes, I believe you are. But if you were this powerful, why was it so easy to capture you, Saber."
Once the King of Hero's had antagonized the blonde to his satisfaction, he had silenced his mental conversational sparring in her mind, leaving her to dress and find something more suitable to wear. When Gilgamesh eventually did grant her permission to open his wardrobe, Saber mentally sighed at all the extravagant clothing choices available to her. Most were scandalous and unappealing in their bright colours of crimson and gold. She did not spy a single article of clothing that was remotely male, accounting that for Gilgamesh's magic at work. He would not let her wear anything he did not approve of.

Arthuria pushed back outfit after outfit until she finally caught a glimpse of deep blue out of the corner of her eye. She almost ripped the hangers out of the wardrobe trying to find where the article of clothing was. She gave a contented sigh as her fingers found the soft material of a tunic, a beautiful shade of blue. Not because blue was her favourite colour, but it was familiar to her.

Glancing around, she quickly changed, smoothing out the clothing around her petite frame. It fit perfectly.

Arthuria almost rolled her eyes.

Of course it fit. Gilgamesh would not allow her anything that she could not have. While that was convenient for the moment, her mind began concentrating on the matter at hand. She was being held hostage, and she needed a plan to escape.

Finally having a chance to look around the room in great detail, she scoured the walls for mana reserves and any traps the golden king might have set for her. Her mindset was now one similar to that of playing chess. In order to win at this particular game, Arthuria found that she had to be two steps ahead of the golden king.

While that itself, seemed impossible, it was difficult. But not entirely impossibly. Her hand splayed over the smooth surfaces as she ran them over the bedroom walls. The candles flickered around her, the shadow of her figure casting dancing silhouette's on the tile floor. Sighing, she dropped her hands as she stood in front of the door.

Her mind stopped moving for a split second.

Would he leave the door unlocked? Her callused hand found the door knob and twisted it, pushing the door open. Her mouth dropped open, before snapping back up. Arthuria's eyes were furious.

"How dare-"

She could not finish her sentence as a loud banging and clattering sounded from behind the open door, startling the she-King. Gilgamesh's warning rumbled in her ear, almost as if he was there,
mocking her. She peeked her jade eyes around the large door, to find a dented shield. It looked to be made almost entirely of gold, save for some silver lining and bolts.

It had embellishments that were painted in gold and red, splatters of what looked to be blood also gave the article more character. And now, it was ruined; because Saber had opened the door.

It become painfully aware to the woman that Gilgamesh had *purposefully* leant the shield against the door. And as she looked around, she saw no other treasure to behold, giving more than enough evidence to her assumption.

It was a trap that she would not fall into.

Arthuria scooted around to push the door behind her, gently closing it, then gingerly picked up the shield. It was heavy. She looked at the dent and scoffed.

"How petty..." Shaking her head, she bent down and leaned the defensive mechanism against the wall, now just realizing her hair was down. She frowned. Maybe if she looked around this new room, she could find something to tie it back.

Standing back up, Arthuria surveyed the spacious area. It looked to be a living room, a modern one. It contained various couches, a large, black, coffee table in the middle of them, and finally all of the items faced a curved television that was much bigger than necessary.

It was all very clean, surprising the King of Knights. She had known Gilgamesh to be childish, pushy, impulsive, aggressive and disorganized. But never clean.

She walked towards the TV, eyes scanning the area for any immediate threats, and finding none. Relaxing her shoulders her eyes skimming over to the four doors, including the one she had exited moments before.

"I was not given any specific instructions not to explore my prison," Arthuria reasoned, waking over to the door on her right.

She gave a passive look at the dented shield, propped up against the wall.

"But I did disobey the specific instructions I was given."

Sighing, she made her way through what seemed to be Gilgamesh's home. She found another bedroom, to her utmost sarcastic delight, that smelled heavily of the golden male. As well, a dinning room, another living room, a room with a pool table and a breath taking view of the city, a large kitchen, and a bathroom with an in-ground heated pool. A pool in an apartment was an idea that was difficult to grasp at the current moment, so Saber did not question it.

Every other door that she could not open was locked, so she left them be, deciding not to further destroy the King of Hero's property. Currently she was looking through the cupboards and drawers residing in the kitchen, trying to find an elastic band, or some twine perhaps to tie her flaxen locks away from her face.

From the materials that Arthuria had found, it seemed that Gilgamesh had a taste for good cooking. The fridge was stocked full with only the finest and expensive ingredients, the same circumstance with the pantry. As well, she found what looked to be a square door in the floor, opened it and found a small wine cellar that dipped about 2 feet down into the floor.

Getting irritated with the lack of materials, Arthuria needed, she quietly growled to herself. Using her logic, she opened up drawer after drawer only to find everything that she did not need.
"String... String, that's all I require!" She muttered to herself, being startled by the clearing of a throat. Knowing exactly who was behind her, she turned around and glared, hoping the expression could wound the male severely. He continued to smirk down at her, holding a crimson ribbon between his lean fingers.

"Whatever are you needing, little Saber?" He taunted, rubbing the shiny fabric between his fingers.

"Your severed head on a silver platter."

He laughed, clicking his tongue at her. She clenched her fists, having no patience for his mockery. Chuckling, he pocketed the ribbon, setting his eyes on her delightfully furious irises. Very gradually, Arthuria was finding that her vision was fading in and out of focus and her head was becoming light. She lightly shook her head to hear his condescending comment.

"Now, that is language a lady should not be using-"

"May I remind you, King of Hero's," She interrupted in a tight voice. "That I was regarded as a man when I ruled.

He started to walk forward, and Saber countered it by stepping back. He frowned, scoffing when her back hit the edge of the marble counter. He leaned over her frame, boxing her in as his hand rested behind her on the counter. At this point, her head was swimming.

"You? A man?" His mouth curled up into a devilish smile

"I was almost certain you had the body of a woman when I had dressed you earlier, but I will gladly check again."

Her eyes widened as the males large hands ran down her small body, to her bare thighs. His hand started to smooth back up, bringing the blue fabric with them, when Arthuria grasped his wrists harshly. She halted his actions with a flushed face, and angered eyes, to which amused the blonde male.

"You will not." She spoke slowly, the male raising an eyebrow challengingly.

"Oh? And how will you stop me? Look at how you're quivering."

How she hated to admit to the small tremors rocking her petite frame. They were a mixture of fear, disgust and adrenaline. This, monster of a man, was now unfortunately her master.

Even though the relationship of a master and servant should have only taken place between a Mage and a heroic spirit, somehow, Gilgamesh found a way to bypass that. This led one to assume he had a tremendous amount of magical abilities, making him even more powerful than originally thought.

And here he was, demanding her body for his play thing. Struggling to find a good come back to his arrogant statements, her voice trembled.

"... Do not underestimate me-"

A surprised gasp left Arthuria lips as she was hoisted up onto the counter as if she were nothing more than a sack of potatoes, making the kitchen spin. Her hands still were holding his wrists, as he gazed at her on equal eye level.

"It seems you say phrases like that so often." He let her thighs go, sliding down and pushing her legs apart, so
He could settle between them.

Something was wrong. She couldn't pull away. Her head was dizzy and her cheeks still flushed. Arthuria closed her eyes, trying to regain herself, before she let out a strangled moan, clasp a hand over her own mouth in horror.

What was the matter with her?

The male continued to grind himself against her, hoping to entice more of the delicious noises that were like music to amuse him, only to have her clamp her lips shut and whimper. He frowned once more at her, pinning her hands to the counter with his own.

"What do you think you are doing?" Gilgamesh demanded, his voice hard, but his hips still moving against hers, in a slow rocking motion.

Her eyes were squeezed shut as she struggled to regain sense of what was happening. Arthuria's breathing was coming out in quick pants against the males throat, and he almost hummed in contentment.

Almost.

"I am trying-" Arthuria's eyes snapped open as her back arched as she let out a particularly loud cry. Gilgamesh did not even try to hide the grin that almost split his face in two.

"Hm. I see Caster's little spell is going to be put to good use."

Arthuria reached up and dug her nails into the arrogant mans shoulders, causing him to hiss.

"Spell...?! You are taking advantage of me! I might as well be drunk!" She whispered the accusation as her entire body was now thrumming contently at the stimulation between her thighs.

"I would use a command seal-"

"Then why do you not, coward!"

Gilgamesh leant forward and ghosted his lips over her ear, biting the lobe and enticing a shiver that wracked the woman's body.

"You are getting desperate." He whispered breathily.

She whimpered, now having little to no control over her actions anymore, and moving her hips to meet his. He grabbed her legs and wrapped them around his waist, and her arms around his shoulders as he pressed himself against her relentlessly.

There was a feeling within her belly that was steadily being stroked hotter and hotter as the male ground against her. Gilgamesh was leaning over Arthuria's shoulder breathing hotly into her ear, as her nails dug further into his shoulders, probably drawing blood. He groaned, biting her ear.

She cried out, the fire burning brighter and brighter, until her orbs snapped open and something exploded. She saw white and a euphoric, pleasurable wave of warmth flooded her entire body as she was engulfed by the white light. Distantly she heard a guttural moan from Gilgamesh and felt a foreign warmth between her thighs.

Once her head was clear and the feeling had passed, both of them struggled to catch their breath.

At the sudden realization of what had just taken place, Arthuria raised her hand ready to strike the
He caught her wrist, then the other as she lifted her other arm to strike him. He took slow deep breaths, leaning his body against the counter. Arthuria's eyes filled with angry tears.

"You bastard-" Her venomous speech was cut short as he kissed her deeply, leaning her backwards to lie her down on the marble counter top. She thrashed and jerked around but the golden king held fast.

He pulled away, lip bleeding slowly. Smirking, he licked the cut that the woman had inflicted, becoming aroused at the mixture of pain and Saber's taste on his tongue.

"I did not rape you. I simply brought you to paradise and back against your will."

"That is exactly what rape is!"

He raised an eyebrow.

"You are still untouched inside. I do not see how your anger is justified, woman."

She growled, baring her teeth, and reached forward and latching her canines into the flesh of his shoulder.

He cried out, pushing her back onto her back. She realized her mistake as she looked at his wine coloured eyes, which were dilated.

"Attempting to injure me in this state only encourages my actions." He licked his own teeth.

"Please, continue."

Saber almost screamed out in agony as her body began to respond to Gilgamesh's touches.
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

[A/N: Thank you guys, first off, for being so patient with my dumb arse. I really appreciate the follows, favourites and reviews for this story. It helps with the creative flow too. This is a pretty heavy chapter, and I apologize if you get uninterested reading this. I just need to further the plot a little bit, then that should kick-start some more interactions with our two cute tsundere's. Anyway, enjoy, you guys have earned this.]

See the end of the chapter for more notes

She stared at the toned back of an abusive man. His side and muscles expanded and moved as he slept deeply, completely vulnerable to her.

Arthuria’s eyes swept over his form as they lay in the large bed, the jade in her eyes now a dull green as she lay awake, flaxen coloured hair sprawled out underneath her weary head.

It had been a week.

And Arthuria was physically and emotionally exhausted. Thankfully, Gilgamesh was saving her virginity. As he put it;

"Now is not the time for intimacy. I cannot cherish it in my current state. This will suffice for now."

Every night he would touch her, feel her, kiss her, and bring her to climax without her consent. And every time, he would use that damned spell to incapacitate her.

The coward...!

How dare he rape her when she was helpless and very much unwilling! She grit her teeth, the memory of his last session so very fresh in her mind.

The bangles and jewelry she wore twinkled and gently clinked as she shifted in the sheets to further herself away from the man. She curled her legs and arms closer to herself as the tears threatened to fall at the edges of her eyes.

No, she thought. No, stay strong. For him. For Shirou.

A quiet sob escaped her lips as she squeezed her eyes shut. He was asleep, she would allow herself some sort of emotionally release before she imploded on herself and gave in.

God, she hoped she was stronger than that.

She clutched the red sheets closer to her face, soaking the material with her tears, turning it an even darker shade of burgundy.

Arthuria kept her sobbing to a low shaking breath that could not be easily heard, except for a loud snuffle every few minutes. After what she had guessed was about twenty minutes, she had no more tears to shed.
It was out of character for the King of Knights to cry as such, but she was just so tired.

The maiden king stared at the other occupant of the bed, only to have her puffy eyes widen in horror. His breathing was no longer deep. In fact, it looked as if he was holding his breath.

Her first reaction was to punish him. It was completely his fault that she felt like this; so isolated, lonely, dirty and hurt. She wanted to hit him with her noble phantasm a million times over until even his remains perished.

She wanted him dead.

Arthuria turned away, rather than beat her master to a pulp like she so desperately ached to. Even uttering the fact that he was her master had her feeling nauseous. She pulled the sheet even closer to her as she felt the bed shift.

The hair in the back of her neck rose as she felt his breath on her skin.

"Why... Why do you cry..?"

His tone was surprising. He was not demanding an answer. Gilgamesh's tone was a mixture of both confusion, and... No, that could not possibly be concern. It was most definitely curiosity. The man had made it very obvious he was not concerned for her well-being. He would use her as he saw fit.

She chose not to answer him, shutting her eyes and willing her body to sleep and hopefully forget. Arthuria could not stop the surprised gasp when Gilgamesh slid closer to wrap his arms around her torso, arms resting comfortably under her breast's.

No other part of him touched her but his arms. She could feel his body heat, but he uncharacteristically kept his distance. Arthuria was so perplexed at the action, she froze and gaped at the wall.

"Listen well, Arthuria. I know not why you weep, but know this. As your husband, I will not-"

"You are not my husband."

Her voice was throaty and raspy from her tears, but the malice and hate intertwined was not unnoticeable. Her entire body became rigid as his arms tightened.

"Saber-"

"A husband does not rape his wife. A husband is kind and loving. A husband does not lock his wife away from the world. A husband does not demand love and affection in return for abuse."

Every sentence she spoke, her voice became more broken and and sad, but at the same time, hateful and angry.

"You are not a husband. You are but a villainous-"

"That is enough, Arthuria."

"-murderer who enjoys tormenting me and making me into a personal concubine. You are also, unfortunately my master."

Arthuria was met with silence. Not realizing she was panting from the emotions she felt, she calmed herself, reaching a hand toward her throat to feel her fluttering heartbeat.
"... Do you really think me a murderer, Arthuria?"

There was a moment of silence that seemed to stretch on into an eternity.

She did not answer him.

Because she did not have an answer to give.

Arthuria awoke the next morning alone, to her relief. Sighing, she turned onto her back to stare at the unique designs molded onto the ceiling with plaster, smothered in reflective gold paint. She raised her arm to rest the back of her hand against her forehead in defeat as she mentally prepared herself for another day with the arrogant bastard.

Only a minute later did she realize that the ridiculous gold bangles were missing from her wrist. She raised her arm to inspect it further, and indeed the jewelry was missing. When she sat up to look at the rest of her body, the golden bracelets were nowhere to be found.

She rubbed her wrist as she looked around for an explanation, only to be greeted by Gilgamesh's arrogant voice lulling in her roaring mind.

"Good morning, dear Saber. Did you sleep well?"

"No."

She heard a defeated sigh from his end.

"Well, I will address the issue later. If you hadn't noticed, I have given you a gift."

Ah, so this 'freedom' of hers now was a gift. Arthuria clenched her fists.

"You think of freedom, as some sort of novelty? That I should thank you for allowing me the basic human right of privacy...!"

"Ah, I do truly wish I was there to see the expression on your face. I suppose your voice will do. Tell me, are you grateful? A husband is expected to shower his wife with gifts and love, is he not? Am I not the most generous and gracious husband this universe has to offer?"

"You are not my husband, Gilgamesh."

He clicked his tongue inside her mind and she bunched the sheets in her hands. He was mocking her... How dare he!

"You are half-asleep and confused, so I will let the rude comment go for now."

She scoffed, then silenced herself as the man continued to speak in her mind.

"I am afraid that I will be occupied for the whole day once again. You are free to go any place you like. But be back at our home before 9 o'clock tonight."

Her hands loosened their hold on the sheets as she thought about the chance she was given. He wanted something.

That much was true.

While he did grant her this 'gift', Arthuria knew without a doubt that he wanted something of greater
"And Saber,"

There was a moment of silence as the King of Hero's waited for his 'wife' to respond. Arthuria grunted, waiting or him to continue.

"Do not be late. The consequences for making your King wait are quite hefty and would be wise to avoid at all cost's."

That was the last thing she heard before his presence slowly disappeared from her mind.

She yelled, and quite loudly as she hit the mattress below her with her small hands until she had tired herself out. Arthuria sat on her knees panting, eyes closed as she whimpered quietly;

"If You are really there, God; Why are you doing this to me...!!"

Arthuria had later gotten up and made herself something to eat, despite the initial temptation of just laying in bed all day.

Gilgamesh had demanded she know how to cook something, if not only for herself, but for him as well. He had such a deluded fantasy of what a wife was.

She scowled at the eggs and bacon that were sizzling away in the pan, as if it were their fault she was a prisoner to such a tyrant.

Arthuria was then subjected to various media outlets on how to cook. She burnt and destroyed a fair amount of pots, pans, dishes and the likes.

To which the King of Hero's had merely laughed and bought new ones, amused that she had annihilated his cooking ware. She would never admit that some of the destruction was on purpose to try and frustrate the man.

Now she had gotten the gist of cooking simple meals, and was able to make herself sufficient sustenance that was not burnt or inedible.

Turning the stove off, she pushed the food onto an immaculate white plate to eat, the sounds of her activity bouncing off the walls around her eerily. She absolutely detested the large empty spaces that surrounded them, feeling that it was unnecessary to live in such extravagance.

And frankly it made her quite lonely, hearing only herself, her mind flashing back to that hill, where she was also by herself.

Carefully placing the pan into the sink to clean later, she sat at the polished, black modern table and chairs. Her silverware clinked and echoed even more so against the bare walls, enticing a tense reaction from her.

Arthuria then ate as quickly as she could, then went about filling the sink to wash her dishes in silence. Her hands began scrubbing the pan, as reality suddenly decided to hit her.

She could leave the apartment.

"... I-I can go where I want. Although, with a ridiculous curfew, as if I were a child. But a form of freedom, nonetheless. Which I can use to my advantage."

Her mind began to buzz as various plans began to form in her brain, plans to escape Gilgamesh.
Then a strange thought entered her head.

Paying a visit to Kirei Kotomine could prove to be helpful.

Her hands stilled and her eyes bulged.

Had she forgotten the past so easily?! Just the aura the man gave off set Saber on edge, and made her suspicious of the motives that spurred the priest's actions. Everything about him, had Saber on guard when interacting. Besides, for all she knew, he was involved with the scheme of stealing Shirō’s command seals.

Command seals.

That was what Saber was going to spend her time now. Figuring out how Gilgamesh had executed the act of stealing her late master's command seals, and if the action could be reversed, or at the very least, made null and void.

Then Saber decided, against her better judgement, that visiting the peculiar priest would be in her best interest, as well as her worst in different variables.

After cleaning up after herself, and putting away her dried dishes, Arthuria decided she was going to shower and make herself presentable.

As she locked the door to the large bathroom (and checked it twice to make sure it was secured, not that it would do her any good), her mind could not help but bitterly remember the first experience she had bathing in this particular room.

"Saber."

Arthuria sighed aloud, as she turned over onto her side to look at her arrogant master, who had stripped down to nothing. She grunted and looked at his face, un-amused and unfazed.

She did, however, notice the flickering pout and disappointment cross his features as she regarded him. Tch, she thought, how childish of him.

He was not going to catch her off guard. Sitting up, she crossed her legs on the mattress, abandoning a book she blatantly took without asking from Gilgamesh's collection that he had materialized from his massive treasury.

"...What is it now, King of Heroes."

Gilgamesh strut forward, and Saber made it a point to only keep her eyes trained on his face. He again, showed brief disappointment in his expression, before replacing it with his usual haughty attitude.

He stood before the King of Knights, then leaned down and brushed some of her bangs behind her ear. Arthuria tensed, then bat his hand away, enticing a chuckle from the larger man. She glared.

"We are going to bathe together."

Arthuria's eyes bulged.

"We, What?! No!"

Gilgamesh smirked, placing a hand on his hip.
"Did I ask you? No. I did not."

Arthuria growled, lunging at the man, said man smoothly dodging her attack, to leave her on the floor, her jewelry clanging noisily against the marble.

"I am simply-"

"Informing you of my decision."

Arthuria scoffed, finishing his sentence for him from the cool floor. The marble felt good against her skin, so she stayed on the ground of her own accord.

"You should look into broadening your vocabulary, Gilgamesh. I have heard this speech before."

The Ancient king of Babylon frowned.

"I will take it into consideration, wife."

His frown melted into a perverse grin, one that set Arthuria's hair at a standing position. This would not end well for her.

"Now, do you wish to walk? Or be dragged?"

Arthuria, picked herself off the floor elegantly, brushing herself off. Feeling slightly dignified, she walked to the bathroom they shared, before gulping as the male locked the door behind them.

"There. Not that this will be enough stop you, but buy me enough time to stop you myself."

Gilgamesh chuckled as he stalked forward, delicately placing his hands onto her shoulders, each finger resting against her pale skin individually. Arthuria stood there, debating on whether to fight or flee, or remain frozen.

"I have saved you the trouble of undressing me, since I had a feeling that you would be too bashful-"

"I would not. If you claim to know me, you would know that I do not back down from a challenge."

The hands on her shoulders tightened their hold, but she did not cease her banter.

"If you had asked me to perform such a task, I would have done it. Even if such a task repulsed me."

"Hm... I will remember those words for future reference, dear Saber."

Saber cursed her pride. She really was digging her own grave.

"However, you are still fully clothed,"

Her blood ran cold at that sentence.

"And as your King, it seems unfair for me to be in a state of nakedness, while you remain as you are." He reached upwards and undid her hair as he spoke, the blonde tendrils falling into her shoulders.

"I will undress you."

Saber caught the man's hand as he reached forward with one hand to grab onto the bottom of her tunic.

"... Gilgamesh."
Arthuria turned her head to look at Gilgamesh, who looked back at her impatiently.

"Please, let me do it myself."

Arthuria hated the tone that came out so willingly, which was pleading and helpless sounding.

He seemed to weigh the options, giving Saber hope that he would agree to her quite pathetic plea.

"No. It is my duty as your husband to tend to your needs. As it is your duty as my wife, to tend to mine."

Her knocked her hand away, then slowly and carefully pulled the tunic away over her head, leaving her exposed in her plain, white underwear.

Arthuria crossed her arms over her chest, trying to protect herself, bitterly glaring over her shoulder at the Golden King, who simply smirked at her.

He tossed the blue cloth onto the polished floor, stalking forward until the front of his body was pressed against her backside. She tensed as a particular part of his body became intimately nestled against her. Arthuria felt a hum of contentment as he simply let his body rest against her's.

"While your body is small, you are quite soft."

As he spoke against her cheek, his lips nipped the skin of her ear and around it. As well, his hands wandered down her shoulders to where her arms were tucked securely around her chest. Arthuria tensed as his hands slid over-top her own.

"... Arthuria, let me see you."

"If you honestly expect me to give into you so easily, you are out of your mind."

Suddenly she was whirled around. Startled she looked into Gilgamesh's face, who now bore a frustrated expression. He leaned forward and hungrily devoured her mouth. Arthuria felt the familiar tingling of the spell that he had learned from Caster in the tips of her fingers. Her limbs started to become numb and she whimpered into his mouth out of helplessness.

He pulled away.

"Please, stop this."

"Arthuria, you cannot expect a man to give up his one and only love."

He did not allow her to reply as he kissed her again, with as much vigor as before. He also did not allow her to protest, as he made quick work of her bra, throwing it to join her tunic on the floor, as well as the rest of her underwear. His lips did not leave hers still, as he picked her up in his arms to bring her over to the pool sized bath.

Once she was immersed in the heated water, as well as himself, Gilgamesh finally parted from her mouth to look into her dazed eyes. She swallowed and looked around them.

The size of the bath was very extravagant, which should not have surprised Arthuria. But the bath was in ground, and the water level reached to her shoulders.

"This... Is simply ridiculous."

He laughed.
"Only you would say that. Even when I offer the whole world to you, would you sputter such nonsense."

She looked back at him heatedly.

"It is not yours to give."

"Is that so?" Gilgamesh moved closer, making Arthuria move as well; backwards, away from him. He challenged her, verbally, again.

"Then whose is it to give."

"No one. God."

Gilgamesh chuckled, moving to rest his back against the dark tiles of the bath. He placed his arms up on the ledge, his muscles bulging and flexing in an impressive manner.

Arthuria quickly averted her eyes.

"You have given me two answers. Which one is it? Which of your 'god's is it?" He paused thoughtfully, and when the King of Knights did not reply to his taunting, he continued.

"And if I'm correct, you fought for this 'Christian cause' in your first life. What do they call them these days; Jesus fanatics?" He smirked when she flinched, immersing herself until only her chin rested against the surface of the water. Gilgamesh continued.

"Did your 'god' not lead you to the ruin that ultimately ended your first life? What help was he?"

Gilgamesh's voice now took on a new tone. One of bitter betrayal and hatred.

"The gods are nothing but cruel masters who enjoy watching the ruin of humanity. They are the forceful boot that crushes ants."

Arthuria blinked in surprise, turning her green gaze to regard the man. His jaw was clenched and his neck was tense. His eyes blazed with ancient fury, which made Arthuria think for a moment.

His past self hated the gods.

"And if I'm correct, you hated the gods."

Gilgamesh huffed.

"They took the only person whom I ever cared about."

Sadness crossed his face, and Arthuria was surprised. He was showing her his vulnerabilities. Why?

Abruptly, Gilgamesh turned and hoisted himself out of the bath, to which Arthuria dunked her head under the warm water.

She resurfaced and the King of Hero's wore a towel around his waist, an unreadable expression on his face.

"The towels are here. I will be out for the rest of the night." And he exited, leaving the English king alone to wonder.

Arthuria exited the shower, toweling herself dry with the soft linen provided. She walked past the
bath, remembering the un-consensual stripping that she was forced to endure. As well as the confusing behavior of her ‘master’.

He questioned her very early beliefs and then left in an angry huff. It confused her immensely. Once Arthuria was considerably more dry, she wrapped her towel around herself and proceeded to their shared bedroom.

Opening the wardrobe, she sighed. Gilgamesh attempted to shove Arthuria, outfits that were glittery, and hugged her body, which were all very much outside of her taste. She instead, pushed all the silk and sequins aside and chose a simple white dress shirt, and smooth black dress pants.

Thankfully, underwear was granted to Arthuria. Although suspicious in itself, the undergarments provided were the woman's exact measurements. She donned her clothes and put her wet blonde locks into a smooth pony tail, pinning her bangs back out of her face.

She stood in front of the mirror and sighed. Arthuria could not honestly believe she was going through with this.

Kirei Kotomine, the man responsible for an awful mess in the last Grail War, as well as the one before that. And Saber was willingly going to see him to seek his counsel. While he was quite clearly a negative influence, he was knowledgeable in the ways of Servants and Masters. And if anyone had answers to give the woman, it would be him.

She walked out the bedroom, smoothing out her pressed shirt. Then suddenly, Arthuria stopped in front of the door to the apartment.

Her exit.

She looked around the exit for any sort of trap that she might fall into if she tried to leave, but did not find any, which troubled her.

She placed her hand on the door knob, turning it then pushing the door. It did not open. She growled.

Of course! It was very much like him to create false hope like that! Telling her that she was free to leave! How dare he...!

She pulled back and door came with her, narrowly missing her foot.

Oh. It was a pull door. She should have known.

Arthuria stepped out into the hallway, letting the door close behind her. She used what mana she had to try and pinpoint the location of the magus, finding him then using her agility to quickly make her way over to the church. Surprisingly, she had quite a reserve. But Arthuria mentally scoffed as the realization that it was probably from Gilgamesh.

Thankfully, the regular population below was not aware that a blonde woman was bouncing across the tops of buildings, towards the only Catholic Church in Fyuki. Arthuria would never admit this to anyone but herself, but she was pleased to be outside again. She despised being cooped up in a room for an extended period of time. It reminded her of the days back when she reigned.

Arthuria looked at her surroundings. At least, this city like Fyuki. In all honesty Arthuria had no inkling as to where the King of Hero's has taken her. They could be across the other side of the planet, and Saber would have little to no knowledge of her whereabouts.
She continued to nimbly jump across the tall buildings, finding herself now in a wooded area with a nice garden and various trees. Also in her line of vision about seven hundred meters away was the tall steeple.

Here.

She jumped down in front of the church, seeing a small group of people leaving. As well, the bells inside the building were being rung as the crowd was leaving.

Arthuria walked forward, deducing that it was the end of some sort of religious gathering. Mass? Yes, that sounded correct.

Her nerves and instincts were set on high alert as she walked, barefoot, into the church, almost silently. Arthuria regarded the altar, which still harbored lit candles. She looked over to a box with an open door and a soft green light by the door.

It had been some time since Arthuria had gone back to her pseudo-christian ways. And Catholics were far too progressive for her old tastes. She walked into the screened room, recognizing Kirei's aura as soon as she knelt down on the kneeler provided. She heard his monotone voice greet her as she closed the door with her foot carefully.

"Good morning."

There was a pause.

"Good morning, Father."

Saber sighed.

"Bless me, father, for I have sinned."

She heard Kirei shift, probably because he recognized her voice.

"I have been kidnapped by the King of Heroes."

Chapter End Notes

[A/N: There we are! Another chapter come and gone. I'm going to be honest, I'll be updating my chef story first before this one and that might take a little while. That and school is starting again and I'm not sure how much free time I'll have. Anyway, Review, favorite, do whatever your little hearts desire, and have a great rest of your day/ morning/ afternoon.]

End Notes

[This is going to be very dark. Abuse, non-con, then eventual love and romance. I'm using the Gilgamesh from the UBW, and the Saber from the original FSN. Enter if you dare.]
Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!