

The Song That Melted Savage Hearts

She struggled with her bonds as she and her friend were lead out toward the courtyards...where two stone blocks, a cheering crowd, and a leather-clad Miltank brandishing an enormous ax awaited them. How could they have been so careless? All they were supposed to do was inspect the kingdom's defenses and report back to New Hyrim, so the invasion force would know how best to strike...but they just HAD to get caught. So now, after a long and frankly humiliating interrogation session in a 'tickling' contraption operated by that same Miltank...the two Pokemon from New Hyrim were about to have their heads relieved from their bodies. At least...if their next plan failed, that is.

She held back her tears, knowing they wouldn't help their chances of their plan succeeding. She took a quick glance at her Pichu partner; he looked equally terrified, but so far at least he seemed to be holding together just well enough. She only hoped they'd be able to pull this off...and that it would work at all.

As they were strapped down to their respective blocks, the Miltank executioner began reading out loud from a scroll. "Harrietta the Meowth and Henry the Pichu, you have hereby been convicted of spying on this kingdom with intents to invade, and have been sentenced to death by beheading. Have you any last words before sentence is carried out?"

"Uh, yes, actually..." Harrietta choked. "We...uh...with your permission...we have a song we'd like to perform for you all...you know...just to please the crowd, I guess..."

The Miltank chortled. "A song, you say? I suppose there's no harm in that. Try and make it quick, though. I have other jobs to attend to today besides executing you two."

Harrietta gulped. "We understand..."

After clearing their throats, the pair began. Henry started off with a baritone 'hum', and Harrietta soon chimed in with a vocal chorus of her own. After about a minute of this, the two sang in unison, "Faaaaar, over the skies, where the trumpets they sound deeeep!~ Hiiiiigh, above the clooouds, Valhala's walls, strong keep!~

"Where warriors come, young and old!~ Where mead is drank, and stories told!~

"Valhala, so mighty and tall!~ Please let us walk within your walls!~ Valhala, Valhala, oh come take us Valhala!~ For we are but a few brave souls...who's time is near... Oh Valhala, oh Valhala, our voice...please do hear...!~"

The crowd had fallen silent. Even the Miltank executioner had remained speechless through the whole performance. Harrietta held her breath and clenched her bound fists, the tension chilling her to the bone. *'Did...did they like it...?'*

Moments later, a single member of the audience began clapping. Soon more followed, until the entire room erupted in applause. Even the Miltank, who's expression had been stern all day, was now smiling from ear to ear, clapping along with the crowd.

"Let them live!" one of them called out.

"We wanna hear more! Let 'em be!"

"Let them sing another day!"

"You heard the crowd, executioner! Give them a reprieve!" She recognized that voice. It was King Bertrand's.

Harrietta finally let a tear drop down her face. It worked. It REALLY worked. They might just survive the night. She looked over at Henry; the Pichu boy didn't hold back his emotions. His face was soaked with tears of joy.

"Well, congratulations, you two. It seems you've earned the crowd's respect," the Miltank said, walking up to them.

"So...does that mean..." Henry squeaked.

"Yes. You get to live at least a little while longer."

"Oh...thank you thank you THANK YOU!" Henry tried to get up and hug the Miltank, but simply squirmed around in place due to his bonds keeping him still.

"We're truly grateful, Miss...um..."

"Helgr. Call me Helgr, Miss Harrietta."

"Of course. Thank you, Miss Helgr. We promise we'll do whatever you ask of us as long as we live."

"Well, as long as you two stay out of trouble and don't outlive your value, we'll let you stay as long as you like. Come on, you two." With that, Helgr undid their bonds and lead them back down to their cells for the night.