

NOCTIS was already sitting outside when Prompto rose.  
“Hey, Noct,” he said.

“Hey,” said Noctis.

It was a cold morning. The ground was wet with dew. Prompto scrambled onto it anyway, watching the steam of his breath escape his mouth.

“Guess this isn’t what you expected,” he said.

“Hm?” said Noctis.

Prompto gestured. “All this camping. Cold mornings. We thought we’d be in some fancy hotel in Altissia by now, right? This isn’t exactly fit for a prince.”

“I can deal with a bit of cold weather,” said Noctis.

“But as soon as Iggy tries to make you eat your vegetables ...”

Noctis shoved against his shoulder. “Cut it out.” He was quiet for a moment, thinking. “Actually, Ignis’ cooking probably isn’t a million miles from fancy hotel food. Don’t tell him I said that.”

“Yeah, and sitting out here is like being at a ... like a spa, right? All this moisture.” Prompto rubbed a hand over the dewy grass.

Noctis snorted. “So what are you then, the concierge?”

It was Prompto’s turn to shove against him.

“It could be worse,” said Noctis, after a moment. “It’s all right, with you guys here.”