



## PD Parade, Prompt: Campfire Songs!

short story by *yuewithluv*, featuring *miles* & special guests *eden*, *lady* & *raiden*!  
(miles belongs to me; eden, lady & raiden belongs to my best friend *lily* ♡)

miles had never gone camping, not even once in his life. his owner was a major homebody, and as such so was he - the plush dragon much preferred the comfort of his cozy pile of blankets & toys over the idea of sleeping in a tent in the middle of the woods. even if marshmallows were included.

**that being said, his friends had invited him camping, and he found himself hesitant to turn them down. surely it'd be fun if they were with other plush dragons, right?**

summer was probably the best time to do it, and the end of it was fast approaching, so he'd better act now. surely he'd be fine, it was just for the weekend. just two days. *easy peasy*.

***okay, maybe not so much.***

"wait, you're not going anymore?", lady asked the smaller plush dragon, trying not to sound too disappointed that their small friend wouldn't be joining them anymore, or so it seemed.

"ah, i don't know, i just don't think i'm cut out for camping...", miles mumbled sadly, not looking any of his friends in the eye. he felt a little bad for flaking out, but the anxiety has gotten the better of him once again.

***what if some sort of creature attacked them in their sleep?***

***what if he got lost in the woods, never to be found?***

***what if there was a forest fire?***

***what if-***

"yo, miles, are you okay?", raiden asked, sounding quite serious and even a little bit concerned, "you look like you're about to loose your lunch..."

“o-oh, i’m alright...”, he insisted, trying to hold back a nervous laugh. looking up at his friends, he could tell none of them were really buying it. *damn, he really wasn’t that great of an actor.*

“what’s really on your mind, miles?”, eden asked him gently, offering the smaller a calming smile, “we’re not upset at all, you can tell us what’s bothering you. you know we won’t judge.”

with a sigh & some fidgeting, the smaller plush dragon finally replied.

“i’m just a little scared, i’ve never been camping before and the woods always seem so frightening in movies. what if i get lost? or fall down a cliff? or... i don’t know, something...”

***they felt a little pathetic, saying all that out loud.***

“oh, you poor thing, why didn’t you just say so?”, lady moved to hug him almost immediately, ever the caring mum friend. miles felt only a little embarrassed, but mostly he just enjoyed a good hug, “if you don’t feel comfortable with camping with us that’s alright, we can always do something else together~”

“b-but i don’t wanna ruin your camping trip! i know raiden was really looking forward to it...”

miles felt bad for being such a scaredy cat, he didn’t want anyone to change their plans for him, he just wanted to spend some quality time with friends, but-

“hm, maybe we could camp in the backyard instead?”

much to everyone’s surprise, it was raiden who spoke. he had been a little quiet this entire time - a bit unlike him, considering how energetic he normally was. miles was the most worried about disappointing him, considering how excited he’d been about the trip. he’d apparently been looking forward to telling ghost stories around the campfire, an idea which also spooked miles a little bit, but much less so than everything else about the trip.

“oooh, that’s a lovely idea! and if it goes well you might even be less scared of going on an actual camping trip in the woods, miles!”, lady suggested, excited about the possibility of easing the smallest plush dragon into camping.

“that definitely sounds less scary...”, miles agreed, still a little hesitant but feeling a bit more comfortable with the idea. he could always go back inside if he felt uneasy, after all.

“alright then, we’re moving our trip to miles’ backyard~!”, eden confirmed, seemingly already making all the necessary adjustments in her mind, considering how focused she looked, “we’ll meet back up here tomorrow then! don’t forget your sleeping bag, oh, and the marshmallows! it’s not a camping trip without s’mores, after all!”

miles made a mental note to check if he had enough graham crackers, chocolate & marshmallows for all four of them. he’d ask his owner to go to the store just to be safe.

“oh, can i bring my harmonica? i’m not very good at playing it yet, but i’ll play it on a show once, so i thought it might be... nice...”, he was mumbling by the end, feeling a little shy about bringing it up. he didn’t know how to play very well, nobody would wanna hear it, he was sure. *but...*

“i’m sure we’d all love to hear you play, right, you two?”, lady replied sweetly, an undertone of something miles couldn’t quite pick up at the very end, especially as she looked at raiden.

***he wasn’t sure what that was all about, but they all agreed, so that was that.***

“see you tomorrow then!”, miles said as he waved them goodbye a few minutes later, having resolved their little camping debacle. he was looking forward to their backyard camping trip!

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the following day, miles’ three friends met mid afternoon to set up their campsite in the backyard. they brought a few tents, some blankets & plenty of food to share. miles came armed with plenty of marshmallows (*perhaps too many*), as well as other goodies he’d gathered on a trip to the grocery store. **he wanted to make sure this would be the best day ever!**

“alright guys, time to set up~!”, lady called out, and they began doing just that.

setting up the tents took less time than miles expected, and he even managed to help a little bit, in spite of his petite stature. the campfire was alight in no time, thanks to lady’s fire breathing abilities. which could only mean one thing: **toasted marshmallows!**

miles was so excited, he almost burnt off one of his ears trying to get his toasted as quickly as possible. it would’ve been worth it, too, but he digresses.

“you were so scared and look at you now, almost falling into the campfire just for marshmallows!”, raiden poked a little fun at him, but miles had known him long enough to know that’s all that was. still, he poked his tongue out as a reply before biting into his (still quite hot) toasted marshmallow. it burnt his tongue a little, but it was super tasty!

a few s’mores later, the group settled down around the fire for some catching up, swapping stories of how the past week had gone, what they ate for dinner yesterday, just mundane stuff. at some point miles scrambled off to his and raiden’s tent to grab his little harmonica, excited to play for his friends, even if half the song was a little wonky and out of tune. they still praised him anyway, and didn’t seem any less genuine as they did so.

he was blessed to have such supportive friends, miles thought to himself.

**with nightfall came the part miles was most worried about: scary stories.**

in the end it wasn’t so bad. the stories weren’t that scary, and even when they were - raiden got a little bit intense sometimes - he could just cuddle up to lady or eden and everything would be fine. nobody laughed at him for cowering or hiding underneath his long ears, so he had a good time in the end.

when it came time to sleep, miles & raiden retired back to their tent, bidding the girls goodnight. it was getting a little cold at night, but the staggering amount of blankets miles had brought into the tent made sure they'd be very cozy.

miles was this close to falling asleep when he heard a weird rustling noise just outside the tent & froze up immediately.

logically he knew it was probably that racoon that always got in their trash every other night, or some other small animal roaming about, but after a few spooky stories his mind was running a little too wild with ideas, and he found himself having a hard time falling asleep.

he must've been making some sort of noise because raiden silently moved a little closer to him, as if to say that he'd be there to protect him if anything happened. he didn't really say anything, because it just wasn't his style and miles knew that, but he still appreciated it nonetheless.

***thanks to his friend, he was finally able to fall asleep, dreaming of marshmallows & campfire songs.***