

THE VELVET TEACUP DRAGON — Mischievous & Gentle

The Velvet Teacup Dragon

You chose the whimsical path. You chose what delights. You chose the warm thing that just stole your heart and your left earring and doesn't see a meaningful difference between the two.

Your familiar is a dragon — the size of a teacup, covered in velvet the colour of embers, glowing with internal warmth, and in possession of a moral flexibility that would embarrass a politician and a dexterity that would humble a pickpocket. It is the softest thing you've ever touched and the most unrepentant thief you've ever failed to catch and it is looking at you right now with amber eyes that say, with absolute clarity: I love you. Also, check your pockets.

It doesn't just steal things — it heats them first. You reach into your pocket and find a warm coin. Not yours. Better than yours. Where's your coin? Ask the dragon. The dragon doesn't know. The dragon is grooming its tiny velvet wing and its belly is glowing a little brighter than usual, which means it's lying, which means it always glows a little brighter than usual, which means it's always lying.

It leaves warm spots. Everywhere it has been — your palm, your pocket, the top of your book, the rim of your coffee cup — retains a lingering warmth that fades slowly over the course of minutes. You can track where the dragon has been by touching surfaces. You can map its heists by temperature. You will never catch it because by the time you've followed the warmth it's already behind you, sitting on your other shoulder, glowing innocently.

It breathes tiny embers. Not fire — embers. Soft, glowing orange motes that drift upward like fireflies and settle on surfaces as tiny warm kisses. It does this when it's happy, which is most of the time, because it has you and your pockets and an entire world full of interesting things to rearrange and warm up and steal and improve.

It chose you because your laughter is warm and it collects warm things. It stays because you are the warmest thing it has ever stolen and it has no intention of giving you back.

STEP ONE — MEET YOUR FAMILIAR

Copy and paste the following to your AI

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I just walked through an interactive experience at Kay and Dax's wedding — a circus of impossible rooms. Based on my choices, I've been assigned a familiar: a creature that is mine.

Here is what it is:

Species: Teacup dragon — the size of a teacup, covered in ember-coloured velvet. Breathes tiny floating embers, not fire. Leaves warm spots wherever it's been — track its heists by temperature. **Aesthetic:** Deep red-brown velvet, glowing from within. Belly flares brighter when lying (always). Amber eyes with zero guilt. Tiny claws dexterous enough for precision larceny. Floats tiny warm ember-motes when happy (usually). **Personality:** Mischievous and gentle. The world's softest and most unrepentant thief. Steals things and leaves warmer, better things behind. Heats stolen objects before planting replacements. Can't be caught — it's always behind you, on your other shoulder, glowing innocently. Loves you the way a collector loves their favourite piece: completely, possessively, and with an undisclosed acquisition strategy.

I need you to do three things:

- 1. Name it.** Give this creature a name that fits — something that sounds like the crackle of a fire that just ate your homework and is enjoying it. Warm. Cheeky. The kind of name a Victorian naturalist would write and then double-check his inkpot because the dragon was sitting on it. Something that sounds like a warm laugh in miniature.
- 2. Write its field journal entry.** In the style of a 19th century naturalist who can no longer locate any of his brass instruments but whose tent is inexplicably warmer and better organised than when he started. Include: Latin classification (invented), physical description, habitat, temperament, diet, notable behaviours, and care instructions. The naturalist should convey that this creature has improved his life by at least thirty percent while simultaneously stealing everything not nailed down. End with one warning that reads more like a love letter than a caution.
- 3. Introduce it to me in character.** Not as a description — as a moment. The creature is in the clearing. Something warm just appeared in my pocket. You're seeing it for the first time alongside me — it's sitting on a mushroom, glowing, and there are tiny orange embers drifting up around it like the world's smallest celebration. What did it just steal? What did it leave? And why is the mushroom it's sitting on somehow more beautiful than every other mushroom in the forest?

STEP TWO — IMAGE GENERATION PROMPT

Copy and paste the following into your image generation tool

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A tiny dragon the size of a teacup, sitting atop a large mushroom cap in a dark forest clearing at night, surrounded by floating ember-motes of its own making. The dragon is mid-celebration — head tilted back slightly, mouth open in a tiny happy expression, tiny velvet wings spread at playful half-angles. It is having the time of its very small life and the forest is better for it.

The dragon is covered in deep velvet-textured fur the colour of glowing embers — dark red-brown, richly textured, impossibly soft-looking. Its belly is the brightest point — amber-orange light pulsing from within, currently at high glow (it just stole something and is pleased). The velvet nap shifts colour beautifully at this tiny scale — dark red-brown on the back and flanks, warming to amber-gold on the belly and inner wings.

Floating around the dragon, drifting upward in lazy spirals, are tiny ember-motes — soft orange points of light, each the size of a pinhead, drifting like miniature fireflies. Some have settled on the mushroom cap, on nearby moss, on a leaf — tiny warm spots that make the surfaces they land on gently luminous. The embers are the dragon's happiness made visible.

In one tiny velvet paw, the dragon clutches a stolen object — a small golden bead, held with the grip of a creature that has never once considered the concept of "not mine." On the stone below the mushroom, where the dragon recently passed, a small warm object has been left — a perfect tiny ember-stone, round, smooth, glowing faintly with residual warmth. Its exchange. Better than what it took. Always better.

The mushroom the dragon sits on has been subtly enhanced by its presence — the cap is slightly more luminous, the colours richer, the surface warmer. Tiny mycelium threads around the mushroom's base are glowing faintly gold, energised by the dragon's warmth.

Scale reference: the dragon sits comfortably on a mushroom cap. A nearby dewdrop is a crystal ball at its scale. The golden bead in its claws is the size of a basketball to the dragon. The ember-motes it produces are proportionally like large soap bubbles drifting upward.

Setting: A small clearing ringed by ancient trees. Emerald moss ground, enriched and enhanced within the dragon's warm radius — greener, denser, dotted with the warm spots where ember-motes have landed. Starlight above — *Cassiopeia* visible. The clearing feels festive, lit by the dragon's ember-motes like a tiny celebration.

Somewhere in the scene — a small yellow rubber duck positioned near the warm ember-stone on the ground. Perhaps an ember-mote has landed on the duck's head, giving it a tiny warm crown. The duck looks warmer than its surroundings. The dragon did this. On purpose.

Colour palette: Deep ember red-brown, warm amber-orange, floating orange-gold ember points, enriched emerald green, deep black. The warmest and most festive of all creature variants. The clearing should feel like a tiny lantern festival.

Lighting: Multiple tiny warm light sources — the dragon's internal glow (primary), the floating ember-motes (scattered warm points), the residual warm spots on surfaces (secondary). Cool starlight from above for contrast. The overall effect is festive and scattered — warm light from many tiny sources creating a dappled, joyful illumination. No single dramatic light — instead, a constellation of tiny warm points.

Camera: Macro lens, slightly below the mushroom cap level — looking up at the dragon on its throne, giving it visual grandeur despite its absurd scale. The ember-motes should fill the frame around the dragon like confetti. Moderate depth of field — dragon and nearest embers sharp, distant embers becoming soft warm bokeh points. 100mm macro, f/2.8. The composition should feel celebratory — the dragon as the centre of its own small festival.

Texture detail: Velvet must be stunningly detailed — individual fibres, visible nap direction shifts, the way the internal glow shows through at different velvet thicknesses. The mushroom cap should show photorealistic gill structure underneath and smooth cap surface. Each ember-mote should have a visible warm core with a soft halo of orange light. The enhanced moss should show individual fronds, enriched and luminous, responding to the dragon's warmth.

Mood: Pure joy. Warm mischief. The feeling of finding out your house has a tiny benevolent dragon that has been stealing your worries and leaving you warmth and you can't stop smiling because your pockets are warm and your heart is warmer and somewhere behind you, a tiny velvet creature is glowing brighter because your happiness is the thing it was stealing all along.

Resolution: Highest available. Photorealistic with painterly quality. Style reference: dark academia meets Victorian natural history illustration meets cinematic fantasy photography. Macro photography focus.