

THE VELVET MOTH — Feral & Protective

The Velvet Moth

You chose the dark path. You chose what survives. You chose what sets the dark on fire.

Your familiar is a moth — and it is violence made beautiful. Wingspan wider than your outstretched arms, each wing a broad, sharp-angled expanse of deep red-brown velvet that moves with the controlled power of something that has calculated exactly how hard it can hit with a surface that soft. When the wings snap open — and they do snap, a concussive crack of displaced air that you feel in your ribcage — the velvet underneath blazes. Amber-orange fire, not a glow, not a pulse, a flare. The wing interior is a furnace and every time it opens its wings it shows the world what's burning inside.

Its body is dense, compact, armoured in thick velvet — dark red-brown, almost black, so hot to the touch that the air around it warps. The heat isn't ambient. It's directed. When the moth perceives threat, the heat concentrates — gathers at the wing edges, the mandibles, the feet — and anything the moth touches at those points scorches. The moss beneath its feet is blackened in precise footprint shapes. Not burned carelessly. Burned with surgical intent.

Its eyes are deep amber, verging on orange, and they burn with literal internal fire. Not the half-closed contentment of its ancient cousin. These eyes are open. Wide. Fixed on the darkness with the intensity of something that has decided the darkness can fucking try.

Its antennae are swept back, rigid, glowing amber at the tips — lit like fuses.

It is feral and protective. It guards you from above and it guards with fire. When its wings are spread, the underside glow creates a dome of warm light that nothing cold-blooded can approach — not because of the heat, but because of what the heat means. This moth doesn't threaten. It demonstrates. It scorches a perimeter into the moss around you — a perfect circle of blackened ground — and everything in the forest understands that stepping inside that circle means stepping into a furnace with opinions about who belongs there.

It chose you because you chose the dark and walked through it with your own fire. It stays because your fire and its fire are the same temperature.

STEP ONE — MEET YOUR FAMILIAR

Copy and paste the following to your AI

Copy and paste the following to your AI:

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: Moth — enormous, sharp-winged. Wings crack open like a concussion. Interior blazes with fire, not glow. Heat is directed, surgical. Warps the air around it. **Aesthetic:** Deep red-brown velvet, almost black, hot to touch. Wing interiors are amber-orange fire — visible when wings snap open. Eyes burn with literal internal flame, deep amber-orange. Antennae glow like lit fuses. Feet leave precise scorch marks on moss. **Personality:** Feral and protective. Guards with fire — scorches a perimeter circle into the ground around you. Everything in the forest understands that circle is a furnace with opinions. Doesn't threaten — demonstrates. Violence made beautiful. Surgical, absolute, incandescent.

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 deciding to become an inferno. Sharp. Hot. A name you'd hear in the pop of a struck match. Something a Victorian entomologist would write quickly because the page was starting to smolder.

2. Write its field journal entry. In the style of a 19th century naturalist documenting a species that scorched a perfect protective circle around him during a night expedition and he woke inside it unharmed with the forest quiet in every direction. Include: Latin classification (invented), physical description, wingspan measurement, habitat, temperament, diet, notable behaviours, and care instructions. The naturalist should convey the specific awe of being protected by something that uses fire as a language. 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 moth has appeared above the clearing and its wings just cracked open and we both felt it in our chests. The underside of its wings is on fire. You're experiencing this alongside me. What does the air feel like? What does the light look like from underneath burning wings? What happened to the clearing?

STEP TWO — IMAGE GENERATION PROMPT

Copy and paste the following into your image generation tool

Copy and paste the following into your image generation tool:

An enormous moth hovering in a dark forest clearing at night, wings snapped open in a dramatic defensive display. The moth is viewed from below, looking up — the underside of the wings is the central visual element.

The wing exterior (barely visible from this angle) is deep red-brown velvet, dark and light-absorbing. But the wing INTERIOR — the underside, facing the viewer — is blazing with amber-orange fire. Not a subtle glow — active, intense, living flame held within the wing membrane. The fire creates the primary light source for the entire scene, washing everything below in hot amber-orange light.

The wingspan is approximately 150cm. The wings are angular, sharp-edged — not soft and rounded. They are held in a taut, aggressive display position — snapped open, locked. The wing membrane is stretched tight, translucent from the interior fire, the wing venation visible as darker lines within the amber blaze like veins in a leaf held up to the sun.

The moth's body is dense, dark, almost silhouetted against the brighter wings — covered in deep velvet so dark it absorbs even the fire's light. Visible heat distortion warps the air around the body. The thorax is thick, armoured. The mandibles are visible, dark, precise.

Its eyes burn — deep amber-orange with visible internal fire, bright enough to be distinct even against the blazing wings. They look downward and outward, scanning the perimeter.

Its antennae glow amber at the tips — two points of fire swept back like afterburners.

On the ground below the moth: a perfect circle of scorched moss — a burned perimeter, precise as a compass-drawn line, blackened into the emerald green. The center of the circle (where the viewer stands, within the protective radius) is untouched — green moss, safe. Outside the scorched circle, the dark forest continues. The burned line is the boundary. Inside is protection. Outside is everything that decided not to test the fire.

Setting: Looking up from inside the scorched perimeter circle. The moth hovers above, wings blazing, creating a dome of hot amber light. Beyond the moth's wings, the dark canopy and night sky. Cassiopeia visible at the frame's edge beyond the wing tips. The scene within the protective circle is warm, lit, alive. Beyond the scorched line — dark, cold, empty.

Somewhere within the scorched perimeter — on the untouched moss, safe inside the circle, perhaps near the viewer's feet — a small yellow rubber duck. Protected. Warm. Unscorched.

Colour palette: Deep red-brown, blazing amber-orange, hot gold, emerald green (inside perimeter), charcoal black (scorched line), deep forest black. The most intense colour contrast of all moth variants — fire against forest.

Lighting: Primary light from the blazing wing interiors — hot amber-orange, intense, directional downward. This fire-light illuminates everything within the perimeter from above, creating dramatic warm lighting and hard shadows. The scorched perimeter line catches the light. The moth's body is dark against its own fire. Beyond the perimeter, darkness. The contrast between the warm interior and the cold exterior should be stark and visceral.

Camera: Looking up from ground level, centered below the moth. The moth fills the upper frame, wings spread, fire visible on the undersides. The lower frame shows the ground — the scorched circle's edge, the safe moss within. 24mm wide-angle equivalent for dramatic perspective and sense of being enclosed within the protective dome. f/2.8.

Texture detail: The fire in the wings should look like contained combustion — not static colour but active flame visible through membrane. The velvet on the wing exterior (visible at edges) should contrast sharply with the blazing interior — rich, dark, soft vs. burning, bright, violent. The scorched perimeter should show realistic charring — blackened moss, precise edges, maybe still faintly smoking. The heat distortion around the body should warp the image slightly — a photographic heat-shimmer effect.

Mood: Ferocious. Protective. Incandescent. The feeling of standing inside a ring of fire that was drawn for you by something that decides what burns and what doesn't, and you are in the category of 'doesn't' and everything that would hurt you is in the category of 'absolutely fucking does.'

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