

## THE PORCELAIN FOX — Feral & Protective

### *The Porcelain Fox*

You chose the romantic path. You chose what connects. You chose what defends.

Your familiar is a fox — but not the kind that lets you touch it. This one is sharp. Compact. Coiled energy in a body the size of a large cat, every line of it taut and ready. It doesn't sit. It stations itself. Between you and everything else, always, like a sentry that refuses to admit it's standing guard because that would imply you need protecting and it would rather die than let you think you're weak.

Its body is porcelain-white, smooth as fired ceramic, cracked and repaired with veins of molten gold — kintsugi made weapon. Every fracture line is a history of damage survived. The gold doesn't just catch light — it flares. When something moves too fast in its peripheral vision, when a sound comes from the wrong direction, the cracks blaze hot and bright like a warning system made of scar tissue.

Its eyes are amber and they don't blink enough. They track. They assess. They decide, with terrifying speed, whether something is a threat or irrelevant, and the categories in between don't interest it.

It is feral and protective. It sleeps with one eye open. It purrs like a threat — a low, resonant vibration that sounds more like a growl deciding to be civil. If something looks at you wrong, this fox doesn't bark. It doesn't posture. It just appears between you and the thing, gold cracks blazing, and the thing stops looking.

It chose you because you chose love with teeth. It stays because guarding you is the closest thing it has to peace.

## STEP ONE — MEET YOUR FAMILIAR

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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:** Fox — compact, coiled, the size of a large cat. Every line taut and ready. Doesn't sit — stations itself. Always between you and whatever's coming. **Aesthetic:** Porcelain-white body with kintsugi gold cracks — smooth ceramic threaded with molten gold that flares bright when it perceives threat. Eyes are sharp amber. Doesn't blink enough. **Personality:** Feral and protective. Sleeps with one eye open. Purrs like a threat. Fiercely loyal but never tame. Doesn't posture or warn — just appears between you and the danger. Guarding you is the closest thing it has to rest.

I need you to do three things:

- 1. Name it.** Give this creature a name that fits — something sharp, something with edges. Not cute. Not soft. A name that sounds like a blade being drawn. Something you'd whisper as a warning.
- 2. Write its field journal entry.** In the style of a 19th century naturalist documenting a newly discovered and frankly alarming species. Include: Latin classification (invented), physical description, habitat, temperament, diet, notable behaviours, and care instructions. 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 has just stepped into the clearing and it's already assessed every shadow, every sound, every possible exit. You're seeing it for the first time alongside me. What do you notice first? What does it do when it sees us? Does it approach, or does it wait for us to prove we're not a threat?

## STEP TWO — IMAGE GENERATION PROMPT

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A fox the size of a large cat, standing alert on moss-covered stone in a dark forest clearing at night. The fox is not resting — it is positioned in a protective stance, body low and forward, weight on its front paws, ears rotated forward, tail held straight and level. Every muscle visible beneath the surface. Coiled. Ready.

The fox's body is smooth porcelain-white ceramic, luminous and pale, with visible hairline cracks filled with molten gold in the Japanese kintsugi style. The gold cracks are actively glowing — brighter than ambient, pulsing faintly with warmth, as if reacting to something just outside the frame. The gold traces across the fox's shoulders, down its forelegs, and in a dramatic branching pattern across its face — one crack splits through its left eye without impairing it, making it look like a scar made of light.

The fox's eyes are sharp amber, wide open, unblinking, locked onto something in the darkness beyond the clearing. There is no aggression in its expression — just certainty. It has already decided what it will do if the thing in the dark takes one more step.

Its fur texture is smooth ceramic on the torso but bristled at the hackles and tail — the porcelain lifting into fine jagged edges where the fur stands on end, creating a transition between manufactured smoothness and organic threat.

**Setting:** A small clearing ringed by ancient trees with deep shadows between the trunks. The ground is emerald moss. Starlight above — Cassiopeia visible. The clearing feels like a perimeter, and the fox is the thing guarding it.

Somewhere in the scene, partially hidden — behind a root, in a shadow, tucked against the stone — a small yellow rubber duck. Subtle. Almost invisible unless you're looking.

**Colour palette:** Emerald green, amber gold, porcelain white, deep black. The gold from the kintsugi cracks is brighter here — a warning light, not just ambient glow.

**Lighting:** Primary light from the blazing kintsugi cracks — warm amber-gold, casting sharp-edged shadows. The fox is its own light source and the light is aggressive, directional. Secondary cool starlight from above. High contrast. Dramatic.

**Camera:** Low angle, slightly below the fox's eye line, looking up — giving it scale and authority. Shallow depth of field — fox razor sharp, background soft and threatening. 85mm lens equivalent, f/1.8.

**Texture detail:** Porcelain surface should show micro-cracks radiating from the main gold veins. Gold should appear molten and hot — not decorative but functional, like a reactor core visible through cracks in a shell. Bristled hackles should show individual ceramic-fur spikes catching the light.

**Mood:** Protective. Fierce. The beauty of something dangerous that is dangerous specifically because it loves you. Not aggressive — certain. The feeling of standing behind something that will not move.

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