

## THE VELVET TEACUP DRAGON — Feral & Protective

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### *The Velvet Teacup Dragon*

You chose the whimsical path. You chose what delights. You chose the tiny bomb in the jewellery box.

Your familiar is a dragon — the size of a teacup, covered in velvet, and carrying the emotional energy of a bouncer at a nightclub who has been personally insulted by the existence of the queue.

It is small. It is soft. It is so catastrophically angry on your behalf that the velvet on its back is standing on end and the ember-glow beneath has gone from "cosy candle" to "don't fucking touch the stovetop."

Its body is deep red-brown velvet, dark as coals in a furnace, and when something threatens you — which, in this dragon's professional assessment, is everything — the velvet parts along its spine and the glow beneath blazes bright and hot. Not birthday-candle fire. This one produces a flame like a tiny welding torch — a focused, white-hot point of concentrated rage that it can direct with the surgical precision of a creature that has spent its entire existence being underestimated and is done with the whole performance.

It perches on your shoulder, always. Feet planted. Wings spread. Not for flight — for display. Look at me, the wings say. I am the size of a sugar cube and I am covered in velvet and I will melt a hole through anything that comes for my person. The wings glow from the underside — hot amber-orange, visible when spread, turning the tiny dragon into a signal flare of don't.

Its eyes are deep amber, nearly orange, and they burn with an internal fire that is so far out of proportion to its body that the phrase "big things come in small packages" doesn't even begin to cover it. Its eyes scan the world like targeting systems. It sees everything. It trusts nothing. It loves you so completely that the love has curdled into weaponised devotion and it does not know how to turn the safety back on.

It chose you because you chose delight and delight is a fire that needs to be defended by fire. It stays because it would rather burn out protecting you than burn alone.

## 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:** Teacup dragon — the size of a teacup. Produces a white-hot welding-torch flame from a body you could fit in an egg cup. Perches on your shoulder in permanent display mode. **Aesthetic:** Deep red-brown velvet, dark as furnace coals. Velvet parts along the spine when threatened, revealing blazing amber-orange beneath. Wings glow hot from the underside when spread. Eyes are deep amber verging on orange, burning with internal fire wildly disproportionate to body size. **Personality:** Feral and protective. Carries the emotional energy of a nightclub bouncer in a body the size of a sugar cube. Weaponised devotion. Scans the environment like a targeting system. Trusts nothing, loves you so completely the love has become ordinance. Would rather burn out protecting you than burn alone.

I need you to do three things:

- 1. Name it.** Give this creature a name that fits — something that sounds like the click of a lighter in a dark room. Small. Final. The kind of name a Victorian naturalist would whisper because saying it at full volume felt like pulling a pin. Something hot compressed into something short.
- 2. Write its field journal entry.** In the style of a 19th century naturalist documenting a species that melted his magnifying glass and he considers this a reasonable security measure. Include: Latin classification (invented), physical description, habitat, temperament, diet, notable behaviours, and care instructions. The naturalist should convey that this is the most destructive teacup-sized object he has ever respected. 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 landed on the stone in the clearing and the stone is already warm. You're seeing it for the first time alongside me. It's the size of a grape and it's staring at us like we might be threats. What do we do? How do you convince something this small and this angry that we belong here?

## STEP TWO — IMAGE GENERATION PROMPT

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A tiny dragon the size of a teacup, in a full aggressive display on moss-covered stone in a dark forest clearing at night. Wings spread wide (thumbnail span), back arched, spine ridge blazing, mouth open with a tiny white-hot flame jetting forward — a focused point of fire bright enough to cast crisp shadows from a creature the size of a walnut.

The dragon is covered in deep red-brown velvet, the colour of furnace coals. Along its spine, the velvet has parted — raised hackles revealing the blazing amber-orange glow beneath like volcanic fissures. The spine ridge is the hottest point — nearly white at the centre, grading to deep amber at the edges. The dragon is a split in the earth that happens to be shaped like something adorable.

Its wings are spread in full display — the upper surface is dark velvet, the undersides are blazing amber-orange, membrane-thin and backlit by internal fire. When spread, the wings create a tiny dome of warm light around the dragon. The wing display says: I am here. I am lit. Come closer and find out what temperature means.

The white-hot flame from its mouth is tiny but intensely bright — a point light source that casts sharp shadows from the surrounding moss fronds and creates a bright spot on the stone surface. The stone directly under the dragon's feet is discoloured from heat — a tiny thermal footprint, dark in the centre, the stone surface slightly glazed.

Its eyes are deep amber verging on orange, wide open, locked forward. Internal light behind the eyes is visible — they glow, genuinely, like tiny furnace windows. The face is set in an expression of total conviction.

Its tail is held high, rigid, the tip glowing brightest — a tiny signal flare.

Scale reference: the dragon is the size of a large walnut. Its flame, despite being tiny, creates a light source bright enough to illuminate the entire stone surface. The heat-glazed stone footprint is the size of a coin. Nearby moss fronds are beginning to curl from proximity heat — tiny plant responses to a tiny inferno.

**Setting:** A small clearing ringed by ancient trees. Emerald moss — curling slightly within the dragon's heat radius. Starlight above — Cassiopeia visible. The clearing has a hot spot. You can see it. The dragon is the smallest and brightest thing in the entire forest.

Somewhere in the scene — a small yellow rubber duck behind the dragon in its warm zone. The duck might have a very slight glossy sheen from proximity heat. Safely behind the defensive line. Always.

**Colour palette:** Deep ember red-brown, hot amber-orange, white-hot point light, emerald green (heat-affected), deep black. Extreme contrast between the tiny brilliant dragon and the vast dark forest. This is concentrated heat.

**Lighting:** Dramatic and disproportionate. Primary light from the white-hot flame — point source, casting sharp defined shadows from tiny objects. Secondary light from the spine-ridge blaze and wing undersides — broader amber warmth. Tertiary cool starlight from above. The dragon should create a lighting condition wildly out of proportion to its size — a walnut-sized creature lighting the clearing like a bonfire.

**Camera:** Macro lens, at the dragon's eye level, close enough to see individual velvet fibres standing on end along the hackles. The dragon fills a significant portion of the frame. The flame jet should be in sharp focus — the point of action. 100mm macro, f/2.8. The low angle and proximity should make this look like a photograph of a full-sized dragon until the scale references reveal the truth.

**Texture detail:** Velvet hackles standing on end — individual fibres visible, raised and separated, revealing the glow beneath. The heat-glazed stone should show a visible change in surface texture — smoother, darker, slightly reflective where the dragon's heat has altered the mineral surface. The flame should be photorealistic fire — white core, amber edges, heat shimmer above. Curling moss should show realistic dehydration response — edges browning, fronds bending away.

**Mood:** Disproportionate ferocity. Adorable apocalypse. The feeling of watching something the size of a sugar cube declare war on the entire forest and knowing — absolutely knowing — it would win. Love so fierce it became a temperature. Tiny. Devastating. Yours.

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