

Welcome to Furcadia!

<http://www.furcadia.com>

Session started 2025-10-17 18:46:04
#439 440

Good morning, Dave.

Dragonroar

(18:46:05) [!E] Event channel on.
(18:46:05) [!] News channel on.
(18:46:05) Spice channel on.
(18:46:05) Welcome to Furcadia! Press F1 for help.
(18:46:05) Winver v6.2 b9200 d9.0
(18:46:05) Lines of DragonSpeak: 8152
(18:46:05) Dream Standard: [A18+ Environment](#)
(18:46:05) Share this dream with your friends.
(18:46:05) Portrait off.
(18:46:07) [%] Cookie [bank](#) has currently collected: 0
(18:46:07) [%] All-time Cookie total: 0
(18:46:07) [#] Welcome to Olmeid Llopek, The Fantasy Roleplay where you can play anything!
The Polynesian Island floats in the astral sea, unreachable by most but lately people have been arriving from far away. This dream is under heavy construction. If you find any glitches or bugs please whisper Olmeid Llopek to let me know! I will be very appreciative.
(18:46:07) [#] For Commands say **!Commands**
(18:46:07) [#] [Olmeid Community and Lore](#)
(18:46:07) [#] [Discord Server](#)
(18:46:07) [#] Speech processing enabled in this dream.
(18:47:02) You say, "[direhound bros]"

(18:47:38) Sebastienn[posts?]
(18:48:20) Tobias: yeeeeeee
(18:49:22) (18:49:22) Kyle has logged out.
(18:51:05) [%] Your cookies are ready. <http://furcadia.com/cookies/> for more info!
(18:53:25) Sebastienn was in his bipedal ("anthro") form, sitting with his body mostly submerged (and entirely without clothing). The hound was motionless save for his radar-like ears occasionally twitching, and the bubbles in the water blowing from his snout. A faint, contented rumble was rising and falling from him with every exhale, without a care even as the rain came pelting down. [If that's not enough to react to, lemme know :3]
(18:55:06) (You see Tobias.)
(18:55:06) > *I am never truly here..... Beyond a mandated breath... [wip](#)*
(18:56:24) Tobias: nah you're fiiiine)
(18:58:02) 80% off, 3 different masks, 3 amazing bundles! Each Costume Bundle includes THREE avatars for LIFE + a unique Mask desctag FOR LIFE. [Cute](#), [Fey](#), and [Scary!](#) ([More!](#))
(19:04:20) Llokoni: [puppies]
(19:04:32) Sebastienn was in his bipedal ("anthro") form, sitting with his body mostly submerged (and entirely without clothing). The hound was motionless save for his radar-like ears occasionally twitching, and the bubbles in the water blowing from his snout. A faint, contented rumble was rising and falling from him with every exhale, without a care even as the rain came pelting down. [If that's not enough to react to, lemme know :3] -- [repost for Llokoni's arrival]
(19:05:56) Llokoni: [i man make it rain if you like >:3c]
(19:07:38) You say, "[heh! Capricious weather we're having~]"
(19:07:59) (You see Boogie.)
(19:07:59) > Gengar - WIP
(19:08:08) Boogie spooks on this rock.]
(19:09:10) Sebastienn resists urge to nom]
(19:09:30) Boogie: [oAo]
(19:09:55) Tobias chose times of extreme downpour to try out his moveset and perfect his style under Rainy Day-like conditions. Rocks were the recipient of his attacks, such that he ran and leaped to the nearest set of boulders, Iron Fang causing the stone to shatter and blast apart. On the third example of his Extreme Speed. He alighted upon the pathway, pausing in suspicion. Had he tried this spot out before, had he been here? If memory serves. Not at all. Curious, he shouldered his jacket and dusted off his front. Stone powder came off him in small plumes, and eventually he'd find a set of horns..... poking out of the water? "Hello?" Instant regret. How fast can he turn around? Bitch you're a speed-related pokemon, find out!
(19:11:43) [#] It begins to lightly rain.
(19:14:05) Llokoni came in to the springs alone, which was odd for the Lamedelos for she often had some kind of personal guard or something with her. The woman felt like she needed a long rest at the spring for all the work she had been handling in the meantime. As she approached the two outsiders she looked around eyebrows raised and sighed, "suppose the hot springs are popular today. With just her pareo wrapped around her waist after shedding the top layer of her clothes and folding them neatly onto a dry spot, she waded into the water, giving the two canines some space.

(19:19:51) Sebastien's bubble-blowing ceased as he heard the crash of what he thought was thunder. But he'd not seen a flash of lightning... how peculiar! Ah well, not a bother to him, surely. Ah, but then a bulky figure approached through the showers, and with neck-breaking swiftness, Bastien shoved his torso upward in a push-up. "Well, hello there!" Bastien cheerfully rasped at the two of them. "A trainer and some kind of regional form - delightful! Here for a spot of healing?" The odd bugger was still frozen mid-push-up, his tail swishing in the water excitedly behind him.

(19:23:03) You say, "[wait is Llokoni topless?]"

(19:23:10) Llokoni: [yes]

(19:23:13) Llokoni: [boobsa]

(19:23:16) You say, "[shit okay one sec]"

(19:23:20) Llokoni: [LMAO]

(19:24:25) Sebastien zeroed in on the human and lifted his fiery brows and her uncovered bosom. "Not the modest type, eh? Good for you. Free the nipple, as they say!"

(19:24:41) You say, "at her uncovered*"

(19:24:46) Llokoni wheezes[

(19:24:46) Sebastien[sweats]

(19:31:21) Tobias screamed internally while mustering up something like a-- no, no he didn't. Acting out of concern for someone drowning, before common sense had a chance to catch up. Wasn't enough to pull him out of his alone workout routine mentality. So he stood there, motionless, just kind of letting life happen around him. Which is how he learned that Llokoni was mostly naked, and this.... i-is he a houndom with wings?? HE was completely nude. Tobias tried to smile, but on the second attempt he realized he might look closer to snarling than anything else. Wisely, he abandoned the effort. "Y-yeah, nipples..." Oh god stop trying to talk stop talking stop talking! Blowing hot steam from his throat, for his body still carried the nauseating heat that sizzled and rolled off in vision distorting waves. "I'm clearly overdressed, let me just." Okay, turning around will be the bravest thing he's done all week.... no pressure, hon.

(19:34:30) Llokoni stared at the outsider whom she labeled as the horned doggo. She was trying hard to not stare too much and just accept things. If there were talking bears and shark people, there can be talking doggos with horns. "A.. Trainer?" She asked with curiosity but assumed it mean some sort of humanoid. "You can say that.." She leaned back against a rock and exhaled a long sigh. An eyebrow raised up at the mention of her toplessness. "What am I supposed to wear clothes while swimming?" Then Tobias started in on the nipple thing. "I am not putting clothes on in the water jus because neither of you have nipples." Wow, rude much? Just sit in the glorious nipple envy.

(19:35:49) You say, ""*nipplew envy*" djhfkjdjhgr]"

(19:41:55) Sebastien watched with keen interest as the strange Arcanine made faces at him, and repeat the word 'nipples.' "I say," chuckled the hound. "Are you quite alright there, sir? Oh, but don't leave yet, we're just getting started!" After exclaiming this, Bastien pulled his long-ass legs underneath him to sit upright like a normal person might. His wings were tightly folded against his back, and that tail just kept flicking to and fro like a hyperactive pendulum. Doggish head tilt and curious smile was aimed at the human, to whom he replied "I don't mean to offend

- I'm not entirely certain what the norms are in your culture, miss. In mine, most adult women do in fact wear swim suits!" [Not me wondering if Galar has nude beaches...]

(19:42:10) Boogie: [it's the uk, they prob do]

(19:42:45) You say, "[probably lmao. Let's just say Bastien is an ignorant slut]"

(19:44:15) Llokoni wheezes]

(19:46:13) Boogie: [lance just died from the weirdest sneeze i've ever seen]

(19:46:24) Boogie: [launched himself backwards on the bed...]

(19:48:01) You say, "[rip D:]"

(19:57:19) Llokoni: [o gods did he die?]

(19:57:53) [#] The Wind Picks Up

(19:58:02) Halloween is coming! Lots of great seasonal sales on Digo Market await you! Check out the [Halloween 2025 Sales](#) are now up and more coming! Check them out! ([More!](#))

(19:58:08) Tobias wheezed at the affront to his nipples. It was funny, but also how dare?? "Not my fault you can't see them under all my fluff, with your embarrassingly small eyes." Yeah, and another thing! Tobi looked at the both of them, and partially gave up on escaping for the time being. "I don't care who's naked or clothed, I just wasn't coming here for hot water." He can make that wherever he pleased, surprise surprise! "I was training." Simple enough. "A trainer is what we generally call people like you from our world." With that he gave up the ghastly and sat, huge tail already drenched into a unbecoming rod.

(19:58:14) Tobias: I did die a little bit sorry)

(20:01:48) You say, "[Pls no die]"

(20:05:33) Llokoni rolled her head back against the rock maybe in an attempt to let the rain drown her and free her of this ignorant weirdo. "The norm here is that you don't ruin your clothes in the water, maybe a pareo if you're shy about your bottom... It's not like the old days anymore." Eyes squeezed shut as Tobias tried to rebuff her insult of having small eyes, "Small eyes is the best you could insult someone?" She asked with a huff. "You call people with nipples trainers, got it.. Or just what you mean for humans?" She assumed the training meant that the big arcanine was some sort of warrior and wouldn't be too far from it.

(20:09:36) Sebastien drew his knees up and planted his elbows atop them, before chin-handsing at the other two blithely. "Your fluff is wonderful. I've half a mind to pet you," he chirped. "A *pareo*... hm. I should perhaps investigate the local fashion more." Small eyes widened and his lips formed a small, vaguely perturbed circle as the rain let up. "Beg your pardon, sir, but did you just say 'our world'? What ever do you mean? What other world would there be?" Wuh-oh!

(20:15:26) Tobias blinked, looking genuinely surprised. His best? "No, not at all." Forgetting to not sound sincere, "I just don't dislike you enough to actually say something that'd hurt." Tobias, sweetheart. This isn't how you rough n' tumble.... stomach sank at the mention of petting. Specifically the thought of Seb desiring to do so to *him*. It was SUCH a nice thought.... imagine it. Walking up to someone, zero fear, dropping his head and splaying his ears.... Tobi smiled wistfully, but didn't allow himself to linger on it unduly. After all, it wasn't going to happen. "What we call humans," Tobias specified, chortling. Her... spice? Was kind of refreshing, weirdly. Didn't have to worry about trying to tailor himself, she already disliked him! "O-oh... y'know, uh..." Shit shit shit shit fuck. Lady who don't like me plsssss! "It's... just..." Gesturing with those giant mitts of his, Tobias finally landed on what he felt was the best solution to the slip-up. (c

(20:15:40) Tobias: (c)

(20:18:29) Tobias "You.... you're... you sound like you're from Galar, mate?" Playing up his own accent, perhaps instilling something like commonality? Anything to keep a possible freakout from happening. Or perhaps he worried too much, and should just let Seb handle the bombshell on his own. There are two wolves within this dog, and they are both anxiety. "Those wormholes, y'know. Sometimes they'll snatch a body right quick, no warning. Spit y'out who knows where." This is totally not the calamity it sounds like. (f)

(20:22:42) Llokoni opened one eye open as Sebastian commented about fashion. "There's lots to learn here.." Then he seemed confused about the our world your world stuff. "Like outsider worlds.. wait.. are outsider lands not islands? How much is out there?" She sat up, awake, interested. "Galar." She repeated pegging the two of them from similar places? "So.. Not the nascence or Idavollr areas.. Or Stred.. Galar.." She cupped her chin. "Perhaps the goddess has yet to recover from the fight. And you both are from Galar? Oh gods dammit I don;t have any pamphlets on me at the moment."

(20:24:27) Tobias, "I mentally asked for her help, I did")

(20:27:33) Sebastien -- Oh dear, oh dear... "I... I see. Eternatus never seems quite done with me..." His voice had gone soft, but certainly still audible. Not wishing to dwell on that dreadful baddy, Bastien instead moved right along with the conversation as if it was all fine and dandy. "Hmm..? Oh, well I grew up in Galar, yes. Was hatched in Kalos, however. Quite alright, I'll learn about this new world in due time. And I'm sure you're aware, but not all humans are trainers. My boy was a model-slash-fashion designer!" His skull-laden chest puffed out proudly, as if having a human partner being a fashionist was impressive. Let's just glaze over the past tense in that sentence, shall we?

(20:30:53) You say, "[ICly this guy is like the embodiment of the DerpySmileBlob emoji, it feels like. x3]"

(20:33:32) Llokoni: [yeeeeee]

(20:33:35) Boogie: [i want a spotlight on this rock specifically, lol]

(20:33:45) Boogie goes back to lurking/watching.]

(20:34:26) You say, "[*sings "Can't Wait to Be King" from Lion King*]"

(20:38:30) Tobias looked at Llokoni and tried to understand, without directly asking. Why pamphlets were important for a situation like this. Not wanting to sound dumb, he kept his confusion to himself. "No idea what any of that meant. Wager it stands for Galar bein' new." Or maybe it meant she thought Galar was a person who needed pamphlets. Tobi's head quirked visibly at the mention of Eternatus, but knew better than to venture after that tone. Sounded a tad too personal for his liking. "No, not all humans are trainers." He agreed. Sometimes they are friends, partners, husbands, wives. Hearing the overtones concerning the other 'mons family gave Tobias another thoughtful pause. However he might come off to others. He was always paying heed to what was being said. And what wasn't. "If this is about to turn into an interview," He began, side-eyeing Llokoni, "Am I allowed to deliver the facts in song, or does it hafta be boring."

(20:39:51) Tobias: Bastien is adorable and he needs so many hugs it's gonna take a whole village.)

(20:40:08) You say, "[xD! HRT]"

(20:40:26) Tobias: And Llokoni is the big tough kid in the neighborhood I desperately want to look cool in front of. But just get gassy when they walk by.)

(20:40:34) Llokoni has no idea who or what eternatus was, just sounded like some really bad dude that needed a bonkin'. Records scratch- hatch? She squinted at the houndoom anthro and deduces, "Yeah that seems about right.. You got the mo'o bits." Perfectly sensible. "So.. Trainers does not mean human.. But humans can be trainers.. and trainers must mean.. " She cupped her chin as she fell deep into thought, grin forming upon her face. "Your nipples slave." She pointed towards Tobias dramatically. "I'm joking, just teasing, things are too dark and heavy... I never left this island to be honest."

(20:49:49) Sebastien had no idea what a mo'o was but maybe that was her word for Pokemon! Her devious suggestion that trainers lacked nipples and were enslaved had the hound's ears flicking forward sharply. "Come again? How did you come by that notion? You've never left? Do you not have ships?" So many damned questions! Bastien shrugged and chuckled at Tobias' befuddlement, but then regained his energy with gusto when Tobias spoke about singing. He gasped and clapped his hands together rapidly. "Ohhh, yes! I do so enjoy a good show! "

(20:57:18) Tobias relents the smallest, shiest laugh, hands on the ground, claws thoughtlessly kneading into the earth. He fluttered his long lashes at Llokoni dramatically. "Oh, to be a nipples slave. Those were the days." The thought of never leaving home base astounded Tobias, but not because it was new. Just. He'd never gotten to meet his opposite before. To Seb, "She's just making a bit of fun, no worries." The enthusiasm for a performance was once more *shocking*. Why Tobi staunchly refused to believe anyone'd actually desire his company was not properly understood. But it led to dumbfounding moments like these, where he was momentarily speechless. "S'pose I could... wouldn't wanna take up the whole conversation, though..." He'd just been joking, ohnooooo. Damn you, emotionless emo affect!

(20:57:53) [#] A Storm rolls in

(20:57:59) Tobias: oh)

(20:58:02) The [Autumn Super Portrait Sale](#) is back after many years! Included are 10 Portrait Spaces, 2 Animated Portrait Spaces and [3 raffle tickets!](#) ([more](#))

(20:58:05) Llokoni: [o no]

(20:58:54) You say, "[well then! I was about to say I'm kinda losing steam but that spooked my dookie]"

(20:59:03) Llokoni: [lmao]

(20:59:04) Tobias: LMFAO)

(21:03:24) Llokoni shrugged her shoulders, "By process of deduction.. Well yes ships but you don't want to go too far out into the open sea.. There are monsters, and some have been sighting them around here too." Distant thunder rolled as she held up her hands in claw like shapes. "Rumors of great striped beasts that spit poison and drag you to the deep where the dead suffer and Helwyno'e pulls at his chains." After her performance she crossed her arms and sighed, "Besides even if we could leave, I can't I am bound by my family and oath to keeping these lands protected." Tobias's antics got a chuckle out of Llokoni. "Well song and dance is the main for of passing on history here. Aside from old Folios."

(21:03:35) [#] Llokoni rolls 1d20+2 for spooky & gets 11.

(21:04:19) You say, "[xD middling spookiness]"

(21:04:37) Tobias still scream)

(21:09:53) Sebastien glanced over at Tobias for his explanation that Llokoni was pulling their legs. "Oh. Haha, yes. Yes, of course!" Trying to play it off, hm? Returning his ember gaze back to Llokoni, he popped his mouth open and raised a palm before it, exaggerating shock.

"Poison-spitting monsters, you say? Well, I've faced a fair few of those in my day, but it wasn't something I'd be keen to repeat. Ah, well. Suppose we're all stuck here until Arceus or one of your gods decides to kick us elsewhere." Suddenly, the hound stood from the water and trudged to the shore, placing his hands on his hips. "Well, this storm seems a bit too harsh for my liking, so I shall bid you all adieu and pop off to go exploring. My name is Sebastien, by the by, but feel free to call me Bastien if you find that to be a drain on you. Ta-ta!"

(21:11:28) [#] Tobias rolls 2d20 Tobi sing/Tobi scurred: (16) (19) = 35.

(21:11:37) Tobias: guess a bit of both)

(21:12:23) You say, "[cold do 1d2 as well if you want an either/or]"

(21:12:28) You say, "[could*]"

(21:17:20) Tobias's ears stood stock upright and quivered with trepidation. Despite knowing lightning type moves and being wholly comfortable with *his* thunder... natural thunder still had the effect you'd imagine of any dog. Thus Llokoni's tale of monsters with poison moves dragging people down to hell?? Yeah he sunk into himself a little. Don't go swimming, got it. "A protector. Can always respect that." And it was palpable, to some degree, how he sorta eased upon hearing this. Guardians, REAL ones. Were rarely the sort of people he couldn't get along with. Offering a small smile to Bastien, "That sounds capital, friend. Name's Tobias, please don't call me Tobi." Guess they can call him biased.... cos he is. When the thought of him making music wasn't immediately shot down, Tobi shrugged somewhat before looking around himself. Oral tradition, huh.... (c)

(21:24:10) Tobias summoned a wayward bolt of lightning to his hand, and as if it were made of tangible material. He slapped it across his palms, as if getting a feel for it. Then in what can only be explained as magic, split the bolt into several, forming the rough fascimile of a guitar. A testing flick of fingers across the plasma fretboard resulted in, not at ALL the sounds of an a stringer instrument. But a largely synthetic one. When he had the beat in mind, he told the story thusly: "The dark has had time to roam. There's no chance I'll see you again, in this time. No hide or hair of my lovely once-home. Breaking down the insatiable, the cries of remembrance lost. Do you hear me, all alone? Do you comprehend. What I've had to do on my own? Of course not. Sandy shores unknown, to a field of faces unseen. I know nothing of who is who, where they've all been. Yet I try, despite my visage. To see the humanity within # ." Then he dispersed it, got up, and walked straight into the hot spring. (c)

(21:24:49) Tobias The only rational way to handle one's stage fright. Murder. Of oneself. (f)

(21:27:22) Sebastien[applauds!]

(21:30:53) Tobias will def remember applauds after he stops trying to drown himself)

(21:31:38) You say, "[poor thing needs a damn xanax]"

(21:31:47) Tobias: one day)

(21:31:59) Tobias: one day someone will tell him those exist)

(21:32:16) Llokoni: [lmao]

(21:34:02) Llokoni did not mean for the storm to come in and she knew well enough to make like a tree and get the fuck out. She stood up and gathered her things quickly, tossing on a boar hide cloak to cover up and keep her warm. "And I am Llokoni Llamedelos, protector of Ata, or just

Llokoni." She replied with a quick gather of her things. She turned back around and waded out of the water and explained, "Save the song and dance for later- we don't want to be out while Aerosk is about. His anger can strike anyone." But she did stick around to listen to those sick bars and nodded in approval. "I'm going to assume you are immune to lightning so.. Good luck out here good bye!" She scampered off.

(21:36:08) Llokoni: [okay ima head to bed now ni ni yall <33]

(21:36:15) You say, "[LOL poor Tobias -- nini ily!]"

(21:36:50) Tobias: niniiii ily thanks for the rp guys HRT)

(21:37:04) You say, "[Ty as well! *Snugs*]"

Session closed 2025-10-17 21:37:08