Faust slouched at the edge of a long, crowded table in the heart of Burrowgatory's All Sinners' Day celebration, her half-lidded eyes drifting over the rows of empty bottles, tankards, and goblets strewn across the surface. She had already downed more than she ever imagined she could handle, her usual slothful demeanor fading into a haze of intoxication. The air was thick with the scent of alcohol, sweat, and indulgence, and the sounds of laughter, raucous shouts, and revelry filled the underground chamber.

"Faust, *Faust*," Mercy's voice cut through the noise, and Faust glanced up to see the head nun of the Church of Sulfur staggering toward her, a wide grin plastered across her face. Mercy's usual pious, solemn expression was nowhere to be seen. Instead, her cheeks were flushed a deep crimson, her normally composed appearance disheveled from hours of drinking and partying.

Faust blinked slowly, her vision swimming as she tried to focus on Mercy's face. "Mercy…" she mumbled, her voice thick with alcohol. "You look… absolutely trashed."

Mercy let out a wild laugh, nearly spilling the mug of ale in her hand as she dropped down into the chair beside Faust. "That's the *point*!" she shouted, throwing an arm around Faust's shoulder. "All Sinners' Day, remember? No consequences, no restraint… just… *excess*." She punctuated the word by taking another long swig of ale, downing the entire mug in a single gulp before slamming it down on the table with a satisfied grin.

Faust's head lolled to the side, leaning into Mercy's shoulder as she giggled softly. "I guess I shouldn't be surprised… if the head nun is letting loose, what's stopping the rest of us?"

"Nothing," Mercy said, her grin turning wicked as she motioned for another round. "Absolutely *nothing*. Even Murmur would understand. This day is about giving in to our base desires, Faust. And you, my dear, have been holding back far too much."

Faust smirked lazily, her eyelids heavy. "You think so?"

"I *know* so," Mercy replied, her voice teasing as she leaned closer. "You're always so… pious. So dedicated. But tonight, you can let it all go. Drink until you can't stand. Feast until you can't move. Hell, find someone and—"

"Easy now," Faust interrupted with a chuckle, holding up her hand. "One vice at a time. I'm already doing enough damage with this." She grabbed a nearby bottle of wine and took a deep swig, the rich, fruity taste coating her tongue and sending another wave of warmth coursing through her body.

Mercy laughed, her voice low and sultry as she leaned back in her chair. "Fair enough. But don't say I didn't encourage you."

Faust let her head fall back, staring up at the flickering lights above, her mind floating in the fog of the alcohol. Her usual slothful nature was still there, of course—she had no desire to get up,

move, or do much of anything. But the sluggishness that often weighed her down had morphed into something else. She wasn't just lazy anymore—she was *indulgent*. She was *greedy* for more wine, for more pleasure, for more of this intoxicating, hedonistic celebration.

Mercy reached across the table, grabbing a nearby bottle and filling her own mug once again. She raised it toward Faust, her grin widening. "To Murmur," she said, her voice a little slurred but full of devotion. "To our demon, who asks for nothing but devotion and… sometimes… a little indulgence."

Faust smirked, raising her own bottle in response. "To Murmur," she echoed, before downing the rest of her drink.

The alcohol hit her hard, and for a moment, Faust wondered if she'd gone too far. Her head spun, and she felt the world tilt slightly beneath her feet. But before she could dwell on it, Mercy let out another wild laugh, pulling Faust into a tight hug that nearly knocked the breath out of her.

"You're a good bun, Faust," Mercy murmured, her voice soft now, almost tender. "Too good, sometimes. But tonight… you're with me. And we're going to let go. We're going to drink, and party, and forget about everything else. Just for one night."

Faust leaned into the embrace, her head resting on Mercy's shoulder. The warmth of the other bun's body and the intoxicating buzz of the alcohol lulled her into a state of complete relaxation. She didn't have to think, didn't have to worry. For once, she wasn't burdened by her duties, by her piety, by anything at all.

"Alright," she mumbled, her voice barely above a whisper. "Let's do it."

Mercy grinned, pulling back just enough to look Faust in the eyes. "That's the spirit," she said, her voice full of mischief. "Now, let's see if we can drink this place dry."

The night blurred together after that. Faust lost track of how many bottles of wine, mugs of ale, and shots of who-knew-what she consumed. She danced—or, more accurately, swayed—through the crowds, laughing with other succubuns as they partook in their own indulgences. The world around her was a kaleidoscope of colors, sounds, and sensations, all blending together in a haze of pleasure and excess.

At some point, she found herself slumped against Mercy once more, both of them sitting on the floor of the crowded hall, surrounded by empty bottles. Mercy's head lolled to the side, her eyes half-closed, but a lazy smile remained on her lips.

"See?" Mercy murmured, her voice barely audible over the noise. "Told you… no consequences."

Faust chuckled softly, her own eyes closing as she leaned against her fellow nun. "No consequences," she agreed, her mind slipping into the blissful oblivion of drunken slumber.