

It'd been a long, long night for Sal. Between socializing, toasting to things and downing way too many drinks and mochi alike, they'd hardly had the time to watch the clock as one year turned into the next. They'd spent many other eves like this by themselves, merely sipping drinks and snacking on mochi rather than gorging themselves on either, often a bit more prone to trying to take these moments to reflect on the past year and send it off in a more quiet fashion.

But not this year. They found themselves passed out with their head in a pretty woman's lap more than once before they finally made it home, the embarrassment of being found so vulnerable brushed off with an easy smile and an offer to share another drink every time.

By the time they did make it home, it was a wonder that they didn't break an ankle stepping over their imps. Snip and Snap crowded around them, the Fellantern insistently winding itself around their legs while the Freign headbutted their shins. "There's nicer ways to tell me you missed me, you know," they mumbled, before scooping each of them up in one hand, "but I missed you too. But somebody's gotta stay home to greet me when I'm back, right?" As per usual, their joke was met with nothing but dissatisfied groans from the imps.

Both imps tucked away into the crooks of their arms, they continued their slow lumber towards the bedroom, only to come to a stop in the middle of the living room instead, blurry eyes focused on their big, comfortable recliner. Sure, it smelled a little off - the thing was ancient after all - but would it really be so bad to get just a few moments of rest here? It wouldn't help any with the hangover that was sure to haunt them come morning, but for now... it was the perfect spot for just a little snooze. Just until they felt steady enough to actually make it to bed, how hard could that possibly be on their body? If anything, they were being responsible by not making the perilous track through the rest of the living room.

Quicker than they should be in their drunken state, they settled into the chair, Snip draped around their shoulders and Snap making a bed of their feet. In this familiar position, it wasn't long at all till Sal drifted off into a comfortable sleep...

The dream they arrived in was oddly unfamiliar. Perhaps it was the mix of mochi and alcohol, but instead of vaguely familiar places, this one took place somewhere they'd never been before. Somewhere they were sure didn't exist, the longer they looked around. In the distance, a voice as soft and melodious as windchimes called out to them, beckoning them closer. With the dream versions of Snip and Snap practically nipping at their ankles to get them on their way, they didn't have much of a choice other than following the alluring voice wherever it took them. Not that it would've been a hard choice to make in the first place - Sal wasn't one to argue with voices as sweet as this one.

With the imps still snapping at their heels, they trudged their way past skyhigh cans and bottles of booze, from cheap beers all the way to expensive sparkling wines, their contents spilling from each top in endless, gently bubbling spurts.

At the end of the path, their imps finally gave them a rest and a gentle hill came into view - and atop it, the silhouette of a familiar, yet nebulous doll, her hand extended towards Sal, body swaying ever so slowly, ever so invitingly, to music Sal couldn't hear. Hesitant, Sal placed a foot on the hill, only to find it having a considerable amount of give. Some spring, even. Was this entire hill made of mochi?

They didn't have much time to contemplate, they soon found out. As their hand finally brushed against that of the other doll, something gave. Perhaps the mochi underfoot was simply too soft or maybe Sal was just that clumsy, but they soon found themselves falling towards the other doll. With a mischievous glint of her eyes, the dream doll spun them around in a wide pirouette, making Sal the one to hit the soft ground with their back and placing her squarely on top of them, straddling them.

"Clumsy," the dream doll cooed at them, Sal's hands instinctively grabbing at both sides of her hips as she started lightly grinding against their crotch. "Does that feel good?" Her words had Sal nodding their head, already struggling to ignore just how hard so little contact was getting them. Her soft tail wound around one of their legs, the gentle pressure and intimacy only heightening the pleasure.

"Sal," the doll sighed, "touch me, please..." The only thing stopping them from moaning her name was that it sat on the very tip of their tongue, the silhouette and behavior clearly familiar, yet it simply wouldn't come to them in this dream. Need and frustration intertwined, channeled themselves into insistent tugs at the dreamy doll's hips, making her grind against them harder. Eyes halfway lidded, Sal gasped at her, "I need to know your name..."

With a soft giggle, she placed her index finger to their lips to shush them, just as wakefulness started clawing its way back into Sal's body. The dream doll grew hazy, quickly slipping through Sal's fingers as they mumbled for her to stay for just a moment longer, that they missed her already. But dreams were merciless like that. Before long, their eyes snapped open, taking a moment to adjust to the light now filtering in through the blinds. Eventually, they discovered little beyond the familiar scene of their living room, nobody else to be found at all - other than their still snoozing imps, of course.

Muscles aching already, they disentangled themselves from the two imps and started the slow march to their actual bed, aching from sore muscles and that ever persistent boner both.