

Deep inside the walls of Castle Bleck, Dimentio lay still in his chambers. The other members of Bleck's ragtag team of misfits were away, and so the magician had the castle completely to himself. Dimentio was certainly never one to take time for himself to relax; the fact he was not able to tag along made him quite antsy, in fact. The bells on his cap jingled softly as he shifted on his bed. He couldn't help but feel a twinge of annoyance from being left behind. Though he wouldn't necessarily consider the Count's other minions to be his "friends," he found his mind wandering and pondering what on Earth they could possibly be doing where his presence ceased to be needed.

Being separated from the others caused him far more anxiety than he was willing to admit. He closed his eyes, attempting to push the thoughts of a possible betrayal that began to seep into his mind. Suddenly, his eyes shot open. "Perhaps a bit of stress relief is in order, just to take my mind off of things," the magician spoke to no one in particular.

A nervous giggle escaped Dimentio's lips as he squirmed in place, gently brushing his cloak aside. He looked around shyly, double-checking to make sure no one was around for what he was about to do, the idea of being caught in such a state mortifying him to his core. His fingers gently ghosted over his now bare middle, his cloak being his only "real" piece of clothing. The magician often felt a deep sense of shame with the body he was given; his form seemed specifically designed in such a way that he would derive no pleasure from his flesh.

Dimentio took a deep, shuddering breath as his fingers traced a little lower, teasing the skin right between his chest and belly. He knew he shouldn't be doing this, not here, but his mind was a whirlwind of anxious thoughts. and he needed a way to put a stop to them, even if temporarily. His brain began to buzz, his back jolting slightly as he crept his fingers lower ever so slowly. He knew not if it was due to his hybrid DNA rendering him infertile or if his body was just a cruel joke granted by

whatever sick God created him, but he possessed no means of reproduction; his body had not a single hole anywhere in his lower area to speak of.

There was one area that Dimentio had found functioned at least somewhat similar to an erogenous zone for him. As Dimentio's fingers crept lower, his breathing grew heavier, a shudder wracking his body as his fingertips finally came in contact with his navel. It was a shameful part of him, far too large and sensitive for his liking, almost cartoonishly so. It felt dirty and wrong, constantly rubbing against his cloak and being a nuisance, and yet, during times like these, its presence was rather pleasant.

Dimentio gently poked the puffy nub, swirling his finger around the rim of it. A few amused chuckles escaped his lips as he began to play with his navel. He moaned, his back arching slightly as his finger continued to tease and prod at the sensitive flesh, his breathing growing heavier and his chest rising and falling as he lost himself in the temporary pleasure of it all. The magician's mind began to ease, the stress and anxiety wracking his brain melting away as he focused himself on the sensations of the moment.

Dimentio's free hand crept up to grasp at his cap, giving it a harsh tug while he continued his shameful indulgence. The usually whimsical sound of his bells jingling took on a much more uncouth tone, mingling with Dimentio's labored breathing and soft moans. Deep down, he knew he shouldn't be doing this, but it felt... good.

Dimentio began to press harder against his navel, his touch exploratory and curious. His hips bucked harshly as a particularly intense jolt of pleasure shot through him. The magician bit his lip, stifling a cry of ecstasy as he continued to work his belly button with an increasing fervor.

His breath quickened, the pleasure building with each passing second. “Mrrrgh...” he moaned, testing just how much he could push the sensitive flesh. It was like a dance, his fingers twirling and swaying, always teasing and prodding. His other hand grabbed at the edge of the bedsheet, the material stretched tight between his fingers. His moans grew louder, spilling from his lips and dribbling down his chest like a thick foam built up from a mouthful of soda that was far too large.

“Ah ha ha ha... w-wow...” Dimentio’s mind began to grow hazy, any worries of betrayal and anxiety bubbling away and being replaced by a desperate, aching need. His back arched sharply as his fingers pressed particularly hard against the puffy nub, a choked gasp bursting from between his lips. The pressure was soon too much to bear, his hips jerking erratically as he chased that high, eyes squeezed shut.

Soon the tension grew unbearable; what once felt good passed the crux of pleasure and fell steeply down into the realm of pain. Dimentio threw his head back with a loud cry, his body shuddering as he quickly drew his fingers away, knowing he reached his limit. He was left to just lie there for a moment, riding the high as he took deep breaths to calm himself, a goofy, satisfied grin spreading across his now rosy cheeks. He couldn’t help but giggle, the sound almost manic as his racing heart gradually slowed to its usual pace.

Dimentio felt less than charming in the moment, embarrassed in the afterglow. He hastily covered himself back up with the speed of someone attempting to cover up a murder. He felt stupid, but in that moment, lost in the haze of sensation, he came to realize it was something he needed. He needed the escape, needed a distraction from his inner thoughts, which often only served to torment him further than his adversaries.

With a faint smile still coloring his face, he sat up slowly with a sigh. Next time, he really should be more careful, more discreet about this whole thing, lest anyone catch wind of his secret little vice. Fumbling with his hands, he found the solitude in his chambers at the moment to be nice. He was satisfied for now, his stress allowing itself to stay at bay for just a bit longer. Perhaps this was something he should do more often.