

Sunburn

Job # 001

Contact: [REDACTED]

Target: Randall Bulginski

Age: early 20s

Species: goat

Reason: scratched his balls

Okay that's a terrible reason, i admit, but if he hadn't been rubbing at himself between his thighs i wouldn't have noticed him at all, and once i saw the weight of what he was palming and rubbing at, i knew exactly what i wanted for my Sunday dinner.

I struck up a conversation with him, found out he's a lifeguard at the local nude beach, and that he had sunned a bit too much over the weekend. He said had "roasted his nuts".

How could this not be an omen? His nuts will be mine.

I am of course banned from the beach, and am under some careful scrutiny after what happened to some of my neighbours during the last power outage, so i need someone to go collect some things for me. You can drug him if you wish, and take whatever you want. It looked like he had a thick, meaty cock, which seemed odd on such a young fellow. If you need, I've supplied a local analgesic cream that can be rubbed onto his sac, to numb it. I convinced him it may not be a sunburn, but instead some rare fungus, so he's planning on going to the free clinic on 5th Street this evening to get examined.

You do things the way seems best for you, i trust your good judgement.

The sound of squawking seagulls drifted in through an open bedroom window on a warm morning summer breeze.

The last couple of weeks had been hot ones, the sun pretty much blazing down on the coast none stop – the plants weren't liking it – but it meant a roaring trade for all the businesses by the beaches, including those by the town's nudist beach. With so many extra people crowding to the beach – being a lifeguard was one of those jobs where you simply had to keep going – it didn't matter if you'd been in the water 15 times that day – you had to jump off your chair, get in the water and save that creature's life! This of course lead to exhausted lifeguards, not dissimilar to the 22 year old goat lifeguard sleeping soundly in his bed by the open window.

A chime started up from a mobile phone, loud and shrill, blasting out from on top of a bedside cabinet. The goat rolled over in his bed, blurry eyed, and grabbed the device and quickly slid the alarm from the screen, flopping then back onto his back, and staring at the ceiling for a moment.

His room was tidy. It was reasonably clean, only a couple of pairs of boxer shorts and a tshirt strewn on the floor, a basic wooden desk with a laptop sat, with his emails open on screen, and a reasonably large double bed – which had a wooden headboard that had various scuff marks where the goat's curved horns had scraped countless times.

The goat threw back the covers. He was hot - a little sticky in fact - his fur clinging to him as he laid there. He slid one leg to the side of his bed – and forced himself to sit up – swinging the other leg round and looking out of the window, still with his sleepy expression.

He stood up and stretched, letting out a long yawn and then reached down to cup his balls, giving them a rub, but being careful not to rub too firmly. His sack had been sore recently and he was planning on heading to a clinic after work to get it checked out. He was a goat however, and goats were known for having large packages. It was why they tended to be known as hot heads; their testosterone levels being higher and leading to them being more competitive at pretty much everything. Randall was at the top end when it came to size.

He wandered from his room and turned left into the bathroom, standing over the toilet and then grabbing his large sausage of a cock. It only stands to reason that a guy with large orbs - the kind of orbs that you could only fit one in your hand at a time - would have a large dick. It was large, uncut and always had a light scent, just as he liked it. He held it, semi hard, with the foreskin overhanging the tip, as he listened to the seagulls.

'Another day In the sun' he thought, as he finished up. With a couple of shakes, he released that proud specimen of goat dick, and then washed his hands, brushed his teeth and headed back to his room to pull on some clothes. As he sat on the bed to pull on his underwear, he glanced at his computer screen. He'd received a couple of emails over night - mostly spam - but one from the bar he'd been at. It reminded him of a handsome tiger he'd met there. For once, he actually thought this guy may be someone he could actually get to know better. He had a charming personality, and was cute to go with it.

He sat on the office chair by his desk, and took hold of his flaccid goat meat. He tugged at his foreskin a little, squashing the long floppy overhanging tip between his finger and thumb and kneading at it gently. He wondered what things he could get up to, if he invited the tiger back his place. Tonight, even.

His uncut goat meat was quickly becoming a semi and filling his hand – the foreskin still hanging over the end like a sock, he gently took his shaft in his hand, and moved his hand down it, enjoying to soft warmth of his dick, and the teasing sensation of his hand against it – especially as his fingers reached the tip of that ever so slightly damp tip. A little pre escaped as his finger ran over it, which he then used to rub over the rest of his foreskin covering the head of his hardening member, helping his hand now slide effortlessly over his shaft without tugging back the foreskin – just enjoying the teasing pleasure.

It wasn't long until his member was fully hard, all 10 inches of it, standing proudly, fat and eager, and his foreskin still overhanging its tip just slightly,

He loved foreskin, his addiction started with his own cock, as a kid he could suck his own, and he could taste his own sweet saltiness, and the almost jelly like silkiness of the floppy tip as it slid over his tongue, And now, although he couldn't reach, he sometimes dreamt of being able to, on a couple of times even imagining using some portal rings he'd seen on FA where he could detach his junk and suck himself off,

His train of thought had ventured off the tiger briefly – but found itself back on the rails as that cute tiger came back into his mind, what if that tiger had one of those portal rings? What if he let him borrow them?, he thought as he now grasped his meat more firmly and pulled his foreskin back slowly but surely, his member throbbing at the attention it was receiving, more pre slicking it up as he does – letting it glide effortlessly over the large shiny glans being revealed. What if the tiger had two sets? The tiger and he could have some fun with them, he could have the tiger's cock to suck, the tiger could have his.

The goat moans, imagining the images. Imagining the tiger holding his large package, balls hanging below his large throbbing goathood, him nuzzling at those orbs, giving them a lick, a teasing nibble before up to that tip – nibbling his foreskin.

The goat moans out louder now, his paw moving back and forth – sliding that skin back and forth at a quicker pace, feeling as if a silken glove was being slipped forward and back over his glans each time, he suddenly gripped his chair's arm with his left hand, his feet kicking out – sending a few reams of printer paper flying off the bottom shelf of his desk – as his dick throbs, pulses – going rock solid – and suddenly shooting rope on rope of goat seed from those huge balls – high up into the air, it falling back down in large globs, hitting him on his muzzle, his chest and tummy and over his arm.

He pants heavily as the orgasm fades to an afterglow, his paw moving just gently, allowing those little after-twitches play out. The last of his seed oozed from the tip of his glans, being spread by that ever moving foreskin.

It was only now he realised how much of a mess he'd just made, Usually he would tug his foreskin forward at climax, and it would balloon a little with his seed. Sometimes uncomfortably so, but with the volume it was always wiser than coating the room, or as today, himself.

The cooling goat seed dribbled down his muzzle, and he lapped up at it, he loved his own seed, but few people could ever swallow a whole meal that he gave them.

He stood up, his office chair spinning round a little and the back hitting his butt gently, and reached down, grabbing the t-shirt on the floor from last night. He wiped himself down, and then went to the bathroom to get a towel, just to try fluff his fur up a little more, He didn't have time to shower, he was due on the beach soon!

His dick softened reasonably quick, but the problem with having such a large dick, was the drooling after shooting your seed. No matter how many times he squeezed, trying to milk the last drips from it, he just couldn't get it all, and as it got softer, another drip would ooze from its floppy foreskin, He pulled his skin back and used a towel to just dab it dry before heading back into his room once again.

He pulled on a clean pair of red swimming shorts, and a white t-shirt before grabbing hold of his bag and setting off out of the door, He didn't want to be late!

The sun beat down on the street, causing the sidewalk to be hot under his bare feet. He lived only a 5 minute walk from the nudist beach where he worked, so often didn't wear shoes. They'd be pointless on the job anyway, just like his shorts and t-shirt. As he walked he noticed a slight chill to the tip of his dick.

'Man, really?!' he thought, his dick had once more dribbled a little, dampening the netting on the inside of his shorts and causing a cool spot against him, He carried on down the street and made a turn onto a small path which headed up some sand dunes. He was thinking about yesterday again. This time, not just about the tiger but the conversation they'd had. They'd talked for quite a while and he'd got onto the topic of his sore nuts, He thought he'd simply neglected sunscreen, and his nuts had been roasted in the sun yesterday, but this tiger seemed to know what he was talking about – and he'd told him about a rare fungal infection that had been going around – but only those whose nuts had been exposed a lot – and with him being a lifeguard at a nudist beach, that's exactly what had been the case. He just hoped whatever it was, wouldn't take long to cure as with his balls being so big, they moved a lot, and with each movement a wave of dull burning pain would be felt,

He wandered through the gate – cautioning people of it being a nudist beach, and then round the corner cut into the dune, opening out onto the beach. There were already a couple of guys there – and further up the beach a couple of girls putting sunscreen on each other.

He took off his t-shirt, and then pulled down his shorts before wandering up the steps of his chair, and flopping down in place, hanging his bag from a hook on the arm and looking out over the water. 'No one in the sea yet, just how I like it' he said.

Across on the dunes however, was an unseen figure. He'd kept low and flat on the back side of the dune, and had pushed a telescope through the sand so it sat poking through the other side. This individual wasn't perving, well, not much – but he had been contracted to do a job. He needed to identify his target first, and the telescope was trained on that lifeguard chair. When the goat arrived he used his telescope to zoom in further, getting a good view of the goat's features, and then down – noticing that even in his shorts he had something fairly sizable hidden away in there, and as he undressed he realised why his contact had chosen this particular goat for the coon's particular services. That was a large, heavy sack of goose eggs hanging there. And what was this? His favorite! A nice uncut cock. Perhaps he'd give himself a bonus.

This was of course Twomasks, and today, his first contract job, was going to be a good one! He watched the guy get comfortable in the chair, and zoomed in at the package sat in his lap. The orbs sat rosily spread over the lifeguard's thighs, and the limp uncut goat cock perched on top. Twomasks was thinking, now. He knew where Randall would be going after work, and he knew the best route from the beach to that place,

He pulled the telescope back from the sand and collapsed it down, putting it into one of the pockets in his sand coloured cargo pants, and headed down to the path the goat had taken to get to the beach. He started tracing the route the goat would be going to get to the clinic on 5th street, taking notes of any prime ambush spots.

Frankly, the route sucked as far as he was concerned, he had walked the length of it, and other than some small alleys coming off the sides, there were very few places he could plan a surprise. The other problem with the ambush idea was, this is a big guy – with horns, and he knew he couldn't go up against someone like that, one on one. He'd be crushed.

He arrived at the clinic and wandered in to see what the layout was. There was only one consultant on today, which was good, but he could get no further inside, thanks to the suspicious receptionist.

He ignored her question as to whether she could help him and headed back out into the street, checking the opening hours. What could he do? He mused, wandering around to the back of the building .

There he found a fire ladder, and deftly climbing up, he peeked in through a window. It was the consulting room! It had bookcases and large dark leather sofas, a water cooler with cups and of course the consultant's desk; a grand mahogany thing that must have weighed a tonne, with a desk lamp and papers on top, and there was the consultant sat at his desk.

He had his plan.

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Back at the beach, Randall had been in his chair all day, save for a couple trips to the bathroom. He had not had to get in the water once. It was a weekday, though. People were at work. He looked around again, still nothing for him to do.

Quitting time came, and another lifeguard, a large German shepherd came to relieve him. Randall would have been lying if he had said he didn't fancy the dog. Each day he'd come to relieve him, and it being a nudist beach, the dog had been nude. An uncut German shep, built and trim, who wouldn't fancy him?

"Hey Randall, how's the day been?" the dog asks.

"Good! No jumpers and sinkers today," Randall replies hopping down from the chair – and pulling on his shorts and t-shirt. "I'll be off to the docs now."

"You not feeling good?" the German shepherd asked. "Could be the sun."

"Nah, heh don't worry about it – nothing big, just a check up" Randall lied. Awkward.

"OK! Well, see ya tomorrow" the dog said heading up the chair. Randall enjoyed watching that cute butt flex as the dog climbed up over him.

Randall waved and headed down the path, making his way to 5th street. He wished he'd brought some sandals with him. 5th street was a half-hour walk in bare feet, but he got there fine, wandered in and asked for an appointment.

The receptionist told him to go sit down in the waiting area and wait to be called in.

Twomasks had been watching from down the alley. When he knew he'd checked into the clinic, he headed back up to the window of the consultant's office and peeked in again. The consultant, an

otter, was finishing up with someone. The red panda closed the door on his way out, and Twomasks pried up the sash window a little and pulled out his trusty blowpipe.

He took aim at the consultant, as the otter was sitting back at his desk. A single dart bit perfectly on the back of the otter's arm.

The consultant flinched – moving to grab at his arm – but collapsed at his desk with his fingers still wrapped around the dart. Twomasks slipped through the window, slid on the consultant's jacket, and heaved the otter through the window and into the bushes two stories below. He'd be fine.

He looked at the computer screen on the consultant's desk. He'd been writing notes about the previous patient, 'infection cleared, and recommend' it read, before stopping. Twomasks grinned, and deleted the line – only to retype 'Infection spread into penis. Urgent penectomy and castration required. schedule for emergency involuntary procedure' and saved the medical note. It was good to be evil.

He then looked at the list of patients waiting to come in – and found Randall down at the bottom of the list, 'Oh well!' he thought, 'ladies and gentlemen, we have ourselves a queue jumper!'. With a click, Randall was pulled to the top of the list.

A minute later, and in the goat came, looking awkward and uncomfortable.

"take a seat Randall" the raccoon said gesturing to the chair in front of his desk.

Randall did, putting his bag down and proceeding to look awkward and uncomfortable at the raccoon behind the desk

"so what seems to be the problem?" Twomasks asked, portraying the attitude of a professional. He could have been an actor if he hadn't been a full time removal expert.

The goat blushes, "Well," he paused, "I've got this burning feeling on... on my sack"

"Alright. Well, pull down your shorts and come sit over here on the sofa" Twomasks said before getting up and wandering over to the sofa, watching the goat follow, take off his shorts, letting his package bounce free, and sits on the edge of the sofa.

"It started yesterday," the goat said. "I think it's probably just sunburn, but I heard that-" he was cut off.

"That there was a rare fungal infection going around? It's true. It primarily affects those who happen to be exposed, nude, outside, for long periods of time." Twomasks said.

"Golly. I'm a lifeguard at the nudist beach, so..." Randall replied.

"Okay, well, I'll have a look then." Twomasks said, pulling some rubber gloves from a box on the side and sliding them on - mainly for effect.

He moved down - kneeling in front of the goat and moving between his legs, reaching out to take hold of those heavy orbs, examining them. He wasn't checking for any infection of course, he was

admiring their size, and their weight, and this goat had a scent to him, a musky scent which he couldn't ignore.

"So . . . how many times do you masturbate a day usually. These are some big testicles, I would imagine you get quite hormonal," Twomasks asked nonchalantly, looking up to the goat he was about to harvest.

"Three times usually, once before work, once after work - around this time actually, and once before bed," the goat replied.

"Alright, and I'm guessing that was your plan when you got home, today, yes?" Twomasks replied.

The goat nodded, watching the raccoon holding his precious orbs. "Yeah, they're, uh.. the soreness makes them feel fuller than usual."

Twomasks dropped the goat's nuts, letting them flop down with a thud against the leather sofa, and took hold of the large uncut goat member. It wobbled flaccidly in his grasp. He felt the foreskin, feeling its contours. He squeezed it slightly, feeling the goat member's head retreating back slightly from the pressure. Beautiful.

"I'm afraid it's not good news," Twomasks said before standing up and being careful, taking his rubber gloves off and putting them in the hazardous medical waste bin.

"You do have the infection, and it needs treating now," he said, looking at the goat sternly.

"Okay. What is the treatment?" the goat asked.

"I'm afraid you need your testicles, scrotum and penis removing. If you had come yesterday, they would have been able to be saved, but the infection is a quick spreading one. If you don't have this dealt with today... it may get into your blood, which can lead to sepsis, shock, and... death."

Twomasks states, not hesitating once in his story.

"Holy FUCK! No! Absolutely not! I do not give you permission to do this," Randall said standing up and looking down at his junk, he grabs his foreskin and feels it, before then moving down and cupping under his balls. "Look at them, they're fine!"

Twomasks moved over to the watercooler, and poured a cup of water. He brought it over to the goat, handing it to him. "Here. You're in denial, which is completely understandable. Just sit down, and listen to me ok?" he said, pulling the chair over from in front of the desk and sitting down himself.

Randall sat back down, fuming. "I'm not having my balls, dick – anything cut off. I'd rather die," he said, defiantly. He drank down the cup of water in a single gulp.

"The infection is already spreading. It takes a couple of days to mature. Tomorrow your balls are going to feel like they're on fire. By then, it'll be too late." The raccoon said, looking to Randall and judging how he looked.

Randall shook his head, "No. I don't care, if they're burning tomorrow, I'll come back and you can give me some cream. It's just sunburn!" he said, sitting back in the sofa.

Twomasks took on a calm and quiet voice now "Listen, nobody wants to die, and I know you don't either. Life will go on after you lose your sexual organs. I've seen a lot of males lose their equipment for one reason or another. You'll be okay." he reassured.

"No, I won't," Randall said, feeling tired now, "I'm, not having anything removed. " He cupped his precious balls between his hands, hugging them between his fingers, before his head slumped, unconscious.

Twomasks grinned. He pushed the other pills he hadn't slipped into the water he'd given Randall back into his pocket, and walked to the door of the office, locking it.

He looked over the goat, slumped with his hands protectively covering his beloved package. "Aww, poor goaty, you like your dick and balls, doncha?" He said, as he knelt back down in front of him.

This time, no need for gloves, or being polite. He pulled those hands away from the goat's package, leaving it completely undefended. He moved his nose down, sniffing the tip of the goat's uncut member. The scent was heavenly, sweet along with musky, This was the best prize he'd found all week! He picked it up, letting the soft floppy dick just sit in his hand. It had some weight to it. He squeezed it, feeling every inch of that flaccid member. He felt the foreskin and the feeling of the inner sheath of the foreskin, the most sensitive flesh which wraps round the head of the glans, squidging and moving as he squeezed. He watched the head retreat back inside its protective skin when he released the squeeze.

"There'll no where to hide soon," he said, snickering to himself,

He cupped the orbs, his targets. He didn't want to make the goat climax, after all. The goat's balls were his client's property after all, and that meant all contents on procurement. He gave the sack a bit of a tug.

"Heh, a little bit of sunburn, leading to all this? Sorry, dude," he said, pulling out what looked to be an elastrator, but there is a wire spread between the prongs, leading to a tensioner which keeps the wire tight. It was a special type of bander. He opened the ring to its widest setting, which could have taken a small watermelon should it have needed to, and after moving the goat's member out of the way, lifted the orbs in their pouch up, and fed them carefully through the ring of wire, one at a time.

When he was confident he'd got them through safely, he tugged down on them a little, pulling them taut. He slowly released the tool, the ring getting smaller and smaller until the very edge of the pouch touched. At this point, Twomasks pressed a button and the a small reel connected to the metal band that was just touching the goat's balls began to slide around the band. It wound a coil of wire tightly around, crushing the delicate flesh and cords in place as it went. Around and around it went, until the goat's nuts were stretched under a full inch of coiled metal spring. There was a click and the wire was cut, leaving the balls trapped in their sack, hanging perilously under the tightly bound flesh above.

Twomasks put the tool down, and grabbed the sack, moving his nose down and sniffing at the goat's musk. It was fresh - he'd shot his load over these earlier in the day. He slowly twisted them, folding the right orb over the left, until he was looking at the back of the goat's scrotum. Unlike the front, it was a pale white, not red or burned at all. He twisted the right over the left, again, and continued

the process, feeling the orbs move slightly on each rotation. After doing this several times, he could feel them binding more tightly together. He twisted that sack again, and after some resistance, they began to loosen up again. He grinned, as they loosened more and more with each twist, and with one final twist, the weight in his hands greatly increased as they dropped free of the compression coil. He grinned and brought them up to his nose, now that they were separated from their former owner, still warm and safe in their sack. He squeezed them gently "Got you, heh," he said before resting them carefully on the coffee table next to the compression coil device.

He turned back now to the goat, and noticed his dick had firmed up a little. He had enjoyed being sleep-castrated! He took hold of that musky member once more, and holding its base with one hand, he moved his other back and forth a little – pulling that floppy foreskin back and forth, feeling the member twitching and stirring with each motion he made. He pushed his thumb up against the tip of the foreskin, pushing a little until it gave way – letting his thumb slip inside, feeling the smooth head, and the drip of pre which had escaped. Pre was all this goat had left.

He purred quietly and pulled his thumb back out – and moved down quickly to the end of the floppy tip of the musky meat, suckling and swirling his tongue around the tip, feeling the silkiness slide over his tongue effortlessly. Its sweet saltiness filled his taste buds as the goat's member firmed up to full mast.

Twomasks slid off for a moment, still holding its base in his left hand.

"Frick, this has got to be, what, almost ten inches?!" he said before gently starting to fap the goat. He brought his muzzle down to the head once more. He didn't care about getting the goat off, now. His client's object of desire was acquired, and whatever he did to the goat now would not affect that acquisition. He could have his fun now, and the goat's dick seemed to want it too.

Twomasks thought of the goat saying he was never having his bits removed. The raccoon grinned, with that meat in his muzzle. Randall wouldn't have let his 'doctor' suck him off, let alone cut his cock and balls off, but here the raccoon was, sucking on this tasty goat's foreskin. The goat's dick was betraying him. It was used to getting the release it always got at this time of day usually. It wanted it now.

The goat moaned, stirring slightly, but Twomasks knew he wouldn't wake. The bandit had at least an hour before that happened! Nevertheless, the goat moaned again, member throbbing and twitching in Twomasks' hands. He could feel the big glans flaring against his lips.

With a final sleepy moan, the goat's thick member went rigid, flooding the raccoon's muzzle with what would have been seed. This was slicker, sweeter. Twomasks would call it a blank. He swallowed down what he can, but with so much, some managed to escape round the shaft, drooling down and running over the compression coil below that still tightly squeezed the neck of the goat's scrotum - all that Randall had left of his pendulous testicles.

Twomasks slid back off the member, licking his muzzle and loving the goat's taste. There may have not been any seed, but that goat had a sweet taste to him. The goat's member bounced to his heart beat as it begins softening. It was better to let it soften a little. Carrying a huge member like that round, would be hard to hide. his pockets weren't built for monster cocks!

He grabs his traditional double bander from another pocket, and when the goat's member had softened to a sexy half-pudge, he slipped the tool down its length. He gripped the warm, soft flesh, tugging it to allow the bands to be as close to the goat's body as possible, and snapped the rings off.

The goat's dick was so heavy – that although it twitched, it didn't bounce as most cocks do when they are banded. It lay there, hanging down over the compression coil, like it had never done before. Gone was the comfy sack it used to rest on, cooling on the coffee table behind him. Randall's foreskin began to drip, remnants from his last orgasm. Twomasks indulged himself, lapping from its floppy tip, before he pulled out his scalpel. He pressed it between the twin rubber rings. He surgically dragged it around the bulk of Randall's shaft, watching that sensitive flesh part. Each pass around let the tip of the knife dig deeper and deeper into that thick sausage of a dick.

When he finally cut through the final strand of flesh, it swung down, dangling now only by the foreskin he had pinched between his finger and thumb. Twomasks grinned and licked his muzzle again, bringing that now severed cock up to his nose, sniffing and licking at the foreskin and then hopping up onto the sofa next to the sleeping former owner. He licked another drip of the goat's final climax from that delicious foreskin, before grinning and gently running the foreskin down the goat's nose, leaving a trail of that would-have-been seed down to his muzzle, before slipping it into the goat's mouth, letting the goat – even if he was asleep have a taste and feel of what was once his precious dick,

Of course Twomasks didn't know that Randall had once been able to suck himself off, and he didn't know that only earlier today he was jerking off to the idea of sucking his own cock, and here he was – asleep – but with his precious oozing dick in his mouth – the foreskin sliding over his tongue.

Twomasks was caught a little by surprise, when the goat wrapped his muzzle around his own severed cock, sucking gently. He could feel the mostly-limp dick tug against his fingers, relax, then tug again. This just made the raccoon giggle quietly, watching the goat sucking on his severed meat like a lollipop.

'Ah well.' he thought 'he must be having a good dream.'

He grinned, before slowly pulling the goat's dick back from his mouth – letting the foreskin flop from his muzz for the last time before fapping it gently in front of the goat's face, pulling the foreskin back and forth, pawing it like he knew it had been so many times before.

"Well, Randall, thanks for the gift! I'm sure you'll find that not being so horny all the time isn't that bad," he grinned, giving the goat's horns a rub.

The raccoon then puts the goat's severed dick into a small plastic bag, and stuffed the bag carefully into one of his pockets. He rubbed a little of the cream he'd been given by his contact up into the compression coil, and over the end of the severed stump where the goat's cock once had been. No sense in giving the goat an infection, after all.

He picked up the goat's impressive orbs, dropping them into a fold up shopping bag he'd brought with him.

“You’re cured, by the way, Randall,” he snickered, as he made his way to the window. “No need to thank me, though, helping others is reward enough in itself! See ya!”

And with that, Twomasks, famed masked bandit of masculinity, climbed back out of the window, and into the dark evening air.