

# **I Live Under Two Rocks**

**By Nicholas Stillman**

A sample chapter

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The perfect woman left the apartment and walked three blocks away. When she turned right and disappeared, Nathan took the key to her door out of his pocket, a key no one should have. In seconds, he entered the tidy one-bedroom of hers and strode an efficient line to the underwear drawer.

He had done it before. Nathan worked as a security guard, but found better part-time work online eight months ago. It paid triple minimum wage and required making these shady intrusions. The job made him feel like a private investigator at first, one who got into the trade too easily. But now, after dozens of trips to the same woman's underwear drawer, the excitement turned to excrement.

This time, Nathan tried to work even faster. The drawer slid open with its regular ease and refreshing sound. He gripped the knobs with the sides of his fingers to avoid leaving fingerprints, in case it ever mattered. It probably wouldn't, given the fortune that Nathan's mysterious nutcase employer spent on this operation. Other security guys worked for him too, guys who could use a higher wage.

Guys like Nathan.

Those guys got to follow the woman with the superhuman curves. They made phone calls whenever she entered a clothing store or did laundry. Nathan inevitably got a phone call too, a key in the mail once, and another key that time she moved out. Nathan's job seemed much easier in comparison, but riskier. Hoping her roommate or landlord wouldn't barge in, he grabbed and pocketed the new pair of white panties.

Nathan whisked identical panties from his coat pocket and meticulously stuffed them in the space he'd created. They fit naturally between the other folded underthings. He patted the replacement panties here and there, so everything looked undisturbed. The replacements, including every pair in the drawer thanks to Nathan's work, had paper-thin technology inside. "Cam panties," the voice on the phone had called them. They contained tiny cameras, a light source that activated at body temperature, a long-lasting battery looping within the waistband, motion detectors to turn everything on, and a transmitter. Apart from the battery strip, it all fit between two layers of cloth posing as one—the cloth that sat just under the groin. All flexible. All undetectable. The woman had her genitals surveilled all day.

And until some sick fuck developers could make it all waterproof, Nathan had to sneak in and replace the cam panties every time the woman washed them. The employer didn't care. He had millions in discretionary income, and a full tech crew on this. And Nathan's sighs grew angrier whenever more cam panties appeared in his mailbox.

He didn't know why his boss liked the woman's vagina so much. She had an ass made of heroin. Nathan saw five and a half feet of raw pleasure prior to every intrusion. And not even her worst

ancestors deserved this violation. But Nathan's other jobs had him confronting shoplifters with addiction problems. Sometimes they had weapons.

Here, though, someone paid him to *avoid* confrontations. And that meant in and out fast. Nathan glanced at his work once more. It looked neat, organized. It looked like a drawer of folded panties. He pushed the drawer closed with both wrists.

He left, as usual, with one hand in his coat pocket—and not the one with the stolen panties. This pocket contained a snub-nose White Rhino revolver, a model that practically concealed itself. If someone barged in, Nathan planned to draw and point only. He'd pose as a burglar who hadn't yet taken anything. If the woman entered, she would only get a draw. She'd see some idiot with a toylike gun, and that scenario could cause problems too.

A week ago, Nathan almost did get busted. He had just left the apartment after a regular trip to her underwear drawer. Just another day after laundry day. His head, lowered in regret, nearly bumped into the superwoman's breasts. It happened two meters off the property. The woman backed out of the way and smiled ravishingly. They sidestepped each other. She had sugar and charm, and wore a thin dress few on Earth could manage. The goddamn silkworms probably had curves. Most days, she'd wear sexy-as-possible pants.

“Oh, sorry. Sorry,” Nathan had said.

The woman smiled all the way to the apartment steps, filling up the outdoors with some sort of chorale. She gave no indication of spotting Nathan exiting her place just moments before. Nathan's large bulbous nose elicited a lifetime of such smiles, and only this one time did he like it.

Nathan knew little about women besides that. They disappeared into cars and asked landlords eighteen questions before rejecting a new apartment anyway. Girls vacated *and* vacationed frequently, and often larkily. The fat ones thought a vest could hide all sins. The skinny ones wore wretched expressions on their mouths, permanently. All of them thought shoes made a difference, though no truly straight man had ever seen women's shoes. In all of history, men never looked below the ankles.

Mostly, he knew the attractive ones saw him and ran away. They ran for their lives, before his nose got them. But this woman didn't. And she deserved to keep her non-electric panties, made by sweatshop workers and not tampered with by tycoons.

Once, he followed the superwoman, who had the shape of a literal bombshell. That day, she wore loose-fitting pants that didn't show off everything she's got. But still...perfect build, ten million percent. The girl knew where to store it all. Nathan spotted the day shift guy following her for profit and approached him. They developed a brief friendship. That other worker gave out the address of their employer. When you have a fucking weirdo for a boss, word gets around.

And today, Nathan would pay that asshole a visit.