

Read Untouchable (Unstoppable 1) by Danielle Hill

Chapter 12

Twelve

Riley

"You so much as think about putting those crab-infested hands on me and I will throat punch you so damn hard," I warned, maintaining my stride as I paced down the hall.

Christ, I couldn't catch a break. The one person I wanted to avoid, and everywhere I turned, there he was. Like a beautiful fucking nightmare.

"Jesus Christ, princess, Imma keep 'em right here, right where you can see 'em, 'kay?" The amusement in his voice had me teetering. It really did. Right on the edge of reason.

"Don't talk to me, don't follow me," I muttered, head forward, feet carrying me away from him.

With zero warning, he lifted me off my feet fireman style. The screech that caught in my throat morphed into a grunt as my stomach came into contact with a beefy shoulder. A yelp of sheer indignation and outrage squeezed its way past the blockage when a big hand spanked my ass, though. I refused to address the spark of excitement his palm induced; that could shrivel up and die.

"You goddamn brute!" I screamed when I regained control of my voice box, my fists smacking down against his broad and infuriatingly solid back. He didn't even flinch.

"Put me down, Reno. Right fucking now!" I huffed and tried to swipe hair out of my face.

He laughed, swatting my ass again. God, I was legit going to cold-blood murder him. And not a soul could blame me, in fact, they'd marvel at my restraint this far.

"Dammit, put me down!"

He did. Planting me on my feet, he didn't give me a split second to catch my breath before he backed me into the lockers. His hands caught my wrists and held them either side of my head. Every part of my body tensed. The logical side of my brain told me to fight, but the other part... had entirely different ideas. Caged in completely, my breaths came fast and heavy. Our eyes met and held. I saw his intentions shift the moment his gaze dropped to my lips, practically heard the band of my resistance snap when he rolled his groin into mine.

And then our lips fused. It wasn't pretty. It wasn't soft. It was hard, bruising... punishing. I wanted him, but God, I wanted to hurt him so badly for making me want him so much.

For making me feel so much. His grip on my wrists intensified as he pushed my arms up higher, forcing my body to arch into his. I couldn't think straight, couldn't take in a breath. He was all I could think, see, and feel. Our teeth clashed, tongues fighting for dominance. I might want him, but I'd never blindly follow his lead. I wouldn't be some carbon copy of Raya Mitchell, sitting on his lap, obediently waiting for his next command like a good little show dog.

Oh my god, Raya!

What the hell am I doing?

He'd been sucking on her serpent tongue less than half an hour ago. He was probably transferring her diseased saliva into my mouth right now. Grappling free of his hold, I tore my lips from his and pushed him with every ounce of strength I possessed. His weight lifted from me slowly.

His darkened eyes met my furious ones.

"Get the hell off of me!"

His eye roll preceded a heavy sigh as he planted his thumbs on the lockers behind us for leverage and pushed himself off. He took a few steps back from me, chest still heaving, head bowed.

"What now?" he muttered, as if the idea that I might not want his dirty lips all over mine exasperated him.

I gaped at him. "Are you serious?"

He shrugged, brows raised. "You seemed to enjoy it, so what's the problem? You don't like having fun, that it?"

"Fun?" I repeated, dumbfounded.

He tilted his head, lifting his hand to rub the pad of his thumb over his kiss swollen bottom lip. Yeah, kissing half the school in the space of an hour would do that. Tramp.
"Yes, Riley... fun."

"That," I spat, motioning between us with a flip of my hand, "was not fun."

"It was something."

"It was nothing! Nothing you don't do with every other girl in the school. You only just took your tongue out of Raya's throat, for Christ's sake! You going for a record today or something?"

"You weren't paying close enough attention, sweetheart. I never kissed her."

I hesitated briefly, mind flickering back, before I gave my head a vigorous shake, not wanting to revisit the scene to confirm or deny. It didn't matter anyway. I might not have been able to stomach watching it all, but I could easily recall the memory of her straddling him, his hands all over her body and his tongue on her neck. The thought was enough to yank me back to the matter at hand and prompt me to state coolly, "I don't care where your mouth was or wasn't. This means nothing. You mean nothing. Absolutely nothing."

"Keep telling yourself that. We both know you're lying. And we also know you're gonna head straight to the bathroom once we're done here to wring out those panties."

Grinding my teeth, I pulled air in through my nose. "That where Raya Mitchell is right now? Changing her panties? Probably brings a backpack to school for the sole purpose of carrying around a stash of clean underwear, right? Because God knows you practically screw her trashy ass on the table for everyone to see every day." I was going for disgusted, shaming even, but somehow my voice cracked and the hurt leaked out unbidden. Dammit.

I raised my jaw, not allowing myself to look weak.

Something flashed in his eyes, I could swear it looked like remorse, but then he pasted on that wicked smirk, quirked a brow, and it vanished, just like that.

"Jealousy got you all twisted up, huh? You don't want my hands on her, Ri? All you gotta do is say the words."

I refused to do this with him. He might not be willing to throw in the towel, but I was. I couldn't keep playing these games with him. Somehow, somewhere along the way, I'd allowed my heart to enter the field. I was too vulnerable, too exposed. No matter how I played it, I'd lose. Now, it was about damage control. It already hurt to see him with her. If I gave him any more of myself, this pain would be the least of my problems.

Blowing out a breath, I sucked my bottom lip between my teeth and dipped my head in his direction. "Sure, Reno. Whatever. I give in. You win."

Pushing off the lockers, I started moving.

His hand gripped my arm. "Don't go."

Throwing my arms up, I swung to face him, frustration twisting my features. "God, what do you want from me? Do you enjoy hurting me, is that it? You get off on it? On knowing you can touch parts of me that no one else can—" I broke off, slamming my lips together as both of our eyes widened at my words. Oh God.

I didn't say that! Please tell me I didn't say that out loud.

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My back was against the locker again in a heartbeat. Reno pressed into me, victory shining

in his beautiful brown eyes and satisfaction practically oozing from his pores. But it was the possessive, hungry way his gaze scored into my features that caused me to choke on my next breath.

His voice was gruff, his breath brushing over my lips when he growled, "Damn fucking right."

My eyes slid closed and my head rolled to the side. The cool metal of the locker caressed my flaming cheek, but Reno's firm hands closed around my face and brought my head back to center. I had no plans on looking at him after what I'd just inadvertently admitted.

"Riley, look at me."

I didn't react, not a damn twitch.

"Dammit, Riley. Look. At. Me."

He breathed heavily, his voice laced with frustration, maybe even desperation, as his thumbs stroked over my cheekbones.

"Why the hell are you fighting this so damn hard?" he asked, his lips tracing my cheek. "I like you. You like me. What's the worst that could happen?"

My eyes snapped open with no instruction from my brain. I caught and held his dark gaze. Pure instinct drove my response.

"Everything." The word broke from me with conviction.

It was his turn to close his eyes. His head dropped forward to lean against the metal door of the locker. His warm breath tickled the skin on my neck, and his coarse whiskers brushed against my cheek.

"Fuck," he muttered.

My heart hammered, my chest rising and falling unevenly, matching his.

"Can I go, please?" I mumbled quietly.

Wagging his head in defeat, he moved back, releasing me. My feet ate up the ground, putting distance between us in case he decided to change his mind, but I couldn't outrun his voice, or his words. My steps halted before I could order them not to.

"We're not done here, Riley," he declared to my back. "I won't let you run away from this because you're scared. I am coming for you... but I'll give you a minute to get used to the idea."

My hands clenched. My heart rate soared.

But damn if my lips didn't twitch.