

Read Untouchable (Unstoppable 1) by Danielle Hill

Chapter 13-15

Thirteen

Riley

“He hasn't laid a finger on her all week. Her ass hasn't so much as graced his side of the table, never mind his lap. She looks pissed AF.”

Keeping my eyes firmly on my side of the cafeteria, I shrugged. I could almost feel Liss' inquisitive stare boring into the side of my head.

“Know anything about that?” she queried.

Taking a long gulp of water, I swallowed before saying “nope,” as if I hadn't noticed the fact that Reno had practically strapped a do not touch placard to his back this week. When, let's be honest, it was all I'd noticed.

“Huh. That's strange.” Liss' body shifted, legs swinging under the table as the weight of her gaze lifted, and she turned her attention away.

Man, I hated when she did that, forced my hand. “What's strange?”

“That you claim to know nothing about the sudden end to the daily fuck fests between those two, yet Reno hasn't quit staring at you long enough to move a fry from his plate to his mouth without poking his damn eye out with it. And you can't look his way without your entire face firing up. And yet you tell me this has nothing to do with you.”

Simmer the eff down, my heart.

Schooling my reaction, I made a point of putting a fry in my mouth, stabbing no part of my face, and tipped up a shoulder. “Don't know what to tell you, Liss.”

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I couldn't admit to Liss that I'd inadvertently confessed to Reno that I'd caught feelings for him. Not when I was pretending it hadn't happened. I was still struggling to believe it had happened. But words said in confusion and a heightened state of emotion shouldn't be taken at face value. They certainly shouldn't be taken to mean anything, for example,

by the man-whore four tables across from me who appeared to be totally hands off with the local bike he liked to service daily. I wasn't unhappy with this new and unexpected turn of events per se, mostly just with the incident that had preceded, and no doubt inspired, them. Despite all that, there was a weird giddy feeling that I hadn't been able to shake since he'd told me he was coming for me. I wanted to call it trepidation.

I also wanted to know if it was possible to make yourself believe your own lies.

I jumped up, needing away from the entire situation. "I gotta pee. Then I need to talk to Miss Bowman about something. See you in English?"

She nodded distractedly, lips pursed, narrowed eyes not even looking in my direction. Nope, she had them trained like a spotlight on the table to our right, fitting all the puzzle pieces together.

"Didn't see the sign on the door?" I raised a brow at the reflection in the mirrored glass. "Or do you think it doesn't apply to you, like everything else?"

"Ignored it."

"Course you did." Scrubbing my hands together, I watched the suds form then rinse away under the stream of warm water before raising my head.

Molten eyes seared into mine, and I shifted my gaze, trailing it down over his broad chest. The thin grey fabric of his shirt did nothing to hide the defined ridges underneath. My eyes traveled to his tanned face, taking in his sharp cheekbones, the strong jaw that had just the right amount of dark scruff. Bypassing his eyes, I moved to his mussed hair. The longer strands on top sat in disarray, as if he'd tunnelled his fingers through it.

With my attention diverted, he crept closer. My breath hitched when his knuckles brushed against the skin below my ear. Deft fingers gathered my hair and lifted it to one side. His breath fanned the curve of my neck, lips tantalizingly close to my skin. Raising my eyes halfway, I met his hooded gaze through the mirror and watched, rapt, as his mouth pressed into my flesh, opening to suck gently. My vision obscured as my lids slid closed and he pressed his hard front into my back, molding himself to me. My throat went dry, limbs grew weak, and my bones turned to mush.

"I decided I didn't want to wait for you to ask," Reno murmured quietly against my throat, pressing barely there kisses all the way to my jaw. Waiting until I opened my eyes and locked them onto his, he said, "I'm not gonna touch anyone else, Riley. I already know you don't want me to. Besides... it's not them I want."

Why was he doing this to me? I could fight against anything else, anything. But not this. He could kill my resolve with kindness and pretty words.

“Please don't.”

In one swift move he spun my body, lifting and planting me on the counter. His wide frame stepped between my legs and his determined gaze speared me. “You want me.”

I shook my head, jamming my lips together for fear they might spew more unlicensed truths if given half a chance.

“I know you do. I'm done waiting for you to come to me.”

“No, I don't.” Lie. Outrageous lie.

Struggling against his hold, I wriggled my lower body in a bid to get down. A frustrated growl tore from his throat as he gripped my hands and pinned them to my sides, using his bulk to force my butt back on the counter.

“Dammit, Ri, why won't you just admit it?”

My heart pounded between us. I broke eye contact and pleaded with him. “Let me down.”

“Not happening, sweetheart.”

My head cracked up, eyes cutting to his.

Dipping to bring our gazes level, he touched his nose to mine and dragged his hands up my arms until they cupped my cheeks. In a deceptively soft voice, he said, “We're not leaving until you say. The. Fucking. Words.”

This version of Reno—soft, sweet. Yeah, I had no defense against that. Gripping onto his forearms, I tried to break out of his hold, to deny him a response, deny there was anything to admit, but the raw emotion glowing in his eyes disarmed me. I felt my body sag, the fight drain out of me. I couldn't run, I couldn't hide. Not from myself. And not from him. I wanted to battle against his onslaught, but I couldn't deny what I could see reflected in his eyes. And I couldn't possibly fight him and myself. Not anymore. It was exhausting.

I was done trying.

So, I fixed my eyes on his and opened my mouth to give him my truth, my voice and body trembling.

“I could screw every single guy in this school.” I tightened my grip on his forearm when his face hardened, a crease forming between his brows. Still holding onto his gaze, I swallowed. “Not one of them could make a dent in the wall I've built around my heart. But you...” Shuddering, I let my forehead drop to rest against his, releasing my arm to

bring my fist down against his chest. "You've been smashing them down since the day I met you. You never even had to try." Peering up at him through moisture coated lashes, I whispered, "And that terrifies me."

I was sure he'd run. That I would have freaked him out. We both knew he wanted my body, not my soul. Instead, his hands gripped my face tighter. His features softened, but his eyes suddenly blazed with a fiery intensity I'd never seen in him before. He stared into me as if he could crack open my skull and examine me from the inside. Moving until there was no space between our faces, with a guttural ferocity to his voice that stroked something deep down inside of me, he vowed, "I won't hurt you, Riley. I. Will. Never. Fucking. Hurt you."

His mouth crashed down on mine. My lips flew open, momentarily surprised, then I was kissing him back with everything I'd been holding inside of me. My hands found their way to his head, fingers threading through his hair and gripping on tight. The air between us burned like it was on fire. He dropped one hand to my ass, hauling me forward until there wasn't a sliver of space separating us. It wasn't close enough. Somehow, I already knew it never would be.

When we stopped for air, mouths still connected, I opened my eyes and breathed against his lips. "Yes... you will."

He might not intend to, but eventually he would hurt me. He was only human.

Removing my hand from his jean-covered crotch, Reno sat me down at his kitchen table, placing each of my palms down on the surface.

My brow arched up. "So, no touching?"

Laughing softly, he bent to kiss my lips. "No."

"Wow. You're killing me."

Curling his hand over my cheek, his gaze traveled my face before meeting my eyes. "We're doing this right, baby. I am gonna date the fuck out of you."

"Sounds intense." I grinned.

His expression mirrored mine. "It will be."

"So, you're gonna date the fuck out of me before you fuck me?"

He clucked his tongue in faux outrage at my crass words before his lips tilted into a smirk. "That's right. No sex until at least the third date."

“Damn,” I said with a wince, my lips struggling to contain my smile. “Does this count as a date?”

“Nope.”

I tossed him a wry smile. God, I wanted him. In ways I'd never wanted Leon. I craved Reno's touch, always had, no matter how much I'd denied it. The thought of being with him flooded me with a desire so strong, it overrode everything else. But he cared enough to put the brakes on. I couldn't fault him for that, not when my heart swelled to bursting, and my chest flushed with warmth. Somehow, it all made me even hotter for him.

I slapped my palms against the smooth wood, and teased, “Who knew you were such a prude? If I'd known it would be this hard to get under you, I'd have stuck with Leon.”

The amusement swiftly evaporated from his eyes as he leaned over me, forcing me back against the edge of the table and planting both hands down behind me.

“Make no mistake, Riley, whether I spread you out on this table right now and fuck you or wait a few weeks until I'm one hundred percent sure you're ready, you're already mine. And you always will be.”

Gulping over the knot in my throat, my heart feeling like it had inflated to the size of a balloon, I sucked in a calming breath and squeezed my thighs together. I didn't tell him he'd just turned my insides to liquid—melted me inside like goo—or that he'd just given me the lady version of blue balls. I didn't get the chance. He hoisted me onto the table anyway and kissed me until I couldn't think straight. Effectively shutting me the hell up and making me forget someone named Leon ever existed.

Half an hour after I'd left to take a cold shower, I made my way back to his trailer as directed, and halted mid-stride, partway through his door. “You're cooking for me?”

With a dish towel draped over his shoulder and a sexy grin on his face, he looked back and flashed me a wink. “Date number one.” He flipped a steak over.

“Wow, I just... wow.” Words failed me as I moved into the compact space and came up behind him. “Can I help with anything?”

“Nope. I got it. Take a seat.” He motioned with his spatula to the L-shaped couch.

I moved backward, a little bemused. In the week since we'd become something, he'd acted like the perfect gentleman. I hadn't known he had it in him. Chaste kisses, holding hands, watching movies at my place when my mom was working, and fleeting touches when he passed by me in the hallway at school. He wasn't joking when he said he wanted to take it slow. We hadn't said we were officially an item or anything, hadn't

gone public, but he was doing a damn good job of being the amazing boyfriend I never knew I always wanted.

Changing direction, I moved to stand behind him, my hand hovering over his denim clad butt—just shy of touching—and brought my lips to the left of his nape, pressing the lightest of kisses there before lifting my lips to whisper into the shell of his ear. “Thank you.”

The throaty growl that rumbled from him as I walked away brought a triumphant smile to my lips. He wanted to do things right, date, cook for me, hold my hand, and I appreciated it more than I could have guessed. Didn't mean it wasn't crazy difficult to keep my hands off of him. Also didn't mean I was above making sure it was hard for him, too. Pun intended.

We ended the night making out on his couch, his hands in my hair, our legs tangled, and breathing optional, until we almost passed out. Reno pulled away first, pushing both hands into the springy surface and thrusting his body up of the couch, positioning himself several feet from me, as if he might cave and break his self-imposed no sex rule if he didn't put a good chunk of distance between us.

My pouted lips and racing heart attested to how badly I wanted him to keep going. “You know, I won't hold you to your rule, Ren. I won't tell if you won't.”

Fevered brown eyes trailed my body longingly. His chest rose and fell erratically with his ragged breaths and his fingers flexed by his sides as he stared down at me. After a beat, he shook his head clear and snatched his gaze away. “Not doing it. I made you a promise. One I intend to keep.”

“You're not just another girl, Ri. I told you I wanted more. Do you remember that?” His steady gaze held mine.

I licked my lips, planting my elbows into the soft cushion. “I didn't believe you.”

His mouth formed a faint smile. “Neither did I,” he said wryly, before his eyes flickered over my face again with something akin to reverence. A lump of emotion swelled in my throat. “But I do now.”

He said them so softly, those words. Words that could bludgeon a heart open and lay claim to it from the inside. I blinked rapidly as his palm encased my cheek. “This means something to me, Riley.”

Incapable of speaking, I simply nodded into his hand. A sense of awe pumped the blood through my veins in slow motion, like even my body struggled to process what he'd said, the sentiment in his words, that he could really, truly mean them.

Reaching up, I allowed my gaze to roam his features, to really take him in, as my fingertips stroked the skin and scruff of his face with a feather light touch.

“I believe you,” I whispered.

He smiled. The same smile I knew I wore. A smile I didn't think I'd be able to wipe off my face. Because the impossible just became possible.

Maybe Reno wasn't one of those guys. Maybe his heart wasn't untouchable. And maybe I might even be the one to touch it.

Fifteen

Reno

Turned out I underestimated the depth of my feelings for Riley Mason.

Or maybe not underestimated so much as categorized them as something I could control at will. Genuinely thought I had been for a minute there. I should have known better. All I'd been doing for the past few years was delaying. The second I'd decided she was worth taking a chance on, I was a goner. The girl had me by the balls. I'd been trying to play it like I wasn't whipped, but every smile she threw my way hit me square in the chest and just made it clearer how fucking sunk I was.

She wasn't keen on going public, but as soon as I stopped groping Raya for Riley's benefit, the cat was out of the bag. It had been the worst kept secret in history, anyway. Everyone knew before we did. But Ri wasn't relishing the extra attention it would bring or the way Leon would react. He wouldn't say or do shit. He wasn't that guy. I knew that, but neither of us wanted to hurt or humiliate him.

We'd spent the holidays together, holed up in either my trailer or hers for Christmas, New Year, and every day after until school started up again. Locked away—just the two of us—going public hadn't been an issue. So, I hadn't pushed for it, and hadn't planned to... until I'd strolled into school twenty yards behind her this morning and my eyes had gone straight to the perfect globes of her ass clad in the tightest pair of black jeans I'd ever seen her wear. It had taken every ounce of my self-co

ntrol to stop myself from dragging her off to the janitor's closet and ripping them off of her.

We hadn't had sex yet. Not because I didn't want to, that was for damn sure. I knew it would be her first time, and suddenly that felt like a huge fucking responsibility. So, no, I wasn't gonna fuck her in a closet, but my mind had raced with images of all the things we could do in a dark room. I'd taken a quick scan, scoping how easy it would be to grab her hand and haul her off, and in the space of three seconds, I'd gone from insanely turned on to spitting fucking furious.

Apparently, I wasn't the only guy who couldn't keep his eyes off Riley's tight ass.

If she hadn't turned and smiled that smile at me, I might have throttled nine guys single-handedly. But she had. She'd looked over her shoulder, caught sight of me and fucking beamed like I was worthy of that shit. I knew without doubt I wasn't, but I wasn't stupid enough to clue her in.

Now I had to set every other fucker straight. It wasn't enough that they all suspected we were together. Not if they couldn't keep their goddamn eyes in their head. These guys needed it spelled out in plain English.

Which was the reason I'd practically dragged a reluctant Riley behind me by the hand into the cafeteria. Why I planned to stand in the middle of the damn room and kiss the fuck out of her in front of every single pair of eyes in the place. I was laying claim to my girl right now. Then we could all avoid any more confusion, any doubt.

She's mine. Don't look and don't fucking touch.

All eyes turned to us as we walked through the doors, hand in hand. Mouths opened, tongues wagged, and brows lifted. I didn't need to see Riley's face to know she would be blushing. I felt her palms moisten, her steps falter.

Without warning, I halted on the spot, drawing Riley to me, my actions possessive yet tender. She lifted her hooded gaze to mine, her cheeks crimson and her eyes uncertain. Until she read mine. I let her see it all. Everything I felt for her and hadn't told her yet. I needed her to know this wasn't just for show. Reaching down, I framed her face with my hands and searched her eyes.

"I love you," I said.

Her eyes popped, then instantly filled. A chorus of surprised gasps emitted around us as I lowered my face to hers and kissed her with an emotion I'd never felt for anyone else in my life. Her fingers gripped my hands, her lips opened for me and then we were consuming each other like there was no one else in the room. Every word, every snigger and swoon, faded to nothing. There was nothing beyond the girl in my arms. I'd never felt happiness like it.

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Riley's lips left mine, her nose pressed into my chest as she hid her face. I gave her a second, my hands slipping round to cup her nape, before nudging her head back gently.

Her green eyes shimmered, light trails of residual moisture traced her bright cheeks, and her smile grew wider than I'd ever seen it.

Narrowing her gaze playfully, she scolded, "I can't believe you did that!" before shifting her head to peer out over my hands and gauge the scene playing out around us.

I gave her my best smirk. "Yeah? Well, think about that the next time you paste on a pair of pants."

Her mouth dropped open with a laugh, eyebrow quirking. "That's what this is about? My ass?"

I laughed softly, stroking my thumbs over her cheeks while my eyes traced every inch of her face. I'd always seen her, but I'd never seen her the way I did now. The girl had always been beautiful, but now I looked at her and she took my damn breath away. I couldn't take in enough of her. I knew what I sounded like. Couldn't fucking bring myself to care.

"Course it is." I resisted reaching round and grabbing her ass. I didn't need to do that for these assholes to know she was mine, and I'd never treat her like every other girl. Didn't want to draw their attention back there, either.

She smiled softly, shaking her head slowly before dipping her tongue out and running it over her bottom lip, eyes flicking between both of mine. "I don't believe you."

My smile mirrored hers; a shared knowledge, a secret smile just for us. "I don't either."

Her eyes hooded, chest rising faster as we continued to stare at each other. Grabbing her hand, I turned and led us out through the doors; food was the last thing on my mind. Cat calls and whistles went off like a fucking orchestra playing us off stage, but I didn't give them a second thought. We were down the hall, into a classroom and against a door before the sounds stopped ringing in my ears, replaced by a chorus of heavy breaths and panting.

My hands finally got to do what they'd been desperate to do all morning, and I grabbed chunks of Riley's ass with a groan of pure relief, squeezing and lifting as she settled around me, legs locking behind my back. With my arousal straining against my jeans, I seriously contemplated whether I cared enough about the consequences of just sinking into her right against the door. But Riley pulled back, resting her head against the solid wood surface. Her dazed eyes snagged mine as a small v formed between her brows.

"You didn't kiss Raya that day. I didn't see it. You weren't lying."

It wasn't a question, but I held her gaze and shook my head.

She glanced away for a second, biting her lip. "I've just realized something. I don't think I've ever seen you kiss her before?" Her voice was tentative and uncertain, as if this had just occurred to her, but she couldn't quite believe it.

I smirked because I knew I was about to shock her. I'd placed an invisible line in the sand years ago, and never once crossed it. I never knew what the fuck I'd been waiting for, why I avoided putting my lips on any of the girls I hooked up with. Now I did.

"I've never kissed Raya Mitchell."

"What?"

"I've kissed no one else, Ri... no one but you."

It had always been her, even when I was too fucking blind to see it.

Her breath burst from her chest in a shocked gasp. Her eyes glazed over just before she burrowed her head into the space between my neck and shoulder. I lowered her feet to the floor, still molding her ass cheeks with my palms, and waited her out.

Slowly, she raised her head, looking up at me with something like adoration. I recognized it before she opened her mouth and said the words.

"I love you, Maddox Renner."

Easing her back against the door, I dropped my forehead down to hers and we stood there, just like that, sharing breaths, uninterrupted.

Until my phone sounded obnoxiously from my pocket. We ignored it.

A few seconds later, it sounded again. Breaking into the moment.

I frowned but ignored it. It would be the guys calling to bust my balls for dropping the L bomb in front of the lunch crowd. I could take it. I'd said one girl might be worth it.

She was. And then some.

My phone rang again right as my name sang out from the crackly speaker system above our heads.

We both frowned this time, heads turning in sync to the noise.

MADDOX RENNER PLEASE GO TO THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE IMMEDIATELY.

Gazes reconnecting, I huffed out a sigh and grasped Riley's hand. She grinned.

We approached the door to the principal's office like that. Not one care in the fucking world.

And then life came crashing down on top of us.