

## Read Untouchable (Unstoppable 1) by Danielle Hill

### Chapter 2

#### Two

ars old for a couple more weeks. Pretty sure it should be acceptable to hang onto your virtue a bit longer.”

I nodded, lifting my almost empty tray with one hand and pushing the phone that seemed to relentlessly demand my v-card into my pocket with the other. “You’d be surprised.”

Liss, also known as Alissa Bedford and my best friend since the day after I moved to the town of Claremont, sat down at our usual table. Taking the seat beside her, I dropped my tray onto the already soiled surface, plucked a crumpled, dirty napkin from the table with my fingertips, and flicked it to the other side.

“Gross.” Liss’ nose wrinkled in distaste. “So...” She turned to me, head dipping for me to continue the conversation.

“Not much else to say.” I shrugged, biting into the crisp apple.

Her head cocked and her face turned serious. “Do you want to?”

Swallowing, I twisted to look at her. “Does it matter?”

“Yeah, it matters. Or it should,” she said on a sigh, as she placed her soda back on the tray.

Swinging my gaze around the room, I pressed my lips together. “I’m not sure. I mean, I was the idiot who got myself into this mess. He’s older, and he wants to.”

Rolling her pale blue eyes, she lowered her voice. “It’s not like he’s saving himself for you, now is it?”

I couldn’t complain, even if I wanted to, which I didn’t. Leon and I weren’t exactly exclusive. One day I’d touched his dick, and I’d been doing it semi-regularly ever since. We made out sometimes. He put his hands under my shirt. I liked it well enough, but I didn’t want any more than that, and I wasn’t ready to go further with him. I was almost seventeen with a thirty-two-year-old mother. Do the math. It wasn’t an example I intended to follow. He promised he’d be careful, but nothing was one hundred percent. What would either of us do with a baby, not that I figured he’d have to worry about it. My

dad, whoever that guy was, hadn't. And what if I started using sex the way my mom did? What if it became something I did to feel something?

My eyes shifted to the doors in time to catch him entering the cafeteria like it was a royal court. My insides liquefied, breath catching in my lungs. It didn't escape me that my body never reacted this way to Leon.

I tracked his movements involuntarily, drinking him in with my eyes as he sauntered through the room. Seventeen, crazy big for a senior in high school, and so insanely gorgeous it hurt to look at him. Black hair, dark-brown eyes and olive skin tone, combined with his cut jawline, already impressive height and rapidly developing muscles. He was the guy every girl wanted, and every other guy wanted to be. Royal Court was right.

Maddox Renner was King in this kingdom.

And I was, what? Not Queen, not princess, not even a fully acknowledged member of his court. We just lived in the same trailer park and I had somehow become the unlucky recipient of his asshole tendencies.

There was no official Queen, not that he'd claim anyway, but tell that to Raya Mitchell. Not that she needed an excuse to rip the hair extensions from your head. Ahh. Speak of the devil, and Satan's sister shall appear. But then, she never was far behind her king.

"Skank alert," Liss said.

Nodding, I inhaled harshly, averting my eyes slightly too late to avoid seeing Raya plant her bodacious butt down on his left thigh, and definitely not before I saw him squeeze it with his big palm. Throwing up a little in my mouth, I raised my gaze to find his eyes fixed on me—knowing they would be—and a half smirk twisting those lips in challenge: Go on, act like I don't affect you.

My stomach flipped as my fingers curled into my palms. You are above this, Riley. Do not react.

I might have been able to convince myself if I didn't hear mocking laughter in my head. Seems I was playing fast and loose with the truth this lunchtime. Yeah well, I could lie to myself with the best of them, I'd been doing it long enough.

Schooling my features, I swung back to Liss, eyes hard. "I'm done," I bit out, rising with my tray and half eaten apple.

Only, I wasn't. And it was a huge problem. I allowed myself to get sucked in more and more every single time I saw him with Raya—or any of the other girls he hooked up with. I knew I shouldn't let him, but he taunted me. And for some insane reason, I played along. I hated him for it. I hated myself more.

Let him screw every single girl in school.

I would die before telling him I wished they were me.