

Read Untouchable (Unstoppable 1) by Danielle Hill

Chapter 3

Three

Riley

The way his jeans molded to his ass, the warm breath ghosting from his lips, the feel of his hand clamped around my bicep. Then there was the heady charge of electricity that always surged between us, making me sway. I liked to think we both felt it. But then, I also liked to think my mom stayed home baking cookies while I was at school instead of eating dick, so...

“What is it, Ri?”

I shook my head, refusing to look up. “Absolutely nothing.”

“Nothing, huh?” He chuckled. Because he was an ass like that.

“That’s what I said, isn’t it?” My blood boiled over because he knew what; we’d been playing this game long enough. I would never say it. We fully ignored it. There was an unspoken rule. We riled each other like crazy, but we never ever acknowledged the fact that there might be an underlying reason behind it. A reason like we were so hot for each other, we might spontaneously combust if we got too close.

“Look at me.” His voice when he commanded me like that—deep, low, full of authority. Why did it affect me so much? Why did I respond to him in a way I couldn’t to anyone else? There was something wrong with me. I blamed my mom, Betty Cocker.

“Why?” I spat. “Do you have more Slutty Shelleys attached to your body that you’d like for me to see? Do they come equipped with their own Velcro strips, or do you provide them?”

Goddammit, Riley!

I shouldn’t have done that. Shit! Letting him suspect his antics bothered me was one thing. Confirming it was like loading the gun before handing it to your assassin. I might as well beg him to put the bullet through my skull and get it over with. Fuck.

His fingers tipped my chin, forcing my head up until I caught a glimpse of my reflection in his amused eyes. My eyes were flashing, jaw set tight; my irritation was clear for anyone in a ten foot radius to see. Damn, I was pissed, bitter even. Neither of which I should be. I purposefully blanked my features as his narrowed gaze continued to roam

over my face, determined to deny him any more of a reaction. But I'd never held up well under scrutiny.

"What?" I demanded on an exasperated breath, thoroughly agitated. Three long seconds my resolve lasted, my neutral facade dropping faster than Raya Mitchell's panties on any given day of any given week—since forever.

He smiled, stepping closer and stroking the backs of his knuckles over my skin. "All you have to do is ask."

Slapping his hand away, I took a step back and clenched my fists. "You know where you can shove it."

His lips quirked. "You know where you want me to shove it."

I scoffed, trying for disgusted and failing. But I was no quitter. "Hard pass."

His finger trailed over my cheek, dipping to my throat and clavicle, down to the swell of my breast, stopping just short of touching a straining nipple. My breaths heaved; my heart raced. His eyes followed the movement. My traitorous body ached for him to keep going.

"I'll let you," he said, voice husky. "For now."

Then he turned to leave. Leaving me at a massive disadvantage; a quivering mess, like always. My heart stuttered

, torn between wanting to let him go or drag him back. I both hated and loved our interactions. And so, I played the game.

"We're official. I have an official boyfriend now," I shouted to his retreating back. Lied might be more apt. But it could be true. Probably. Maybe.

His expansive shoulders tensed for a fraction of a second, his stride shifting almost imperceptibly. If I hadn't been banking on a reaction like the deviant I was, I'd have missed it. He kept walking, and my panic rose.

Jesus, what is wrong with me?

"I'm going to have sex with him. Tonight."

Shut up, Riley!

His sneakers squeaked on the surface of the linoleum as he pivoted back to me, his face a careful mask but for the muscle pulsing in his cheek as he strode in my direction. My heart bounced against my ribs so hard, I thought I'd go into cardiac arrest. I

retreated, my feet moving instinctively until I felt the lockers at my back. He kept coming.

The muscles in his arms rippled as he caged me in, crowding me, hard face looming inches from mine.

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“Leon, huh? You're gonna give it up to Leon after all this time?” he asked, his breath fanning my face. The soft dubiousness of his tone contrasted with the harsh set of his jaw and the clenched fists planted either side of my head. I affected him, too. A fact that gave me way too much pleasure.

I swallowed roughly, trying desperately to hold his intense gaze without shrinking. “What does it matter to you, anyway?” I asked, fighting to get the upper hand. “How many times have you screwed Raya?”

His face remained stoic. “Too many to count.”

Damn, that hurt. I had to forcibly stop myself from flinching. It shouldn't have had any effect, especially since my sort-of boyfriend, who, incidentally, was not the guy sending my pulse into overdrive right now, slept with other girls on the regular, and that knowledge barely registered a response on my emotional radar.

But then, Leon wasn't Reno. Never had been.

No, Leon Bradshaw was just Maddox “Reno” Renner's best friend. It was some weird, convoluted web that none of us dared untangle. Not that we'd even know where to begin.

Leon I should want to sleep with, but didn't. Reno? God, I melted for him. Wafer thin chocolate under hot caramel. But I really, really shouldn't.

Reno glanced away for a beat, then back with that smirk that made me nervous. Like he knew something I didn't. Which meant I was probably about to find out. His fingers caught a few strands of my hair, twisting them almost absently as he stared down at me, his dark eyes unwavering.

“You didn't ask why Leon wasn't at lunch.”

I shrugged, not liking where this was going, but adopting my best can you see the number of fucks I give stance.

"Your official boyfriend was banging Ashley in the guy's locker room," he murmured. "Might need to give him a few hours before he's good to go again."

"I hate you," I spat, and God, did I mean it. Yet my body leaned in. Can anyone say betrayal?

His smirk shifted into a cocky grin. "You only wish you did."

My jaw locked. I only wished he wasn't right.