

## Read Untouchable (Unstoppable 1) by Danielle Hill

### Chapter 5

#### Five

He stood up, striding right up to me, and snarled, "I don't give a shit what it seems like."

"Back up," I warned, my tone low and uncompromising. "What crawled up your ass?"

He reclaimed the space between us, his head raised to stare right into my eyes. "You."

Yeah, this shit wasn't happening. If I'd done something to piss him off, he could quit talking in fucking riddles and spit it out. I rose to my full height, three inches over his, and puffed out my chest. "The fuck are you talking about? And... watch what you say next."

He stood immobile for a few seconds, before blowing out a breath and shaking his head. "You know what? She's not even worth it." Dropping his head, he pivoted and grabbed his bag, throwing it over his shoulder before brushing past me.

"Hey! Whoa!" I grabbed his shoulder, spinning him back. "The fuck you going? You pull this shit then storm out like some chick with PMS? Hell, no. Sit the fuck down. Explain yourself!"

"Fuck you!" He shrugged my hand off.

"Le!" I roared, my voice conveying pretty convincingly that I wasn't messing around anymore. If he wanted to act like a dick, he'd better explain why and it better be fucking good.

His shoulders sagged, and he turned around, eyes scanning the room. Two guys stood by, watching the show. I raised a brow, and they disappeared.

Leon sighed, scrubbing a hand down his face. "Riley. She... ended... whatever the hell we had going on."

Fuck.

I inhaled long and slow. Stale air invaded my nostrils as I dropped my thumbs onto my hips and nodded distractedly.

Leon knocked his head against the wall, followed by a clenched fist, then he slumped to the bench. "Apparently there wasn't much to end, anyway."

I stood back and watched my oldest friend grapple with emotions only Riley Mason could provoke. I'd been battling off the fuckers for as long as I could remember. She was the hottest chick in school, bar none. Feisty, smart mouthed, gave zero fucks... so, a walking wet dream. I'd been hard for her for at least the last four years. She'd been eye fucking me almost as long. I'd have to pull out her voice box and squeeze the words out myself if I wanted to hear her say it, though.

She'd pegged me as a man-whore early on and refused to re-categorize me. On the basis I'd plowed my way through most of the cheer squad multiple times, can't say I blamed her. What I could say, though, was her pairing off with Leon, no matter how casual they'd been, had provided a mental barrier I'd needed to keep my mind off her. And my hands. Mostly.

Coincidentally, it had kept every other guy at bay. Something I appreciated, for reasons I wasn't willing to analyze. The simple fact was that the thought of anyone touching her didn't sit well with me. Leon, I'd learned to deal with because whatever they did together—and I knew they'd never fucked—didn't stop Ri looking at me like she wanted to screw me on the nearest available surface. Call me a warped son of a bitch, but I craved that look in her eyes. I wanted her burning for me, even if I had no intention of dousing the flames. The situation was fucked-up, twisted, whatever. It was what it was. I wasn't about to analyze that shit either.

I was already picturing her hips swaying as she strutted around school. Fuck, she was too tempting. And every other asshole around here agreed. The girl was prime real estate, and she'd just gone on the open market.

Nope, not going there. I wanted her too damn much. Too much to pretend it would be a casual hook up. I had no intention of going anywhere near where that would lead.

But I

sure as shit didn't want any other fucker having her.

Head buzzing with all the ass backward ideas that unwelcome realization conjured, I tightened my jaw and attempted to pull my shit together before glancing back down to where Le's dejected form sat slumped over. Moving closer, I clapped my hand around his shoulder briefly then strode away.

I spent the next hour busting my ass and burning off a shit ton of excess tension. Showering and towelling off quickly, I scrubbed the coarse fabric against my skin then dragged it over my hair. My gaze finally settled on Leon's bent head. "You good, man?"

His brows hitched, like he was anything fucking but. "Guess so."

I observed him a beat longer. "Catch up with you outside, yeah?"

Jerking his head in acknowledgement, he stood, pulling the sides of his bag open and stuffing his crap inside.

Hauling mine from the bench, I exited through the doors and down the hall. And the person who'd occupied my thoughts for the past sixty minutes appeared in front of me, seemingly out of fucking thin air. Because why the fuck wouldn't she?

**Font Size:**

A

A+

A++

My eyes followed Riley's lycra-clad ass like a horny heat-seeking missile, and my groin stiffened to the point of painful. It wasn't the first time my dick had reacted to her body, far from it. But it might have been the first time I'd looked at her and known nothing stood between us. My feet drew to a stop and my chest expanded as saliva pooled in my mouth. I flattened a hand over my still damp hair as every muscle tensed.

Do not fucking go there.

As if she heard me, Riley flicked her head back and peered over her shoulder. Bright green eyes found mine and bulged instantly. She stumbled once, righting herself as my gaze latched onto hers, holding her captive. Her forehead scrunched and her slim shoulders shuddered with her indrawn breath. Pink spots bloomed on her cheeks.

Visibly straining with the effort, she finally tugged her gaze from mine—a fraction of a second too late. I'd already clocked the desire raging in her eyes. And even if I hadn't, I'd seen it there a thousand times before. She couldn't hide then, and she damn sure couldn't hide it from me now. Not even when her lids swooped down and she swung her head away, scampering out of sight like she knew what would happen if I caught up to her.

Fuck, I was imagining it right now. Picturing all the ways I could make her scream my name.

My teeth ground together, and I hung my head, reaching down to tug at the denim stretching taut over my crotch.

I wanted her. Badly. In a way I hadn't been able to before.

And every reason I'd ever had to stay the hell away just ceased to fucking matter.

I needed to talk to Leon. Soon. I wouldn't go near her until I'd given him a chance to get used to the idea.

But after that, all bets were off.

It was past time.

"What's up?" Leon stood outside the local burger joint with his hands stuffed in his pockets.

Face grim, I strolled up to him, wiping my oil stained hands on a rag. "We need to talk."

His head tipped to the side, a sandy brow lifting halfway in question, but a flash of accusation lit in his eyes, making me think he knew exactly what this was about.

"Right," he muttered, drawing the word out.

Planting my thumbs on my hips, I widened my stance and met his heavy stare head on.

"I'm not gonna fuck around here, man. I think you know what I'm gonna say. I want to talk about Riley—"

"You've got to be fucking kidding me," he cut in, nostrils flaring with a snort of air.

"You knew this was coming, Le."

His head snapped back, thick brows scaling his forehead. "Oh, I did? I've been fucking warming her up for you? That's what I've been doing?"

My fingers twitched and blood rushed to my head. I had no plans for this discussion to turn physical, but he needed to not fucking say shit like that again. I aimed a finger directly between his eyes. "Don't talk about her like that."

"Ha! This is fucking unbelievable." He paced away a few strides, his palm clasp the back of his head. Pivoting back sharply, he speared me with a derisive glare. "You've wanted her all this time?"

"Doesn't matter. Things are different now."

His eyes narrowed. "Did you make a play for her? That why she ended it with me?"

My brows pulled together, teeth catching the inside of my cheek and clamping down. My eyes drilled into his. "You think I'd do that?"

"What the fuck do you expect me to think? She cut me loose two days ago and now you're standing here telling me you want to start something with her. That is what you're

doing, right? That's what this is? Sorry Riley fucked you over, Le, but don't worry, I'm gonna fuck her real goo—”

My hand shot out and wrapped around his throat without instruction. I didn't stop to consider why the fuck his words had me so bent out of shape. Bringing my face in line with his until we were nose to nose, I growled, “I'm not gonna say it again. Watch your fucking mouth.”

An acrid smirk contorted Leon's lips, and his fisted hands pushed into my chest, forcing me back. Eager murmurs came from behind. I'd seen a handful of Claremont students milling around earlier. They edged closer now. Fucking great. We had an audience.

Releasing my hold on his neck, I took a measured step back and lowered my voice. “Look, I get you don't like it. I'm not saying I'm gonna do anything right now, but I wanted to give you a heads up. Thought it was only fair.”

He raised the back of his palm to rub at the spot on his neck, betrayal emanating from his slitted eyes. “You're fucking crazy if you think I'm gonna be okay with this.”

“That's how it's going to be?”

**Font Size:**

A

A+

A++

His big shoulders hiked, lips fitting together in a blunt line. “Don't see how it can be any different. You know how I feel about her.”

I breathed in through my nose, glancing away for a beat, before meeting his eyes. “What about how she feels?”

He lurched forward. “What the fuck do you know about how my girlfriend feels?”

A harsh laugh broke through my lips. “She was never your girlfriend, and you goddamn know it. I've held off, but we both know what she wants. Who she wants. Don't fucking stand there and act like you haven't know it all along.”

“You fucking asshole.”

One of my eyebrows hooked up. “You think I'm wrong?”

"I think you're supposed to be my best fucking friend," he snarled. "You gonna choose pussy over that?"

I bristled, his words striking a nerve in a way I didn't fully comprehend. "She's not just any pussy, Le. I wouldn't be standing here if she were."

He snorted. "Don't dress it up like you want more than what's inside those panties, dickhead."

"Don't fucking tell me what I want." I met his glare with one of my own.

His forehead creased, face incredulous. "You're... are you saying you fucking like her?"

I held onto his stare but didn't answer. I didn't know what I wanted from Riley, but I wanted... something. And Leon would have to get on board. She didn't want him; never fucking had.

"So, you're choosing her over fifteen years of friendship?"

"It doesn't have to be one or the other."

He scoffed, pushing away. "Yeah, it does." Face twisted in contempt, he glanced away briefly, before coming back with a glower. "She worth it?"

I looked him dead in the eyes. "Don't fucking push this, Le... you won't like the answer."

"Nice. You know what? You're a damn prick. And you can spew whatever BS you want... you and I know you just want a taste of what I've already had."

My vision turned red. "One more fucking word..."

"Yeah? Here's two... Fuck. You." He spat the words as he shoved me.

My eyebrows pinched. "Don't fucking do it, Le."

Ire burned in his eyes as he pulled his arm back.

Goddamn. I blew out a resigned breath, squared my shoulders, and waited for it.

His fist shot forward.