

Read Untouchable (Unstoppable 1) by Danielle Hill

Chapter 8

Eight

Riley

“Just me, Ri.”

The elbow I'd poised, ready to slam into my attacker's ribs, froze, along with the rest of me, at the sound of his hushed words.

“You know, the bottom of your ass has been hanging out of your dress all night?” He murmured low into my ear, his voice gruff enough to grind over every nerve ending in my body. His warm breath floated over my neck and elicited a tingle that danced all the way along my spine.

Gulping, I dragged air in through my nose, his hand still covering my mouth. Mention of my ass drew my attention to the fact that, in this position, mine pressed right into him. And just above that, something of his pressed right into me. My eyes slammed shut.

Shit, this wasn't good.

Without warning, his free hand snaked around my midriff, his hand splaying across the flat surface. My heart stopped dead in my chest and my eyes swept downward as his fingers crept lower, inch by inch, until they reached the hem of my dress. He kept them there, playing with the material, tracing a finger underneath... driving me insane. Neither of us spoke, our breaths the only audible noise. Releasing my mouth, he trailed his other hand down the column of my neck, moving down until his entire palm skimmed my breast. My breath hitched and my heart took off like a skyrocket. I opened my mouth to say something when I felt his lips at my ear.

“Don't.”

Pressing my lips together, I clamped them shut.

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When his hand closed, his sure fingers gently gripping my soft flesh and the pad of his thumb brushing over the sensitive peak, my body sagged back into his chest and my breath became labored.

His mouth brushed against the sensitive skin below my ear, and I clenched my fists tighter, squeezing my thighs to relieve some of the pressure building between them. I was burning up, as if even the blood in my veins was on fire. Every single part of me pulsed, on high alert. This was so far away from anything I'd ever experienced with Leon, and there wasn't even any actual skin on skin contact. My face heated, and I bit my lip.

This was why I didn't do this with Reno. How quickly everything could spiral out of my control.

"Shhh..." he murmured against my skin, his mouth leaving a wet trail from my ear, all the way down the side of my throat. Every cell tingled in his wake. "Just this once, baby."

I barely registered it, but when I did, my heart lurched and my stomach clenched. The lust he'd evoked gave way to confusion.

"Are you... drunk?"

His nose drifted to my hair, inhaling. What the...? Reno didn't get drunk. He drank, but it never seemed to affect him, and I'd never seen him wasted. He'd never allow himself to be out of control like that.

"Reno!"

"Yeah?" His lips trailed to my jaw, tracing a line of small kisses as he went, making it crazy difficult to keep a handle on my reactions.

"I said—are you drunk?"

His hand suddenly left my breast, gripping the other side of my chin and pulling my head round. "Just enough," he muttered, before slamming his lips down on mine.

Too stunned by the fact he'd done it, I didn't think to stop it or react the way I should have. My mind went into overdrive and my body... responded. He spun me round, his hands roughly dragging me into him, molding my curves to every solid inch of his body. I gasped into his mouth, allowing his tongue to sweep in and stake claim.

I burst into a ball of flames. Igniting like a cloth doused in gasoline. It felt like everything I'd imagined and more. And before I knew what I was doing, my hands were in his hair, teeth dragging along his bottom lip, sucking and biting. Our bodies thrust into each

other, rubbing and grinding—mine functioning independently from my brain. His hands grabbed my butt cheeks and squeezed hard enough to leave bruises. I couldn't breathe, couldn't think. Everything else ceased to exist. It wasn't until we stumbled backward, my foot snagging on a tree trunk that sent us both hurtling to the ground, that I snapped back to the here and now. My eyes flung open on impact and Reno's face hovered inches from mine, his heavy body on top of me, pinning me to the mud as we both panted like we'd run a marathon. My eyes widened, mouth dropping open as he stared down at me.

What the fucking fuck? What the hell had he done?

Pushing at his chest, I tried to scramble out from under him, but he was slow to react, a look of genuine confusion marring his features.

Oh, that's right, he was drunk off his fucking ass!

Just enough.

The words filtered through my mind seconds before I lifted my hand and slapped him across the face.

"What the fuck!" he roared, jerking to life and sitting back on his knees.

It gave me just enough space to clamber out from underneath him and get to my feet. Planting my hands on my hips, my chest heaving and my mind screaming, I glared down at him.

Just enough!

He'd crossed the line. The one we never crossed. We toed it, skirted it, skimmed it... but we never fucking crossed it!

"What the fuck were you thinking?" I screamed at him, my blood at boiling point. It wouldn't surprise me if steam billowed from my head, singeing my hair to ash.

He just stared up at me as he worked through whatever crap was going through his mind.

He'd kissed me! Kissed me!

Glowering at him, my head jerking side to side, I muttered, "What did you do?"

Dropping onto his ass, he rubbed his thumb along his chin and held up a hand. "Okay, look... just calm the fuck down."

Calm down? Calm down? He had no idea what he'd done. He was a fucking hard trigger for me, he just didn't know it. He was my downward spiral, my... my... my weakness. He was....

Shock slammed into me with the force only a life-altering realization could, and I doubled over, hands on my knees.

Goddamn!

I couldn't. I couldn't love somebody who was incapable of loving me back.

She didn't know it, but my mom wasn't a sex addict. She didn't even know how lost and broken she was. Searching without even knowing what for. She had an old shoebox with four rubber bands around it. She didn't know I'd opened it, but inside were the remains of the heart some selfish guy had taken, drained, crushed, and handed back to her like an unwanted gift. Along with her self-respect.

She wouldn't say it, but she'd genuinely loved my father. Even at fifteen. If the tattered diary she'd poured her heart and soul into was anything to go by. She'd stopped writing in it a couple of months before I was born. I'd never asked her about it but that, and the small collection of photos she clearly cherished, painted a damning picture. She'd loved him most of her life. And it hadn't mattered to him one bit. He'd still used her, took from her, the way all men like him use women. Then when he'd had his fill, he'd walked away, leaving her empty of everything. Except me.

She never really found her way back. So she just searched every dick she could find, looking for love, or a connection, or... something. She made the best of the highs, but I'd been there for the lows. Days when darkness seemed to smother her, when she got lost in the past and memories sucked her under like quicksand. Daylight always crept in. She got up. She got on. She'd paint her face, pop one of her pills, and pretend like something wasn't missing, like she didn't allow men to use her body in a quest to fill some void. Christ, the woman danced in a club for a job, and not just for the pay. She needed to feel wanted. And she'd take it any way she could get it. But she'd learned to make her face up without a mirror, because she couldn't bear the sight of her reflection.

Reno's face appeared in front of mine, his hands softly gripping my upper arms.

He was a guy like him.

Without looking at him, I murmured, "Don't touch me."

Sober as a judge now, his demeanour calm and controlled, he let go of me.

“Stop freaking out, Ri. We both knew this would happen, we've been circling each other for years. Leon changed nothing. Never did. He was a distraction, a shit one at that, and you know it. He just held off the inevitable.”

Inevitable what? Fuck, screw, bang? And then what? He'd leave and take all the important parts of me with him.

“No,” I said. “I can't.” Shaking myself loose, I bolted.

I heard him shouting my name and ignored it.

Out of everyone, it couldn't be him. He'd break me down to bare bones.

And I'd let him.