

From the
Water

Within The Circle: Book 2

Abby Wood

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by Abby Wood

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CHAPTER ONE

Underneath the glow of the autumn moon, the Jacobson triplets wove their skylad bodies in a circled chain in the clearing. Bonnie broke away from the others and moved into the center of their sacred area. Laying her hands on the ground, she inhaled and began the spell.

"Goddess, we come to thee.

Take our gifts from all three.

Bring on the water to speed the course.

I'd love my man to appear on a horse."

"Bonnie." Alexis snorted. "Be serious."

Bonnie giggled and closed her eyes again. Sometimes her sisters took the fun out of everything. Fine. If they wanted to see the serious side of things...

"Bring on the water to speed the course.

Give me a warning, but do not force.

Bless me, oh water, so that I might find

A man who is gentle and kind."

She stood up, spread out her arms, and twirled around. Faster and faster, she danced. Leaning her head back and letting her long hair cascade down her bare back, she laughed with pure delight at the power overcoming her.

The sky crackled, and lightning shot across the clear black canvas right before clouds rolled in out of nowhere and rained down on the women. She stopped and let the water roll down her body. *Yes! Blessed be.*

"Come on, Bonnie. That's enough rain. I'm freezing to death over here." Carly tried to snuggle against Alexis, but her older-by-a-full-five-minutes sister pushed away from her and ran over to her pile of clothes.

"You could start a bonfire and warm us up, Carly." Alexis shot her a grin.

Carly snorted. "Oh sure, and attract everyone in town. I don't think so."

The rain stopped, and the clouds blew away. Bonnie skipped out of the circle with a smile on her face. Two days ago, Carly had found love with Max. Now it was her turn, and she couldn't be happier.

"I vote we go back, change into our sexiest dresses, and head into town to check out all the decorations Carly put up for the Halloween party. I feel like dancing the rest of the night away through Lindbergh." Bonnie picked up her pile of clothes but didn't move to get dressed again.

"No, I'm tired." Alexis yawned. "I don't know why the water always fires you up."

"But what if my man is waiting somewhere for me tonight? I could totally miss out on meeting him." Bonnie frowned.

Carly shook her head. "Nah, I bet it'll happen tomorrow like it did with me. Let's go home and get some rest."

"Oh Goddess! I'm going to have trouble sleeping tonight." Bonnie sighed. "This is going to be so exciting..."

CHAPTER TWO

Bonnie opened the door to the inner lobby of the post office. She whistled softly and hurried to stand in line. She'd made it before the big noontime rush.

Behind the one customer buying stamps ahead of her, she tapped her foot against the linoleum floor. Humming a tune that had stuck in her head all morning, she glanced over her shoulder and out the window. This time of year, the mist that shrouded the town and the shorter days made it hard to escape down to the river with her sketch pad to draw, but today had turned out surprisingly sunny.

The woman in front of her turned to leave, and Bonnie stepped up to the counter. She hefted the mailbag up and with a smile pushed it toward the clerk.

"How's the newspaper column going?" Sam Clark took the bag and set it off to the side.

"Great. Every week I get more letters asking for advice." She ran her hand along the edge of the scale. "Pretty soon I won't be able to write them all back personally."

"That's great. I know my wife really enjoys reading those letters. She's always saving the paper to read the funny ones to me during dinner." Sam chuckled and handed over her receipt. "See you next week."

Bonnie hurried outside, turned left, and headed home. Excitement bubbled up inside her over the day she had planned. Working mornings at the newspaper allowed her to spend her afternoons doing the two things that she loved to do—drawing and relaxing around the water when the weather allowed it.

She shoved her hand in her front pocket. Her fingers curled around the cool quartz rock she carried with her for peace of mind. She slowed down at the sudden rise in temperature coming from inside her hand. Bringing the rock out, she then spread open her fingers and watched the gem change from its rose color to red. Her brows shot up. That'd never happened before.

"Son of a bitch!"

She raised her head. Up ahead, two legs stuck out from under a car beside the curb. Her mouth dropped open, and she glanced down at the quartz again. *Are you trying to warn me about something?*

"Dammit!" A groan was followed by more metal clanking. "Piece of shit!"

It sounded as if the man was having a hard time fixing his car. The noise and cussing grew louder.

She slipped the rock back into the pocket of her jeans and continued down the sidewalk, drawing closer to the guy lying underneath the engine of his car. With the thought of walking down to the water pushed to the back of her mind, she'd find out if he needed some help.

Work boots attached to a pair of sexy legs gave her pause. Inhaling, she thoroughly inspected the size of the man's thighs. She swallowed. No chicken legs there. He definitely filled out a pair of jeans.

Letting her gaze wander farther up, she pulled back her head and giggled. *Eureka! I found the mother lode.*

She raised her hand to her mouth and bit down on the tip of her fingernail. The man's hips thrust in the air and rocked from one side to the other. Bonnie stared in utter fascination, imagining what it would be like to lie on top of him...naked.

With a shake of her head, she squatted down beside his knees. "Hey mister, you need any help? Want me to call someone for you?" She patted his leg. "I live a block away. It won't be any trouble."

"Yes. No! Hey...wait. Hand me that wrench, will ya?" A greasy hand came out from under the car, fingers extended. "I can't let go."

"Um, sure..." She picked up a hammer and set it back down in the pile of tools on the ground. After deciding the big silver-handled tool must be the one he wanted, she picked the greasy gizmo up with two fingers.

"Here you go." She inched closer and placed it in his rather large hand.

The tool disappeared, and more clatter came from under the car. "Yes!" The man scooted out from under the engine and sat up. "Thank you. I couldn't let go of the part to pick up the tool without it falling off again." He rubbed his hands on the backs of his thighs, raised his head, and his jaw dropped.

"I'll be damned." He stepped up on the curb to walk all the way around Bonnie.

She laughed and followed it with a wink. "No you won't. I don't have that kind of power, but I can make a mean club sandwich if you want to come home with me."

"Yeah, that would be great." He shut the hood of his car. "I'm supposed to meet my brother today down at the coast. He rented us a fishing charter boat for tomorrow, but I'm already late. Another hour won't matter."

"Great! I'm Bonnie, by the way." She pointed down the block. "I live in the big white house with the hedges around the yard."

"Dirk Snyder." He held his hand out but jerked his arm back. "Sorry, I'm all greasy."

They walked the rest of the way in comfortable silence, Dirk staring down at her. He seemed confused about going home with her, but Bonnie knew what had happened. The Goddesses weren't fooling around; the spell the Jacobson triplets cast worked fast.

She put her hand back in her pocket. The quartz lay cool against her fingers. *Bless you, Goddess. You did give me the warning I needed to find the perfect man.*

With a military haircut, buff body, and the bluest eyes she'd ever seen, the man could have walked right out of one of her fantasies. The way he seemed to study her warmed all her womanly bits, and she couldn't wait to validate that this man was indeed her gift from the Goddess.

"Do you live here all by yourself? It's huge." He tilted his head and gazed up at the second story.

"No, my two sisters live here also." She smiled. "They're at work, so we have the house to ourselves." She grinned and pushed through

the front door. "If you want to wash up before you have lunch, the bathroom is down the hall, to the left. You can't miss it. I'll be in the kitchen when you're done. Just mosey on back."

She waited for the bathroom door to click shut and rushed to the phone. Carly would scream when she found out Bonnie's man came today. She hung the phone back up without dialing and pursed her lips. *I'd better wait. Knowing my sister, she'll rush over here to meet him. Nah...I want him all to myself for a little while.*

CHAPTER THREE

Dirk followed Bonnie over to the sink and handed her his empty plate. "You were right. You *do* make the best sandwiches." He leaned his hip against the counter. "Thanks for lunch."

Bonnie threw her napkin in the trash can under the sink, closed the cabinet door, and straightened up. He stood so close, their legs brushed. Her nipples peaked at the gentle caress of his body.

"Hold on." He raised his hand and extracted one of the wayward curls out from the corner of her mouth. His hand lingered on her cheek. "You have the most fascinating mouth." Dirk traced her bottom lip with the pad of his thumb. "So plump and red, just begging for a kiss."

She licked her lips. "What's stopping you?" She leaned into his chest and rose up onto her toes. Her hands grabbed the sides of his T-shirt. He was tall, solid, and so very close.

Dirk hooked his finger under her chin and tilted her head. She closed her eyes, waiting for the moment their lips connected. *Oh. My. Goddess.*

Tender lips explored her mouth. Nibbling, tasting, sucking, he seemed in no hurry to end the kiss. Her tongue came out to taste him. Pleasurable chills washed over her body. The faint smell of grease, the outdoors, and sweat mingled with one hundred percent man drove her insane.

A desperate need to connect with Dirk became so strong and overpowering, she unintentionally called upon her element to help her. Dirk crushed her to his chest. She moaned. Sparks of desire fluttered throughout her lower stomach, and her pussy dampened.

She lifted her leg, hooked her foot behind his knee, and pressed her pelvis against the rock-hard proof that he also enjoyed the kiss. Dizzy and intent on experiencing everything he offered, she held on tighter when he tried to pull back.

"Mm..." He broke the kiss, but his hands continued caressing her back. "What the...?"

"Oh no." She slid her hands down to his hips. "Don't quit."

"Bonnie. Stop." He placed his hands on her upper arms and stepped back. "The water... You've got..." Running his hands through his hair, he stared down at their feet. "Shit. How did that happen?"

Bonnie frowned and gazed down. Water gushed out from the bottom of the cabinet door underneath the sink and was fast flooding the kitchen floor. *Oh no. I did it again!*

She'd always had trouble controlling how much power she drew from her element when she was mad, upset, or overemotional. *I guess now I can add stimulated to the max too.*

"I...um, let me go shut the water off in the basement." She turned and raised her hands. "Stay right there. Don't move."

Lengthening her stride, she walked on tiptoe as she crossed the kitchen to keep the water from soaking her shoes. She hesitated at the foot of the steps. Water was already beginning to trickle downstairs.

She hurried down to the main water pipe, where the shutoff valve was located. "Please don't be stuck." She grasped the knob and used all her strength to try to turn the round handle. Switching hands, she tried again.

"Uh, Dirk?" she yelled. "Can you come down here for a second? I can't budge this stupid thing."

Dirk took the steps two at a time. Bonnie's jaw dropped. Dripping wet, his shirt clung to his chest. Her eyebrows rose. She could make out every ripple of his stomach muscles. Dirk must have tried to stop the flow of water upstairs. She chewed her lip. He had no idea that

once she lost control of her power, even a wrench and plumbing putty wouldn't stop the leak.

She closed her mouth and rubbed her lips together. Her gaze dropped. Even the front of his jeans were soaked.

"Here, let me try." He raised his arms. "Maybe I'll have better luck getting the main pipe shut off. The upstairs pipe is spewing like a geyser."

Glued to the spot, she studied his flexing muscles as he struggled to shut off the water. She balled her hands into fists at her side to keep from reaching out and running her fingers over his arms...shoulders. Her heartbeat raced.

"There we go. I got it shut off." He turned and brushed his hands together.

Her nipples, already peaked and hard, constricted more. She sucked her lower lip between her teeth and clamped down. The old water pipe groaned under the pressure.

"What the hell?" He cocked his head. "Is this place haunted?"

She shuddered. There was no way she could gain control over her emotions with him around, tempting her.

A loud *whoosh* from the corner of the room startled Bonnie. She gasped. The main pipe broke, sending a torrent of water across the room. Backing up out of the spray, she grabbed Dirk's arm.

"Go. You must get out of here." She pushed him, but he didn't move.

"I'm not leaving you." He glanced over his shoulder, shook his head, and turned back around. "We need to get this shut off or it'll flood the whole room."

"I know. I know." She tugged at his shirt. "You have to leave. I can't have you here. Please, just go."

He stepped onto the steps and paused.

"Now!" She pointed her finger. "You can't be around me."

"But the water..." He frowned.

She wrapped her arms around her waist. "I can handle the water. It's you. You are making it worse."

Dirk's shoulders rose with his next breath. He turned and sprinted up the stairs.

I'm sorry.

Bonnie sat down on the second step, cradled her head in her hands, and closed her eyes.

From the Water

*"Oh Goddess of water, please settle me down.
Stop this mess, before I drown.
I'm outta control, in...over my head.
Please bless me, and listen to what I said."*

CHAPTER FOUR

Scooting the towels with her feet along the floor of the kitchen, Bonnie held the cordless phone to her ear. "That's what I'm telling you. He *is* the one." She threw up her hand. "No, you don't understand, Alexis. He was here, but I had to send him away."

She bent over, threw the towels down the basement steps, and laid two more on the floor. "I don't think he will come back. He was going fishing with his brother when I invited him over. He might not even live around here."

The doorbell rang.

"Hang on, someone's at the door. Maybe I got lucky and the plumber was able to come today instead of tomorrow." Bonnie hurried to the front door.

She placed the phone against her hip, swung the door open, and squealed. "You came back."

"I can't just walk away." He glanced over her shoulder. "Is it safe to come in?"

She inhaled. "It is now. There should be no more leaks." The corner of her mouth lifted, and she stepped back, allowing him to enter.

Dirk glanced at her hand. "I'm sorry. I interrupted your phone call."

"Oh!" She lifted the phone to her ear again. "Alexis." Bonnie grinned. "Yes, that's him." She nodded her head. "I love you too, sis."

She hung up the phone, setting it back on the charger in the living room. "Let me pick up the towels, and we can talk. I think I've got all the water cleaned up." She glanced over at him. "You changed your clothes?"

"Yeah." He rubbed his stomach. "The car's working, and I was able to go down to the gas station on the corner and use their restroom."

"Good. Good." She swallowed. The silence overwhelmed her. This was her man. The one the Goddess picked out especially for her. She didn't want to chitchat or spend time getting to know him better. That would all come later, after they had kick-ass sex.

"Bon—"

"Dirk—"

They both laughed. She smiled. The tension between them broke, and she was able to breathe again.

"You go first." He leaned against the kitchen counter.

Knowing they were bound together, she stepped in front of him. She walked her fingers up the front of his shirt and fisted her hands in the material. "I want you."

A slow smile spread across his face. "Baby, you don't have to ask twice. Where's your bedroom?"

She shook her head. "No. Too far." She lifted the hem of her shirt, stripped it off, and then hurried to take off her jeans. "Right here." With a toss of her head, she flipped her hair down her back, turned, and bent over, placing her hands on the floor. She gazed over her shoulder. "Hurry Dirk, I want it hard and fast."

Dirk unzipped his jeans, pushed them down over his hips, and lifted his shirt. Fisting the base of his engorged cock, he stepped forward and ran the head along her slit. She moaned and rocked back.

"Please..."

He plunged into her wet pussy with a low, satisfied groan. "Shit. You are so tight."

Unable to hold still, Bonnie pushed back on him, fully impaling herself onto his cock. She squealed. The slight touch of his balls on her

clit flooded her lower body with warmth. Intense pleasure touched every hidden spot deep inside her pussy.

"Oh yes!" She tossed her hair and arched her neck.

He held on to her hip with one hand, reached out, and grasped a handful of her curls. "That's it, baby. Take it all." Without letting go, he plunged all the way into her cunt, then slowly withdrew his cock, only to thrust his length back in again. "Come for me, baby. Milk the cum out of my dick."

His movements sped up. Bonnie's legs shook. Her pussy rippled and spasmed around his cock, and she flew over the edge into an orgasm that left her bucking against him.

He let go of her hair. His hands dug into her hips as he sank his dick fully inside her. Grinding himself against her ass with a satisfying release, he held her close. Her head fell forward, and she would have fallen to the floor if not for Dirk's hold on her waist. Her body relaxed and sated, she had no strength to straighten up.

"Come here, baby." He pulled her against him, wrapped his arms around her waist, and snuggled her back against his front. "This is going to sound crazy, but I never want to let you go." He kissed the side of her neck. "I want to stay here and make love to you every way that you ask for it. Fast, slow, gentle, rough."

Bonnie turned around and slipped her arms around his neck. "Yes. I want the same thing. In the house, outside on the ground..." She shuddered, her body growing stronger. "In the water. I want to have sex with you in every imaginable place we can think of together. Stay with me." She ran her hand down his cheek.

He laid his forehead on the top of her head. "Damn." His shoulders sagged.

"What?" She pulled her head back to gaze at him. "Don't you want to?"

He shook his head. "It's not that. I promised my brother I'd go with him on this fishing trip. I'm already running behind because of the radiator hose that busted in the car and then the fiasco here." He grimaced. "I can't disappoint him."

She stepped back. "I understand." Her chest tightened. She didn't want to part, but the Goddess would bring him back. That was a fact. "It's OK. Go fishing with your brother. You wouldn't want to miss that kind of opportunity."

The front door opened, and Bonnie's head whipped around to the kitchen door. "Damn it. I should have known Alexis and Carly would barge in."

Dirk fastened his jeans and ran his hands across his stomach. "Don't you want to get dressed before they come in here and wonder what's up?"

She laughed. "Why? They know what I look like naked. Plus, they know I'm old enough to have sex."

"Bonnie! You home?" Alexis walked into the kitchen, stopped, and took in the both of them. "Well, congratulations, sis."

"Thank you." She flew into Alexis's arms and whispered, "I have been so blessed. Isn't he incredible?"

Carly entered the room, took one glance at Dirk, screamed, and joined her sisters in a group hug. "Your man came."

"Of course he did." Bonnie turned to Dirk. "Dirk, these are my sisters, Alexis and Carly."

"Whoa...triplets." He shook his head, chuckling. "Hi. It's nice to meet...all of you." He stepped over to Bonnie. "Babe, may I use your phone. I left my cell phone in the car."

"Sure. There's one in the living room and another down at the end of the hall if you wish to talk privately. I'll talk to my sisters and get dressed." She moved over to grab her shirt off the counter.

Dirk left the kitchen. Bonnie sighed, her gaze following him.

"What's wrong?" Alexis set down her bag.

Bonnie shrugged her shoulders. "He's leaving."

"What?" Both her sisters spoke in unison. "Why?"

"It's OK. I'm fine with it...really." She sniffed. "He'll come back, right? Max came back to Carly, and the Goddess always answers our spells." Her shoulders shook, and her lower lip popped out. "Oh damn. I don't want to cry. I'm so happy. This is the best day of my life." She leaned back against the counter.

"He *will* come back, just you watch." Carly handed Bonnie her pants. "Now put these on and wipe your eyes. You don't want him to see how much this hurts you."

She nodded and finished dressing. "Thanks. I don't know what I'd do without the two of you."

Dirk cleared his throat, stepped past Alexis and Carly, and stood beside her. "Bonnie?"

Raising her head, she gave him a shaky smile.

"Are you OK?" He swept his thumb beneath her eye. "You're crying."

She wrapped her arms around his waist and leaned her cheek against his chest. "I will never, ever forget today."

He stroked the back of her head. "Don't cry. I fixed it so we won't have to be apart. I talked with my brother." His hand stilled. "He says there is plenty of room on the boat. How would you like to come out on the water and go fishing?"

She pushed him away from her. "Get outta here!" She covered her cheeks, smiling. "Are you kidding me? Yes! Of course I'll go with you. You have no idea how much I love the water." Her laughter filled the room.

Biography

Multipublished author Abby Wood lives in the Pacific Northwest. A huge animal lover, she enjoys the many animals on her farm and the wild ones that roam the forest. In her free time, she loves to ride motorcycles, garden, go fishing and play tennis. She loves to write stories that allow readers to escape into a brand-new world.

You can find out more about Abby at www.authorabbywood.com, visit her Facebook page at www.facebook.com/AbbyWoodFanPage and follow her on Twitter at @MsAbbyWood.

Other Books in this series

Truth of Fire: Book 1

From the Water: Book 2

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