

*CICAC MEMORIES*

By

Tammy Lee

## **LILAC MEMORIES**

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Sitting on the porch with the hot August sun beating down on my shoulders, always brings back memories. The heat, the glare, the perspiration that rises on the back of my neck always makes me think of Blake.

It was another hot August day when Blake Townsend walked up my path. The glare of the sunlight made me squint to look at the man that swaggered up my sidewalk with his hands in his pockets and a big, bright smile on his face.

“I’m your new neighbor.” He had said.

Simple enough, a quick howdy from the new gentleman across the way. I didn’t even remember seeing a moving truck. What I did see, was a very handsome man. Broad shoulders, steely gray eyes, blond hair, and the most massive hands I’d ever seen on any man. I didn’t move. Not moving was more of a self-preservation thing than a gesture of inhospitality, it was *hot* that day. Movement meant sweat, I didn’t want to be sweaty and wet looking in front of the human angel that appeared before me. So I stayed in my chair with my feet propped up on the railing and my big floppy sun hat scrunched down on my head to shield my eyes.

I could smell the lilac flowers that lined the rails of the porch, their sweet smell filled the air and gave the heat a pleasant aroma. Until my dying day I will always associate Blake with that sweet smell of lilacs and heat.

When he stepped up on the shaded porch and held out his hand, I kept mine buried deep in the folds of the cotton sundress that I wore. I smiled up at him and nodded as he withdrew his hand. “Have a seat.” I said and I watched as he pulled up a wicker chair alongside mine. “What brings you to this town, Mr.?” Well, I thought, a name would be nice to go along with the vision of mystery that sat beside me.

“Mr. Townsend.” He responded and smiled kindly. “But please, call me Blake. Mr. Townsend sounds so old.” A sly smile spread across his face, it was a lovely smile. Not cunning, not evil, a sly, fun smile that looked like he enjoyed his life and liked to play.

I liked to play too, the smile that played across my lips was hopefully indication of that. I could feel the heat between my legs. The heat from the sun was no match for the warmth that was building inside my body as I studied the man by my side. “My name is Wendy.” Finally I held my hand out, wiping it on my dress as I pulled it free from its nest between my legs. Wouldn’t do to have him feel the dampness that he caused on my skin. It wasn’t the hot air anymore that was causing the dew.

I shivered when he took my hand in his; it was smooth and warm. I felt like a child with my hand in Daddy’s as his palm engulfed mine. I smiled at the way my mind was playing with me. ‘Whose yo daddy?’ I could hear him calling out to me in a particularly intimate moment. Lord have mercy, I rolled my eyes at my own craziness. Who said you

would end up in bed with the man? My mind could be ruthless at times, and certainly liked to spoil my fun.

“Are you hot?” He leaned over and wiped my brow, the beads of perspiration had formed along my face, his hand gently swiped them away as he grinned. He wasn’t sly this time, he was overtly sexy, and he seemed to know it.

“Why, yes I am, Mr. Townsend.”

“Oh now, Wendy, I told you, call me Blake.”

I watched as he stood and pulled me up before him, my hand still firmly grasped in his. I felt his free arm circle my waist and pull me close. Where ever he had come from, I sure was glad he had come. His face hovered over mine like a cloud and my lips yearned to feel his mouth on mine. I wanted to scream as he remained there motionless above me, teasing me. I looked up into his deep gray eyes and noticed that he was enjoying the anguish he was creating in me. I squirmed to reach up to him with my lips, but his arm held me fiercely in its grip.

Then he moved in and his lips covered mine. He tasted as good as he looked. The pungent aroma of lilacs still filled the air around us and created a cocoon of sensual desire that housed us and us alone. No one else existed in our little world, right there on the porch on that sunny day. The whole world stood still as we were locked together in our embrace. I felt his hand move up my side and his fingers run across the flimsy cotton that covered my breast. My nipples hardened at his touch through the material.

I tried to step back and break the spell, thinking only of turning to the house and leading him inside with me, but his strong embrace held me firmly against him in the shaded sunlight of the wooden porch. I could feel his muscles tense. I could feel *all* of his muscles tense against me. I can still hear the pounding of his heart in my brain, the way it filled my head that day as he released my lips and I lay my head against his chest, listening to the steady rhythm as it pounded in my ear.

I melted into his arms and he began to rock back and forth making the wood beneath us creak in protest. A lone child rode by on his bike but he didn’t wave, or even nod at us as we stood wrapped in our own little world.

It stunned me to feel the skirt of my dress being slowly lifted. The feel of the breezy material sliding up my thighs and across my rear had a sensuous appeal but I couldn’t stop myself from looking around for signs of life from beyond the porch. Blake fed on my nervous glances, and his passion rose because of it. Still, my concern seemed senseless there wasn’t another soul on the lonely street.

I gasped as he pulled me down on top of him in the chair where he had been seated only moments before, my cotton dress around my waist I could feel his excitement pressing up from beneath the taunt jeans he wore. I rubbed myself against the hard material, feeling the pleasure tingle between my thighs at the sensation. Blake’s hand slid up under my dress and the tantalizing feel of his fingers on my belly sent shivers of pleasure up my back. He chuckled as I worked feverishly at the belt at his waist, he didn’t offer any help, he simply laughed as his hands went about their business and I struggled with the clasp.

Finally, I managed to release the metal buckle and pop the button at waistband of his pants. Pulling sharply the material spread the steel zipper apart with a swoosh relieving him of his prison. The material of his shorts beneath the jeans was stretched to its fullest extent as Blake’s body strained against the much less restrictive garment. I lovingly

caressed the warm, throbbing muscle through the material and enjoyed the laughter in his eyes as I teased him, I knew he wanted to feel my hand against his skin, but I continued about my play without moving to remove the garment.

When his fingers moved down to aide me I pushed them gently away. How dare he interfere with my play? My eyes scolded him but the smile on my face eased his concern. It was about then that I gasped when I felt his fingers invade my body forcefully. The stinker had pushed aside the cotton panties and worked his way between my legs, letting me feel first hand the wonders of going beyond the restrictions of the material between us. I had to admit it was a wonderful sensation. I allowed the seconds to tick away as I sat there in his lap with my head back, simply enjoying the way he moved inside me. Then I squared my shoulders and looked him deep in the eyes as I pushed at the elastic band at his waist. I shrieked quickly as I was lifted into the air on his hips as he rose up from the chair just enough to allow the material to be pushed away. When he fell back to the chair I plopped right back down as well, only this time, when I did, I was skewered.

The moan that escaped my lips was nothing compared to the lightening bolt of pleasure that rocketed through my body as his shaft dove in full hilt to the very depths of my crevices. I could feel the innermost muscles of my body working against him as he slid my hips up and down with his powerful hands. My back was limp in his grip the only muscles that worked were between my thighs as I allowed myself to be rocked.

His eyes stared up at me, examining the masque of ecstasy that was my face. I had never known such pleasure and I'm guessing now, I never will again. I shuddered and swallowed huge gulps of the hot lilac air as we climaxed together, and I fell in a heap against his chest, the old wicker creaking beneath us as we sank deeply into it in spent repose.

That was thirty years ago, and the August heat is still deadly. I still sit out on the front porch and watch life flow by at a snail's pace. The lilacs still bloom, and still smell just as sweet—and still remind me of Blake.

The End

## **About the Author**

### **Tammy Lee**

Tami Parrington (Tammy Lee) is a writer whose personal life is as eclectic as her writing. The author of three novels, numerous articles and short stories, as well as several screenplays, she is a loving mother of two grown children, and devoted grandmother of two. She has been married to her soul mate for twenty-five years and lives on a farm in central Illinois where she raises just about every farm animal possible, and has successfully shown everything from rabbits to dogs to horses. To find out more about Tami, please visit <http://www.tparrington.com>.

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