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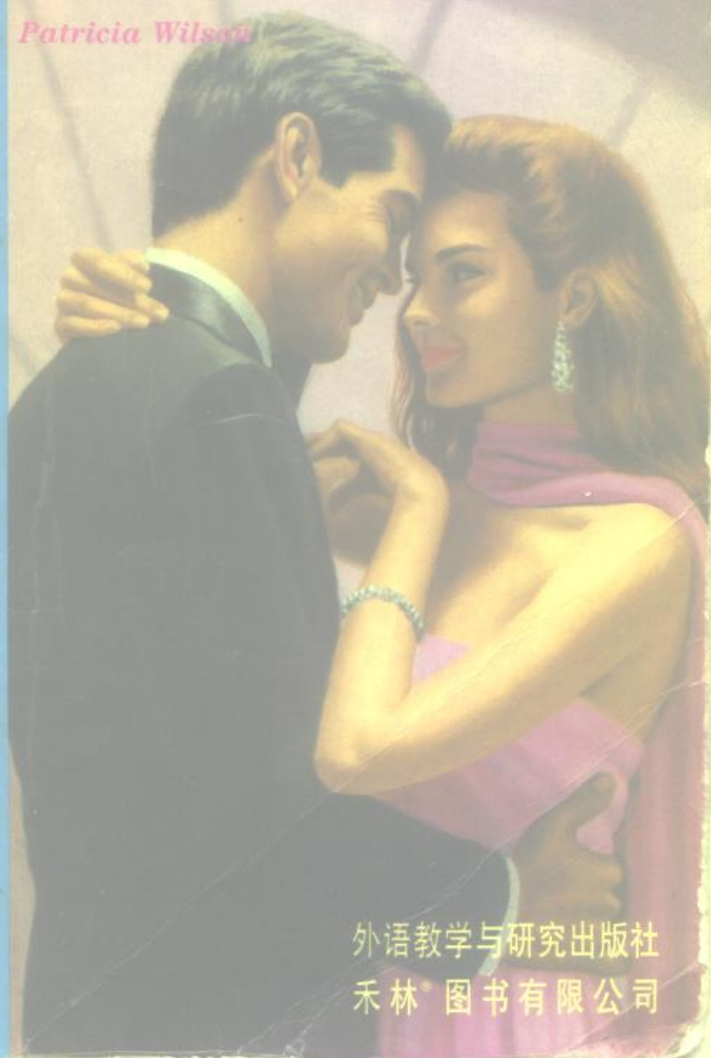
 *Silhouette*



Dearest
Traitor

Patricia Wilson

亲亲叛徒



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出版说明

加拿大禾林图书有限公司出版了一套“诗露”爱情小说系列,该系列中的每部小说都讲述了一个曲折的爱情故事,作者非常精心地在小说中安排和构造情节走向,设计情绪节奏和阅读兴奋点,牵引着读者能够以最快的读速在极短的时间里将一部小说读完,并随即翻开另一部。

“诗露”小说在西方极其畅销,这或许不只是说明了该类读物独具的市场生命力,是否还可以认为同样会是一个细致的出版者对当今读者的别样关切?

外语教学与研究出版社始终致力于我国外语的普及,孜孜以求掀起外语阅读的风气。外语学习也许不全是辛劳的苦事,不苦不累、轻轻松松、且又乐在其中的外语阅读已为越来越多的外语学习者所欢迎。因此,“edutainment”(寓教于乐)就成了外研社在图书出版中做出的一种新的尝试。这次外研社与禾林图书有限公司达成出版协议,以谨慎的态度推出这套系列小说的英汉版本(配设译文),此为原因之一。同时还应说明的是,选择了爱情小说作为这种读物的内容,其目的并不在于营造温馨浪漫,推销款款情语。因为,读者可专注意得到,言情类型小说的语言尽管大半缺乏风格,语言大半缺乏创造

性,但是它的通俗流畅和透明,倒是值得我们英语学习者品味品味的。爱情小说免不了涉及人类多种多样的情绪心理。某种意义上说,爱情小说是人类丰富情感的展示“橱窗”:相思之苦,别离之伤,误解之涩,相拥之喜,生死之痛,所有这一切情感的表达方式和词汇,都交汇在言情小说里,因此言情小说应该被我们视为一种语库,而为读者系统并具规模地提供这种语库,正是外研社出版“诗露”系列的第二个原因。

爱情小说尽管少了些凝重和深沉,但小说中叙述的男女两性的情感生活,也或多或少地传达出一些西方世界爱情与婚姻的文化。前些时候美国言情小说《廊桥遗梦》风靡中国,并引发了国人对婚外恋情的讨论。这一现象表明,即使是言情类型小说,也能够敏感地传达出一个时代里人们价值观念的细微变化。正是在这层意义上,禾林爱情系列小说在一定程度上便拥有了文化的内涵,读者可以从小说中窥探到西方社会生活价值观念的变迁。是为原因之三。

值得一提的是,这套系列英语读物的译文别具一格,它并非与原文字字对应。译者都是台湾译坛上的妙手,他们采取的是一种宽松的意译方法,行文通俗流畅。译者们如此处理,只希望不致引起读者的误解,同时我们也希望读者在禾林提供的爱情故事中品尝悲喜苦乐,在明快畅晓的小说叙述语言的环境中坐看云起云消……

Nobody had ever kissed her like that before...

"Please, Steven!" When he lifted his head a little she begged, and he looked down at her mockingly, holding her still, tightly against him.

"You said that before, too, but you weren't pleading to be free."

It brought back all the humiliation, the great, deep shame, and she pulled free, forcing her trembling legs to hold her upright.

"I hate you!"

"No, you don't," he said remorselessly. "I'm an addiction for you. I always have been. From child to woman, you're still hooked. Quite obviously mine."

Chapter One

Georgina reined in at the crest of the hill, her hand stroking over the satin neck of Stardust. Ears like velvet pricked up in response and the little filly made a slight movement of her head. They understood each other, rider and animal especially attuned, a small unit of belonging because this was Georgina's own horse, the chestnut raised from a foal. No one else had ever ridden her, nor would they even think of it. For one vital moment she was content, her eyes sweeping over the well-loved scene. Adversities might come and go, even small, poignant tragedies, but this went on forever, the only real love of her life — Kellerdale.

In front of the horse and rider the land fell away in a green wooded valley and then rose quickly to high, rolling hills, the great sweep of the Dales as far as the eye could see. As far as the eye could see, too, the land belonged to Kellerdale Hall, the great estate of the Templetons since Norman times. Once they had owned more, but even now Georgina knew she could ride all day on Templeton land, never chal-

lenged or halted. It was still a small, benign kingdom, and she a favoured subject.

It gave her a great sense of peace, happiness, because she was and always had been an integral part of everything — the land, the family, the magnificent old hall with its gleaming windows, ivy-covered stone, tall chimneys and acres of parkland. To Georgina, part of them and yet not part of them, this was home and she loved it fiercely.

She narrowed her long tilted eyes against the wind, her soft mouth tightening. Everything would stay the same here but only on the surface. *Now* there was trouble, tall blonde trouble, and it was here to stay because she knew for sure that nothing would be able to dislodge Auriel Delafield: Malcolm was going to marry her. A new factor was to be added to perfection, a disturbing element to ruffle the calm days. Already there was uneasiness, polite discord. She wanted to march right in and put things right, but it was not her place. She was merely an outsider who loved them completely.

Georgina and Stardust snorted in unison, mere chance but she patted the filly firmly, quite sure she too had noticed the faint air of distress and disbelief that now hung over the family. Long ago she would

have talked it over with Steven — but that was long ago. She didn't think of Steven now. He was banished from her mind, banished for four years and it was permanent.

Celia Templeton rode up the hill and stopped beside Georgina, but neither of them spoke. Celia was blonde too, but it was a cool, regal blonde like Northern sunlight, her eyes the clear Templeton blue. The two girls were a startling contrast to each other, Georgina's eyes the colour of honey, black-lashed and long, her hair dark red, caught in a plait that almost reached her waist. It glinted with changing lights in the cool sunshine, now red, now almost golden, now deepest mahogany.

At the side of Celia's slender height, Georgina looked tiny. She was vivacious, and as alert and racy as the horse she rode. Laughter sat easily on her face and often a mercurial temper, but today her ready temper was under strict control. From now on she would have to be a steadying influence, help whenever possible and keep quiet for the rest of the time. It looked like being a lasting arrangement.

For once Celia was on the boil, and Georgina recognised all the signs. The two girls were lifelong friends in spite of their different social status.

‘Isn’t she *awful*? Malcolm must be mad! And that name! *Nobody* is called Auriel!’

They rode in silence for a while, walking the horses down to the valley floor and then slowly climbing to the high ridge. In late March it was cold and crisp, but neither felt it. For years they had ridden together on the Templeton lands. Celia had been born in the stately old hall and Georgina had come to the estate manager’s house when she was five years old, a tiny, bright-haired child with enormous eyes, clutching her mother’s hand as her father had taken over the Dower House that was to be her home from then on.

She had lived close to the Templetons and with the Templetons ever since and when her father retired she would take over the managing of the estate. She was trained for it, loved it. There was nothing else she wanted to do.

‘Steven will think of something!’ Celia suddenly announced, relief in her voice. ‘He’ll be here this week and he’ll solve our problems. He always has done. Why didn’t I think of it sooner? Oh, bliss!’

For a second Georgina stiffened, the cold she had not felt before rushing into her. Steven! He couldn’t come back! He was banished from her mind,

cast out, a traitor! A picture rushed into her head, a face harshly beautiful in a purely masculine way, eyes like sapphires, piercingly blue, hair as black as night. Steven, the deserter. She closed her eyes, forcing his image away. She would never trust him again, never in the whole of her life.

‘I didn’t know he was coming back.’ It was wonderful to hear her own slightly husky voice so well controlled when she wanted to shout and rage, to gallop like mad-screaming.

‘You know, I’ve been thinking,’ Celia murmured, lingering a minute longer. ‘You’re really beautiful, especially when you’re annoyed, those flashing eyes, the red hair. If you changed your image — er — rearranged yourself a bit we could at least have a bit of fun out of it.’

‘What are you up to?’ Georgina reined in sharply and looked with great suspicion at her closest friend.

‘Auriel thinks she’s the bee’s knees,’ Celia pointed out with a grim frown. ‘All that gloss.’

‘She’s a model. Naturally she has gloss.’

‘There’s nothing natural about it. Strip her of that paint and you’ve got a barn door.’

‘Not exactly,’ Georgina grinned. ‘What has all

this got to do with "rearranging myself"?'

'You're beautiful, really beautiful!' Celia insisted. 'You're small, vivid, unusual. If you made an effort you would make her seem so shallow.'

'To what purpose?'

'Well, to give me a laugh for one thing. I can't remember when you last wore a dress and your hair is too long. That plait!' She grimaced, but Georgina only laughed.

'I'm a working girl. I like me as I am. However, I'll give it some thought.' Georgina turned Stardust away and led the way back, after a minute breaking into a fast gallop to ease her mind. She knew perfectly well why she didn't often bother. Celia had a selective memory. She didn't remember the brace that Georgina had had to wear on her teeth for two years, the embarrassment of it, Steven's amusement. Celia had never been called 'George' by her lofty brother. Celia had never been made to feel like a wild and rather ugly boy. Celia didn't know that her idol had a whole sackful of lady-loves.

It was almost dark that evening when Georgina remembered the fencing at the Home Farm. During her ride with Celia she had noticed a whole section down but during the course of the day it had slipped

her mind. If Jack Gregory didn't come out and do something about it there would be cattle on the lawn when Sir Graham got up tomorrow.

Her father's pleased looks faded when Georgina wheeled out her motorbike. 'You're not going on that? One of these days you'll kill yourself!'

'It's a good way of getting about. I only use it on the estate.'

'There are two Land Rovers by the gate. They're for getting about. As to that last remark, I saw you in the village with that bike the day before yesterday.'

'I only went to post a letter to Rowena,' Georgina wheedled. Her father never stopped grumbling about the bike.

She whizzed down the narrow country road, banishing black thoughts. She would cut off across the field at the bottom of the lane. It would save time. Already a deepening dusk was settling on the landscape. Jack would have to go out with a lamp. Should she offer to help? No. Her father would be furious; so would Sir Graham if he found out.

She tore round the corner on the wrong side of the road and jammed on her brakes as she found the

road almost filled with a fast sports car travelling towards her. She heard the car brake too, but by then her bike was going into a skid and a million things seemed to race through her head. She had no helmet on, she would never see her father again, never see Kellerdale Hall, never ride across the hills ...

The bike went one way and Georgina went the other, sailing through the air like a brightly coloured bird, light and slender, fearfully breakable, and it was funny how long it seemed to take. She saw sparks flying as the bike slid along the road and then every bit of breath left her body as she landed, not on the hard surface of the road but in the deep grassy ditch at the side.

The grass was not enough to cushion her fall very much. It was only inches deep and below it there was hard earth. She had been thrown from horses before and she knew how to fall, but her speed had been against her and the shock of the fall kept her quite still. She lay utterly motionless, her eyes closed, all the colour drained from her face.

The man who sprang from the car and raced over to her was pale himself beneath a golden tan. He scrambled down beside her, running his hands over her slender limbs, relief etched on his face as he heard

her breathing return to normal. A spasm of pain twisted her soft mouth, and when she opened dazed eyes her gaze was held, pinned by brilliant blue, sapphire blue, and she closed her own eyes quickly in a forlorn attempt at self-defence. Steven had come home.

‘Open your eyes!’

His voice was the same as ever, dark, commanding, and as ever she obeyed automatically. So much for avoiding him! She could easily have landed on him and now she couldn’t look away. For the tiniest second all grief and anger fled, her world filled with the dazzling blue of his eyes.

‘*Steven!*’

‘You little fool!’ His voice rasped at her, cutting into her, dispelling the momentary joy, and she moved convulsively, escape uppermost in her mind. ‘Lie still!’ he ordered harshly, forcing her back. ‘You damned near killed yourself.’

‘I’m perfectly all right.’ When she closed her eyes stars danced about, giddiness flooding through her. Her husky voice sounded weak. She could even hear it herself, and apparently he heard it too because his frown increased to near rage.

‘I hope we’re talking about your bodily condition

and not your mental state. What the hell are you doing on a motorbike? Harry has some explaining to do,' he added with menace.

'I'm twenty-two,' Georgina pointed out, gazing up at him again.

'Chronologically only. In the head you've never advanced a year. Harry never could control you!'

He glared down at her and she was too dazed to retaliate. He was holding her still with hands that were more gentle than his tone suggested.

A warm, rough tongue tested her cheek and Georgina turned her head slightly to see a huge black Great Dane bending over her solicitously. It licked the tip of her nose.

'The Hound of the Baskervilles. Hello, Prince, my sweet; you've aged.' She managed a shaky smile as it gave the well-remembered foolish grin.

'Get back in the car, you fool dog.'

'It's not his fault.'

'Oh, I've never had any doubts as to where to place the blame when you're around,' he muttered nastily.

'Let's get you in the car. You don't seem to have broken anything - astonishingly.'

'My bike!' She began to protest as soon as he

lifted her but he was in no mood to listen.

‘It can stay where it is in the opposite hedge, and if I ever see you on it again I’ll take it apart piece by piece and scatter it over a twelve-mile area.’

‘You’ll do no such thing!’

‘It was not any sort of request,’ he growled. ‘On this estate you toe the line.’

Or else . . . He didn’t add anything but a dreadful threat was there and Georgina stole a glance at him. She had never seen him quite so annoyed, and counted it a good idea to keep silent for now. In any case he wasn’t asking her opinion. He strode to the car and put her very carefully in the passenger-seat, almost snarling at Prince, who leaned forward to offer further first aid.

‘I was on my way to the Home Farm,’ Georgina managed in a small voice. ‘There’s a fence down. I have to tell Jack Gregory.’

‘Tell him tomorrow,’ he snapped, starting the car.

His blue eyes flared over her contemptuously from the long plait to the trousers and high boots. He was still scathing of her. She kept silent, suddenly rather tearful. Shock, of course. Her head rested against the luxurious upholstery of the seat — another