

诗露·英汉对照读物



Saving Grace

Carole Mortimer

爱情合约



外语教学与研究出版社
禾林® 图书有限公司



诗露·英汉对照读物

Saving Grace

爱情合约

Carole Mortimer 著
尹宏先(台湾) 译

与研究出版社
书有限公司

(京)新登字 155 号

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

爱情合约/(加拿大)莫提摩(Mortimer, C.)著;尹宏先译.

—北京:外语教学与研究出版社,1997.3

ISBN 7-5600-1193-4 (诗露·英汉对照读物)

I. 爱… II. ①莫… ②尹…

III. 小说-加拿大-对照读物-英、汉 IV. H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(97)第 06352 号

诗露·英汉对照读物

爱情合约

Saving Grace

原著 Carole Mortimer

译者 尹宏先(台湾)

出版发行 外语教学与研究出版社
(北京市西三环北路 19 号)

印刷 华利国际合营印刷有限公司

经销 新华书店总店北京发行所

开本 736×965 1/32 11 印张

版次 1997 年 4 月第 1 版 1997 年 4 月第 1 次印刷

印数 1-20000 册

书号 ISBN 7-5600-1193-4/H·670

定价 10.80 元

970621

京权图字：01—96—1536

Saving Grace

Original: © 1993 Carole Mortimer

Translation: © 1996 Harlequin Books S. A.

Foreign Language Teaching & Research Press

Cover Art: © 1996 Harlequin Enterprises Limited

*All rights reserved including the right of
reproduction in whole or in part in any form.*

This edition is published by arrangement with Harlequin Books S. A.

All characters in this book are fictitious.

Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead,
is purely coincidental.

本书所有人物皆属虚构,如有雷同,纯属巧合。

版权所有 翻版必究

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,读者可能注意得到,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,读者可以从小说中触探到西方社会生活价值观念的迁变。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绕中坐看云起云消……

禾林愛情小說以二十六種文字風行一百多個國家和地區一九

禾林愛情小說以二十六種文字風行一百多個國家和地區一九九二年銷售兩億本平均每秒賣出六本禾林愛情小說以二十六種文字風行一百多個國家和地區

Sweet temptation ...

"Forget I said any of this," Jordan dismissed lightly. "You have enough worries of your own without listening to my problems, too."

"Oh, but—"

"You shouldn't be such a good listener," he chided teasingly, tapping playfully on the tip of her nose, realizing, even as he did it, that the action must seem condescending.

Grace looked up at him with reproachful eyes, and he knew he had hurt her feelings. If she could only know that he was hurting himself more—that he would like nothing better than to pour his heart out to this hauntingly lovely young woman. Her lips were soft and pink, slightly parted, and he moved toward her as if drawn to a magnet.

Grace knew he was going to kiss her and she parted her lips further as she tilted her head toward his, seconds before his mouth claimed hers.

禾林愛情小說以二十六種文字風行一百多個國家和地區一九九二年銷售兩億本平均每秒賣出六本禾林愛情小說以二十六種文字風行一百多個國家和地區

六本禾林愛情小說以二十六種文字風行一百多個國家和地區

Prologue

‘ **O**uch, Tim, ’ came the wounded cry. ‘ I told you not to do that! ’

Silence followed the protest, and the man who had unwittingly stumbled upon the two hesitated among the undergrowth and bushes that shielded them from his view.

Jordan had stopped his car and got out on to the roadside on impulse, drawn by the perfect blanket of snow in the field, the fine horse-chestnut trees in the middle of it all still weighed down by their bounty of conkers.

He wasn’t even sure what had made him stop, didn’t normally notice his surroundings that much. But even the most hardened cynic — and some would say he was one! — couldn’t remain untouched by the beauty of the Lake District, even in November.

‘ Tim, if you do that again, we’re going home, ’ that voice complained huskily.

He certainly hadn’t expected to stumble across a pair of lovers in the snow! Surely they could have chosen somewhere a little more comfortable — and

dry! — for their meeting?

So much for his impulse. What was that saying — he couldn't remember it exactly, but something to do with 'stopping along the way to smell the roses'? The season was all wrong but, even so, the first time in years he had done something so completely out of character, and he almost fell over a couple of lovers in a passionate tryst!

He decided to chance a glance at the couple, trapped as he was among the foliage. He didn't want to be caught here if the couple decided to go any further in their lovemaking!

Identical red bobble-hats were pulled low over their ears to keep out the cold, blue duffel coats buttoned up to the throat, blue jeans tucked into black wellington boots.

The two boys might almost have been twins except that the one on the right was taller by at least a foot. But the faces beneath the red woollen hats were both finely drawn, almost delicate-looking, a smattering of freckles across small pointed noses. Obviously the two of them were brothers. The village of Grasmere wasn't too far from here, so they had probably escaped up here to play.

As the taller of the two boys held out a conker

suspended on a piece of string, the reason for his earlier protests became obvious: his opponent, now wielding a slightly larger conker, didn't pull his punches!

Jordan felt a constriction in his chest, a yearning for — for what? he scorned himself. How could he possibly feel wistful for something that had never been his?

The larger of the brothers had his conker smashed into pieces with the first forceful strike this time, shaking his head when the younger suggested they thread another conker on to his string and have a re-match. From the look of the broken conkers at their feet, the older boy had suffered a humiliating defeat.

He pocketed the knotted string before bending down to pick up a handful of snow, quickly moulding it into shape before launching it at his unsuspecting brother.

The snowball fight that followed was fast and furious, with both opponents collapsing into each other's arms in a fit of the giggles after five minutes, their clothing, hats, and faces covered in melting snow, mittens protecting their hands from the worst of the cold.

Once again Jordan felt that tug inside, these two young boys' pleasure in each other's company evoking feelings of deprivation inside him, feelings he had tried so hard to fight over the last two years, but which were becoming more and more difficult, rather than easier, to dampen down as time went on.

If he was honest, and it seemed he had to be, that had been one of the reasons he had wanted to get away for a while. Rhea-Jane and Raff were wonderful, couldn't have made him feel more wanted, but he was still a third person, who had to be an intrusion into the intimacy of their lives.

So he had chosen to come away on this business trip himself rather than sending one of his assistants. It was probably going to be a waste of his time, but it was a valid excuse to get away at least. He had even felt guilty about needing the excuse, knowing it was ridiculous, but Rhea-Jane, his well-meaning young sister, tended to be over-protective of him since she had married Raff, not wanting him to be on his own now that she had moved out of the home they had shared in London since their parents died. She had even gone so far — horror of horrors! — as to introduce him to several women she thought might make him a suitable wife.

He *didn't* want a wife, suitable — whatever that might be! — or otherwise!

But he wanted *something* he was willing to acknowledge that. Something. And he didn't know what it was — just knew he had an aching inside of him, an emptiness that couldn't be filled by Rhea-Jane and Raff, or their darling daughter Diana, and certainly not by some woman presented to him as suitable wife material!

These two boys, as they played together so innocently, somehow had, for all Jordan's wealth and comfortable lifestyle, so much more than he did. But at thirty-two he could hardly expect that same anticipation of the promise of the future that such youth was bound to have. Indeed, he wondered if he had ever had it.

The two boys were brushing the snow from themselves now, their faces aglow, grinning with the satisfaction of the battle.

'We had better get back.' The older one spoke in a voice that, although husky, didn't seem to have broken yet, but perhaps he was a little young for that.

The younger boy made a face. 'Oh, do we have to?' he protested.

His brother looked regretful. 'You know we do.'

'I suppose so.' The younger one sighed, not at all enthusiastic.

'Come on,' the older boy encouraged brightly. 'I'll race you back!'

The challenge had no sooner been offered than it was taken up, the smaller boy turning — luckily in the opposite direction to where Jordan still stood! — and running off towards the village.

Jordan watched as his brother deliberately gave him a good head start before giving chase.

Jordan was finally able to emerge from his hiding-place, well aware that in London his behaviour would have been looked upon with suspicion. Who would understand the explanation that he had been gazing upon a stolen childhood?

Was that really what he was looking for? Of course not, he chided himself. That time had gone and could never be given back to him.

As the two boys had gone by the time he looked in the direction they had run off to. Except for their footprints in the snow, the disturbed snow from their snowball fight, they might never have been here at all.

Except that seeing them had had an effect on Jordan that couldn't be dismissed as easily. That aching emptiness inside him was becoming so vast it was starting to control him rather than the other way around.

The last thing he felt like doing was going on with the business of visiting, and being charming to the aged spinster Miss Grace Brown. She was sure to be a fluffy old dear who couldn't even begin to deal with a businessman of his calibre, and the idea of talking her into selling the 'ancient pile' that had probably been in her family for generations, so that he might make it into a leisure complex, somehow now left a nasty taste in his mouth. Most of the people who knew him — or thought they did — wouldn't recognise this emotion in him at all, would think he had gone soft. And maybe he had.

He gave one last wistful glance in the direction the two boys had taken, before turning on his heel and walking purposefully back towards his parked car, the mantle of Jordan Somerville-Smythe firmly back in place.

Or almost...

Chapter One

Miss Grace Brown, when she came in answer to the jingling bell that could be heard in the depths of the house after he had pulled the bellrope outside, was exactly as Jordan had imagined her to be from the letters she had sent to his solicitors in reply to their correspondence concerning selling her home: small and delicate, with fluffy white hair caught back in an untidy bun at her nape, sparkling — but faded in colour — blue eyes in a face that had once been beautiful, the pink twin-set accompanied by the customary string of pearls about her throat, her skirt the expected tweed, as her shoes were the expected brown brogues.

The house was as he had imagined too from the reports — huge, old, and dilapidated. But it did have extensive grounds, and a house could be renovated, made to be what you wanted it to be. As in a leisure complex...

At the moment this elderly lady ran it as a sort of boarding house, although she seemed to have only two permanent guests, with the occasional casual

visitor during the summer months. There was hardly enough income there, his sources reported, to keep the place ticking over on a day-to-day basis. By the look of the threadbare carpet in the hallway behind Grace Brown, and the emulsioned rather than papered walls, that income didn't keep things 'ticking over' very well.

'Good afternoon.' She smiled up at him brightly, her movements birdlike, even her voice light and a little girlish. 'Come in.' She opened the door wider, turning to walk down the hallway where a light already glowed in the gloomy interior despite the efforts of the bright emulsion. 'We've been expecting you, of course.' She shot him another smile over her shoulder.

'You have?' Jordan frowned; David, his personal assistant, had already made the blunder of misplacing their main file on Charlton House and its inhabitants — if he had now also warned them of Jordan's arrival here, then Jordan had seriously misjudged him. Arriving here unannounced had been his only advantage without the benefit of that file!

'Do come in.' She turned at the end of the hallway to reveal a little reprovingly, 'You're letting in a draught!'

Suitably chastened, Jordan entered the house and quickly closed the door behind him. It wasn't much warmer inside than it had been out!

Miss Brown waited for him to reach her before turning into a sitting-room, a room that was shabbily welcoming, the worn sofa and four armchairs of differing patterned brocade, the carpet in here even more threadbare than the one in the hallway, in a pattern of faded pink and cream flowers.

There was too much furniture in the room, several tables, one with a chess-set on top of it, the pieces left about the board, as if the two players had been disturbed mid-game. And yet there was no one else in the room.

A tall old-fashioned standard-lamp stood beside the chair nearest the fireplace, alight, but really adding little to the illumination of the room. An old piano, its dark brown wood scourged with scratches, stood against one wall, the lid raised above the keys, a music sheet open on its stand, again giving the impression that someone had been playing it recently but been disturbed.

A fire gleamed in the darkened fireplace, logs crackling warmly.

It was a room totally unlike any Jordan had ever