

诗露·英汉对照读物

 *Silhouette*



**Bittersweet
Yesterdays**

Kate Proctor

闯祸天使



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Bittersweet Yesterdays

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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……

禾林爱情小说以二十六种文字风行一百多个国家和地区—

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*'With you around I find
most things difficult—if
not impossible!'*

'My, that's some effect I have on you,' he mocked, 'but if it's any consolation, the feeling's quite mutual.'

'Ever since I was a child you've played cat and mouse with me, either tearing strips off me for my alleged crimes and telling me what a moron I am, or shriveling me with your sarcasm—and nothing's changed!' exploded Lucy.

'Correction—some things haven't changed. You're still the petulant, spoiled brat you always were—and the only thing that's changed there is that nowadays you come more attractively packaged!'

'Packaged?'

六本禾林爱情小说以二十六种文字风行一百多个国家和地区

Chapter One

‘**Y**ou’re joking, of course! Me? Your secretary?’ Lucy Preston flashed her stepbrother a look of horrified defiance across the huge, leather-topped desk separating them—a look completely wasted, it infuriated her to find, on Mark Waterford, who, having delivered his tersely worded bombshell, had turned his attention to one of the telephones beside him and began dialling a number.

‘Yes, you—my secretary,’ he snapped. ‘And I wasn’t asking your opinion, I was simply telling you that’s to be your position for the time being.’ With barely a pause, he launched into a rapid flow of French as his call connected, leaving Lucy leaning back heavily in her chair, her teeth almost grinding with fury.

She was twenty-three years old, she fumed to herself—not the accident-prone fifteen-year-old who had been abandoned to Mark Waterford’s despotic—not to mention vociferously reluctant—mercies virtually from the day her mother had married his father, James Waterford. *The James Waterford*, she re-

mind herself acerbically, of the fabled Waterford Consortium.

Lucy glowered across the desk at the man on the telephone. At fifteen she had been smitten by the most devastating of infatuations for her then twenty-two-year-old stepbrother—with his careless sophistication and rakish good looks he had seemed like the embodiment of her every romantic dream.

Her eyes narrowed slightly as they moved from the glossy dark thickness of his hair to the almost chiselled perfection of his features. She frowned with the effort of trying to pinpoint exactly what it was about him that drew women to him in their droves. Perhaps it was that intriguing blend of harshness and sensuality that was there, not only in his extraordinarily good looks but also in his personality. Or perhaps they were attracted by the broad streak of tyranny in him, to which she had been subjected, on and off, for the past eight years, she mused scathingly; if that was the case, they should all be certified, she decided, tensing perceptibly as he terminated the call.

Mark Waterford rose to his feet and proceeded to stretch. He was a tall man, well over six feet, and there wasn't a square ounce of flesh on his magnifi-

cently proportioned body. He lowered his arms when he had finished stretching, his powerful shoulders flexing beneath the dazzling white of his shirt, then he returned to his seat. He gazed across at the slim figure of his stepsister, a dismissive impatience in the cold blue of his eyes.

‘Well, don’t lounge around here looking as though you’re about to doze off,’ he snapped. ‘I suggest you get your bits and pieces moved into my reception office.’

Lucy, who had been doing some rapid mental arithmetic and had come up with answers she found depressing, glowered over at him while biting back her inexpressible views as to what he and the entire Waterford Consortium could do regarding what she considered her enforced connections with them.

‘It’s hardly likely to do much for your image,’ she stalled, ‘promoting the typing pool’s equivalent of the village idiot to your secretary.’

‘It so happens that I’ve decided it’s high time something was done about that village idiot routine of yours,’ he retorted coldly. ‘And it’s a pose you’ll find yourself dropping pretty damn quickly around me, I can assure you.’

‘Oh, I see,’ gushed Lucy, glaring balefully at

him. 'You've decided to have another bash at furthering my education, have you?'

He tilted his large frame back in the leather swivel chair as he gave her a look of fastidious forbearance with which she was all too familiar.

'Your education—or, to be more precise, your appalling lack of it—is and never has been of the slightest interest to me,' he informed her with exaggerated patience. 'But the unfortunate fact that you happen to be a peripheral member of my family—'

'I'm *not* a member of your precious family!' exploded Lucy. 'The fact that my mother is married to your father has nothing to do with me! And another thing,' she continued, every single one of her pent-up frustrations clamouring to have a say, 'unlike you, I happened to have a completely open mind about their marriage at the time—I could hardly have been expected to foresee that my mother would lose her reason and waltz off and leave me at your mercy. I'd have been better off if she'd dumped me on the streets!'

'Here we go again,' he groaned, rolling his eyes in disbelief. 'You're like a stuck record. Damn it, on the streets is probably where you'd have ended up if it hadn't been for my father!' His eyes blazed their

fury across the desk at her. 'Your mother was up to her eyeballs in debt when she married him—'

'You're the one like a stuck record,' Lucy practically screamed at him. 'She didn't marry him for his money! For heaven's sake, how much convincing do you need? They've been happily married for eight years now and you still accuse—'

'I'm accusing no one of anything,' he cut in coldly. 'I was merely pointing out the facts. And another fact is that I wouldn't have been left here with you virtually on my hands if you'd behaved like any normal child and gone with them to the States as they wanted—so don't give me any more of your sanctimonious hogwash about how open-minded you were about them marrying!'

'I was *fifteen*, for heaven's sake!' shrieked Lucy indignantly. 'It was only four years since my own father had died... the last thing I wanted was to be uprooted from England and all my friends.'

'And how did you behave when you got your own way?' he demanded witheringly.

'I *didn't* get my own way,' she protested angrily, wondering why she had even bothered—no one had ever attempted to look at her turbulent teenage years from her point of view and Mark was

the last person to do so now.

‘I was dragged from the school I knew and loved, and from all my friends, and dumped in a snooty boarding-school where I was a complete misfit!’

‘Damn it, how else could they have left you in England without sending you to boarding-school?’ he demanded impatiently. ‘And the fact that you couldn’t stand the place was hardly a reason for attempting to burn it to the ground.’

Lucy gritted her teeth and said nothing—what was the point in saying anything now when it had been her own obstinate pride that had condemned her all those years ago?

When Mark had been summoned to the school from his studies at Cambridge it had been impossible for her to judge which had hurt her most: the object of her secret adoration’s arriving with a sultry blonde in tow, or the crushing words with which he had greeted her.

In her hurt confusion she had been unable to utter a single word. The fury that had erupted in him as he had taken her silence as total confirmation of her guilt had spawned a brainstorm of furious indignation in her which had eventually resulted in her screaming at him that she would make sure the place burned to a

cinder if she had to remain there. Her immediate expulsion had removed any likelihood of her actually carrying out that mindless threat—but what had hurt her even more deeply was that her own mother, loving and concerned though she had been, had never once appeared to question her guilt either.

‘Lucy, I simply haven’t the time to sit here being subjected to a blow-by-blow account of your delinquent youth,’ he drawled in tones of bored disdain, sliding back the cuff of his shirt to display a slim gold watch at his darkly haired wrist.

‘You were the one who brought up the subject,’ she informed him, her tone suddenly switching to ominous sweetness. ‘And while we’re on it—perhaps you’d care to cast your mind back to those two ghastly weeks I was forced to spend at your flat.’

‘You were forced?’ he queried with supercilious indignation. ‘My God, that’s rich! I reckon I deserved a medal simply for having let my father talk me into allowing you to stay there!’

‘No, if you deserved a medal for anything, it was your stamina as a stud—as far as I can remember, you had a different woman every night, and that was hardly an example to be setting for an impressionable teenager, now was it, Mark?’

‘Lucy, darling, your terminology is, to put it mildly, unfortunate,’ he murmured through clenched teeth. ‘I might have seen different women every night, but...’

He broke off with an eloquent shrug that brought the colour racing to her cheeks. ‘But I have to admit that one woman did spend the night there during your stay,’ he conceded off-handedly. ‘And I also admit that it was wrong of me to allow her to do so—just as it was wrong of me to credit you with enough intelligence not to come barging in on us. And as for your picture of yourself as an impressionable teenager—I’d be more inclined to describe as delinquent a sixteen-year-old who decides to take a joy-ride in an extremely expensive car—especially one who wrecks it before she’s even managed to get it out of the garage.’

Lucy leapt to her feet, beside herself with fury. Yes, she had almost wrecked his precious car—but that was only half the story. And, as always, he hadn’t even attempted to find out the other half!

‘I take it you’re now off to get your things and move them into your new office,’ he murmured tauntingly, having beaten her to the door, which he now nonchalantly barred.

There was consternation as well as defiance in Lucy's wide-spaced blue eyes as they rose to those of the man towering over her. As always, when she stood this close to him, she felt as though her five and a half feet of height had shrunk to four. And that wasn't the only effect he had on her. The amount of male attention she received was more than enough to confirm that she was an attractive woman; all too often the slender curvaceousness of her lithe young body and the wholesome loveliness of her features brought her attention she could well do without, yet at this very moment she felt like a frumpy fifteen-year-old.

Rattled by these confidence-sapping sensations flooding her, she made to flick her cornsilk, shoulderlength hair behind her ears—a gesture she resorted to without even being aware of it whenever she felt nervous or threatened—only to find that today was one of those days she had decided to tie it back.

‘Yes—I’ll move my things into that office, but only because I haven’t any choice!’ she flung at him, furious with herself for the way she was feeling. ‘But I warn you, I’m sure there’s a law against what you’re doing to me—and when I find out what it is, I’ll... I’ll sue you through every court there is!’

‘You plan to sue me for plucking you from what amounts to a typing pool and making you my secretary?’ he murmured in wonderment, the laughter colouring his words incensing her.

‘You know perfectly well what I mean!’ she raged. ‘Every time I’ve tried applying for other jobs, you’ve made sure I didn’t get them—I don’t know how,’ probably through some business mafia you belong to, but I *know* you have!’

‘I suppose it would never occur to you that other potential employers found you lacking in some way?’ he taunted.

‘If that’s the case, why do you want me as your secretary?’ she demanded triumphantly.

‘I have my reasons,’ he murmured enigmatically. ‘Now, would you mind—?’

‘Silly me—of course you have!’ exclaimed Lucy, her eyes widening in indignation as a thought suddenly struck her. ‘You’ve been here how long—four months? And you’ve been through secretaries like a dose of salts! Dear me, now I really am getting the picture! Let’s see, two Waterford offices in the States, four on the Continent—and possibly sundry others dotted around the world I’ve never even heard of—and you’ve alley-catted your way through all of

them!'

She could tell by the thunderous expression on his face that she should stop, but the words kept coming. 'And now you've hit London—and at last it's dawned on you that business and the sort of pleasure you revel in simply don't mix. No wonder you're prepared to put up with me as a secretary—it probably wouldn't even bother you if I couldn't type.'

It astounded her how quickly he had moved. One minute they were facing one another in combat, the next she was locked in his arms, the muscled hardness of his body imprinting itself down the length of hers as though the clothing had been stripped from her.

'But what if you've got it all wrong, Lucy?' he murmured with threatening softness.

She had never been this close to him; never experienced the mind-sapping chaos of excitement of being in his arms.

And there was nothing in the least preliminary about his kiss. His mouth possessed hers with a practised thoroughness that startled her into a complete lack of resistance to the probing invasion of his tongue. But it wasn't simply the instantly intoxicating effect of his mouth on hers that she had to con-