

诗露·英汉对照读物



 *Silhouette*

**Safe In
My Heart**

Leigh Michaels

悠悠我心



外语教学与研究出版社
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Leigh Michaels 著

黄文怡(台湾) 译

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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也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。外语学习也许不兴尽是辛劳的苦事,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,读者可以从小说中窥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卷悲喜苦乐,在明快畅晓的小说叙述语言的环绕中坐看云起云消……

采林爱情小说以二十六种文字风行一百多个国家和地区一九九二年销

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九二年销百万本平均每秒卖出六本采林爱情小说以二十六种文字风行一百多个国家和地区

"I'd better go."

"No," Katherine whispered. "Don't."

"You know what will happen if I stay."

"I know."

Stephen kissed her again. "You said—
just coffee."

"A woman has a right to change her
mind, doesn't she?"

"As long as she doesn't lose it entirely
in the process. Do you honestly under-
stand what you're doing, Katherine?"
His voice held a rough edge.

"Yes!" It was a reckless lie, and she
knew it, but for the first time in her
life she was determined to act on the
impulse.

六本采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

THE ROOM WAS midnight-dark except for the burglar's small flashlight flicking on at random intervals.

At the side of the room, Katherine Whitman sat stiffly upright in her straight, uncomfortable chair, fingers clenched on the edges of the seat. She was staring, eyes wide, toward the center of the room, straining to hear the occasional whisper of sound that told her where the burglar was. There was nothing to see between those irregular flashes of light, but she stared anyway in a futile effort to make out the image of what she knew was there.

Total darkness could do strange things to a person, Katherine reminded herself. It interfered with one's balance, since there was no landmark to relate to. So she actually believed that she could see a flicker of movement and shape and color as the burglar drew nearer.

The instantaneous, ludicrous urge to run had passed, but that didn't eliminate Katherine's longing to move, to cross one slim knee over the other. Her

orders, however, had been very clear. And any minute now—no, any *second* it would be over, anyway...

A tiny red light blinked once, up in the corner of the room, seeming as bright in the blackness as if it had been the sun rising, and a millisecond later a siren began to shriek above her head. Instinctively, Katherine closed her eyes just as spotlights illuminated the burglar where he crouched in the center of the room.

He flung himself facedown and pounded a frustrated fist on the floor. "Dammit, would you shut that thing off?" he yelled, and the siren died into blessed silence. The room lights came on, the powerful spots flicked off, and Katherine took her hands away from her ears and blinked as her eyes readjusted to normal light.

The claustrophobic feel of the room had faded away along with the total darkness. This was not the small, cramped office it had seemed during the exercise, but an enormous, warehouselike space. The model room the burglar had been attempting to invade was just one of a half dozen sets in HomeSafe's test laboratory. And Katherine hadn't been alone in the dark, either; every chair in the observers' gallery

was occupied.

The man sitting beside her finished the notation he was writing in his leather-bound notebook, capped his fountain pen and put it away in the breast pocket of his jacket, then strode over to the black-clad figure on the floor.

“Well, Jake,” Stephen Osborne asked politely, “what do you think of our new motion detector now?”

The burglar rolled onto his back and stared up at the man standing over him. “You told me you’d built a pet alley into the damned thing, Steve,” he accused. “You said the dead space was big enough so the guard dogs could wander around without setting the alarms off. You lied to me—”

“Lied? Not at all. Of course there’s a pet alley, exactly where I told you it was. But you, my friend, are slightly larger than a German shepherd. More importantly, your profile’s different.”

The burglar sat up and tugged off his gloves. “Do you mean to say your new system recognized, in the dark, that I don’t have a tail?”

“Something like that.” Stephen held a hand out.

The burglar grabbed it and leapt lightly to his feet. “And I suppose that’s all you’re going to tell me.”

Stephen's dark eyebrows lifted. "Of course. It's a trade secret. All you need to know is that it'll protect your customers even if they don't understand exactly how it works."

The burglar pulled the black stocking mask off his head and ran his fingers through his disheveled hair. They were a study in contrasts as they stood there shoulder-to-shoulder—Stephen Osborne, just a shade over six feet, impeccably tailored in silver-gray with a silk shirt and a hand-sewn tie, every dark brown hair in place. And Jake Holland, an inch shorter and a bit slighter in frame, in his black turtleneck and slacks, ruffled and dusty and every inch the cat burglar.

They were a strange pair of friends, Katherine found herself thinking.

A young woman standing nearby, one of a half dozen sales representatives who'd attended the test, turned to Katherine with a shiver. "Jake Holland really gets into this stuff, doesn't he? He could run these tests just as well with the lights on, but he insists on the darkness and the black clothes and all. The man gives me the creeps."

Katherine shrugged. "Any good security consultant wants test conditions to be as much like the real situation as possible. I wouldn't want to run into

Jake in a dark alley when he's in costume, but he's harmless, really."

Stephen Osborne put a casual hand on Katherine's shoulder. "Of course he's harmless. Jake's a frustrated cloak-and-dagger type, that's all. He ended up in the security business only because the CIA wouldn't take him."

"Come on, Osborne," Jake protested. "You're just saying rude things because I beat the sensors on your windows this time."

Stephen frowned. "I know. We'll have to work on that. Katherine, if you're going back to the office, would you put this on my desk?" He handed her the leather-bound notebook. "I'm taking Jake to lunch so I can pick his brains. Oh, and would you ask Irene to reserve a table for two at The Pinnacle tonight? Ten o'clock should be safe."

Katherine frowned a little. "Safe?"

Stephen nodded. "In case the play runs long. We're seeing *Henry* the some-number-or-other."

And he obviously didn't care what number it was, Katherine thought. That meant his companion tonight would probably be Hilary Clayton, for she, not Stephen, was the Shakespeare fan. Which meant his table had better be ready the moment the play

was over, because the gorgeous and self-assured Hilary did not like to be kept waiting. And *that* meant Katherine had better explain it all very carefully to the sometimes hapless Irene—or else go ahead and make the reservation herself. “I’ll look after it, Stephen.”

Stephen put his index finger under Katherine’s chin and tipped her face up. “You don’t have to. Remember? You’re not a secretary anymore—Irene is.”

“Getting a table at The Pinnacle on a Friday night isn’t a matter to leave to the average secretary,” she pointed out.

He smiled down at her, his dark brown eyes dancing with golden lights. “What’s the matter, Katherine? Are you aiming for another promotion by offering to take on even more executive responsibility? You might as well not bother—there’s nothing for you to move up to except my job, and I’m not ready to retire.” He and Jake Holland left the security lab and vanished down the hall.

The sales representative shook her head. “Honestly, Katherine, I don’t know how you stand working for him.”

“Stephen?” She was startled. “He’s a great boss.”

“I don’t doubt that. But how do you manage to

- keep from exploding in flames every time he looks at you? Take the way he smiles, for instance.”

Katherine’s jaw dropped. “Are you feeling all right, Diane? Exposure to total darkness affects some people strangely. Stephen has a very pleasant smile, yes. It’s one of the nicest things about him, but—”

Diane was staring over the tops of her half-glasses. “All right,” she said abruptly. “Who is he?”

“What on earth do you mean?”

“The man who can keep you from noticing that Stephen Osborne exudes sex appeal.”

Katherine shrugged. “I don’t have any idea what you’re talking about.” The fact that she wasn’t quite telling the truth tugged at her conscience. No one knew about her and Travis, and he insisted that was the way it had to remain for the present. It wouldn’t be much longer, though. If the sales figures for last month ended up as Travis expected they would, and he was once again HomeSafe’s top salesman. . .

Diane was watching her doubtfully.

“Look,” Katherine said, “you wouldn’t think in terms of sex appeal if you had to work with the man all the time. Don’t you know the office law that says no man is a hero to his secretary?”

Diane mulled that one over. “But you’re not any-

more. You're his personal assistant."

"Technically, I never was his secretary. But the same principle applies." Katherine knelt beside her chair to gather up the folders she'd tucked safely underneath, in case Stephen had wanted information on any of the sensors or circuitry they'd been testing that morning. "Why wasn't Travis Baker here, Diane?" she asked carelessly. "I thought he wanted to see this demonstration."

"He's got a problem with one of his accounts in Boulder, I guess. He won't be back till late this afternoon."

Katherine tried not to let herself feel disappointed. His absence really made no difference; even if Travis had attended, they couldn't have gone out for lunch. She sighed. All this caution seemed so unnecessary. What harm was there in being seen together now and then? But Travis was being especially careful these days.

"Is he married?" Diane asked.

Katherine bit her tongue. She'd almost replied that of course Travis wasn't married. "Who do you mean?"

"Who do you think? The man in your life you're being so secretive about. Don't worry, I won't tell

anyone.”

Katherine put Stephen's notebook on top of the folders. "If I was to get involved with a man, I certainly wouldn't choose one who was married. Any man who'd mess around behind his wife's back wouldn't stop for long even if he happened to change wives, and I want better than that for myself." She smiled at the quizzical look on Diane's face. "And no, that doesn't mean I've been burned by a married man, either. So why don't you stop speculating about my romantic history and go sell security systems? There's a lot more profit in that for both of us."

Diane shook her head in disbelief, but she went away.

Katherine stayed to talk to the head of the testing division about the next system to be installed in the model room. By the time she got back to the suite of executive offices in the front wing of the sprawling complex, it was well into the lunch hour; Irene had left her desk and locked the office door. Katherine's arms were aching from the weight of the file folders, and as she balanced them and tried to manage her key, her hand slipped and the folders scattered over the carpet.

Muttering a couple of words under her breath, she stooped to retrieve them. Stephen's leather-bound notebook had landed at her feet, open to the notes he'd been taking earlier. It was incredible, Katherine thought, that even in total darkness his writing was so neat it looked as if he'd had a desk lamp beside him.

Not only does he set female employees on fire, she mused, but he can see in the dark, too. I should rush right down and tell Diane that bit of news!

She left the stack of folders for Irene to file and went on into Stephen's office, which was large and luxurious and so quiet that the sound of her own breathing seemed intrusive. It smelled good, too—a mix of leather and coffee and after-shave and the barest hint of cigar tobacco, no doubt still lingering from the chairman of the board's most recent visit.

She put Stephen's notebook squarely on the center of his desk and wasted a couple of minutes gazing out at the Denver skyline. Today it looked particularly wonderful; last night's thunderstorm had cleared the summer air, and the skyline was crisp and clear and distinct in the distance. A rare sight in mid-July, when there was usually a humid haze over the city.

The big leather chair was turned toward the win-