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Avec Paule Duverger (alias Paola Appelius)

***Seduced in The Dark*, de C.J. Roberts**

(En français aux éditions Pygmalion en mai 2016, tome 2 de la série *Dark Duet*)

Extraits issus des :

- Chapitre 13 : pp. 107-111

- > p. 108 les lignes 26 à 30 incluses ("You know, Kitten... Not funny.")

- > p. 109 le dernier paragraphe ("As i stared... between my thighs")

- > p. 110 "Abruptly, his touch... (l. 28) jusqu'à la fin du chapitre

- Chapitre 14 : pp. 116-117

- De "There was no discussion..." l. 8 jusqu'à p. 117 ("I love you." l. 16)

- Chapitre 18 : pp. 147-148

- Depuis le début jusqu'au 1^{er} paragraphe de la p. 148 "what he planned for later"

My attachment to Caleb was evolving, but it wasn't just that. I found myself anticipating his needs and learning the meanings behind his many silences. Some days he was brutal, and I scrambled to obey his every whim as flawlessly as I was capable. Other days, he seemed content just having me near while he attended to mundane things.

Caleb liked to read, but when I asked, he never let me know what it was he was reading. When I mentioned how much I liked to read, he gifted me a copy of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. I thought it was ironic he gave me a story about one man's obsession with revenge and how it literally poisoned everyone around him. He didn't seem to find it amusing but let me keep the book anyway. I wasn't sure what to make of the gesture.

I thought a lot about the night he had sex with Celia in front of me. It was a painful memory for many reasons, but the worst seemed to be my nagging sense of jealousy. No matter the circumstance, I found having Caleb near was always better than not having him around. It wasn't only his presence I came to crave, but also the man himself.

Several weeks after the night with Celia, I was finally free of all tape and bandages. My ribs still hurt from time to time, but it wasn't the horrible kind of pain that stole my breath. I opened my eyes and it was still dark in the room, but light enough to suggest it was morning. Celia hadn't been in to open the curtains yet. I yawned and stretched out. I was careful not to hit Caleb as he slept beside me.

I didn't have the nightmares as often anymore, but whenever Caleb opted not to sleep in my room I found myself terrified of the dark and unable to sleep. Such had been the case the night before, and I'd ended up yelling his name loudly over and over until he angrily opened my door in his boxer shorts and asked me what the hell I was screaming about.

As soon as I had seen him, I relaxed. I ran toward him and put my arms around him. With my face buried against his chest, I immediately breathed in comfort and security. He had seemed annoyed, but he'd wiped my face and told me to get in bed – he'd stay.

I knew morning would bring about a change in him, in the way he behaved toward me, and I wasn't ready to accept it yet. It was ironic because at first, I hated the dark. I had spent so much time those first few weeks of my captivity craving the sun and the light on my face. Suddenly, it seemed the opposite. In the dark, my master let down his guard and he was Caleb again. He didn't correct me. He didn't punish me. He didn't push me away emotionally. Caleb was there to hold me until the nightmares passed. He was there to tell me I was beautiful. He was there to tell me I was going to be okay. In the dark, he seduced me. I didn't want the seduction to end.

I turned toward Caleb slowly, staring at his back. I'd seen his scars before, kissed them, but Caleb had never let me study them. With his eyes so firmly shut and him taking deep, even breaths, I took advantage of the situation to satisfy my growing curiosity. Even in the dim light, I made out the thick lines crisscrossing his tanned skin. They almost looked like welts, but I could tell they'd been healed for a long time.

Unable to resist, I reached out with my fingertip and traced one from his shoulder to about the middle of his back. He groaned and shifted a little, and I withdrew my hand. I waited a few impatient seconds to see if he woke up, and when he didn't, I went over the same spot again. The skin was raised by the slightest of degrees, and I marveled over how many there were. *How did you get these?* My curiosity made me bolder and I pressed my palm to his skin, letting it travel

the length and breadth of his back. There were dozens of the tiny welts. *Who did this to you? Is this why you're the way you are?*

Without thinking, I drew closer and pressed my lips to the ill-treated flesh. Caleb was soft, softer than I'd expected him to be given the firmness of him. Tiny, invisible blond hair met my lips and I smiled against his flesh. I'd never been so close to a man as I was to Caleb. Everything with him was a new discovery. Granted, most things I discovered about Caleb were horrible, but sometimes...sometimes I discovered he was soft.

I lingered over his bare skin, scooting closer and enjoying him. He never asked me to touch him anymore. I thought about the time he asked me to touch him. I'd been hesitant at the time. I'd hated him. I was surprised to realize I didn't hate him so much anymore. I felt so many things toward him, and yes, hate was perhaps among them – but there were other feelings too, far more complex than simple hate.

Caleb planned to sell me. I hated him for that. Everything else? I was shocked to realize I could, perhaps, forgive him. I struggled against the idea every day, at every opportunity, telling myself it would only leave me in ruins...but my heart. My heart, independent of my logic, had reserved a place for my tormentor and my solace.

I was lost in my thoughts, stroking Caleb's back, when he let out a gruff sigh and swatted at his shoulder, almost hitting me. I flinched and made a startled sound. Abruptly, he turned and grabbed the hand I had used to touch him. We stared at each other for a bit, my eyes wide and nervous, and his presumably confused and a little angry.

"What are you doing?" he asked suspiciously. He held my hand as if he'd just pulled it from the proverbial cookie jar, and what could I say – I looked the part.

Brazenly, I pulled my hand free and asked, "What happened to your back?" He looked at me as if I'd said something distasteful, and then fell back against his pillow as he expelled a big yawn.

"You know, Kitten, when I first decided to call you that, I didn't realize how aptly I'd chosen." He read my perplexed expression and proceeded. "Curiosity killed the cat." He smiled, but I didn't think it was too funny.

Jokes about killing me. Yeah – not funny.

"Will you stop asking if I tell you?" He stretched. I tried not to be distracted by his nearly-naked body and the serious case of morning wood he had going.

"Why would I keep asking you if I had the answer?" I retorted and boldly smiled when he glared at me.

"The better question would be: why do I put up with you?" I knew he meant it to be banter, but all he'd done was thrust our situation into awkward focus. We both knew why he put up with me, and the answer was shitty.

I was just about to lie and tell him I wasn't really curious, but Celia finally came into the room with breakfast. Celia – things were surprisingly not strained between us. She hadn't been happy Caleb had used her and sent her packing, but the following morning she'd come in, business as usual.

Once, when Caleb hadn't spent the night and therefore had not been in my room the next morning, I spoke to her again. She'd actually seemed a little frightened when I grabbed her arm and asked her just what that smile she'd given me had been about.

"Please don't be upset with me," she'd said, and I felt a little snotty and let her go. "He brought me here for you," she continued. Her expression suggested I was stupid for not knowing

– which apparently, I was.

“What do you mean, for me?”

“He cares for you. He cares for you the way I wish my master would care for me,” she said in an almost sad and thoughtful tone. “In a way, I was glad you were jealous – I could see it on your face. It was a nice change from being jealous of you.”

She had stunned me; I’d never considered she was jealous. I’d never considered my position to be an enviable one.

After Celia concluded her morning business, Caleb and I still lay in bed, just the two of us. The feeling grew more and more comfortable as the days and weeks progressed. I still hadn’t been able to convince him to let me roam the mansion, but I could go out onto the balcony if he accompanied me. The view was breathtaking. It appeared to be the quintessential Spanish villa, surrounded by lush fields below and cactus in bloom in large ceramic pots, set on Spanish tile on an extravagant balcony. I’d only dreamed of living places like this. Though, in my dreams, I was never living there as a captive. *Semantics.*

“Breakfast on the balcony?” I asked with more enthusiasm than necessary.

He smiled. “What do you think this is, a vacation?” I felt a tight pinch in the center of my chest when he teased me. I think I’d rather come to like it. Not the teasing, but the way he smiled when he did.

“Hardly,” I said, coyly.

He stretched out again and put his hands behind his head, then looked at me disbelievingly. He had a grin playing across his lips.

“Did you... *kiss me* this morning?” Instant heat rose to my face, turning me what had to be at least eight different shades of red. I worked hard to resist the urge to bury my face in my pillow.

Kill me. Kill me, now!

I couldn’t even speak; I just shook my head emphatically, but the look in his eyes told me he knew I was lying.

“Yes. You did.” This time his teasing was a little painful. I was really embarrassed, and I knew he just wouldn’t let it go. Tears started to well up in my eyes.

“No, I didn’t!” I said on a rush of breath, and I felt the heat of my tears cutting across my cheek.

He rolled his eyes as he sat up. He put his finger under my chin and tilted my head upward. “Really? Tears, Kitten? *You kissed me.* Against my will, I might add. Shouldn’t I be the one to cry?” he asked. He laughed uproariously as I buried my face in my pillow again.

“Oh, come on!” he said in an annoyed tone and laid his face next to mine. “I’ll drop it, okay?”

Bringing my head up slowly and wiping away my tears, I whispered, “You promise?” He put his hand around my waist, pulled me close, and rolled me onto my back. Stunned, I simply looked up at him. “Absolutely not,” he said. Carefully, I tried to move, but his weight pinned me to the mattress. “By now you should know I always get what I want.”

As I stared up into his enigmatic blue eyes, it was hard to ignore the sensual line of his jaw. It showed the barest trace of his morning stubble. His hair was ruffled from sleep, and while I thought it should make him look ridiculous, it only made him more handsome. Caleb was a person, bed head and all. But of all the things difficult to ignore about the man on top of me, there was one that stood out... quite literally. He was incredibly hard between my thighs.

“And what *do* you want?” I asked, softly.

We stared at one another for what felt like an eternity. He looked at me in a way I'd never seen before. I didn't want to give it a name or classification. I was more than content to just have him look at me with that expression on his face.

Slowly, I brought my hands up to his face. I couldn't help myself. Knowing how soft he could be, the urge to touch him was something I didn't want to fight off.

He seemed taken aback by my touch, and the playful smile he held fell from his face. Our eyes met for the briefest of moments, and my fingers sensed the gentle shake of his head just before I kissed him so hard we both made a hurt sound. My brain fired synapses to every part of my body, and heat flooded my skin and pooled between my thighs. His tongue begged to be allowed into my mouth and I opened up to him. My hands weaved through his hair. He moaned into my mouth, and my hunger for him exploded from a place I had begun to suspect was there for quite some time.

I started to get a little frightened when he reached down and pulled up my nightgown. *I don't think I'm ready for this.* He spread my legs with his body, cradling himself between my thighs. His cock was incredibly hard. I wanted to say something, protest in some way, but then I felt the heat of him against the wetness I'd created, and I could've sworn I heard us sizzle. He withdrew his lips from mine and latched his hot, sucking mouth onto my neck. I threw my head back, surprised by the sensation of both pleasure and pain, a sensation that only became more powerful as the son of a bitch bit me.

I gasped loudly. My hands instinctively flexed into fists in his hair and I pulled him backward. "That hurt!" I said through gritted teeth.

He pulled my hands free from his hair and held them above my head with his left hand. "You think I don't know?" The unmistakable look of lust had taken over his features, and he appeared almost feral in his intensity.

I was a little frightened, but my desire for him wouldn't let me care. I pulled his mouth down toward mine. My heart slammed around in my chest as the liquid fire in my veins seemed to burn me from the inside out.

Abruptly, his touch turned soft and he kissed me so gently I wanted to cry again. "You're so wet; my cock is covered in you," he whispered against my mouth. I moaned loudly at his words, and I knew my mind was made up.

"Make love to me," I replied. My voice sounded alien to my own ears. His heart beat hard against me, and his cock twitched against my pussy. He took a deep, ragged breath and placed his forehead against my shoulder. In the silence, my hunger feuded with my growing shame over the idea he would say something cruel or make some silly joke. I would be undone.

He finally picked his head back up and looked at me. I couldn't decipher the message in his eyes. He conveyed so many things at once: need, anger, confusion, and something else. "Fuck," he said.

His shoulders slumped subtly, and I worried this was the part where he was going to say something to make me wish I could crawl inside myself and die. I wanted to say something, perhaps offer some preemptive strike, like 'I was just kidding,' but I couldn't say anything. Then, to my relief, he let my hands go and slipped the straps of my nightgown down my shoulders, exposing my breasts.

"You have the most beautiful tits." Heat crawled over my flesh and my nipples tightened.

"Thanks?" I said, unsure.

"You're welcome," he said through a smile and put his mouth around my aching nipple.

I attempted to wrap my arms around him, but they were trapped in the straps of my

nightgown. Overcome by a rush of sensation, I pressed my thighs tightly in an effort to close them and crushed Caleb closer to my body as I writhed under his consuming touch. He sucked and bit at one nipple and then the other, and did not neglect any part in between. I closed my eyes and swam in a sea of pleasure, pain, and longing.

I think I love you.

The thought swirled in my brain like an angry tornado begging me to say the words out loud, but I couldn't – I couldn't possibly. I felt like I might have an orgasm just then, before he was even inside me, before he'd even touched me down there. I teetered on the edge, which felt both delicious and annoying.

Say it! I think I love you.

He reached down between our bodies and slid his underwear past his erection.

Oh my god! Oh my god!

"Wait," I said, breathless. Caleb paused.

"What?" he asked. He sounded genuine in his concern.

"Be gentle, okay?" I whispered and resigned myself. The look in his eyes turned devastating. It was as if he wanted to tear me apart with his teeth, and I probably would have let him.

"Don't worry, Kitten. I'm not going to fuck you," he said through a rueful grin.

Before I could ask him why the hell not, the hot pulse of his thick shaft splayed the lips of my sex. He rubbed the hard, yet pliant, flesh of his cock against the swollen bud of my clit, and I was paralyzed. Desperate, mewling sounds came out of my throat, and my hips instinctively rocked back and forth against the heat of him. I was going to come, and it was going to be incredible. Up and down he moved his cock against my sensitive flesh, and all I could do was pine as I tried to get my stupid arms out of my nightgown so I could touch him.

His mouth traveled up my body and nestled at the nape of my neck. He bit me again, but this time I inclined toward him. "Does it feel good, Pet?" he asked in a voice dripping with arrogance. I didn't care. I nodded fervently and looked for his mouth. He let his lips dance just above mine, all the while keeping his rhythm against my clit.

"I want to hear you say it. Tell me it feels good. Tell me how much you want me to make that little pussy of yours come."

Oh. My. God!

Every muscle in my body tightened all at once. The opening of my pussy contracted and grasped at what wasn't there. My heart pounded and my hands grabbed at the sheets while my legs pressed against Caleb as hard as they could. Orgasm ripped through my body indiscriminately, engulfing everything in its path, and I was so overwhelmed, tears ran down my face.

"I love you!" I screamed. I couldn't help myself and I kept crying, even as Caleb's hot semen splashed against my sex and belly.

He panted hard and grabbed at his cock, expelling everything he had onto me. Then he grabbed my ass tightly and squeezed me as his mouth once again found mine. He kissed me until we both settled some and then gently collapsed against me.

Chapitre 14 : pp. 116-117

There was no discussion, no hesitation, and Caleb's chest seemed to expand with pride as Livvie licked her lips and put her mouth on him. Caleb's knees buckled slightly and he could not resist thrusting into her mouth, forcing her to regain her balance. He grunted low, as if he didn't want her to hear, thrusting as much as he could without holding her head in his hands and having his way.

Her mouth was warm and caressingly tender, despite her obvious inexperience. She held him in her hands, licking the head of his cock slowly and then putting it in her mouth. Caleb fought every impulse to force himself deeper. He wanted her to do it on her own.

"Mmm," she moaned.

Caleb echoed her sounds, loving the vibration of her mouth against his dick. He wanted more. More. More. More. Her touch and her mouth were all over the place in their intention. Pain and pleasure mingled every time she accidentally grazed him with her teeth, but then caressed the spot with her tongue.

"Deeper, Livvie. Please, deeper," he found himself saying. He couldn't think straight and didn't realize what he'd said.

Livvie whimpered as she endeavored to take him deeper, her mouth stretching over his shaft. Teeth scraped him, but he didn't care – he knew it would be impossible to get even half of it into her mouth.

Caleb refused to take control. He was getting off on the fact this was her fantasy and not his own. He wondered how long she'd wanted to do suck him off and lamented the time wasted. Livvie went deep, and Caleb felt her throat contract around the head of his cock before she pulled away to take air into her lungs.

Caleb clenched his hands into fists at his sides, determined to let her breathe before he demanded to be let back into her warm, wet mouth. He sighed when she rested one hand against his thigh for balance and, with the other, held his cock in place as she took him back in.

She increased her pace, keeping her eyes closed and focusing on her rhythm. It was almost more than Caleb could stand. Unable to resist, he reached down for his cock and wrapped his hand around hers, guiding it up and down with the rhythm of her mouth.

She slowed, and Caleb fought not to thrust. *Harder. Faster. Deeper.* Caleb held her hand firmly, moving it up and down the length of him. With his other hand he caressed her face, coaxing her mouth to continue its maddening suckling, relieved when it began anew. Caleb removed his hand, letting Livvie have her way once more. His hand was covered in Livvie's saliva, much like his cock.

Livvie mewled and moaned around his cock, sucking him deeper as her lust grew and her instincts took over. Her hand pumped him, and she moved her lips with growing speed and firm pressure over the tip of his cock.

Caleb was nearing his crisis, his body tense as a drawn bow. He breathed heavily and his hands kneaded Livvie's shoulders, encouraging her. Suddenly, he grabbed fists of her hair and pulled his cock out of her wet mouth.

"Open your mouth," he demanded.

Livvie was powerless as he pushed himself almost violently back into her mouth and pumped only a few times before coming long and hard into Livvie's mouth. She moaned, but her hands pushed against his thighs.

Caleb couldn't stop himself, couldn't help the way he held her still, emptying himself. He felt her trying to swallow the salty fluid overwhelming her mouth, but there was too much. It trickled down her chin and down her neck. Caleb growled from deep in his throat and his knees gave way under him until he straddled her. He kissed her over and over, sucking on her lips and searching for her tongue. His taste in her mouth felt like a claim, a brand.

"God," he whispered to no one at all, kissing her neck.

Livvie panted hard into Caleb's ear, gripping him close and returning his fervent kisses. She grabbed Caleb's hand and pressed his fingers to her clit, whimpering for attention.

"Only fair," Caleb whispered. He circled her clit hard and fast with his fingertips, and within seconds, he felt the hot rush of Livvie's juices rushing out of her pussy as she came apart in his arms for the second time.

"Oh, oh, oh," she moaned against his ear, "I love you. Oh, god, I love you."

Another couple, a tall woman and a short man, both dressed in white, approached. They were pulling a red-corseted woman behind them. The woman wore nipple chains, red silk stockings, and a red lace thong, with a red ribbon weaved through her long dark hair. The couple settled at the table, and the woman in red sat on her knees next to the man.

The classic formalwear and respectful murmur of voices intertwined with a gentle tinkle of laughter. There was a different world from the one I was used to. Men with smiling faces, women dripping with sparkling jewelry and long polished nails, tugging behind them corseted half-naked women. I noticed Kid was the only male prisoner.

"Everyone, please find a seat. We are ready to serve your first course," Felipe announced from the end of the table. Gentle music began playing in the background and more candles were lit around the room. Caleb came to get me at the same time Felipe came for Celia.

"Come on, Kitten, let's have some dinner. I'm sure you're hungry." Caleb moved slowly so I could keep up crawling along on my knees the few feet to the table. He sat down at the table, positioning me next to him on the floor.

Servers dressed in scant uniforms, barely covering their breasts or backsides, placed platters of appetizers down the center of the table. Some refreshed water glasses, and others refilled wine glasses.

On the other side of me sat Felipe, Celia close to his side on the floor. The woman in white sat next to Caleb.

"Kitten, you're behaving exemplarily tonight," Felipe whispered and gently touched my shoulder. I remained in position, though his touch sent a shiver of mistrust down my arm. I turned my head slightly to see if Caleb noticed.

"She's had her moments," Caleb added, as if I weren't there. His attention was drawn to the woman in white sitting next to him. From my position on the floor, I watched her polished fingers slide up the middle of his thigh and stop short of the bulge between his legs.

"So good to see you again, Caleb," her silky voice purred loudly enough for me to hear.

"Have we met?" Caleb asked and placed his hand over hers, preventing it from going any farther up his leg.

"Regrettably, no. I was here when you and your lovely girl first arrived. I admired you, and I was sure to find out who you were," she all but purred.

"I see," said Caleb. "Well, it's a pleasure to meet you, Miss...?"

"J," she said. "Mrs. J, but don't worry – Mr. J is well aware of my extra-curricular activities." She gave a short, flirtatious laugh. Her fingers moved up to cup Caleb's bulge.

I fought the urge to swat her hand away. *Mine! You fucking bitch.*

Caleb pressed her hand to him and then moved it back into her lap. "Thank you for the compliment, Mrs. J, but I think your attentions would be best spent on someone else." Caleb's voice carried down to me, even though it was a whisper next to Mrs. J's ear.

"You're not available?" She sounded disappointed.

Seething with jealousy, and with the memory of Caleb and Celia in my thoughts, I inclined myself toward Caleb and rubbed my head against his thigh. To my surprise, Caleb's hand landed on my head in a soft and reassuring caress before he urged me away.

Caleb chuckled low, and I watched his hand squeeze the top of Mrs. J's thigh through her satin gown. Her legs parted, and she pulled his hand toward her center.

"You're hungry. We'll make sure you get your fill." Caleb caressed her deeply with his fingers then slipped from her grasp and moved his hands above the table. He grabbed a plate of the appetizers and piled a few on her plate as well as his own. "That should get you started." His voice held a promise, and I had to wonder what he planned for later.