Alexei unlocks the car and slides into the driver's seat before Evgeni has the chance to stop him and explain, explain that he is *not coming*, but he leaves the passenger door open, so Evgeni leans his head in and begins, "Alexei--"

阿列克谢解锁了车，在叶甫根尼有机会阻止他并解释*自己不想去*之前就坐进了驾驶座。不过没关系，另一侧车门是开着的，所以叶甫根尼把头探了进去：“阿列克谢——”  
  
Alexei gestures at him impatiently. "Get in! I'm hungry, aren't you?"

阿列克谢对他打了个不耐烦的手势，“进来！我饿了，你不饿嘛？”  
  
Evgeni closes his mouth. Alexei gives him a look - a *look* which tells him that Alexei knows he's trying to protest. Chagrined, Evgeni sidles into the passenger seat and pulls the door shut behind him. Alexei barely waits for him to buckle his seatbelt before pulling away from the curb. There really is no escaping it now, Evgeni thinks, settling into his seat with a derisive sniff. "Where are we going?" he asks.  
阿列克谢的目光？*神情*说明他完全明白自己打算抗议，叶甫根尼只能闭上了嘴，懊恼地坐上了副驾驶座，关上了门。阿列克谢几乎没等他扣好安全带就发动汽车驶离了路边。很好，真是无处可逃了。叶甫根尼想着，自嘲地吸了吸鼻子，往椅背上靠去，问道：“我们要去哪里？”

"You do like pizza, don't you?" Alexei asks, keeping his eyes on the road; this gives Evgeni the opportunity to watch him without being watched back. (Alexei is always looking at him. Why is that?)

“你喜欢匹萨吧？”阿列克谢问，两眼看着前面的路；这给了叶甫根尼避免目光接触，径自打量他的机会（阿列克谢总是注视着他的。这是为什么？）  
  
"Yes," Evgeni says belatedly, noting with some satisfaction that he has still managed to avoid exactly agreeing to this outing. *It's not my fault*, he thinks.

“对。”过了一会儿，叶甫根尼才回答。他略感欣慰，自己到底是没表现得百分百赞同这次外出。*这可不能怪我*，他想。  
  
"Good," Alexei says, and pulls onto a side road a little faster than is necessary. "What did you have for breakfast?"

“那就好。”阿列克谢说着，车开进了旁边的小路，比必要的速度快了那么点儿，“你早饭吃了点什么？”  
  
*Why do you want to know?* "Energy bars. And a banana."

*你为什么要知道？*“能量棒。还有一根香蕉。（注一）”  
  
"Hm," Alexei says, swerving around a corner. "You know - you have to eat to skate, Zhenya. I didn't think so, but--"

“嗯，”阿列克谢说，车转弯了，“那个，滑冰前要吃点东西的，热尼亚。不是我说，但是——”  
  
"I eat," Evgeni says defensively. "I don't eat *too much*, but I eat."

“我吃的。”叶甫根尼反驳，“我只是不吃*太多*。”  
  
"Good," Alexei says again. There's a brief pause; Evgeni stares indignantly at Alexei's profile. Finally, he adds, "If you starve yourself and fall like I did, I'm sure you'll regret it."

“那就好。”阿列克谢又说了一遍。他们短暂地沉默了；叶甫根尼愤愤地瞪着阿列克谢的侧脸。最后，阿列克谢补充道，“如果你像我那样，饿着肚子的同时还摔个不停，你绝对会后悔的。”（这句不太懂这个是０１年的梗，熊拼命减肥结果导致跳跃很不稳，世锦赛预选赛摔的尤其惨）  
  
"I don't need advice."

“我不需要建议。”  
  
"No," Alexei agrees, all too easily, and says nothing for the remainder of the drive. Evgeni sighs and leans his head back and fixes his collar absently; it doesn't occur to him until a few turns later to wonder where Alexei is taking him, exactly, because he doesn't remember this street at all.

“对。”阿列克谢似乎是刻意地表示了赞同，接下来的路程里他没再说话。叶甫根尼叹了口气，把头靠在了椅背上，心不在焉地整理着衣领；他过了一会儿才意识到，他完全不知道阿列克谢打算带他去哪里，因为周围的路他一点都不认识。  
  
Logistically, Evgeni thinks, Alexei has no good reason to take him somewhere and kill him. (Unless he wants to be given a different partner. Evgeni would not blame him for that, since Evgeni certainly does.) All the same, he peers somewhat apprehensively at the street names, trying to guess at their location.

讲道理，叶甫根尼想，阿列克谢没什么理由要把他带到哪里杀了。（除非他想要换搭档。叶甫根尼不会怪他有这个想法，因为自己也是这么想的。）无论如何，他还是忐忑地辨认着街道名，努力想猜出他们的位置。  
  
Finally, Alexei pulls over in front of a small but clean-looking restaurant; reassuringly, there is a large neon pizza sign in the window. Evgeni pushes the door open and steps out, stretching, and looks around again for any landmarks.

最后，阿列克谢停在了一家餐厅前，店面不大，不过看起来很干净，窗前挂着个巨大的匹萨霓虹灯，这让叶甫根尼松了口气。他推开车门下了车，伸展了一下四肢，又张望了一下附近有没有什么地标。  
  
Alexei strolls around the car to join him. Evgeni momentarily considers telling him *now* that he is not going to dinner with him, but he feels even less like being lost than he does like eating pizza with Alexei. Dejected, he follows Alexei inside.

阿列克谢跟着他，在车旁转悠。有一瞬间叶甫根尼想告诉他自己不打算和他吃饭，可是比起和阿列克谢一起吃匹萨，他更不喜欢迷路。眼看一无所获，他懊丧地跟着阿列克谢进店了。  
  
--  
  
"The jumps are getting much better," Alexei says conversationally.

“我们的跳跃这里是指抛跳吧？不过就说跳跃也没问题很有进步。”阿列克谢开了口。  
  
Evgeni is busy pretending to be preoccupied with his glass of water. "Yes," he says, blandly. "A few more weeks, and they should be--"

叶甫根尼此刻正忙着假装自己在专心致志地喝水。“对，”他的语气很淡，“再练几周，应该就——”  
  
"But the spirals are miserable." Alexei leans on the table; Evgeni leans back in his chair. "My coach told me that the choreographer says we need to work on our connection before the routine comes together."

“但是螺旋线也太惨了。”阿列克谢斜倚在桌说道，叶甫根尼则靠在他的椅子上，“教练跟我说，编舞觉得我们应该在合练整套动作前培养一下默契。”  
  
Evgeni glances up at him suspiciously. "What connection?" he asks, without thinking.

叶甫根尼狐疑地抬起头，想也不想就脱口而出：“什么默契？”  
  
Alexei laughs. "Exactly."

阿列克谢大笑道，“就是啊。”  
  
Evgeni frowns. Mishin hasn't said anything like that to him. And yet - suddenly this meal makes sense. "That is why we are having dinner?"

叶甫根尼皱起了眉，米申从来没和他透露过半点什么默契的事。然后——突然这顿饭变得合理起来。“这就是为什么我们现在在一起吃饭？”  
  
"Yes." Alexei folds his hands on the table; Evgeni looks at him reluctantly, and of *course* Alexei is smiling again. Alexei is *enjoying* himself. "Because I agree with the choreographer. We need to talk."

"Talk about what?"

“对。”阿列克谢在桌面上交叠着双手。叶甫根尼不情愿地看向他，阿列克谢*不用说*又是微笑的表情，一派*泰然自若*，“因为我同意编舞的意见，我们应该谈谈。”

“谈什么？”  
  
Alexei pauses and looks down at his hands for a moment, drumming his fingers thoughtfully on the table. "Zhenya, you're not--"

阿列克谢顿了一下，视线在自己的双手上停留了一会儿，他若有所思地用手指敲着桌子，“热尼亚，你觉——”  
  
The waitress chooses this moment to arrive with their order; Evgeni leans back in his chair as she places the pizza down between them, thanks her with a brief smile, and toys with his fork while Alexei slides a slice onto his plate. He doesn't have much of an appetite.

服务生却在这个当口送来了食物。她在他们之间放下匹萨，叶甫根尼顺势靠向了椅背，向她弯了一下嘴角以表谢意。阿列克谢切匹萨时，他摆弄着手里的叉子，觉得没有多少胃口。  
  
Alexei clears his throat and continues, "You're not comfortable with this, are you?"

阿列克谢清了清嗓子，继续说道，“你觉得这样难受，是吧？”  
  
"With what," Evgeni asks flatly. He carves a bit off of the pizza and sticks it on his fork, blowing on it until the steam disperses; it smells good, but he isn't hungry.  
"Skating with me," Alexei says. "I didn't think it was a good idea, either, when they first came to me. I told them, *I'll do it if Zhenya agrees*, and then I forgot about it. I knew you wouldn't do it."

“难受什么？”叶甫根尼生硬地问道。他切了一小块匹萨叉在叉子上，将蒸腾的热气吹散，匹萨闻起来很香，但他不饿。

“和我搭档。”阿列克谢说，“我不觉得这是个好主意，所以当他们第一次来找我的时候，我告诉他们，*如果热尼亚同意我就去*，然后就把这件事忘了。以我对你的了解，你不会同意的。”  
  
Evgeni swallows.

叶甫根尼吞咽着食物。  
  
"Why did you say yes, Zhenya?"

“你为什么答应，热尼亚？”  
  
"I want another medal," Evgeni says thickly, glancing at Alexei from under his bangs. "And we are the best skaters in Russia. Who else would go?"

“我想要奖牌。”叶甫根尼含混地说道，从刘海下抬起眼睛望向阿列克谢，“我们是俄罗斯最好的选手，还能有谁？”  
  
"You don't need this medal," Alexei says earnestly. "You're not even a pairs skater."

“你不需要这块奖牌。”阿列克谢直白地指出，“你甚至都不是双人滑选手。”  
  
"I want to advance the sport. For Russia."

“为了俄罗斯，我要推动这项运动发展。”  
  
Alexei exhales slowly; he looks thoughtful, drumming his fingertips on the back of his hand. "You always want to advance the sport." He sounds oddly resigned.

阿列克谢缓慢地吐了口气；他看上去在思考，一只手的指尖在另一只手上轻轻点着，“你总是想要推动这项运动。”他让步的语气有一种说不出的古怪。  
  
Evgeni eats in silence for a moment, wondering how this is supposed to make them *connect*, but something is nagging at him - something he doesn't understand.

叶甫根尼不作声地吃了一会儿，琢磨着一起吃饭哪里能培养*默契*了，很多事他想不通，让他心烦意乱。  
  
"Lyosha." He pauses, because the nickname tastes strange to say; he hasn't called Alexei that since they were training partners. Alexei's eyes light up and he lifts his head, resting his chin in the palm of one hand. "Lyosha, why did you say yes?"

“廖莎。”他顿了一下，这个昵称有些难说出口；自从两人搭档双人滑后，他就没有再这么称呼过阿列克谢了。阿列克谢的眼睛亮了，抬起了头看着他，一手抵着脸颊。“廖莎，你为什么答应？”  
  
"You know I wanted to skate pairs." Alexei takes another bite of his meal, suddenly cheerful again.

“你知道我想滑双人滑的。”阿列克谢咬了一口匹萨，突然又高兴了。  
  
"*With me*?" Evgeni demands, bewildered.

“*和我？*”叶甫根尼不知所措地追问。  
  
Alexei shrugs. "Why not?"

阿列克谢耸了耸肩，“那又怎么了？”  
  
Evgeni can think of a lot of reasons why not. *I don't even like you* is at the top of the list, followed by *you don't even like me* and *you can barely lift me* and finally *you haven't willingly touched me since the last Olympics*.

叶甫根尼能够想出很多个“怎么了”的理由。*我根本不喜欢你*首当其冲，其次是*你根本不喜欢我*以及*你举不起我*。最后的一个是，*自从上届奥运会之后，你就再也没有主动接触过我。（注二）*  
He's trying not to think about the last Olympics. Not now.

他尽力不去想上届奥运会，现在不能想。  
  
"Anyway." Alexei clears his throat and sets his fork down on his plate with a soft clink, getting Evgeni's attention. "We aren't competing anymore, Zhenya. We have to work *together*. Can you do that?" There's an edge to his voice almost like there used to be - a challenge.

“无论如何，”阿列克谢清了清嗓子，叉子在盘子上发出一声轻响，叶甫根尼望向他。“我们现在不再竞争了，热尼亚。我们是在*搭档*。你做得好吗？你能做好这个吗？”

他的语气里有些自己很熟悉的东西——他在挑战自己。

Evgeni never could refuse a challenge from him. "Of course."

叶甫根尼从来不能抗拒来自阿列克谢的挑战，“当然。”  
  
"All right." Alexei starts to say something else, but seems to reconsider before the words can leave his mouth. He shakes his head instead, returning to his meal with a smile back on his face. Evgeni stares at him flatly, wondering what exactly he's just agreed to.

“太好了。”阿列克谢看起来还想说点别的什么，然而在开口前他犹豫了一下，最终只是摇了摇头，带着微笑重新吃了起来。叶甫根尼直直地瞪着他，想弄明白自己刚才到底答应了什么。

[[The plot thickens! :D And oh, Zhenya - Freud would have a few things to say to you...  
My dearest anons! If you have any suggestions for what music Zhenya and Lyosha’s pairs routine ought to be set to, I would love to hear them. :D]]

原作者的话：

【热尼亚，弗洛伊德会有话对你说的……】

注一：……这大概不是梗吧。哈哈哈哈哈哈哈我觉得是！

注二：其实，也可以翻译成：自从上届奥运会之后，你就再也不愿意碰我了= =