For as much as Alexei is a bastard, Evgeni thinks - somewhat fuzzily - there is something to be said for his taste in drinks. Admittedly, they empty the bottle a bit sooner than planned, before an hour of the program has passed, but that's only because they keep racing each other to finish their glasses. Alexei divides the last of the wine very carefully between their two glasses when they reach the bottom of the bottle, and they toast each other one more time.

尽管阿列克谢是个混蛋，叶甫根尼想道——多少有点底气不足——他对于饮料的品味还是有的一说。不得不承认，他们的战斗力比预想中要强，一瓶酒将见底时，离节目开播不到一小时，但这只是因为他们在比赛谁喝得快。阿列克谢把最后一点酒很小心地均分到两个杯子中，然后再一次干杯。  
  
Halfway through the film, Evgeni returns from the bathroom to find that Alexei has draped his arm across the back of the couch; he doesn't actually notice it until he sits down, at which point Alexei casually lets his arm *slip* so it cradles Evgeni's shoulders. It could almost be an accident, except for the way that Alexei's fingertips stroke the curve of his arm.

片子放到一半，叶甫根尼从卫生间回来时，发现阿列克谢把他的手臂横放在沙发靠背上；他在坐下前都没发现这一点，直到阿列克谢的手臂随意地滑下来，环住了叶甫根尼的肩膀。如果不是阿列克谢的指尖沿着他的手臂曲线来回轻抚的话，这也许能被当做一个意外。  
  
Evgeni lets him get away with it. He tries not to think about why. (The wine. The wine is to blame for *everything*. In fact, the wine is somehow to blame for the fact that he wound up at Alexei's apartment to begin with. It's also the wine's fault that this particular train of thought makes sense to him.)

叶甫根尼决定不去思考这个动作的意义，也不去想背后的原因。（那瓶酒。**一切**都是酒精的错。实际上，连他一开始会出现在阿列克谢的公寓都是这瓶酒起的头。他关于阿列克谢产生的所有荒诞的、散漫的、古怪的念头，也都是酒的缘故。注：这句直接意译了，热尼亚思维的无轨电车出现过好多次了，应该都可以算是关于阿列克谢的，他自己都不曾明白的一切。赞，顺便替那瓶被喝光了还要背锅的酒默哀）  
  
The wine also makes everything a little bit funnier; the documentary turns out to be some sort of history of skating, and when only a few minutes of it are devoted to the two of them, Evgeni just finds it oddly hilarious. (Maybe it's the sheer idiocy of not including more about the two of them - the sheer idiocy of not making them the stars, for that matter. Or maybe it's how ridiculous he and Alexei are, too ridiculous for anyone else to understand.)He buries his face in Alexei's shoulder, laughing, and when he draws back Alexei's face is red but he's grinning.

酒精也让所有事看起来都变得有趣了些；纪录片开始讲花滑的历史，当叶甫根尼发现关于他俩的内容只有几分钟时，他只觉得可笑又荒唐。（也许荒唐的是这愚蠢的片子——在冰场上，竟然不把他俩当明星。或者荒唐的是他和阿列克谢，他俩荒唐得无法让任何人理解。）他把脸埋在阿列克谢的肩上，大笑着，（我知道这个动作一定也是酒的锅！热尼亚才不会承认自己主动呢）当他抬起脸，阿列克谢的脸红了，但他却也在微笑。  
  
They both find excuses not to watch the TV when its focus turns to the last Olympics. Alexei quickly starts talking about their program and fretting about the death spiral, a very familiar subject by this point. Evgeni is tired of the film, anyway; he lets himself be distracted.

当故事说到上届奥运会时，他俩都找到了不看电视的理由。阿列克谢立马讲起了他们的节目，哀叹着死亡螺旋线，他们目前熟悉的东西。叶甫根尼反正看得累了，他由着自己的注意力被转移。  
  
… By Alexei's words. Definitely not by his mouth.

……被阿列克谢的话。绝对不是被他的嘴唇。  
  
He doesn't pay much attention to the documentary after that. Alexei's arm around his shoulders weighs him down a little, so his head keeps tipping toward Alexei's shoulder. Evgeni is *tired*, and the wine isn't helping much, making him feel warmer and softer at the edges. He blinks a lot, trying to keep his eyes open and focused on the TV. When that doesn't work, he digs his nails into his palm, but even that dull pain doesn't really help.

他后来没有怎么看纪录片了。阿列克谢在他肩上的手臂把他往下拉了一点，所以他的头总是蹭到阿列克谢的肩膀。叶甫根尼**累了**，红酒帮了倒忙，让他觉得暖洋洋的，在惬意的倦意中几乎要失去意识。他眨了很多次眼，努力睁着眼睛，集中精神看电视。当支撑不住的时候，他用指甲掐住手心，但这单调的痛意也很快不起作用了。  
  
He finds it impossible to stay focused on what the commentators are saying, and it doesn't help that he's barely following the dialogue from once sentence to another. Before long, his head is drooping again. He closes his eyes for just a few blissful seconds - at least, he means it to be seconds, but the weight of a good day's training presses down on his eyelids and he winds up yawning weakly and leaning over against Alexei's side without opening his eyes. And then his head finds Alexei's shoulder and Alexei's fingers curl around his upper arm gently and he feels… easy, relaxed, *warm*, and he's asleep before he can ponder anything else.

他发现要全神贯注听解说是不可能的，这个发现也无法帮助他连贯地理解句子。没多久，他的脑袋又垂了下来。他闭上了眼，那几秒钟的放松真是妙不可言——至少，他觉得是几秒钟，但是一整天训练的强度都仿佛压在了他的眼皮上，他微弱地打了个哈欠，眼睛也没睁开，就又往阿列克谢那边靠去。他的脑袋找到了阿列克谢的肩膀，阿列克谢的手指温柔地缠住了他的上臂，他感到……纯粹，轻松，**温暖**，他睡着了，在他能思考任何事之前。

When Evgeni wakes up, it's pitch black and he's more horizontal than he remembers being.

当叶甫根尼醒来时，眼前一片漆黑，他的位置比自己记得的要平得多。  
  
There's a blanket draped across his back, gently tucked in around his shoulders, but Alexei is gone. And his head hurts. A bit of groping around determines that he's still on the couch; a glance at the glowing clock on the table by the couch determines that it's about four AM. He's still in his clothes, and his teeth taste unpleasant since he never brushed his teeth, and they're supposed to be at practice in a matter of hours. Hours that he would usually spend asleep, but still. Evgeni sits up, rubbing his head in an attempt to clear it - he still feels a bit on the fuzzy side - and peers around the room for landmarks.

他的背上有一条毯子，细心地裹住了他的肩膀，但阿列克谢不在。他的头很疼。他摸索了一下周围，发现自己仍然在沙发上；沙发旁的桌上有一只夜光钟，告诉他差不多凌晨了。他仍然穿着衣服，他的牙齿感觉很不好，因为他没有刷过牙，再过几个小时他们就要去训练了。通常他会再睡一会儿，但叶甫根尼坐了起来，揉着自己的脑袋，企图清醒一些——他仍然有点迷糊——望着周围想找到些有用的东西。

adile he gathers his senses, Evgeni decides that he'll find his things, slip out, and call Alexei first thing in the morning as soon as he's showered and washed his face and prepared himself to convince Mishin that he has *not* been drinking.

基于叶甫根尼目前的感觉，他决定收拾好自己的东西，悄悄离开，只要自己冲澡洗脸完毕，就在早上第一时间给阿列克谢打电话，并且把自己收拾出一副能说服米申自己**没有**喝醉的模样。  
  
It sounds like a perfect plan. And it is, more or less; he finds his shoes and other belongings with a minimum of stubbed toes and is tiptoeing his way to the door when a light switches on somewhere in the depths of the apartment. Evgeni freezes like a burglar caught in the act and turns around to see Alexei standing in the doorway of his bedroom, rubbing his eyes. "Zhenya?" he asks, wearily.

听起来真是个天衣无缝的计划，多多少少。他踮着脚，找到了自己的鞋子和其他的东西，正蹑手蹑脚走向门时，公寓的深处亮起了一束光。叶甫根尼就像入室盗窃被抓了现行那样僵住了，他转过身来，看到阿列克谢站在卧室门口，揉着眼睛。“热尼亚？”他疲倦地问。  
  
"Sorry," Evgeni says, straightening up and turning his back to the door, resting his hand on the knob. "I was just… going home.”

“对不起。”叶甫根尼说，站直了，转身朝背？向门，把手放在把手上。“我正要……回家。”  
  
"Why?" Alexei asks, yawning and walking over to him. "It's late.”

“为什么？”阿列克谢问，打着哈欠走向他，“现在很晚了。”  
  
"I don't have any spare clothes," Evgeni says lamely.

“我没有带换洗衣服。”叶甫根尼无力地说。  
  
Alexei gives him a look, though his annoyance seems subdued, almost languid. "And of course you couldn't possibly borrow something of mine?”

阿列克谢看了他一眼，尽管他接下去的话没什么锋芒，几乎是无精打采的，“当然你不可能问我借了？”  
  
"I--" Evgeni thinks he might be blushing. He feels ridiculous enough. "You were asleep.”

“我——”叶甫根尼觉得自己可能脸红了。他觉得一切够荒唐的了。“你睡着了。”  
  
"*Zhenya*," Alexei says - or rather, sighs, stepping closer to him as he does so. His eyes are heavy with sleep, but he's looking intently at Evgeni, looking through him. "I'm awake now. Why don't you just stay?”

“热尼亚，”阿列克谢说道——或者，叹息道，走近了他。他的眼睛中满是困意，但他仍笔直地看向叶甫根尼，目光像是要穿透他。“我现在醒了。你为什么不留下？”  
  
"I'd sleep better in my own bed," Evgeni mumbles. He's just making excuses for himself now, and he knows it.

“我在自己床上睡得比较好。”叶甫根尼咕哝着。他现在只是在给自己找借口，他知道。  
  
"If you don't like the couch," Alexei says petulantly, "you're always welcome in the *bed*.”

“如果你不喜欢沙发，”阿列克谢任性地说，“我的**床**永远为你留着。”  
  
Evgeni looks up abruptly, startled.

叶甫根尼猛然抬起头，他震惊了。  
  
For several long moments, Alexei doesn't seem to realize that he's said anything out of place. Then, Evgeni watches realization - with a faint tinge of horror - dawn on his face.

相当一段时间内，阿列克谢似乎没有意识到自己说了什么出格的话。接着，叶甫根尼看到了醒悟的表情——带着一丝惊惧——逐渐爬上了他的脸庞。  
  
"I," Alexei begins, but can't seem to make anything else come out. "I, I mean—"

“我，”阿列克谢开口了，但似乎说不出任何其他的话，“我，我的意思是——”  
  
"*Fuck*," Evgeni says, and tries to step back. His back connects with the door; an odd kind of panic seizes in his chest. "Fuck, Lyosha, that's what this is, you still - you want—"

“**操**，”叶甫根尼说，试图往后退。他的背碰到了门；一种奇怪的眩晕感紧紧抓住了他的心口。“操，廖莎，这就是那件事，你还是——你想要——”  
  
Alexei's mouth falls open slightly, and the fear in his eyes must mirror Evgeni's. "No. *No*, Zhenya, that's not what I mean, I mean I--" Evgeni starts to turn away, grabbing for the doorknob, but Alexei catches Evgeni's hand in his and steps in closer - close enough that Evgeni shivers, pressing his back against the door. "*Wait*, Zhenka, please.”

阿列克谢的嘴巴微微张开了，叶甫根尼在他的眼中看到了恐惧，自己一定也一样吧。“不。**不**，热尼亚，我不是这个意思，我是，我——”叶甫根尼转过身，抓住了门把手，但阿列克谢抓住了叶甫根尼的手，又靠近了一步——近得让叶甫根尼颤抖，他被压在了门上。“**等等**，热尼卡，求你。”  
  
Evgeni waits. His own breathing sounds harsh to his ears, and he can't look at Alexei. Not now. Why *now?*

*叶甫根尼等了。他的呼吸听起来如此刺耳，他也不能直视阿列克谢。现在不能。自己为什么要说现在？*  
  
"It's not what you think," Alexei says faintly. He seems to falter, then, as though he doesn't know exactly what to say next. "I didn't want to ruin everything. I just--" And he hesitates, his fingers stiff, digging into the back of Evgeni's hand. "… Listen, you understand, don't you? I don't have to say—"

“这不是你想的那样。”阿列克谢虚弱地说。他似乎结巴了，虽然他不知道接下来到底要说什么，“我不想破坏现在的一切。我只是——”他犹豫了，他的手指僵硬，陷进了叶甫根尼的手背。“……听着，你明白的，是吗？我不需要说——”  
  
Evgeni doesn't, but before he can say *no* Alexei lifts his free hand to Evgeni's cheek and his touch is softer than Evgeni expects, and Alexei leans in until the space between them is gone.

叶甫根尼不明白，但在他能说**不**之前，阿列克谢抬起了他空闲的手，抚上了叶甫根尼的脸颊，他的触摸比叶甫根尼想象的更轻柔，阿列克谢向他靠过来，直到他们之间的距离化为乌有。  
  
There’s a moment, a breath - and then Alexei kisses him.

时间停止了，一个呼吸的间隔——然后，阿列克谢吻了他。  
  
Something *breaks* in Evgeni's chest then, something frantic and frail and terrified, and he knows and he doesn’t. It’s familiar and strange and wrong and beautiful and he can’t breathe - Alexei’s mouth on his - and it feels like he’s eighteen again, and he can’t, he *can’t*

*有什么东西在叶甫根尼的心口****炸开****了，那些狂乱的、脆弱的、可怖的，一瞬间烟尘弥漫，他大概懂，也大概不懂。那些东西又熟悉，又陌生，是错误，是美好，他不能呼吸——阿列克谢的唇压在他的唇上——他恍然又回到了十八岁，他不能，他不能……*  
  
He shoves Alexei off of him, pushes him away against the nearest wall and grabs his bag off the floor, wrenches the door open and doesn't stop running until he reaches the street outside.

Evgeni realizes when he's halfway across the street that he left his coat behind, but he doesn't dare go back for it. By the time he reaches his own door, he's miserable and shaking with cold; his fingers are numb and trembling as he tries to fit the key into the lock. When it opens at last, he collapses inside and shoves it closed behind him, sliding down to sit against the door.

他猛地把阿列克谢从身上推开，把他推到最近的墙上，抓起自己掉到地板上的包，扭开门冲了出去，一直冲到外面的街上。

叶甫根尼在过马路的时候意识到他落下了自己的大衣，但他不敢回去拿。他回到家，面如死灰，由于寒冷而哆嗦；他的手指冻僵了，在试图把钥匙插进门锁时不可遏制地颤抖。最终门开了，他跌进门里，砰地一声把一切关在门外，自己在门背后缓缓滑倒。  
  
He slumps there in the dark, staring at a point on the floor without really seeing it, until his breathing has evened out. Then he drags himself off the floor and switches on a light, throwing his things in a corner. He does it all robotically, in a daze; he brushes his teeth, avoiding his own eyes in the mirror, changes into his pajamas and crawls into bed.

他在黑暗中重重倒下，盯着地板的某个角落，眼神虚空，直到他几乎忘记了呼吸。然后他把自己从地板上弄起来，打开灯，把东西扔在角落里。他机械地做着这一切，茫然不知所措；他刷了牙，刻意不去看镜子里自己的眼睛，然后换上睡衣，蜷缩在床上。  
  
Once there, he buries his face in a pillow and tries to suffocate himself to sleep. It doesn't work. He can see Alexei's face too clearly in his mind - the surprise, the fear, the guilt in his eyes just before Evgeni turned away.

他一度把自己的脸埋在枕头里，试图把自己闷到睡着。这没有用。他可以看到阿列克谢，在他来得及转移思绪前，阿列克谢的脸在脑海里越发清晰——他眼中那些惊喜，那些恐惧，那些愧疚。  
  
And just as clearly, the way Alexei had looked at him just before he kissed him, like he'd been waiting to do this for years, the last of his self-restraint finally gone.

阿列克谢就像在吻他前那样看着他，他的表情清晰无比，好像他为了此刻已经等待了数年，最后，他的自我克制失效了。  
  
And the way Alexei kissed him - *kissed him*, Evgeni doesn't want to think about it, but he can't help it - the way Alexei kissed him wasn't like it used to be, all those years ago. Evgeni traces his fingers across his lips and stares up at the ceiling in the dark, baffled and shaken. It had felt less like an act of violence and more like possession. Like Alexei had kissed him just because, because he'd wanted to, not because he wanted to shut him up or win whatever battle it was that they were fighting - kissed him just because, because he*wanted him*.

还有阿列克谢亲吻他的方式——**亲吻**他，叶甫根尼不想去想这件事，但他不能自抑——阿列克谢亲吻他的方式和过去不同，那是很多年以前了。叶甫根尼用手指摩挲着自己的嘴唇，望着黑暗中的天花板，困惑着，动摇着。那感觉不像掠夺，更像占有。好像阿列克谢吻了他，只是因为，因为他想要这么做，不是因为他要让自己闭嘴，或是宣告他们之间的战争阿列克谢胜利——他吻了他只是因为，因为他**想要**他。  
  
Evgeni rolls over and tells himself he isn't lonely now. That doesn't work, either.

叶甫根尼辗转反侧，告诉自己他现在不再孤独了。这也没有用。  
  
The next time he looks at the clock, it's five AM, and he's still wide awake.

他下一次看向闹钟时，是凌晨五点，而他仍然清醒得可怕。  
  
And he wonders, is Alexei?

他想知道，阿列克谢呢？  
  
It takes Evgeni half an hour to persuade himself to call; eventually, he decides that he has to, because how else are they going to face each other at practice tomorrow, not knowing - and their coaches will know something is wrong, Mishin will *know*. All the same, once he's gotten up and switched on the light, he stares at the phone for a long while before he dials Alexei's number. He doesn't know what he's going to say. The phone rings and rings and rings against his ear and Evgeni feels nauseous.

叶甫根尼花了半个小时说服自己打电话；最终，他觉得自己不得不打，因为他们明天在训练中总要面对对方，不知道——他们的教练会知道出现问题的，米申一定会**发现**。然而，一旦他坐了起来，打开灯，在拨出阿列克谢的号码前，他仍然瞪了电话很久很久。他不知道自己要说什么。电话在耳边响了一声，又响了一声，再响了一声，叶甫根尼开始觉得胃里犯恶心。  
  
Click.

铃声断了。  
  
*Hello, you've reached Lyosha Yagudin. Please leave a number and your name…*

***你好，这里是廖莎亚古丁。请留下你的号码和姓名……***  
  
Evgeni clenches his hand around the phone, listening to the voicemail incredulously. As soon as it beeps, asking him to leave a message, he snaps the phone shut and calls again.

叶甫根尼握紧了放在电话旁的拳头，不敢相信地听着语音留言。听到了“哔”的一声要求他留言，他挂了电话，重新拨号。  
  
It seems to take forever to ring, and Alexei doesn't pick up. His cheerful voicemail begins to play again and Evgeni gives a sharp little sob of frustration, slapping the phone closed and throwing it on the floor.

似乎即使铃声响到永远，阿列克谢都不会接电话。他那欢快的语音留言又开始来，叶甫根尼发出一声失望的啜泣，尖锐而细微，他重重地挂了话筒，把电话摔在地板上。  
  
He stares at it for a long moment, waiting for it to light up when Alexei calls him back.

他瞪着电话瞪了很久，等着它响起，等着阿列克谢给他回电话。  
  
Alexei doesn't.  
阿列克谢没有。

--  
  
Evgeni's trying to force himself to sleep again - never mind what time it is, now, it's the principle of the thing, he is not going to stay up all night thinking about Alexei - when his phone beeps quietly and before he can think rationally he's fallen out of bed scrambling for it.

叶甫根尼试图强迫自己再次入睡——不去理会到底几点了，现在，头等大事是确保不要把整夜都用来想着阿列克谢——他的手机轻轻响了一声时，在他能理智地去思考问题前，他就从床上滚下来抓起了它。  
  
It's a text. '*I'm sorry*’.

是一条短信。“**对不起。**”  
  
Evgeni isn't sure how long he spends gazing at the screen, trying to think of anything, anything to reply with that isn't completely inadequate.

叶甫根尼不知道自己花了多久盯着屏幕，他尽力去想些什么，去回复些什么，不至于是完完全全的空白。  
  
*Just forget about it*. Or *This isn't how it was supposed to go*. Or *I wish I hadn’t tried to leave*. Or *What are we supposed to do now?*

***忘了这件事。****或者****这不应该发生****。或者****我希望我没有试图离开****。或者****我们现在要做什么？***  
  
Finally he settles for '*Its okay, I will see you tomorrow*' and tries not to think about how little that is, how insincere. It doesn't work, anyway, just like nothing else does. He doesn't sleep.

最后他的回复是这样：“没关系，明天见。”并且试图不去想这话有多么空洞，多么不诚恳。这没有效果，反正，没有什么会有效果。他没有再睡。  
  
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后面就是玩失踪找人了，停在这里比较好。哈哈哈不容易啊，终于表白了（？），终于又亲上了，热尼亚反应不错啊，身体的感觉果然是最诚实的。事情都到了这份上了，热尼亚还觉得熊以前跟他纠缠不清是因为在搞斗争……两个男人间斗争就是这样搞的……我不想说话。