Evgeni tries not to dwell on it. It bothers him more than it should.

叶甫根尼试图不去纠结这件事，可这件事带给他的困扰超出预期。（这句我上次结尾翻过了，所以我去掉了）  
  
The day Edvin arrives, it's a cold, bright morning outside and Evgeni is on the ice before anyone else turns up at the rink, skating idly in circles and thinking about the rhythm of the music. His breath fogs out when he exhales, and his fingers are prickling with cold even through his gloves, but it feels good all the same. The coffee is taking effect and he's sharply awake, though not quite awake enough to keep his thoughts from wandering.

埃德温到达的那天，是一个寒冷晴朗的早晨，叶甫根尼赶在所有人之前上了冰，随意地绕着冰场滑圈，思索着音乐的韵律。他的呼吸在空气中凝结成白雾，即使戴着手套，他的手指也由于寒冷而刺痛着，但是他仍然觉得状态良好。咖啡很有效，他此刻异常清醒，尽管并没有清醒到让那些思绪不再盘旋。  
  
He hasn't stopped dreaming, but he's gotten so used to it that he's sleeping better all the same. Often he dreams about the past, and which is probably just a consequence of seeing Alexei again; other times he dreams of skating, falling or winning or watching Alexei dance between his jumps. Still, Alexei's presence in his dreams bothers him. After all, Alexei's dreaming about some girl, not about his partner - Evgeni envies him for that.

他没有停止做梦，但是他逐渐习惯了那些梦，无论如何，这让他睡得比以前好了一些。他经常梦见过去，也许这只是与阿列克谢重逢的自然结果；有时他梦见滑冰，摔倒，或是胜利，或是看到阿列克谢（在节目中的）跳跃和穿插其间的舞步。阿列克谢出现在他的梦里，这仍然深深困扰着他，可是想想吧，阿列克谢可是在梦见某个姑娘，而不是他的搭档——叶甫根尼对此感到嫉妒。  
  
It's all in the past, and he *wants* to forget about it. Sometimes he wishes he could forgive Alexei for everything, just to put it out of his mind. If Alexei still cares about all that, he doesn't show it; it makes Evgeni feel like an idiot.

这都是过去的事了，他**想要**忘记。有时他但愿自己能够彻底对阿列克谢既往不咎，干脆把这一切赶出脑海。阿列克谢根本没有表现出来他仍然在意那些事，这让叶甫根尼觉得自己是个傻瓜。  
  
He's doing another lazy lap around the edge of the rink when he hears someone come in and twists around to look, just in time to see Edvin wave from the doorway. Evgeni lets out a breath he didn't realize he was holding and grins, skating toward the edge of the ice.

当他听到有人进来的时候，他正在懒散地一圈圈绕场，当他转过身，正巧看到埃德温在走廊里向他招手。叶甫根尼呼了口气，向场边滑去，没有意识到自己脸上扬起了微笑。  
  
Edvin has his violin under one arm already and tucks it under his chin, playing a few notes in time with Evgeni's movements as he comes to join him; Evgeni spins around obligingly when he trills the violin, and then steps off the ice, fumbling for his skate guards. "Good morning, Zhenya," Edvin calls, as dreamy-eyed and sunny as ever, tucking his violin to one side again and coming over for a quick, one-armed hug.

埃德温一只胳膊下夹着他的小提琴，现在他将其在下巴处垫好，在叶甫根尼滑向自己时跟着他的动作拉出一串音符；叶甫根尼随着琴弦的颤动殷勤地转了个圈，接着便下了冰，摸索着他的冰鞋套。“早上好，热尼亚，”埃德温打着招呼，如同梦幻的眼睛和阳光一样（……？？？），把小提琴复又夹到一只胳膊下，单臂给了叶甫根尼一个快速的拥抱。  
  
"Good morning," Evgeni says easily, leaning over and kissing him on the cheek. "How are you, Edvin?”

“早上好，”叶甫根尼简短地答道，倾身过去，吻了吻他的脸颊，“最近怎么样，埃德温？”  
  
"Fine, I'm fine." Edvin sinks onto a bench nearby, and Evgeni joins him, close enough that their knees touch. Edvin runs his fingers idly across the neck of his violin and gives Evgeni his usual gentle smile. "How are you? How is… your partner?”

“好啊，我很好。”埃德温在一旁的长凳上坐下，叶甫根尼也跟着坐下，他们靠得很近，膝盖互相碰触着。埃德温的手指在琴颈上随意地游走着，一如既往地给了叶甫根尼一个温和的微笑。“你呢？你的……搭档怎么样？”  
  
"Actually, I'm all right," Evgeni says, deciding that the details can wait until later. Besides, it's mostly the truth. "Lyosha is … that is, we're doing fine. It's still strange to work with him, but I don't - hate it." He shrugs, wondering why he can't seem to put the truth into words. "He's a good partner.”

“实际上我还挺好的。”叶甫根尼说，觉得还是晚点再说细节。除此之外，这几乎就是真相了。“廖莎他……我们合作得不错。和他一起工作还是有点奇怪，但我不——恨这件事。”他耸耸肩，想知道为何听起来自己像是没说实话，“他是个很好的搭档。”  
  
"Good!" Edvin says, sounding faintly surprised but pleased. "Good, I expected to have to work with you fighting each other."

"I wouldn't have put you between us back then," Evgeni says, with a quick smile, and Edvin chuckles. "The routine will be much better once we have music, of course, but honestly - it's good. Between the two of us, well… I can't think of anyone who ever managed to challenge both of us.”

“不错啊！”埃德温说道，听上去有点惊讶但是很高兴，“太好了，我本来以为自己不得不看着你俩打起来。”

“我不会把你置于这种境地的，”叶甫根尼说，微微笑了一下，埃德温轻笑起来，“我们配上音乐后，节目会更棒的，当然了。但实事求是地说——节目就是很棒。我们两个的配合，好吧……我想不出还有谁能挑战我们。”  
  
auu should have skated pairs to begin with," Edvin says, and Evgeni manages to laugh with him, although it strikes a little too close to what Alexei said before. Edvin, at least, knows it's a laughing matter.

“看来你们两个应该一开始就配对双人滑，（感觉原文缺失，按意思来看就是这样）”埃德温说道，叶甫根尼配合地和他一起大笑，尽管这句话和阿列克谢说的话惊人地相似。埃德温，至少，是在开玩笑的。  
  
The others arrive just then, Tarasova with Alexei and Mishin trundling along behind them. Edvin places his hand on Evgeni's shoulder and stands up; Evgeni glances around to see Alexei walking toward them with his skates in hand, an odd look on his face. "Good morning, Zhenya," he says, glancing at Edvin. "Is this—?"

其他人这时也到场了，塔拉索娃和阿列克谢还有米申在他们后面逐渐都来了。埃德温把手放在叶甫根尼的肩头，站了起来；叶甫根尼用眼神扫了一圈，他看到阿列克谢手里提着冰鞋向他们走了过来，他的神情有些古怪。“早上好，热尼亚。”他说，瞥了一眼埃德温，“这位是——？”  
  
"Edvin Marton, our violinist," Evgeni says, wrapping his arm around Edvin's waist. "Edvin, Lyosha Yagudin.”

“埃德温 马顿，我们的小提琴家。”叶甫根尼说，手臂环上埃德温的腰（？？？！！！）。“埃德温，廖莎 亚古丁。”  
  
"Hello," Edvin says warmly, offering Alexei his hand. Evgeni watches as they shake hands, wondering what's going through his friend's mind; Evgeni has told him a few unpleasant things about Alexei, though nothing particularly damning. (Well, accusing Alexei of practicing voodoo was very damning, but Evgeni *was* a bit drunk when that came up. Edvin probably hadn't taken him seriously.) "Zhenya's told me all about you, Lyosha.”

“你好，”埃德温温和地说道，向阿列克谢伸出手。叶甫根尼看着他们握手，想知道他的朋友脑海中在想什么；叶甫根尼曾经向他抱怨过阿列克谢，尽管没说什么特别恶毒的。（好吧，控诉阿列克谢在练习巫术那是相当恶毒，但是叶甫根尼说话的时候已经有一点醉了。埃德温也许没把这话当真。）“热尼亚和我聊过你，廖莎。”  
  
Alexei, who's been looking slightly perturbed in spite of his smile, perks up at those words. "Really," he says, glancing over at Evgeni. "What did you—"

阿列克谢，尽管他在微笑，然而表情中带上了一些不安，这句话触动了他的神经。“真的，”他说，望向叶甫根尼。“你说了什么——”  
  
Evgeni clears his throat loudly enough to cut him off, looking away. "Well, Edvin, I told him that you're brilliant - so don't disappoint me.”

叶甫根尼大声地清了清喉咙，阻止他说下去，眼神移向一边，“那个，埃德温，我告诉他你很聪明——所以不要让我失望。”  
  
Edvin splutters a little and shoves him. Evgeni elbows him playfully in the gut (hard enough to make him double over, but Edvin never seems to mind) and gets up, giving Alexei room to sit down and put on his skates. "Did you sleep well, Lyosha?" Evgeni asks casually.

埃德温的话卡在喉咙里，推了他一把。叶甫根尼调皮地给了他一肘子，正中腰侧（力道足以让他翻个跟头了，但是埃德温大概永远不会在意），然后站了起来，给阿列克谢留出空间坐下穿冰鞋。“你睡得好吗，廖莎？”叶甫根尼随意地问道。  
  
"Mm. No dreams," Alexei says, looking down as he ties up the laces.

“嗯……不做梦了。”阿列克谢说，低下头系鞋带。  
  
"No dreams?" Edvin asks, softly curious. "Do dreams bother you?"  
“不做梦了？”埃德温问道，有点好奇，“做梦让你睡不好吗？”

"Lyosha's been dreaming about a beautiful blonde girl lately," Evgeni informs him, unable to resist a smirk.

“廖莎最近老是梦见一个美丽的金发女孩。”叶甫根尼告诉他，不能自制地露出嘲笑的表情。  
  
Edvin makes a knowing little *ahhh* sound and Evgeni could swear that Alexei is turning red, but he doesn't have a chance to look closely; Alexei turns away as soon as he stands up in his skates, and Evgeni heads out onto the ice after him. Edvin trots after them, humming a bit of the *Russian Dance*.

埃德温发出了一阵了然的“啊啊啊”的声音，叶甫根尼发誓阿列克谢脸红了，但是他没有机会仔细观察了；阿列克谢穿上冰鞋站起来后立刻跑远了，叶甫根尼跟着他走向了冰场。埃德温快步跟在两人后面，哼着一小段俄罗斯舞。  
  
With the strains of the violin ringing in his ears as Alexei takes his hands and they begin to gather speed for the first jump of the day, Evgeni realizes that it almost feels strange to have Edvin here. As much as he likes Edvin's company, he's gotten used to spending the mornings with Alexei alone. (Which is ridiculous. He needs to see other people or he'll start thinking that Alexei is normal.) Maybe that's why Alexei is so quiet while they rehearse that morning, although Evgeni can't help but think that something else is off, too. Alexei’s been in a strange mood for weeks.

小提琴的旋律在他耳中响起，阿列克谢执起他的手，他们开始一起为今天的第一个跳跃提速。叶甫根尼意识到埃德温在这儿让他有点不自在。尽管他喜欢埃德温的陪伴，他已经习惯了和阿列克谢单独度过早晨。（这很荒唐。他需要和其他人交往，不然他会开始觉得阿列克谢是个正常人。）也许这就是阿列克谢那天早上排练时无比安静的原因，尽管叶甫根尼情不自禁地觉得还有什么别的原因。阿列克谢几周以来的情绪都非常反常。  
  
Evgeni can’t deny that it bothers him - and why shouldn’t it, Alexei is his partner, after all. But even so, he manages to put it all out of his mind when Edvin starts to play; from the sidelines of the rink comes a slow, beautiful approximation of the music and gradually their skating begins to fall into rhythm with the strokes of the violin. For a while, all that matters is that the music doesn’t stop and Alexei doesn’t let go.

叶甫根尼不能否认这件事也让他烦恼——为什么不呢，阿列克谢毕竟是他的搭档。但是尽管如此，在埃德温开始演奏时，他还是做到了把这些抛之脑后；场边传来了悠扬悦耳的音乐声，随着琴弦的颤动，他们逐渐融入了节奏。有片刻，叶甫根尼只觉得音乐不会休止，阿列克谢的手不会放开。

Tarasova pulls Alexei away to talk about something as soon as they take a break - and Evgeni pretends not to notice the longing look Alexei tosses over his shoulder as he's being towed off - but Mishin is busy with the choreographer and so Evgeni and Edvin are left to talk, perched in chairs next to the barrier around the rink.

一到休息时间，塔拉索娃就把阿列克谢拉走去说些什么——叶甫根尼假装没有注意到阿列克谢被拖走时越过他的肩膀抛来的探究的眼神——但是米申忙着和编舞师讨论，只剩叶甫根尼和埃德温，他们靠在冰场围栏旁的椅子里说这话。

punt's a beautiful program," Edvin says, smiling absently while Evgeni gulps down water. "If I didn't know better, Zhenya, I'd say you'd been doing this for years.”

“这个节目很美。”埃德温心不在焉地笑道，叶甫根尼正大口地吞着水，“如果不是我知道，热尼亚，我会觉得你这行已经干了好几年了。”  
  
"Thanks," Evgeni says, wiping his mouth on the back of his hand. Edvin's flattering him; it's obvious to anyone with eyes that they haven't been doing this for very long. They can't be doing much worse than the other teams, however, and Evgeni imagines that most of the other teams aren't attempting quads. (Cowards.) "Actually, Lyosha's better at it than I expected. He hasn't dropped me yet.”

“谢谢。”叶甫根尼说，用手背擦了擦嘴。埃德温在恭维他；每一个有眼睛的人都看得出他们没有磨合多久。然而他们也不会比别的组合差多少，叶甫根尼想了一下，大部分其他组合都不会去尝试四周。（胆小鬼。注二，可怜的雷花组合。。。哈哈哈哈哈）“实际上，廖莎比我预计的要好。他没有摔过我。”  
  
"That is good," Edvin muses. Evgeni glances at him. "From everything you've told me about him, I expected the worst. I kept thinking you'd call me from the hospital.”

“这很好。”埃德温思索着说。叶甫根尼看了他一眼。“根据你对他的描述，我已经做好最坏的打算了。我都做好你从医院给我打电话的准备了。”  
  
Evgeni snorts. "I still can't believe I'm letting him throw me," he says, combing his fingers through his hair. "But really, if I'm being fair, he's not as bad as he used to be. We're almost friends, I suppose."  
叶甫根尼哼了一声。“我还是不敢相信我允许他抛我了。”他说，用手指梳了一下头发。“但说真的，公平地说，他没有以前那么糟糕了。我想我们几乎都是朋友了。”

"Almost friends?" Edvin asks, amused. "How can you be almost friends?”

“几乎都是朋友了？”埃德温问道，被逗笑了，“什么叫几乎是朋友？”  
  
"I--" Evgeni shrugs, averting his eyes. "Fine, we're just friends. But not good friends.”

“我——”叶甫根尼耸耸肩，移开了眼神，“好吧，我们就是朋友。但不是好朋友。”  
  
"Of course. Bad friends." Evgeni pinches the bridge of his nose and laughs. "Zhen… you're tense." Edvin knows, of course. Edvin always knows. Evgeni shrugs again, but Edvin doesn't let him just brush it off; he reaches over and places a hand on Evgeni's shoulder, massaging it gently. Evgeni can't help it, he melts, bowing his head with a contented sigh. *Violinist's hands*, he thinks, as Edvin shifts closer and begins kneading some of the tension out of his back.  
“当然当然，是坏朋友。”埃德温抬手拧了一下他的鼻梁，大笑起来。“热尼亚……你很紧张。”埃德温懂他。当然了，埃德温总是懂他的。叶甫根尼又耸了耸肩，但是埃德温没有罢休；他靠了过来，一只手放在叶甫根尼的肩头，轻轻地按摩起来。叶甫根尼发出了一声舒服的叹息，**拉小提琴的手**，他想到，埃德温靠得更近了，开始揉捏他绷得很紧的背部。

"Thank you," Evgeni mumbles, his head drooping a little as Edvin massages his neck. "It's good to have you here, Edvin."  
“谢谢你。”叶甫根尼呢喃道，埃德温按摩他的脖子时他垂下了脑袋。“有你在这里真好，埃德温。”

"Mm." Edvin hums a few bars of their music thoughtfully, still rubbing Evgeni's back. "So, Zhenya, do you like him?”

“嗯。”埃德温一边若有所思地哼唱着节目音乐的几个段落，一边仍按摩着叶甫根尼的背部。“所以，热尼亚，你喜欢他吗？”  
  
Evgeni blinks his eyes open, throwing Edvin a reproachful look. “What?"

叶甫根尼倏地睁开双眼，责备地看向埃德温，“什么？”  
  
"You're friends. Does that mean you like him?”

“你们是朋友。这是不是说明你喜欢他？”  
  
"That's why I said we're *almost* friends. I don't know if I like him.”

“这就是我说我们**几乎是朋友**的原因。我不知道我喜不喜欢他。”  
  
Edvin *hmms* again. Evgeni raises his eyebrows at him. "Well, what do you like about him, then?”

埃德温又迟疑了一会儿，叶甫根尼对他挑起了眉毛，“好吧，那么，你喜欢他哪里？”  
  
There's a brief silence. Evgeni ducks his head, thinking about it. "He works hard," he admits. "He doesn't get tired. He cares about the program, and like I said, he's good enough not to drop me." He hesitates, and Edvin seems to know there's more that he hasn't said; he just nods and waits for him to continue, watching him, idly stroking Evgeni's back. "… Most of the time, I like talking to him. He's - … warmer than he used to be. He's good company. I think he *wants* to be friends, at least.”

短暂的沉默。叶甫根尼低下头，思索着这个问题。“他训练刻苦，”他承认道，“永不疲倦。他很重视节目，像我说的那样，他有能力不会摔下我。”他犹豫了一会儿，埃德温看起来知道自己还有很多没说；他只是点着头看着他，等着他继续，仍然四处敲打着叶甫根尼的背部。“……大部分时间，我喜欢和他说话。他……比以前要友好很多。他是个不错的伙伴。我想他至少，**想要**和我当朋友。”  
  
"It sounds like you like him well enough," Edvin murmurs. "He wants to?”

“听起来你相当喜欢他，”埃德温咕哝道，“他**想要**？”  
  
"Mm. He's taken me out to eat a few times." Evgeni rests his forehead on his knees; his voice comes out a bit muffled. "He even paid for dinner, not that he needed to.”

“嗯。他带我出去吃过几次饭。”叶甫根尼把前额抵在了膝盖上；他的声音因此变得有些模糊。“他甚至还请客了，其实没必要的。”  
  
"*Oh,*" Edvin says. His voice sounds strange, sort of concerned and knowing and confused all at once.

“噢，”埃德温说道。他的声音听起来有点变调，似乎一时间明白了什么，又是关切，又是困惑。  
  
Evgeni raises his head. “What?"

叶甫根尼抬起了头，“怎么了？”  
  
"Nothing, look - here's Lyosha now." Edvin's hands slip off his back and Evgeni straightens up, stretching his arms above his head as he looks over.

“没事，看——廖莎过来了。”埃德温的手滑下他的背部，叶甫根尼直起了身，看过去的同时伸了个懒腰。  
  
Alexei walks up beside him, giving Edvin an odd look as he does; he hovers next to Evgeni despite the fact that the nearest empty chair is next to Edvin. "Hello," Evgeni says mildly, looking up at him. He can't shake the feeling that he's in the middle of something.

阿列克谢走到他身边，带着古怪的神情看了埃德温一眼；他在叶甫根尼旁边踌躇着，无视离他最近的椅子就在埃德温旁边。“你好。”埃德温平和地说道，向他抬起头。他有种挥之不去的自己插在了什么中间的感觉。  
  
"Hello," Alexei says, sparing him a quick smile. "Edvin - how do you like our program so far?”

“你好。”阿列克谢说，微微笑了一下，“埃德温——你目前为止觉得我们的节目如何？”  
  
"I was just telling Zhenya that it's beautiful," Edvin says, grinning and giving the seat beside him an inviting pat. Alexei reluctantly goes and sits down. "You skate so wonderfully together already.”

“我刚刚还在和热尼亚说节目很美。”埃德温说道，露出微笑，邀请地拍了拍自己旁边的椅子。阿列克谢不情愿地走过去坐下。“你们已经合得很棒了。”  
  
There's that strange tone in Edvin's voice again, Evgeni notices. Whatever it is, it makes Alexei smile.

"Thank you," Alexei says, looking at Edvin with newfound warmth. "I couldn't ask for a better partner."  
埃德温的声音又出现了那种变调，叶甫根尼察觉到。无论是什么原因，阿列克谢笑了。

“谢谢你。”阿列克谢说，看着埃德温的目光有了新的暖意。“我不能要求有一个更好的搭档了。”

"Yes you could," Evgeni says flatly.

“你能。”叶甫根尼抢白。  
  
Alexei raises his eyebrows and smiles over at him. "No. I couldn’t."

阿列克谢抬起了眉毛，微笑笼罩着他的脸庞，“不，我不能。”  
  
Edvin clears his throat. "Well, excuse me - I think one of my strings is a little flat, I'd better re-tune it before we start up again." And before Evgeni can argue or offer to go with him, he gets to his feet and wanders off around the edge of the rink, his violin case under his arm.

埃德温清了清喉咙。“好吧，请原谅——我觉得我有一根琴弦音调偏低了，我最好在开始前去调一下音。”在叶甫根尼能开口分辩或是要求和他一起去之前，他站了起来，夹着小提琴盒沿着冰场快步走远了。  
  
While Evgeni's still staring incredulously at his retreating back, Alexei sidles into Edvin's empty seat and rests his forearm on Evgeni's shoulder. "See? I'm not the only one who thinks we should have skated pairs—"

当叶甫根尼仍然难以置信地瞪着这个出卖自己的背影时，阿列克谢挪进了埃德温的空位里，把前臂搭在叶甫根尼的肩头。“看到没？我不是唯一一个觉得咱们应该搭档双人滑的——”  
  
"Oh, shut up," Evgeni huffs, leaning back in his chair but not exactly dislodging Alexei's arm. "We skate well together *now*. I would have killed you back then.”

“噢，闭嘴。”叶甫根尼怒气冲冲地说，往椅子上一靠，但他没有拨开阿列克谢的胳膊。“我们**现在**滑得很好。这阵子过了我会杀了你。”  
  
… He has a vague feeling that he's just admitted something, but he's not entirely sure what.

……他有一种自己刚才隐约承认了什么的感觉，但他不太清楚承认了什么。  
  
"So you wouldn't kill me now?" Alexei asks.

“所以你现在不会杀了我？”阿列克谢问道。  
  
Oh. That.

噢。这个。  
  
Evgeni can see Alexei grinning out of the corner of his eye, but if he turns to look they're going to be much too... close. "If I wouldn't let you die of the common cold, what makes you think I'd kill you?”

叶甫根尼能看到阿列克谢的微笑从眼角漾开，但是如果他转头，会发现他们现在太……近了。“我都不想让你死于普通感冒了，你为什么觉得我会杀了你？”  
  
"I take it that's a *no*," Alexei says, leaning heavily on his shoulder. Evgeni can't decide if he wants more to punch him or to

“我把这个回答当成’不会’。”阿列克谢说，重重地靠在他的肩上。叶甫根尼没有想好自己是想打他一拳还是  
  
… to something else.

……还是别的什么。  
  
(… And he's not following this train of thought any further.)

（……他决定不再让思绪继续深入了。）  
  
"That's a no," Evgeni agrees reluctantly, rubbing his head. Somewhere across the room, Edvin begins to play. Alexei stays leaning on him, and Evgeni finds that it's actually sort of comfortable, if… strange.

“对，不会。”叶甫根尼不情愿地同意了，揉着自己的头发。房间的另一处，埃德温开始演奏了。阿列克谢仍然靠在他身上，叶甫根尼发现这实际上有点惬意，是不是……太奇怪了。  
  
"Zhen," Alexei says softly, and Evgeni jumps a little because his voice is practically right in his ear. If he focuses, he can just feel the kiss of Alexei's breath on his skin. "Do you think you'd ever do this again?”

“热尼，”阿列克谢轻柔地喊道，叶甫根尼差点跳了起来，因为这个声音正正落在自己耳边。如果他注意力集中，他可以感觉到阿列克谢的呼吸正吻着自己的皮肤。“你觉得你还会做这事吗？”

bino what?" Evgeni asks blankly, distracted. He can't quite think.  
“做什么？”叶甫根尼茫然地问，精神涣散。他无法思考。

"Skate pairs with me.”

“和我滑双人。”  
  
Evgeni turns his head without thinking and almost knocks his head against Alexei's; Alexei leans back a little, but stays very close, his eyes open and soft and intent. Evgeni finds it hard to breathe.

叶甫根尼来不及思考便转过头，差点和阿列克谢头撞头；阿列克谢往后靠了一些，但还是离得很近，他的眼神坦诚，又温柔又热切地注视着他。叶甫根尼觉得呼吸困难。  
  
"Maybe," he manages to say, after a moment of staring and trying not to stumble over his own tongue. He's vaguely aware that his face is turning red, although he's too distracted to care. "Don't you think we should finish this competition first, before we start talking about another one? After all, we can still lose—"

“大概，”在对视了一会儿后，他费力地说道，尽力不要让舌头打结。他隐约觉得自己的脸红了，尽管他根本没法分神去在意这些。“你不觉得我们在讨论下一次合作前，应该先完成这次比赛？毕竟，我们还是有可能会输——”  
  
"I don't mean competition," Alexei says, with a little flicker of a smile. "I mean shows, or - or even just for fun. Just skating, not competing. What do you say?”

“我不是说比赛。”阿列克谢说，带着一丝微笑，“我是说演出，或者——或者就是玩一玩。只是滑冰，无关比赛。你觉得呢？”  
  
The answer in his mind is yes. Evgeni bites his tongue and tries to look away from Alexei's eyes - not quite managing it - because he can feel his face flushing red. Of course, looking away doesn't keep Alexei from seeing it. (And it doesn't keep Evgeni from seeing Alexei's smirk.) "… Let's win gold first. Then we can talk about other things.”

他心里已经同意了。叶甫根尼咬着自己的舌尖，试图不去看阿列克谢的眼睛——不是太成功——因为他能感受到自己的脸已经通红。当然，他不去看阿列克谢不代表阿列克谢也不看他。（这也不能阻止叶甫根尼看到阿列克谢调笑的表情。）“……我们先把金牌赢下来。然后再说别的事。”  
  
Alexei shrugs, still watching him, still smiling. Evgeni looks down at his knees and swallows nervously, an unfamiliar feeling flitting about in the pit of his stomach. His cheeks are*burning*, and he doesn't know why. He doesn't want to think about why. And why isn't Alexei teasing him?

阿列克谢耸耸肩，仍然注视着他，仍然笑着。叶甫根尼低头看着自己的膝盖，紧张地吞着口水，一种陌生的感觉在胃里四处轻掠（注二）。他的脸颊已经**发烧**了，他不知道为什么。他不想知道为什么。以及阿列克谢居然没有调戏他？  
  
He's saved a moment later when Mishin calls, "Zhenya! Lyosha!" from the ice and Alexei hops to his feet, ruffling Evgeni's hair as he walks to the edge of the rink.

米申来喊他时，他没有立即起身。“热尼亚！廖莎！”声音从冰场传来，阿列克谢一跃而起，当他走向冰场时，顺手揉乱了叶甫根尼的头发。  
  
Edvin wanders up beside him, his violin under his arm, and pats him on the shoulder. "That looked friendly," he observes, his eyebrows raised. "You must like him after all, Zhen.”

埃德温站到他身边，胳膊下夹着小提琴，拍了拍他的肩膀。“你们看起来和谐友爱。”他观察道，扬起了眉毛。“你看来到底是喜欢他的，热尼。”  
  
If Edvin weren't carrying a million-dollar violin, Evgeni would kick him.

如果埃德温不是提着价值百万的小提琴，叶甫根尼会踢他。

They work tirelessly the rest of the day, weaving their program together, going over the steps again and again to different strokes of the violin. It's exhausting work, but satisfying. By the time they call it quits, Evgeni has almost managed to forget about how odd Edvin and Alexei are being.

他们干劲十足地完成了接下来的训练，串联起节目，在不同的琴声中一遍遍练习着步伐。训练强度令人精疲力竭，但是效果令人满意。当他们离开时，叶甫根尼几乎忘了埃德温和阿列克谢的表现有多古怪了。  
  
Until they step off the ice, at least.  
至少，在他们下冰前。

注一，可怜的雷花组合。。。哈哈哈哈哈

注二：胃里有蝴蝶在飞——butterflies in stomach 西方俗语里恋爱的感觉，如我辈言“小鹿乱撞”，热尼亚不要刻意避开这个形容啊

当中一段果普的嫌疑是怎么回事？虽然以后文芒果的懂事程度而言，显然是我小人之心，但是吾犹如此，熊何以堪啊。不得不说，多少次了，气氛那么好，普都是任君采撷的模样了（……），还是什么都没做，这是怎么地？拍案！