They glide into position again, and this time Evgeni clenches his hands and forces his mind blank as Alexei's chest brushes against his back, Alexei holds him and their skates move in perfect time, gathering speed. Alexei's hands tense on his waist the moment before he throws him, and Evgeni is high and alone in the air.

他们又滑到了位置上，这一次叶甫根尼握住了拳头，强迫自己在后背触到阿列克谢的胸膛时头脑放空。阿列克谢拥着他，他们完美地滑行，加速。在把叶甫根尼抛起前，阿列克谢在他腰上的手紧了一紧，然后叶甫根尼便一个人高高地冲向了空中。  
  
*Perfect*, he thinks, a moment before he even touches down.

**完美**，他甚至在落地前就下了评语。  
  
He holds the landing out for longer than he needs to, relishing the feeling that he couldn't have done it better. Alexei grins at him as he skates over, giving him the thumbs-up, and Evgeni smiles before he can stop himself.

他延长了些许落地的时间，为了回味这种之前从未做到过的感觉。阿列克谢微笑着向他滑来，竖起了拇指，叶甫根尼不自禁地也笑了。  
  
*Don't think about it. Just skate.*  
**别去想，滑就好。**

The memories keep lingering in the back of his mind all day, even as they practice the spirals over and over, but somehow they've become easier to ignore. They aren't like they were before, Evgeni thinks. He doesn't know what kind of partners they are, but it's different - the feeling in the air between them, it's softer.

一整天，即使他们一遍遍地练习着螺旋线，那些回忆仍然在叶甫根尼的脑海中挥之不去，还好无论如何，无视它们还是容易了一些。他们和之前不同了，叶甫根尼想，他不知道他们算是什么样的搭档，但是不同了——他们相处的氛围，柔和了一些。  
  
Alexei throws him, higher than he could possibly go alone, and doesn't want him to fall.

阿列克谢把他抛得比自己单独跳的似乎要更高的抛掷能让他飞到单跳不可能触及的高度，他还不希望自己摔倒。  
  
At the end of the day, Evgeni's limbs are starting to feel leaden and he and Alexei more or less slump off the ice together, breathing hard, Alexei's hand lingering pointlessly on his shoulder. Mishin pats him on the arm as soon as they step onto the shoulder of the rink, handing him his skate guards; Tarasova pulls Alexei away to talk about something, and Mishin says gruffly, "Today was much better.”

那天结束时，叶甫根尼的四肢开始变得沉重了，他和阿列克谢多少都在冰面上萎靡了起来，费力地呼吸着，阿列克谢的手毫无意义地在他肩头流连。他们一来到场边，米申就在叶甫根尼肩上拍了拍，把冰刀套递给他；塔拉索娃把阿列克谢拉走说话去了。米申简单直接地说，“今天好多了。”  
  
"I know," Evgeni says, sucking in a deep breath. He's so tired he can barely smile, and all he can think about is going back to his apartment and falling into bed, but he feels lighter all the same. A good day's work, he thinks; the routine will take shape soon. Alexei was right, after all, they just have to work together.

“我知道，”叶甫根尼说，做着深呼吸。他累得几乎都不能微笑了，满脑子只想着回到公寓一头倒到床上，但同时也轻松了许多。今天成效不错，他想着，节目就要成型了，阿列克谢是对的，毕竟他们只需要在一起合作而已。  
  
Mishin *humphs* faintly, and Evgeni looks over, wiping his bangs out of his face. "You're working better with *him*.”

米申轻哼了一声，叶甫根尼把刘海拨到一边，望向他。“你和**他**相处得好多了。”（注一）  
  
"I have to," Evgeni says, and grins at him wearily until a flicker of a smile appears on his coach's face.

“我没有选择。”叶甫根尼说，直到一丝微笑浮现在他的教练脸上，才疲倦地笑了笑。  
  
--  
  
"You know," Alexei says thoughtfully, "We should have done this a long time ago.”

“我说啊，”阿列克谢斟酌着说，“我们早就该这么干了。”  
  
Evgeni looks up from dragging off his skates and raises his eyebrows. Alexei smirks, shaking his head. "We should have done pairs from the start. Just imagine, if we had more time to practice this—“

叶甫根尼正在脱着冰鞋，闻言后抬头挑起了眉毛。阿列克谢晃着头傻笑着，“我们一开始就应该滑双人。想象一下，如果我们有更多时间练习——”

Evgeni laughs, glancing back down at the laces and rolling his shoulders with a smile. He doesn't realize until the silence in the room becomes uncomfortable that Alexei isn't joking. When Evgeni looks over again, Alexei is staring at the opposite wall, his elbows on his knees, a tight smile on his lips. "What," Evgeni asks, unable to keep the disbelief out of his voice, "you really think we’d-"

叶甫根尼笑出声来，视线落回到鞋带上，笑得肩膀都一晃一晃的。他没意识到阿列克谢并不是在开玩笑，直到房间里的沉默变得尴尬起来。当叶甫根尼再度看过去的时候，阿列克谢正盯着对面的墙壁，胳膊肘撑着膝盖，唇边的笑意也绷紧了。“干嘛？”叶甫根尼问道，声音里是克制不住的不敢相信，“你真的觉得我们——”  
  
"We could have been fantastic," Alexei says. "At the last Olympics. Just *think*, Zhenya.”

“我们本来可以无敌的，”阿列克谢说，“在上一届奥运会上，想象一下啊，热尼亚。”   
The back of Evgeni's neck prickles uncomfortably as he remembers his dream; he runs his fingers through his hair and looks away, tucking his skates to one side.

叶甫根尼的后颈一下像是给什么刺痛了，他想起了那个梦（注二）；他用手指捋了一下头发，看向了别处，把冰鞋塞到一边。  
  
Alexei begins, "We could have both—"

阿列克谢又开口了，“我们本来可以都——”(熊真的是认真的么? 滑联的规则里没有规定双人的性别？不要告诉我他也看了荣耀之刃哈哈哈哈)  
  
  
"No." Evgeni manages another laugh, but it sounds false even to his ears, tense and strange. "No. I never would have." *Sometimes it feels like we were born fighting.*

*“不行的。”叶甫根尼让自己又笑了一次，但这笑声即使是自己听起来都紧张突兀得刺耳。“不行的。我是永远不行的。”有时候他们好像天生就要作对（他们就是为了成为对手而生的？）。*  
  
"No," Alexei agrees, after a moment. Evgeni doesn't realize he's watching Alexei out of the corner of his eye until Alexei shrugs and swallows hard, getting to his feet. "No, I wouldn't have either. You're right. Zhenya—"

“是啊。”阿列克谢过了一会附议。叶甫根尼没意识到自己一直用余光瞥着阿列克谢，直到他耸了耸肩，像是抑制住了什么，站了起来。“是啊，我也不行的。你是对的，热尼亚——”  
  
He doesn't go on, so Evgeni prompts, “Yes?"

他没再说下去，所以叶甫根尼接口，“然后？”  
  
"We're working together already," Alexei says. "I know. Today, we--the spirals were great, weren't they?”

“我们已经在一起合作了，”阿列克谢说，“我知道。今天我们把螺旋线练得很好，是吧？”  
  
"… Yes," Evgeni agrees, looking at him oddly.

“……对，”叶甫根尼说，奇怪地看着他。  
  
"Right," Alexei says, and clears his throat. "We don't need it, of course. But it couldn't hurt to - if you want to get dinner again.”

“好，”阿列克谢说道，然后清了清喉咙。“我们当然没必要这样，不过应该也没关系——如果你想再一起吃顿饭的话。”  
  
Evgeni waits, but Alexei actually appears to be giving him a *choice* this time.

叶甫根尼等着下一句，然而这次阿列克谢显然是**给了他选择的机会 (可以说不的机会，笑)**。  
  
He almost says no. But he thinks about it.

他几乎就要说不了，但他考虑了一下。  
  
"Fine," he says at last, and gathers up his things so he won't have to see Alexei smile. "But this time, I'll pay."

[[hey guys! I just found out that I have to go out of town for several days, and I might not be able to post. :( I'll try to post if I can snag any internet connection… if I can't, I'll be back with a bunch more in about a week, hopefully shorter! Thank you sfm for all your support! <3333]]  
“好吧，”他最终说到，开始收拾东西，这样就不用看阿列克谢的笑了。“但这次我请客。”

They have a day off a few weeks later; Evgeni had planned to spend it relaxing anyway, and while dinner with Alexei isn't the most relaxing thing he can think of, somehow it isn't the most unpleasant either. He almost looks forward to it, if only for the meal.

几周后他们有了一天的假；叶甫根尼本来计划要放松一天，虽然和阿列克谢吃饭算不得什么放松的活动，然而倒也不是什么最不开心的事情。他几乎就有点期待了，如果仅仅只是吃饭。  
  
He can't argue that Alexei isn't good company, as the days go on. It's strange. They find more to talk about the more time they spend together, during breaks or for a few minutes after training; the only thing they don't talk about is their days as rivals. They talk about skating, about the next generation, about politics and sports and the choreography for their program; they talk about their rivals, Lysacek and Weir and all the others. Things are just falling into place, Evgeni thinks. They're working together, and that's all that matters.

相处久了，他不能指责阿列克谢不是个好伙伴。这太奇怪了。他们在休息期间或者训练后一起呆的时间越长，找到的共同话题越多；他们唯一避开的话题是彼此竞争的时期。他们谈论花滑，谈论下一代，谈论政治还有节目的编舞；他们谈论对手，雷萨切克和威尔，还有其他人。事情走上了正轨，叶甫根尼想，他们在一起合作，如此而已。  
  
Evgeni doesn't sleep in on his day off; he can't, he's too used to waking up early for practice. But he lies in bed for a delicious hour or so, flicking through channels on the TV, before finally dragging himself up when the growls of his stomach become too loud to ignore. He spends until about noon reading the paper, watching TV, and thinking absently about choreography.

叶甫根尼在假期里没有睡懒觉，他已经习惯了为了训练早起，睡不着。不过他在床上惬意地磨蹭了一个小时，来回换着电视频道，直到最后胃里的抗议声实在太响，他不得不把自己从床上拖了起来。他看报纸，看电视一直到中午，完全没有去想节目。  
  
At about noon, his cell phone rings.

快中午的时候，他的手机响了。  
  
He glances at it. An unfamiliar number, and he doesn't feel energized enough to prank whoever's calling him by mistake, so he lets it ring and ring until it turns off. But a few minutes later, the same number calls back, and after frowning suspiciously at the display, Evgeni cautiously picks up.

他看了一眼，陌生号码，他懒得去接打错了的电话，所以他就让手机一直响到挂机。但是过了几分钟，相同的号码又打来了，叶甫根尼皱着眉研究了一会儿显示屏，小心地接了电话。  
  
“Hello?"

“喂？”  
  
"Zhenya?" a familiar voice croaks.

“热尼亚？”一个熟悉的声音沙哑地说道。  
  
"… Lyosha?" Evgeni asks, bemused.

“……廖莎？”叶甫根尼怔了怔。  
  
"Yes," Alexei agrees. His voice sounds slightly strangled, nasal. "I think I’m--"

“是我，”阿列克谢说，他的声音听起来有点像是鼻子塞住了，“我觉的我——”  
  
"How did you get my number?" Evgeni interrupts.

“你怎么会有我的号码？”叶甫根尼打断了他。  
  
"From the coordinator at the rink. I tried calling your old number, but you changed phones.”

“冰场的协调员（？应该是前文也提到过的协调员，协调他们两个组的）给我的。我打过你以前的号码，但是你换号了。”  
  
"Years ago," he agrees, and starts to say something else only to be interrupted by an awful hacking cough from the other line, "Lyosha, are you all right?”

“换了好几年了，”他说，想说什么却被对面传来的一阵剧烈的咳嗽打断了，“廖莎,你还好吗？”  
  
"Sick," Alexei mumbles. Evgeni hears him sniff damply. "Look. I'm sorry. If we go another time, I'll pay to make up for it—"

“病了，”阿列克谢咕哝着，叶甫根尼听到他吸着鼻子。“你看，对不起。如果我们换个时间去，我会请客补偿——”  
  
Evgeni blinks at the ceiling. “What?"

叶甫根尼对着天花板眨眼，“什么？”  
  
"--if we ever have another day off, which I won't count on. Now, sorry, I have to call my coach—"

“——如果我们还能有一天假的话，虽然我也不指望了。真的对不起，我要打给教练——”  
  
"*Lyosha*." Mercifully, Alexei shuts up. Evgeni pauses to collect his thoughts, frowning. "… Where are you staying?”

“**廖莎**，”谢天谢地，阿列克谢闭嘴了。叶甫根尼皱着眉，停顿了一下来整理思绪，“……你现在在哪里？”  
  
"The apartment building with the lion statues out in front," Alexei says haltingly. “But--"

“门口有狮子雕像的公寓，”阿列克谢犹豫地说，“但是——”  
  
"I'll buy something and bring it over. Which room?”

“我买点东西过来。哪间？”  
  
"4C," Alexei says, “but--"

“4C,”阿列克谢说，“但是——”  
  
"What do you want to eat?”

“你想吃什么？”  
  
"Something easy on the stomach. But *Zhenya*—"

“容易消化的，但是热尼亚——”  
  
"Fine, I'll find something. Soup?”

“行，我会看看的。汤？”  
  
"That sounds good. But you shouldn't come, not while I’m--"

“听起来不错。但是你不用过来的，现在我——”  
  
"Yes," Evgeni says, "I know," and hangs up.

“对，”叶甫根尼说，“我知道。”然后他挂了。  
  
Half an hour later, he rings Alexei's doorbell. It takes Alexei a little while to answer; Evgeni swings the plastic take-out bag from his hand idly while he's waiting, listening to Alexei bump around the room inside. Finally, the door is pulled open, and Evgeni can't help but frown. Alexei looks, to put it nicely, like *death*.

半个小时后，他按了阿列克谢家的门铃。阿列克谢过了好一会儿才来应门；叶甫根尼在等待时无所事事地转着手上的塑料袋，听着阿列克谢在屋里跌跌撞撞。最终，门打开了，叶甫根尼不由得蹙起了眉，阿列克谢看上去，委婉地说，快死了。  
  
"Zhenya," Alexei says, "Hello," and he's sort of beaming. It doesn't help much, though, because his eyes are bloodshot, his hair is a bedraggled mess, and he's horribly pale; his voice sounds raw. Evgeni stares hard at him for a moment, and then takes him by the arm and steers him wordlessly back through the apartment until he finds the bed.

“热尼亚，”阿列克谢说，“你好啊，”他似乎面露喜色。虽然他的状态并没有因此好多少，因为他的眼睛充着血，头发乱七八糟，脸色苍白得可怕，声音也干涩。叶甫根尼盯着他看了好一会儿，一语不发地扶着他的胳膊走进去，领着他直到床前。  
  
"Hello," he says finally, once Alexei has at least sat down. "How are you feeling?”

“你好，”他最终说道，阿列克谢此时至少是坐下了，“你觉得怎么样？”  
  
Alexei sniffs, rubbing his head. "It could be worse.”

阿列克谢抽着鼻子，揉着脑袋，“还算没更糟。”  
  
"What does that mean?”

“那是什么意思？”  
  
"I feel terrible," Alexei admits, and sort of coughs a laugh.

“我觉得糟透了。”阿列克谢承认了，像是咳嗽似地笑了一声。  
  
"Eat this," Evgeni commands, pushing the take-out bag into his lap, and goes to find him something to drink.

“把这个吃了，”叶甫根尼命令道，把外卖袋子推到他的腿上，开始找东西给阿列克谢喝。  
  
"Thank you for coming," Alexei calls after him.

“谢谢你过来。”阿列克谢在他身后叫到。  
  
"*Eat*, Lyosha.”

“吃东西，廖莎。”  
  
Evgeni doesn't like the way his heart jumps whenever Alexei coughs.

Alexei is nestled in the covers by the time he gets back with a glass of water; the take-out container of soup is in his lap, and he's blowing gingerly on a spoonful of broth. Evgeni hasn't seen him look this vulnerable in years, with his ragged t-shirt and boxers and wretched hair… it almost makes him look younger.

但凡阿列克谢一咳嗽，叶甫根尼的心便跟着跳，他不喜欢这种感觉。

自从他去倒水回来，阿列克谢就一直窝在被子里；外卖盛汤的器皿放在他的腿上，他正小心翼翼地吹着一勺肉汤。叶甫根尼这些年来都没有见过他这么脆弱，穿着皱巴巴的 T恤和拳击短裤，头发也是一团糟……他看起来几乎小了好几岁。  
  
He sets the cup down on the beside table with a soft thump, and Alexei glances up at him with a small smile, sucking on his spoon. Evgeni's stomach does a curious little flip. "Is it good?" he asks.

他把杯子放在桌上，轻轻的一声响，阿列克谢笑着看了他一眼，吸着勺子。叶甫根尼的胃好奇地动了一下。“好喝吗？”他问。  
  
"I feel better already," Alexei says, leaning back on his pillows; Evgeni lingers beside him for a moment, and then goes to lean against the end of the bed, reminding himself not to get too close. Their coaches will be angry enough with one skater sick - Mishin will probably kill him if he finds out that Evgeni has been here at all, even if he doesn't catch Alexei's cold. "Are you going to stay?”

“我已经好多了。”阿列克谢说，向后靠到枕头上；叶甫根尼在他身边挪了一会儿，靠在了床尾，提醒自己别靠得太近。一个人病就够他们的教练发火的了——米申要是知道叶甫根尼来过这里，很可能会杀了他，即使他没有被传染也一样。“你要留在这里吗？”（这文里的米爹有点太可怕了吧？嗯，我明白，感冒不是重点，在某人身边才是重点。另外有个典故是谁说的如果都灵那次普没拿到金牌，米头会杀了他再自杀，但也就是当笑话啦。）  
  
Evgeni shrugs, looking away; he stares at the drapes covering Alexei's window without actually seeing them. "I could stay.”

叶甫根尼耸了耸肩，望向了别处，他把视线投向阿列克谢的窗帘，虽然实际上并没有在看什么，“我可以留在这里。”  
  
"Then I'll try to stay awake," Alexei says, straightening up a little and swallowing another spoonful of soup.

“那我就努力保持清醒，”阿列克谢说，坐直了一点，咽下了另一勺汤。  
  
"No." Evgeni frowns at him. "You should sleep. Sleep, after you've finished that - I'll stay anyway.”

“用不着。”叶甫根尼向他蹙起了眉，“你应该睡觉。睡一觉，等你喝完——我反正不会走。”  
  
"Really?" Alexei asks, looking incredulous and vaguely hopeful. "You don't have anything better to do?”

“真的？”阿列克谢问，看起来不太相信又有点期待，“你没有其他的事要做吗？”  
  
"We were going to go to dinner," Evgeni reminds him. "I - didn't plan anything else.”

“我们本来要去吃饭，”叶甫根尼提醒他，“我——没打算做其他事。”  
  
"Oh," Alexei says. He grins around his spoon, and Evgeni almost asks him what's so funny, but - for some reason, he feels like laughing, too.

“噢，”阿列克谢咬着勺子笑了，叶甫根尼几乎要问他什么事这么好笑，但是——出于某些原因，他，也很想笑。

注一：吐槽，“他”，都不直呼其名了，you-know-who？你懂的，你知道的，只有一个“他”。

注二：后颈刺痛，是脊椎的神经中枢的反应，刺激很大啊，神经中枢都直接感应了！

我想说，动不动就皱眉的热尼亚，还为廖莎心疼，让我想到：西施捧心。所有私下的皱眉我都翻译成蹙眉了，听上去少女心一点，哈哈。而且这一章这么主动，后文那么迟钝一定是自我防御！他在意得不得了……天，现实中亚普有这么过就好了，我无论如何都无法想象主动去照顾熊的普呢，好甜好甜！（对甜的看法已经被他俩带偏了很远很远）  
意大利的训练营，米兰，澳大利亚，美国的比赛，这两只小时候同房的时间其实很长的，那个阶段的影像也看不出“战斗”关系，熊那个经常吃坏肚子的体质，帮忙带点汤之类的还是能想象的吧，无根据，仅是推论想象。