Alexei is getting worried.

阿列克谢的烦恼开始了。  
  
Not for himself. No, true to his word he's feeling better within a few days; the cough goes away and he can feel his strength return, despite a few bruising falls in practice. He isn't worried about his skating. The routine is coming together and they're choosing music, starting to think about their exhibition program. The lifts are working out, although he's far more afraid of dropping Evgeni than he lets on, and his jumps are better than they used to be. Evgeni used to stand back and sneer when he fell in practice; now he helps him up, and sometimes he even brushes the ice from Alexei's back. Usually he calls him an idiot, but that's because he cares. Alexei hopes so, anyway.

并非为了他自己。不，说实话他这几天身体好多了；他渐渐地不咳嗽了，感觉力量又回到了身体里，除了训练中偶尔摔倒导致的淤青。他不是在为了滑冰而烦恼。节目逐渐成型，他们开始选音乐，计划答谢表演节目。托举问题已被攻克，虽然比起自己会托不稳，他更担心叶甫根尼会摔下去，他的跳跃也比以前进步了许多。以往他在训练中摔倒时，叶甫根尼就只是旁观着冷笑一声；现在他会扶自己起来，有时他甚至会替阿列克谢拍去后背上沾染的冰屑。他经常叫自己傻瓜，但那只是因为他在乎自己。无论如何，阿列克谢但愿如此。  
  
It's Evgeni that he worries about. He can't tell if they're getting along most of the time; Evgeni will be friendly and bright-eyed one day, and they'll practice until Alexei is ready to fall over from exhaustion (which he doesn't mind at all), and the next day he'll look exhausted and upset and barely look Alexei in the face.

他担心的是叶甫根尼。他们大部分时间都在一起，他不能告诉他（？他说不清这是怎么回事）。叶甫根尼有时一天都会对他很亲切，神采奕奕，他们一直训练到精疲力竭，阿列克谢几乎都作好虚脱倒地的准备了（虽然他完全不介意），然而第二天叶甫根尼就变得无精打采，情绪低落，只是空洞地看着阿列克谢的脸。  
  
It doesn't make sense. Evgeni doesn't snap at him much anymore, or yell, or scowl whenever Alexei has to touch him; sometimes on bad days he'll grumble about Alexei's inability to throw him properly, grumble about this competition in general, or react bizarrely to everything Alexei says, but it's different. All in all, they're partners now, or something like it.  
这完全没道理。叶甫根尼不再对他疾言厉色，在必须的身体接触时也不再蹙起眉头；有时进展不顺，他会抱怨阿列克谢没抛好，抱怨这见鬼的比赛，或者对阿列克谢说的一切都不给好脸色，但这都和以前不同。总而言之，他们现在是搭档，或者类似这种关系。

So there must be something else weighing on Evgeni's mind. Alexei worries that he isn't sleeping enough, because he always looks a little bit tired, and on bad days he'll come into practice yawning and doze off during their breaks. (With Evgeni asleep, Alexei finds himself at a loss for what to do. Most of the time he winds up stretching or pretending to read, all while watching Evgeni's chest rise and fall and noticing the dark lines under Evgeni's eyes.) He's sure that Evgeni doesn't eat enough, but that's normal for him. More than anything, Alexei's sure that something is bothering him, something personal that he won't even begin to talk to Alexei about.

所以一定有其他的事萦绕在叶甫根尼的心头。阿列克谢担心他睡眠不足，因为他看起来总是有点疲劳，状态不好的时候甚至在训练时会打呵欠，在休息时打起瞌睡。（叶甫根尼睡着的时候，阿列克谢发现自己都不知道要做什么。大部分情况下，他最终只是做一下拉伸，或者假装看书，实际上是在看着叶甫根尼胸膛的一起一伏发呆，他也无法不注意到叶甫根尼眼睛下浓重的黑眼圈。）他很确定叶甫根尼进食得太少，但那对他而言已是习惯。最重要的是，阿列克谢很确定有事情在困扰着叶甫根尼，非常私人的事，所以他根本不会向阿列克谢提起。  
  
It doesn't help Alexei's nerves, either, that he can't stop thinking about him even when he isn't worried. He keeps catching Evgeni looking at him, and he doesn't know why - he knows why he'd like Evgeni to be staring at him, but Evgeni keeps glaring at him whenever their eyes meet.

这个结论一点儿也没让阿列克谢轻松起来，他无法自控地想着他，并不全是出于担心。他他总是想捕捉到叶甫根尼看向自己的目光，不知道为什么——不，他知道为什么想让叶甫根尼凝视自己，但是每次视线相遇时，叶甫根尼只是瞪着他。  
  
It's not just that there's something between them. It's that there's a *lot* between them, and most of it is old rivalry and memories and *shit*. And Alexei wants there to be something else underneath it all, he wants it so much he can practically taste it, but every time Evgeni seems to be opening up to him… the next moment he's closed.

这不只是因为他们之间有些“什么”。实际上他们之间有**很多**“什么”，大部分是关于旧日敌对的糟心回忆。阿列克谢希望在那些表象之下，还有其他的“什么”，他太想挖掘出那些东西了，他几乎就要品尝到了。可是每当叶甫根尼看起来要向他打开心扉了……下一秒他立刻关上了。  
（这么多的“什么”，问题是除了那些面上的fighting以外你们还有“什么”没发生过？这时候还在纠结“什么”，我真的是吐槽无能了）  
The worst part is that he doesn't have time to think about it, not really. They're choosing the music for their programs, pulling the idea for the free skate together, and he's afraid to push things too far now. He can't stand the thought of Evgeni walking out on him.

最糟糕的是，他实际上没有时间来慢慢思考。他们在给节目选音乐，一起为自由滑出主意，他害怕自己想得太深。他无法承受叶甫根尼离他而去。  
  
So he tries not to think too much, at least not to daydream, and to focus his mind on the skating. It doesn't stop him from dreaming about him every night, waking up in the morning and having to put Evgeni out of his mind long enough to get out of bed.

所以他尽力不去想太多，至少在白天不去做梦，专注于滑冰。可是他每天晚上依然梦见他，然后每天早上再花很长的时间把叶甫根尼赶出脑海，否则他无法起床。  
  
Once, a few days after Evgeni tends to him while he's sick, it's too much - Alexei doesn't even know why, but he wants to hear his voice again, and calls him before he even gets up. The phone picks up on the third ring, and Evgeni's tired voice says, “Hello?"

有一次，在叶甫根尼来探病后的几天后，大概是越界了吧——阿列克谢不知道为什么，但他真的想再次听听他的声音，于是他等不及起床就给叶甫根尼打了电话。电话在响了三声后被接了起来，叶甫根尼疲惫的声音响起：“喂？”  
  
"Good morning," Alexei says.

“早上好。”阿列克谢说道。  
  
He hears a soft rustle of sheets, and the image of Evgeni sprawled out in bed to talk to him rises unbidden in his mind.*Damn it*. "Good morning," Evgeni says wearily. "You're up early again."

"Yes, well," Alexei says, and hesitates for a half a second, looking at the clock. It isn't that early, but the idea that he's just woken Evgeni up sends a spike of regret through him. "… I thought I'd catch you before you got up.”

他听到了床单轻柔的沙沙声，叶甫根尼躺在床上，四肢摊开着给他打电话的想象突然闯进了他的脑海。**该死。**“早上好，”叶甫根尼听起来很困。“你又早起了。”

“对，嗯，”阿列克谢说道，犹豫了半秒，看了眼时钟。现在没有那么早，但是“自己把叶甫根尼吵醒了”的想法像一支小小的钉子，钉着后悔穿过了他的神经。“……我还以为能抓到你没起床呢。”

"Mm. You caught me." Evgeni yawns and sighs into the microphone. "If I'm tired in practice today, it's *your* fault." But he doesn't sound annoyed. No more than he always does, anyway.

“嗯，你赢了。”叶甫根尼在话筒旁打了个呵欠，叹了口气。“如果今天我在训练里很累，就是**你**的错。”但是他听起来并不恼。至少比常日里平和。  
  
"I odianwoke you up a few minutes early," Alexei says, faintly amused. "Don't complain. Anyway, Zhenya, I--" And he realizes he has called Evgeni for no particular reason, just because he was half-asleep and needed to hear his voice again, and he's pretty sure Evgeni doesn't want to hear that. "I, uh - wanted to thank you.”

“我就比你早醒几分钟，（这个odianwoke是啥意思……我也不知道，难道拼写错误？）”阿列克谢说，暗暗有些好笑，“别抱怨了。无论如何，热尼亚，我——”他意识到他这个电话并没什么特别的理由，只是因为自己快睡着了想再听听他的声音，他很确定叶甫根尼不会想听到这种理由的，“我，呃——想要谢谢你。”  
  
Evgeni doesn't say anything for a moment. Alexei wonders if he's fallen asleep, but finally Evgeni mumbles, "Thank me for what?”

叶甫根尼有一阵什么都没说。阿列克谢想知道他是不是睡着了，然而最后叶甫根尼咕哝着说道，“谢我什么？”  
  
"For taking care of me the other day. I know I thanked you already--" Which is why it really isn't the best excuse he could have thought of. Damn it. "--but that, that was really…" He trails off. "You didn't have to do that. I didn't think you would.”

“谢谢你那天照顾我。我知道我之前谢过了——”这也是他目前借口的最大破绽，该死该死，“——但是，真的……”他拖长了语调，“你没必要那样做的。我没想到你会过来。”  
  
"It was nothing," Evgeni tries. “Just--"

“没什么，”叶甫根尼，“就——”  
  
"It wasn't nothing," Alexei says earnestly, going with the flow of the conversation. Such as it is. "I want to make it up to you." Which sounds less innocent to his ears than it probably does to Evgeni’s.

“不是没什么，”阿列克谢真诚地说，延续着对话，尽量自然。“我想要补偿你。”这话在自己听来可能比叶甫根尼听来的要动机不纯多了。  
  
"By waking me up early?" Evgeni demands, and all right, now he does sound a bit annoyed. Alexei blanches.

“你补偿我的方式就是一大早吵醒我？”叶甫根尼问道，显然，他现在听起来有点恼了。阿列克谢脸色白了。  
  
"I'm sorry. I, uh - couldn't sleep, and I thought of it just now—"

“对不起。我，呃——睡不着了，所以我想——”  
  
"You couldn't sleep?" He hears Evgeni shift again, and there's a curious undertone to his voice.

“你睡不着？”他听到叶甫根尼的语调上扬了，声音里很是有着好奇的意味。  
  
"No, I mean, I've been--" *Shit*. "I've been dreaming, that's all.”

“不是，我是说，我——”**靠**。“我做了梦，就是这样。”  
  
"Dreaming about what?" Evgeni asks.

“梦见了什么？”叶甫根尼问。  
  
Alexei's mind goes blank for a moment as he searches for anything to say, anything but the truth. "… Nothing interesting," he says at last, and laughs. It sounds false, even to his ears. “Anyway--"

阿列克谢想找点什么来说，只要不是真相，随便什么，可是他的大脑一片空白，“……没什么好玩的，”他最后笑着说道。即使是自己听起来也太假了，“我说——”  
  
"No, no, tell me." Evgeni sounds like he's smiling. Of course, making Alexei flustered would make him happy. "I'm curious, Lyosha.”

“不，不，告诉我。”叶甫根尼听起来在微笑。当然了，逼得阿列克谢慌里慌张的太让他愉快了，“我很好奇，廖莎。”  
  
"Nothing, it was just--" Alexei thinks frantically. *Anything but the truth*. "Just, you know - some girl.”

“没什么，就是——”阿列克谢快疯了，**只要不是真相，随便什么，**“就，那个——女孩子。”  
  
"Oh?" Now he's sure Evgeni is smirking, and Alexei would probably be able to focus a lot easier if he couldn't imagine Evgeni smirking up at him just like that-- "A beautiful girl?”

“哦？”现在他可以肯定叶甫根尼在嘲笑他了，也许阿列克谢不去想象这个画面的话他的注意力还能集中一点——“她漂亮吗？”  
  
"Yes, very beautiful." *Well, you look beautiful in a skirt, Zhenya*. "… Blonde.”

“是的，很漂亮。”**好吧，你穿着短裙时可美了，热尼亚。**“……金发美人。”  
  
"Oh, *blonde*," Evgeni purrs. "So, Lyosha, were you on a date with her?”

“噢，金发美人，”叶甫根尼呵呵地笑了起来，“所以，廖莎，你和她约会过？”  
  
"… Yes, sort of," Alexei says desperately. He needs to change the subject “Anyway--"

“……是啊，某种意义上，”阿列克谢绝望地说。他需要换个话题，“我说——”  
  
"Do you know this girl - in real life?" Evgeni says curiously. Alexei draws a nervous breath. Evgeni doesn't know, he can’t. He's just asking questions to be an ass, Alexei is sure, so he might as well tell half the truth.

“你认识那个女孩——在现实生活里？”叶甫根尼听起来很好奇。阿列克谢紧张地呼吸着。叶甫根尼不会知道的，他不可能知道。他只是随便问着一些混蛋问题，阿列克谢确定，所以，或许，他可以说出部分的真相。  
  
"Yes, I do," he says finally. "I've - spent some time with her before, actually.”

“对，认识，”他最后说道，“我——实际上，之前和她相处过一段时间在她身边很久了。”  
  
"You have a girlfriend, Lyosha? You never told me that." There's a strange note in Evgeni's voice. He sounds almost displeased. "All this time, and you never even mentioned it, but you're dreaming of her?”

“你有女朋友，廖莎？你从来没告诉过我。”叶甫根尼的声音里有些奇怪的东西。他听起来几乎有几分不悦，“这么久了，你连提都没提过，现在你说你梦见她了？”  
  
"She's not my girlfriend," Alexei says quickly. "Actually, she doesn't like me. We've only been on one date, but she made it clear, so—"

“她不是我的女朋友，”阿列克谢赶紧说，“实际上，她不喜欢我。我们只约会过一次，但是她的态度很明确，所以——”  
  
"Just one date?" Evgeni crows. "And you gave up? Lyosha! A guy like you—"

“才约会过一次？”叶甫根尼叫道，“然后你就放弃了？廖莎！像你这样的男人——”  
  
"I don't know how to ask," Alexei admits. He pauses. *If you only knew*. "Maybe you can tell me, Zhenya. If you had gone on a date with someone and you weren't sure if you liked them, how should they ask?”

“我不知道怎么开口，”阿列克谢承认。他停顿了一下。**你要是知道会怎么样**。“也许你能告诉我，热尼亚。如果你和某人约会了，你不确定自己喜不喜欢对方，对方应该怎么开口？”  
  
"You expect me to understand what some girl would want?" Evgeni asks laughingly. "Just ask, Lyosha. Who could refuse that?”

“你指望我能明白一个女孩会怎么想？”叶甫根尼笑了，“就直接问啊，廖莎。谁会拒绝？”  
  
*I'm sure you could*. "Right," Alexei says weakly. "Thank you, Zhenya. I - I have to get up.”

**我确定一定以及肯定你会拒绝的。**“说得也是，”阿列克谢听起来有气无力，“谢谢你，热尼亚。我——我要起床了。”  
  
"Fine, go and get up." Evgeni laughs in his ear. "I'll see you at practice, Lyosha." He hangs up without waiting for a reply.

“行，去吧。”叶甫根尼的笑声传进他的耳朵。“训练中见，廖莎。”他不等回答就挂机了。

"Good morning, Zhenya.”

“早上好，热尼亚。”  
  
Evgeni looks up and half-smiles at him, a smug edge to his expression. "Good morning, Lyosha. Again.”

叶甫根尼抬起头，似笑非笑地看着他，像是在斟酌要不要笑他，“早上好，廖莎。第二次了。”  
  
Alexei settles onto the bench next to him to pull on his skates. "I'm sorry I woke you up. Are you—"

阿列克谢在他旁边坐下，穿上冰鞋，“把你吵醒了对不起。你——”  
  
"Fine," Evgeni says dismissively. "But - you said you wanted to make it up to me?”

“知道了，”叶甫根尼一句带过，“不过——你说你要补偿我？”  
  
"Yes," Alexei agrees, although really he hadn't even thought about it. Still, it wasn't as though he minded. "Whatever you want.”

“对，”阿列克谢点头，尽管他其实都没想过要怎么补偿，反正这不是重点。“只要你开口。”  
  
"Fine," Evgeni repeats. "You can pay for dinner again.”

“知道了，”叶甫根尼重复道，“你又可以请客吃饭了。”  
  
It takes Alexei a moment to realize what he means. And a moment longer to keep himself from grinning like an idiot. "All right. When?”

阿列克谢花了一小会儿才明白他的意思。又花了更长的时间来阻止自己不要笑得像个傻瓜。“好好。什么时候？”  
  
Evgeni shrugs, tying his skates. “Tonight?"

叶甫根尼耸耸肩，系紧了鞋带，“今晚？”  
  
"That's fine." It's hard to stay nonchalant, but Alexei manages it, rolling his shoulders and looking down as he pulls on his second skate. "Where do you want to eat?”

“没问题。”要保持镇定太难了，不过阿列克谢做到了，他转动完肩部的关节后，低下头开始穿第二只冰鞋，“你想去哪里吃？”  
  
"I'll think of something," Evgeni says, and stands up; Alexei glances up at him automatically and accidentally catches Evgeni's eye. Evgeni hesitates for a moment, but then smirks at him. "… You can tell me all about your girl. Maybe I can give you some advice.”

“我想想，”叶甫根尼说，然后站了起来；阿列克谢自然地抬头看他，视线偶然间撞进了叶甫根尼的眼睛。叶甫根尼犹豫了一会儿，还是对他露出了坏笑，“……你那位的事你可以都告诉我。或许我可以给你点建议。”  
  
If he didn't know better, Alexei would swear Evgeni was doing this on purpose. But then, Evgeni has always had an instinct for tormenting him.  
阿列克谢不知如何是好，他发誓叶甫根尼这么做是故意的。不过话说回来，叶甫根尼向来在折磨他这一方面有着敏锐的直觉。

Still, as soon as Evgeni has gone out ahead to talk to his coach, Alexei can't help it - he grins until his face hurts.  
然而，叶甫根尼一旦离开去找他的教练，阿列克谢就不能自控地咧嘴笑起来——一直笑到脸开始生疼。

--  
  
Alexei is more than a little bit distracted, but even so, it's a good day. They work with the music for the first time, and although it's not quite right, Alexei can feel the pieces fitting together. The choreographer has deliberately avoided given them anything romantic to work with; the routines are to be large and dramatic, suitable for the two Russian kings of figure skating. They're skating to a medley of the Russian Dance and the Arab Dance from the Nutcracker for the short program, something Evgeni was particularly pleased with, and Toccata and Fugue for the long program.

阿列克谢不是分心了一点半点，但是今天仍然状态不错。他们第一次合乐排练，尽管并不是没有失误，阿列克谢仍然感觉到动作都连接起来了。编舞师刻意没有做任何浪漫的编排，节目风格大气而跌宕，非常适合俄罗斯的两位花滑之王。短节目是胡桃夹子中俄罗斯舞和阿拉伯舞的组合，叶甫根尼非常喜欢，长节目则是托卡塔和赋格。  
  
Some violinist that Evgeni knows is going to arrange the pieces for them; Alexei doesn't quite recognize the name, but Evgeni seems to know him very well. He calls him on his cell phone in the middle of practice to ask something about the music and winds up talking for ten minutes, laughing harder than he’s ever laughed at one of Alexei’s jokes.

一个叶甫根尼认识的小提琴家打算给他们编曲；阿列克谢不太认识这个名字，不过叶甫根尼看起来和他很熟。训练当中，他用手机给那个人打电话询问关于音乐的事，一共聊了十多分钟，而且比阿列克谢给他讲笑话时笑得要厉害多了。  
  
Alexei feels vaguely ill with jealousy, but reminds himself that tonight he is buying Evgeni dinner. It doesn't really help. The one thing that does help is to take the ice with him again and to see Evgeni's smile after they land the triple flip side-by-side. By the time they skate into the lift, Alexei's mood has raised considerably, and it *works*. It’s still not as high or as strong as they'd like to be, but it works. They can really do this. The death spiral, too, is beginning to seem doable.

阿列克谢嫉妒得要命，只好提醒自己今晚他要请叶甫根尼吃饭。可这实际上并没有什么用。有用的事是集中注意力在冰面上，在他们3F同步落地后，他看到了叶甫根尼的微笑。他们滑到托举时，阿列克谢振奋了心情，他们**做到了**。托举依然不能达到期待中那么高而稳，但他们做到了。他们可以做到的。死亡螺旋线也一样，看起来变得没那么难了。  
  
These aren't programs that Alexei would have skated by himself - nor, he thinks, that Evgeni would have - but that's the whole point, anyway. It wouldn't work for either of them, but it's *them*. It's intense, it's dark and bright all at once, rough and elegant by turns. Alexei thinks he could learn to love it.

阿列克谢自己一个人无法完成任何节目——叶甫根尼也不行，他想——不过，这就是全部的意义所在。他们一个人无法做到，他们是一个整体。让人心潮澎拜的，光明与黑暗双面一体，崇高与优美交替前行。阿列克谢觉得自己可以试着去爱上这种形式。  
  
He already loves one part of it, after all.

毕竟，他很早就爱上了这其中的一个部分。  
  
And although it isn't meant to be romantic, Alexei can't help but think that there is something seductive in the way they come together, hip to hip, for the spiral in the midst of the swell of the music in the Arab Dance. They're supposed to be more athletic than emotional, but *seductive* is in the very way Evgeni moves on the ice. Alexei remembers when Evgeni started skating like that.

尽管主题与浪漫无关，阿列克谢还是情不自禁地认为他们的动作中有着情欲的气息，臀与臀的接触，阿拉伯舞中随着音乐的渐强而完成的螺旋线。比起抒情缠绵，他们应该表现得更敏捷利落，然而叶甫根尼在冰面上，举手投足间自有一股**诱惑**的气息。阿列克谢回忆起叶甫根尼开始那样滑冰的时候。  
  
That was the season before they fell apart.

那是他们分道扬镳前的一个赛季。

Alexei remembers that night.

阿列克谢记得那个晚上。  
  
He remembers forgetting Evgeni for a moment, looking up with *gold, gold, gold* on his chest, and a light, perfect feeling in his heart. For that moment, there was no one above him, and it didn't matter who was still behind him - beside him, a step below. This was it. He had *won*.

他记得他有片刻忘记了叶甫根尼，脑海之间、胸臆之中，只有“金牌，金牌，金牌”，那一道光在他的心中闪耀。那一瞬间，没有人凌驾于他之上，而在他之后——旁边，一阶之遥——有谁也不再重要。这就是一切了，他赢了。  
  
The night passed in a perfect high; Alexei remembers crying, hugging his coach, kissing a lot of cheeks (and a few mouthes, accidentally) and kissing his medal even more. He remembers seeing Evgeni in flashes - stone-faced backstage, smiling tightly at the cameras whenever another journalist caught him; sitting beside Mishin with his face in his hands, holding his medal up and staring at it as though he was trying to make himself accept it; leaning against the wall and looking at nothing at all.

那个夜晚在热烈高涨的情绪中过去了；阿列克谢记得自己哭了，拥抱了教练，亲吻了很多张脸颊（有些亲在了嘴唇上，纯属意外），更亲吻了金牌无数遍。他记得他瞥见了叶甫根尼的很多个瞬间——他木然着一张脸，然而只要有记者找他，镜头前他便勉强地微笑；他坐在米申身旁，脸庞埋在双手之中，然后他拿起银牌，久久地凝视着它，如同在说服自己接受它一般；他靠在墙上，双眼没有焦距地望向虚空。  
  
Evgeni vanished as soon as he could, along with Mishin, and Alexei didn't have time to go and find him that night. It had become almost a ritual for them; they'd meet somewhere, as if by accident, in a locker room or a shower or someone's hotel room, trade insults and threats and fuck and sometimes stay in bed until morning, but between the press and the splendor Alexei let himself forget about it.

叶甫根尼以最快的速度消失了，和米申一起，阿列克谢那个晚上没有时间去找他。这几乎成为了他们之间的惯例；他们会在某处相遇，仿佛是意外一般，在更衣室、淋浴间、其中一个人的酒店房间，彼此辱骂、威胁、上床，有时在床上呆到天亮。然而在媒体的闪光灯和自己无上的荣耀之下，阿列克谢让自己忘掉这一切。  
  
He went up to Evgeni's hotel room as soon as he had a moment the next day. No one answered when he knocked on the door, so he waited around for a few minutes and then left, came back in the evening. Evgeni didn't answer that time, either, but he could hear the shower running and lingered outside in the hall. He couldn't shake the feeling that he had better things to do (he was the Olympic champion, he’d never be able to do enough interviews to satisfy the press) but he couldn't shake off a faint sense of guilt, either. Sure, he hadn’t come looking for him as soon as he usually did, but Evgeni would have to understand.

第二天，他一找到空档就去了叶甫根尼的酒店房间。他敲门后，没有人来应门，所以他在门口徘徊了一会儿就离开了，晚上他又来了。叶甫根尼这次还是没有来应门，但是他可以听见淋浴的声音，以及大堂里的人声。他无法不认为自己有更好的事可以做（他可是奥运冠军，媒体对他的采访没完没了）但是他同样无法赶走内心隐隐的愧疚感。当然，自己没有像以往那样，一结束就去看他，但是叶甫根尼应该理解的。

When the water switched off, he rapped on the door again and called, “Zhenya?"

听到水龙头被关上，他拍着门喊道：“热尼亚？”  
  
All noise from the hotel room suddenly stopped, and there was a long, tense silence.

房间里所有的声响都消失了，接着是一段漫长的、令人窒息的沉默。  
  
"Go away, Lyosha," Evgeni said finally, almost too quietly for Alexei to hear.

“走开，廖莎。”叶甫根尼最后说道，声音很轻，阿列克谢几乎没有听见。  
  
Alexei leaned against the opposite wall and frowned at his door. “No."

阿列克谢靠在对面的墙上，对着门皱起了眉头，“不行。”  
  
"*Leave me alone*.”

“**让我一个人呆着。**”  
  
"Zhenya--" He pushed off the wall and reached forward, jiggling the doorknob. "Come on, open the door.”

“热尼亚——”他一手抵着墙，一手扭着门把手。“拜托，开开门。”  
  
There was another pregnant silence. Alexei folded his arms and stares impassively at the door, immovable; surely, even if Evgeni couldn't see him, he knew that he wasn't going to leave.

接着又是一阵耐人寻味的沉默。阿列克谢抱着胳膊，面无表情一动不动地盯着门；很显然，即使叶甫根尼看不到自己，他也知道门外的人不会离开的。  
  
Apparently he did, because finally Evgeni pulled the door open halfway and looked out at him.

显然他知道，因为最终叶甫根尼打开了一半的门，从门里看着他。  
  
His hair was wet and flat, stuck to the sides of his head, which made him look even more wretched than he might have otherwise; his eyes weren't red (they were blue, beautiful blue), which was a relief, because Alexei couldn't stomach the idea of Evgeni *crying* over this competition. They were a bit bloodshot, though. He probably hadn't slept.

他的头发又湿又平，贴在脑袋的两边，这使他看起来比平时更孱弱；他的眼睛没有发红（它们是蓝色的，美丽的，蓝色），阿列克谢松了口气，一想到如果叶甫根尼因为比赛而哭了，他就会很不舒服。然而眼睛里还是有一些红血丝，他也许没有睡过。  
  
"Go," Evgeni said. "Away." He didn't even sound angry - not angry at Alexei, anyway. He sounded exhausted.

Alexei considered it, and then he put his hand on the door and pushed past Evgeni into the room. Evgeni didn't stop him. "What do you want?" Evgeni asked, shutting the door and leaning against it.

“走，”叶甫根尼说，“开。”他听起来甚至没有生气——无论如何，没有对阿列克谢生气。他听起来精疲力竭。阿列克谢想着，他把手放在门上，把叶甫根尼推进门去。叶甫根尼没有阻止他。“你想做什么？”叶甫根尼问，把门关上，靠在了门背后。  
  
Alexei didn't answer, because he didn't know what to say. Evgeni had never asked before. They'd never spoken about it before, and now here Evgeni was, just looking at him, just *staring*. He spread his hands and shrugged, looking around the hotel room and trying to shake the feeling that something had changed. The silence stretched on, became uncomfortable, became impossible. Alexei turned toward him again and met his eyes with an effort, and for a moment the weight of Evgeni's gaze was too much to move against.  
阿列克谢没有回答，因为他不知道要说什么。叶甫根尼以前从来没有问过这个问题。他们从来没有谈论过这个话题，现在叶甫根尼在他面前，静静地看着他，只是看着他。他摊开双手耸了耸肩，打量着房间，想要把某些东西改变了的感觉赶出脑海。沉默在蔓延，变得令人尴尬，变得不可思议。阿列克谢再次转向了他，努力看着他的双眼，有一刻叶甫根尼的凝视沉重得令他无法动弹。

So he looked away a fraction of an inch, stepped in close and pulled Evgeni against him, stroked his hands through Evgeni's hair and kissed him.

所以他的视线移开了一英寸，他走近了叶甫根尼，把他拉近自己，然后双手插进叶甫根尼的头发中，吻住了他。  
  
It tasted like victory, the bitter furious way that Evgeni barely kissed him back and dug his nails into the back of Alexei's neck.

这个吻尝起来像是胜利的滋味。叶甫根尼勉强地回吻着他，苦涩而愤怒，他的指甲陷进了阿列克谢的脖子。  
  
It didn't feel like competition, even though Evgeni fought him all the way to the bed, held him down in the sheets for a trembling moment before Alexei got his hands on his waist and shoved him over.

这不像竞争，即使叶甫根尼一路反抗着他来到床边，颤抖着把他按在床单上，直到阿列克谢的手来到了他的腰际，猛地推倒了他。  
  
And after, although Evgeni seemed to think they were still fighting, Alexei didn't think he could have been happier just lie with his chest against Evgeni's back, his chin on his shoulder, and chart Evgeni's skin with his fingertips.

然后，尽管叶甫根尼似乎觉得他们还是在斗争，阿列克谢已经满意得不能再满意了，他的胸膛贴着叶甫根尼的后背，他的下巴搁在他的肩上，他的指尖描绘着叶甫根尼的皮肤。  
  
He could have gotten used to this, to kissing Evgeni without feeling like he was going to battle, to falling asleep with nothing between them except for the things he couldn't say.  
他大概已经习惯了，不带着赴斗的心情去亲吻叶甫根尼，彼此之间不着一物地入睡——有所保留的只是他说不出口的话。  
But eventually Evgeni got tired of lying there being touched and rolled over to face him, staring at him with that angry, defeated look still in his eyes. Maybe it wasn't over for him.

可是最终叶甫根尼厌倦了躺在那里被抚摸着，他翻身朝向阿列克谢，愤怒和失败仍然残存在他的眼底。也许对他而言这并没有过去。  
  
Alexei smiled at him. He couldn't help it.

阿列克谢向他微笑。他只是情不自禁。  
  
“I didn’t think you were coming,” Evgeni admitted, and there was something besides envy in his face.

“我没想到你会来。”叶甫根尼承认，他的表情中除了妒忌，还有些别的什么。  
  
“You’re an idiot,” Alexei informed him, idly toying with the ends of Evgeni’s hair. It was hard to tell in the low light - there was just one lamp by the bedside, casting a glow across Evgeni’s back - but it looked like his face was red.

“你是个傻瓜。”阿列克谢告诉他，懒洋洋地玩弄着叶甫根尼的发尾。在微弱的光线中不太能看清——只有一盏床边的小灯开着，在叶甫根尼的后背上交织出一片暗光——但是他的脸看起来红了。  
  
"I'm going to kill you next season," Evgeni said. Without much conviction, though that might have been because he looked too tired to lace up his skates, let alone murder Alexei in cold blood. (Hopefully.)

“我下个赛季会灭了你。”叶甫根尼说。然而这个画面没有什么说服力，尽管也许是因为他看起来太累了，现在他大概连冰鞋的鞋带都系不好，更不用说冷酷地谋杀阿列克谢了。（但愿如此）  
  
And Alexei really should have left it at that, let Evgeni think, for just a little longer…

阿列克谢当时真的应该就说到那里，让叶甫根尼继续幻想，只要再久一点点……  
  
But what he said was, "Zhenya, I'm going to *retire*."

And the way Evgeni looked at him then - Alexei remembers that better than anything. His eyes were wide, blank and disbelieving, as if he hadn't even considered, it had never occurred to him that this might be the end. He looked as though Alexei had wrenched the foundation out from under him, and all he could do was stare, baffled and betrayed and suddenly alone.

可是他开口了，“热尼亚，我打算**退役**。”

当时，叶甫根尼看着他的表情——阿列克谢对此记得比其他事情都清楚。他的瞳孔放大了，又茫然又不可置信，好像他从来没有考虑过这件事，他从来没有想到过结束。他的模样，像是阿列克谢突然抽去了他存在的根基，而他只能睁着双眼，感受着困惑，背叛，以及突如其来的孤单。

翻完感觉……身累心累……你俩原来爱过也搞过啊，居然不是因为奥运僵的？居然是因为退役？“你把我抛下了所以我不能原谅你？”这又纯情又狗血的画风是怎么回事啊！

其他什么的无法吐槽了……我太累了……

我感觉精分了= =，因为从两个人的角度看事情怎么完全不一样啊，热尼亚记得的是吻，廖莎记得的是上床？但是发展到这里感情脉络确是因为退役而崩了，否则他们就会一直战斗着撕咬着滚着床单……爱着却谁也不会承认。老楼里曾经也讨论过这个问题，N多文里这两只都是搞过却仍然不懂应该怎样去爱，或者说，像正常的情侣那样温存的爱。但那样的爱恐怕就OOC了，笑并叹气着。