

Torture Me (With All I've Wanted)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/78663986) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/78663986>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Underage Sex
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Hayden Pike , Wyatt Hayes
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , World Juniors World Junior Ice Hockey Championships , Hand Jobs , Exhibitionism , But really just horny teen decision making , Ilya and Shane are 17 in this , Bus rides at night as a formative experience , Saskatchewan in January trigger warning , The feeling you got when you sat next to your crush on a highway coach
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-31 Words: 7,060 Chapters: 1/1

Torture Me (With All I've Wanted)

by [toomuchplor](#)

Summary

Regina to Edmonton was nine hours by bus if the weather was decent; it took a bit longer if — for example — your bus lost power on Highway 11 just past Dundurn, Saskatchewan.

Team buses, night drives, and one way things might have started differently.

Notes

You can probably get the Russian dialogue by context (as Shane does) but translation is available on hover for those who are curious. Please leave the work skin on for this to function as intended.

With thanks to:

Allure and lately for beta services

Plotty for Russian help

lately for hockey help

Xen for general cheerleading, enthusiasm, and love, as well as title suggestion

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Regina to Edmonton was nine hours by bus if the weather was decent; it took a bit longer if — for example — your bus lost power on Highway 11 just past Dundurn, Saskatchewan.

It was minus twenty-three, pitch dark, and after midnight. Despite Team Canada's strict *no-tuosies-on-the-bus* rule, the toilet was making itself known in the now-unventilated and slowly-chilling air of the bus. They were not quite in the ditch but close to it, hugging the shoulder of the narrow prairie highway, stalled out.

The team's various adults were on the phone with the bus charter company trying to sort something out. Shane couldn't hear what they were saying from his seat near the back of the bus, but wished he could.

"Hey," said Hayden Pike, Shane's seatmate. Pike had been half-drowsing, a bundle of elbows and shoulders next to Shane, swallowed up by his Team Canada hoodie. Now he was sitting up tall and scrubbing a hole in the frosty window next to him. "S'that another bus?"

"Yeah," said Shane, craning over to see the highway coach rolling slowly past them, hazards flashing. It had the same company logo on its side as theirs, but Team Canada only had one bus. There had been a bunch of team buses at the arena in Winnipeg today, but Shane had only spotted one other with the same logo. "I think that's Russia," he said, straightening up.

It made sense that it was Russia, really; it was only Team Sweden, Team Canada, and Team Russia who were doing this part of the World Juniors, this weird goodwill round-robin post-finals tournament in Edmonton, sponsored by a big international oil company.

When it had first been announced that all three medal-winning teams would be doing a mini tournament series in Edmonton, Shane had thought it was pretty excellent. More hockey played at this level? The chance to hang out with his Team Canada friends in one of Canada's top hockey cities? To play in the barn where Gretzky had won the Cup four times?

Yeah, Shane had been thrilled that his World Juniors experience would be special; he'd tried not to dwell on the idea that it was probably because of *him* that it was happening like this. But the truth was, Hockey Canada really wanted to show him off as Canada's best draft prospect in a decade.

Now, with the stupid newly-awarded silver medal tucked into his backpack, it felt like salt in the wound. Who cared if Canada managed to beat Russia *now*? It wouldn't change that second-place standing. That was written down in the records forever. Shane would always have come in second at the World Juniors when he was seventeen.

So no, winning now wouldn't change the way Ilya Rozanov had smirked at him when shaking his hand at the end of the final.

The bus pulling up next to them was moving slowly. They could see into the other bus: half a dozen Russian faces were illuminated by overhead reading lights as they scrolled past Shane's bus window. Shane craned past Pike to try and see if he could spot Rozanov, but the guy must have been asleep, light off. Shane couldn't see him.

The Russia bus passed them, pulled over in front of them on the shoulder of the highway. A minute later, their own bus doors were opening to admit someone from the Russian team. A blast of prairie winter air puffed down the aisle as the adults conferred. All the players tiredly hunched down under blankets and jackets, shivering, waiting.

"*Another* bus," said Pike, knocking on the glass as a third bus — Sweden, must be — also pulled over, rolling past them. "Oh my god, *please* put us with the Swedes."

Shane blinked, just now realizing what Pike must have already calculated. These highway coaches had fifty-odd seats, and Team Canada filled about forty of them with players, staff, and chaperones. But the international teams travelled a little lighter, which meant there were probably enough seats free on the other two buses to accommodate all of Team Canada split between them.

And that, Shane concluded, was probably the plan.

Sure enough, after some more discussions with the Russians, and further chats with the Swedes, the Canadian team manager James stood up at the front of the bus, waving for silence, and picked up the mic.

Which didn't work, since the power was out.

Once the guys stopped booing and cheering for James, they shut up enough to hear the announcement he shouted at them: sure enough, they were getting split between the other two team buses, and they'd be sitting cozy with their rival teams for the long remainder of the ride to Edmonton.

"How are you splitting us up?" Shane asked, because he could feel the other players looking to him for how to react. This was captain stuff. He was always the one who had to ask things like this.

"I'm accepting bribes," announced James, who was always chirping the team in that affectionate way that adults talked to teenage boys. "Five bucks or higher and you get to pick your bus."

The players laughed, relaxing a little.

"No, seriously, I'm splitting you up based on how much I like you," James went on. "That's only fair. If you pissed me off in the last seven days, I'm putting you wherever you don't want to be."

More laughter. They'd probably all pissed James off at one point or another. Thirty guys under nineteen were a lot to manage.

Shane wished James would be serious for a minute; he really wanted to know the answer, even if it seemed like James wasn't going to tell them.

Once James stopped talking about grabbing their stuff, reminding them about things they'd stowed under seats, about shoes and jackets, the players started shoving their way off the bus.

It was clear they thought they'd get first pick if they were early enough in the queue. Shane didn't let himself get caught up in the push, especially when he got stuck helping one of the younger guys find a roll of hockey tape he'd misplaced. That took a while.

Once Shane finally got off the bus, he found the rest of the team had already unloaded their hockey bags and suitcases from underneath the coach.

Then James had them line up — shivering in the dark night, breath pluming out into the cold air — and proceeded to shoo them down the shoulder towards one bus or the other. The order seemed to be more or less random as James sent them packing: "Sweden, Russia, Sweden, Russia, Russia, Sweden..."

Everyone wanted Sweden, obviously. It wasn't just the unpleasantness of having to share a bus with Russia: the team that had taken the gold Canada had wanted so badly. They all knew the Swedish guys spoke English much better than the Russians. They were friendlier, more relaxed. They didn't make snide little comments about how shitty Canada was, how boring. They weren't so full of themselves.

Hayden was just ahead of Shane in line; James sent him right to the Swedish bus. Hayd looked back over his shoulder as he went, grinning at Shane, clearly expecting Shane to be on the same bus in a minute. "Save you a seat," he called back, dragging his suitcase behind him.

Shane usually didn't like any special treatment...but he would be lying if he said he didn't secretly expect to receive some right now. James surely wouldn't put Shane on the Russia bus. Shane was the team captain, their country's top draft prospect. Over the course of the last week, he had racked up the most points per game for Team Canada than any player since Sidney Crosby. He was — okay. A *little* special.

Which meant they'd be putting him on the Swedish bus, right?

But: "Russia," said James.

"Seriously?" said Shane, blurting it out before he could stop himself.

"Seriously," said James, unflinching, raising his brows at Shane. "Leaders lead, Hollander. Go be a good example to the other guys on your team. Act like an adult."

"Fuck," said Shane, albeit low enough that James could pretend he hadn't heard.

Shane shouldered his hockey bag and his backpack, grabbed the handle of his suitcase, and rolled his way down the desolate highway shoulder to where the Russia bus had its luggage compartments open.

The bus driver was grumpily loading in his half of Team Canada's shit, looking pissed about the disruption. Shane paused long enough to load a few bags, because he always tried to help the drivers out, and then he hiked his backpack onto one shoulder and reluctantly climbed onto the bus.

At least it smelled better than the Team Canada bus. And even with the doors open to the cold winter night, it was a lot warmer.

Shane stood at the front of the bus and scanned for open seats. There weren't many; he was one of the last to board. He imagined the unspoken team bus rules crossed international lines: the guys who had best friends always sat together; the troublemakers sat in the far back; the ass-kissers were up at the front nearest to the adults; and the most entitled assholes on the team were always the ones to claim two seats to themselves.

Shane himself had always sat with a friend, further back on the bus but not all the way back with the worst-behaved kids. He liked to be one of the team, even though everyone kind of knew he was different. He'd never been the guy who put his legs up and blocked his neighbouring seat, who made everyone else go past him in search of a friendlier spot.

Ilya Rozanov, of course, was exactly that kind of guy. The bus was almost entirely full, but Rozanov was taking up two seats on his own.

Shane heaved a sigh and reminded himself of James' direction: *leaders lead*. He went down the aisle until he reached the row where Rozanov was seated up against the window, his legs kicked up into the aisle seat. "This seat taken?" Shane said.

Rozanov's eyebrows went up. He had headphones in, the earbud kind, and he pulled one out now like he couldn't guess what Shane was asking by context clues. "Hm?" he said.

All around them, guys were watching and pretending not to watch. The back of Shane's neck prickled with nerves and irritation. "Is this seat taken?" Shane repeated.

Rozanov stared steadily at Shane, his expression blank. God damn it. Shane *knew* he spoke English. He was just being a dick.

Shane looked up and down the bus; there were a handful of other seats available, mostly near the front, but he knew that Team Canada's staff would want those. This was the only place for another player, really.

"Посадите его на полMake him sit on the floor," said one of the other guys, a big pug-nosed defenceman. There followed some quiet snickering. Whatever the pug-nosed guy had said, it was clearly not very nice.

"Нет, он хочет к тебе на колениNo, he wants to sit on your lap," said another guy, and he patted his own knee with a leer to make it clear what he was saying. There was more laughter at this, louder.

Shane was about to pivot and go back up the bus, take his seat up with the adults, but then Rozanov unexpectedly moved his legs, folding them up. He turned his body and made room for Shane on the seat beside him.

Shane slung his backpack off his shoulder and sat down quickly, casually, before the silent offer was withdrawn.

Rozanov was tall, and Shane was only a little shorter. It was impossible to sit next to Rozanov without their bodies touching unless Shane opted to sit sideways with his knees in the aisle. That felt too weird, and anyway he'd just wind up awkwardly facing the pug-nosed Russian dickhead that was seated opposite them. So Shane sat facing forward. His shoulder bumped into Rozanov's broad shoulder, his elbow into Rozanov's elbow. Thigh to thigh, hip to hip.

Like Shane, Rozanov was wearing team gear: logoed sweatpants and hoodie. He'd toed out of his sneakers at some point, his big feet almost glowingly visible in white sweat socks. He smelled faintly of the cigarette smoke buried in his clothes, more strongly of soap and shampoo, minty and sharp.

Shane perceived all of this without turning his head to look at Rozanov. Rozanov didn't look at Shane, either.

Eventually, the bus was back underway. The heater was churning out warm dry air, but it was competing with the bleak cold out the windows. Once he'd acclimated, Shane found the bus was only moderately comfortable.

There weren't any Canadians near enough for Shane to talk to, and he was exhausted anyway. It was nearly two in the morning. The Russian chatter around him receded into white noise as Shane pulled his hood up over his head, hugged his backpack to his chest as a makeshift pillow.

He tried to sleep, but couldn't relax enough. Shane's knee kept bumping into Rozanov's, though Shane tried to keep his legs contained. After a while, it became apparent that Rozanov was not extending him the same courtesy, knees spread wide. Shane wondered if this was cultural — Russian versus Canadian personal space — or if it was just Rozanov being a dick.

He chanced a glance at Rozanov. He had his earbuds in again and was leaning his forehead on the bus window, eyes open but sleepy. The line of his jaw was like a knife blade. Shane looked away quickly.

He wondered what Rozanov was listening to. Music on the team bus was an important thing, though Shane never fully got all the social implications of it, what it meant if you liked EDM or classic rock or alt or country. He didn't really think about music, much. Mostly he listened to whatever Hayden wanted. Shane liked that part of team bus rides: sharing ear buds with his friend, listening to their enthusiasm about Jay Z or Linkin Park or whoever. The music mattered less to him than the act of having it shared with him.

Shane snorted softly, imagining Rozanov offering him an earbud.

They passed a highway sign: Saskatoon 40. Less than half an hour before they passed through the city, then, and it was another six hours to Edmonton from there.

They'd stop in the tiny Alberta-Saskatchewan border city of Lloydminster for breakfast at a Timmy's, and then roll into the hotel mid-morning. There they'd grab a couple of hours of sleep, if they were lucky, before ice time at the Coliseum. They were meant to have a longer

rest in the hotel rooms, but the roadside adventure plus a later-than-scheduled departure from Regina after the finals had fucked that plan.

Restless, Shane gave up on sleeping for a minute and pulled out his phone. He'd powered it off after boarding the first bus, trying to conserve some battery for the day to come. He turned it on now and immediately received two texts from his mom.

Thanks for letting me know, safe travels

Text when you get to Edmonton

Shane's parents had caught a red-eye back to Ottawa after the gold medal game earlier that night; they had work, and hadn't felt like they needed to come on the Edmonton leg of the trip with Team Canada. It was fine. Shane didn't need his parents around all the time, anyway. He decided against updating his mom on the bus issues. She'd still be in the air for a little while, anyway, and it had all worked out fine already.

Also, she would be pissed about him being on the Russia bus. She'd probably say something to James about it, which would be embarrassing.

This was fine.

Shane turned his phone off again, put it away. He hugged his arms around his backpack and tried again to relax.

He hoped Hayden was getting some sleep on the Swedish bus, at least. If he was awake, he was probably busy texting his girlfriend.

Shane never thought about texting his girlfriend.

Was that weird?

The bus rattled. Someone snored softly. Two guys were talking in half-whispers, Russian rumbling.

"You replay game in your head?" said Rozanov, quietly, suddenly.

"What?" said Shane, startled, looking over at him.

"You think about how bad you lose," said Rozanov. He wasn't smiling, but Shane thought he was probably still teasing.

"Fuck off," said Shane.

"Your team sucked," said Rozanov, still low, like sharing a secret. "*You* played good though."

Shane's ears got hot. He didn't want to be pleased by this, but he *was* pleased. His stomach clenched. "Thanks," he said, stiffly. "Um. You too." He cleared his throat, looking at the back of the seat in front of him. "My team didn't suck," he remembered to add, a little late.

"Mm," said Rozanov, lifting an eloquent shoulder, wiggling his head. "A little bit, yes."

They *had* sucked, a little bit, at least in the last game. Shane had been hoping the World Juniors would be different from his usual experience of playing hockey. He had always been the best player on every team; it wasn't even close, most of the time. He had sort of expected to be less of a star player among the best players in his country.

But it hadn't gone that way.

"There is room for bag up there," said Rozanov, flicking his gaze up to the small luggage rack overhead. "If you want."

"Oh," said Shane, who had kept his backpack on his lap instinctively, like a little shield. He stood and shoved his backpack up into the rack, even though he kind of wanted to keep it. It was weird to keep it, probably.

"You get blanket for me," said Rozanov, gesturing up.

Shane looked, confused, then spotted a plaid fleece throw balled up on the rack, the colours muddy in the dim light. When Shane yanked it down, it unfurled. The passing glare of headlights revealed that it had REGINA: LIGHTS, CULTURE, ACTION! embroidered in white thread onto one corner.

"Wow," said Shane. Canada was so fucking embarrassing sometimes.

"Is very true," said Rozanov, solemnly, taking the blanket from Shane.

Shane sat down again, trying not to smile. He didn't want to like Rozanov, but he kind of did in spite of himself. "Yeah, Regina's basically the same as Moscow, right?" he said.

"Yes," said Rozanov, spreading the blanket over his legs, unceremoniously spreading it over Shane's legs too. "You are cold," he said. He looked at Shane and blew air out between his lips, miming a shiver. "You do this."

Shane *had* been shivering a bit, which was something that he tended to do when he was overly tired. He didn't realize Rozanov had noticed. "Thanks," he said, a little stiffly, and tucked the edge of the blanket around his hips, sticking his hands under it for warmth. This was weird, right? But Shane did feel warmer under the stupid fleece blanket.

"Is captain blanket," said Rozanov. "Only captains can use." He was still speaking with that blank, emotionless expression, but Shane was starting to think that was the face Rozanov made when he was being funny. "Everyone else is cold."

Shane couldn't quite restrain his smile this time, even though it wasn't actually that funny a joke. There was something about Rozanov that was just — appealing. Shane scanned his face, trying to figure it out. It was too dark to see much but the shadows over Rozanov's face, the black contours under his full lips, his nose. His curly hair was mussed, eyes heavy-lidded.

It was probably Shane's imagination that Rozanov's leg was splaying even more into Shane's space now, under the cover of the blanket. Shane didn't move away; Rozanov wasn't bothered

so Shane refused to be. Besides, Rozanov was warm, and Shane was shivering again, deep shakes rising up uncontrollably from his belly through his arms and legs.

"I'm tired," Shane said, quietly, when he felt rather than saw Rozanov looking over at him. "I'm just tired."

"You should sleep," Rozanov said, as though Shane hadn't been trying to do just that.

"Yeah," said Shane. He wondered when Rozanov had taken out his earbuds. He wasn't wearing them anymore. Shane hadn't noticed until just now.

"We both will sleep," said Rozanov, slouching down in his seat, folding his arms over his broad chest. This pushed his biceps into Shane's, big and firm and warm.

Shane folded his own arms, overlapping them a little with Rozanov's so they fit. He tucked his chin down to his chest and closed his eyes. He felt simultaneously exhausted and uncomfortably lit up.

It was just — weird. Being this close to Ilya Rozanov.

Shane cracked his eyes open again to see that Rozanov had tipped his head back against the foggy window. His mouth looked soft, slack.

Shane closed his eyes again and let the warmth bleed into him from Rozanov's big solid body. He drifted. He slept.

When Shane woke, the bus had gone silent, all the reading lights out. He blinked awake and saw that it was still pitch black, but they were on a bigger divided highway now, presumably somewhere west of Saskatoon.

His neck felt stiff and his legs cramped, but Shane was warmer and more comfortable than he'd been when he'd fallen asleep. He glanced over at Rozanov, saw he was passed out. Shane gingerly shifted his legs and head to try and stretch. Then he extracted his left hand from the blanket and lit up the screen on his Indiglo watch: it was only four in the morning. Damn. Still hours to go.

"We are still drive," said Rozanov, apparently having been roused by Shane's movements.

"Driving," Shane corrected him in a whisper. "We're still *driving*."

"Hm," exhaled Rozanov, sleepy, amused. Shane could barely see his face, but there was enough light on him that the curl of his mouth was visible. "Mister English Teacher."

"We could switch to French if you want," Shane said, though he didn't know why. He wasn't a show-off. He didn't like to make a big deal of out his bilingualism.

"Mm," said Rozanov, still whispering. "No."

And then his hand was on Shane's knee under the blanket.

Shane went rigid with shock, his breath caught. It was probably a mistake, Rozanov was just — stretching — or thought it was Shane's bag — or —

Rozanov squeezed Shane's leg, slowly and gently, exhaling a long sleepy sigh. "Relax," he said, barely audible. "Shh."

Shane could not relax, couldn't possibly relax, he — blew out a lungful of air, shaky and too-loud.

He did not push Rozanov's hand away.

Why didn't he push Rozanov's hand away?

Everyone around was sleeping, the bus heavy with slumber. The only person awake seemed to be the driver, miles away at the front of the coach. Shane was on a small island, alone with Ilya Rozanov, and there was darkness everywhere, silence all around, and a fleece blanket covering them up. Nobody could see. Nobody was looking, but even if they did — they couldn't possibly *see*.

"Okay?" said Rozanov, even more softly, his hand sliding up higher, his intention clear. His voice was barely a whisper, now.

Shane looked at him. Rozanov's eyes were dark, mostly just a glimmer of movement. His mouth was easier to see, a shadowy slash on his face. "Here?" Shane mouthed, heart pounding.

Rozanov leaned in to whisper into Shane's ear, and the breath of his words raised gooseflesh all down Shane's arms and neck before he could even make sense of them. "At hotel, we have roommate. Where else?"

Shane was shivering again. Maybe he was just shaking. What was the difference? He moved his mouth so he could whisper back. "Someone could see. Or hear."

"Then you should be very quiet," said Rozanov, and slid his hand right up Shane's leg to where his cock was already heavy, hard.

Shane looked down, gulping. It was very dark. There was really no way to see the shape of Rozanov's hand under the blanket, even if anyone had been awake to look. But all around them were soft breathing sounds, little snores. There were no other noises indicating anyone else was even awake to notice.

Rozanov's hand wasn't doing much. It wasn't gripping, or rubbing. It was barely touching, really, just a degree or two heavier than the light fleece blanket itself. Shane was steadily getting harder anyway.

This was fucking insane.

Shane moved his own hand under the blanket before he could think himself out of it. Rozanov was nearly as hard as Shane, and he felt — good. Big. The curve of his cock was

insistent through his thin sweats. Shane felt it up, oriented himself until he made sense of it, figured out where the base of his cock was, followed it up to the head. Squeezed the shaft.

Rozanov's throat made an almost imperceptible *click* at this, and then he let go of Shane's dick. Had Shane already done this wrong? Fuck!

But no, Rozanov leaned in and breathed the words into Shane's ear. "We take turns," he said. "Is better for quiet."

Shane nodded to show he understood, then squeezed Rozanov's cock again. He was touching Ilya Rozanov's cock. He was — he was trying to *get Ilya Rozanov off*. Fuck. This was so fucked. And so fucking *hot*. Shane squeezed again, then dared a stroke up and down through Rozanov's sweats. Rozanov tipped his head onto Shane's shoulder, his cheek blooming hot against Shane's neck. Anyone seeing them might think Rozanov had just laid his head against Shane while he slept. It was — the sort of thing guys would snap a photo of, laugh about, but it wasn't...well.

These things happened, on buses.

Grabbing dicks, as far as Shane knew, wasn't the sort of thing that happened. Well, there was that one guy on Shane's U15 team who everyone said had jerked off on the bus, but Shane still wasn't sure that wasn't just a mean rumour someone started. Also, fourteen-year-olds were gross, and jerked off all the time.

Shane was seventeen, and hadn't jerked off for a few days, too focused on the championship.

"Here," said Rozanov, still barely whispering, and did a quick maneuver of his hips, his waistband, yanking his cock right out under the blanket. It was silky soft and so fucking hard at the same time. Shane could feel it practically leaping into his grip, and on the backs of his fingers, there was the soft fur of Rozanov's pubes, his treasure trail. Jesus. This was *insane*. "Fuck, Hollander," Rozanov said, a little shaky, breathy, right against Shane's ear. Shane was jerking him now, slowly so that it was silent as possible, but steady and with a firm grip. He knew if he looked down, it would probably be obvious through the blanket, even in the dark. If Shane didn't look down, though, he wouldn't know for sure. He wouldn't know for sure that they shouldn't be doing this, if he didn't look.

Shane didn't look. He moved his hand a little faster, and Rozanov's arm moved around him, grabbed Shane by the waist on the far side, clinging, pushing his hot face into Shane's shoulder, his hips lifting now, his breath probably too loud but at least muffled into Shane's skin. He was *really* into this. Rozanov was loving it. Shane was going to make Ilya Rozanov come with his hand in the middle of a bus with fifty other people, *jesus fuck*, this was stupid, and hot, and stupid hot.

Rozanov's mouth opened, his teeth scraping Shane's neck lightly, and then his tongue swept over Shane's skin, pushed firmly, and then Rozanov's hips snapped up hard — so obvious, *jesus christ*, if anyone had been awake to see, they would know, they would know — and then Shane felt Rozanov coming copious and warm and slippery onto Shane's bared forearm, into the blanket.

Shane stilled his hand and Rozanov slowly closed his mouth again, his breathing carefully shallow, quietening. Shane let go of Rozanov's cock and wiped the come off his hand onto the inside of the fleece. There seemed to be so much of it. Shane wondered if Rozanov, too, hadn't jerked off for a while.

"Okay," said Rozanov, a few slow breaths later, still barely whispering. "I go back to sleep now."

"Are you fucking kidding me?" Shane responded in a hiss, indignant, probably too loud.

"Shh," said Rozanov, laughing silently. "You get so mad. Is funny." He slid his hand over Shane's insanely hard cock and squeezed it, his grip firm like it hadn't been before. "I wouldn't leave you like this," he breathed.

His free hand, the one that had been pulling Shane close to him, slid up and pushed Shane's head down onto his shoulder. Shane felt stupid, going where Rozanov pushed him, but also it was so goddamn *dreamy* to rest his head on that broad strong span of muscle, to feel Rozanov's fingers carding through the hair at the nape of his neck. Shane felt *managed*, and that wasn't anything he'd ever thought he would like, but it turned out it was fucking perfect.

"Let me," said Rozanov, softly, and worked his big hand into the waistband of Shane's joggers, hooked them down, got Shane's cock and balls out under the blanket as his own had been. "Breathe through open mouth," he directed. "Is quieter."

Shane opened his mouth obediently, already feeling his breath come too fast and noisy. He wasn't going to be able to stay quiet, *fuck*, this was so reckless and dumb. Rozanov was squeezing his cock, root to tip. He wasn't even jerking him off yet, and Shane already felt like he could come from just this.

"Shh," said Rozanov again, and moved his free hand to push two fingers into Shane's open mouth. "Suck," he directed, pushing down on Shane's tongue, and Shane mindlessly *did*, and then Rozanov was squeezing his cock again, working it slow and quiet and smooth, which shouldn't have been anything close to enough to bring Shane off, but fuck. The fingers in his mouth tasted like salt, like sex. Shane was imagining bending at the waist and rubbing his face into the blanket over Rozanov's lap, nosing out the spots wet with his come, licking them clean, mouthing Rozanov's soft dick until it hardened again, putting that hardness in his mouth.

"Shh, shh," said Rozanov again, hastily pulling his fingers out of Shane's mouth, sealing his lips over Shane's to catch the little moan Shane couldn't hold in as he came, and came, and came. "Shh," said Rozanov, even more gently, ending the kiss, tipping their foreheads together. "Fuck, Hollander."

"The blanket's all gross," Shane whispered, shaking, giddy, his lips still close enough to brush Rozanov's as he spoke.

"What?" said Rozanov. "Shut up."

"You shut up," said Shane, dizzy, grinning.

There was a sudden motion from the front of the bus, and Shane's heart leapt in his throat. But Rozanov was cool as anything, just shifting away smoothly and leaning up against the window, pulling his hands back into his own lap. He bunched the blanket as he casually got his joggers back up, made it look like he was just getting comfortable.

Shane followed suit, hoping it looked just as nonchalant.

The player who had got up shoved past them on his way to the toilet, not even glancing their way, bleary-eyed and bored.

They had got away with it, apparently.

Shane stood, balling up the soiled blanket, and shoved it into the rack overhead. It would be Rozanov's problem to smuggle it off the bus in the morning. For now, Shane didn't want to spend the rest of the bus ride with a come-splattered blanket on his lap. There was probably jizz drying on his sweats, too. He'd have to keep his winter jacket zipped up until he could sneak into the bathroom at Timmy's in Lloyd and check for stains.

Shane sat down again, knocking his knee into Rozanov's on purpose as he settled into his seat. Rozanov lifted his head off the icy window and smirked at him, his mouth a dark slant in the dim bus interior. Shane elbowed him in the side, scowling, and Rozanov smirked even more.

Shane folded his arms up on his chest and hunched down in his seat, feeling like he could probably sleep again now. He couldn't believe he'd — well, Rozanov had started it. Rozanov had ended it, for that matter. He'd *kissed* Shane on the mouth! On the team bus!

That counted as a kiss, didn't it?

Shane must have fallen asleep again because the next time he opened his eyes, the sky was deep blue instead of black, presaging the prairie dawn. The bus had gotten noisy again with players moving up and down the aisle, dop kits in hand, pulling down bags, wiping their pits with wet wipes, trading protein bars and bags of chips and mostly flat bottles of pop. Now the light had started to return, Shane could more easily pick out his fellow Canadians among the Russians. He'd been right that he was far away from most of them, which was maybe a good thing, given...

Shane looked to his left sharply and saw that Rozanov was awake, too, though bleary-eyed and yawning. He'd pulled a toque on at some point, his blonde curls flattened and peeking out from the brim.

"Morning," said Shane, hearing his voice low and raspy. Embarrassing. He sounded — sexy. He cleared his throat aggressively. "Sleep okay?"

"Mm," said Rozanov, little tick of his chin. His face was dark with stubble; he probably shaved every day. "Not bad."

Shane bent over and stuffed his feet into his sneakers, which he must have kicked off in his sleep. As he came up, he leaned close to Rozanov as if by accident. Shane said, quietly, "You can't tell anybody."

When Shane sat up again, Rozanov had a look on his face like Shane was the biggest idiot in Canada. "Obviously," he said, not bothering to lower his voice.

"Shut up," said Shane, feeling his cheeks warm, grateful that it probably was too dark still for his blush to show.

Rozanov wriggled in his seat like he was stretching, though clearly his real aim was to jab his pointy elbow into Shane's side over and over.

Wyatt Hayes was on his way down the aisle with a toothbrush sticking out of his mouth, ballcap on backwards. He paused to grin crookedly at Shane, making big obvious eyes at his seatmate, then back to Shane.

"Morning," said Shane, pulling his feet up onto his seat so he could hug his knees, stretch his back. He needed to piss and move his legs, but he was still kind of cozy and warm, squashed in next to Rozanov as he was. "You get any sleep?"

Wyatt yanked the toothbrush out of his mouth and pointed it between Shane and Rozanov. "Did *you*?"

"Slept with one eye open," Shane joked. "Don't worry."

"Oh yeah," said Wyatt, "you looked really anxious." He was digging in his pocket now, and pulled out a digital camera. He tapped a few buttons and then showed the screen to Shane. The picture had the bluish-white glare of a flash photo, obviously taken in the dark of the bus at some point overnight. In it, Shane was fast asleep, mouth open, drooling. Head pillowed on Rozanov's shoulder. Rozanov was also sleeping. The blanket was spread over their laps — so the photo was from before they... from before.

They still looked oddly cozy in the picture.

It wasn't a big deal, Shane thought, hoping his face didn't betray the kick of panic that lanced through his chest. People slept on buses. They couldn't be responsible for where their heads went when they were out.

"That's going on Facebook," said Wyatt, grinning.

"Fuck you," said Shane. "You're such a creeper."

"Is good photo," said Rozanov, leaning over Shane's knees to see for himself. "This is how Hollander looks when he plays with Team Canada. He tells me how boring it is. He falls asleep waiting for another player to catch up with him."

"Fuck you, Rozanov," said Wyatt, still grinning. "Anyway, I'm going to go take a shit now."

"No twosies on the bus!" yelled another Canadian from further up the aisle, which made a few Russians voice loud complaints about the noise level at this hour.

"It's not our bus, dumbass!" Wyatt yelled back.

"You're right, dude, go for it!" one of the guys from Nova Scotia shouted.

Shane hugged his knees harder and watched while Rozanov took the camera off Wyatt as the shouting continued. He thumbed through the photos and located the delete button. Shot an eyebrow at Shane, checking. Shane nodded. Rozanov deleted the sleeping photo and handed the camera back to Wyatt, who still wasn't paying attention.

"Thank you," said Shane, under his breath.

"Is for me," said Rozanov. "KGB would send me to Siberia if this goes on Facebook."

"Really?" Shane squawked, before realizing that — of course — Rozanov was fucking with him.

Rozanov smirked while Shane scowled, fighting a smile.

Wyatt had moved on down the aisle without pausing to notice what Rozanov had done to his camera, and for a moment, nobody was paying attention to Shane and Rozanov. It was like they were back in that little pool of aloneness from the deep dark of the night, when it had felt like they were the only two people on earth.

Shane looked at Rozanov's mouth, remembering that they'd kissed.

"What is there to do in Edmonton?" said Rozanov.

"Uh," said Shane. "There's a big mall. And a statue of Wayne Gretzky."

"Drinking age in Alberta is eighteen, someone said," said Rozanov.

"I'm seventeen," said Shane. "So are you, right?"

"I could look eighteen," said Rozanov, rubbing a hand over his dark stubble. "I have done at home in Russia. Maybe I get some beer. We could have party at hotel."

"Have fun," said Shane, who usually avoided this sort of shit when his team was on road trips.

Rozanov smiled. "Maybe we invite Canada," he said. "In spirit of international cooperation."

"International cooperation?" Shane repeated back, jaw dropping. "When did your English get so good?"

"Maybe your roommate comes to the party," said Rozanov. "Maybe you stay in room because you are boring."

Shane's throat went tight. "I'm not boring," he said, even though he knew what Rozanov meant.

"Boring or headache," said Rozanov. "Either way. You are in your room alone."

Shane looked at Rozanov, sleep-rumpled and soft and smirking. He already felt so *familiar*, which was stupid, because — they'd spoken once before tonight? And what, slept a few hours next to each other? Jerked each other off in the darkness like fucking idiots? Shane didn't know him. He shouldn't *trust* him, that was for damn sure.

"Maybe," said Shane, like he was hearing himself from another room. "Maybe."

Rozanov's smile bloomed from a smirk to something almost sweet, just for a heart-stopping second, and then he was digging in his hoodie pockets and pulling out an MP3 player, unwinding his earbuds from where the cord was wrapped around it. "You want to listen to music?" he asked, offering one of the earbuds to Shane.

"What sort of music," Shane said, putting on an air of suspicion even as his stomach flipped around happily.

"Listen and find out," said Rozanov, wiggling the earbud insistently.

Shane hesitated, then took it.

ESPN Insider

'On the Ice, We Are Not Friends'

Top NHL Draft Picks Hollander and Rozanov Mark New Raiders-Metros Era

You might expect disappointment from Ottawa's Shane Hollander at being this year's number two NHL draft pick, coming in behind Russia's Ilya Rozanov. After all, the young Ottawa native has been called a generational talent, captaining Team Canada at the World Juniors, winning MVP of the tournament, and described by Hockey Canada as possessing "an unmatched hockey IQ" on top of his stunning talent as a center forward.

But eighteen-year-old Hollander is surprisingly philosophical about how the draft went down. "Someone's gotta come second," says Hollander, "and between me and Ilya, it was always a toss-up which one it'd be."

Russia's Ilya Rozanov has plenty of accolades to his name as well. Having taken the World Juniors gold as captain of Team Russia, he's widely touted as one of the best young players out of Europe in the last decade.

When asked if he has any criticism to offer about Rozanov's renowned aggressive playing style, Hollander remains positive. "He's a great player to watch." He goes on, "I'm so stoked to be a Metro. We'll get lots of chances to play opposite each other."

Rozanov is less complimentary, though it's clear from his grin that he enjoys the chance to tease Hollander about their rankings in the draft. "Yes, Hollander is [a] good player. We have lots in common," says Rozanov. "Shane is second-best, I am best. But he tries very hard. He is [a] hard worker and I am lazy."

Hollander is quick to clarify: "[Ilya] is the least lazy guy I know." This earns him a warm smile from Rozanov.

It couldn't be clearer: any friction between the two players is only a front. If the NHL hoped to work up a public rivalry between Hollander — drafted by the legendary Metros — and Rozanov — nabbed by Montreal's historic archrival, the Boston Raiders — well. Those hopes have been thwarted by the surprising but obvious kinship between the young pair of phenoms.

Having first met during the World Juniors held in Regina in late 2008, Hollander and Rozanov were thrown together unexpectedly when mechanical woes on Team Canada's bus landed Hollander riding next to Rozanov on a long drive to Edmonton. Friendship bloomed. The rest, as they say, is history.

And how will their brotherly rapport play out on the ice when Hollander and Rozanov start their NHL rookie season next year?

"On the ice, we are not friends," says Rozanov, when asked.

"We'll play hard," promises Hollander with a smile. "It should be fun to watch."

End Notes

As you might guess from the title, Ilya is listening to Metric. Xen decided he downloaded a bunch of Canadian music before his trip so he could educate himself on this new land.

There might be more in this AU (at least if Xen gets her way) but this story is complete as it stands; further stories in-universe would be part of a series.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!