

own version of semaphore

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75617421) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75617421>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Anal Sex , Anal Fingering , Multiple Orgasms , Rimming , Felching , Canon Compliant , (more or less) , Idiots in Love , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , POV Shane Hollander , Bottom Shane Hollander , Top Ilya Rozanov , Barebacking , Pining While Fucking , 2014-2016 Montage in Episode: s01e04 Rose (Heated Rivalry)
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of hockey smut breakdown (heated rivalry fics)
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-11 Words: 2,655 Chapters: 1/1

own version of semaphore

by [epistrophic](#)

Summary

Lily: are you clean?

Me: what?

Me: i mean yes obviously

Me: but why?

Lily: if you want, i will fuck you raw after we play tonight

Boston, 2015. Ilya has a suggestion.

Notes

watched the tv show, had a breakdown, bon appétit.

a million million thanks to [nebs](#) for hockey-picking and editing help. remaining errors entirely my own. tried some formatting for the texts but hopefully will be readable with workskins on or off!

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

Boston, 2015

Lily

Lily: screenshot.jpg

What? Shane thinks.

Me: What?

There's a bit over three hours before the game. Shane is sitting on his bed in the hotel after his stretches, getting ready to leave for the arena with the rest of the team.

Lily: do you not know how to read?

Shane opens the image. It's something from a medical clinic, according to the top part. Dated yesterday. It reads: Chlamydia — NEGATIVE. Gonorrhea — NEGATIVE. Hepa— Shane slams his phone facedown onto the sheets.

Deep breath. He picks the phone back up, swipes back to the conversation.

Me: why are you sending me this?

Lily: are you clean?

Me: what?

Me: i mean yes obviously

Me: but why?

Lily: if you want, i will fuck you raw after we play tonight

In a very calm, measured fashion, Shane throws his phone across the fucking room. He leaves it where it lands, and finishes putting his shoes on, gathering his gear up. Only when he is no longer hard does he pick the phone up.

Me: it's not safe

The reply pops in immediately. Shane tries not to think about Rozanov waiting for his message. In his fucking penthouse, stretched out on his couch, little smirk on his mouth. Maybe he's hard in his sweats, running his fingers over the outline of his cock...

Shane focuses and reads the message. It's several more screenshots of full negative STD panels, two weeks apart over the past few months.

Lily: up to you

Me: how do you know I'm safe?

Lily: too boring to lie

The knock on his door startles Shane. He fumbles his phone into his pocket and calls out, "Yeah?"

Hayden calls back. "I'm heading downstairs!"

"Coming," Shane says. He rearranges his dick, and leaves the room.

He's too busy to think about Rozanov's stupid fucking ideas for a while. That's what he keeps telling himself as they take the bus over to the rink, prep for the game. Shane mostly pulls it off, he thinks.

From the locker room, he texts back.

Me: i told you not to text me before games.

Lily: you are the one texting now

Lily: think about it while we thrash you

Shane can feel the heat in his cheeks. JJ slaps him on the shoulder and starts talking, so Shane flicks his phone to silent and shoves it to the back of his cubby. They're not going to lose the fucking game.



They do lose. Rozanov winks at him as the puck drops, and beats Shane in every face-off against him. Every time Rozanov comes within touching distance Shane gets humiliatingly hard in his fucking cup, and he can't shake the sense that Rozanov knows this too. Then again, what's new.

He's insufferable in victory. Insufferable all the time, really, but the slow, predatory smile he shoots Shane across the ice as the final buzzer goes tells him that tonight he's been properly wound up, and if Shane lets him, he'll do some unspeakable things with that pent-up energy.

The locker room is subdued, and Shane answers the media questions with impatience he fears he isn't hiding well. He heads back to the hotel on complete autopilot, changes, puts on a cap, and leaves again as quietly as he can, without even looking at his phone.

There's a cab to Rozanov's apartment that he doesn't remember, then he's fumbling with his phone to text.

Me: outside

The latch on the main door whirs, clicks open. Shane walks into the elevator. It opens again to Rozanov leaning against his doorframe, shirtless. Holding a drink in a cut crystal glass. He tips it back, swallows, and puts it down on the entryway table. Rozanov lifts one corner of his mouth, and takes a step to the side, leaving a space under his arm, between himself and the door.

Shane swallows so hard Rozanov must be able to see. He steps in, under Rozanov's arm, and Rozanov slams the door shut and Shane up against it in one vicious movement.

His mouth is burning hot, and Shane kisses him back with teeth and tongue and the feeling of a seething pot about to boil over running under his skin. Rozanov sucks on his lips, gives him a grazing of teeth, takes his mouth.

When he breaks away, panting, his eyes are dark and his mouth looks red and wrecked already. He leans over Shane, using all of his size advantage. "Well?" he says, voice husky. "Did you think about it?"

Shane just stands there, frozen. He thinks about playing it cool, saying *hm, what?* and not looking anything but confused. It won't fool Ilya. "Yes," he breathes, still not moving.

"And? Do you want it?" Rozanov's words gust warm against the side of his neck, set hairs on end in their wake.

"Are you sure it's safe?" he manages, and knows that answer won't hide the yes it is.

Rozanov shrugs. "I am careful. I think so."

The thing is, Shane knows this isn't the barrier he's been thinking of it as. They've sucked each other off plenty of times with no condoms, so it's not like he can pretend to be completely fucking on it about safe sex. They're both athletes, and he knows that whatever else he is, Rozanov isn't an idiot. And it can't feel that different, right? He just... wants to know, is the thing.

He breathes steadily. In, out. In, out. Ilya runs his mouth down Shane's neck, from his ear to his collarbone and back up, only a whisper of a touch. A hint of teeth on his earlobe. Waiting,

waiting.

“Okay,” Shane says.

Rozanov makes a pleased humming sound into Shane's ear, and slots his hips in to press him against the wall more thoroughly. It's a slow, dirty grind of bodies, and Shane can feel every rigid inch of Rozanov's cock. He kisses Shane again, deep and wet.

“Okay,” he repeats, accent heavy on the syllables of it. “Bedroom.”

Shane follows him dumbly. He lets Rozanov undress him silently, run his hands over every plane of his body, the curve of his ass, the firm muscle of his pecs. Sometimes Rozanov wants it fast — he'll pull Shane into whatever hotel room or apartment they're fucking in and practically rip his clothes off, working him open as fast as he can, like he's on a personal mission to beat the get-his-cock-inside-Shane-Hollander world record time. Ilya Rozanov, gold medal winner four years running. It's always filthy and desperate and Shane might love it, a bit. But this has a different kind of intensity. Rozanov is... lingering over Shane's body, there's no other word for it. He licks at Shane's cock as he runs his dry fingers over the skin of Shane's hole. He turns Shane over, presses firm palms into the meat of his ass, sinks his teeth into it, spreads Shane's legs apart to play with his balls. He licks over his hole with delicate, careful strokes, so light it's ticklish and Shane squirms under him.

“Stay still,” Rozanov tells him, in his husky, sex-drunk voice. Shane fights to control his muscles, and lies still. Rozanov chuckles, low and warm. “Good,” he says, drawn out and hushed, and reaches for the lube.

He works Shane open just as slowly, fucking each finger in and out of him until it's as smooth as butter. Then he asks, “Another?” and waits till Shane gasps out his agreement before he adds the next. Throughout it, Shane hides his face in the pillows, and feels drunk on it, on the slide of fingers inside him, stroking his prostate too slowly for him to feel any relief. He lets Rozanov get up to three fingers, get him loose around them, when Rozanov leans over and whispers against his spine again, “Another?”

Shane gasps, and moves himself convulsively until he's somehow on his knees, looking back over his shoulder with his face red. “Rozanov. Shut up and fuck me.”

His lower lip looks swollen, like he'd been biting it the whole time his fingers were inside Shane. Somehow, he's still got his boxers on. Ilya stares at him, eyes heavy-lidded, and explodes into motion like he does when the puck drops. He's naked and slicking his cock in two seconds flat, then the blunt head of it is pressing against Shane, into him. Rozanov's big hands clamp around his hips, holding him steady against that first long, brutal thrust. They groan in unison, and Shane feels like he does when he's flying across the ice and knows no one has a hope in hell of catching him. Every nerve ending is on fire, and Rozanov pulls back, angles his hips, and finds a hammering pace that presses into Shane's prostate on every thrust.

It feels... well, it feels raw, even if that sounds like a stupid joke. Shane puts his head back down in the sheets and lets Rozanov fuck him, catch the head of his dick on Shane's rim

when he pulls out particularly far. He doesn't care about the sounds he's making, slutty and desperate. Rozanov's heard them all before.

"God, Hollander," he says, and shudders to a stop, holding himself fully sheathed inside Shane. "I do not want to come just yet, but you make it very hard."

Shane makes a keening noise into a pillow as Rozanov pulls out of him, leaving him clenching down on nothing. There's a thick thumb tracing around his rim for a moment, then Rozanov grabs him by the waist and flips him over. Shane lets out an embarrassing sound.

"I want to watch your face when I make you come," Rozanov says.

The intensity on his face is too much and, oh god, Shane really isn't going to last much longer. He screws his eyes shut as Rozanov arranges his body how he likes. He pushes Shane's legs up and presses back into him with arms wrapped around Shane's broad thighs. The rhythm he sets is deliberate, just on the edge of losing control. Shane dares to look at him, and sees Ilya's gaze fixed on where his dick disappears inside Shane's body. His expression is intent, wide-eyed, determined. Shane shuts his eyes again, and comes untouched.

Ilya swears through it, first, "Fuck, fuck!" and then a babble of Russian, but he keeps moving steadily, and doesn't come. When Shane shudders into stillness, Ilya looks down at him and gasps, "You are so tight when you come. Fuck. But I am still not done with you."

Shane doesn't think he's capable of coherent thought, and just lies there gasping. Ilya lets Shane's legs rest back on the bed, and strokes his hands down Shane's flanks, fingers wrapping round the curve of his ribcage. He leans up to kiss Shane's mouth with a wet smearing of lips and tongues, lush and indulgent. Then Ilya turns him back over and presses him flat into the mattress, thighs parted, even though all the come on his stomach gets smeared across the sheets. Shane can't even protest. Ilya fucks back into him straight away.

"I am going to fill your little hole up with come, Hollander. Would you like that?"

All Shane can do is moan. He's floating in some kind of shocked space past caring. Ilya's right, he would like that. He likes the sound of Ilya's dirty voice, throaty and out of control. He likes being held down like this, limp and ready. He likes when Ilya fucks him, and fucks him, and doesn't stop until his stream of dirty talk cuts off into, "Shit, *ah*, fuck. Sh—" and Ilya comes inside him in hot pulses. Shane feels every twitch of his cock.

There's a long moment where Ilya just stays seated inside him, panting and trembling. Then his hands stroke down Shane's back, grasp his ass firmly, squeezes. "And before you think I am done," Ilya says in a dark, rich voice, "would you like to know the real reason I wanted to fuck you like this?"

"Don't people say it... feels better?" Shane manages.

Ilya laughs. Shane feels the vibrations run through both their bodies. "Yes, a bit. But that is not all. I wanted to see this."

He pulls slowly out of Shane then, softening cock slipping free, and Shane feels a trickle of something leaking from him.

“I wanted to see my come spilling out of you,” Ilya says. “Fuck, Hollander, you're so wet, so open for me. Full of my come, yeah?”

Shane makes a noise that can only be described as a whimper. Between his stomach and the bed, he's getting hard again. Ilya runs his thumb down the crack of Shane's ass, and pushes it into his hole. There's a definite squelching sound that *should not be hot* and Shane bucks involuntarily, pressing his dick into the mattress.

“Very pretty,” Ilya says, moving himself where Shane can't see but without taking his thumb away. He sounds like he's settling himself down, and — is he planning on fingering Shane all over again? Can Shane even take that? Then Ilya's wet, hot tongue is on Shane's balls, licking at the skin, at the mixture of lube and Ilya's own come that's probably all over them.

“Oh, *god*,” Shane says, and makes no other sounds that could conceivably be called words for several minutes.

Ilya's mouth moves from his balls to his perineum, up to press flat strokes over Shane's opening. It's the filthiest thing he's ever felt, at least until Ilya presses his tongue inside Shane. He licks at his own come, the mess of excessive lube, makes stifled grunts of appreciation into Shane's body.

Holy shit! Shane thinks. *Fucking hell!*

Then there's a finger too, pressing further into Shane until it's on his prostate and he cries out, twitching against the bed to get more pressure on his cock. Ilya's other hand slides under Shane until he can get fingers around him. “There,” Ilya says, like the cat with the cream. “Come for me again.” He licks Shane's rim, squeezes his cock, and Shane comes so hard his vision whites out.

The finger inside him hasn't left, steadying him through it because Ilya knows exactly how Shane likes it, but when Shane can next process anything, Ilya's other hand is making obscene slapping sounds on his own cock. He's not talking any more, just panting in harsh, rasping breaths. Shane lies there for him, and listens, and feels Ilya Rozanov come again in hot spurts, all over him.

They lie in the mess of filthy sheets, and Ilya is a warm, solid weight against Shane's side. Eventually, he turns onto his side and looks at him. Ilya is sweat-soaked, chest still heaving, eyes shut and the chain of his crucifix askew round his neck. Shane feels an absurd impulse to reach out and fix it, which is a little too far to be taking his admitted neat freak tendencies.

Instead, he gets up, sticky and sore, and stands dazedly under Rozanov's shower. At some point Rozanov joins him too, and they help each other wash in lazy silence. When they're done, Rozanov collapses into the chair in his bedroom and watches Shane dress.

His legs still feel shaky enough that it takes him some time, and Rozanov's gaze has a palpable weight to it the whole time. Shane stands there awkwardly when he finishes, acutely

aware of the eyes on him. Glancing at the bed, he says, "Don't envy you that mess."

Rozanov snorts and tips his head back. "I am sleeping in guest room tonight."

Shane laughs until they both go quiet. "Well," he says. "Goodnight."

The weight of Rozanov's gaze makes Shane's skin prickle. "Goodnight, Hollander," he says. He says it slow and husky, and Shane can't catch his breath until he's outside the building, on the cold walk back to his hotel.

End Notes

stopped myself from putting an epigraph on this very serious smut fic but i almost did put this, from the last bit of [*Radiance versus Ordinary Light*](#) by Carl Phillips:

Regret,

like pity, changes nothing really, we
say to ourselves and, less often, to each other, each time
swimming a bit farther,

leaving the shore the way
the water—in its own watered, of course, version
of semaphore—keeps leaving the subject out, flashing

Why should it matter now and Why,

why shouldn 't it,

as the waves beat harder, hard against us, until that's
how we like it, I'll break your heart, break mine.

anyway! at least one more piece of heated rivalry smut half-written as well. meanwhile
elsewhere:

[tumblr](#)
[bluesky](#)

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