

your freckles lead the way/i trace your constellations

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75575436) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75575436>.

Rating:	Mature
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:	POV Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Massage , Intimacy , Implied Sexual Content , Sexual Tension , Non-Explicit Sex , Body Worship , shane my neurotic flower , russian language , Kissing , Boys Kissing , Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Fluff , hover notes for translation
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-11 Words: 1,449 Chapters: 1/1

your freckles lead the way/i trace your constellations

by [bucksbicycle](#)

Summary

The sly grin returns to Ilya's face as he undresses, "So, will I get a - what is it - good morning?"

"A happy ending?" Shane snorts, "Maybe. If you're lucky."

"I am always lucky. I have you."

--

a surprise.

title from "constellations" by jade lemac

Notes

I have weaseled my way into Hollanov. I love it here.

I have used hover notes for Russian Cyrillic translations - I have used Word Hippo for everything, occasionally re-translating through Google Translate to double-check. Apologies if anything is super incorrect, I am totally open to corrections on it.

Enjoy!

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

Shane tucks his hair behind his ears for the billionth time as he paces the bedroom. He's flipping electric candles on, off, back on again, checking the playlist queue on his phone, and talking himself down from doing a complete teardown of his whole setup, somehow being able to hide away all of this equipment in the next two minutes before Ilya gets home from his therapy appointment.

Anya is at Hayden's. She's having the time of her life. There is nothing left to worry about. Everything is perfect. You literally trained for this.

He checks his notes from his online classes, makes sure the electrical sockets aren't catching fire, re-straightens his blankets & stack of towels, runs his hands down his front as he stares in the mirror just waiting for-

The front door opens and shuts. Shane hears Ilya kick off his shoes and hang his jacket, keys parked on the hook on the wall.

“Аnya? Принцесса? (Princess?) Shane?”

“Спáльня (Bedroom)” he responds, a half-smile forming just picturing his husband's pout at their dog not running to greet him as she normally does. The smile grows fuller when he hears Ilya's footsteps pick up in pace and Shane clocks the salacious grin on Ilya's face upon entering the doorway. He holds back a laugh when that grin slips away, a confused and intrigued glint in Ilya's eyes taking its place.

“Добро пожаловать домой (Welcome home)” Shane says, leaning in to speaking Russian when Ilya gets home from therapy. He told Shane once that it helped transition between the spaces mentally, and who was Shane to deny him (or deny the opportunity for more practice)?

“Что это? (What's this?)” He meets Shane next to the massage table in the middle of the room, taking in the same electric candles he'd used to propose, the warm blankets stacked at the foot of the table with his supplies laid out next to it. He eyes the oil currently being held in a baby bottle warmer that had been pilfered earlier from the Pikes' home.

(They'll just keep it.)

Ilya pulls Shane in by the hips and presses gentle kisses across the bridge of his nose, cheekbones, and finally to his lips.

“Сюрприз (A surprise)” Shane responds lightly.

“какой случай? (What's the occasion?)”

“Я хотел (I wanted to)”

“You are too good to me, Любимый (Darling)” Ilya says, his face slipping into a love-drenched expression as he rubs small circles into Shane's hipbones.

Shane shakes his head, “Nothing you wouldn’t do for me. Clothes off, get under the blanket. Face down.” He pats his husband’s hard chest and gives him a push to step away, but not before they lean in for one more lingering kiss.

The sly grin returns to Ilya’s face as he undresses, “So, will I get a - what is it - good morning?”

“A happy ending?” Shane snorts, “Maybe. If you’re lucky.”

“I am always lucky. I have you,” Ilya says with a wink as he rolls himself onto the table. He heaves a large sigh when he settles his face into the headrest and Shane covers his body with the warmed blankets, running his hands across every ridge that lay underneath.

“What the *fuuuuck*” Ilya groans out in pleasure and release as Shane begins his routine, one carefully & meticulously planned with all of Shane’s online research in mind. A symphony of slicked skin, varied moans and groans, the flow of the soft instrumentals coming through their sound system surround them.

Shane moves Ilya this way & that with no resistance, following *scalp traps left arm left scap right arm right scap lower back erectors*. All the while, he traces and admires the birthmarks littering his husband’s skin. Ilya loves to wax poetic over the flecks on his own face ([angel kisses], he says), but Shane has crafted stories of their life together in the constellations on Ilya’s back. He’s so beautiful, Ilya. There’s no amount of words or actions that Shane could ever relay to properly communicate the depth of what he feels for him. It took a long time to get here, maybe that’s all they need. All the time they can get.

Every so often he’ll follow the path of his fingers or elbow with his lips, absorbing the responding shudders of desire into his own nervous system. They’re *harmonious*, he’s been told.

He makes his way down the back of Ilya’s shapely legs, watching his toes curl when Shane really digs in right under his ass. Satisfied with this part of the process, Shane presses his bodyweight through his hands across Ilya’s re-covered back and says “Okay, time to flip over” in a soft voice that still manages to cut through the building tension in the room.

Ilya releases a deep sigh as he presses himself up, flips over underneath the blanket, and stares at Shane through one squinted eye once it’s extremely clear how his body has reacted to the surprise *services*.

“Do not worry, this does not happen at the rink. With the professionals.”

Shane scoffs, “I sure hope not.”

“Mm.” Ilya hums “Too boring. This is not boring.”

“Clearly.”

“Okay,” Ilya states with a loop of a pointed finger, eyes fully closing and body re-settling. “Continue, *Любимый (Darling)*.”

Shane follows his orders, but does make sure to work his way slower & slower each limb as he works Ilya's muscles towards the center of his body. Ilya's breaths grow longer and deeper, even more so as Shane removes the blanket and leaves Ilya bare-naked and glistening in sweat & body oil. He glows with the light from the candles, muscles contracting and expanding to create sparkling waves across the front of his body that Shane can't wait to ride.

"How are you feeling?" Shane asks, thumbs digging into Ilya's hips. He has plausible deniability that's he's just helping to release the tight ligaments, but is really testing holding Ilya down as he unconsciously twitches his hips forward the closer Shane gets to where he really wants him.

"Mm. Is nice. Very good. Thank you for this, *вафельница (waffle maker)*."

(Shane will ask about that one later.)

"I was more wondering," Shane questions with a lilt, "if you're feeling lucky?"

He's running light fingertips across Ilya's lower abdomen, finally brushing against his cock every few passes.

"Like I said - I'm always lucky when I have you."

Just as before, Shane plays Ilya's body like an instrument and fills the space with the sounds of skin-on-skin, quickened breath, and shaking wood against the floor. He smirks after Ilya lets out an exasperated "*Hollander*" when Shane brings him back from the edge, he brings his mouth in to play and it's game over. Ilya breaks a sob of release as Shane groans around him, slowing to the rhythm of Ilya's breath before pulling off.

"I am dead. Say goodbye to Anya for me, tell her I love her."

"I will not be doing that. I told Jackie I'd bring you with me when I go pick her up later."

"Ugh, you made her be with *Hayden*? What a bad trade-off for her."

Shane snorts at Ilya's grumbly face and helps pull him up to stand to put a fresh pair of boxer briefs on. As he settles the waistband, Shane takes in Ilya's pleased, contented expression and presses a series of kisses to his jaw before guiding him to lay down on their bed. He was pretty pleased, himself, with his earlier thinking to use their oldest set of sheets in case of oil stains.

As Shane turns to grab a water bottle from the fridge, Ilya's hand grips loosely at his wrist.

"What about you, *Жизнь моя (my life)*?"

Shane smiles shyly, barely thinking about his own lingering erection, "Don't worry about it, baby."

"No, Hollander," Ilya whines in a sleepy drawl. "Let me suck your dick."

A loud, free laugh leaves Shane's throat, "If you're still awake when I get back, I will let you suck my dick, Mr. Hollander-Rozanov."

Ilya scoffs, eyes barely able to stay open "*разреши мне, как глуп (Let me, how silly).*"

After bringing his extra supplies to their bathroom and washing his hands, tidying up his work space, and flicking off the candles, Shane tucks himself in under the covers next to his sleeping husband for an afternoon nap.

(Later, Shane wakes up during golden hour. The sun backlights his husband's fussy curls like a halo, Ilya's gentle finger tracing the freckles across his cheekbones.

They kiss languidly, Ilya cupping Shane through his pants, pressing *love* and *forever* into his skin as he makes his way down Shane's torso.

He bites next to Shane's bellybutton gently, "Now I am *definitely* feeling lucky.")

End Notes

thank you for being here in my Hollanov debut!

find me on [twitter](#) @bucksbicycle

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