

## let me map new constellations with your freckles

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# let me map new constellations with your freckles

by [daylightsashley](#)

## Summary

“So beautiful, sweetheart,” Ilya whispered as he ran his fingers over the skin on Shane’s thigh. Making sure every single individual mark got enough attention. “You work so hard for this body, you should be proud of it.” Ilya left dozens of kisses on just one thigh, his thumb rubbing over the sensitive spots just after.

“Should want to show off to the world,” Ilya breathed out, “But you won’t right? Because just for me. Just for me to see?”

“Just yours, Ilya,” Shane gasped out, his breathing was heavy. Ilya knew how much he was enjoying this even with such little words.

or

the fic where Ilya praises every inch of Shane's body

## Notes

Hi!! It's me again!! So this fic came to me after seeing Shane ride the life out of Ilya and seeing his stretch marks. It awoken something in me, being someone who has stretch marks seeing it so openly be shown on tv was SO insane and so inspring actually. And then I tweeted about it,,, and then it got 5.3k likes,,, and then I internally freaked out because how many people wanted this and I didn't want to let anyone done. So I have to be totally honest, I am really nervous to post this. Which usally doesn't happen with my fics anymore but I just wanted to make sure I do this justice.

A quick disclaimer, this fic switches back and fourth between flash backs and real time. All of the flashbacks are in the italics, vs the real time is just regular text. I wanted to put this in there so no one got confused.

And lastly, to the loon group chat, you guys are my rocks and my biggest supporters ALWAYS. I would not be able to be doing this without you guys. No matter what I'm feeling you guys make sure I feel supported and so loved and I love you all so bad. Thank you ALWAYS.

AND a big thank you to everyone who supports my work and supports what I write, you guys are the reason I keep coming back to write more. I hope you guys love and enjoy this fic.

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

Ilya had Shane's body memorized, every curve, every indent, every freckle. He spent years memorizing his body, caressing every inch of it. Ilya loved praising Shane, just as much as Shane loved receiving it. There was something so romantic about having your partners—your soon to be husbands, body memorized. In the beginning it was hard, Ilya being able to praise Shane's body the way he wanted too. They didn't have enough time, it was always so fast, *too fast*. That didn't mean he didn't try, that he didn't spend the time they did have peppering Shane's body with kisses, every freckle, every birth mark getting attention.

But it wasn't enough— Ilya, he wanted more. He wanted to watch Shane fall apart, he wanted to shower him with so much love, worshipping every part of Shane's body. And now, here they are, standing in Ilya's living room, Shane down on one knee. After their first big fight, after Ilya *could've died*, after hearing Shane say *he would've died*. Ilya decided that he would spend the night worshipping his *fiance's* body.

He was dragging Shane down towards him, pushing the electric candles out of the way. Shane looked eccentric in this lighting, his skin shined with a gold reflection, his freckles on his cheeks looking warmer than usual. The lighting was soft—intimate. Shane's eyes looking more brown than usual, he could see the touch of gold in them, like when they sat out on the dock in the burning sun and his eyes radiated warmth.

Ilya lowered himself to be right above Shane, his lips barely brushing Shane's, his chain dangling between them, the ring sitting exactly where it needed to be. Snug on his chain link necklace.

"Hi," Shane whispered, rubbing his nose against Ilya's, the grin on his face was the widest Ilya had ever seen in. "What are we doing?" Shane giggled.

"Loving you." Ilya responded, before pressing his lips against Shane's. There was this feeling Ilya couldn't shake, *a good feeling*. Laying there on his living room floor, fully closed, kissing Shane. He could stay here forever, in the warmth and sweetness of this moment.

"Am loving you," Ilya said inbetween kisses, making his way down Shane's neck, and kissing the spot behind his ear. He had one single freckle back there, he remembered the first time he noticed it.

*"You have single freckle behind your ear," Ilya nudged Shane's neck. They were laid down side to side, Ilya had one arm tucked under Shane's neck, the other one wrapped around his waist. This was the first time they were like that, their bodies flush together, Ilya's chest pressed against Shane's back.*

*"I do?" Shane asked, there was an element of surprise in his voice. Ilya figured Shane just didn't know there was one back there since he couldn't see it.*

*"Yes. I will kiss it now," Ilya responded, he wanted to say "Is beautiful. Like you." But he knew he needed to stop himself. They didn't do things like that. That wasn't them. So instead he kissed the freckle behind Shane's ear, over and over again, sprinkling in kisses else where too.*

“You love kissing my freckle that’s behind my ear,” Shane stated very matter of factly.

“*Da*,” Ilya placed one more kiss there before placing one on Shane’s lips.

“Do you want to know a secret?” Shane asked, his cheeks were already bright red.

Ilya didn’t respond, he just raised his eyebrows in a questioning way.

“The first time you ever did that— kissing my freckle behind my ear, I almost had a heart attack. No one had ever done that before, or noticed that. You made my heart stop temporarily.” Shane confessed, his eyes were glistening, Ilya just wasn’t sure when that started. “You loved me even before I knew you loved me,” Shane’s voice was small, his words came out so low, if Ilya wasn’t so hyperfocused on him, he would’ve missed it.

“Is true. I did,” Ilya laughed, but behind that laugh his heart was swelling up, he could feel his own cheeks starting to get wet. He loved Shane, so much. There wasn’t enough words to describe it, his english wasn’t always clear enough to explain it. But those small things, the small touches, the kisses throughout the years, how he was so effortlessly soft with him. That was his way of showing it, it was easier than words, words were hard. Ilya just had never realized Shane noticed, or felt it.

“And now I have you forever,” Shane choked out, his eyelashes full with beads of tears now, his cheeks splotchy with redness and tear stains.

“Forever, yes. But tonight. I will kiss every inch of your body, every mark, every freckle. Is special day for you. You are now my husband,” Ilya winked. He knew the last part would make Shane laugh.

Shane swatted his shoulder, a giggle escaping his lips, “Asshole,”

“You love it,” Ilya laughed too, then tugged at the bottom of Shane’s shirt, signaling he wanted it off. Shane got the memo, using one of his arms to push himself up slightly so Ilya could remove the shirt from his body. His own shirt following directly after Shane’s leaving them both bare chested.

Ilya leaned down again, this time he wasn’t aiming to kiss Shane’s face, but the small cluster of freckles that lived between his pecks. They were slightly lighter than the rest, Ilya knew it was because his freckles on his face were exposed to the sun more and as he tanned more they became more prominent. That didn’t mean Ilya loved them any less. He placed a sweet kiss on each one of them, then each one of his nipples got a kiss. It wasn’t anything more than that, tonight wasn’t about that. Shane still arched his back slightly at the contact of his nipples, his hands were tangled in Ilya’s curls, he gripped tighter when Ilya gave them attention.

“Let me finish loving you. Then after,” Ilya cooed, as he kissed down Shane's chest. There was a small birth mark at the side of his waist. It was right above where his sweat pants landed. Ilya was extra generous with this spot, he bit and licked it slightly. Just enough that it would leave a rather small mark.

*It was a random afternoon, Ilya had off for the week so he was spending it lounging around Shane's place. He loved doing this, being able to spend the time he had off around the one person he could never get enough of. Shane wasn't home yet, he was at practice till later tonight. Just because Ilya had off didn't mean that Shane did.*

*Shane walked through the door rather early, Ilya was in the kitchen cooking himself a late lunch when he heard the lock on the door turn. It startled him at first, since Shane wasn't expected home till later. In walked through the door his boyfriend who looked defeated.*

*"What is wrong?" Ilya asked, dropping what he was doing and making his way over to Shane, wrapping him in a warm hug.*

*"Bad day at practice. Nothing was going right, we ended early," Shane sighed, his head nuzzling in the crook of Ilya's neck.*

*"Come," Ilya grabbed his hand, leading him to the couch. Shane was still sweaty from practice, he could smell it on him, Ilya didn't care though, all he wanted to do was take care of his boy.*

*He pushed Shane down on the couch, lifting his shirt and tucking his head underneath it, he peppered kisses across Shane's chest. Somewhere in between the kissing Shane managed to tug his shirt off his body. Ilya knew he liked to watch. Ilya kissed down to his birthmark, he went to bite and suck harder than normal. He stopped himself before a mark would be formed, they knew never to leave marks.*

*Shane let out an aching whine. Ilya could see that his eyes were fully dilated.*

*"Why'd you stop?" Shane asked.*

*"What?" Ilya responded back in confusion. It was normal stopping before leaving a mark, to make sure no one would catch on.*

*"I don't want you to stop," Shane groaned. He was getting frustrated, Ilya knew it wasn't because of him, but with himself.*

*"You want me to mark you?" Ilya asked, confirming that his english wasn't deceiving him.*

*"Please," Shane nearly begged.*

*That was all it took, Ilya left one single mark right where his birth mark was, it was tiny, but noticeable enough. From that point on, a small mark was left there every single time.*

*"Gonna take your pants off now, sweetheart," Ilya barely used pet names with him, unless it was the silly ones he'd throw around in Russian. But he couldn't help himself, it just slipped out. Shane didn't seem to care, he just lifted up his hips so Ilya could pull his pants and underwear off his body.*

*Ilya kissed up his body till he got back up to Shane's face, pressing a kiss to his lips. Shane's hand moved from the side of his body to cup Ilya's face, his hands felt warm on Ilya's cheeks. It felt like home.*

“Get on your stomach,” Ilya whispered into mouth, before pressing one more kiss to his lips and moving to the side so Shane could flip around. He didn’t even question why Ilya was having him turn around, he could see the blissed out look in his face.

Once Shane was on his stomach, Ilya wasted no time going back into kissing him. He started with freckles along Shane’s shoulder blades, these ones were his favorite. There was a cluster of freckles on his left shoulder blade that almost mimicked a shape of a heart. Ilya traced it with his fingers before leaving a kiss on each one.

*Ilya was in his hotel room when the text popped up on his phone, they had just finished playing a game. He and Shane had another 2 weeks till they played against each other again, they hadn’t seen each other in weeks at this point. They’d exchanged flirty texts during that time. It was always playful and never serious.*

*He pulled up the text thread on his phone and a picture of Shane standing in the mirror, back flexed popped up on his phone. Ilya shuttered. He could tell Shane had just gotten out of the shower, there was still water droplets on his body and nothing but a towel around his waist. There was nothing written in the text, just a single heart emoji, a pink one to be exact. Ilya opened up the picture, he swore to himself he wasn’t going to be a creep, but he couldn’t he himself.*

*The picture was now blown up on his phone, zoomed into his shoulders. Ilya could make out the array of freckles on his back, they were a dark golden brown color, almost matching the shade of his eyes. There was a cluster of freckles on Shane’s left shoulder Ilya couldn’t stop looking at. They were in the shape of a heart, a god damn heart. Ilya felt like the room got heavier, it was harder to breathe. He couldn’t understand why he was getting so worked up over a cluster of freckles, or why he wanted to kiss that exact spot, or why he never noticed it in the first place.*

*Their hookups always tended to be pretty straight forward, get in and out, quite literally. Ilya never got the chance to study Shane, or the freckles that lined his back, not like he could now with this picture on his phone. He did something so stupid next, something in that moment he wished he could’ve taken back.*

*“Freckles in shape of heart on your back,” He typed out on his phone.*

*“You look so good.” Was the next text he sent.*

*“What?” His phone dinged and lit up again.*

*“How did you even notice that?” Shane asked.*

*Ilya knew exactly what he was referring to but decided to play stupid, he wasn’t going to embarrass himself further.*

*“Do not know what you are talking about Hollander.” Ilya typed out.*

*Shane sent a couple more texts, and Ilya saw them all. He just couldn’t respond, his brain was too fixated on staring at Shane’s back. He hates to admit he came to that picture that*

*night.*

Ilya kissed his way to his other shoulder and down his back, tracing every birthmark, and every freckle with his finger, leaving a kiss on each one. There was something so delicate about the way he kissed his back. Like he could spend an eternity doing it, like this was where he was meant to be and doing.

And then he made it down to his thighs, he pushed Shane's legs slightly open, there was a birthmark on the inside part of his thigh that he was not going to miss. He left a wet kiss on that one, his tongue sliding over it after he sucked on it. He left a generous mark there, more prominent than the one on his hip.

He kneaded Shane's ass as he marked him, his hands carefully pressing the skin there. He allowed his thumb to run across the marks that covered his ass, white dainty lines. Shane hated them, they've talked about it before.

*"I feel like I need to go get surgery," Shane randomly brought up one day, catching Ilya completely off guard.*

*"What?" Ilya asked, scooting himself closer to Shane on the couch.*

*"For my thighs and my ass," Shane replied. Not really giving much of an answer, or clue as to what he was talking about.*

*"Ah. Like that thing. What are the words? Make ass fatter?" Ilya spoke.*

*"Ilya, what? No! Not a BBL! I mean for my stretch marks," Shane blurted out. For his stretch marks? Why would Shane ever think to do that? They were one of Ilya's favorite things about his body. The white lines covering his thighs and ass showing how hard he's worked to create this body for himself. Ilya thought they were beautiful, they made him look even more stunning than he already was. Like he was a sculpture at a museum with cracks and crevices that a artist creates on purpose.*

*"No." Ilya responded.*

*"No?" Shane asked.*

*"You will not do that, or say that. Not to me. Or anyone. You are beautiful. They make you beautiful." Ilya spoke.*

*That was the end of that discussion, it was never brought up again. But Ilya made sure every single time he had the chance he would praise them.*

"So beautiful, sweetheart," Ilya whispered as he ran his fingers over the skin on Shane's thigh. Making sure every single individual mark got enough attention. "You work so hard for this body, you should be proud of it." Ilya left dozens of kisses on just one thigh, his thumb rubbing over the sensitive spots just after.

"Should want to show off to the world," Ilya breathed out, "But you won't right? Because just for me. Just for me to see?"

“Just yours, Ilya,” Shane gasped out, his breathing was heavy. Ilya knew how much he was enjoying this even with such little words.

“Such a good boy,” Ilya praised him, as he worked his way to his other thigh, making sure to give that one just an equal amount of love and care.

He spent the most time on this part of Shane’s body, he needed too. Shane needed to know how much Ilya truly *loved* every part of him, even if Shane considered it an imperfection. In Ilya’s eyes, he was perfect the way he was, he wouldn’t change a single thing about him. He fell in love with Shane Hollander just like this.

“*Ilya*,” Shane whined, his name just rolling off his tongue so beautifully, he would listen to that a thousand times.

“Yes?” Ilya asked, still not moving from giving the needed attention to Shane’s thighs.

“Need you,” Shane whimpered out, his back arching slightly at Ilya’s touch now.

“You have me *moya lyubov*’,” Ilya cooed the pet name in Russian.

“Up here. Fuck. *Please*,” Shane was begging at this point, Ilya could hear the neediness in his voice.

Ilya wasted no time crawling back up to where Shane was, and flipping him over so now Ilya was on the bottom and Shane was on top of him. Shane whimpered again, before kissing Ilya. This kiss was different from the other ones, it was hot and passionate. Ilya kissed back just as aggressively as Shane was, matching his pace entirely.

“What do you need?” Ilya asked, this time he was the one that was breathless. He knew what Shane needed, he could feel how hard Shane was between them. How wet his chest was from his cock leaking between them. Ilya loved how wet Shane always got for him— how needy he was.

“Need to—” Before Shane could even finish his sentence Ilya’s hand was wrapped around his leaking cock.

“This is what you need? Yes?” Ilya asked, and that earned a loud moan from Shane’s lips.

“Fuck. Oh fuck Ilya. ‘m not gonna last,” Shane let out a breathy moan, his hands gripping at the rug underneath them, his arms on both sides of Ilya’s chest.

“Is okay. Is your special night. You’re so good.” Ilya praised, gently encouraging Shane to let go.

Shane didn’t need to hear anymore, that simple line was all it took, he arched his back and lost control. Ropes of come landing on both of their chests in between them. Shane fell completely flat against Ilya’s chest, his heart was racing, and Ilya could feel how heavy he was breathing. Ilya rubbed his back, right where his dimples were. He wanted to give those attention next, but pleasing Shane was the most important thing to him tonight. And he

wasn't going to deny him anything when Shane's begging voice was so pretty. So rubbing circles in the crevices of his back dimples would have to do tonight.

"What about you?" Shane asked, his face nuzzled into Ilya's chest.

"Am okay. Tonight is for you. We handle me later. Let me take care of you, Moy krasivyy malchik," Ilya whispered, holding Shane extra tight, keeping him close to his body.

He knew they would have to get up eventually but for right now he was content lying here and holding Shane. Ilya was a happy man, and he couldn't wait to marry the fuck out of Shane Hollander.

## End Notes

comments and kudos are always appreciated and welcomed!! <3

[twitter!!](#)

the Russian in the fic thats not translated (Moy krasivyy malchik) is "my beautiful boy"

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