

Constellations on Your Skin

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Constellations on Your Skin

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Summary

Shane has had a secret ritual for years which is kissing every single mole on Ilya's body. While away on their honeymoon, it becomes something more.

Whispered promises and vows in a language Ilya knows, marked by a beloved, reverent kiss to each mole.

Notes

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

I never thought moles could be my undoing. Never in my wildest dreams when I was younger, could I have dreamt having a special weakness to the moles on my partner's skin. But then, I never thought I'd fall in love with Ilya Rozanov either.

From the moment I first saw him up close, really saw him, not just as the cocky Russian rival on the ice but as the man who'd somehow cracked open my carefully guarded heart, those tiny, beautiful, scattered freckles across his skin became my obsession

They were like stars in the night sky I'd never bothered to look at before, each one a point of light drawing me in deeper. Ilya had no idea how much time I spent tracing them in my mind during games, or how in our stolen moments together, I'd memorize their patterns like a map to his soul.

It wasn't just about the physical closeness of it all, it was about seeing him, seeing all of him, the parts no one else noticed or even bothered to care about. Those moles were uniquely his, imperfectly perfect, and they made me love him in ways I couldn't articulate well at least not yet.

It started innocently enough, back when our rivalry was still filled with that electric tension neither of us could name. We were in Montreal for a game, the air thick with the cold of winter and the heat of competition. After the game in the dim light of a hotel room we'd sneaked into, avoiding prying eyes from our teams, Ilya stripped off his shirt to change.

The room was dimly lit, and the city lights flickered through the curtains softly. That was the moment I first truly, unhurriedly, and keenly observed them. A cluster on his chest, right over his heart, like a constellation only I was privileged to see.

They weren't bold or numerous, just subtle dots scattered across his tanned skin, but they caught the light in a way that made my breath catch. I couldn't help myself., my fingers brushed over them lightly, tracing the faint outlines softly, patiently, almost reverently even. But there was no way in hell I would have admitted that.

He smirked, that infuriating, gorgeous smirk of his, his eyes sparkling with mischief.

"What? You like my spots Hollander? Never seen moles before?"

"They're..... interesting," I'd mumbled, my face heating up under his gaze. But inside, I was already lost. That night, as we tumbled into bed, the sheets cool against our heated skin, my lips found those moles first. I kissed each one, soft and deliberate, feeling the warmth of his skin under my mouth, the slight rise and fall of his chest with every breath.

Ilya laughed at first, the sound vibrating through me thinking it was a game, but when I didn't stop, when I pressed my tongue against the largest one, tracing its edge slowly, savoring the texture, I felt him go still beneath me as his breath hitched.

"Shane," he whispered, his voice rough with that accent that always made my knees weak, a mix of surprise and something deeper, almost vulnerable in fact. Again, there was no way in hell I would have admitted that.

I didn't say anything, I just kept going, mapping his chest with kisses, from the one near his collarbone down to the trail of the more prominent ones leading toward his stomach. My tongue followed, connecting them like dots in a child's puzzle, tasting the faint salt of sweat and sweetness of his skin as I went. It was reverent. At least I finally found the courage to admit it to myself then.

An admission that had been so hard for me to fully embrace. The utterly ridiculous, almost laughable truth that I Shane Hollander, captain of the Montreal Voyageurs, hockey's golden boy, was completely, pathetically obsessed. Obsessed with Ilya Rozanov's body moles. Fuck. How did that even happen?

I kissed every single one I could find. Each kiss felt like a confession I wasn't ready to voice out loud. A harrowing confrontation with my feelings I wasn't ready for. As our relationship deepened, secret at first, hidden behind closed doors and coded glances across the rink, then tentatively open to my parents, my fixation only grew.

It became a language between us, unspoken but understood. There were the moles on his back, a scattered line following the curve of his spine like breadcrumbs leading me home. I'd

discovered them during a rare weekend off in Ottawa, when we's cuddled up in the apartment, ignoring the world outside.

The snow was falling softly against the windows while we watched, and us, well we had nowhere else to be but with each other. Ilya was laid on his stomach on the bed, terribly exhausted from his workout. His shirt had ridden up slightly, exposing small patch of skin I couldn't resist.

I climbed over him carefully, my hands sliding up his shirt, exposing that broad, muscled chest I loved so much, inch by beautiful inch.

"What are you doing?" he murmured sleepily, his voice muffled by the pillow, but he didn't move away. If anything, he relaxed further under my touch.

"Just..... looking," I said. But of course I wasn't just looking. I leaned down, pressing my lips to the first mole at the base of his neck, right where his hair curled slightly. It was soft, and smelled like the beautifully scented shampoo he'd just used showing.

I kissed it gently before letting my tongue trace its shape. Then slowly, extremely slowly, I moved down his spine with my tongue, pausing at each mole. There were five in total on his spine, each one getting its own attention. A kiss, a lick, a gentle nip that made him shiver and almost snapped him out of his already sleepy gaze.

The one down his back was my favorite. Slightly raised, like a secret button that made him arch into my touch, his breath leaving him in soft gasps. Ilya groaned, twisting to look at me over his shoulder as his eyes became dark, filled with a mix of amusement and desire.

"You are weird Hollander. But..... don't stop. That feels good."

His accent wrapped around the words like smooth velvet, making my heart stutter. I didn't stop though. I would have been damned if I did. I spent what felt like hours there, my tongue following the invisible lines between them, tasting the salt of his skin, feeling the shiver that ran through him with every caress of my tongue.

My hands moved gently across his sides, holding him steady as I explored and memorized the way his body responded to my touch. It was intimate in the most incredible way. Vulnerable, like I was seeing parts of him no one else saw. And God, I cared. I adored every inch, every imperfection that made him Ilya.

By the time I reached the small of his back, he was trembling, and I pressed a final kiss there, whispering against his skin

“You're beautiful.”

He flipped over then, pulling me down for a real kiss, but that moment stayed with me, a cornerstone of my obsession. His waist had its own treasures. A pair of moles just above his hip bones, symmetric like they were placed there by design, as if the universe had marked him for me.

I remember the first time we were in my cottage, and we finally felt like we had a place that was ours, with way too many open windows though. It was a lazy afternoon, and we were in the shower, steam fogging the glass, the hot water washing over us like a warm embrace.

I dropped to my knees, not for the usual reasons, but to kiss those spots. Water kept streaming down his body, and I pressed my mouth to his left hip, then the right, my tongue circling each mole slowly, deliberately.

Ilya threaded his fingers through my wet hair, pulling me closer, gentle but insistent.

“Obsessed with my spots there aren't you Hollander?” He teased as he chuckled lightly. I looked up at him through the spray, water dripping from his lashes, his eyes locked on mine and nodded.

“Yeah. I am totally obsessed with you Rozanov.”

That night, we didn't make it to bed right away. I traced those waist moles slowly, religiously, then took him slowly into my mouth, sucking the hell out of him until he was trembling, his hands gripping the shower wall for support, until he pulled me up and kissed me like I was his lifeline, like I was the only thing anchoring him and he wasn't willing to let go.

The ones on his ass cheeks were a later discovery, one that made me laugh the first time I saw them. We were in my cottage again, a getaway during the off season, purely alone and secluded from every other thing happening around us. The air was crisp, filled with the smell of earth and the smoke from the fireplace.

Ilya just came back from a swim and there they were. Two faint moles on his beautiful cheeks, one bolder on the right, peeking out as he bent to start pulling off his wet shorts.

"You've got them everywhere," I said grinning as I pushed him onto the bed. He rolled his eyes, that playful smirk returning, but he let me explore, lying back with his arms behind his head. I kissed them reverently, my lips brushing the curve of his ass, then traced with my tongue in lazy patterns, feeling the muscle tense and relax under my touch.

It was playful at first, my laughter mixing with his, but as I continued drawing slow circles around each one, it turned into something deeper and profound. Ilya buried his face in the pillow, muffling a moan that sent heat through me.

"Shane what is with you and my spots? Do they turn you on or something?"

"Shut up. I just love kissing and tracing them with my tongue." I said, as I just kept going, my obsession fueling every flick of my tongue and every soft kiss. Those moles felt like hidden gems, private and perfect, and exclusively mine. Reminders that even in his strength, there was softness and vulnerability that he shared only with me.

His ears had subtle ones too. A tiny speck behind his left lobe, another on the shell of his right. I'd nuzzle them sometimes. Like when we were curled up watching a movie on the couch, the popcorn bowl sat forgotten between us, I'd lean in, my lips finding that spot behind his ear, kissing it softly before letting my tongue trace its slowly, savoring the feel of it on my tongue.

Ilya would hum contentedly, leaning into me, his body relaxing against mine.

“That tickles.” he'd laugh, but he never pulled away. Instead he'd turn his head slightly, giving me better access, his hand finding mine and interlacing our fingers together. And his cheeks, those were the ones that started it all over again, every single time.

I'd cup his face in my hands, thumbs brushing them gently, then lean in to kiss each one, my tongue following to connect the dots. It was my ritual, my way of saying “I see you” without words, whether we were in a hurry before a game, or lazy sprawled up in bed on a Sunday morning.

Over the years, these moments piled up, accumulating, until they formed the landscape of our love. There was this one time after a brutal loss in the playoffs, Ilya had been boiling with frustration etched on his face, I had simply waited till we got back to his hotel, traced the moles on his chest with my tongue and didn't stop until he smiled again.

Another time in Paris, I spent what should have been breakfast time kissing down his spine, my tongue mapping each one as he sighed contentedly. There was also this one time we spent a quiet evening in my parents house, alone in my childhood room. Ilya was shirtless, sitting on the edge of the bed, and I knelt behind him, my lips finding the moles along his neck.

There were three faint ones there, trailing from his hairline to his shoulder. I kissed each one, my tongue tracing slowly, feeling the pulse under his skin quicken. He tilted his head, exposing more, whispering something in Russian that I didn't understand then but felt in my bones.

His body was a canvas, with the moles brushstrokes that made him art. I loved them because they were impossibly beautiful on his skin. And in loving them, I loved him more, deeper, with every passing day. But the secret I'd been keeping? That was for our honeymoon. We'd gone to a beautiful and secluded villa somewhere to spend our honeymoon there.

The villa was ours for two weeks. Stone walls, a massive four poster bed draped in white linens, and a balcony overlooking the valley. The wine was endless, food delicious, but nothing compared to the nights, to the freedom of being husbands without hiding.

On our third night there as husbands, God that word still made my chest ache with joy. We settled into the massive bed, sheets tangled around us from our eager hands. Ilya was glowing, skin flushed from the day's activities, his laughter echoing in the room as we undressed each other slowly, savoring each minute.

I couldn't wait. I pushed him back gently onto the pillows, my hands roaming over his body, reacquainting myself with every curve, every line. I started with his cheeks as always. Cupping his face in my hands, I kissed the mole on his left cheekbone, soft and lingering, my lips brushing it gently. Then my tongue traced it, circling slowly, tasting the faint salt from the evening air and the little bits of our dinner.

Ilya sighed, his eyes fluttering shut as his hands come up to rest on my arms.

“Shane..... Moya lyubov, that feels so good.” he murmured, his voice a caress.

I moved to the right cheek, repeating the motion. Kiss, trace, suck and nip. My heart pounded as I gathered courage. Courage to say this right and not ruin it. For the past year, I'd been taking Russian lessons. Starting with apps hidden on my phone during flights and practices, then finally getting a tutor in secret.

I wanted to speak to him in his language, to give him something as profound as what he'd given me. A life not afraid or ashamed of, love without boundaries, a home in each other. As my lips brushed the next mole on his cheek, I whispered it, my accent probably terrible but sincere.

“Твои родинки на щеках . как нежные поцелуи судьбы, которые привели меня к тебе. Я клянусь любить тебя в каждом рассвете и закате, быть твоим щитом в бурях жизни, делить каждую радость и каждую слезу, потому что ты . моя судьба.”
(*Your moles on your cheeks are like tender kisses from fate that led me to you. I vow to love you everyday, from every dawn to dusk, to be your shield in life's storms, to share every joy and every tear, because you are my love.*)

Ilya froze beneath me, his eyes snapping open, wide with shock.

“What?” His voice was a whisper, filled with disbelief and little amusement.

I didn't stop. Moving to his ears, I nuzzled the tiny speck behind his left lobe, kissing it softly, then tracing with my tongue in gentle circles. He shivered, a soft gasp escaping him.

In Russian, I continued saying my vows, hoping, no praying to every deity in the universe that I wasn't messing this up with my terrible pronunciation.

“Родинки на твоих ушах . как тайные шепотки любви, которые я слышу в тишине ночи. Я клянусь слушать твое сердце всегда, быть твоим confidant в секретах, поддерживать тебя в мечтах и страхах, потому что твои слова. музыка моей души.” *(The moles on your ears are like secret whispers of love that I hear in the silence of the night. I vow to always listen to your heart, to be your confidant in secrets, to support you in your dreams and fears, because your words are like music to my soul.)*

He was stunned into silence now, his body still under mine, his eyes locked strongly on my face gobsmacked, as if he couldn't believe what he was hearing. As if he couldn't believe that Shane Hollander was uttering these words. He didn't speak, he just watched me with a mix of awe and overwhelming emotion.

I continued my slow, gentle exploration, my lips and tongue worshiping each area with reverence. Down to his neck, where faint moles trailed like a necklace. I kissed the first, tracing slowly.

“Родинки на твоей шее. как цепочка, связывающая наши души. Я клянусь защищать тебя от мира, целовать каждую рану, исцелять каждую боль, потому что в твоих объятиях я нахожу мир.” *(The moles on your neck are like a chain binding our souls. I vow to protect you from the world, to kiss every wound, to heal every pain when you need it, because in your arms I find peace.)*

To his chest, the constellation over his heart. My tongue mapped them one by one, lingering on each as I went.

“Родинки на твоей груди. стражи твоего сердца, которое бьется для меня. Я клянусь отдавать тебе свое сердце целиком, быть верным в каждом ударе, любить тебя без условий, потому что ты. мой ритм, моя жизнь.” *(The moles on your chest are*

guardians of your heart that beats for me. I vow to give you my heart entirely, to be faithful in every beat, to love you unconditionally, because you are my rhythm and my strength.)

Along his back and spine, I turned him gently, my hands soothing as I traced the line with my tongue, pausing at each mole briefly.

"Родинки вдоль твоей спины. тропинка к твоей душе, где я нахожу убежище. Я клянусь идти рядом с тобой по всем путям, нести твои ноши, радоваться твоим победам." *(The moles along your back are a path to your soul where I find refuge. I vow to walk beside you on all paths you take, to carry your burdens like they mine, to rejoice in your victories, and be there for your losses to ease the pain it brings.)*

To his waist, my lips brushed along each one, tongue circling.

"Родинки на твоей талии якоря, держащие меня близко. Я клянусь обнимать тебя каждую ночь, быть твоим оплотом в штормах, строить с тобой будущее, полное тепла и света." *(The moles on your waist are anchors keeping me close. I vow to hold you every night, to be your stronghold in storms, to build a future with you full of warmth and light.)*

Finally I got lower, to those on his ass cheeks, hidden and intimate. I kissed and traced them tenderly.

"Даже родинки здесь, скрытые от мира, символы твоей уязвимости, которую ты доверяешь мне. Я клянусь чтить эту доверие, любить тебя целиком, без оговорок, в радости и в горе, в здоровье и в болезни, пока смерть не разлучит нас. Ты. моя вечная любовь, Илья. Эти родинки. свидетели моих клятв, каждая из них. обещание, что я твой навсегда. Я люблю тебя больше, чем звезды на небе, глубже, чем океаны, ярче, чем солнце. Ты сделал меня целым, и я обещаю делать то же для тебя каждый день нашей жизни." *(Even the moles here hidden from the world, I love them dearly. I vow to honor your trust, to love you wholly without reservations, in joy and in sorrow, in health and in sickness, until death do us part. You are my eternal love, Ilya. These moles are witnesses to my vows. Each one a promise that I am yours forever. I love you more than the stars in the sky, deeper than the oceans, brighter than the sun. You have made me whole, and I promise to do the same for you every day of our lives.)*

As I finished, my voice trembling with the weight of my words, Ilya's tears spilled over,

trailing down his cheeks. He looked gobsmacked, utterly stunned, his mouth parted in silent awe, his hands clutching the sheets as if to ground himself. Then with a !breaking sob he surged up, pulling me into a kiss, his lips salty with tears.

“Я люблю тебя тоже Shane. Больше всего на свете,” he whispered against my mouth, his voice slightly breaking. (*I love you too Shane. More than anything in the world.*)

We fell back onto the bed as I continued worshiping him, now with words in both languages through the kisses. The vows lingered between us, a new bond forged in that night. Hours passed like that, our bodies entwined, my obsession laid bare in every touch and every word. Ilya’s hands clutched me tightly as if I might vanish, and I felt my own tears mix with his.

By dawn, as the sun painted the room, filtering through the open windows and warming our skin, Ilya traced a finger over my own skin searching.

“You are everything,” he said. His accent thick with emotion, switching to English to meet me halfway. And I believed him, because in loving his moles, I’d learned to love us completely.

End Notes

I want to sincerely apologize for any mistakes in the Russian language in this fic. I tried my best with the translations, but I know it's not 100% perfect. Even so, I hope you enjoyed the story!!

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