

Oh no! The freckles! They're gone!

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Oh no! The freckles! They're gone!

by [FreckledRoz](#)

Summary

“Hang on!” He cries out, near dropping the plate and coke onto the table and spilling its contents on the wood surface as he stares at Shane’s face in horror. “Where are your freckles!?”

Shane’s glorious, beautiful, sexy-as-all-hell freckles were no longer there upon his cheeks. In its place was smooth, pale, freckle-less skin. Ilya felt his world shattering around him.

After a fight, Shane gives Ilya the ultimate punishment: No more freckles.

Based off that meme:

"What if i marry Svetlana?"

"And what if I get rid of my freckles?"

Notes

Just a silly little one shot for fun. Hope you enjoy it!

Not Beta'd because.

Slight Long Game spoilers: This is set after Shane joins the Ottawa team.

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

It starts with an argument.

Shane had been hanging out with Hayden for most of the week, citing that he wanted time to hang out with his best friend. Okay, sure, Ilya understood that. Friendship was important, and despite wanting all of Shane's undivided attention, he'd been patient. But then... *But then...*! Shane had *FINALLY* come home to Ilya only to tell him he'd be going on a day trip with Rose Landry!

And it was probably the lingering jealousy of the bombshell actress that was also Shane's *ex-girlfriend* coupled with Ilya's own clinginess to his boyfriend that fueled the sparks to the argument that ensued, but really, it's been a week and he *missed* his boyfriend.

"She's probably hoping to win you back." Was Ilya's snide first remark, which Shane had glared and snapped,

"How many times do I have to remind you that I'm gay?!"

And suddenly, they're yelling at each other.

By nightfall, they've tentatively made up, the tuna melt Ilya made for dinner a piss poor attempt at an apology, but the tension is still thick and heavy in the air. It continues to linger even as they both crawl into bed, with Shane pointedly facing his back to Ilya. Ilya stares at his boyfriend's smooth and freckled back with eyebrows raised incredulously. He reaches over and pokes a finger at Shane's hip and gets his hand slapped for his troubles. He rolls his eyes. Shane's still refusing to face him and that's fine. He'll let him stew. From years of loving the half Japanese man, Ilya knows well enough that Shane has his own pace. They'll be better by the morning. The proof of it is there when Shane doesn't push Ilya away as he peppers kisses up his shoulder to his cheek. He even leans into the lingering goodnight kiss to his temple, just beneath his hair line.

Satisfied, Ilya rolls over and falls asleep, back pressed to Shane's back, a foot hooking around his boyfriend's ankle.

The next morning Ilya wakes to a ray of Canadian morning light shining into his eyes. He groans and reaches over to Shane's side of the bed. It was empty, much to his dismay.

Lifting his head up off the pillow, he squinted at the clock on the bedside table (analog, as per Shane's ever odd preference). Just after ten am. No wonder Shane wasn't there. Even on days off, he was prone to wake up at godless hours to go on his morning runs. Ilya allows himself one more minute of comfy bed indulgence before he forces himself to actually get up.

True to his ever prevalent knowledge of the love of his life, when Ilya makes it down to the kitchen, said love of his life is sitting at the kitchen table, freshly showered and in his favorite comfy clothes, chewing on his spinach and salmon yolless white omelette; just a dash of salt and pepper, no cheese, just how Shane disgustingly liked it.

“Good Morning, Sweetheart.” Ilya greets, wrapping his arms around Shane’s shoulder and kissing his cheek. The cheek is stickier than usual and tastes faintly of product, like Shane had put too much generic drug store brand lotion on after his shower. Perhaps it was time to take his boyfriend shopping again for actual good products.

Shane automatically leans into him, but his face shows he’s unimpressed. Still mad about yesterday, Ilya figures.

“Morning. There’s more omelette in the pan on the stove.” Shane responds with a haughty sniff. Ilya resists rolling his eyes as he makes his way to the stove. He scoops up the rest of the eggs in the pan, but makes an extra helping of hash browns and bacon for himself. With everything plated up and an ice cold coke pulled from the fridge, he turns to sit across from Shane at the table.

.... And pauses in shock as something finally clicks in his brain.

“Hang on!” He cries out, near dropping the plate and coke onto the table and spilling its contents on the wood surface as he stares at Shane’s face in horror. “Where are your freckles!?”

Shane’s glorious, beautiful, sexy-as-all-hell freckles were no longer there upon his cheeks. In its place was smooth, pale, freckle-less skin. Ilya felt his world shattering around him.

Shane’s lips twitch in a barely concealed smile. *Evil. Absolutely evil man.* He takes a sip of his morning green tea.

“You no longer get my freckles.” He replies, lips still hidden behind his lifted mug. “Not until you apologize.”

“Apologize!” Ilya cries out, throwing his hands up in the air. “Nothing to apologize about! You are being dramatic. Bring them back.” He needs his daily dose of freckles.

“No.” Shane denies him like a hammer to the heart. He finishes his drink and gathers the empty plate and utensils up, bringing them to the sink. “Until you apologize, the freckles stay gone.”

“Gone.” Ilya repeats like he couldn’t believe the word. His eyes follow his boyfriend’s movements. There was no time for Shane to have had them surgically removed, right? Then he remembers earlier, the stickiness on Shane’s skin and the faint taste of some sort of chemical product on his lips when he kissed his boyfriend’s cheek. “With make up, I am guessing.”

Shane hums an affirmation as he washes the dishes. “Yup. *And* it’s waterproof.”

Damn. Rose Landry’s teachings, no doubt.

With the last of the dishes on the drying rack, Shane dries his hands on the towel Yuna got them last christmas and turns to Ilya with his hands on his hips.

Ilya raises his eyebrow in return. “So until I ‘apologize’, you will not show your freckles?”

“I will not.” Shane agrees.

Ilya pinches the bridge of his nose and gives a loud sigh. “Fine. No more freckles. I can handle that.” Shane looks unconvinced and Ilya feels unconvinced. “I can!” He still insists.

“I believe you.” Shane, the liar, lies. He makes his way over to Ilya and pulls him down to kiss his cheek. “I’m going shopping with Rose. I’ll be back for dinner.” And with that he was gone, driving away down the street before Ilya could even process what was happening.

“.... *Fuck.*”

Ilya lasts exactly three days before he starts to crack.

In every other aspect of their relationship, the two have returned back to their regular rhythm. They fuck, they kiss, they go to hockey practice. Shane still looks at Ilya as adoringly as Ilya looks at Shane. The “I love you”s are constant, both in English and Russian. It’s like the fight never happened.

Except, for the missing freckles.

Ilya isn’t sure what kind of magic evil witch sorcery Rose Landry had cast on the concealer, but true to Shane’s word, it’s the most waterproof thing in existence. No amount of sweat nor shower nor intensive hockey practices can remove it, it seems.

It’s driving Ilya crazy. He misses them. He wants to kiss every single freckle on Shane’s face until his boyfriend is squirming and horny in his arms. He leans down to do so several times over the days, only for his lips to connect with freckle-less skin where freckles should be. He’s insane enough to know where each freckle should be, and sometimes he feels as if the ghost of Shane’s freckles haunt him.

By the fifth night, the insanity has reached his dreams. He dreams of his and Shane in their perfect life, sitting in their cottage and watching TV together. Shane’s legs are on Ilya’s lap and Ilya is absently massaging his boyfriend’s calves. Then commercial hits and Shane turns to him, lips drawn down in a frown.

“***What is wrong, my love?***” Ilya asks in Russian. But when Shane speaks, his mouth does not open. Instead, hundreds of Shane’s voice reverberates around them, like there are one hundred Shanes all around Ilya.

“We’re separating.” The hundreds of Shane’s voices say. Then suddenly, one by one each freckle jumps off of Shane’s cheeks and hands him a tiny divorce paper until suddenly Ilya is drowning in tiny little divorce agreements that state him paying monthly to each freckle for visitation rights to see Shane.

The dream wakes him earlier than Shane wakes, and he curls against Shane in bed, begging for the freckles back in Russian against the back of his boyfriend’s neck.

Insanity might be too light a word for this hell.

“So.” Harris says, leaning against the board of the ice rink, arms crossed over each other to cushion his chest from the hard plastic. “How long are you planning to keep this up?”

Shane glances at him from the corner of his eye as he takes a deep gulp of water from his water bottle. He finishes his drink and places the bottle back on the board with a smirk.

“I don’t know what you mean.” He says coyly and Harris rolls his eyes in amusement, gesturing with his head toward Ilya in the middle of the rink, slamming pucks at Wyatt way harder than he should be doing for a simple practice session. Wyatt, the goalie king that he is, is catching each shot before they end up in the net but he looks frazzled and like he’s only just barely managing each save. Shane does feel kind of bad that all of this is leading to Ilya taking his frustrations out on the goalie. Everyone else is wisely staying as far away from him on the rink as possible.

“I think Wyatt might die at this rate.” Harris points out with a huff of laughter. Ilya hits another puck hard enough that the contact with his stick makes a loud, almost booming noise. “What do you even call this? An obsession? A freckle fetish?”

Shane’s cheeks turn pink. Truthfully, he hasn’t been mad at Ilya in days. He just... likes how he looks without his freckles. As much as Ilya dotes on them, he’d been bullied enough in his youth for the freckles that he’d developed an unshakable complex about them. Especially when visiting his family in Japan, where freckles are seen as unattractive. So when Rose had half-jokingly given him some concealer from a not-yet released make up brand- a secret Hollywood formula- and he’d put it on the first night and seen himself freckle-less for the first time, it had kind of... stuck. It was no longer about punishing Ilya for their fight, and more about how Shane felt looking at himself in the mirror.

“Yeah. I knew he liked my freckles. I just didn’t realize *how* much he liked them.” Shane confesses sheepishly. Both he and Harris watch as Wyatt, having had enough, throws his helmet to the side and skates at Ilya with surprising speed. He catches Ilya off guard long enough to steal his stick from him and suddenly they’re in a chase around the rink, the others on the team joining in on the sudden “let’s keep Ilya’s stick away from him” game. It seems to have worked in getting Ilya out of his shitty mood though, as he goes from pouting angrily at everyone to laughing loudly and chirping at everyone as he tries to retrieve his stick.

Shane’s also smiling fondly at his boyfriend. “I’ll take the concealer off tonight.” He assures his friend.

Harris nods, looking very serious. “That’s good. I think Ottawa might be in trouble if our captain explodes from freckle withdrawal.”

Shane snorts.

“Well we can’t have that, can we.”

On the drive back home, Ilya blasts Russian techno club music. The kind that he knows makes Shane’s nose scrunch up adorably in an attempt to not talk shit about Ilya’s music

tastes. He watches it happen out of the corner of his eye. Shane's nose scrunches and his fingers twitch toward the volume dial before curling into fists in his lap, opting against turning the volume down like he normally would have.

Ilya reaches over and takes one of Shane's hands in his own, expertly unfurling the clenched fist and intertwining their fingers together before bringing his hand up to kiss each knuckle like a stamp of his love. There's a freckle on the back of Shane's hand, just beneath his pinky, and Ilya places a kiss there as well. At least Shane hadn't hidden all freckles from him.

Once home, Shane bee lines for the shower. Ilya thinks of joining his boyfriend but Shane has an oddly determined look on his face and a bottle of... something in a pink bottle clutched in one hand, so Ilya decides to give him his privacy. Instead, he takes off his clothes, tossing them haphazardly into the hamper and sits on the bed in just his boxers, immediately getting distracted scrolling through various social media apps instead of actually, you know, putting his change of clothes back on.

He's in the middle of commenting something quippy to Harris' most recent post when Shane finally steps back into their bedroom.

"Finally." Ilya says, not looking up from his phone. "You take forever in shower. What, were you shaving yourself bare or something?" He hits send on his reply before finally looking up. The smile blooming on his face freezes at the sight before him.

Shane is standing in front of him in just a towel. That in itself is distracting but what catches Ilya's eyes are the freckles on Shane's cheeks, visible once again and absolutely perfect on his boyfriend's blushing cheeks.

"Listen," Shane says. Ilya isn't listening; can't when blood is rushing to his ears. "I'm sorry about... well, hiding the freckles and stuff. I mean, sure, at first it was because I wanted you to apologize after our fight but then I kind of started liking how I looked without my freckles. And I didn't really realize how much it affected you. Well, I mean I guess I kind of did but I prioritized my own feelings over yours, and—"

Shane's rambling is cut short as Ilya near launches himself off the bed to slam their lips together in a kiss so passionate Shane's knees buckle. Ilya catches him like he always does, guiding him to the bed and pushing him down onto the mattress, never breaking the kiss.

Shane moans loudly as Ilya bites down on his bottom lip. Ilya remembers before they were dating, when Shane would suppress each sound he made, like if he let himself go the world would hear him and know how horny he was for Ilya Rozanov. Back then, Ilya would do whatever he could to goad Shane into being louder. It was like a game, laced with the truth that he wanted the world to know Shane Hollander was his.

Now the world did know and Shane no longer held back on his sounds and it was absolutely perfect.

Finally, Ilya pulls back, letting them both breathe just long enough for him to rip Shane's towel off of him and toss it to the ether, along with his own boxers. Shane looks as if he's

about to protest and get up to neatly fold everything so Ilya boxes him in between his arms so he can't move and ducks his head to work a hickey onto his neck.

"Oh...!" Shane gasps, head tilting back to give Ilya better access to the spot he's working so hard on. Both of them are hard, cocks rubbing enticingly against one another anytime someone so much as shifts. Shane is shifting a lot, body squirming every time Ilya's teeth tugs at skin and hips jerking involuntarily at every sharp suck after.

The foreplay after is short and messy. They're both impatient and horny. Ilya works Shane open as quick as he can without hurting him, placing kisses across his chest and stomach as her works his fingers. Shane's reduced to a begging puddle of mess and desire and he tugs on Ilya's hair until Ilya gets the hint. He grabs a pillow and slots it under Shane's hips before grabbing the bottle of lube he'd tossed earlier after the first coating of his fingers. With a flick of his thumb, he uncaps it and squirts a generous amount onto his dick. Shane's scooted himself up, wrapping his hands around Ilya's cock and spreading the lube around in a few quick strokes.

Ilya moans and tosses the bottle of lube to the side and once more ducks his head down to kiss his lovely gorgeous boyfriend; a well practiced silent order to spread his legs for him. Shane does, once again finding his place on the pillow Ilya provided him and hooking his legs around Ilya's thighs as the Russian aligns himself and pushes in.

"Fuuuckk." Ilya gasps as he bottoms out. It doesn't matter that they just had sex this morning. Every time he enters Shane, it's a life changing experience. Shane squeezes around him and Ilya knows he feels the same. He moves slow at first. Each thrust is coupled with a kiss to a freckle.

Thrust.

Kiss.

Thrust.

Kiss.

And Ilya doesn't lay up until he's managed to kiss every freckle on Shane's face. The pace, he knows, is wrecking his boyfriend, who's nails and digging grooves into Ilya's back.

"Ilya! *Ilya, please!*" Shane's begging as Ilya goes balls deep into him once more, placing a kiss to the freckle on the side of Shane's nose.

"Ilya please what, sweetheart?" He asks, teasing.

Even in this state, with his cock leaking pre-cum and his ass stretched around Ilya's cock, Shane manages a glare. "Asshole." He says.

Ilya tuts. "Ah, ah. It's not nice to insult someone when you are asking them for something." He play scolds. Then, he pulls back until just the tip is in before slamming his hips forward, impaling himself inside his boyfriend once more. Shane cries out, hands scrambling for

purchase on Ilya's shoulders. His cock, trapped between their bodies, begs for release with a violent twitch. "Now, *my love*, ask nicely."

"Pleaaaaaaseeee, Illyaaa, Fuck meee!" He's moaning each word so sweetly, Ilya has no choice but to oblige. He gives Shane what he wants (always, and forever, what he wants), and begins a fast pace, their bodies slamming together until the bed rocks and the room fills with their gasps and moans and skin slapping against skin.

He's not going to last long, knows Shane isn't going to last long either. They're both too worked up- too sensitive from Ilya's earlier teasing. Shane has a grip on his own dick, tugging it in time with Ilya's thrusts and Ilya wraps a hand around Shane's own on his dick and helps him along. Their lips find each other, tongues down each other's throats as they cum together; Shane's splattering across their chests and Ilya inside Shane.

Later, as they lay together in bed cuddling and post-sex warm, Ilya says happily, "Thank you for returning freckles."

Shane laughs, sleepily kissing Ilya's shoulder. "You're welcome. Glad you like them."

"I *love* them. Please, never get rid of them again."

The insecurities that fester within him will never truly go away, but Shane does think that maybe, just maybe, he can learn to love his freckles a little more.

For Ilya.

End Notes

As someone who is also half Japanese, Shane's freckles remind me of how my mom would hide her freckles under a CAKE of makeup when I was a kid because she grew up with people around her in Japan telling her freckles were ugly.

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