Stupid Canadian Claw Machine!

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Stupid Canadian Claw Machine!

by awoomiis

Summary

> “Stupid Canadian claw machines,” Ilya murmurs, flipping the claw machine off. “Is like Vegas slot machines; I did not know there was gambling for kids.”
>
> Or: Shane realizes Ilya doesn't know what claw machines are and takes him to them

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Lily

[Link]

what is this

scam link?

There's a new claw machine place open near the area.

We should go together!

?

claw machine?

hollander what is 'claw machine'

sounds deadly

???

Do you not know what a claw machine is???

if i did why would i ask

YOU'RE KIDDING.

That's it.

uh oh

why are u angry now

HOW DO YOU NOT KNOW WHAT A CLAW MACHINE IS??

🤷

Ilya.

I'm coming to your door in 10 minutes.

oh!

are u that needy now?

😉

No, we're going to that claw machine place.

.

"It'll be fun, I promise!"

Ilya found himself being dragged by the arm by his boyfriend, almost slipping on the snowy sidewalk before them. After a bunch of rapid texts from a very shocked Hollander, Ilya was now being forced to go on a claw machine date in the middle of the night; he wasn't even properly dressed, just having enough time to slip on a hoodie and sweats before being kidnapped by Shane. It wasn't even fair to Ilya, seeing Shane dressed in a probably fancy beige coat with a white scarf and a duffle bag on his arm. *Looking like a fashion model,* Ilya thinks in Russian, *while I just got out of bed.*

"You have not told me," Ilya mumbles, "of what a claw machine is."

"It's, like, a game where you pick up prizes with a claw," Shane says quickly. "It's normally plushies, but, uh, also other cool items like…"

Ilya wasn't even listening, too distracted with the way how Shane's eyes lit up whenever he talked about something he really liked. Based on how much Shane was rambling about these machines, Ilya mentally notes that Shane must really like them.

"So you drag me from my bed," Ilya interrupts slowly, "and take me to play games with you at fucking 10 P.M."

"I think 10 P.M. is a very reasonable time, thank you very much. Less of an audience wanting autographs and more *us* time."

"We could be in bed, Hollander, having sex or cuddling, but you take me outside on snowy night instead."

"We can still do that!" Shane protested. "Just *after* a couple hours on the claw machines."

"...Hours?"

.

The bright colors blinded Ilya on the spot, blinking a bit before adjusting to the lobby. Claw machines were lined up in rows, leading to an upstairs with various arcade games. He realizes that Shane wasn't wrong about a paparazzi bothering them; the arcade was practically empty at this time save for the few night-shift workers at the counter. Despite the whole world knowing about their relationship, they were still cautious going out together due to crowds of people shoving phones in their faces. Thankfully, these teenage workers didn't seem to notice them. Shane swiped his card, picking up a good handful of tokens from the slot.

"Wow," Ilya deadpans, "coins."

“Tokens,” Shane corrects. “Now follow me!”

Ilya, yet again, is dragged by the arm as he follows his boyfriend, passing various claw machines before Shane stops at a bright blue one in the corner.

Shane points excitedly at the dog plushie through the glass, “Look, that one looks just like Anya!”

“Is similar…” Ilya points out. “Could be new toy for her.”

“I’m gonna try to get it.”

Shane puts in two tokens into the machine, pressing the buttons and adjusting the claw. Ilya observes Shane, seeing him so focused and determined on getting that toy, as well as the mechanics of the game. The claw goes down as Shane presses the button, picking up the dog halfway before losing its grip.

“You suck,” Ilya comments, leaning on the glass.

“I do not!” Shane retorts back. “I almost had it. I’ll probably get it next round.”

“Is this new form of gambling, Hollander?”
“Well,” Shane shrugs, adjusting the claw once again, “you aren’t completely wrong.”

“Ah, so my boyfriend is now gambler. For plush toys.”

Shane doesn’t reply, too engrossed into the game. Ilya watches as the claw drops once again, this time picking up the dog plush with it and dropping it into the corner hole. With a giddy yelp, Shane holds the plushie up to Ilya.

“And *that* is how you play a claw machine!” He gives the stuffed dog to Ilya, shoving it into the crook of his arm.

“Does not look difficult,” Ilya hums, examining the buttons on the machine. “I think I can get more though.”

Shane rolls his eyes, feigning fake annoyance; he knows that they both love to compete with each other, whether that be on the ice, in bed, or even in daily tasks. Shane shakes his head, handing tokens to Ilya and jerking his head towards a red claw machine nearby.

“So confident for somebody who’s never touched a claw machine in their entire life.”

“Watch me,” Ilya smirks, taking the coins from the shorter man’s hand.

“I’ll have you know I’m a professional at claw machines, so good luck trying to beat me.”

“You probably watched those claw machine tricks and hacks,” Ilya jokes.

Shane doesn’t bite back, cheeks flushed a light pink, leaving Ilya with a shit-eating grin and a bark in laughter. “*No way!* You *actually* watch those*?”*

“They’re helpful!” Shane raises his hands in mock defense.

“I can do without stupid videos.” Ilya says, playfully shoving a grinning Shane behind him. “Now which?” he says, motioning towards the glass.

“You’re letting me decide?”

“Da. I have no opinion on stuffed toys.”

“I think another dog,” Shane points out. “Anya’s plushie needs a friend, y’know?”

Ilya rolls his eyes, shaking his head as he inserts the coins into the slot. He inches the claw towards the right, carefully lining it up with the beige puppy. The claw picks up the dog, only for it to drop a few centimeters from the hole.

“Stupid Canadian claw machines,” Ilya murmurs, flipping the claw machine off.

Shane couldn’t help but laugh, patting his boyfriend on the shoulder like he was a sulky child.

“There there, you’ll get it on the next attempt. You’re pretty close, anyway.”

“Is like Vegas slot machines,” Ilya mutters as he puts the coins in. “I did not know there was gambling for kids.”

“You make it sound worse than it actually is. It’s fun!”

“It is not fun,” Ilya glares at Shane. “Fun only if I fucking win— Oh fucking finally!” Ilya yells, grinning and taking the plushie out and handing it to Shane.

“Oh,” Shane holds both of the plushies towards his chest, “you *actually* did it!”

“You were doubting me?”

“A bit.”

“I see why you enjoy this,” Ilya murmurs, looking back into the glass. “Very fun if you win.”

“I’m surprised you even got that. Didn’t you say you’ve never tried claw machines before?”

“Perhaps am very lucky,” Ilya gloats. “I have more luck with claws than in casinos,”

“Pfft, sure.” Shane puts the plushies in his duffle bag, handing Ilya tokens. “So… wanna see who gets the most in 15 minutes?”

“You are challenging me now?” Ilya raises an eyebrow.

“Winner gets blown,” Shane snickers.

“You’re on.”

.

To Shane's surprise, Ilya was better at claw machines than he originally expected. After running around the empty lobby (with the staff not even caring), they both had quite the amount of stuffed animals. Ilya, counting that Shane won by two, wasn't even mad about losing the competition, making dirty foreshadows about later tonight. Both giggling at each other, their arms were now both occupied with multiple soft animals and characters, trying to stuff them into Shane's bag.

"They had a hockey puck one?" Ilya says, taking the soft puck plush from Shane's hand.

"Yeah, they were in the corner on the far left. I made it my life's mission to get that one."

"I got this." Ilya holds up what appears to be a Coca-Cola bear plushie, Shane looking at it with an unbelieving look.

"They *make* those?"

"Da, apparently. Is me, no? Bear and coke."

"Yeah, that's going in the living room for sure."

"Hollander, does our cottage even have room for all these?" He waves his hand at the bag and their arms, practically full with stuffed toys and soft animals.

"I'm sure most of it will," he thinks for a bit, smiling softly afterward. "If not, we can hand it to our charity, right?"

There it was, the Shane that got Ilya's eyes to soften and his heart to melt. He nods, kissing Shane on the forehead and brushing his hand across his cross necklace.

"Yes, that is good idea."

"Yeah, I'm sure they'll love having a plushie of a fucking *pickle* with them." Shane jokes, lightening the mood.

"Pickle was difficult to get!" Ilya huffs. "They should be proud."

After a few moments of walking around, looking at various prizes (and winning a few more), Shane tugs at Ilya's hoodie sleeve.

"It's probably getting late, huh?"

"Is 12:36 A.M., Hollander. You drag me here at 10 P.M., of course is late. How is this place still open?"

"I think it's a 24-hour claw machine place," Shane explains as they walk past various machines, "It explains why there's night-shift workers here and all that—"

"Holy fucking shit, Hollander."

Shane stops walking, seeing Ilya staring at a specific claw machine; hurrying to take a closer look, Shane almost bursts out laughing.

“You can’t be *fucking* serious,” Ilya deadpans. “A fucking *loon* claw machine?”

“Oh my gosh!” Shane cackles, looking closer into the glass. “We *need* to win at least one!”

“We are *not* having demon wolf-bird in our cottage.”

“We *will* have a loon in our bedroom,” Shane beams, already planning to spend the last of his tokens.

“I do not want a stupid Canadian wolf-bird to watch us in the bedroom.”

“It can move to the dining room or something!”

“You cannot be serious about—”

“Got it!”

Ilya blinks at Shane, his mouth slightly agape and eyes that scream ‘are you serious right now?’ Shane waves the loon in front of Ilya’s face as a taunt, trying to conceal his giggles and laughs.

“That was way easier than I thought it’d be,” Shane says, patting the loon on its head. “Isn’t he cute?”

“Get that thing away from me,” Ilya says as he pushes the plush away. “Like I said, stupid Canadian—“

“‘Stupid Canadian wolf-bird’,” Shane interrupts, “I know, I know.”

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“Excuse me, are you two Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander?”

The two, startled by the fact there’s another person in the arcade at 1 A.M., turn around to see a teenage girl with her phone out. She seemed to be accompanied with her friend, who was standing behind her with an agape mouth.

“We are, yes,” Shane answers professionally. Ilya notes the way Shane squeezes his hand and tightening the grip on his bag strap.

“Could we get a picture together?” the girl asks, already unlocking her phone. “If you don’t mind?”

“Why the hell not,” Ilya shrugs, ushering Shane to join along. “Is rare to find fans asking nicely.”

The girls share glances, obviously gleaming with excitement. Shane huffs a laugh, giving in and posing into the phone. Ilya, still holding the bag of stuffed animals, makes a kissy face towards Shane into the camera. After snapping a photo, the girls quickly thank Shane and Ilya, running off in jittery excitement. Shane sighs, shoulders slumping as he looks up at Ilya.

“So much for the whole ‘no audience’ thing,” Shane mutters.

“At least it was not a large crowd trampling over us,” Ilya points out. “Only two teenagers.”

“You’re right. I think it just surprised me since they spotted us at 1 A.M.”

“Da, you overthink moya lyubov.” Ilya holds Shane’s hand as they exit the building. “Now we go home, yes?”
A smile tugs at Shane’s lips, nodding and leaning his head towards Ilya.

“Yeah, let’s go.”

.

@ilyarozanvv

me and oomf just met THE shane hollander and ilya rozanov at the claw machine place at 1am?????? im literally shaking????? [photo]

126 comments | 23.7k likes | 10.1k bookmarked

@shanniewanie replied to **@ilyarozanvv**: they’re so precious omggg!!!!

@chanchangbinz10 replied to **@ilyarozanvv**: ALL THE PLUSHIES OMG 😭

@rozanvvpilleddd replied to **@ilyarozanvv**: LUCKY???

@seeuatmycottage143 replied to **@ilyarozanvv**: real question is why were they there at 1am

.

Lily

[link]

The claw machine place we went to is getting more popular now because of us.

the two people actually posted the photo?

(°口°)

Well what else would you expect!!

I guess that’s the last time we’re going there.

There’s gonna be crowds waiting for us in the middle of the night over there…

well more money for the night shift workers

i think it was for good cause

😎

🤦

will be fine

now stop texting

and hurry home

stupid loon toy keeps looking at me

Shane was a few minutes away from the cottage, having just come back from a quick trip to his parent’s house to drop off a large box of plushies. His mom had looked at him puzzlingly, taking the box and nodding slowly when Shane explained the claw machine night. Pulling up to the driveway, Shane opens the front door and is greeted by Anya, holding the dog plushies in her mouth. Shane scratches behind her ear, cooing at her and closing the door.

“How was visit?” Ilya asks, descending down the stairs.

“Good,” Shane says, plopping himself down on their couch. “My mom questioned where we got a whole box of plushies, but she promised to distribute them later this week.”

“Mhm,” Ilya hums, putting himself on top of Shane as he lays on top of him.

“Oof,” Shane muffles. “Did you miss me *that* much or something?”

“No,” Ilya mumbles, “is just I told my mother about last night while you were away.”

“Ah.”

“She would’ve been very happy. Especially if she saw all these stupid looking toys on our couch.”

Shane laughs and waves the hockey puck plush in Ilya’s face, resulting in giggles. They stay on the couch like that in a comfortable silence, laying on top of each other and Anya now curled at their feet. Ilya brushes his thumb over his necklace, looking up at the ceiling before turning to Shane, mumbling words in Russian, and kissing him.

End Notes

currently running off three hrs of sleep and two cans of coca-cola,, anyway hope u enjoyed!!
.
kudos & comments make my day better ^_^
@ilyarozanvv on twitter/x

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