

Exciting Macaron!

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Exciting Macaron!

by [kopikko](#)

Summary

“Ya tebya lyublyu”

Shane couldn't figure out what Ilya said. Did Ilya want a labubu?

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Inspired by a tweet I saw; imagine if ep 5 of Heated Rivalry was set in 2025 and Shane mishears Ilya and surprises him with a labubu at the Cottage. Mostly a crackfic!

Notes

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

“Ya tebya lyublyu”

It's been a day since Ilya called Shane from Moscow, and Shane was holding onto the bits and pieces of the conversation that he remembered, committing them to memory.

There was a specific phrase that Ilya sobbed. *Ya tebya lyublyu*. Shane couldn't understand what he was trying to say.

Well, he could probably plug the phrase into google translate and it would tell him. However, no matter how hard he tried, Shane just couldn't seem to land on the right pronunciations of anything. He could hear Ilya speaking clearly in his mind, but any attempt of his came out undetectable by the translate microphone function.

Beyond that disappointment, he would feel weird trying to take what Ilya said during that conversation and translate it. Ilya did confess to him in confidence, and Shane was going to do his best to respect the privacy of what Ilya told him. So what if his curiosities were left unsatisfied.

As anyone would, Shane's next idea was to try and see if any of the words themselves sounded familiar. Maybe Ilya was trying to use an English loan word?

lyublyu

Hm. Thinking it over and over again, it sounded like the word for a toy that Hayden's kids were always talking about.

Was Ilya talking about a labubu?

Shane frowned slightly at the thought. Why would Ilya be talking about a labubu? Does he want a labubu? If he wanted a labubu, couldn't he buy one himself? Was he embarrassed to buy one himself?

Thoughts about Ilya and the demonic looking monster dolls filled his head as he paced around the room. If Shane thought really hard about it, it did kind of make sense that Ilya may want one but would be afraid of buying one. As much as Shane cared about maintaining his professional reputation, he was secure enough in his own image that being caught in a blind box store probably wouldn't be enough to tarnish his “good boy hockey star” persona.

Pulling out his phone, Shane navigated to the POPMART website. Scrolling down quite a bit, he found a line that was still in stock and ordered two boxes.

He knew just how he would surprise Ilya at the cottage.

—

“Ah, your real estate kink paid off,” Ilya joked, running his hands along the wall.

Shane laughed and punched him playfully before grabbing his hand and leading him into the kitchen.

“Hey, I have something I wanted to show you...”

“Hollander, where are you taking—huh?”

The cottage kitchen was beautiful. Covered with windows and with polished oakwood cabinets, it truly did shape itself up to be all that Shane hyped it up to be. Though, the thing that caught Ilya’s eye was the two small, pastel colored boxes that sat in the middle of a large granite island-style counter.

He was confused.

Looking back at Shane didn’t help, because he was just standing still and flashing the other man a goofy grin.

“Hollander, what is this... ‘the monster’ box?” Ilya questioned, picking up one of the boxes and shaking it.

He couldn’t exactly say that the... creature? was ugly but he also wouldn’t call it cute. Its beady eyes stared at him from the packaging as it was spread out behind a stack of macarons. Why was it frowning? Ilya turned the box over and over, taking in all the details.

There were 6 potential options of monster? Wait no, 7 options? What the hell did “exciting macaron” mean?

“Hollander, what the fuck is this monster box?”

Shane continued to smile at Ilya sheepishly as Ilya continued reading all around the box and trying to answer his own question himself.

“Well, I was thinking about the call we had when you spoke in Russian, and I was thinking of a phrase you said. Yah teb yah lou blue?”

“*Ya tebya lyublyu*,” Ilya corrected, staring at Shane and then back at the box continuously as he spoke.

“Right yeah, leeh boo. So, I couldn’t figure out what you said because I wasn’t pronouncing it well enough to translate, which meant I was just trying to figure out what else it sounded like? And I’ve been babysitting for Hayden these past few months and I remember his kids always talked about this toy called a labubu?” Shane continued, waving his arms around and pacing around the island counter.

“Yeah, so I looked up what a labubu was that night and I thought to myself: was Ilya talking about a labubu? Did he want a labubu? I wasn’t entirely sure if you wanted a labubu but I figured that it was a possibility, so I ended up getting two from a shop called popmart.”

Shane’s words were slowly starting to make sense to Ilya, who was still reading the box and looking up at Shane.

“So, what is la boo boo?” He asked.

Shane lit up. “Yeah! It's a brand of collectable dolls, like the ones in the boxes. Apparently they come in blind boxes”? So you open the box and don't know which one you are getting until you pull it out. Oh, and they work as keychains. Or as a keychain you can clip to your pants. Um. Surprise?”

Ilya took his final look at the box, then looked back up at Shane, and burst out laughing.

Before Shane could process what the laughter reaction meant, Ilya stepped forward and wrapped Shane in a hug.

“*Tupitsa, lyublyu* meaning ‘I love’” Ilya said between laughs, his entire body shaking as he squeezed Shane with him.

The realization hit Shane like a truck. Oh. Why the hell did he think Ilya wanted a labubu?

Shane pulled away from the hug first, letting his head fall into his hands while Ilya still gripped his arm and laughed.

“Oh my god, that was so stupid I'm so sorry—” Shane started to apologize before Ilya playfully slapped his hand over Shane's mouth.

“No, no Hollander. No worries. This monster toy is cute!” Ilya said, pulling at Shane's arm to get his attention. Ilya smiled in a way that mimicked the wide smile the labubu had on the box.

It was enough to mollify Shane's embarrassment at misunderstanding Ilya's words, and he too started laughing at the mistake.

“Let us open them now then?” Ilya asked, already tossing the other box at Shane.

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It was Shane's first practice of the 2025 season with the Montreal Metros, and his Toffee colored labubu was bouncing off of his hockey bag in a pattern that matched his walking. Ilya suggested that it would be cute to add the keychains to their hockey bags as a discreet memento of their summer together. Shane can only imagine Ilya walking into the Raiders locker room with his Lychee Berry labubu swinging from his bag strap as well.

Hayden was the first to notice the unusual keychain as Shane walked into the locker room.

“Woah, dude, did you get sponsored by popmart? Since when were you into labubus? God, Jade won't shut up about those toys!”

Shane was stopped where he stood, which was inconveniently right after the doorway, as Hayden and some of his other teammates gathered around to inspect the new bag addition.

“Dude, stop moving. I HAVE to send a picture to Jade. Man, she'll never shut up about getting one after this.” Hayden continued to say, now pulling out his phone to take a picture

and send it to Jackie.

Shane wasn't exactly expecting for his labubu to be such a hit with his team, but after the 4th person took pictures of it, someone in the room dubbed it the new unofficial mascot. The situation was so absurd that all Shane could do was laugh.

"Aye Hayden? Tell the kids that Uncle Shane is gonna gift them labubus next time I babysit!"

End Notes

this actually fried me so bad to write, hope someone finds this funny lol

ya tebya lyublyu = i love you

tupitsa = dumbass

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