

Scoreboard

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Scoreboard

by [peiceabread](#)

Summary

Finally open with their relationship and on the same team, suddenly Shane and Ilya are not competing against each other.

Or are they

Or

Ilya loves a DIY scoreboard

Notes

As always a quick note before the fic,

as always thank you to my beta readers who do an amazing job at fixing my terrible spelling that even spell check can't fix.

If you are interested in becoming a beta reader, or just wanna hang out suggest fics, voting on fic ideas/titles and talk about the show join my discord server

discord.gg/e3SvBaeSZp

also note I haven't re-read this one so if one of my beta readers left a note in so be it

Also trying a new format+writing style for this kinda fic

The first practice of the season is supposed to feel normal.

That's what everyone keeps saying, anyway.

No more secrets. No more tension that sits in your chest like a second heartbeat. No more pretending not to notice the cracks in the team. They're solid now—closer, louder, better. People linger after practice. Someone always has music playing. There's a group chat that never shuts up.

It should feel easy.

It does not.

Shane notices it almost immediately.

Not in a way anyone else would. Not something obvious like missed passes or attitude or chirping. If anything, Ilya looks... relaxed. Loose. Like he's just happy to be here.

But Shane knows him.

And Ilya is competing.

It's subtle—just a fraction faster on sprints, a little more force behind his shots, a sharper turn on edge drills. Nothing dramatic. Nothing that would stand out unless you were looking for it.

Shane is always looking for it.

He doesn't say anything.

And nobody else notices.

Three weeks pass like that.

Three weeks of Ilya quietly trying to beat him at everything.

Three weeks of Shane pretending he doesn't notice and then pushing just a little harder anyway.

It builds. Not tension exactly. Something lighter. Sharper. Like static.

Like anticipation.

The first game of the season blows it wide open.

They win. Of course they do.

Locker room loud, music blasting, someone—probably Bood—yelling about shots like he’s personally responsible for all of them. Haas looks like he might actually float out of his skates after scoring his first goal of the season, still getting congratulated by everyone within arm’s reach.

Ilya has two points.

One goal—assisted by Shane.

One assist—to Haas.

By the time Shane gets home, he already knows this is going to be a problem.

“Absolutely not,” Shane says, dropping his bag by the door with a heavy thud.

Ilya is already in the kitchen, still in half his gear, leaning against the counter like he’s been waiting for this exact moment.

“Oh,” Ilya says, very softly, eyes bright with something that should probably be classified as dangerous. “This is going to be fun.”

“It’s not a competition,” Shane says automatically, toeing off his shoes.

Ilya raises an eyebrow. “It is points. It is a competition.”

Shane sighs, long and suffering, like this is happening to him specifically.

He doesn’t reply.

He doesn’t need to.

Ilya grins, pushes off the counter, and comes up behind him, warm and solid and entirely too pleased with himself. His hands settle on Shane’s hips like they belong there—which they do—and he leans in, pressing a kiss just below Shane’s ear.

“You love me,” Ilya murmurs. “And besides—this makes you work better.”

Shane exhales, tilting his head just slightly despite himself. “I already work fine.”

“Mm,” Ilya hums. “Now you will work better.”

“That sounds like a threat.”

“It is encouragement.”

Shane turns his head enough to glance back at him. “You’re insufferable.”

“And winning.”

“Barely.”

Ilya laughs into his shoulder.

A few weeks into the season, the team catches on.

Of course they do.

They’re not subtle.

At first it’s just small things—side comments, looks across the ice, the way drills between Shane and Ilya somehow always end up escalating.

Then it becomes a Thing.

By the time they’re at a team dinner, it’s basically entertainment.

Shane disappears halfway through to help clear plates—something about one of the wives needing an extra pair of hands—and Ilya ends up stranded at the table with a cluster of younger players.

Haas is there, still a little too earnest for his own good.

Dykstra is leaning back in his chair, watching everything like he’s already figured it out and is just waiting for confirmation.

Bood is halfway through someone else’s dessert.

Troy is texting under the table, probably Harris.

It takes about thirty seconds.

“Hey,” Haas says, hesitant but determined. “Are you guys... okay?”

Ilya looks up, blinking. “Okay?”

“Yeah,” Haas says. “You and Shane. You’re always—like—arguing about who’s winning. I just—” He gestures vaguely. “Are you good?”

There’s a beat.

Then Ilya laughs.

Not a small laugh. Not polite.

Full, bright, genuinely delighted laughter that makes Dykstra snort into his drink and Bood looks up like he’s missing something important.

“Really?” Ilya says, wiping at his eye. “That is what you think is happening?”

Haas shifts, slightly defensive. “I mean—yeah?”

Ilya leans back in his chair, still smiling. “Hollander works harder if we are against each other.”

“That’s it?” Dykstra asks.

“That is it.”

“That’s kind of messed up,” Bood says, pointing his fork at him. “You’re psychologically manipulating your husband.”

“I am motivating him.”

“Same thing,” Troy mutters without looking up.

From somewhere behind them, Harris’s voice cuts in—he’s apparently been hovering long enough to hear the important part.

“Thank god,” he says. “Because if anything happens to you two, I’m fucked.”

Ilya glances over. “We aren’t the only players on the team.”

Harris just stares at him., “Yeah, but you’re the only players people care about.”

That week, training gets worse –, or better, depending on who you ask.

Depending on who you ask.

Shane lines up for sprints, rolling his shoulders, trying very hard not to look at Ilya.

He fails immediately.

Ilya is stretching like this is nothing. Like this is just another practice and not the continuation of whatever war they’ve quietly declared.

“You look tense,” Ilya says.

“I’m not tense.”

“You are vibrating.”

“That’s just my baseline.”

“Mm,” Ilya hums. “Good. You will need the extra energy.”

The whistle blows.

They take off.

Shane pushes hard—legs burning, lungs opening, the ice cutting clean beneath him. He doesn't look back.

He doesn't need to.

Ilya is there.

Always there.

Matching him stride for stride, close enough that Shane can feel it, that presence at his shoulder like a challenge he refuses to ignore.

It is, annoyingly, exhilarating.

They cross the line almost together.

Almost.

Shane exhales sharply. "Tie doesn't count."

"It absolutely counts," Ilya says, not even out of breath. "We both got points."

"That's not how winning works."

Ilya turns his head, smiling—slow, bright, infuriating. "Maybe we redefine winning."

From the sidelines, Bood yells, "KISS ALREADY OR FIGHT, THIS IS BORING."

Coach Wiebe blows the whistle again, harder this time. "Again!"

By the end of the season, it has escalated beyond anything reasonable.

It's not just at practices anymore.

Not just games.

It's everything.

Who gets more assists. Who wins drills. Who gets to the car first. Who cooks dinner faster. Who folds laundry more efficiently (Ilya cheats).

And, most importantly—

The scoreboard. Because of course there is a scoreboard.

Ilya built it himself.

It lives in their living room, It is large. It is unnecessary. It is meticulously updated.

Shane hates it.

Shane loves it.

At the end of the season, they stand in front of it together.

Tied.

Of course they're tied.

Shane stares up at it, hands on his hips. "That's statistically unlikely."

"We are simply evenly matched," Ilya says.

"I don't like that."

"I do."

Shane glances at him. "You would."

Ilya nudges his shoulder, light, familiar. "You could always try harder next season."

Shane snorts, but there's a grin pulling at his mouth. "You're on."

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