

Things That Need Repeated

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77316056) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77316056>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Scott Hunter , Shane Hollander & Ottawa Centaurs Team Ensemble & Ilya Rozanov , Scott Hunter & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Scott Hunter (Game Changers) , Carter Vaughn , Luca Haas , Young (Game Changers) , LaPointe (Game Changers) , Holmber (Game Changers) , Zane Boodram , Evan Dykstra , Nick Chouinard , Troy Barrett , Wyatt Hayes
Additional Tags:	Shane Hollander knows how to fight , Scott Hunter Apologizes Again , Good Friend Scott Hunter (Game Changers) , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , The Ottawa Rookies are Shane Hollander's Children , Hockey , mentions of past fighting , but no like actual descriptions of it , Shane doesn't actually really fight in this one but that is still relevant , no beta we die like dinosaur scott hunter's knees probably have
Language:	English
Series:	Part 6 of Nature Offers a Violence , Part 8 of Heated Rivalry - Collection
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-08 Words: 1,446 Chapters: 1/1

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by [strawhat_star](#)

Summary

New York plays Ottawa for the first time since Shane was traded, and Scott seeks out Shane to apologize again for their fight and to thank Shane for not breaking his nose during it.

Notes

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

“Hollander!” Scott calls, nodding to the other man as he skates out onto the ice for warm ups.

Shane waves, says something to the little gaggle of younger players that seem to be constantly surrounding him these days, and then pushes off down the ice towards the redline. “Hi Scott.”

“Are you free after the game?” Scott asks, and Shane’s brows go up a bit as he thinks it over.

“We’re getting drinks as a team, but you’re welcome to come with us.” Shane offers, pauses then before adding. “Carter and the other guys too, if they want.” Shane pauses again, eyes widening just a little bit. “Or I can tell them I won’t make it and we can go somewhere else?”

“No need for that.” Scott says, shakes his head. “If you guys still want us at drinks after we wipe the ice with your asses I’m happy to join. If not then I’ll just steal a few minutes before you leave.”

“You mean if you guys still want to come with after Hazy serves you a shut out?” Shane asks, and his brows sort of furrow for half a second before Scott laughs.

“We’ll see who wins.” Scott tells him, reaching out to pat his shoulder before he skates off back towards Carter and the rest of his team to relay the offer to join Ottawa for drinks.

“What did old man want?” Ilya asks as Shane skates back over towards the bench to grab his water.

“He wants to talk after the game.” Shane shrugs, takes the water Ilya holds out to him and takes a long drink. “I invited Scott and Carter out for drinks with us after, too. Maybe some of the other guys if they want to go.”

“You are too nice.” Ilya says, shaking his head and knocking his helmet lightly against Shane’s. “Go stretch with your stupid wolf bird babies.”

“Loonlets?” Shane asks, starting away and then turning back, slower as he waits for Ilya to answer.

“Go stretch.” Ilya waves him off.

Shane rolls his eyes but turns back, spraying snow at the group of rookies as he comes to a stop in front of them because they always cry out in fake outrage before one of them, usually Young, breaks and they just start laughing.

“So, what did you want to talk about?” Shane asks, as they settle around one of the tables at their usual bar.

“I wanted to thank you, and to apologize again.” Scott starts, and Shane’s brows draw together as he tries to think of what Scott could be apologizing for and then he waves him off.

“We’ve already—”

“No.” Scott cuts in, shaking his head. “I was living the same fear of being outed back then, I knew what it could do to your careers, and I threw that at you on the ice. It was uncalled for and completely out of line.”

“You’ve apologized for that.” Shane reminds, and he shoots a look to Ilya who’s starting to edge closer to their side of the table.

“And you forgave me a little too easily, honestly.” Scott counters, shakes his head. “Carter told me that you repeatedly assured Hayden and J.J. that I hadn’t said anything racist to you after I went off the ice. You defended me to your teammates even after I threw that shit at you, and I saw your fight with Zaystev, Hollander, you could have done a lot of damage to me then and you didn’t. Even after the shit I said. So again, I’m sorry that I crossed that line, and thank you for not breaking my nose back then.”

Shane blinks, his face sort of blue-screening, and Ilya steps over and lightly drops his hand on the back of Shane’s neck to help ground him, turning to Scott. The rest of the Ottawa team is watching them too, no longer trying to give them the illusion of privacy as Shane’s gone silent. Scott can feel the way the rookies are eyeing him and prays Shane will say something soon to call them off before one of them tries to jump the table to get at them. He’d heard about the showdown between Ottawa’s rookies and Montreal after they were knocked out of the playoffs last year and he had no desire to repeat it.

“He did forgive you too easily.” Ilya agrees.

“That’s not an invitation for you to punch me.” Scott says, raising his hands in front of him, because he knows he got off lucky that Ilya hadn’t gone at him about it and he was not willing to test that.

“Oh, I would not punch you.” Ilya says, and he smiles all teeth but there’s no heat in his eyes and his shoulders are relaxed, so Scott knows he’s not actually threatening him. “I have hot, hockey player husband who could knock you out with one punch.”

“Ilya.” Shane laughs softly, finally seeming to come back to himself, lightly slapping at his husband’s side and then turning to Scott. “I don’t really know what to say to that.”

“You don’t have to say anything.” Scott assures, shrugs. “I just wanted you to know that I am truly sorry about what happened, and that I appreciate you seeing that as a moment of brief stupidity on my behalf and not killing me for it or holding it against me now.”

“I wouldn’t have killed you.” Shane says, his nose scrunching up a little. “It’d be so much work to get rid of a body.”

That startles a laugh out of the table, and Scott's pretty sure Shane wasn't joking but he also isn't going to say anything about that as he shakes his head and smiles. "We're good?"

"We've been good." Shane says back, smiling and glancing at Ilya before turning to the rookies. "Scott Hunter is buying a round of drinks for the table, go pick out what it is."

"Hell yeah!" Young cheers, throwing his arms wide around Holmber and LaPointe's shoulders and yanking them with him towards the table. "Luca, come on!"

"I've got him!" LaPointe assures, reaching behind him to grab Luca's arm and drag him along with them.

The rest of the Ottawa players laugh, finally settling comfortably into their seats and starting to talk. Dykstra and Barrett drag Carter into a conversation about whatever game is playing on one of the TVs while Chouinard and Wyatt start discussing some new action movie that's coming out that they want to try and drag the whole team into seeing. Bood rolls his eyes at both groups, glancing over towards where the rookies are getting drinks from the bar to make sure they don't need help and aren't going too insane.

"I'll buy it." Shane whispers to Scott as Ilya settles into the seat next to him.

"You will not." Ilya says, shaking his head and glancing at Scott. "Hunter can buy."

"I'll buy." Scott nods as a promise, and Ilya studies him for a moment before nodding.

"You are maybe not so bad, for old man." Ilya tells him, and then he turns to discuss the logistics of getting Coach Wiebe to let them all miss a practice day to go watch the movie while Shane sighs exasperatedly.

"And you like him?" Scott asks Shane, raising a brow.

"I don't know why either." Shane shakes his head, laughing when Ilya shoves his head forward without looking towards him at the comment, but he keeps a light grip on the back of Shane's head to make sure he doesn't push him into the table. "You're such an asshole."

"No. That is your job." Ilya tells him seriously, turning from his conversation and then raising a brow at the rookies walking back towards them with carefully balanced trays and armfuls of drinks. Ilya laughs as Bood and Barrett shoot up to help them, turning to smile at Scott.

"They are trying to bankrupt you."

"I can see that." Scott says dully, and the table laughs again as the rookies start passing out drinks across the table, a can of ginger ale ending up in front of Shane from one of their pockets.

"To crushing New York!" Holmber cheers, and then sort of freezes as he makes eye contact with Scott.

"You bastards beat the shit out of us." Scott says, shaking his head and lifting his cup to cheers with Carter. "To our impending revenge."

“To good hockey.” Dykstra suggests as a peace offering, raising his glass.

“To good hockey!” Young, Holmber, and LaPointe cry out, the rest of the table a few seconds behind them with the cheer.

End Notes

I wrote this in like twenty minutes so sorry if it's bad. ♡♡

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