

Slut of the Week

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Slut of the Week

by [Ashes4](#)

Summary

The Ottawa Centaurs love having Shane Hollander on their team, really they do. They do however miss someone else getting a chance to be the Slut of the Week every once and a while.

Notes

This is my first fanfic so please be nice!

I got the idea from the most recent Heartstopper Q&A so credit where credit is due!

The Ottawa Centaurs love having Shane Hollander on their team, really they do. They loved what he brought to the ice, the intensity, the grit, the goals. They loved what Ilya has turned into now that he gets to play with his husband, he's so much happier than he has been since joining this team a few seasons ago. The team loved being around the couple despite the constant bickering and whatever the hell Rozanov kept saying to Hollander that turns his cheeks pink and elicits a "fuck off" from the latter. They do however miss someone else getting a chance to be the *Slut of the Week* every once and a while.

It all started as a joke the year that Ilya joined. Every so often he'd go off and disappear for a weekend with some vague excuse such as: "I am bird watching, is loon season", "I have a puzzle that just can't wait", "Important secret Russian holiday", or everyone's personal favorite "Scott Hunter fell and broke his hip, he's very old, someone must take care of him". They knew that one was fake as Scott had just kicked their asses the night before, hip perfectly not broken. So where was Ilya off to? Well wherever it was he definitely had some company. Each time he returned from a cryptic weekend back covered in scratches, hickeys that he didn't even bother to hide, and one time there was even a perfect cast of a set of teeth on his shoulder.

After noticing the remnants of one particularly visible weekend someone had to say something. "Damn Roz, guess we know who the slut of this week is." Bood laughs as Ilya removes his shirt, looking like he'd lost a fight to a particularly hungry raccoon. Ilya perks up and grins at the comment, shameless as ever.

"Like any of you could even compete. Please, I am slut of every week."

And thus, *Slut of the Week* was born. A whiteboard was found in an old conference room, (thanks Harris), and in big bold letters **Slut of the Week** quickly became a favorite among the Centaurs. Each week they voted on who seemed to partake in the sluttiest behavior. As expected Ilya won often, very often. He seemed to take this as a challenge instead of the borderline public shaming it was intended as, and when has Ilya Rozanov ever backed down from a challenge. He had only ever lost a few times:

Bood had a barbeque in which upon arrival the team learned he planned on grilling in his apron and nothing else (but his boxers). Surprisingly, no burns were acquired but many many jokes about sausages were made. He just couldn't let Ilya win every damn week.

Hazy wins on Halloween when he apparently could not wait to get home before doing god knows what in Ilya's house with Lisa as alcohol and your wife dressed as Wonder Woman don't mix well. Or do, depends on who you ask. Ilya was appalled at this as he was apparently the only one who did not notice. "See if I throw another party now," he huffed, pouting to himself, probably about not having a sluttier halloween. Right?

One week Haas showed up with what had been decided upon as a hickey and the team was in uproar. "Someone has deflowered our rookie!" Ilya weeps like a disappointed mother as the rest of the team lectures Haas on the importance of practicing safe sex. Despite muttered

arguments by the rook that he “wasn’t a virgin” and it “wasn’t a big deal”. Luca Haas was that week's slut accompanied by a very disappointed frowny face.

Troy and Harris make the board a few times. The most notable being the time Dykstra forgot his headphones in his locker and heard some very incriminating noises coming from Harris’s office.

Bood hosts the end of season barbeque, obviously, and with that comes the Centaurs awards night. There are always NHL official awards, but to this team, this night is what really matters. Votes are sent in ahead of time and trophies are made. A host is dubbed, usually Bood as it’s at his house, and surrounded by family and friends awards are handed out with love and admiration for their fellow teammates.

“Fuck all of you, I hope you die.” Dykstra grumbles as he's handed the award for *Worst DJ*, he snatches it out of Bood’s hand as the team cracks up at the unsportsmanlike behavior coming from the defenseman. He stomps back from where Bood is standing to the campfire where the team and their wives are cuddled up on chairs and logs. Bood regains his composure just in time to announce the final award of the night. With as much seriousness he can muster, he introduces the main event.

“And finally, the moment you have all been waiting for, by unanimous vote, *Slut of the Year* goes to...” a drumroll ensues, “ILYA ROZANOV”. The team cheers for their captain as he takes his spot next to Bood and accepts his award. Ilya wipes a fake tear from his eye as the team chants “speech, speech, speech”.

“I would like to thank myself for being so slutty,” he winks, “I would also like to thank all of you for being boring and making this competition easy. Next year I will win as well, none of you can compete with me because you are all prudes. Thank you.” And on that note, a consensus has spread that they will never let Ilya win *Slut of the Year* ever again.

Spoiler alert, he wins. Every. Fucking. Year. No matter how slutty the team may try to be they are outmatched every single time. Ilya laughs season after season as he accepts his awards, boasting about how he is an undefeated champion and will never be dethroned. That is, until Shane Hollander joins the team.

Shane Hollander, Canada’s golden boy, was now an Ottawa Centaur. The team was buzzing with excitement when they heard that they had somehow managed to draft Hollander after he decided to be a free agent. Having not only the first married couple of the NHL but also the two best players of their generation was going to do wonders for this team. It took a while for Shane to warm up to the team despite their efforts to include him from the get go. He started coming to team events half way through the summer and started to open up about more about a month after. He stayed pretty close to Ilya most of the time and he really was awkward, but they loved him. He was one of theirs. They did however forget to mention their ongoing tradition until his first practice.

“What the fuck is that?” Shane seems confused and a bit concerned, eyes wide staring at the whiteboard. It was decorated with stupid stickers and doodles that have made their way on over the years. Ilya, who had apparently not told Shane about the tradition, laughs at his husband gaping at his pride and joy.

“This is Centaur tradition moya lyubov, team is very slutty.” Ilya winks.

Shane didn’t even know what to say, the Voyagers had always been so serious. They would never have done something so juvenile and outlandish, and they definitely would not have had the board in the locker room. How did they even hide this board from reporters? But Shane was nothing if not competitive, especially when it comes to his husband. “So how does it work, do you have to do something or is it a vibes kinda thing?” He must have sounded more eager than he meant to at the idea of a competition as the team started to laugh.

“Well, it all started cause Rozy here kept showing up from these one off weekends with some mystery gi-,” Boody cut himself short and the team stills. “Holy shit, that was you wasn’t it” he gapes at Shane, who looks confused. No one wanted to be the one to tell Shane to his face how this started, all looked at anything but him and Ilya. Finally after Shane looks like he’s about to combust, Ilya says something to him in Russian. Shane flushes and smacks his husband, he looks down not really wanting to look anyone in the eye after realizing the part he’s had to play in Ilya’s reign as champion. Ok so Shane Hollander was clearly a bit shy about the whole sex thing, noted. One thing is for sure, despite being married to the reigning champ, Shane Hollander is definitely not winning Slut of the Week anytime soon.

“Votes are in, and might I say no one, and I mean no one is surprised to see this week’s *Slut of the Week*, Shane Hollander” Dykstra laughs as he writes Shane’s name on the board. Shane pumps his fist and laughs with his team about his third win in a row.

After the initial shock wore off that not only had everyone noticed Shane and Ilya were having sex, but that it was so notable that it spawned whatever the fuck this was, his competitive streak turned up ten fold. So what if he’s a little slutty, maybe it’s time to embrace what Ilya’s been telling him for years.

He starts small. He wears those itty bitty yoga shorts to lift, causing Ilya to almost drop a weight on his foot when Shane practices his yoga. He doesn’t hold back at home when leaving a mark on his husband. It had been decided, much to Ilya’s dismay, that a mark made by Hollander counts for Hollander. Ilya stomps his feet a bit but everyone can see him grinning, proud of his husband and as always, not even a bit shameful.

Mid season starts to take a turn for the worse. While Shane had won *Slut of the Week* a few times, he wasn’t winning every week. Ilya won a few times when he had said some filthy things to Shane in Russian in front of the team, causing Shane to sputter and flush. As per previously stated rules, those moments worked in Ilya’s favor securing his spot on the board.

Harris wins his first solo moment on the board after accidentally walking into the locker room right after Troy had gotten out of the shower. He would like to say he handled the situation professionally, he did not. He stared at his boyfriend for an unknown amount of time until fingers were snapped in his face and he came back to reality. God did he love his job.

Road trips were usually the best time for the unmarried (and married to each other) Centaurs to get their spot on the board. Young makes his first appearance after not one but two women are seen leaving his room. Not long after Holmberg makes his debut after coming back late from curfew, not even a little sorry.

Everything is fine and dandy as per usual until Wyatt decides to turn in early one night. That stupid, stupid night.

The night started fine, normal even, the team was set up at a couple tables at the hotel bar, drinking, laughing, and just enjoying each other's company. After an hour of nursing his ginger ale Shane gets a text, turns a bit pink, then gives the most unconvincing fake yawn the world has ever seen. "Well guys, I think I'm going to turn in, goodnight!" and with that he's off. Everyone turns their head to Ilya to see their captain's shit eating grin. "What? Hollander likes to go to bed early, tucked in and reading a book by 8pm, very boring." No one was buying that at all. "Would you look at the time, I am so sleepy." Ilya looks down at an empty wrist and yawns, somehow worse than Shane's and bids his farewell to the team.

Bood, Wyatt, Troy, and Dykstra all exchange glances. "God I hope I'm not next door," Troy groans, slamming his head on the table. Up until that point none of them had really been made painfully aware of what happened in their teammates room. Obviously they could all guess, but no one had really heard or seen anything. "It can't be that bad Troy" Wyatt teases, fully knowing he and Troy were not next door to the couple but in fact down the hall as he had snuck a look at room assignment numbers before getting off the bus. An hour goes by and Wyatt decides it really is time to turn in for the night.

"Alright guys, I'll see you in the A.M." Wyatt bids his goodnights. On the way to his room he hears what sounds to him like a scream, he whips his head around to figure out where the noise came from. He hears it again and heads towards the door the noise seems to be coming from. What if someone's hurt, he can be a hero right? This might be his moment. He's directly outside the door now waiting for a final push when he hears the noise again. Except now that he's closer, he realizes he knows that voice and he recognizes the number on the door. That's Shane. That's definitely Shane. And if that's Shane he knows that not only is he not hurt but he's probably quite the opposite. Russian expletives break him out of his shock and Wyatt books it to his room slamming the door behind him. Troy comes in to find Wyatt staring at the wall 20 minutes later.

"You ok Hazy?" Troy prods. Wyatt shakes his head.

"You don't wanna know the details, but Shane definitely wins this week." Troy laughs at Wyatt's horrified expression as he throws himself onto his bed attempting to scrub his ears and brain of what he heard.

The next morning at breakfast Wyatt won't look Shane or Ilya in the eye. Troy decides he might as well stir the pot. "Guys you'll never believe it, Hazy heard a ghost last night coming from down the hall." Everyone's heads turn in their direction, waiting to hear the story. "Yeah I came into the room and you should've seen his face, he was petrified". Now everyone was really listening. "He said it sounded like, fuck what's that ghost from Harry Potter, the toilet one?" "Moaning Myrtle!" Pipes one of the rookies.

"Yeah that one, Shane, Ilya, I'm surprised you guys didn't hear it, it must have been like right outside your door or something right Hazy?" It doesn't take long for the pieces to click in Shane's head. Well fuck, someone had heard them. The shame must have shown on his face because soon everyone was cracking up at the couple, Ilya taking it in stride.

"Guess we have our week's winner huh Hollzy," Dykstra laughs as Shane starts to compose himself. After the initial shock wears off Shane jots this down as another win, and Shane loves nothing more than to win.

After that one road trip, Shane may or may not have filed that away as a way to win this stupid little competition between his husband and his teammates. God he needed to be less competitive, but they're all adults here and he didn't even start it, technically, so it's fair game. Maybe he's been a little louder on the road, maybe he's getting Ilya a bit more riled up than usual after games, so what?

"I know what you're doing Shane" Ilya teases. Shane plays innocent as he definitely does not scratch a little harder than necessary on the back of Ilya's arms as he kisses him. "How could anyone have known that Shane Hollander so slutty that he would try to win silly little game Centaurs make because of him? Oh wait" Ilya grins as he kisses Shane again, this time with more force. Of course Ilya had known what would happen when Shane found out about the not competition that was definitely a competition. Shane is afterall, very slutty, and Ilya does not mind being part of Shane's victories, at all. And Shane has so many victories.

The season ends with the Ottawa Centaurs winning the Stanley Cup. The team was ecstatic to say the least. After the celebrations for the cup started to die down, it was time for their own personal tradition of Centaurs awards night and votes had been cast. Bood hosts again, duh, and after many awards were cast the grand finale was up. Who would be the *Slut of the Year*? Shane and Ilya in true Shane and Ilya fashion were at each other's throats as season went on competing over who could be sluttier. At one point they had to be sat down by Coach Wiebe and told to knock it off. Shane could say that was definitely a first for him, not used to being reprimanded like that. Ilya could not have cared less.

"Now, I've got to say guys, this year was a doozy. Rozy here had some real competition for the first time since becoming a Centaur. Will he stay our champion or will he be bested by another?" Bood was really getting into this, to be fair so was everyone else. With everyone slapping their hands in their laps for the drumroll Bood clears his throat. "This year's *Slut of the Year* goes to..." everyone holds their breath, "SHANE HOLLANDER!". Shane jumps out

from his seat on Ilya's lap as the crowd cheers and Ilya throws his hands up in outrage. Shane takes his place next to Bood with a grin pointed at his sore loser husband.

"I would like to thank my husband, without you none of this would have been possible. Better luck next year," and in his best Russian accent Shane hammers home "maybe try not to be so boring." The team erupts in laughter as Shane takes his place back on his husband's lap looking incredibly proud of himself. Ilya can't even pretend to hold in the fondness he feels for his husband in that moment.

After the party back at their home in the joint trophy room Shane places his trophy next to Ilya's from previous seasons. Ilya had apparently hidden the past trophies from Shane hoping Shane would never find out about the Centaur tradition as he would piece together what made Ilya win every year and likely get embarrassed. After Shane found the board he knew the gig was up and got the trophies out that same night. Now on their own little shelf filled with other cute awards from previous centaurs nights the husbands could finally display their *Slut of the Year* trophies proudly. "You will not defeat me again next year" Ilya murmurs, hugging Shane from behind, not really meaning what he says. Shane turns to him grinning, a competitive glint in his eyes, "Oh yeah? You're on." And wouldn't you know it, the Ottawa centaurs didn't have another slut of the year until after they both retired.

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