

**The Sexy Charity Calendar (Or, The Ottawa Centaurs vs. Scott Hunter's stupid abs)**  
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# **The Sexy Charity Calendar (Or, The Ottawa Centaurs vs. Scott Hunter's stupid abs)**

by [Tiny\\_Smoke\\_Princess](#)

## Summary

Ilya Rozanov is furious to find out that Scott Hunter and the New York Admirals are releasing a sexy charity calendar. Well anything that Scott can do, Ilya and the Centaurs can do better. And Ilya has a secret weapon... baby animals!

This is a zero-angst, fluffy as hell short in which Ilya causes havoc in the Ottawa Centaurs locker room with a box of kittens and plans for a very sexy charity calendar.

Set in the season after the end of 'The Long Game', this features all your favourite Centaurs players, plus Harris, Chiron the dog and a whole bundle of kittens! Plus some tooth-meltingly-sweet Hollanov interaction.

So who will win the war of the sexy calendar? Ilya's box of kittens, or Scott Hunter's abs? Read to find out!

## Notes

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

Ilya smiled to himself as he drove, humming along to a familiar song on the radio. Every few minutes, he glanced sideways at the brown cardboard box on the seat beside him, which was rustling quietly and making little sounds. This might be the best idea he'd ever had.

He'd left Shane in bed this morning with a gentle kiss to his temple and no explanation, other than that he was going to 'pick up a surprise'. Shane had batted him away with a sleepy groan, but Ilya wasn't offended. He'd kept him up pretty late after all. The memory made him grin as he flicked on his blinker, turning onto the street that would take him to the Ottawa Centaurs' arena.

He wasn't entirely sure how Shane and the rest of the team was going to react to the surprise sitting in the box beside him. He had a vague notion that following the slightly sketchy-sounding Craigslist ad had been a bad idea, but also felt confident that the occupants of the box were much better off now than they had been this morning. Plus, he was doing all this for a good cause. Scott Hunter and the New York Admirals had released a sexy calendar. Ilya scoffed into the warm air of the car. Saint Scott taking his shirt off to make money for impoverished children, or unhoused queer people, or miserable lonely widows... Ilya didn't care. He was simply annoyed that people were paying to see Scott Hunter's stupid abs when the majority of the hockey playing world ended up seeing them unwillingly in some locker room for free.

But anything Scott could do, Ilya was determined to do much, much better. He could take his shirt off for money too, but he now had a secret weapon. Well, six secret weapons. Because Ilya was going to do this sexy calendar six times better than Scott Hunter and the New York Admirals ever could.

He pulled into the parking spot next to Shane's SUV, making sure his passenger side was right up close to Shane's driver-side door. That would be fun later, seeing Shane's little pout of annoyance and kissing it from his lips. He leaned over and carefully hoisted the box into his arms, making sure not to jostle it as he extracted himself from the car. Pausing briefly to rescue his backpack from the backseat, he jogged across the freezing parking lot. Being Russian, he'd never been particularly bothered by the harsh Canadian winters, but he wanted to get his new little friends into the warmth of the arena as quickly as possible.

Inside, he went straight to Harris's office, shushing an excited Chiron, as he jumped up at Ilya with puppy-like exuberance, despite his now-hefty frame. He carefully placed the box on Harris's desk, careful to avoid the many empty takeout coffee cups bearing Troy's name.

'Okay Chiron, I need to you be nice to our new friends, yes?' He let Chiron smell his hands and hoody, then tentatively brought the box down from the desk so that Chiron could nose at the top flaps. Ilya was pleased when Chiron gently nudged at the edge of the box, before sitting back on his haunches, tail still wagging happily. The little peeps and rustles that continued to sound from the box suggested that his tiny guests hadn't been overly upset by a sudden wet nose in their midst. 'See, you are the best boy Chiron. How could they not love you too?'

‘Hey Ilya...’ Harris voice sounded behind him, ‘dare I ask why you are presenting my dog with a squeaking box?’

Ilya glanced around to see Harris in the doorway, looking at him with a bemused expression. He grinned. ‘Squeaking box, is what she said, yes?’

Harris rolled his eyes. ‘I should never, ever, have let Shane watch The Office with you. Okay spill it, what’s going on?’

‘We are beating Scott Hunter, because I am the best and no one cares about his abs.’

‘The fixation you have on his abs seems to disprove the point, but please continue.’ He moved across to where Ilya and Chiron were sat on the floor with the box, sinking down cross-legged on the carpet tiles. ‘I assume this plan is to beat Scott at something other than hockey... Oh Ilya. Is this about that calendar the Admirals did to raise money for the homeless shelters?’

Ilya gave him a quirked smile, before reaching a hand into the box and bringing out a tiny, angrily meowing ball of black fluff, grinning even wider as he watched Harris’s eyes widen. He could see the little cartoon-hearts forming in them now.

‘Awwwwwwh! I mean... why? Also how? Ilya... I have to ask, you didn’t take these from someone did you? I know fans keep trying to give you odd gifts but...’

‘No!’ Ilya barked, cradling the fuzzy bundle against the front of his hoody whilst it squirmed furiously. ‘I spoke to a very nice lady on Craigslist who had free kittens for good home. She said her cat had had these six babies and she didn’t want them. So, I went and picked them up, took them to Anya’s vet this morning to have them checked out, and now here we are.’

Harris’s eyes had gone liquid and sad. He knew how Canadians could be about their animals, but Russia had been harsher. He was just pleased that the woman had decided to list them on the internet, rather than taking the matter of unwanted kittens into her own hands. He shook his head gently as the little monster in his lap sank its sharp teeth into his finger, making him hiss in pain. The kitten stared up at him with defiant yellow eyes, the single white flash on its chest stark against its otherwise pitch-black fur. With his free hand, he gently stroked the tiny kitten under its chin, until the needle-sharp grip on his finger released and a tiny purring sound began.

‘I will name you Shane Junior,’ Ilya murmured, still stroking the kitten, whose eyes had now drifted shut. ‘Because you are so angry and small, but really you just need love.’

‘Hey Harris, what... aahhh!’ Ilya looked up at the sound of Troy Barrett’s voice, then across at Harris, who was laden with five kittens in varying shades of orange and tabby, all crawling over his Ottawa Centaurs branded sweater. Troy swiftly deposited the two coffee cups he had been holding onto Harris’s desk and melted onto the floor beside his boyfriend, both of them pressed shoulder to shoulder as the kittens began to migrate to their new human climbing frame.

‘Are these the secret weapon against Scott Hunter’s abs that you were telling me about yesterday?’ Troy asked, a mewling ball of orange fluff batting wildly at his hoody string.

‘Hell yes,’ Ilya agreed, his own kitten now snoozing in the crook of his arm. ‘We have excellent abs and very cute kittens. Is devastating combination. Scott Hunter and the Admirals do not stand a chance.’

‘For sure,’ Troy nodded seriously, whilst untangling his clothing from tiny sharp paws.

Harris sighed. ‘It’s a charity calendar guys. For charity. Not even remotely a competition.’

‘Yes, but even so we will win. We will raise even more money than them and sell even more calendars. People will be desperate to buy our sexy calendars. Especially with me on the front; that’s why the NHL video game sold so well.’

‘Yeah, it’s just a matter of pride right?’ Troy nudged his shoulder against Harris’s, smiling at his concerned expression. ‘At the end of the day, the charities will be the ones that benefit, and if Ilya sells more pictures of his abs than Scott, then that’s just a happy bonus, right?’

‘Yeah fine,’ Harris said with mock-resignation. ‘What charity were you thinking? The Admirals have picked a New York based charity which looks after unhoused youth in the city. Did you want to do it for the Irina Foundation?’

Ilya’s brow furrowed. He and Shane already funnelled a lot into the Irina foundation via their charity camps and personal donations. They were starting to see a major uptick in the amount of people the charity was able to provide with counselling and medical support and whilst more income was always appreciated, he felt that the sexy calendar could help something else this time. He knew that Troy personally donated a lot to women’s shelters in and around Ottawa and that Boodram and Dykstra had joined forces to fund the refurbishment of the children’s wing of the local hospital.

‘Here’s a thought, and feel free to say no,’ Harris cut through his thoughts. ‘We have a number of independent animal shelters here in Ottawa that could really do with the cash, especially during the winter. If we’re using kittens to try and, uh, one-up Scott and co, maybe an animal shelter, or splitting the money between several, would be the way to go?’

Ilya snapped his fingers, causing the little black kitten to hiss quietly, ‘yes, perfect. Maybe I will tour some of these shelters and find some more friends for Anya and Shane Junior. This is an excellent idea, Harris, good job.’

Harris beamed. After a few more minutes playing with the kittens, Troy and Ilya dragged themselves off the floor and headed to the locker room to change ready for practice. Harris had agreed to watch the kittens and Chiron, although the dog had quickly lost interest in the tiny creatures and was fast asleep in his dog basket.

The rest of the team were already in varying states of undress when Troy and Ilya arrived. Troy darted off to pull on his uniform whilst Ilya paused in the doorway, his eyes finding Shane in an instant, sitting on a bench and intently reading the back of a packet. It was always such a thrill to have him here, to have him near and visible and safe. Shane’s lips were

silently moving as he read, a lock of dark hair falling across one side of his face, hiding one eye and some of the freckles that were dotted across his pink cheeks. Quietly, Ilya moved across the loud space and sank down onto the bench beside the man he loved, placing his hand on Shane's thigh, his wedding ring glinting under the bright locker room lights. He loved not having to hide, to be able to show this tiny amount of affection without fear of judgement or worse. Shane glanced up at him, a sweet smile lighting up his face, before turning back to the packet.

'How much of this do you think I should use?' He waved the vitamin drink mix in Ilya's field of vision. 'It says use between 4-8 teaspoons, but that's quite a difference. I mean, what happens if 8 is too much?'

Ilya considered the mix, which promised to give an 'All natural energy boost, using vitamins and minerals guaranteed to improve performance!'

'So what if it is too much? Are you worried you will have too much energy? That your performance will be too good? Put nine in there Hollander, see if you turn into Superman.'

Ilya turned his head to see Shane's annoyed little pout that he loved so much. He would never get bored of teasing him, even when they were old and grey and could no longer put skates on.

'Ugh you are no help. I'm just going to play it safe and use 6 teaspoons.'

'Mmm yes,' Ilya agreed, nuzzling Shane's shoulder with his nose as Shane carefully measured six levelled off teaspoons into his water bottle. 'A very good plan, play it very safe. This is why I am the better hockey player; lots of risks. Maybe I will have your vitamin mix on my breakfast cereal, very daring.'

Shane rolled his eyes and kissed Ilya's cheek before standing. 'I mean anything has to be better than your daily bowl of Lucky Charms.'

'They are lucky!' Ilya said, pretending to be outraged as he stood to pull his clothes off, 'says so right on the box. Luck is good for professional sport!'

'Mmmm, but that amount of sugar definitely isn't.' Shane handed him his kit, his dark eyes sweeping hungrily over Ilya's body as he covered it with his pads and uniform. 'Where were you this morning anyway? When I woke up you weren't there and Anya was howling at the door like you'd gone off to war or something.'

'I was getting the surprise. You know, I told you about the surprise.' Ilya fished his gloves from his bag and picked up his skates.

'You said something about a surprise when we were in bed last night, but I was kinda distracted.' Shane narrowed his eyes meaningfully and Ilya grinned widely back. Shane had been very distracted.

'Mmmm you were. But is okay, you will find out with the rest of the team after practice.'

He jogged forward towards the ice at the other end of the tunnel. Behind him he heard Dykstra murmur to Shane.

‘I heard it’s something about Scott Hunter’s abs.’

Shane’s loud, amused sigh echoed down the corridor. ‘Yeah, that sounds about right. It usually is.’

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Ilya felt that practice had gone well. The team had really started pulling together and their win-rate was continuing to rise. He, Troy and Bood had been a well-oiled machine, passing well and swerving around the defensemen with unerring precision. The second line made up of Shane, Luca Haas and Tanner Dillon were also coming along well, their more technical style of play making them formidable to defend against. Unless you were Wyatt Hayes, who seemed to deflect every shot at his net with the practised ease of someone who had been doing this a long time and loved it just the same.

Ilya finished his solo cooldown lap of the ice and hopped off, careful with the sharp blades of his skates. He could see Harris in the tunnel, looking at him with raised eyebrows and Ilya flashed him a thumbs up, trusting that Harris would understand.

In the locker room, he pulled off his kit and clothes and grabbed a towel, exiting quickly to the showers. He wanted to get clean and redressed as quickly as possible, his whole body buzzing with excitement. His mental health had fluctuated over the past year whilst he attended regular therapy and his team doctor tried him on different meds, but now he was on a stable dose of anti-depressants and in the most secure relationship he’d ever had in his entire life, his joy was starting to feel more there than not. And the thought of presenting his box of Scott-Hunter-defeating kittens to the team was making him grin wildly.

‘What are you smiling about?’ Shane’s low voice purred in his ear. He hadn’t heard Shane come up behind him, the echoing sounds of chattering voices and falling water drowning almost everything out. He blinked his eyes open, the shampoo stinging them slightly and looked over his shoulder to where Shane was pressed against his back.

‘Bad Hollander, at work and everything.’

Shane lightly nipped his shoulder with his teeth before moving out of the spray of Ilya’s shower, wrapping his towel around his waist. Ilya momentarily mourned the loss of heat and soft skin at his back, before remembering he could have all that and more tonight, at home. No more having to grab desperately at every second of being with Shane, waiting for it to be ripped away from him again. Now he could have all the seconds he wanted. Later. Annoying. He wanted them now.

‘Awwh, now you look sad. Sorry dorogoy.’ Shane winked and moved away as Ilya’s heart leapt in his chest. He’d never get over Shane’s forays into learning Russian for him. ‘I still want to know what this Scott Hunter-based surprise is though...’

Shane's laughter echoed in the shower block as he walked back into the changing area, leaving Ilya slightly breathless as he quickly rinsed the suds from his body.

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When he was dry and dressed, he clapped his hands for attention and the whole locker room went silent. Ilya could imagine that that kind of power could go to a man's head, but he was good and he would never use his powers of captaincy for evil.

'We are going to destroy Scott Hunter and his sexy charity calendar.' He announced to the room. Beside him, he saw Shane's eyebrows raise, and from across the room Luca Haas struggled to suppress a giggle.

'Are we thinking sabotage or...?' Dykstra trailed off as the team all watched Ilya with expressions ranging from amusement to genuine concern.

'No. We are going to make a bigger, better, sexier calendar which will make more money. The best calendar. Everyone will buy it.'

'I mean, sorry to state the obvious, but by bigger do you mean dimensions?' Wyatt quirked his lips, 'because I hate to break it to you, but we have the same number of months here in Canada as they do in New York. So, more pages is out.'

'Yes yes, it will be large, will take up your whole wall.' Ilya waved his hand, trying to keep them all on track.

'Damn, a lifesize sexy calendar, I know some girls who would like one of those,' Tanner waggled his eyebrows. 'Troy, reckon you can flog it to the boys?'

'Shush, no enough, okay.' Ilya was exasperated as Troy blushed bright red and stared silently at his sneaker-clad feet. This was a terrible team, why couldn't he have a team of just Chirons and Anyas and Shanes who all did exactly what he told them to? 'Not lifesize, not bigger. Just better. A better calendar. Harris!'

At Ilya's very captain-like yelp, Harris appeared in the doorway, alongside Coach Brandon Wiebe, with the cardboard box. Immediately, Troy jumped up and stood beside his man, cooing into the box. Coach Wiebe looked just as excited as Troy, a besotted little smile curling the corners of his mouth.

'Uh oh...' Shane's rumbling voice beside him drew Ilya in and he glanced across at his husband, 'if you have adopted a box of puppies, without even consulting me, you are in big, big trouble pal.'

'No no, absolutely not moya lyubov, I would never go and rescue a box of puppies without telling you...'

'Awwwwh kittens!' Yelled Dykstra, fishing a tabby bundle of tiny fury and hissing rage out of the box. Shane narrowed his eyes dangerously and Ilya couldn't help but respond by giving Shane a quick kiss on the nose.

‘They were sad, they didn’t have a home,’ he purred into Shane’s ear. ‘Is very cold outside and they are only babies. You wouldn’t have me leave little babies in the snow, no?’

Shane fixed him with a withering look which Ilya knew was entirely for show. Shane was mushy as hell around baby animals. Yuna had told him an adorable story about teenage Shane insisting on nursing an orphan squirrel back to health one spring, spending all day and night caring for it.

‘I even took it to the nice vet who says that Anya is a good dog, and he said that the kittens are all happy and healthy. Unless... you want me to put them back outside? So their little paws freeze in the snow...’

Shane shoved him with a huff and stood up, marching across to the box. Ilya watched as he put his hand inside and withdrew the tiny black bundle of fur that he himself had been cuddling earlier. Instead of biting and squirming, the little traitor simply melted into Shane’s arms and allowed itself to be stroked and fussed, purring all the while. Ilya knew the feeling well.

‘So... how exactly is this going to help us win a sexy calendar competition?’ Wyatt asked, poking gently at the orange kitten in Troy’s arms.

‘It’s not a calendar competition,’ Harris said wearily, putting the empty box on the ground as the six kittens all nestled in the arms of their respective muscled hockey players. ‘The Admirals have simply released a tasteful, uh, nude-ish calendar to raise money for charity. And for whatever reason, that has pissed Ilya off.’

‘I’m not pissed off,’ Ilya huffed, stroking the black kitten’s fuzzy head as Shane came back to sit beside him. ‘I just think that people are crazy to pay to see Scott Hunter naked, when they could pay to see us naked, with kittens!’

‘How naked are we talking?’ Asked Wyatt, eyebrow raised, ‘because I’m all for getting my kit off for charity, but I’m not sure Lisa would be down for me doing full-frontal, you know?’

‘Yeah,’ agreed Dykstra, ‘I don’t want to have to explain that to Susie when she’s a bit older. God, can you imagine?’

‘Um, well the Admirals are doing tasteful you know. Like torsos only. Nothing below the waist.’ Harris stammered, ‘But please don’t feel like you have to take part or even take your top off, if you do want to take part. Ilya is making this sound like a mandatory activity, but uh, it’s not.’

‘Traitor.’ Ilya huffed at him, ‘but yes, if you do not want to take your shirt off for a sexy calendar, that is fine. I will simply be on all the months.’

There was a murmur around the locker room. Ilya knew these men and the hard work they put into their bodies; the majority took very little provocation to strip down to their underwear and show off. Most of them had done shirtless modelling for one product or another at some point. But he understood that consent was important.

‘I’m in,’ smiled Shane, standing up and taking his hoody off deftly with one hand, somehow barely disturbing the snoozing kitten as he worked it over his head, transferring the tiny animal from one arm to the other. Ilya didn’t think he’d ever seen anything sexier. ‘I think this is a great idea. What’s our charity?’

‘Animals.’ Barked Ilya, unable to take his eyes off his husband’s muscular torso, with the little kitten curled up against his sternum. Ilya was starting to feel a little jealous.

‘Animal shelters,’ Harris clarified as Bood chuckled at Ilya’s helplessness. ‘They need all the extra help they can get over the winter months and obviously these little guys will all need somewhere to stay after this is done so...’

Both Shane and Troy gave little whimpers at Harris’s words, Troy clutching the orange ball of fluff close to him whilst Shane looked like he was going to fight anyone who tried to remove the black kitten from his arms.

‘Or, whatever.’ Harris finished lamely, sensing his boyfriend’s clear distress. ‘I mean the kittens technically belong to Ilya so...’

‘You can have that one Troy,’ Ilya said magnanimously, ‘Happy Birthday.’

‘My birthday isn’t for months,’ replied Troy, kissing the top of his kitten’s head before rearing back as it tried to swipe its tiny claws across his cheek, ‘but thank you. I love it.’

‘Now I won’t have to remember your birthday. Perfect, is working out well for everyone.’

‘Also,’ Harris interjected, ‘just in case you care, all the kittens are girls. I looked earlier whilst you were practicing. We’ve had lots of litters on the farm.’

‘Ah,’ Ilya looked down at the sleeping black kitten in Shane’s arms, ‘then you are Jane Junior. Good to know.’

‘What?’ Shane frowned and Ilya kissed him on the forehead.

‘Is fine, cat is called Jane now. Don’t worry about it.’

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‘Okay, try to get the kitten to look at me... here, psspsps!’ Harris was leaning over the concrete wall of the arena with a professional camera that belonged to Gen, but which Harris had borrowed for the shoot. Dykstra was on the ice, stripped to his waist with a kitten in one hand and his hockey stick in the other. Ilya had to admit that although he would never be interested in any of his teammates in that way, he was enjoying the show. There was something about huge, muscled players holding tiny, vulnerable bundles of fur that was really doing it for him. And for Troy and Shane, he was amused to see, both of whom had been staring across the arena with wide eyes and slack mouths as Harris tried to wrangle players and kittens alike for the past hour.

‘Is Haas even legally old enough to do this?’ Bood asked jovially, slapping his huge hand against Luca’s bare back, making him flinch.

‘I’m plenty old enough,’ Luca complained, shaking him off.

‘Damn, well in that case!’ Bood handed Luca one of the tabby kittens which meowed plaintively as Luca cradled it.

‘Careful she doesn’t scratch you,’ said Wyatt, wincing as he applied antiseptic to a series of angry red welts that crisscrossed his left pectoral. Ilya was starting to understand Wyatt’s ultimate decision to pose for his photo with Chiron, rather than a kitten, after Wyatt’s little ball of terror had unleashed her claws cross his chest. Wyatt had been a good sport but had muttered darkly about definitely only being a dog person.

‘Is okay Hazy,’ said Ilya, putting a hand on his friend’s shoulder, ‘you looked very sexy beside Chiron instead. We will put you as Mr December, maybe get Harris to photoshop Christmas hats on you both!’

‘If Wyatt is Mr December, then we have to put Luca as Mr May,’ Troy said cheekily to Shane, who smirked. Together they’d discovered a whole selection of very raunchy gay books available on the internet and had been devouring them at speed on their e-readers during flights to and from games. Ilya was enjoying the interesting bedroom ideas that Shane was borrowing from his favourite characters and had plans to write several authors strongly worded thankyou notes.

‘Yeah yeah, I know what May-December means,’ said Wyatt, pulling on his sweatshirt as Chiron lolled against his leg. ‘I’ve read plenty of Lisa’s romance novels. But for one, I’m happily married and for two, I’m not even that old!’

‘What does it mean?’ Asked Luca curiously.

‘I’ll tell you when you’re older.’ Replied Ilya, petting his head affectionately.

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‘These are really good!’ Shane and Harris were going through the calendar shots, the pair of them sat at mismatched desk chairs in front of Harris’s laptop. Coach Wiebe watched quietly over their shoulders whilst Troy lounged on the worn sofa at the edge of the room, playing something with repetitive music and lots of chiming on his phone, the orange kitten curled up on his stomach. Ilya was standing behind Shane, his right hand on the back of Shane’s neck, thumb rubbing circles on the warm skin. The photos did look good, but Ilya was done now. He wanted to be at home, curled up in Shane’s arms. It seemed unfair that Jane the Kitten had taken his favourite spot. She was currently sitting on Shane’s lap, purring and staring at Ilya, as if daring him to try and steal her new man.

‘Yes, they are perfect for the sexy calendar,’ Ilya grumbled. ‘Scott Hunter will be very angry. But now I am tired and I want to go home. We still have some of Yuna’s pasta left over in the fridge, yes?’

‘Yeah, we do.’ Shane scooped up the kitten and got to his feet. Gently he pushed Ilya back until he was out of Harris and Weibe’s eyeline, pressing him against the wall. Ilya felt his breath hitch as Shane came in close, nosing at his throat, the kitten purring like her life

depended on it between them. ‘This was a really good idea. It’s gonna make those animal shelters so much money.’

‘And make Scott Hunter think twice about showing his abs in public,’ growled Ilya.

‘Yeah, that too.’ Shane kissed him with exasperated fondness and Ilya felt his heart swell with happiness. He was so glad he had found this perfect man and his perfect team. From between them Jane hissed and Ilya smiled against Shane’s mouth. So small and angry. Perfect.

## End Notes

### Author's note:

All the other kittens were adopted by members of the Centaurs. Coach Weibe took two home, to the delight of his young daughters, whose shrieks of joy, he assured Ilya, could be heard in Toronto.

The Centaurs' sexy calendar did excellently and raised a lot of money for local animal charities. In the month of June, you can see Jane the Kitten sitting on Ilya's abs all over the city.

Jane and Anya, after a lot of initial growling and hissing, grew to be best of friends and now spend all their time curled up together. Who says people aren't like their pets?!

Scott Hunter had no idea that there had ever been a hotly contested calendar competition and was bemused receive a Centaurs calendar in the post. It now has pride of place in the Admirals locker room, because let's face it, who doesn't want to see adorable kittens (and Chiron) all the time?

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