

Team Canada

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Team Canada

by [perachdavid](#)

Summary

It is a year after the end of Sasha's Story, and twins Eva and Sasha Hollander are chosen to represent Canada on the men's and women's ice hockey teams at the upcoming Olympic games in Anchorage, Alaska. Shane and Ilya will be proud parents cheering in the stands with Eva's girlfriend Rachel and Sasha's boyfriend Declan.

Notes

This work is the last in the Rozanov Hollander Family Chronicles. You COULD read this as a standalone but you really should read Sasha's Story first, and preferably also at least a couple of the earlier works that have the original characters of Eva and Sasha.

I plan to post roughly around a chapter a week.

Chapter 1: Good News

“Today we have big news out of Team Canada for this year’s Olympics in Anchorage, Alaska. The men’s and women’s ice hockey rosters have been released and a very noteworthy item is the presence of brother and sister duo Sasha and Eva Hollander representing Canada for the first time. Sasha Rozanov Hollander is a center forward with the NHL’s Minnesota Wildfire and Eva Rozanov Hollander is a center forward with the PWHL’s Vancouver Waves. It must be a big celebration today for that family.”

The camera switched to the other commentator on the TSN Desk. “And maybe we’ll get to see glimpses of their parents, ex-NHL legends Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander, at these games. I’m sure that would be a huge inspiration for all our Team Canada hockey players.”

They were sitting together in the living room in Ottawa, watching the TV, enjoying their last hours of winter holiday vacation until everyone had to go back to their homes and lives and jobs.

“Yup, big celebration in our house today. Woo hoo,” Eva said unenthusiastically, barely raising her right fist in the air. She was sprawled out on the couch, laying her head in her girlfriend Rachel’s lap. They had all drunk a lot the night before in honor of Rachel’s birthday, and no one was in a party mood.

“I mean, we would probably have a big celebration if any of us were capable. So they’re kind of right,” Sasha added, his own head in his boyfriend Declan’s lap as he sprawled across the other side of the couch. Declan’s head leaned back against the cushions, his eyes closed, half asleep.

Shane and Ilya sat pressed together on the opposite side of the sectional. Ilya looked tired but functional. Shane looked mildly green. Both of them looked unfairly handsome for men in their mid-50’s.

“This is great,” Ilya announced to the room at large. “At least one of you will win a medal and then we’ll have an Olympic champion in our house. Your Dad and I didn’t do it, but you can!”

“Thanks for the motivational speech, Papa,” Eva intoned. “It would be more effective if my head wasn’t about to fall off.”

Rachel ran her fingers through Eva’s long, silky black hair and tugged lightly. “Still firmly attached. Maybe you would feel better after a shower and some food.”

“Rachel, how is it that you’re the only non-hockey player here and therefore the only one who technically should have been drinking, and yet you’re the least hungover?” Sasha asked, burrowing further into Declan’s lap, his golden curls a riotous mess. “Does not compute. Math not mathing.”

“Because she’s the only responsible one,” Declan added helpfully, his head still thrown back with his eyes closed, his one arm over Sasha’s waist and the other over his head, dug into his short, bristly dark brown hair. “I need aspirin and a giant glass of water and a nap before I can get on a plane later.”

Sasha patted his knee. “I’ll take care of you baby.”

Declan patted his back in return. “Sure, hon. I might believe you if you weren’t unable to sit up.”

“We need to start thinking about plane tickets and game tickets and hotels and everything for Anchorage,” Shane threw out. “It’s going to be a logistical pain with all of us.”

“Let’s worry about that tomorrow,” Sasha replied. He patted Declan’s knee. “I’m sorry you’re not on the team with me.”

Declan scoffed. “Please. There’s no way I was even on their radar. I’m good, but I’m not that good.”

“Hey,” Sasha said, raising his head. “Nobody is allowed to insult my boyfriend, even my boyfriend himself. You made All-Stars this year!”

“All-Stars isn’t World Championship experience and insane stats like you and Eva have. It’s fine, baby. I’m proud of you and I very much don’t care.”

Ilya turned to Shane. “They are more mature than us. We could not talk like that.”

“Declan isn’t competitive enough for this family,” Eva opined.

“No one is competitive enough for this family,” Sasha threw back at her. “Even me.”

“Hey,” Declan complained, “I’m plenty competitive with games. I’m just not competitive against my own boyfriend.”

“Big mistake, Declan,” Rachel retorted. “You just made her point for her.”

“See,” Ilya said again to Shane. “He is much nicer than the rest of us.”

Shane snorted. “Speak for yourself. I’m perfectly nice. Though I certainly would be upset if you had been picked for the Olympics and I wasn’t. I’m not THAT nice.”

Saaha beamed and put his arms around Declan’s waist. “I’m so proud. The nicest person in the family belongs to me. He’s mine and none of you can have him.”

“No one else wants him, loser,” Eva grumbled. “I love that Rachel is super competitive and doesn’t let me get away with anything.”

Sasha rolled his head toward her. “I will never understand how Dad is your bio father but you somehow got Pop’s brain and mouth. Was there a Freaky Friday in the womb?”

Rachel gently moved Eva’s head off her lap and stood up. “As enjoyable as this family tete a tete is, we should get our asses moving or we’re going to miss our flights. And you all have games to get back to tomorrow,” she said, waving her arm to encompass Eva, Sasha and Declan.

“Thanks for the reminder,” Declan said dryly.

They all moved slowly. Sasha sat up and put his head in his hands. Declan held onto the arm of the couch as he got up. Eva rolled off the couch onto the floor and then pushed herself up on her hands.

“You are all very sad. I will make a hangover cure for everyone,” Ilya offered.

Eva reached out her hand to him from the floor. “Please, Papa, help me up and take me with you.”

“Oh sure, no problem,” he replied as he ducked down, scooped her up, and threw her over his shoulder like a rag doll before heading for the kitchen.

“Papa!” she squealed. “That wasn’t what I meant! Oh my god, I’m gonna throw up.”

“If you throw up on me, I will take you outside and hose you off.”

“Then put me down!” Eva screeched.

Ilya gently set her down on the tile floor, and then wrapped his arms around her, pressing her head to his shoulder. He rubbed the back of her neck in soothing circles. “You’ll be OK, moye solnyshko.”

Eva moaned. “That feels so good, please don’t stop.”

A loud guffaw came from the other room at her words. “Hey!” Ilya called. “Get your minds out of the gutter. I am holding my baby girl. You are all terrible.”

Shane passed by them, stopping to press a kiss to Eva’s head. Shane and Declan staggered in behind him.

“Where’s Rachel?” Shane asked, looking around.

“Probably organizing and packing,” Eva muttered into Ilya’s chest.

“I guess I’ll make some breakfast,” Shane said. “Eggs and sausage OK for everyone?” They all nodded agreement.

“I will make my patented hangover cure,” Ilya announced, letting go of Eva with a final squeeze.

“I’ll just sit here,” Sasha offered, falling onto a kitchen chair. “Don’t let me know if you need anything.”

“I’m with him,” Eva added, sliding into the chair next to him.

Declan stared at them, then at Shane and Ilya. “Does that make me the bad child if I join them instead of helping?”

“No,” Ilya answered, pushing him down onto the chair on Sasha’s other side. “We’ll take care of it.”

They all slowly rejuvenated over breakfast, then finished packing up. By late afternoon, they were at the Ottawa airport, hugging goodbye. Sasha and Declan were off to Minnesota, where Sasha was in his sixth season and Declan his third with the Wildfire, and Eva and Rachel were off to Vancouver where Eva was killing it in her first season with the Waves and Rachel was a contract lawyer for a boutique firm.

Sasha looked around their circle. “Will we see everyone before the Olympics?” he asked.

“Papa and I will probably come to All-Stars,” Shane said. “And we’ll try to make at least one or two of Eva’s games. But I doubt the two of you will see each other before the games.”

Eva and Sasha looked at each other and both stuck out their bottom lips in a pouty face. Sasha held out his arms to her and they wrapped each other up in a tight hug.

“Love you, big sis.”

“Love you, baby bro.”

They separated and grabbed their bags. “Behave yourself,” he yelled to Eva’s retreating back.

“Ha!” she threw back over her shoulder. “You know me better than that.” Then with a wink, she and Rachel disappeared into the crowd.

Sasha and Declan said a last goodbye to Ilya and Shane, then turned toward their security checkpoint. Ilya put an arm around Shane’s shoulders as they watched Sasha and Declan walk away holding hands. “We made good kids. They turned out OK.”

Shane smiled. “They really did.”

Chapter 2: Mr. Olympian

Sasha and Declan dropped their bags just inside the door of their St. Paul apartment overlooking the river. Sasha had been living there since he was first drafted to Minnesota at 18. Eva had lived with him while doing her undergrad and grad degrees at UMN, until she moved to Vancouver after the PWHL draft the previous summer. Declan had moved in almost two years prior, after being traded to Minnesota from Colorado.

Declan stretched his arms over his head and arched his back. “I’m so happy to be home. I love visiting Ottawa, but it’s really nice to come back here and just be alone.”

Sasha stepped forward and put his arms around Declan’s waist. “Yes. It is.” He leaned in and kissed him. Softly at first. Then harder.

Declan pulled away and smiled at him wearily. “I am so tired. Can we just go to sleep now and wake up tomorrow morning for practice?”

“We could do that,” Sasha said with a sly grin. “But do you know what we could also do?”

Declan raised his eyebrows. “I’m certain you’re about to tell me.”

Sasha leaned to the side so he could whisper in Declan’s ear. “Orgasms. An orgasm will definitely help you sleep better.”

Declan turned his head to give better access to Sasha, who was now kissing down his neck. “Oh, so you’d be doing me a favor.”

“Absolutely,” Sasha murmured, skating across Declan’s jaw. “The best kind of favor.”

Declan closed his eyes and moaned softly. “A favor I’ll return in this scenario?”

Sasha leaned in to kiss him again. “If we do things right, we’ll both get off, and it’s one and done. Very efficient.”

“Mmmmm,” Declan said, waggling his head back and forth like he was considering his answer. “OK, I guess so.” He turned Sasha and slowly walked him backward to their bedroom, stopping to kiss him every few steps. When they reached the bed, he pushed Sasha down and then climbed over him on all fours. “What do you want?”

Sasha’s grin was huge. “Dealer’s choice.” Declan stared at him a moment, then hooked his hands in Sasha’s pants, pulled them down, did the same with his own, and flipped around above him into 69 position. Right before taking Declan’s cock into his mouth, Sasha mumbled “You have the best ideas.”

It turned out Sasha had been right. Orgasms did help them get to sleep. Thankfully before passing out, they remembered to set an alarm for morning skate.

“Look who’s here! Mr. Olympian in the house! Way to go Rozi!”

Sasha received back slaps, whistles, and congratulations as he made his way through the Wildfire’s locker room the next day. He had expected lots of chirping and he wasn’t disappointed. “Keep it coming, boys. Get it all out of your systems.”

“And look, it’s Mr. Olympian’s boy toy!” someone yelled as Declan followed behind him.

“Really?” Declan drawled. “Boy toy? That the best you can do?”

“Did I say anything untrue?” Sasha could now tell it was Skippy, one of Declan’s fellow D-men.

Declan just rolled his eyes and dropped his gear at his locker next to Sasha’s.

“Hey!” Sasha called. “That’s Mr. Olympian’s man to you.”

“Wow,” Declan said drily, “so much better.”

Sasha grinned at him cheekily. “Did I say anything untrue?”

Declan snorted. “I guess not.”

“Our captain better bring Canada home a gold medal!” someone else yelled.

“I’ll try my best,” Sasha promised.

Sasha had been promoted to Captain at the beginning of the season, and he took the responsibility seriously. He had had many conversations with his dads about what it meant and how best to make the role his own. Sasha was pretty sure that if Eva were to become Captain, she would just confidently wing it, but they were very different people.

Part of his job as captain was to get his guys focused when distractions were afoot.

He clapped his hands. “All right boys, listen up! I hope everyone had a great holiday. And yes, the news about the Olympics is exciting. But today, our one and only goal is to beat Columbus. Put everything else aside. Let’s get back into gear and get this done. And if we win, as a reward, you can all chirp me as much as you want tomorrow. Free pass for one day.”

“Does that include Sky?” his winger, Thomas, asked.

“No,” Declan and Sasha said at the same time. The room erupted into laughter.

“Come on guys. I said chirp ME as much as you want. Sky is off limits.”

“Oh come on Rozi! That’s no fun,” Thomas complained.

“Fun is winning this game and getting one step closer to the Cup. So get your asses moving and onto the ice!”

Shouts of “Yes sir, Mr. Olympian” rose up around him. Now it was Sasha’s turn to roll his eyes.

Declan just smirked. “With great honor comes great chirping. You know that.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Sasha drawled. “Go ahead and enjoy my pain.”

“Your pain will be soothed with a medal.”

“Aw. You have such faith in me.”

Declan stopped teasing and his face morphed into a serious expression. “You know I do. I’m really proud of you. You’re going to do great and have the experience of a lifetime.” Just as Sasha started to feel teary, a glimmer came into Declan’s eyes. “And I will have the joy of claiming I banged an Olympian.”

Sasha swatted him hard and Declan jumped out of the way, laughing. “It’s actually not funny,” Sasha grumbled. “You won’t be allowed in the Athlete’s Village. So the banging will

be a challenge.”

Declan leaned over to fake-whisper. “I’ll just have to sneak you up to my hotel room. And if I was really evil, I could fuck over Team Canada by tying you to my bedpost and refusing to let you leave.”

Sasha swatted him again and shoved him. “Get your ass on the ice, Sky!” He cupped his hands in front of his mouth. “That goes for the rest of you losers too. Stop stalling. Ice, now! I mean it!”

Shouts of “Yes, Captain Olympian!” followed.

“For fuck’s sake,” Sasha mumbled to himself as he finished getting ready. He knew the honor of playing for Team Canada was worth all the trouble, but still...It was going to be a long five weeks until Alaska.

Chapter 3: Lady Olympics

Walking into her Vancouver townhouse still felt weird to Eva every time. She and Rachel had only lived there for five months, and they hadn't even fully furnished the place yet.

After finishing her Master's degree in Sports Management at UMN the previous spring, Eva had entered the PWHL draft and was the number one overall pick. She went to Vancouver, who had lost several veteran players in recent years and had spent the previous season struggling to rebuild. The Waves were having a good season so far, and Eva knew that was in no small part thanks to her. She had been the leading NCAA scorer during undergrad, had led her team to two Frozen Four wins, and in this, her rookie PWHL year, she was on a trajectory to match that title.

Her brother may be a model of humility, but she was not. Like her papa, Eva knew she was the best and she wasn't afraid to say it.

They brought their luggage straight to their bedroom, and then Eva collapsed, starfish style, on the bed. "I'm so beat. I can't move."

Rachel leaned over and kissed her. "We'll have an early night. Let me get everything situated and then we can shower and go to bed. You know I'm not going to sleep with travel grime on me."

Eva snorted as Rachel went about unpacking their bags, putting the laundry in the hamper, the toiletries in the bathroom and the accessories in the closet. They said you married your parents, and wasn't that true? She herself was very similar in personality to her pop, and she had found a partner who was very similar to her dad.

She and Rachel had been dating for close to three years, and Eva couldn't see that changing. Though she was young at just 23, she had dated A LOT of people and she knew a good thing when she found it.

Rachel Kue had grown up in the Hmong community of the twin cities. They met at UMN where Rachel was in law school while Eva was in undergrad. Eva had always described her sexuality as “I don’t give a fuck” and had dated people of every type of gender and orientation imaginable, but Rachel was different. They felt an immediate connection, and had been together ever since.

Some people were surprised upon meeting them because they didn’t look like a matched set. Eva was tall for a woman, with a leanly athletic build, a sharp face, and long silky black hair. Rachel was short and curvy, with a round face, chin length brown hair, and glasses. Their sole physical commonality was that they were both East Asian.

Eva found her sexy as fuck though. Rachel was grounded, loyal, committed, ethical, straightforward, and most importantly, she didn’t take any of Eva’s shit. Eva wanted to marry her one day, but they were in no rush. She and Sasha had joked that they should have a joint wedding since neither of them cared much for formality and they could each have fifty percent less work.

Rachel came back over and grabbed Eva by the arm. “Come on, lazy, shower time. The quicker you get in, the quicker you get out and into bed.”

Instead of getting up, Eva pulled Rachel down with her. “Do I get off between getting in and getting out?”

Rachel snorted. “That’s entirely up to you. You’re the exhausted one. You tell me.”

Eva thought for a moment. “Do we still have any toys in the shower?”

Rachel looked horrified. “Oh my god, no. I always put that stuff away when we leave town. What if there’s an emergency and police or fire or our neighbors have to come into our place and they find sex toys just hanging out?”

Eva’s smile lit her face. “You are adorable.” And yup, just like her dad. She leaned into Rachel for a kiss and then pulled her up off the bed. “We don’t need toys. I have a mouth and hands and I bet I can make us both come within 10 minutes.”

Rachel narrowed her eyes. “Is this a competition thing where I have to set a timer?”

She hesitated for just a moment. “I’m not THAT bad.”

Rachel looked at her wryly. “You thought about it for a second. Admit it.”

Eva grumbled something that might or might not have been a yes.

Rachel pushed her toward the bathroom. “Come on goofball.”

They didn’t set a timer, but eyeballing the clock, Eva was pretty sure that she had beat the time limit. She wouldn’t gloat to Rachel or anything. But who was she kidding? Rachel knew she was thinking it anyway.

In time honored hockey tradition, every player had a nickname. When they were very little, their dads’ friends dubbed Sasha “Little Rozanov” and Eva “Little Hollander” because of their physical resemblance to their respective fathers. By adolescence, it had morphed into Sasha being called Rozi and Eva being called Holly, and those names had stuck through every team change since.

Eva had also taken her papa’s number 81 after he retired. It seriously tripped out older hockey fans to see the number 81 on a jersey with the name Hollander. Eva (not so) secretly got a ton of pleasure from it.

She entered the Waves’ locker room the next morning, bracing for impact. Sasha was two time zones ahead of her and had already texted that he was roasted about the Olympics the moment he walked through the door. She had about 5 seconds of quiet before the room erupted into cheers and whistles.

“Lady Olympics has blessed us with her presence,” their captain Breezy called out.

Eva held up double middle fingers as she walked to her cubby and dropped her bag. “That’s right, bitches. You can all worship at my hockey altar.”

There were some laughs and snorts, but also she had a few boos along with balls of stick tape and gloves thrown at her. She ignored it all and started getting ready.

“There isn’t enough room for both you and your ego in here,” her friend and teammate Winnie ribbed.

“Tell me that again when I bring in my gold medal for you all to admire.”

Cries of “ooooh snap!” echoed off the walls.

“Seriously, though,” Winnie continued, “you must be so happy that Sasha is going with you. Not to mention your dads. Are they taking out billboards all across Ottawa?”

“Listen, there’s no way to say this that doesn’t sound conceited -“

“When have you ever cared about sounding conceited?” Winnie interrupted.

“- but this isn’t as big a deal for my family as it probably is for most people. My dads went to the Olympics twice. Multiple National Championships. They have a zillion Stanley Cups between them. My grandfather even won a University Cup for McGill way back in the day. And our Game Changers camps have produced a bunch of Olympians. When Sasha and I called our grandmother with the news, she said ‘I’d expect nothing less’ before she even congratulated us. So...yeah of course I’m happy, but it’s also kind of...par for the course in our house.”

“Gee,” Winnie said dryly. “What a hard life you live.”

“Nah,” Eva waved her hand. “Smooth sailing, and that’s how I like it.”

Breezy whistled to get their attention. “If you grandmas are done gossiping, move it. Holly, I don’t give a shit if you got an invite from the King, get your mind on the game.”

Eva snapped to attention and hastened her routine. She might be a smartass, but she took hockey very seriously, and an order from her captain was an order from her captain. “Yes, maam. I’m hustling.”

She had five weeks until the Olympics, and in the meantime her focus was winning games for Vancouver. Eva was never satisfied with giving less than her best, and anything or anyone trying to get in her way better watch out.

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