

i will never listen to your voicemail

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Additional Tags:	Fluff , Angst , Voicemail , ummmm , idk tags are difficult man , im like , idk - Freeform , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , this was inspired bc , i was watching ep 5 today with my best friend , and ilya's voicemail hit me , and i was like , "omg i could do a voicemail fic abt that" , And so here I am , doing a voicemail fic abt that , 5+1 Things , i did a couple fics like this for a dif fandom , so thats why inspiration struck , when i was rewatching ep five today , anyway , um , thats all - Freeform , let me stop yapping
Language:	English
Series:	Part 7 of my hollanov fics (aka im mentally ill and can't stop writing about them) , Part 12 of 5+1 things :))
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i will never listen to your voicemail

by [Icantthinkofagoodusername7](#)

Summary

“Hi. This is Ilya. I will never listen to your voicemail.”

Inbox:

Jane:

“Are you okay? Please call me. God, you’re probably not even gonna listen to this... you say it yourself in your voicemail message and, I mean, that’s okay. I just- I’d like to hear your voice or... whatever. Um-” *[clears throat]* “I don’t know. I hope you’re okay. Bye.”

[Hide Transcript]

Jane:

“Okay, okay, I’ll stop calling. Just call me whenever you’re ready. Or text me. Whatever you want. I’m here.”

[Hide Transcript]

*

OR, 5 of Ilya's different voicemails over time and some of the messages he gets plus 1 time he answers the phone.

Notes

for easy readability and my own sanity (aka not wanting to use google translate and butcher the language and also not wanting to bug my one singular friend who speaks russian), everything is going to be in english SO just pretend like any voicemail from his brother or dad or svetlana are in russian please. #immersion

ANYWAY um day 7 (aka my BIRTHDAY)

also if you're confused by that:

I was born in January SO I take this month to write and post every single day. Why, you may ask? Well, probably because I hate myself. I don't really have any other answer for you because I don't know. I like to torture myself?? Whatever idk, the point is. There will be a post every single day of January and to humor myself, I will be counting how many of my posts this month are about hollanov.

this is the fifth of seven posts

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

1

"The number you have called is not available. Your call has been forwarded to an automated messaging system. Please leave a message after the beep."

Inbox:

Alexei:

"Fucking call me back."

[Hide Transcript]

Alexei:

"Ilya. Call me back. "

[Hide Transcript]

Alexei:

"You motherfucker. Call me back."

[Hide Transcript]

Svetlana:

"Hey, call me back, please, alright? If you need a break from life you know how to reach me, yeah?"

[Hide Transcript]

Alexei:

"Why don't you ever answer me? You fucking- whatever."

[Hide Transcript]

Dad:

"You need to call me back. You're so lazy, why can't you even answer your father's phone calls? Call me back, Ilya."

[Hide Transcript]

Svetlana:

"You suck at answering your phone by the way. Call me."

[Hide Transcript]

*

2

"You have reached Rozanov."

Inbox:

Jane:

"Um, sorry, I didn't mean to call. But I let it ring so that there wasn't just a random missed call from me. I guess I could've sent you a text explaining it was an accident but-

Y'know what? Let me stop talking. Sorry, bye."

[Hide Transcript]

Dad:

"I need you to pick up some milk before you come home."

[Hide Transcript]

Marlow:

"Hey dude, just wondering if you wanted to come out with the team tonight before practice tomorrow. Call me back or text me and let me know, yeah?"

[Hide Transcript]

Alexei:

"Fuck, Ilya, answer your damn phone for once."

[Hide Transcript]

Unknown Number:

"Oh. This is Scott Hunter but, uh, I didn't mean to call you, I was looking at the long list of all the hockey player's phone numbers that definitely exists and I meant to call the person above you, my bad."

[Hide Transcript]

Unknown Number:

"Fuck. Shit, sorry. I could've sworn it was the right one this time. Again, I didn't mean to call you. The long list gets confusing, I swear I typed in a different number this time. So sorry, you should just block me probably. My bad."

[Hide Transcript]

Unknown Number:

"Okay what the fuck. I definitely typed in the right number this time. Are you pretending to be Rozanov? Did you make him record this voicemail for you so that you could make people think they're calling him when they aren't?"

[Hide Transcript]

Old Man (Hunter):

"Okay, yeah you're definitely just pretending to be Rozanov. Whatever dude, I was just wondering if you wanted to practice at the rink tomorrow, just some light practices, y'know? You should bring orange juice, I've kind of been craving it. Anyway, see you tomorrow."

[Hide Transcript]

Svetlana:

"Dude, seriously, do you ever answer your phone? Whatever, I'm calling you again, it's important."

[Hide Transcript]

Coach:

"I need to talk to you about the practice on Monday."

[Hide Transcript]

Old Man (Hunter):

“Dude what the fuck, why didn’t you show up? That’s really not cool, I was looking forward to that orange juice. And also practicing with you I guess. But come on dude, it’s not cool. Stop ignoring me. And also stop pretending to be Rozanov. In fact, I wish this actually was Rozanov because at least that’d be an excuse for you ignoring me. Fuck you, man. I’m gonna call Rozanov so that I can tell him you’re impersonating him.”

[Hide Transcript]

Marlow:

“Hey, man. I had a question about practice tomorrow but I’ll probably text you to see if you answer so I’m just gonna hang up now.”

[Hide Transcript]

Old Man (Hunter):

“Oh... You are Rozanov. Uh, sorry about that, man. I thought you were my friend, uh. This is kind of awkward. My bad, man. I’ll send you a fruit basket or something, yeah? I got into contact with my friend. Sorry, again, about that.”

[Hide Transcript]

*

3

“Hi. This is Ilya. I will never listen to your voicemail.”

Inbox:

Svetlana:

“I will come over tonight. We can watch hockey and hang out, yes? Whatever, I will come over whether you answer me or not.”

[Hide Transcript]

Alexei:

“Answer your goddamn phone. Dad is dead and you won’t even answer your phone.”

[Hide Transcript]

Jane:

“Are you okay? Please call me. God, you’re probably not even gonna listen to this... you say it yourself in your voicemail message and, I mean, that’s okay. I just- I’d like to hear your voice or... whatever. Um-” *[clears throat]* “I don’t know. I hope you’re okay. Bye.”

[Hide Transcript]

Jane:

“ ... ”

[Hide Transcript]

Svetlana:

“I’m so sorry, Ilya. I know your feelings are probably complicated right now but I’m here if you need to talk, okay? I will see you tonight.”

[Hide Transcript]

Jane:

“ ... ”

[Hide Transcript]

Coach:

“Take as much time as you need, Rozanov.”

[Hide Transcript]

Jane:

“ ... ”

[Hide Transcript]

Marlow:

“I heard what happened. I’m so sorry, man, you can talk to me if you need to, alright?”

[Hide Transcript]

Jane:

“Okay, okay, I’ll stop calling. Just call me whenever you’re ready. Or text me. Whatever you want. I’m here.”

[Hide Transcript]

Svetlana:

“Sorry you lost the game, I really thought your team could’ve won the cup this year.”

[Hide Transcript]

Jane:

“Text me what time your flight lands, you haven’t told me and I need to know. The cottage is far from the airport.”

[Hide Transcript]

*

4

”You have reached Ilya. Leave a message that I probably will not listen to.”

Inbox:

Jane:

“I’m still driving down to Ottawa tomorrow night, right? Call me back, okay? I love you.”

[Hide Transcript]

Jane:

“Hey, good job in your game today but don’t let it get to your head. Your next game is against us and I’m not gonna go easy on you. Alright, ya tebya lyublyu.”

[Hide Transcript]

Jane:

“My dad said that he and my mom brought you dinner tonight? I hope you enjoyed it. Anyway, I’m about to get home so maybe we can facetime. I miss you.”

[Hide Transcript]

Svetlana:

“You never call me anymore, am I this easily replaced?” *[laughing]* “No, no, I am just kidding. I love you, call me when you’re free.”

[Hide Transcript]

Barrett:

“Harris says Chiron misses you and that you need to come visit. I guess. I don’t know, call him.”

[Hide Transcript]

Yuna:

“I’m bringing you those cookies you like. I accidentally made too many for the holiday party I’m going to tomorrow, so I need you to eat some.”

[Hide Transcript]

Bood:

“Cassie says I should call you and thank you for coming to the party tonight. So this is me doing that.”

[Hide Transcript]

Yuna:

“Call me as soon as you can. We heard what happened with the plane.”

[Hide Transcript]

David:

“Are you okay? Call us back.”

[Hide Transcript]

Jane:

“Just wanted to call and say I love you. And I miss you. And... Okay that’s enough.”

[Hide Transcript]

Svetlana:

“You played a good game today, just so you know. Your teammates are, eh... Could use some work, but they will get there. You definitely have good winning chances. Good potential. Call me back for once in your life, why don’t you?”

[Hide Transcript]

Farah:

“You and Shane need to call me immediately.”

[Hide Transcript]

Wiebe:

“Hey, I just want to let you know that it’s gonna be alright, okay? I’m standing behind you.”

[Hide Transcript]

Old Man (Hunter):

“Hey, I know we don’t really talk but I just wanted to let you know that, if you need an ear, you can call me. Getting outed like that is... Honestly, coming out on my own terms was the best thing I’ve ever done, so I couldn’t imagine having a reflection in a video do that for me. Call me if you need to.”

[Hide Transcript]

Svetlana:

“Fuck, Ilya, I’m sorry. I know you guys had a whole plan. Anyway, I know you’re probably overwhelmed, so don’t feel the need to call me back. But if you want to, I’ll answer, okay? I love you, stay sane.”

[Hide Transcript]

Pike.:

“Oh my fucking god. Oh my god I’m so sorry. I swear I didn’t even see that- I don’t watch my videos after I record them, I just send them off. Oh fuck, oh shit, I feel so bad, I’m so sorry, Rozanov. I- Fuck, I’m probably not helping my case right now. I’m so sorry.”

[Hide Transcript]

*

5

“Yes, this is Ilya. No, I will not listen to your voicemail. Unless this is my fiancée, then I will probably listen. Maybe. Who knows? I will probably just call you back, Shane. Okay, leave a message. Or do not. Because I won’t listen. Bye!”

Inbox:

Svetlana:

“I feel like I’m only ever listening to your voicemail. Answer me, Ilya Rozanov, or I will come up to Ottawa.”

[Hide Transcript]

(Sh)Jane:

“I love you. I’m picking up Anya and then I’ll be home.”

[Hide Transcript]

David:

“I bought another puzzle, you should come over sometime soon and we can do it together. Call me.”

[Hide Transcript]

Harris:

“When are you going to bring Anya to see Chiron? They miss each other.”

[Hide Transcript]

(Sh)Jane:

“I love you. Ya tebya lyublyu.”

[Hide Transcript]

Yuna:

“David and I are coming over for dinner tonight at 5:30, okay? Make sure to let Shane know. I think he’s lost his phone or something, I’ve called him twice and he didn’t answer. And now you aren’t answering either. Whatever, just let me know if 5:30 works, okay? We can come at 6 if that’s better for you guys and...”

[Show More]

Dykstra:

“Yo! Rozanov! You’re still coming to Bood’s party next week, right? Just wondering.”

[Hide Transcript]

Old Man (Hunter):

“Fuck. Sorry. I didn’t mean to call, still have you saved in my phone as my friends name from, like.. Y’know. Anyway, sorry. I should change that. I will change that. Yeah.”

[Hide Transcript]

Jackie:

“Hey, Ilya! I’m just calling both you and Shane to thank you guys for having us for dinner last night! It was a lot of fun and the kids had a great time.”

Svetlana:

“I have news, you better call me back or else you will never get to know.”

[Hide Transcript]

(Sh)Jane:

“I’ll be leaving my parents’ house in 20 minutes. I’m still sad you couldn’t come but it’s okay. Let me know if you want me to bring home any food. Or I can go pick something up from somewhere for you. Okay, I love you.”

[Hide Transcript]

*

+1

Ilya’s phone rings but he only lets it happen a single time when he sees the name on his screen.

“Shane,” Ilya smiles into his phone, already full of joy just by imagining Shane on the other line, “hello.”

“*Hi,*” Shane says and Ilya can practically hear the little smirk on his face, “*you know we’re getting married in 10 minutes, right?*”

Ilya laughs because, uh, *yeah*. It’s pretty obvious.

He rolls his eyes lightly, not that Shane can see that, but he just whispers into the phone, “Yes, dorogoy, and I cannot wait.”

“*Me neither,*” Shane matches Ilya’s whisper, speaking carefully into the phone, into Ilya’s ear, “*I was just getting a little nervous about the people outside and I just- I wanted to hear your voice, to calm me down.*”

“Well here I am,” Ilya responds easily, “and it is nice to hear your voice, too. I suppose.”

“*Oh you suppose?*” Shane asks, mock offense lacing his tone and Ilya can tell he’s trying to hold back a laugh.

Ilya doesn’t hold it back, chuckling into the phone, “Yes, I suppose.”

The eye roll that Shane inevitably gives him after that is something Ilya can imagine more vividly than the back of his own hand, “*You’re an asshole.*”

“An asshole you are about to marry.”

“*Yeah, yeah.*”

“I love you, Shane.”

Shane sighs, but it’s not one of annoyance or anger or even discontent, it’s one of comfort and relief and *fondness* and his voice is *so* soft as he says, “Ya tebya lyublyu, Ilya.”

End Notes

ALRIGHT THERE'S THAT

i hope it wasn't terrible and as per usual, if you did enjoy please do feel free to leave a comment as i do love reading each and every single one of them

also, in case you were wondering, in the second section with all of scott's calls, at the point it the contact name changes is, in fact, when ilya had listened to his voicemails, realized scott hunter called him thinking he was someone else, and then just chose not to correct him. he just let him continue to think whatever he thought.

feel free to follow me on tumblr if you wanna shout at me [@icantthinkofagoodusername7](#)

annnd here's a playlist I've made for hollanov if you're. interested. -> [Spotify](#)

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