

Kept From the Sea

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Kept From the Sea

by [Shriek](#)

Summary

*When the storm is gone
When we're weathered and worn
When you're looking at the lighthouse on the shore*

*Don't forget about me
Don't forget the one who threw the anchor down
And kept you from the sea*

Svetlana has complicated feelings about Ilya's new boyfriend, and how he seems to be changing Ilya's life.

Notes

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

Shane Hollander is very polite. It's obvious that he's compensating for something, but Svetlana can't tell if it's nerves or jealousy. Maybe both. His eyes scanned her up and down when she first entered the room, registering her looks with a brief twitch of his lips, like he'd seen something that frustrated him. Like this would be easier if she wasn't beautiful.

Maybe he was imagining all the sex she's had with Ilya in the past. Wondering how he measured up. She didn't bother telling him there was no comparison. Either he would figure it out, or he wouldn't. It wasn't her job to hold his hand about it, and more importantly, if he couldn't figure out that Ilya was completely smitten with him, then he didn't deserve to have him.

Unfortunately though, she was pretty sure Hollander *did* deserve Ilya, jealousy or no. Ilya was *different* now. Not just the sappy, lovesick look he got on his face, or even how easily he smiled these days. He seemed to be slowly reshaping himself into a completely different person, and she had to try very hard not to hate that on instinct.

He was slower to anger, or at least slower to lash out. He spoke more openly about his feelings than Svetlana had even thought possible, and not just when he was drunk and past his breaking point. He was going to *therapy*.

These were all good things, objectively. They were wonderful things that Svetlana should be overjoyed to see. And she was! But there was still the part of her that knew that before Hollander, if she had even hinted that Ilya needed some kind of professional help, he would have told her to go fuck herself, not spoken to her for a few days, then come back like nothing had ever happened. So she'd never tried. She'd taken him out when he got stuck in his head, offered drugs and booze and whatever other distractions she could muster, and kissed him until he forgot about the things that ate him up inside. She'd told herself, over and over again, that Ilya just got like this sometimes, when he would get moody and angry and drop all contact for a week. He was just like that. And she would give him shit for it, when he finally invited her over to watch a game or whatever, because she didn't know how to say how much it terrified her. How she was so sure, sometimes, that he would go just like his mother. She imagined being the one to find him.

And then Shane fucking Hollander had looked up at him through those pretty eyelashes, and suddenly Ilya was taking deep breaths and apologizing before the harsh words even started, and stiffly telling her how his therapist was helping him with his anger. All because of some guy who sucked his dick a few times.

It was more than that, of course, but the bitter, scared part of her just kept saying it wasn't fair. It *wasn't fair*. How many times had Hollander screamed obscenities at a guy who was about to kick Ilya's ass, so the cops would take interest and force them to run, because Ilya wouldn't just back down from the beating on his own? How many times had Hollander watched Ilya get so drunk he couldn't stand, knowing that he would make the hangover everyone's problem, because it was better than letting him stay at home, trying to avoid notice? Had Hollander ever watched Ilya suffer through a night he didn't think he'd survive, feeling useless in the face of it all? Maybe he had. But not for as long as she had. And not through the worst of it. Svetlana has been there through the aftermath of every bad thing that

has ever happened to Ilya, and she'd thought she'd done all she could just to make sure he survived it, but apparently she could have done so much more. Hollander was living proof of that.

So it was almost funny to see him stiffen and default to that awkward, charming-in-spite-of-itself politeness when they met. As though he hasn't taken everything she's ever done for Ilya and made it look pathetic and fumbling at best. She'd thought, deep down, that Ilya couldn't be helped. Not if he didn't want it. That he was too lost in his own grief and fear to find a way out. But apparently she just hadn't been good enough to make him want it. She was his best friend and his lover and the only steady presence he'd ever had, but Shane Hollander was the one to help him figure out how to live. And she wanted to hate him for it. She wanted to tear him apart and figure out what he had inside of him that made Ilya feel safe in a way she was just now realizing she never had. She wanted to find the flaw in him that could prove he wasn't actually so good, so healing for Ilya.

But instead, she accepts the clumsy handshake, and lets it amuse her, and stuffs all of her resentment into a fragile shell of gratitude. They will sit on either side of Ilya, trying not to seethe with jealousy that takes completely different shapes, and learn to become friends. It will be worth it, if Ilya keeps smiling. It makes her smile too.

End Notes

People talk about Shane being jealous of Svetlana a lot, and I understand why, but I couldn't help thinking about how Svetlana must feel. Her mess of a best friend meets a man and suddenly starts turning his entire life around? That's got to be a bit rough, for the person who tried to be there for him through All of That. I personally think that, in order to be friends with someone like Ilya, to have a dad who's friends with Ilya's dad, she's got to have her own shit going on. And she probably helped Ilya more than she knows. But I'm sure it doesn't feel like that.

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