

## Belts and Braces

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/85610786) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/85610786>.

|                  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
|------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Rating:          | <a href="#">Explicit</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
| Archive Warning: | <a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
| Category:        | <a href="#">M/M</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
| Fandoms:         | <a href="#">Heated Rivalry (TV)</a> , <a href="#">Game Changers</a>   <a href="#">Heated Rivalry - All Media Types</a> , <a href="#">Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| Relationship:    | <a href="#">Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |
| Additional Tags: | <a href="#">Consensual Non-Consent</a> , <a href="#">Belts</a> , <a href="#">Spanking</a> , <a href="#">Bratting</a> , <a href="#">Dom/sub</a> , <a href="#">Verbal Degradation</a> , <a href="#">Rough Sex</a> , <a href="#">No Means Harder</a> , <a href="#">Anal Sex</a> , <a href="#">Orgasm Denial</a> , <a href="#">Freak4Freak Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Top Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Bottom Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">thigh spanking</a> , <a href="#">Domestic Discipline</a> , <a href="#">role play</a> , <a href="#">Impact Play</a> , <a href="#">Begging</a> , <a href="#">Crying During Sex</a> , <a href="#">Dacryphilia</a> , <a href="#">Shane Hollander Is a Menace</a> , <a href="#">Kink Negotiation</a> , <a href="#">Degradation Kink</a> |
| Language:        | English                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| Series:          | Part 7 of <a href="#">Kinky Hollanov Fics for Perverts</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| Stats:           | Published: 2026-05-27 Words: 2,260 Chapters: 1/1                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |

# Belts and Braces

by [isto4u](#)

## Summary

Inspired by this tweet:

Ilya, unbuckling his belt: I'm sorry

Shane, so horny he can't think: What did you do?

ilya: No, for what I'm about to do

or: CNC Freak Pervert Hollanov play CNC Freak Pervert Games

## Notes

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

[14:04] **Ilya:** is tonight a good night to try the thing?

[14:05] **Shane:** yes please i want the thing

[14:05] **Ilya:** what's your safe word

[14:06] **Shane:** scott hunter. can you actually be mean this time and not just chirp me

[14:07] **Ilya:** we will see 🐈 be ready

They don't play these games all the time, but when they do, Shane gets a tingly nervous feeling in his stomach. He knows Ilya would never *hurt* him—scratch that, Ilya would never *injure* him—but there's something about an insane role play scenario that gets Shane out of his own head like nothing else.

When Shane had originally introduced the idea, Ilya had just stared at him for a long minute.

“Wait, so you will say ‘no’, and ‘stop’?” he'd asked.

“Yeah, but I won't mean it. You'll know if I mean it. We'll use a word we would never use in sex, and then it'll be clear if it's getting too much for me.”

So, Ilya—ever obedient to the desires of his sexually adventurous husband—had gone along with it.

He'd confessed he hadn't expected to like it, and that he thought it might be weird. But then, later on, sweaty and panting and rubbing Shane's bright red ass with aloe, Ilya had admitted the truth: yes, it was a little weird, but it was *so fucking hot*.

---

Ilya walks into their house and sees Shane sitting on the couch.

“Hey, I'm home.”

Shane doesn't look up from his phone, which he hopes is a clear sign to his husband that the game has already begun.

Ilya stalks over and takes Shane roughly by the chin.

“I said, I'm home.”

Shane just grunts. Time to dial the brat up.

“We have dinner?” Ilya asks.

Preposterous, because Ilya is the chef of the household—but again, it's all part of the perverted game.

Shane grunts again and looks back at his phone.

“Sure. I’m sure you’ll find something.”

Ilya’s eyes narrow. Shane sneaks a glance up at him through his lashes.

“You’ve been sitting at home all day and haven’t even made dinner for us? And the lounge is a mess! Did you do any laundry?”

Shane shrugs.

“Didn’t feel like it.”

Ilya suddenly grabs Shane by the back of the neck and yanks him roughly to his feet. He holds the back of Shane’s T-shirt with his other hand and starts marching him down the hall toward their room.

“What—what’s going on? Ilya, careful, you’re hurting me!” Shane whines dramatically.

Ilya grips him harder, pinching the back of Shane’s neck so it stings.

“Brat. Useless house-husband, fucking around all day.”

Shane is panting as he’s shoved roughly onto the bed. He sits back and just watches Ilya, already aching for whatever comes next.

“I am sorry,” Ilya says.

Shane feels himself growing impossibly hard—so hard he feels a little dizzy.

“What are you sorry for?” he asks, keeping his voice just above a whisper.

“I am sorry for what I am about to do to you, but I’m afraid you need to be taught a lesson.”

Shane lets his eyes go wide and doe-like.

“Oh, wait, Ilya. I can explain, I didn’t mean—”

“Too late, *malysh*.”

Ilya unbuckles his belt and Shane’s mouth goes dry. *Holy fucking shit, the belt*. Shane can feel his cock leaking in his boxers. His beautiful, sexy husband yanks the belt free from its loops with a harsh snap.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” Shane whimpers, shuffling up the bed and away from Ilya.

Ilya grabs him by his left leg and yanks him back hard.

“No. You are not sorry. But you will be.”

“Ilya—”

“Strip. Now. Or punishment will get worse.” Ilya crosses his arms and walks around the side of the bed, leaning down over him. “Now. I will not wait.”

Shane scrambles to his feet and quickly pulls his jeans and boxers off, kicking them aside.

His aching hard cock juts out, but Ilya ignores it.

Instead, Ilya grabs the back of Shane’s neck again and yanks him down, bending him over the bed. Shane’s bare ass feels the cool air and he shivers in anticipation. *This is going to be a rough one.*

Ilya’s palm comes cracking down onto Shane’s ass with no warning at all.

“Oh, fuck!” Shane cries out. Ilya isn’t holding back—not even for a warmup.

“Mm, yes, this will hurt,” Ilya chuckles and steps back. “Already such a pretty pink mark from my hand. You always mark up so pretty for me.”

Shane takes a deep breath and braces himself. Another hard crack lands, this time slightly lower, where his ass and thighs meet.

“Jesus Christ,” Shane hisses. It stings, bad.

“Oh, you don’t like it there?” Ilya mocks. “Your thighs are very sensitive, da?”

Shane nods.

“A little, yeah. Maybe avoid that spot, it hurts too bad.”

Shane smirks to himself. He knows exactly what he’s doing.

“Are we making requests now?” Ilya hisses. “This disobedient little house-husband has *requests*?”

“Mm-hm,” Shane nods and peeks back over his shoulder at Ilya. “You’ll take it easy on me, won’t you? Otherwise I’ll cry.”

Another sharp strike lands across the back of Shane’s left thigh.

“Fuck!” Shane cries out. “No, not my thighs please, Ilya—”

“Then you need to be better behaved. Seems like you need a proper reminder.” Yet another sharp crack lands on the other thigh.

Shane, still bent over the bed, kicks his legs up and tries to roll to the side to wriggle away. Ilya’s strong hand pushes his back down firmly.

“Stay fucking still, *shlyukha*.”

“I’m not a slut, I’m not,” Shane whimpers. “I’ll stay still if you’re more gentle. Please Ilya, please, just a little less—”

Shane is cut off as Ilya roughly yanks him by the hair, turning his face to the side. Ilya leans in close.

“I’ve heard enough from you,”—crack — another hard smack on Shane’s thigh, “demanding and bitching at me when you’re supposed to take your punishment.”

Shane whimpers pathetically and tries to hide his smirk as he buries his face back in the blankets.

Using one hand to hold Shane’s back down, Ilya resumes the hard smacks on his ass. Shane kicks his legs, wriggles, and cries out with every strike.

“Such a pretty pink ass,” Ilya finally says, stepping back. Shane’s hands fly behind him automatically to rub his sore, burning skin.

“Ow,” Shane whimpers. “You don’t have to use the belt. I’ve learnt my lesson, I’m going to be good. I’ll go make dinner, I’ll tidy the lounge, I’ll fold the laundry—”

Another harsh crack lands. “Hands away. I did not say you could move.”

“No,” Shane whimpers, “please, no.”

“You still don’t get it, do you, you stupid slut? You’re not done until I say you’re done, and I don’t believe you’re sorry.”

Shane watches over his shoulder as Ilya folds his belt in half.

“No no no,” Shane wails. “Please Ilya, more of your hand, please. I can’t take the belt.”

“You’ll take it.” Shane braces for impact and hides his face. Ilya belts his ass with three quick, hard lashes and Shane screams. “Too hard, it’s too hard! You’re too strong, it’s not fair.”

Another three harsh lashes land.

“Legs apart,” Ilya instructs. He’s showing no mercy tonight.

Shane whimpers but obeys.

“Keep your legs apart, and don’t you dare close them,” Ilya commands.

Shane continues to whimper as he waits. Ilya brings the belt down on his thighs next, blow after wicked blow. Shane cries out as the sting and burn intensify.

“Please. Please, I’m so fucking sorry. Please, Ilya, please, baby,” Shane begs.

“Not sorry enough.” Ilya steps back for a moment, raises his hand higher, and cracks the belt down harder across both thighs. “Stay. Fucking. Still,” he growls, punctuating each word with another strike. Shane bounces on his tiptoes. Real tears spill down his cheeks, now soaking the comforter.

“Fuck, it hurts. It hurts so bad. Ilya, please, I’ve learnt my—”

Ilya smacks him so hard he screams louder than before.

“Shut the fuck up.” The belt cracks down again and again. Shane bites his fist, crying out with every lash. “Shut the fuck up and take it.”

By the time the belting finally stops, Shane’s legs are trembling and he’s sniffing through tears and snot.

“I think now you are sorry,” Ilya says softly, smoothing his hand over Shane’s throbbing backside. “So pretty and pink for me.”

“Are you finished with me?” Shane asks pathetically. He’s playing it up a little but is feeling pretty wrecked at this point.

“Almost,” Ilya murmurs. He pushes a finger against Shane’s entrance. “Oh? You’re wet? And open? You really have been a naughty little slut all day. Did you play with your hole?”

Shane doesn’t answer and buries his head deeper into the blankets.

“Answer,” Ilya says, giving Shane’s ass another smack, but, mercifully, gentler this time.

“Just a little bit,” Shane confesses. “It was feeling really empty, and I…”

“You fingered yourself? Did you use a toy?”

Shane nods. “Yeah… just one of the glass plugs.”

“And did you come?” Ilya asks, his voice turning darker again, more wicked and maybe mischievous.

Shane hesitates, then nods.

“I couldn’t help it. I was gonna hold it and wait for you, but… it was feeling so good, and I wanted to touch my cock and… it just happened so fast.”

Ilya tsks.

“Fucking useless. You will not come again. But at least you’re already open for me.”

Shane hears the sound of Ilya undoing his fly and then he reaches over to find the strategically placed bottle of lube on the bed.

Then Ilya is pushing into him. Shane is open, but it’s still a tight squeeze. He cries out like it hurts more than it does. Theatrics are always fun.

“Fucking take it,” Ilya growls as he sinks all the way in on the first thrust. “Couldn’t wait for me all day? Couldn’t control yourself?”

“M sorry!” Shane cries out.

“Always so sorry, aren’t you? All you do is apologise to me.”

Ilya fucks Shane hard with deep, punishing strokes. Shane’s hands fist the sheets as he gasps and moans.

“Please— Ilya, slow down!” Shane begs.

Ilya only speeds up and pounds into him mercilessly. The sound of skin slapping skin, moans and whimpering fills the room.

“Ilya— I might come if you keep fucking me like this,” Shane gasps.

“You better control yourself,” Ilya snarls. “If you come, you will be punished again.”

Shane reaches down and grips the base of his cock tightly, trying desperately not to tip over the edge while Ilya rails him. The thrusts stay brutal and relentless until Ilya’s rhythm starts to falter.

*“Moya tugaya malen’kaya shlyushka... takaya khoroshaya dyrochka,”* Ilya curses in Russian as he comes deep inside him, hips stuttering. *(My tight little slut... such a good little hole.)*

They stay locked together for a long moment afterwards, both panting, until Ilya finally pulls out and lies next to Shane.

“Was that okay?” Ilya asks, once he’s caught his breath. “Want me to suck you?”

“So good, so good,” Shane mumbles. “I actually did come earlier, so I’m good, but thanks.”

“Not too mean, with all the degrading?” Ilya checks. Ilya has confessed that he sometimes worries that the rough roleplay might accidentally hurt Shane’s feelings, even if Shane is the one that begs for it. Shane is a freak, but he’s also a sensitive little freak.

Shane shakes his head.

“No, that was fine. You could have been meaner and I would’ve been okay.”

“Meaner?” Ilya splutters. “Your ass and thighs look insane, by the way. We’ll need to put some ointment on those belt marks.”

Shane shrugs.

“Don’t worry about the ointment now, we can do that before bed.” Shane props himself up on an elbow. “Also, I know you love me. It’s just a game. Telling me to shut the fuck up was so fucking hot.”

“I love you so much,” Ilya says softly, “even if you are my little pervert that likes these little pervert games.”

Shane rolls into Ilya’s chest to cuddle closer.

“I love you too. Also, you like it too. We’re perverts together. Wait, when you were fucking me did you call me a little hole?”

Ilya laughs a tired little laugh.

“You are learning. Yes, something like that.”

They’re both sweaty and sticky and kind of gross, they’ll have to get up soon.

“I really didn’t sort any dinner though. Do you want to order in?” Shane says finally.

Ilya kisses him on the forehead.

“Anything you want. Anything at all.”

“How about salad bowls?” Shane raises an eyebrow.

Ilya rolls his eyes and groans.

“I was going to say anything at all *except* salad bowls... but okay. If that’s what you want, that’s what you’ll have.”

“I’m fucking kidding,” Shane giggles and swats Ilya on the chest. “But thanks for being open-minded. Tacos. I want tacos.”

“Thank god,” Ilya groans and then kisses Shane on the forehead. “You shower, I will place the order.”

“If you forget the extra cilantro, I’ll be eating yours instead,” Shane says as he rolls off the mattress to head to the ensuite.

“No, no,” Ilya says, reaching out to swat Shane’s ass again. Shane just manages to dodge the smack. “Let’s not start with that or we will need to think about more punishments.”

“Don’t fucking forget then,” Shane shoots back as he waddles to the shower.

## End Notes

i finished my long fic and im back on my freak shit.

shout-out Chocolate Freckle for the beta and the group of perverts in my phone for enabling me.

leave me a comment, i want you to be filthy bc it will make me happy.

if you like my freak shit, stay subscribed bc i have something special in the works.



[find me on tumblr](#)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!