

tough little cookie

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by Anonymous

Summary

The right of passage of being a 'big girl' to Sofia was getting her first bicycle — with training wheels of course.

It was for her third birthday, Ilya insisted after winning the cup that she deserved something very special so of course he got her what she had been begging for because Jade, Amber, and Serenity had a princess bike she wanted one too naturally.

Or the one where Sofia gets a helmet for her bike.

Notes

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

The right of passage of being a 'big girl' to Sofia was getting her first bicycle — with training wheels of course.

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"Ilya, I think she needs a helmet." Shane eyed the bicycle with mild concern as their toddler circled around it, eager to get on and ride the wheels off of it.

They didn't live near much concrete so it wasn't exactly like she could fall off and hit her head *however* it was basic bike safety. Shane knew they made Sofia wear helmets at daycare and those little tricycles couldn't even tip over so they were definitely going to need one.

Almost as soon as Shane expressed his concern for the lack of helmet, Sofia had hopped up on the seat of her bicycle ready to ride down the driveway of the cottage. "Papa I am going now!" She announced without giving either of them time to react.

"Wait!" Ilya was already taking off after Sofia and Shane was hot on his heels, tripping over each other to get to their 'three-nager' that apparently thought she could just throw caution to the wind.

It wasn't exactly her fault for not having a helmet but she was very smart and knew the rules about riding a bicycle at school — they didn't really go over the rules for that at home so, Shane was going to take that into consideration.

Sofia hit a pebble in the middle of her path and it threw her from the bike into the grass thankfully but not without damage.

Strangely enough, Sofia was so stunned by what happened she wasn't registering that she had been thrown off.

Slowly yet surely the realization was setting in with Sofia of what had happened. Her brows furrowed as she glared at her bike. "It push me off!" She pointed at her bike, not happy with it all. As she raised her hand to rub her forehead where it had hit the ground, Shane noticed the blood on her palms and had already been silently assessing her making sure he didn't scare her by picking her up too quickly.

It didn't seem like it had been too rough of a fall again thankfully she had landed in the grass instead of on concrete silently grateful because he knew how much worse it could've been.

"Let me see your hands," Ilya instructed, feeling like he had been the one that was injured by the bicycle instead of their daughter. He felt terrible for not getting a helmet, he knew Svetlana probably forgot to send it to her. He remembered she had mentioned the bike but had been so focused on helping Shane with her party decorations and the bike came sooner than they had thought it would.

Sofia lifted her hands, palms facing outward towards her papa. "It hurts, I have boobos."

"You definitely have booboo but papa and daddy will fix. Let me see your knee too," Ilya picked her up in his arms and let Shane take a look at her knee. The fabric of her jeans where her knee was, had been stained with grass but thankfully the fabric was still in tact which meant that her knee might have been spared from the same fate as her hands.

Well, Shane had high hopes for that but with their luck Sofia had a bright red scrape on her knee to match her hands.

"You are so brave, my sweet Sofushka. The bravest girl in the world, we will fix your boobos and get ice cream. Also a helmet." Ilya was determined to fix his baby's hands and to get her helmet — in that order.

"Papa I want Bluey bandaid, oh and no touching my booboo for too long or it will hurt me." Sofia scolded her papa, pulling her knee away from the washcloth that he was using to clean it.

Shane had already grabbed the first aid kit that they kept at the cottage — one of many — ready to help tag team cleaning Sofia up. "Sofi, papa has to help you. How else are your hands going to get better?" He already had a game plan in mind, antibiotic ointment sneak attack after Ilya was able to get her hands cleaned up enough to put it on with a q-tip.

"Does that hurt?" Ilya kept asking, making sure she wasn't in any pain. "It's scary getting fixed up but you are so brave, my sweet little Sofushka." He kept telling her, wanting her to know just how proud he was that she was being patient with them. Most toddlers would have a fit but their pup took after Shane in that department, staring down at them both while they doctored her 'booboos'.

Ice cream was the first stop on their list of things to do, they had to keep their priorities clearly in check or Sofia would do it for them. Shane had been a little sick on and off that morning so he decided to stay home, afraid he would be nauseous when they were out picking up Sofia's helmet so he decided to hold down the fort and stay with Anya.

Sofia picked her favorite ice cream with sprinkles and gummy bears from their favorite ice cream shop, they ate it there and she was able to get on the play equipment and use up some of that toddler energy of hers.

She showed off her 'battle scars' to a few other kids, Ilya had told her they made her look so tough and he meant it.

"My papa is taking me for helmet. You have to be wearing one for bikes, I am going to get the best one." Ilya overheard Sofia telling some of the other toddlers that were playing all about her helmet — it was the cutest thing. She wasn't shy, that was for certain. Sofia was also a yapper at heart and could make friends with anyone making sure no one was playing alone — it warmed his heart to see how kind she was already at her young age.

Ilya let her play about fifteen more minutes before they gathered their trash said their goodbyes to Sofia's new friends and exchanged numbers with one of the parents so Sofia

could have a playdate with one of them. They seemed nice, Sofia really did enjoy playing with the other little girl and it had shocked him when she spoke Russian.

Apparently her parents were big Boston fans and had told Emiliya to not bother Sofia but Sofia was more than happy to share her some ice cream and toys with the other pup.

Ilya really couldn't describe just how proud of Sofia he was.

When they arrived at the store, Sofia made a beeline towards the bike department with stars in her eyes ready to pick out her helmet.

There were a variety of them, they had every color and character but Ilya already knew which one she would probably get and he was right. A Bluey helmet except this one...played music. Well, that was cute how bad could that be?

"Papa I want this! It is so very cute, I love it lots!" Sofia clutched it to her chest, an iron grip on it daring anyone to tear it away from her.

"That is very cute, I love that it sings. They make very advanced helmets, huh?" Ilya mused, taking a brief look at all the other 'non-singing' helmets that didn't quite match her excitement for the one she was holding like it were made of gold.

They settled on it and went to pay up front, Sofia continued to hold onto it barely letting it go when it was time to checkout after they stopped by the food section for ginger ale and saltine crackers for her daddy to help him feel better. This was also Sofia's idea.

"I'm gonna wear it in my car!" Sofia beamed as she told the cashier, very proud of her helmet.

"Oh? That's so sweet, I'm sure it'll look amazing on you!" The cashier replied with a smile, handing the helmet back.

Sofia really loved her helmet and decided she would wear it everywhere — all the time.

Ilya did not realize how bad that could be.

"Oh Sofia bug, you look so cute in your helmet!" Svetlana cooed, smiling at the Sofia on her screen that was attempting to ride her bike this time in a safer environment — not down the driveway and with a helmet snugly fit on her.

Ilya chuckled lightly as he nodded, "Yes we now have proper safety gear. Someone forget to send the helmet with the bike."

"Listen, I told you to get the helmet. I even sent extra in the card for her to pick one out, did you not get this?"

Ilya remembered something that came attached to the bike but Sofia had been so focused on riding that she ripped the card off of it and was already riding down the hill.

"Shane saved the card for her baby book, it's probably still in there. Anyways she now has a helmet and battle wounds. Show aunt Sveta your hands." Ilya motioned for Sofia to show her bandaged little hands.

"Oh my brave girl! Papa let you ride without a helmet, huh?" Svetlana teased earning a glare from Ilya.

"If only someone had sent one with—"

"Anyways take lots of pictures and videos for me, I want to see how good you are at riding your bike." Svetlana so proud that Sofia was so brave, she reminded her of Ilya when he was that age. He was fearless and brave because of his mama and she was fearless and brave because of her papa. Sofia was truly so loved.

They wrapped up the call, had Sofia's favorite for dinner, and went through their usual bedtime routine — all with the helmet on.

When it came time to tuck Sofia into bed, Shane motioned to the helmet as he put away a few clean shirts that he had washed earlier in her drawers.

Ilya wasn't about to take it from her, so he of course let her keep it on.

"Sof, don't you wanna leave your helmet for tomorrow?" Shane settled in beside Sofia on the bed, getting comfortable for her bedtime story.

Sofia shook her head. This was going to be harder than Shane had thought.

Ilya continued to read Sofia's book, her helmet still on her head as she curled down into her pillows, snuggling her squishmallow. Her eye lids were fluttering shut, sleep creeping up on her giving Shane a chance to sneak the helmet off of her.

"Shanya, put it back."

"No— what? No, Ilya she can't sleep with it on."

"But it makes her happy." Ilya argued, not wanting Sofia to wake up and her helmet be missing.

"Are you serious—" Shane sighed softly when Ilya shot him a lethal pair of puppy dog eyes that were too much to say no to. "Ugh, fine. She can keep the helmet but not on, I'm afraid it'll choke her in her sleep."

So they compromised and Sofia was able to keep her helmet in her bed and she slept with it *all* night long.

And Ilya and Shane heard the Bluey theme song *all* night long but it was all worth her happiness and safety of course.

End Notes

💌 a special shoutout to toapoet for this idea! ❤️ sofia is very happy with her helmet and will continue sleeping with it as far as anyone is concerned LMAO anyways hope you guys enjoy!

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