

the bubblegum blues

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by Anonymous

Summary

Ilya hadn't meant for it to lead to this. It wasn't his ideal solution to the problem but it was what needed to happen — a quick simple fix.

Little did he know that 'quick simple fix' would almost have his husband ready to dig through the trash for his curls.

Or the one where Ilya gets a 'haircut'

Notes

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

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Little did he know that 'quick simple fix' would almost have his husband ready to dig through the trash for his curls.

It all happened one day when Ilya, Sofia, and Masha were cuddled up in the bed watching TV while Shane was busy in the gym downstairs taking some much needed time to himself. He had been on a new kick about getting in shape after having given birth to their newest addition.

Shane had made it a goal to get right back into training after he gave birth not wanting to fall behind. He would be ready by next season even though he had missed out on this one — he would *not* be missing the next.

They made great usage of their home gym since they could stay close and do their daily workouts as they needed except Ilya had already done one that morning and was busy snuggled up with his baby bugs in the nest, watching the Barbie movie and eating a big bowl of popcorn. The kind with no kernels in it because they both were terrified of Sofia choking. Plus, Shane had read up on it and all the parenting blogs said 'no popcorn before 5' and she was just a year from five so that meant none for her.

"Do not worry, as soon as you are this many," Ilya held his hand up with all five fingers, whispering in Sofia's ear. "Papa will give you biggest bowl of popcorn." He always told her, settling for the fake stuff.

As they were laying there watching the movie, Ilya heard a soft 'smacking' noise and something just told him to turn on the light. He knew it wasn't Masha because she was snoozing on his chest curled up in her bassinet.

"Sofa, what is— what are you eating?" Ilya flipped on the lamp to see Sofia who was laying at the top of the bed just above his head much like a cat would, had something in her mouth. "Sofia, give to papa." He motioned for her to spit it out and she shook her head.

"*Solnyshko*, you need to spit it out." Ilya noticed the bedside table where his gum (thankfully not his nicotine gum) was sitting half open. "Oh— oh you have papa's bubblegum?" He didn't want to alarm his pup, that wasn't the goal here. He didn't want her swallowing it by accident so he calmly extended his palm to her skillfully continuing patting Masha's back as he motioned for her to spit it out.

"If you spit it out, you can have an oreo. Daddy is still downstairs so we can sneak a cookie but you must spit out the bubblegum first."

Sofia contemplated it for a few seconds, still chewing before spitting it out in her papa's hand.

"There is not so bad. Now daddy won't put us in Anya's dog house for chewing bubblegum in the bed." Ilya juggled his youngest, making sure she stayed asleep against his chest while helping Sofia shimmy down the bed to go potty.

He wasn't an octopus and only had two arms so Ilya had to place Masha between two pillows — Shane would have heart palpitations if he saw the little makeshift bed he made for their pup.

"Okay let me help," Ilya now hands free save for the hand that still had the half chewed wad of gum in it, was able to help his toddler off the bed and get the bathroom light turned on for her. He passed the mirror and stopped, eyes widening.

"What is— is that—" Ilya squinted at his reflection, noticing a wad of gum tangled in his curls. Didn't he take Sofia's gum already? So why was there some in his hair?

"Oh no." Ilya stared at his reflection, tossing the gum in his hand into the trashcan in the bathroom. Sofia was already sitting back on the bed next to a still *thankfully* sleeping Masha.

"Ilya?" Shane's voice traveled up the stairs and his eyes widened. His hair.

The alpha needed to think fast on his feet so he did the only logical thing — grabbed one of his Centaur hats off the dresser flipped it backwards in an attempt to cover up the gum stuck in his curls and waited for Shane to come upstairs to take a shower.

"I guess you guys have chosen the lazy route for the evening." Shane teased, walking over to grab a clean t-shirt and a pair of sleep shorts from their dresser. His eyes were drawn up to Ilya's hat, taking note of the way Ilya was wearing it and gave it a nod of approval.

"When Sofia goes to bed I think that'll be a requirement to get into bed wearing that hat like that." Shane commented casually, making his way into the bathroom.

Thankfully Sofia was able to be coaxed into her bedroom was able to be tucked into her bed and read her bedtime story while Shane was still showering giving him just enough time to sneak downstairs with Masha.

"Okay Masha, papa is going to fix this." Ilya eyed the kitchen scissors, there was a clear solution here. Masha was still busy snoozing away not a care in her world which made it easier to think of a way to fix this problem.

Maybe he could just cut it out. Yeah, he could do that. No one would ever notice and Shane wouldn't want to have his head on a stick.

So, Ilya did just that he used the downstairs bathroom to open up his limited time barber shop and started cutting except Masha started to stir and he had to use his foot to bounce her in the baby bouncer.

"It's just one tiny spot, it couldn't be so bad," Ilya spoke too soon when he realized an entire spot was missing just from cutting out the gum — he looked like he was balding in the back.

"Oh come on, I just cut a little." He rubbed his hand over the now missing spot of hair, sighing to himself.

There was *one* other option, it wasn't the best one but it was almost necessary at this point and Ilya was going to have to slip past Shane in order to get it.

"Okay *Mishka*, we're going to be extra quiet when we go back upstairs to grab papa's stuff." Ilya didn't dare say it out loud in case Shane was listening in — he had super hearing.

The alpha slipped Masha carefully out of her baby bouncer, back into her baby sling on his chest to venture upstairs for his shaving kit.

Shane was still in the bathroom, taking his time showering letting the hot water fall over his tense muscles when he heard the door creak open, his attention going to the door as it opened slowly. He couldn't see because of the shower curtain but he knew by the scent that it was Ilya.

"Ilya, don't even think about hopping in here with me," Shane's lips pulled into a half grin, not meaning that at all. He wouldn't have minded if his alpha joined him but when Ilya didn't he opened the curtain halfway to see Ilya sifting through the draws on their vanity still wearing the backwards hat holding Masha.

"Uh, what are you doing?"

"I am looking for baby nail clippers. *Mishka* has too long fingernails, like little talons she might cut herself so I was going to cut while she sleeps." Ilya made up on the spot, trying his best not to just blurt out that there was a big bald spot where his curls once were and that he was going to *try* to fix it but that really and truly this wasn't looking great.

"Umm, okay yeah sure. They should be in the top left drawer, I put them there the other day when I was cutting Sofia's after her bath." Shane pulled the curtain closed, a little less suspicious than he had been because Masha definitely had some claws that could give the tiniest little cuts very easily. And it was best when she was napping to do it or else she would protest loudly.

"Maybe if they stay asleep we can...maybe watch something in bed?" Shane was helplessly turned on by Ilya in a backwards hat, there was just something about the way his husband looked like that.

Ilya cleared his throat, nodding even if Shane didn't see it.

"Sure, that sounds good we can turn off lights and watch your boring nature documentary. It will be good for me to sleep." The alpha teased, trying his best to hurry up before his mate finished.

Hurrying back downstairs after laying Masha in her bassinet with baby monitor in hand, Ilya plugged in the electric hair clippers and did the unthinkable — he shaved his head.

Not completely bald, just enough to get the bubblegum out which resulted in a buzzcut.

Ilya hadn't exactly planned on it, it just happened and the more he looked at himself in the mirror and at the floor where his the evidence of a crime scene lay — he realized he was fucked.

After he finished his shower, Shane got out of and dried off but Ilya was nowhere to be found in their room. Their pup was in her bassinet next to the bed sleeping peacefully — okay maybe now she was stirring.

"Where'd papa go?" Shane knew obviously that their five month old wouldn't be able to answer that question but he asked anyways as he got dressed. He closed the half open box of gum, cleaned up a little in their nest from where Sofia had smuggled snacks upstairs.

"Let's go hunt him down." Shane picked Masha up gently, not wanting to stir her even further hoping that the movement would help her go back to sleep as he walked downstairs to see the bathroom door was slightly ajar with the light bleeding out into the hallway.

"Ilya, you could've just used the upstairs bathroom. I was already done, I was just drying off —" Shane had a knee-jerk reaction, his entire body going into fight or flight mode when Ilya — or maybe Ilya because who the fuck was in that bathroom — turned around with a shaved head.

"It is not what it looks like," Ilya tried, hurriedly sweeping up the evidence where his golden curls lay in a pile on the ground.

Immediately tears sprang to Shane's eyes, unable to tear his eyes away from the crime scene in front of him.

"My curls..." Shane whispered, leaning on the door frame for support because he was inching toward the territory of passing out.

"You cut them."

"So I can explain...it was necessary." Ilya knew he probably should come up with his explanation and quick. "I was chewing my gum, I got too excited and some was stuck in my hair. I needed to get it out and decided to start over."

Shane stared at his husband with a look of shock written all over his face, still clutching a handful of golden curls to his chest.

"Let me stop you right there, you got gum in your hair? What were you doing chewing your gum upside down in the bed"

"Something like that." Ilya wasn't about to rat their daughter out for getting gum in his hair — he wasn't a snitch.

Right about that time, there was a pitter patter of feet hitting the floor followed by the click clacking of nails and the jingle of a collar.

"Papa! You did not let me finish watching Barbie and I need oreo!" Sofia called out, rubbing the sleep from her eyes. She didn't always wake up in the middle of the night but when she did she would pick right back up where she left off. Almost like a tiny machine put on pause.

When she rounded the corner, her eyes widened to the size of mini saucers and her jaw dropped in a comical fashion.

"Daddy! What happened to papa? That is not papa!" Sofia squealed all but climbing her daddy's leg because that bald man was *not* her papa.

Anya pushed through the legs at the opening of the bathroom, took one look at Ilya and started to bark like her life depended on it.

"Anya! Anya it is me! Sofia, do you not know your own papa?" Ilya frowned, trying his best to calm down his angry little villagers that were now getting their pitch forks ready.

"Well when papa looks like he got in a fight with a pair of hedge clippers, what do you expect?" Shane huffed, scooping Sofia up so she could get a better look at her papa.

Sofia leaned forward, putting her hands on either side of her papa's face. "You have fuzzy head, you are not papa." She leaned her forehead against Ilya's, still studying very intently with that natural Slavic stare that she inherited

"If I am not papa, I must be the tickle monster." Ilya reached forward taking Sofia into his arms to tickle her relentlessly. Sofia burst into a fit of giggles, her fountain of curls escaping her hair tie that Ilya had braided her hair into before bed.

"Maybe you can lend papa some of your hair, Sof." Shane tried not to show how angry he was, not quite understanding what led to his husband getting rid of all of his hair so easily. "I'm going to check on Masha." The omega made his way out of the bathroom and upstairs, leaving Ilya and Sofia not even realizing he was still holding onto Ilya's curls.

It had to be the stupid postpartum emotions but all Shane could think about was how Ilya's hair was gone. He got rid of it in one whack and didn't even tell him.

Masha was awake when Shane entered the room, her bright eyes finding her daddy as she squirmed in her swaddle wanting out of it. Her hands tangled in his shirt as soon as she was freed from her cocoon.

Shane sat on the side of the bed holding Masha for a second. He needed a minute to process Ilya's haircut.

Ilya knew he shouldn't have done it without talking to Shane, it was more or less the fact that it would startle him — which it definitely did.

"What was the real reason?" Shane asked, peering up from nursing Masha having cooled down since last seeing his alpha an hour or so ago.

Sofia had gone back to bed after watching the rest of the Barbie movie, having fallen asleep rubbing her papa's new fuzzy head. And now Ilya and Shane were laying side by side in their bed with Masha in her bedroom.

"I did get gum in it."

"But *how*? I mean you don't just stick it in your hair." Shane just wasn't buying that Ilya did it himself there had to be an accomplice.

With a deep sigh, Ilya confessed what had happened making Shane promise not to be mad.

"We were laying in bed, Sofia was chewing bubblegum—the regular kind. She got some in my hair not meaning to and I didn't realize before it was too late, I could not get it all out so I cut it." Ilya explained, feeling terrible for throwing Sofia under the bus but Shane wasn't going to let him off the hook until he told him *exactly* what had happened.

Shane reached a hand up like he normally would to run it through Ilya's curls, his hand meeting fuzz instead with his palm flat against his alpha's head. "I guess it's not so terrible, I just don't see what I can grab onto..." He trailed off giving Ilya's ear a playful yank when he felt his alpha's lips against his own in a that deepened as they leaned back against the pillows.

Ilya slotted himself between Shane's legs, holding the side of his face in one hand while he slipped a hand under his shirt — stopping when they heard Masha on the baby monitor.

"I'll get it." Ilya stole another kiss before rolling off the bed to go get Masha, finding it hard to leave Shane laying there but Masha was fussing and he couldn't leave his pup like that.

As Shane laid there, the cries never quieted and only got louder.

"Ilya?" Shane called out, getting up to go see what was going on when he was meet halfway with Ilya holding a very upset Masha who kept pushing at her papa.

"Masha, it's papa you know who I am." Ilya pleaded, trying to reason with their five month old who was *not* having him.

Masha continued wailing, reaching for her daddy sensing his scent. It was confusing to her smelling her papa but seeing a bald headed man in his place.

"Sometimes babies don't recognize their parents when they shave their head and look like an entirely different person," Shane had been watching videos and reading about it after the fact.

"I know, let me try something." Ilya started to hum low and soft at first, the tune of a Russian lullaby that his mom used to sing to him. He always sang it to Sofia and now Masha too. The alpha started singing the words, rocking back and forth with their pup in his arms as her attempts to push him away faltered.

"See? It's me, *Mishka*." Ilya whispered, pressing a kiss to the top of her head.

Shane smiled softly watching his alpha and their pup who *finally* was melting into her papa's arms.

That ache in his chest drifting away now that he got a better look at Ilya in the light. His smile, the way he was singing to their baby — it was enough to make him forget about the fact that Ilya now looked like a kiwi fruit.

And as dramatic of a change as it seemed to be, Ilya's hair would eventually grow back and these memories would be forever.

End Notes

💌 so this came about because of ilya's new haircut (bald) and i thought about those funny videos of kiddos reacting to their dads whenever they shave their beards and show them for the first time and they're like um who are you LMAO sofia and masha also wonder who their papa is bc their papa has curls and doesn't look like a kiwi fruit 😂 anyways hope you guys enjoy!

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