

Your Hands

by norwegianeyes

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Hermione sat in the rocking chair beside the only window in the tiny pink room. The moonlight bathed her and her baby. All of her concentration centered on the tiny newborn, she didn't even notice when her husband entered the room. He didn't present himself at first; he was too engrossed in the beauty of his wife and daughter. His silent footsteps were unnoticed until he rested a hand on her shoulder. She looked up, startled, then relaxed. The room was still silent as they gazed upon the small sleeping form.

"She has your hands, you know?" Hermione's voice was hoarse.

Sirius beamed. He noticed that his daughter's fingers were long and thin, her fingernails shaped like his. He bent down and kissed his wife on the head. "Come on, baby. Let's go to bed."

They put their daughter in her crib, then spent the night in each other's arms.