

Newspapers

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Severus gets a surprise when he wakes up one morning . . . Part One of a series.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Severus pressed a kiss to his wife's cheek before sneaking out of their room to get his paper. It was his morning ritual: his paper, breakfast with his little family and two cups of strong coffee. He peeked into his daughter's room quickly and called for her softly when he saw it was empty.

"Where are you, Petunia?"

He was answered by a squeal echoing from the kitchen. Ruining the day Hermione had bought her a "big-girl" bed, he swept downstairs, still dressed in his boxers; it would have been rather more impressive in his teaching robes.

Emily was sitting beneath the kitchen table, crooning to the newspaper she was currently shredding in baby-speak. He cleared his throat and she gazed up at him, love and adoration pouring from the wide, black eyes. She gave him a gap-toothed grin as she calmly shredded another bit of the *Daily Prophet*, the wizards in the front page photos cowering at the sight of her chubby baby hands. Raising her arms, she whined loudly; it was the sign that she wanted to be held.

Severus picked her up, a goofy, lop-sided grin on his face. "Emily," he said, as she threw her arms around his neck and hugged him, "what are you doing? And furthermore, what am I going to do with you, Emma-Jean?" He loved giving her little pet names; Emma-Jean and Petunia being his favorites.

She pulled away and scowled, making him laugh at the scrunched-up little face and knowing she was trying to look as scary as he did when she got caught breaking one of Mummy's Rules. He poked out his lower lip, teasing her, and she twirled a lock of her wispy chestnut hair, brow furrowed.

"Daddy's girl," she decided, giving him a sloppy kiss on the tip of his nose. "Emma Daddy's girl."