

Daddy's Little Girl

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A cute, short fic. Second in the Turner Series. If you haven't read POTC: A Tale of Two, I wouldn't recommend reading this one first.

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1 - Daddy's Little Girl

The moon shone high in the night sky as William and Elizabeth Turner sat bundled up together by a large quilt, the balcony open and inviting as their room became stuffy and hot in the late evening, early morning hours.

Elizabeth sighed as she laid her head back against his warm, bare chest, gazing at the stars before them. His arms wrapped around her waist and rested on her hips as his knee jutted out of the folds in the blanket off to her right side, cradling her into his body. She had sat before him on their padded pillow every night for the past fourteen months since they had gotten married, and she knew she would never tire of it.

A soft crying noise from their bedroom heralded the awakening of their month old baby, Emily. With a sigh, she moved to stand up as Will placed a gentle hand on her shoulder.

"Stay here, love. She can't be hungry; it's only been an hour. Rest a while, I'll see to her." His soft smile and welcoming eyes called for her to resist, and like so many times before, she couldn't. Nodding she scooted back against the wall and wrapped the blanket around her shoulders, letting Will tend to the baby.

Padding with bare feet to the small bassinette by their bedside, he peeked in as he watched her for a moment; her little arms flailing as she protested being left alone. Tucking her back into her blanket, he lifted her out into his arms as he whispered to her, attempting to quell the endless newborn cries that came from his daughter.

"Shhh love, daddy's here. You've nothing to cry over, we didn't leave you alone for too long." He cooed as she opened her bright blue eyes, the crying beginning to subside.

Calmed by the smooth sound and the recognition of his voice, she quit weeping altogether as she stared at him with her deep cerulean orbs. Cradling her to his warm chest, he walked back and forth while making a slight rocking movement with his upper body as he spoke in time with his steps.

"See darling? Not even any tears. I firmly believe that you just enjoy having us wrapped around your little finger." He commented as he looked at her dry cheeks, holding her with her head in his large hand as she lay down his lower arm. Using his free hand he reached into the blanket to find her small hand and placed it between his thumb and forefinger. Rubbing light circles into her palm with the tip of his thumb, he smiled as the tiny digits instinctively wrapped around it, her grip surprisingly strong for a newborn.

Elizabeth frowned at the silence coming from their room as she stood up, the blanket dropping to the floor as the cool night air chilled her arms and legs. Peering into the large master bedroom she melted at the sight of the handsome and strong blacksmith completely overpowered by the tiny child. His tranquil voice even soothed her own anxieties as she leaned against the doorframe and watched the humbling scene before her.

"Angel, you have to sleep or you'll never grow to be strong like your mum." He commented as she was content in merely looking up at him as he spoke in soft tones with her.

"I can tell right now you're going to have us all held captive with those eyes." Her face contorted again as she let out a small wail, her nose wrinkling as large tears formed at the edges of her eyes.

"Well don't complain angel, you didn't get them from me." He chuckled; rocking back and forth again in attempts to quiet her again. She settled down, her eyelids becoming heavy as she tried to stay awake despite the swaying and his low, soothing voice. Succumbing to slumber once again, he grinned triumphantly as he placed her carefully back into the bassinette and turned, spotting his wife standing and watching him from the veranda's doorway.

"How long have you been standing there, love?" He queried as he quietly made his way over to her.

"Long enough to you know you melt completely for your daughter at the first sound she makes." She commented as she wrapped her arms around his waist, laying her head against his bare chest as his large hands rubbed her back lightly.

"You know Mrs. Turner; I melt just the same for my wife."

"I know." She smiled against his warm skin, content to be in his arms as she picked up her head, getting lost in his stirring dark eyes as she leaned and placed a light kiss to his stubbled chin.

Moving away from him, she looked into the miniature crib with a smile, holding her hair back with a hand as she leaned in and placed a soft kiss to the infant's rounded cheek. Standing again, she felt his hands wrap around her waist as he directed her to their bed.

"We need sleep, or this one will have us running until we're dry." He spoke, his deep voice in sharp contrast with the stillness of the room.

Walking back out to the terrace, he dusted off the large quilt as he settled his wife against the backboard and tucked the blanket beneath her legs. Leaning in, he stole a light kiss as she smiled, sliding down and resting her head on the soft pillow. She felt him lay down behind her and she rolled into him, resting her head on his shoulder as she placed a loving hand to his chest, sleep claiming her instantly.

Will sighed as he positioned his large hand to lay over her slight one atop his chest as his other arm enclosed around her, his opposite hand resting against the small of her back. He leaned his head toward her, his cheek resting against her forehead as he closed his eyes and fell asleep with a small smile to his lips.

The End

~Jean~