My husband Jason is now officially wrapped around another female's little finger.
She bats her fluffy eyelashes at him, and he comes running.
A smile from her will pull him away from any conversation we might be having at the time.
One whimper from her, and he is running around like a chicken with its head cut off, determined to find a way to calm her down.
And when she said "Dadda" for the first time this week, he melted on the very spot.
Yes, our daughter Elsie has taken the supreme position of "top female" in Jason's life.
From the second she arrived in this world, he has been under her spell.
The first giggle, smile and wave made a big hit with Jason. But when she finally said "Daddy," or something really close to it, it was all over for him. And considering it was her first word ever...he's loving it.
I'll let Jason have his moment. I had mine with our son James. His first word was "Momma."
I must admit, however, it's funny to watch just how much "daddy's little girl" has her daddy really wrapped. All you have to do is compare the way Jason treats our son with how he treats her.
When James runs inside with a bloody knee or a scrape on his arm, Jason checks it out to make sure it isn't serious.
If it's not a hospital visit, Jason tells him to "shake it off."
I am usually the one that comes behind him with some medicine and a bandage.
When Elsie bumps her head slightly on a table, Jason is pushing me out of the way to pick up her up. I literally was shoved into the china cabinet one night when she ran into the dining room table.
Elsie is immediately swept into his arms. Every part of her body is checked. He showers her with kisses. And he would put a wrap around her head if I let him.
When James gets into trouble, Jason is quick to put him in time out, give a firm talking or whatever the situation calls for.
I raised my voice to Elsie the other morning to stay away from some cords, and I am the one who got yelled at.
"Don't you raise your voice to her," he told me.
"What," I asked. "You've got to start letting her know what she can't do. You don't have a problem getting on to to James."
"Well, that's different," he said, picking up Elsie. "She's a little girl."

I stood in silence as he escorted Elsie out of the room, explaining to her how "I didn't mean it." James sat on the couch and took a huff of breath. At least he understands, I thought to myself. I can only imagine how this will play out as the children get older.
I'm sure Jason will slip Elsie that extra cupcake. He will never spank her, unless it gets really, really bad. One cry from her will lead to a full investigation from him. And when she starts dating, he'll probably act as chaperone until she's 30 years old.
Of course, I can understand where he is coming from. I tend to do the same thing with James. If Elsie is daddy's little princess, then James is momma's little prince.
And I got a feeling, those two will always be rulers of the court.