

“What is that horrible smell?” Tate’s voice carried into the living room. “Oh... man. What did you eat, Button? If sweet potatoes caused this, they are stricken from your menu.”

Val pressed her hand to her mouth to suppress a laugh, but the motion didn’t stop her shoulders from shaking.

She walked to the nursery entrance and leaned against the door frame. “Welcome to parenthood. Have fun.”

“Wait!” Tate said, his expression a blend of determination and horror. “You’re not serious.”

“You wanted to help,” she said, unable to hide the amusement from her voice. “Here’s your chance.”

She’d give up her twenty-dollar tip to video the scene and post it. But that might be pushing it. It would go viral: *Baby Daddy Squares Off with Daughter*. Tate’s look of horror. Libby’s grin. Who will win the poopy diaper battle?

Movement shifted her video debut. Tate’s shoulders were moving. Nope. Shaking, with laughter. Val nodded to herself. Good. Parents needed a sense of humor to survive.