

Bruce and Danny

By: Beatle9

Chapter 1: Bruce's POV

"I'm sorry," the doctor said, "but I'm afraid it's negative."

My wife, Emma, let out a long sigh, sounding like she was trying to hold back tears. I wouldn't blame her.

"This is our eighteenth time now Doc." I finally broke the silence. "Could you just give us something else?" Doctor Solomon stayed quiet for a few seconds, but eventually said,

"I know how much you both want to conceive a child, but if you want me to be truthful with you, I would strongly suggest considering adoption."

A few weeks later me and Emma decided to take the doctor's advice and began looking at orphanages. It was hard for her but we just had to face facts, we tried eighteen times and still no pregnancy.

"Do you think we should get a boy or a girl?" I asked her.

"Hm..." She thought, "I'm not sure. I just know they should be under one year."

"I do too." I agreed. "It would just be better if we were able to raise them ourselves. You also want a bear cub like us right?"

"If we can, yes." She answered. "But I wouldn't mind, if we had to pick one that wasn't like us. Just so long as they're young."

"Alright," I said, "But I think I speak for both of us when I say, we shouldn't consider getting a human, if we can't get a bear."

"Oh, I don't know, Bruce. I don't think it would be that different from adopting one from any other different species than us." She disagreed.

"Em, I'm serious," I said, "It would just make the experience harder than it's already going to be. I also don't want to raise a cub, only to have it be scared of me when it turns three." I added.

"Oh, Bruce, you're exaggerating." She tried to reassure me. "There are plenty of Anthros that have adopted human kids and they're just like any other family. I even work with a girl who was adopted by a nice bison couple, and she has nothing but nice things to say about them."

"Bet they don't look nearly as intimidating as me." I muttered.

"I'm just saying we should keep an open mind." She said, "You never know what kid will *really* be right for you until you see them."

One week later

"Welcome to Saint Philip's orphanage," a nun welcomed us. After giving us a brief history and description of the orphanage she finally cut to the chase. "Now what sort of child were you two hoping for?"

"Well, preferably a bear, like us." I answered.

"We'd also like them to be as young as possible." Emma added. "Nothing over one year."

“Of course,” the nun answered, “just follow me.”

She showed us the Anthro cub ward where there cubs of varying species rabbits, lions, mice, just to name a few. There were two bear cubs; one polar bear and a black bear, but Emma didn't seem sure. She said that she'd know the right one when she saw it. She insisted that we at least have a look at the human cubs. Even though we agreed we wouldn't adopt a human cub, I decided to humor her and asked the nun to take us to where they were.

She led us into the human cub ward and Emma immediately began going up to each one to get a good look at them. Meanwhile I stood near the door and watched as my prediction came true; every baby she went up to started crying. Just when I was about to walk over to Emma and lead her back to the Anthro ward, she stopped at one particular crib. Curious, I walked over to her and looked in the crib. The little guy lying there looked like he was practically a newborn. But the thing I immediately noticed was he wasn't crying, no signs of distress, he just looked at us both with what I could only describe as curiosity in his eyes.

“Nurse!” Emma called, to the woman who'd been tending to the other cubs when we'd entered the room, “How old is this one?”

“Oh, he's about two-and-a-half months. Like a lot of babies here, he's been here since the day he was born...sometimes mothers feel like they can't take care of them so they give them up as soon as they're born.” The nurse explained.

“What's his name?” Emma asked.

“Oh, we don't normally have to name the children under one year, since they're usually the first one's to get picked.” She said, walking over to us.

“...May I hold him?” Emma asked, nervously.

“Yes, ma’am.” The nurse said, carefully taking the boy out of his crib, and gently placing him in my wife’s arms.

Emma looked at the little cub in her arms, and then turned to me.

“Emma, I know what you’re thinking, and I told you it’s out of the question.” I said sternly.

“But Bruce, look at him, he’s not even making a fuss when I hold him. I have a good feeling about him.”

I had to admit the little guy *was* cute, with his wide eyes and straight brown hair that stuck out a little at the top; he even started smiling and giggling a little when Emma bounced him a little in her arms. But he was still a human, and I knew about the unreasonable prejudice that still existed about Anthro families adopting human children, and vice versa. I knew about the bullying that children of those families endured. Hell Anthros alone were still dealing with prejudices in general.

But, the main fear I had was the possibility that the boy would end up becoming afraid of us, especially me, even if he wasn’t afraid right now, he’d eventually realize he’s not the same species as us. I mean I’m one of the nicest guys around, but even I knew I was one of the most intimidating looking Anthros in the city. I mean, I’m a Kodiak bear standing at 6’10”, I hated admitting it, but I was definitely pretty scary looking to any kid, even Anthro kids.

“I’m sorry Emma,” I replied, “but we already talked about this last week. It would just be too much trouble.”

We continued to quietly argue at each other, me telling her my fears about this, and her telling me how we'd make a good family for him, and insisting on this "good feeling" she had. Most of the argument was just using the same points from last week. Until finally she gave me the look, that damn look where I know she's about to get her way.

"Bruce," she finally said, "just hold him." She said holding the boy out to me.

"I...I don't want to." I said.

"I'll tell you what," she proposed, "if he starts crying when you hold him, we can choose another cub, like you think we should. But if he stays like he's been these past few minutes, we'll take him."

After a brief pause I agreed and reluctantly held out my, now shaking, paws. She slowly handed him to me and now he was just lying there in my paws. I was so big that his whole body could pretty much fit in both my paws together. I then slowly brought the human cub closer to me, careful not to scratch his sensitive skin or rip his blankets with my claws, and was now cradling him in my arms. Finally his eyes started opening again, it was the moment of truth now. I was expecting him to scream at the top of his little lungs and for the nurse to come rushing over to help calm him down, but all he did was stare at me for a minute and then snuggle into the fur of my arm, trying to go back to sleep.

I was absolutely speechless; I looked back at my wife, who was now looking at me with that "See?" look on her face. I gently handed the sleeping cub back to her, and turned to the nurse.

"Well..." I sighed, "I think we've made our decision."

"Are you sure?" the nurse asked.

I looked back at my wife.

"I don't think she's going to change her mind."

"Alright," The nurse said, taking the baby from Emma, "I'll get him ready for you to take home. You may go to the main office to fill out the necessary paper work."

"Are you one hundred percent sure about this decision, Mr. and Mrs. Bjorn?" The manager of the orphanage asked.

"Are you trying to discourage us from adopting this particular child?" Emma asked her.

"In my opinion you seem like a perfectly good family for this baby, but you must know that this won't be easy for you or the child when he gets older. Many couples like yourselves have adopted human children before and...the world doesn't always make it easy for them."

"I already told her that ma'am." I said, "You might as well just give us everything we need to fill out, 'cause you're not changing her mind."

"...Very well." She said, taking out a folder with papers to fill out and handing it to us. We then began reading through them and signing in all the right places.

"So what should we name him?" I asked Emma.

When we brought the little guy home Emma just couldn't put him down. I couldn't blame her; this was what we'd wanted for years, a little cub of our own.

I couldn't help but think about the future though, as I was following Emma around the house with the cub. Would everything turn out okay like Emma seemed to think? I knew it wouldn't be easy taking care of a cub in the first place, but this seemed to add a lot more complications to it.

After some time into the day she finally asked if I wanted to hold him again, realizing she'd been the only one holding him since we'd gotten home. Still a little hesitant, I agreed and held out my arms like I did at the orphanage. Again I brought him closer to me, cradling him, and looked down at him. He stared at me with his wide, curious, eyes, and then began reaching up at me with his tiny hands, making little playful grunts.

I almost wanted to cry at that moment, *he really wasn't afraid of me*, I thought to myself, *and now he's ours, our little cub...our son.*

"H-hey there little guy." I spoke as softly as I could to him. "I-I'm your daddy, and she's your mama." I said; getting choked up as I spoke. The little guy cooed in response.

I looked back up at Emma, and I could see she was crying now too, now that I was finally seeing that she was right?

"He really *is* cute." I stupidly say. Not really knowing what else *to* say. Emma hugs me gently, looking down at our beautiful little boy. Our little Danny.