Hatched

by Captain29thegamer

Summary

Blue growing up, taking on the world and Owen tries to be the best dad

Notes

Obsessed with raptors and Jurassic Park all my life

See the end of the work for more notes
Baby blue

Chapter Summary

Baby raptors growing up with daddy Owen....what could go wrong?

The pulsing thrum of life, of blood coursing through tiny, newly-developed veins, echoed all around the space, through the dark warmth and inside her head; it was never silent here, but it was not painful or strange.

It simply was.

Tiny muscles coiled up within the tight confines, relaxing after a new position was found. She found herself doing that more often lately; shifting, moving, twitching around within the dark. She liked the dark. She liked the warmth.

But it was a snug fit, and she wasn't sure if she liked that.

It had started gradually, the walls of her safe haven tightening around her like – like a –

She had nothing to compare it to, but the walls were constricting her, making it near impossible to move even the slightest bit.

Perhaps the dark warmth was not worth this.

And finally, it was too much; the steady beat of a heart sky-rocketed as she wiggled a stubby little claw, tap-tapping against the walls encircling her, a wish to be out, to no longer be stuck in the suffocating blackness bursting to the front of her mind, propelling her idle curiosity into a desperate struggle. She is safe, but she is awake now and being stuck no longer appeals to her.

Stuck somehow translates to not safe, and therefore she needs to move.

The taps increase in strength, her attempts growing bolder as soft crinkle-crackle sounds start to emanate from where she was hitting the walls. She pecks at the small area with her muzzle before returning to her claw, scratching and prodding at the cracks until the soft material broke and tiny bits of wall crumbled, allowing her claw to stick out into open air for the first time.

Shocked and elated, she lets her arm to dangle outside for a moment, unmoving, finally free of the warm dark prison.

She shifts a little, pushing against the walls with her other curled up limbs until her head lines up with the hole and one eye can see out, can look at the world beyond her small confines. She blinks rapidly at the unexpected bright, the light that stabs her sight and almost makes her wish for the darkness again, hissing in disapproval.

Her arm wiggles, chipping away a bit more of the walls around her, and she nearly draws back, chirping in distress as the brightness floods her eye and hurts her in a way she'd never anticipated possible.

But something suddenly blocks the light, dimming the brightness, shielding her sensitive eye from
the evil that had been blinding her.

Turning her head, she regarded her hole, her escape, and the confines around her; dark and warm, or bright and free? A twitch of the tail was enough to convince her; there was no room in here anymore, and at least something was blocking the light now.

A couple good kicks with a leg is enough the shatter the remnants of her prison, and she tumbles out with a cry, thudding against soft ground – grass, some innate sense within told her, it was grass – and clawing at the stuff despite the awkward position, both legs ripping up long stretches of the stuff with curved talons, tail softly thumping the ground.

She blinks, and stares, but even without the stabbing light her eyes cannot focus very easily, details of the world around her failing to compute aside from blobs of color that were most certainly not black.

Barking a weak little sound, she tries to move, to return to the position she'd held within the prison, her limbs refuse to cooperate, continuing to scratch pitifully against the grass.

The thing that had blocked the light, the thing that had done nothing during her escape, suddenly moves, and she jerks in response, lifting her head to snap despite the thing being much bigger and farther away than she'd thought.

It pauses at her hostile response, but it is not deterred, and she squints suspiciously, trying to focus on the mess of color standing over her much smaller frame.

A shape solidifies slowly, the blobs becoming less chaotic, more organized.

Something almost like a face, a body, arms and chest; no scales, claws, visible teeth like her.

She bares her little fangs, growling viciously, but it does not intimidate the large one; his mouth opens, curving upward unnaturally, showcasing his own teeth, and if she were lesser she would have whimpered in response. Instead, her eyes narrow and she snarls, a thin, tinny sound in the open air, not nearly as menacing as it should be.

A clawless hand comes toward her, and she scrambles awkwardly, attempting to hide behind the shards of her former prison, a fruitless endeavor when she is abruptly scooped into the air, brought closer to the large one despite her yips of protest and tiny claws scratching against the incredibly thin skin on his arms.

Loud noises echo around them, shouting and yelling all around them; another hand appears, covered in black material, reaching as if to snatch her away from her captor, and she screeches, sharp and piercing; she is not going back to the prison, not now, not when she is finally free and has the ability to defend herself.

However, the large one's other hand reaches up and catches the threat, a soft rumble making it retreat reluctantly, a soft hiss of air from her captor making her look up, splaying sharp claws readily.

He is not bothered by her flexing, seems completely unaware of the deep scratches she has already inflicted to his arms.

He just stares at her, mouth still quirked open unnaturally, staring at her with eyes that are soft but still incredibly intelligent, openly expecting her to attack again but not bothered in the least.
She blinks, and chuffs, sniffing carefully at the covering over his chest, all aggression bleeding out of her actions as she began to pick up the scent of him, the one who'd blocked the light and the first one she'd seen.

She sneezes at the unfamiliar smell, and his body abruptly trembles as quiet huffs of breath escape him. She tilts her head in confusion, but he just does the unnatural mouth-quirk and very softly, very carefully, places his other hand on top of her head, a light pat that barely registers through her much thicker skin.

"Hiya there, Blue," he rumbles, and she blinks at him slowly, relaxing marginally.
Names

Chapter Notes

Blue, Charlie, delta and echo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Many of the scientists warned him about how violent raptors are, but Owen did it anyway. He gathered the four babies up in his arms. The blue one nipped at his ear with her razor sharp teeth, and Owen turned his head, quick enough to dodge her before her jaws snapped together.

"Let's get one thing straight," he said harshly. "No biting me, okay? You bite your sisters and your food, but not your daddy, clear?"

She cocked her head and purred a little.

"Yeah," Owen said.

He could feel eight little claws in his arms and chest, but that didn't really hurt him. They were only searching for a bit of grip.

He put the raptors in a box that he'd already put in the front seat of his car. Owen preferred to cruise around the island on his motorcycle, but it wasn't the best way to move newborn raptors around.

He was pretty sure there was a protocol about moving 'assets out of containment', but Owen couldn't care less. The raptors couldn't and wouldn't hurt anyone yet, they were too small and helpless. Owen left the AC off, so the little ones could keep warm easier. The temperature outside was perfect for them, and he didn't want to start his weekend off by giving his raptors a case of pneumonia.

He whistled a tune, happy that everything went all right. It would take him about half an hour to reach the raptor paddock, but he didn't mind driving this evening. The training could finally start.

In the raptor paddock, he'd built a nest. They guessed that usually, mother raptor would be hunting all day and bring them food every now and then. The little raptors could easily fend for themselves for a couple of hours.

They never ceased making noise, and Owen had a lot of fun discussing with them.

"What's wrong, little one?" He asked the gray raptor after a rather loud belch. She belched again. "Are you hungry?"

The blue one was the biggest, but only just. The brown raptor was just a little smaller.

"How about some names, huh?" Owen proposed. "Before the others turn up and start naming you Beta or something weird like that."

The blue one cooed.
"Yes, you're the easy one." Owen grinned. "Blue."

He was silent for a bit. "We could do Blue, Charlie, Delta and Echo…" he said.

Bravo cooed again.

"Yes," Owen nodded. "That's a great idea. I'm the alpha right, so it'll make tons of sense!"

He looked at his pack. Charlie, he decided, was the green one with dark stripes, and also currently chewing up the blanket. Echo, the brown one, was ripping at the cardboard box. Delta had gotten hold of the seatbelt and Blue was staring at him, head cocked like a pigeon.

He fumbled his hand in the box while driving. "Girls, please! You can chew up the nest all you like but not the car. It's not mine, see."

Chapter End Notes

Hopefully I gotten the right names to the raptors
Growing up

Chapter Notes

In the movie Jurassic world blue and her siblings are 3 years old

I’m around chickens and ducks so communication is amusing

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Years passed. Blue, Charlie, Delta, and Echo grew and grew. They went from rangy hatchlings to fine young raptors, but they soon began to chafe under Owen. When they reached waist height to him, he stopped coming into the paddock. He’d trained them to go into stalls, and it was only with muzzles on that he would pet them. He was still Alpha, daddy, Caretaker, everything, but Blue disliked the distance put between them.

She missed being able to butt heads, and hop around him when happy, and how she had loved riding the thing of his! He was Alpha? Why was he not in with them? He cared for them, treated them well, fed them, spoke to them. They would never hurt their Alpha.

They had even begun to except the dark one as well. He was more hesitant than Owen, but the one called Barry treated them with the same care as their Alpha. He was less preferred because he had no place in the pack, but he was tolerated just the same. None of their other handlers were given this level of trust. Most of them smelled like the little pink foods that sometimes ran through the paddock.

As they were trained, the raptor pack also began to learn some words. They could recognize “follow,” “yes,” “no,” “up,” “go,” “good,” and their names among others. They even knew which one of them was which and had assigned appropriate name sounds.

Charlie was long shriek-long honk, Delta was short shriek-long honk, Echo was short honk-short honk, Blue was a really long honk, and Owen was long honk-short honk. They had no one to guide them on communication, so they developed their own raptor-tongue, patterning it somewhat off of Owen’s Alpha speak. They couldn’t imitate his sounds fully, which was one more reason that they began to chafe under his tutelage from afar, but they could imitate the patterns of the words themselves.

They also began to recognize that Owen was fundamentally different than they. He smelled different, made different sounds, and looked different. However, recognizing these things did nothing to dampen their allegiance to him. He was Alpha, and that was that.

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It all came to a head one fateful day. One of the wranglers fell into the paddock, and Owen finally, finally came in. Blue was about to pounce when Owen got between her and food. Why was he getting between her and food?

Then she scented fear. Fear. From her Alpha.

Why was he afraid? She hissed at him, angry. Angry that he would not touch her like he used to,
angry that he would not play like he used to, angry that her Alpha, her father, did not trust her.

“Easy, Blue.” He addressed the others in turn, but Blue didn’t pay attention. As the food slithered out of the cage, Owen met her eyes one last time. She hissed at him, still enraged at the very un-Alpha behavior. The last time she’d indulged in un-Beta behavior Echo had challenged her for dominance.

Then he leaped from the cage, instincts kicking into overdrive as Blue and her sisters went after fleeing prey. For Owen had labeled himself as such by running. The others left, but Blue’s eyes tracked Owen. He spoke with the handler, and didn’t look back after fully leaving the paddock. The whistle blew that told the raptors to go into their stalls, and then into the muzzles. Blue disliked the muzzle on good days, but today she was enraged. She balked, fought a bit, but finally got into the rig. When Owen came in, he was followed by a new meat bag.

Predatory instincts already simmering because of the first encounter with a new handler today flared even brighter when she scented this new threat. And a threat he was. Owen was tense, and even though she was angry with him, she could tell that he disliked this new handler. She growled at him, but Owen petted her, stroked her head and neck. Blue quieted, and some of her anger subsided. He no longer stank of fear, and she felt some of her former equilibrium returning.

Owen sighed. “I’ve got to leave you girl.” His mouth moved into the curved shape he often got around them. He scratched the spot right over her eye, the spot none of them could ever reach, and she purred with pleasure.

Chapter End Notes

Blue is precious.

Did I get everyone’s names right?
Training

Chapter Notes

The raptors get fed rats in the movie....or was it possums?

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Grady, armed with the clicker and a pack of beef liver, stood in the raptor paddock with his back to the sun. The fledglings, each now a foot tall, formed a half circle in front of him.

“Good stay, ladies!” Grady clicked the clicker. “All right, and we’re off! Come! Come!”

Grady ran backwards, and the fledglings obediently trotted after him. Their top speeds was now up to 20 miles an hour, but they paced themselves to how fast Grady was running. Grady clicked the clicker. paused for a moment, the hand with the clicker held out in front of him—whoa. The raptors stopped, bouncing on their feet, talons clicking against the ground.

“Blue!” Grady said, and threw the raptor a piece of beef liver. “Charlie! Delta! Echo!”

The raptors choked down their beef liver, and bounced, their expectant faces looking up at Their father figure.

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Delta was in her muzzle. Barry dabbed at the wound on her face—Charlie had taken a talon to Delta’s face in a squabble. Grady had been there when it had happened, but you couldn’t intervene in power struggles; it would disrupt the order of the pack. What he could do was see to Delta’s wounds. Infection could kill.

“How’s my girl?” Grady asked, patting Delta’s neck.

Barry showed Grady the cloth he was using; it was stained rust-colored. Grady flinched, and gave Delta another pat. Barry brought out a fresh cloth, smeared some antibacterial cream on it, and pressed it to Delta’s wound.

“She’ll be okay. Just food, rest and she’ll be back on her feet.” Barry said.

“That’s good to hear.” Owen comments.

Chapter End Notes
Full grown raptors can run up to 30 miles
"Easy...easy, Blue..." Owen Grady breathed, slowly reaching his sweaty, grime covered, hand out towards her black, leather, headset.

He was slow in his movements, remembering how his former boss, an obese, military-obsessed man named Vic Hoskins, was brutally mauled to death by one of Blue's packmates (delta probably) after trying to mimic one of his movements he witnessed when a newer paddock worker fell into the girls' paddock that morning.

Echo, a rough, brown Velociraptor with dark blue striping and markings around her amber eyes stomped her foot and chattered impatiently to her Beta's left. Her face was scarred into a permanent sneer, due to a scar from her upper lip to the top of her muzzle and a permanently offset jaw. She was very rash in her decisions, rather attacking first without knowing if her opponent would harm her. Her fiery temper and bull-headedness was the one reason she was normally in so much trouble. Especially when it came to hunting.

Delta, a pretty, teal female with baby blue around her yellow/gold eyes, which, unlike her packmates', sported rounded pupils, like a gecko's, and the Velociraptor responsible for Hoskins' demise, snapped her tail towards the restless Echo with a hiss to calm her.

The grey and blue Velociraptor ignored them both, keeping her focus on the humans in front of her. Owen's hand touched the button on her headset, which connected the buckles.

With one turn, they snapped, and the irritating black leather slid off the Velociraptor's head. The headset's red light blinked out.

Blue's golden eyes focused on Owen again in bewilderment.

Why did daddy take the headset off? What in the world was that all about? Did he truly care about them, unlike what the white alpha told them? That humans were untrustworthy, selfish brutes who only cared for themselves?

A haunting, banshee-like roar snapped Blue out of her stupor.

She and her two siblings whirled around to face a large, white dinosaur with jagged teeth sticking out from her jaws, bullet wounds and bits of glass protruding from her flank, and terrifying crimson red eyes, almost demon-like, that drilled into their souls with one look. The humans knew, and called her, by the name Indominus Rex, while the Velociraptors knew her as the "white alpha".

She smelled of Velociraptor, yet she wasn't Velociraptor. She barked twice, claws wriggling in agitation and confusion. She couldn't understand why they hadn't destroyed the few humans they cornered. She knew what they were like. They knew what the humans were like.
Blue slowly turned her head around to look back at the man who raised her. She blinked before bobbing her head, clicking her teeth, soft enough so the smoky white dinosaur behind her wouldn't hear.

A small smirk tugged at the human's face. He'd won his girl back.

With a ferocious cry, the young female craned her head around to face the Indominus Rex, eyes squinted dangerously.

The hybrid roared in fury, shocked at how defiant Blue had become towards her.

With a mighty swing of the large hybrid's paw, the Velociraptor was flung into the outer wall of the Starbucks coffee shop with a loud cry. Several, dark green tables and chairs scattered as the 200 pound body crashed into them.

Blue was in trouble.....or was she?

Chapter End Notes

If only alpha rex was trained sooner, because humans can’t blame a animal for following instinct.

They should have seriously started with a plant eater
Leaving home

Chapter Notes

In this corner we have the indominus rex!
In this next corner we have Rexy and the raptor squad!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

A few minutes later when a shrill bark split the silence of the humid night. Delta and echo had fallen from the battlefield and blue was the only one left, so Clare let the t-rex loose.

Blue, having pushed herself to her feet, began to dash towards the quarrel, letting out a loud, deafening war whoop, pouncing onto the white dinosaur's back.

Not even her jagged teeth could reach and puncture the grey and blue Velociraptor's hide, unlike how Echo and Delta were so easy to shake off and kill.

While Blue distracted their opponent, the Tyrannosaurus Rex managed to regain her footing, viciously clamping down onto the hybrid's neck.

The Indominus Rex made loud, shrill, yelps, as she was thrown into the Margaritaville building.

Blue hopped from the Indominus Rex to the Tyrannosaurus Rex's back, staying clear of the broken glass, debris, and embers. She gave a wail of pain, being flung into the Jurassic Gifts gift shop through the window. Shards of glass cut her body, as she swiftly stood up, ignoring the startled humans, including Owen, next to her. She instantly jumped to her feet, and raced back outside and rejoined the battle.

The Tyrannosaurus Rex shoved the hybrid dinosaur into another building, debris getting stabbed into her hide. Blue jumped off and onto the ground before launching herself at the white beast's face with a shrill scream. She slashed at her with blood coated talons, and bit at her face with blood-stained teeth, snarling.

The stronger, older, Rex tried to bite at her neck, holding her head downwards, as the hybrid managed to throw the Velociraptor off.

The young female slammed into a lamp post, yelping. She staggered to her feet, shaking her body free from dirt and debris.

The female dinosaur witnessed the Tyrannosaurus Rex shove the Indominus Rex into the electric fence surrounding the Jurassic World Lagoon. The bloody hybrid stood up, shaking her head.

Blue stepped towards them until she was standing next to the Tyrannosaurus Rex. She opened her mouth, claws outstretched, letting out another banshee-like cry, which was drowned out by the Tyrannosaurus Rex and the Indominus Rex's roars.

A large, bulky body covered in slate gray scales, a long, pointed, muzzle and flippers, threw herself onto the land, clamping her oversized jaws down around the white beast's throat.
The Tyrannosaurus Rex and Blue went quiet.

The bronze, scarred, Rex stepped back and, soon, the Velociraptor did too, giving a soft warble, as the white dinosaur wailed in panic, begging them for their help, as the giant Mosasaurus threw herself backwards into the water, taking the wailing albino dinosaur down with her. A bellowing roar erupted from the aquatic animal's mouth, as she forcefully drowned the white beast. The water turned red, as blood filled the enclosed lagoon.

Rexy and Blue faced each other. The smaller carnivore felt very intimidated by her size and jaws. She stepped back in submission, letting a soft warble escape her bloody maw, hopeful that the old animal would see as a friend not foe.

The much larger animal rumbled before turning around, stomping off in the opposite direction, her bruised and battered body needing a long, hard, break. One of the massive dinosaur's short arms dangled from injury, possibly when she was slammed against the ground by the Indominus, as a truce was formed between them. Unless the smaller dinosaur got in her way. Despite her previous horrible encounter with Velociraptors, this one seemed different. She didn't attack like how she thought. Instead, she helped. She saved her life. And she was very grateful for that.

Blue watched her walk off before turning her head around to face the humans. Her eyes focused on Owen as he took a step forward. She blinked and tilted her head to the side, as he made a gesture with his own. The message was clear.

She couldn't stay with him. He was unable to take care of her any longer....plus the cops were on there way.

She clicked, almost dolphin-like, very sad at her Alpha and caretaker's choice. With one, last, look at her Alpha, the female Velociraptor sprinted away, unable to look back at him without wanting to follow after him like how she did when she was a tiny chick.

“She’ll be okay.”

“Come on Owen, the boat is waiting.”

Chapter End Notes

I have seen this fight at least 50 times, so hopefully I gotten everything right.
Located in a remote area or Northern California, located deep within a vast forest, resided Lockwood Manor. A huge mansion that billionaire Benjamin Lockwood resided with his maid, Iris Carroll, and his nine year old granddaughter, Maisie.

Along with them was Elijah, "Eli", Mills, who had been employed by Lockwood to be entrusted with the mansion, as the old man was growing sicker. But there was something he kept secret below the entire household, deep within the old laboratory Lockwood and John Hammond used to resurrect the first dinosaur for Jurassic Park in the mid to late 1980s: a project called Operation: Fighter Jet. The project went underway with the developmental stages of Velociraptor DNA they had leftover from the I.B.R.I.S. Project Velociraptors. However, Mills had hired some InGen mercenaries in early March to to return to Isla Nublar, and retrieve something that had been lost deep in the Mosasaurus Lagoon for months: DNA from the Indominus Rex.

That creature's DNA, as well as the multiple vials of Velociraptor blood samples, would form the creature of nightmares. A perfect biological weapon of the modern age.

Mills was sitting at a computer, observing the way Owen Grady acted with an infant Blue in a video playing on it, inside a laboratory, the bright blue lights making everything take on a blue hue. The laboratory for Operation: Indoraptor.

"Have you sent out the team, Mr. Mills?" An impatient voice asked from behind.

The businessman stood from his seat to turn around, facing the former InGen geneticist in front of him. "Be patient, Henry," he responded bitterly. "They're getting everything they need together to return to the island. Relax. We'll get the DNA. Anything in the bottom of that tank would be dead at this point."

The shorter lab, Mr. Henry Wu, the former head geneticist of InGen, nodded. "We need this project to go underway, Mills. That raptor on the island-

"Will be taken care of in a few months. I'm sending a special team of mercenaries out there for her," the taller man responded, walking passed him to view a digital map of Isla Nublar.

"The raptor must be brought here in good health, Mills," Mr. Wu instructed, following after him. "The strands of DNA of the creature are merely in a prototype stage with the DNA we already have."

I am aware, Henry," Mills grumbled. "We'll focus on retrieving the DNA of the Indominus Rex first. Then, we'll get the raptor. Are you happy with that?" He snapped, raising his voice a tad bit.
"Don't you think that I'm not stressed about this project, too?" Mr. Wu demanded, growing angry. This operation is barely underway, and your team still hasn't gone out to the island!"

"Calm down, Henry! We'll get the DNA. We'll get the raptor. Understand?!" Mills roared, glaring at the shorter man in front of him.

Mr. Wu simply shook his head. "You don't understand. Do you?"

"What do I not understand?!" Mills threw up his hands in frustration.

"You have no idea...do you?" The former geneticist shook his head. "Ever since I was found guilty of bioethical misconduct and stripped of all my credentials, I was still going over what I had used to create that raptor. And I found traces of something you should know about. And why she's vital to this project. And more."

To the geneticist's slight surprise, Mills turned around slowly, a spark of deadly interest clear in his eyes and on the half grin he wore on his face. "Go on..."

Chapter End Notes

Decided to continue to the next movie. Fallen kingdom let's see readers how will this turn out.
The new hybrid

Chapter Notes

I’m trying to reenact the fallen kingdom movie
At my best.

I want to say that the indoraptor is one year old because he acts inexperienced.

The translation of "Indoraptor" meaning "Indomitable Thief" is actually grammatically incorrect as while "Indominus-" does in fact mean "Indomitable", "Indo-" actually means "Indian" as in from the Asian subcontinent of the same name. Thus "Indoraptor" actually means "Indian Thief" or "Thief from India".

See the end of the chapter for more notes

(some time ago)

A black claw pierced through the thick shell of the egg. The four fingers were each tipped with knife-sharp claws that scrabbled against the shell out of fear of the enclosed space. The animal inside was scared, his heart pounding so hard in his chest he feared it would burst.

A little, lipless muzzle peeked out, already formed egg teeth peeking out from his jaws, which smacked open and closed several times.

An ebony black body tumbled out into the light, covered in disgusting egg goo. Along his sides from the base of his neck to his tail tip was a broken gold stripe, speckled with poppy red, and fiery orange.

His sealed-shut eyes were rather large, loud, squeaky cries escaping his terrified body. Everything was cold, and bright, even with his eyes being shut. He pawed at his little face, as if he were trying to wipe the goo away from his face on his own. No one seemed to care to see the animal being cared for or noticed.

The baby dinosaur whimpered, pawing blindly at the air, desperately searching for a mother or Alpha to take care of him.

Finally, he felt cold hands clasp around his body, making him shiver. He was cleaned free of the gunk from his egg, before set inside a little cage with a blanket to keep warm.

The baby began to whimper and cry, wanting the comfort the geneticist had given him. But no one came back to see him. It was as if he didn't exist.

He squirmed underneath the blanket, whimpering, and squeaking. His belly rumbled. He was hungry.

The geneticists all looked towards the cage to hear the dinosaur's shrill screaming.

A large chunk of ground beef was set inside his cage, but that was it.

The baby began to chew on the soft meat, gurgling in excitement. His tail slapped against either side
of the cage, as he began to gobble up the meat.

His belly full, he curled up in a tight ball, wishing deep down he had someone who would comfort him.

Baby Velociraptors were especially social animals. They wanted their mother near them. But the little Indoraptor didn't have anyone. He was completely alone.

"How's the specimen?"

His eyes slowly flickered open. His eyes were an eerie, red/amber color that seemed almost monstrous, scarier than the Indominus Rex.

He peeked his head over the rim of his cage, warbling and chittering, his little paws grasping the wire mesh. He cocked his head, watching the men with interested eyes.

The man wearing all black looked over at the animal with initial shock. "You didn't tell me its eyes opened."

"The Indominus Rex was born with her eyes open," the man in the white coat said. "That was when she ate her sibling. Barely out of her egg, and she was devoured."

The man in black looked back at the Indoraptor with interest. "He looks almost identical to that raptor."

"Black-throated African monitor lizard DNA. I used it in her creation, as well as the Indoraptor prototype's," the man in white responded.

The baby didn't understand much of what they were saying until a hard hand gripped the scruff of his neck, picking him up from his confinement. He squirmed around, squealing, quills flattening to his head. He was scared. He didn't like this human and how he handled him. It scared him. He suddenly whipped his head around, and clamped his jaws down on his finger.

"OW!" The man dropped him back into his cage, shaking his injured hand. "Shit...."

The little dinosaur pinned himself against his cage, hissing. Blood covered his sharp teeth. He could smell the fear radiating from the man's body. A deep, primal instinct welled up inside of him. He liked his fear. He wanted people to fear him.

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Deep within the darkness of the Mosasaurus Lagoon, a lone submersible slowly maneuvered through the murky water.

Inside were two InGen marine explorers who piloted the underwater vehicle. They were sent to Isla Nublar on a very risky mission: retrieve the lost DNA of the Indominus Rex.

As they purged onward, the pilot of the submersible could tell his partner, a tech operator, was getting a bit jittery. "Relax," he said calmly. "Anything in here would be dead by now."

He still seemed really on-edge, even with the pilot's reassurance, as they continued further into the abandoned Jurassic World attraction.
Using a large flashlight, they scanned around the water, coming across many skeletons of flying dinosaurs that met their doom above the Mosasaurus' kingdom.

"We're getting paid for this, right?" The tech operator asked. "I'm not coming down here for nothing."

The pilot grinned slyly. "Oh, I'll make sure we get paid. We have to get paid. Mills promised us a big wad of cash when we get back."

"Wait. Up ahead. I see something." The tech operator pointed to a half devoured skeleton several feet ahead of their vehicle.

"There she is...the Indominus Rex," the pilot declared, as they approached the massive skeleton of the hybrid dinosaur.

The tech operator pressed a few buttons, and then pushed a lever forwards, causing a mechanical arm to stretch out towards one of the rib bones. It grasped its three prongs around the fragment, as the pilot moved another lever forwards, which sent out an arm with a buzzsaw for an end towards the bone. The whirring of the buzzsaw was heard through the thick glass, as the bone was sawed through.

As soon as the bone was cut from the skeleton, the metal arm let go. A floating buoy was attached to the fragment with a bright, red, blinking light. The bone began to float up to the surface, attached to the buoy.

As it floated upwards, a large, long, body swam overhead, unbeckonost to the pilots of the submersible.

Above the water, on land, were some InGen mercenaries on standby.

"Specimen collected," the pilot spoke over a radio. "We sent it to the surface."

"Roger that." An Ingen mercenary wearing a headset, yellow rain slicker, and a baseball cap spoke into the comms on a radio on his shoulder. A name tag on his lapel read "Jack". "Air One, get ready for takeoff. Begin tracking."

"Roger that, this is Air One, ready for takeoff," another InGen employee spoke through the radio.

A helicopter behind the InGen worker began to fly off into the air, using a flashlight to scan the ground below.

A Dilophosaurus in the bushes behind the InGen worker hooted and trilled, running through the dense foliage, causing him to whirl around, expecting to see one of the dinosaurs jump at him. However, there was only the bright, amber, eyes of a Dilophosaurus watching him before running off, startled by something.

"Land One, the asset is secure. We got what we came for," Air One's pilot spoke. "Coming back to you. Close the doors."

The InGen worker pulled out a control panel. "Marine One, I gotta close the gates. Get out of there, now."

"Understood," the submersible pilot spoke. "We're heading out."

He was unaware that, behind him, were the open jaws of a giant dinosaur….and the submersible moved straight into the hundreds upon hundreds of teeth.
The light of the submersible blinked out.

On land, the signal for the submersible was lost.

Marine One, I need to close the gates, confirm position," The InGen worker asked, trying to get a hold of them. "Can you hear me? Marine One, do you copy?"

Inside the helicopter near the worker, the pilot looked out the large windshield, as he noticed something off. "What is that?"

Something was moving through the trees. Something big.

"Marine One, I'm closing the gates," the InGen employee spoke.

The gates to the Mosasaurus Lagoon swiftly began to close. If the submersible wasn't inside the Mosasaurus' belly, they would have been in grave danger of not making it out alive.

"Seriously, guys, I'm kinda exposed out here!" The worker stressed. "Marine One, confirm you're out! Marine One, confirm position! Can you hear me?! Marine One, where are you?!" Upon hearing frantic yelling, he looked over to see the panicking pilots of Air One, desperately urging him to run from something.

"Look behind you!"

"Jack!"

"Come on!"

"Look behind you!"

"I can't reach them!" He yelled. "What is going on?!" He yelled again. "I can't hear you!"

Behind him, overlooking the trees, was the massive, bronze, head of the Tyrannosaurus Rex, sporting the scars from the first Velociraptors from almost twenty-two years ago, as well as the ones from the Indominus Rex, glaring down at him with her large, amber, eyes.

A wave of dread began to wash over him, as he continued to hear his teammates screaming at him. Screaming at him to run. Screaming at him to move. But why?

As Jack took the headset off his head, letting it rest around his neck, he turned around...and screamed.

***************

The Tyrannosaurus Rex. The most feared dinosaur on the island. She was humongous. Bigger than he thought she'd be and somehow she’s still alive after 3 years later.

In an instant, Jack bolted when she roared in his face, racing towards the helicopter that was taking off without him, the giant flashlight glaring down on him from below.

As the dinosaur followed after him, easily smashing her way through any obstacle in her path, he began to scream again. "No! No! Don't go!"
In his blind panic, he dropped his control pad. Too frightened to run back to reach it, it was crushed under the weight of the dinosaur's massive foot.

"Throw him the ladder damn it!" Someone yelled inside the aircraft.

A long, roll-up ladder was lowered down to the ground for the man below.

The worker was in near hysterics, sweat dripping from his forehead, mixed with rain, as he frantically raced towards his only chance of survival.

The dinosaur roared again, gaining on Jack. She wasn't letting her meal get away.

Every time his fingers brushed the ladder, struggling to grab it, he missed. As he continued running onwards, he veered around an overturned van, which he hoped would stop the bloodthirsty Rex behind him. Unfortunately, the dinosaur ended up tossing it away with her head, and continued chasing him.

"Don't go!" Jack screamed again. "Oh no!"

As the helicopter began to rise higher and higher above the Mosasaurus Lagoon, Jack began to panic.

"No, wait! Don't go!" He begged helplessly. The ladder hung down into the water. With reckless thinking, as well as thinking about what it would feel like if he was swallowed whole by a Tyrannosaurus Rex, he jumped into the water...and grabbed onto the ladder.

The Rex's jaws clamped down on the air near his pant leg. She stumbled, her head breaching the water, before she raised her head again, standing at the edge of the lagoon. She opened her mouth in a furious roar.

Jack started to laugh in victory, looking up at the rising helicopter in victory. He made it. He couldn't believe it. He was—nope.

Without any warning, the ladder was pulled down sharply.

With one last attempt to capture her meal, the old dinosaur had grabbed the end of the ladder in her mouth, jerking her head from side to side in an effort to pull the helicopter from the sky.

Alarms rang inside the helicopter.

"We're gonna stall! Cut it now damn it!" One of the mercenaries yelled over the storm, and furious growling from the Tyrannosaurus Rex. He pulled out a knife, ready to cut the ladder before the Rex could kill all of them.

The animal stepped back a few times, head still twisting this way and that. She was hungry, and she was going to get her dinner no matter what.

"Do it, John!" The pilot screamed. "We're gonna die here!"

The mercenary with the knife begins trying to cut the ladder - and Jack - free to save their lives, ignoring Jack's pleading screams.

"Don't do it! Don't! I don't wanna die!"
Finally, another mercenary started to wrestle to knife away from him. They were all going to get out of there alive. Including Jack.

Due to her tremendously strong bite force, the Tyrannosaurus Rex ended up severing the section of the ladder she was holding onto. She stumbled backwards, as the helicopter began to soar off, Jack yelling and cheering in victory, mocking her defeat.

She shook her head, letting the ladder section noisily clang to the ground, before roaring loudly at the humans in absolute fury. How dare they take her dinner away from her!

( jaws theme )

As the InGen employees cheered in victory, they were completely unaware of the dark shadow growing larger and larger below them.

It was getting bigger, and bigger, bigger than the Tyrannosaurus Rex that attacked them.

With a hungry bellow, the Mosasaurus shot out of the water, just like she did when people had fed her sharks for several years. Her jaws clamped around the ladder, and Jack. She ended up falling back into the water, tail swishing around in glee, as she spat out the ladder.

The two mercenaries that previously fought over cutting their comrade down watched the entire ordeal with horrified expressions.

Inside the copter, the Indominus Rex bone was placed inside a large container with two red lights on either end. A case lid was slammed shut on it.

"DNA sample secured. Tell the boss we're coming home," the pilot spoke, as the helicopter began to fly off, leaving the ruined island behind.

Chapter End Notes

Behaviour

The Indoraptor was dangerous, aggressive and hostile. Due to its advanced intelligence but lack of socialization it exhibits sociopathic and homicidal tendencies.
Seeing daddy again

Chapter Notes

Blue reunites with Owen after 3 years

Her nostrils quivered. She could smell something rather familiar. She narrowed her eyes, standing up.

Humans. In her territory.

She stepped back before sneaking off into the foliage. She didn't want to be tranquilized again.

She crouched down when she heard the sound of a human's cautious footsteps.

She narrowed her eyes, peering through the foliage in anger at the strange human approaching her territory.

She kneaded her claws into the ground, lips curling back.

As the human grew closer, the bushes in front of her rustled.

The screams of a few Compies distracted the stranger, as they ran out of the Ford Focus.

Blue launched herself onto the top of the Ford Explorer, roaring.

When the human whirled around, a sudden wave of shock overwhelmed her.

There, standing before her, was none other...than Owen Grady.

"Hey, girl. You miss me?" Owen asked, standing in his familiar training position Blue knew so well.

She shrieked softly, cocking her head. She jumped down from her vehicle with a snort.

"Easy-hey!" Owen held his arm out, as if he were holding his clicker.

Blue took two steps closer, hissing, paws tucked close to her chest.

"Hey," Owen spoke, trying to seem dominant to his former Beta.

Blue rumbled in irritation. She was her own Alpha now. She had no reason for him to be there. All she wanted was for him to leave her alone. Although she had longed for many years he'd come back, she still felt a nagging sense of anger and annoyance at his sudden presence.

"I brought'cha something." The man gave the dinosaur a gentle smile.

When he raised his other arm, a strip of beef jerky in his hand, Blue crouched down briefly with a shrill squawk.
"Woah, girl!" Owen spoke over her loud noises.

The Velociraptor continued to hiss and snort, her angry breathing becoming quicker, lips twitching, threatening to curl back and display her teeth.

"Here you go...that's right..." Owen gently tossed the strip of beef jerky at the dinosaur.

Boop!

Blue blinked when the tiny piece of food hit her nose before falling to the ground. She looked back at Owen, finally curling her lips back and growling.

Owen gave his head a brief tilt. "...ok."

Blue roared at him, growing agitated. Couldn't he get the message that she didn't want him there?!

Her nostrils flared when she scented another, approaching scent. She couldn't quite make it out, as the scents were jumbled together between earthy cologne, sweet-scented perfume, and ammunition. Whatever the scent was, she couldn't let it distract her from the man in front of her. "Hey!" Owen clicked something in his hand. The clicker. He had it all along.

Blue opened her mouth in a shrill shriek before cutting it off with a sharp click. She parted her jaws very slightly, growling.

Owen clicked his clicker again. "You know me." He clicked it twice, as Blue began to circle him. "Eyes on me."

Blue's nostrils flared, as she smelt the familiar scent of his clothing and skin. She chirped, lashing her tail. She sniffed at him again.

"Yeah...yeah...that's right...that's right..." Owen's tone was starting to relax her.

She gave a few little squeaks, tilting her head. She sniffed his outstretched palm, nostrils quivering. She stretched her neck out, her nose brushing his palm.

Bang!

Blue yelped loudly, starting to thrash around, pawing at something stuck in her neck. She rubbed her head against the ground, as Owen, who was knocked to the ground by her tail, scrambled to his feet.

"Damn it! I told you to wait for my signal!" He yelled, alarmed.

Blue stumbled a tiny bit, letting out a confused screech, as Owen outstretched his arms to the approaching mercenaries that surrounded the two.

"Back your men up right now!" He cried urgently, eyes wide and darting back and forth.

Blue stumbled, gargling from dizziness.

Her blurry vision bypassed Owen, and focused on the muzzle of a gun...a gun that was pointed straight at her.

With an enraged cry, the Velociraptor pounced onto the mercenary, knocking Owen away once again. Her teeth tore through his thick vest, biting deep at his neck and sternum.

Another tranquilizer hit her thigh, causing her to whip her head around with a little yelp before
focusing back onto the mercenary below her paws.

Under her belly, the stranger drew his sidearm.

"No! No! Don't shoot her!" A gruff, urgent, voice yelled.

Owen pushed himself up to his hands and knees, eyes wide in horror.

Bang!

Blue threw her head back in a shrill scream of pain. The pain was excruciating. It was the worst pain she had ever felt in her life. Worse than the injections she was given as an infant to keep her healthy. This shot was the worst shot she had ever had in her life.

She lost her balance, falling over onto her side, blood pooling out from a gushing bullet wound in her hip area. She kicked out a leg, whining in pain, her vision growing blurry.

"Wheatley, you son of a bitch!" Owen growled behind her.

Zip!

There was the sound of a tranquilizer hitting something, before a thump.

"Owen!" A feminine voice yelled the animal behaviorist's name. "What are you doing?! Owen!"

Blue closed her eyes, her breathing hitching in pain. Her body was starting to feel numb. She was losing consciousness. She was too weak to keep her eyes open from the two tranquilizers being fired at her, as well as from the sidearm being shot up at her body and she soon knocked out.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah 2 chapters in one day!
Thanks for reading fans!
The Arcadia sailed away from the burning island, fire bombs and smoke all but covering the once lush and green island.

The inhabitants of the island, the ones who were unable to be rescued, either drowned in the sea surrounding the island, or were killed by ash and magma. It was a very devastating thing for most of the crew members to witness: the poor Brachiosaurus, left for dead, on the only home she had ever known.

John Hammond's dream, the Jurassic Park dream, was gone.

Blue wasn't inside a cage like the other dinosaurs were. Instead, she was inside the back of a truck, whining and breathing rapidly. Her entire body was trembling, her pupils dilated from pain. She was going into shock.

Her eye darted around frantically, her sides caving in and out rapidly. She flexed one of her paws against her throat, her tail and legs hanging over the side of the table she was strapped to.

She was terrified. She felt as if she were going to die. She was fading in and out of consciousness, a cloth soaked with blood pressed to her bullet wound to try and keep her from bleeding to death.

The dinosaur's paw flexed, clenching and unclenching rapidly.

Zia was pressing both her hands to the animal's bullet wound, blood staining her skin, and the cloth pressed to the Velociraptor's side.

Her brow was furrowed in concentration and concern, as she was worried Blue wouldn't make it back to their destination. She had to make it. She had to.

The boat rocked against the waves of the storm crashing outside, causing the truck to jerk around.

Blue raised her head with a cry of pain, her tail flicking head flopped down again, little groans and whimpers of pain escaping her muzzled jaws.

Her nostrils flared rapidly, the scent of blood overpowering most scents inside and outside of the van.
The only thing she could smell was her blood, which was rapidly gushing out of her body.

"It's ok, Blue, just not much longer...." The paleo-veterinarian soothed her gently.

The back of the truckbed silently unzipped.

Owen peeked his head inside, followed by Claire Dearing, and Franklin Webb.

"Oh my gosh! You guys are alive! Y-" Zia whirled her head around to look at them.

Owen pressed a finger to his mouth.

Blue rumbled in pain, twitching.

"Oh no...." The man breathed in dread. "Look what they've done to her..."

He gently placed his hand on Blue's neck, and one on the ridge above her eye.

"Who are these assholes?" Zia asked, still putting pressure on Blue's wound.

"Animal traffickers," Owen responded. "You saw how they treated them out there. They're not gonna take them to a sanctuary, they're gonna sell them."

"Not Blue." Zia and Owen both tried to soothe the twitching Blue. "They need her for something else."

"Like what?" Claire asked, she and Franklin staying farther away from the wild animal.

"I-I don't know, but she-" Blue whined, lifting her head a bit- "she's hemorrhaging! And I don't have the correct instruments to keep her alive!" The young woman stressed.

"Hey...shhhh..." the animal behaviorist rubbed Blue's neck, causing her to purr, eye fluttering shut. "You're alright...you're alright..."

She twitched, when Zia removed one of her hands to motion Claire to come over. "Claire, come here! Put your hand here. Steady pressure." She pressed down onto Blue's wound, causing the dinosaur to give a loud snarl of pain, her head jerking up.

Hey, hey, hey!" Owen held her head steady when it flopped back down from pain.

Claire looked to Owen before hesitantly placing her hand down onto Blue's wound, pressing down on it.

"Watch out," Zia spoke, moving around to Owen's side. "I can't take the bullet out without a transfusion from another animal. Which one of you knows how to find a vein?" She asked, looking from Owen to a terrified Franklin, as Blue whined and convulsed in pain.

"Oh! I did a blood drive for the Red Cross!" Claire piped up.

Her colleague looked at her. "Great!" Zia dashed off, as Blue began to whimper from pain.

"Franklin, take over for Claire," the paleo-veterinarian instructed, gathering a blood bag and IV together.

Franklin shook his head slightly. "Nononono...."

The stressed young woman looked back at him.
"Franklin!" She sounded like a mother scolding her child. "Now!"

Franklin scurried over to Blue's side, heart sinking.

"Steady pressure!" Claire hurriedly instructed, moving away to see Zia.

"No….n-" he groaned, placing his hands over Blue's wound

Splat!

A fresh fountain of blood squirted out of Blue's bullet hole...and hit Franklin directly in the face.

Owen looked away from him, and down at Blue in disgust.

"Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh! I-is it in my mouth?!" He fretted, looking towards Owen. "Did it get in my mouth?!"

Owen shook his head, barely making eye contact with the IT technician.

"You sure?" He asked.

"You're good." Owen looked down at Blue when she began to whine again.

Zia held a blood bag out to Claire. "All the animals should be sedated, but for any kind of tension in their blood type should be close enough- but for carnivores with two or three fingers, no more than three." She paused, covering her mouth with her hand, before dropping it. "I think there's one on board."

Claire looked towards Owen, as he strode towards the two women. "There's several carnivores on this boat!" She whispered urgently. "Which one do you think would have the closest blood type to a raptor?"

Zia ran a hand through her hair. She looked up suddenly. "The big one! The...the...the T. Rex!"

Owen and Claire looked at her and then back at Blue, who began to whine and groan.

The animal behaviorist walked towards her, placing his hands on her neck and eye ridge again. "Shhhh….it's ok, girl...Claire and I will be back soon...." He comforted, hating to see his Beta in so much pain.

The animal flexed her paw, whimpering and groaning. Tears burned her squinted eyes, as she started up at Owen, trembling uncontrollably.

"You guys better go, or she won't live for much longer!" Zia urged.

Owen and Claire quickly rushed out of the back of the van, sneaking past guards, trying to find the massive dinosaur.

Zia rushed back to Blue. "Franklin, go clean your damn face. I'll take over."

Franklin let out a breath in a long whoosh! of relief. "Thank god....." He wiped the dinosaur's blood off of his face with a clean cloth.

Zia looked down at Blue, who stared right back at her with a dilated pupil.

The paleo-veterinarian felt a chill go down her spine, as her gaze veered off towards the animal's injury.

She couldn't get over the fact that Blue seemed...eerily human-like, in the way she practically called Owen back to comfort her by whimpering and groaning, almost as if she were a small child
pretending to cry in order to gain attention from its parents.

Franklin looked at his co-worker, and then the dinosaur. "How...how are you comfortable with this?" He asked, still very stressed from all the dangers he had faced on the now-dead Isla Nublar, and being inside a van with a Velociraptor of all things was making him uneasy.

"I'm a doctor. I can't get freaked out over one of my patients," Zia responded calmly.

Blue lifted her head again, whining. She let it flop down, trying to tuck it against her chest.

Franklin noticed a soft, pink, blush accenting to the dinosaur's stomach, which confused him. "Hey, uh..." he moved around the animal to Zia's side. "Does...she look..?"

Zia did a visual examination of Blue's belly. "She does...that's odd...." She put a bit more pressure on her wound when she noticed the dinosaur's eyes flutter.

Blue yelped, leg kicking. She groaned and whined, trembling. She only want to sleep. It hurt so much.

She looked up towards the lights in the back of the van warily. Her amber eyes were clouded in pain. She could feel a shift in movement, as Zia had Franklin take over.

"Steady pressure," she reminded.

"Yeah, I got that. Let's hope this thing's blood doesn't get all over me again...." He grumbled.

Zia held a light over Blue's eye.

She growled, pupil dilating. She squeezed her eye shut until she was sure the light was gone. She knew Zia and Franklin were trying to keep her alive, but she was so tired. All she wanted to do was sleep. To do something to escape the pain burning through her body.

She faded in and out of consciousness, which made Zia worried.

"Where are they..?" She wondered aloud, stress tugging at her voice. She took Franklin's place with putting pressure on the animal's wound.

They heard angry roaring from the Tyrannosaurus Rex, which made them both flinch.

"It's the T. Rex...i-it's the T. Rex!" Franklin panicked, backing up.

"Franklin!" Zia looked back at him. "Shut up!" She ordered, as Blue began groaning and twitching again. "I can't hear if they're coming back!"

Franklin paced nervously, as Blue's nostrils began to twitch. She tried to reach up and paw at her muzzle. She could smell Owen's scent amidst the overpowering scent of blood.

Zia looked up, as Owen and Claire burst in, breathing heavily, as if they had been running.

"Where have you been?!" Zia asked. "Her life is hanging by a thread!" She stressed, as Owen moved towards his animal.

"Well, almost getting eaten by a T. Rex wasn't my idea on how recieving blood would turn out," Owen responded.

Blue groaned, as he rubbed her neck.

"Easy...easy, Blue..."
"Claire, take over for me. Steady pressure." She moved away from Blue, letting Claire maintain pressure on her wound. "I have to insert an IV into her arm, and set up the blood for the transfusion," she explained, standing next to Owen. "She doesn't deserve to have that muzzle on for the entire time. When I'm ready, take it off for me, will you?" She asked, looking to Owen. "If we keep her muzzle on for too long, her jaws are gonna cramp."

Owen nodded, looking down at the injured animal, who clenched and unclenched her paws in pain. "Shhh….you're gonna be ok, girl...you're gonna be ok...."

She rumbled gently, as Zia began to set up the blood bag and IV.

"Owen, please distract her while I put the IV in her arm," she instructed.

The animal behaviorist nodded, rubbing Blue under her jaw to try and distract her.

The paleo-veterinarian carefully held the dinosaur's arm still, as she inserted the needle into her flesh.

Blue whined shrilly, attempting to shy away from the painful needle.

Owen gently rubbed her under her jaw, trying to calm her. "Shhhh...."

Zia looked up to him and nodded, letting him unfasten Blue's muzzle.

The dinosaur's jaws smacked together, her tongue licking across her lips in relief.

Owen kept his hands on her neck and shoulder, watching her and Zia.

Blood steadily dripped from the blood bag into the IV in Blue's arm.

Zia looked up at the blood bag, and then a little device she held. She pressed a button, causing it to beep.

Blue chittered weakly, a bit stronger now that the transfusion helped her regain the blood she had lost. It smelled strangely of the Tyrannosaurus Rex that, from what she assumed, was taken prisoner on this odd human landscape as well.

"Ok, I have to make an incision in her leg to remove the bullet." Zia used a surgical knife to slice a small opening into the Velociraptor's leg.

Blue shrieked loudly, raising her head a bit, before letting it flop back down.

Owen and Claire exchanged worried looks before the man rubbed Blue's neck. "Shh…."

Blue's pain-filled eye darted around, whimpers escaping her mouth.

"There's a lot of muscle tissue..." Zia murmured, using surgical tweezers to maneuver through her tissue and reach the bullet. There was a bit of bleeding, but not that bad.

The dinosaur felt her eyes begin to water. A tear slowly slid down the side of her muzzle.

Zia glanced up when she heard her patient whine, and saw the tears rolling down her muzzle. She looked back at her leg, the others anxiously waiting, either putting pressure on Blue's wound, or comforting her, with the exception of Franklin, who watched from afar.

Zia drew surgical tweezers covered in blood back from the animal's thigh. In between them was a bloody bullet.
Franklin glanced at Blue before looking at Zia.

She dropped the bullet into a metal tin, blood dripping from the tweezers.

Clink!

The paleo-veterinarian breathed a sigh of relief. "She's gonna be ok."

Almost instantly, smiles crept onto everyone's faces. Claire even had tears rolling down her cheeks.

Owen looked down at Blue with a proud smile. He rubbed her side gently, as Zia pulled out a small bandage.

"You may want to muzzle her, Owen," she spoke. She smiled when she saw Blue's tail wag slightly. "You were very brave, Blue."

The dinosaur chirped tiredly, as Owen moved around to the side Claire and Zia were on to retrieve the muzzle.

"The incision on her leg will heal eventually, but her bullet wound is gonna take a bit longer to heal. I'll need to dress the wound with alcohol, and antibacterials when we reach wherever they're taking her," Zia explained. "For now, I'll need to cover her wound with gauze to slow any possible bleeding."

Owen gently slipped the muzzle over Blue's face, causing her to buck. "Easy...easy, girl..."

He knew she never liked muzzles. Even as a chick, she had always hated them. But, she was a good girl, and behaved very well when she needed one.

Zia placed a patch of gauze over Blue's wound.

"She's a miracle, Owen. I don't know how she managed to hold on for this long," Claire commented.

"She's a fighter. Ever since birth," the man responded, stepping towards the dinosaur.

Blue's eyes were closed, and her breathing was even and slow. She didn't twitch or convulse, and, instead, attempted to sleep. She was exhausted. Struggling to find food all day, fighting against a Baryonyx and the Tyrannosaurus Rex, escaping a flow of lava, getting shot, captured, and undergoing a painful surgery was difficult for her. She didn't want so many humans around her, especially Owen, but she appreciated Zia's help with her injury.

When the boat rocked, she snarled, eye snapping open. She lifted her head, attempting to stand up.

"Easy, girl...easy, Bluebird...." Owen helped her calm down, as she let her head flop back down, growling a tiny bit.

"I thought you guys had died!" Zia stressed, as she and Owen began to try and help Blue relax.

Franklin shuddered a bit. "We...almost did. Several times. Some more than once."

Claire sat down on a bench in the van. "They lied...it was all a lie...." She clenched her fists. "They used us to get to Blue."

"I wish I knew what they needed her for...." Owen looked down at his beloved animal.

Blue looked around at the humans above her with a tired eye. She let her eyes flutter close.
Okay fans, this is your chance to make your mark in the story. Do y’all want blue to get into a relationship with the indoraptor?

He will not die at the end, but to go on and have a peaceful life.

Reason why because I felt sorry for the indoraptor’s abuse and the actors just made him a villain
The auction

Chapter Notes

Sorry I’m late, I been watching stranger things and finish season three

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to this extraordinary evening," Gunnar Eversol spoke into a microphone positioned on a pallepalt.

Mills and Mr. Wu sat nearby, staring out at the audience of incredibly rich buyers.

They were illegally auctioning off the dinosaurs of Isla Nublar.

"Let’s dive right in," he signalled some mercenaries to open two, large, sliding doors - "with Lot Number One."

A large cage was wheeled out, a confused and scared Ankylosaurus inside.

"The Ankylosaurus. This is a herbivorous quadruped animal from the Late Cretaceous," Eversol explained. "This is one of the largest armored dinosaurs, known by paleontologists as a 'living tank'."

The herbivore bellowed, tail swishing very slightly, as it looked out at all of the different people staring at it.

"I have $4 million dollars." Eversol looked out into the audience of buyers to see someone raise a piece of paper with a number on it.

He gave the buyer a slight nod. "Anyone with five? Five million, five million. Do I hear six?"

Mills watched the anxious herbivore before looking out into the audience. Several arms were raised to bid on the massive creature.

"Six million. Thank you. Any increase on six?" Eversol looked out again at the audience. "Seven. Seven million. Eight million. Nine million on the phone. Do I hear ten million?"

From the audience, a man raised his hand. "Ten!"

Mills smirked at the dinosaur inside the cage, who bellowed again, stomping its foot.


As the Ankylosaurus' cage was wheeled back, the numbers on the screens on either side of the room, and Mills' tablet skyrocketed.

"Lot number two, ladies and gentlemen. The juvenile Allosaurus," the auctioneer introduced.

A cage holding the slate grey, pale yellow, and red animal was wheeled out to the buyers.

It roared angrily at Eversol, who flinched back with a smile.
"A fierce and aggressive predator," he commented, as the animal thrashed against its cage. It roared loudly, flexing its paws against its chest.

"Late Jurassic. Known by paleontologists as a 'different lizard' for its unique concave vertebrae," Eversol explained.

"Eleven million!" An Austrian woman shouted from the audience.

Eversol nodded to her.

More and more auction members began raising their hands to bid on the magnificent animal.

"Do I hear fourteen million? Fourteen! Thank you," Eversol nodded to another person. "And fifteen? Fifteen million?"
The Allosaurus roared loudly in fear and anger. It slammed against the cage again, looking around at the humans with enraged gold eyes.

"Sold! For fourteen million to the gentlemen from the state of Texas. Congratulations." Eversol slammed the gavel down again.

The audience clapped relentlessly, as the Allosaurus was once again wheeled away.

"Lot number three, ladies and gentlemen." The auctioneer looked to the opening doors to see a cage containing a rather large, buck, Pachycephalosaurus. "The Pachycephalosaurus."

The enraged male rammed his dome into the bars of his cage, grunting and snorting.

"A herbivorous bipedal from the Late Cretaceous. Known for its large dome on its head, paleontologists consider this creature to be similar to longhorn rams," the older man explained, as the frantic animal bashed its head against the bars.

"I'll start the bid with twelve million," the man continued.

A few stray hands peeked over the crowd.

"Thirteen million- fourteen! Do I hear fifteen? Sixteen on the phone, seventeen! Do I hear eighteen? Eighteen million?"

A man raised his hand.

"Eighteen once, twice…" He slammed the gavel down. "Sold! To the gentlemen from South America, congratulations."

The audience applauded, watching the bleating creature being wheeled out.

"Lot number four, ladies and gentlemen. The Stegosaurus," the auctioneer spoke.

A cage with a Stegosaurus inside it began to wheel out into the room full of the buyers.

The animal bellowed and grunted, shaking itself off, its spiked tail clanging against the bars of the cage.

"A herbivorous quadruped from the Late Jurassic. Due to the plates on its back, paleontologists refer to this animal as a 'roofed lizard'."

The Stegosaurus shook its head, clearly in pain. It had suffered a painful tooth extraction at the mercy of Wheatley's oversized tooth yanker when the animal was being loaded onto the Arcaida. Its mouth
was still throbbing, despite how many hours it was tranquilized and asleep for.

"Thirteen million!" Someone yelled from the crowd.

"Fourteen!" A woman yelled.

Mills looked to Wu, grinning victoriously, who simply gave him a blank stare.

"This better work, Eli," he muttered.

"Relax. We'll get the money to fund the project." Mills sat back in his seat.

The gavel hit the pallepalt.

"Sold! For seventeen million, to the lady from South Korea, congratulations."

Everyone began clapping, as the dinosaur was taken away.

The money people called out, or raised their hands to offer was off the charts.

The sold dinosaurs had their cages loaded onto trucks, taking them away from the mansion, as more dinosaurs were scheduled to be auctioned off inside the manor.

"Lot number seven, ladies and gentlemen. The Baryonyx."

A Baryonyx inside a cage was rolled out into the view of the audience. It roared loudly, flexing its paws.

"A carnivorous bipedal. Early Cretaceous. Paleontologists suspect that this creature had the ability to eat and hunt fish as well as other dinosaurs," the man told them.

No one seemed to be that interested in the large creature. It looked sickly to them, and a bit calmer than the other dinosaurs they had seen.

In reality, the Baryonyx was grieving. Its mate was left behind on the island, left to die, in the bottom of a lava-filled control center.

A woman raised her hand. "Seventeen million!"

Eversol looked out into the audience. "Do I hear eighteen?"

Anton Orlov, a Russian mobster, raised his hand.

The woman raised her hand again.

"Nineteen! Thank you." the auctioneer nodded to her. "And twenty million?"

Anton looked to the woman near him. He looked back out at the dinosaur.

"Sold! For nineteen million to the woman from Austria!" Eversol spoke, slamming the gavel down again. "Wonderful, wonderful."

The Baryonyx roared a bit, as it was taken away to be shipped out to its buyer, applause filling the entire room.

Mills looked at his tablet. They still had several dinosaurs to auction off, twenty more cages, but the money was pouring in by the millions.
This auction was going to make them, and their project, filthy rich.

**********

He paced inside his prison, before his tail brushed against an opening in the wall.

Curious, he spun around. There was a dark opening to his cage that he had never seen before.

Above him, he could hear a strange man talking.

"Do I hear twenty million? Twenty, thank you! Twenty-one? Anyone? Twenty-one?"
The Indoraptor stepped into the darkness, feeling cold metal under his feet. The opening behind him slid shut.

"Sold!" The man above him cried.

He looked over his shoulder before growing suspicious. He could see fairly well in the darkness, so it was no surprise that he was inside a cage once more.

To his general surprise, the cage began to move. It was moving upwards. He was in an elevator.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, that we are halfway through the evening...We'd like to offer a special treat to our discriminating buyers."

The Indoraptor growled a tiny bit, eyes glancing around in confusion. Why was he in there? Where was this strange cage taking him to?

"This evening, we will preview, a new asset that we've been developing," the man said. "A creature of the future, made from pieces of the past."

The Indoraptor growled a tiny bit, eyes glancing around in confusion. Why was he in there? Where was this strange cage taking him to?

"This evening, we will preview, a new asset that we've been developing," the man said. "A creature of the future, made from pieces of the past."

The voice of the man grew louder, as the Indoraptor was brought closer and closer to the higher floor.

He started pacing inside his cage on all fours, hissing and gurgling.

"Ladies and gentlemen, please be warned. This is the perfect blend of the two most dangerous creatures...that have ever walked the earth."

The cage jolted a bit when the animal reached the unknown destination.

The dinosaur shook his head, opening his jaws in a confused, small, roar.

"We call it... the Indoraptor."

The doors slid open, bright lights shining down on the hybrid.

He started to hiss and growl, staring out into the odd-looking room.

His cage began to move forwards, as he stood on his hind legs, letting out a loud roar. He roared again, looking at all of the humans in the audience, hearing them gasp in horror and amazement.

Zap!

A cattle prod was jabbed into his hide, causing him to yelp from pain, as he was shocked a few more times.
The Indoraptor looked at all the amazed and terrified buyers, as he heard the odd man talk again.

"The perfect weapon for the modern age," he stated gleefully. "Built for combat. With tactical responses more acute than any human soldier."

When a prod attempted to strike him again, the Indoraptor whirled his head around, jaws opened wide in anger. His eyes narrowed, death talons clicking. He clicked at the humans around him before looking over at a mercenary that attempted to strike at his face. He blocked the blow of the cattle prod with his arm before slamming the side of his face into the bars of the cage. He continued to chatter and click, looking around at the various people viewing him.

"Designed by Mr. Henry Wu…” The auctioneer, Gunnar Eversol, spoke up. "It's intelligence quotient comparable to the Velociraptor."

The hybrid stood back up on his hind legs, scanning the crowd for anyone familiar. He hissed when he saw Mr. Wu and Mills nearby.

"Bio-specs include hyper sense of smell, and trained to respond to a pulse coded, laser-targeting system. Enabling it to isolate and track prey in complex environments," Eversol explained. "Voila!" He outstretched his arms, and looked towards a nearby mercenary. He nodded a bit.

The man aimed a gun at a buyer's tie. A red dot appeared on it.

"Now first, your laser sets the target," Eversol explained.

The Indoraptor looked towards the buyer, eyes locking onto the red dot. He rumbled low in his throat.

"Once locked on, the acoustic signal triggers the attack."

REEEEEEDEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

That noise. That horrible, high-pitched noise. It hurt his ears so much.

The dinosaur's pupils dilated. He roared loudly, lunging at the audience, causing several people to jump out of their chairs, backing up out of fear.

Eversol chuckled. "This animal is relentless. Now, modifications are still being made-"

A shout from the audience forced him to stop talking. "Twenty millions!"

It was Anton Orlov.

"W-well, this is a prototype. Not for sale," Eversol tried to reason with the audience, but more and more people started calling out numbers.

"Twenty-one!"

"Well, it is still a prototype, but…” Eversol looked to Mills for help.

"Twenty-three!"

"Twenty-four!"

Mills nodded to Eversol.
The auctioneer grinned, and slammed the gavel down. "Twenty-four million."

"Twenty-five millions!" Anton Orlov's voice was heard among the crowd.

"Do I hear twenty-six?" Eversol asked.

"Twenty-six!" Someone responded.

Mr. Wu stood up, walking towards Mills.

"Any advance on twenty-six? Twenty-seven million!" The auctioneer declared.

The Indoraptor looked out towards his two creators, growing suspicious of their low voices.

"What are you doing? This animal is not for sale!" Mr. Wu protested.

"Let them have it. We have to give them a taste," Mills reassured.

"He is a prototype!" The geneticist snapped.

"This prototype is worth twenty-eight million right now," Mills explained. "Relax. We'll make some more," he reassured.

Mr. Wu narrowed his eyes. "So will they." He stormed off.

The Indoraptor watched him walk off, death talons clicking. He looked back towards the audience, reading up on his hind legs. He opened his jaws, roaring.

"Twenty-nine once, twice…"

The face slammed down on the paddle.

"Sold! To a Russian friend...Congratulations for purchasing this magnificent animal..." Eversol spoke over the applause and the noisy hybrid.

Ding!

The doors to an elevator opened behind a mercenary supervising the auction.

Inside was an unfamiliar animal the Indoraptor hadn't seen before.

A Stygimoloch.

The smaller animal squealed, lowering its head, charging at the man.

Someone from the audience screamed when the animal rammed its head into the stomach of the mercenary, sending him flying.

People started to get out of their seats in panic.

The Indoraptor blinked, astonished at such a small animal could be so deadly.

Mills stood up, as people began running all over the place, some going flying from the Stygimoloch slamming its head into them.

A man ran out of the elevator, and noticed a mercenary attempting to shoot at the Stygimoloch. Immediately, he grabbed the gun, firing it up at the ceiling.
The Indoraptor lunged at the bars, roaring, jaws open. He hated the sound of the gun.

As more and more people ran around his cage, and outside into other parts of the mansion, the hybrid animal swished his tail, growling and chittering at all the people that ran around, or slammed into chairs from being hit by the rampaging herbivore.

The man who protected the animal began to brawl with the other mercenaries that attempted to subdue him, dealing punches and kicks to their faces and stomachs, as he battled to get to the lever to keep the Indoraptor inside the building.

"Get this thing out of here!" Mills yelled to a mercenary.

The animal looked over his shoulder to see his cage being pulled backwards. He looked back towards the strange man, jaws parted. He rumbled deep in his throat.

Mills ran out, as the man raced towards the lever to pull the cage back inside. He dealt punches and kicks to several other mercenaries, until his hands grasped the lever. He pulled it, and the cage began to move forwards.

The Indoraptor's scarlet amber eyes focused onto the man's grey-green one's. He chattered to him, as his cage came to a halt.

The man ripped wires and the lever from its stoop before looking back at the black and gold creature. He cocked his head, skin twitching, as he watched the stranger run away.

*************

Wheatley watched several trucks and screaming people run out of the building, followed by the fleeing Stygimoloch, who veered off into sons bushes with a skeptical look on his face.

He started to walk towards the garage area, where the auction took place.

"Mills!" He called. "Mills, where are you?! I want my bonus!"

When the Indoraptor saw him, he growled. He slammed against the bars of his cage, jaws open wide.

"Holy cow!" Wheatley gasped. "What are you? I don't remember seeing you on the island.."

The dinosaur roared, slamming against the cage, trying to reach him with his arms, paws slashing the air.

Zip!

He yelped.

Zip!

A groggy roar escaped the hybrid's mouth, as two tranquilizers struck his throat.

His eyelids fluttered. He stumbled, leaning against the bars of his cage, as if he were drunk.
"You're a tough guy, huh?" He taunted, raising his gun to shoot at the dinosaur again.

He stumbled before flopping down onto his side, eyes closed.

Wheatley lowered his gun, raising an eyebrow skeptically. He crept towards the animal's cage, unlocking the door.

It swung open, creaking, as he stepped inside.

The animal lay on his side, breathing evenly. He was completely relaxed, unconscious.

"Look at you. You're some kind of hot-rod. With really pretty teeth." The trophy hunter smirked wickedly, whipping out his pliers. He bent down next to the animal, gripping onto one of his bottom teeth. "This will make a perfect centerpiece for my necklace."

He began to tug on the sleeping animal's tooth.

Noticing something out of the corner of his eye, Wheatley looked over his shoulder.

There was nothing there.

He looked back down at the dinosaur, starting to tug on his tooth again. "Come on….open up…."

Hearing something brush against the bars of the cage behind him, he looked over his shoulder once again.

The dinosaur's tail was raised high in the air and wagging.

The animal wasn't asleep.

****************

When he heard the door of his cage slam, the Indoraptor's skin flinched. He kept his eyes closed, listening to the human talk above him.

He stayed still and silent, just like how he acted when that construction worker came into his cage, foolishly thinking he could slip in and slip out of his domain when he needed to change the light fixture.

He didn't like the metal around his tooth, but refused to move his head away.

He raised his tail, slowly wagging it, before dropping it to the ground.

The Indoraptor waited two seconds before cracking one eye open. He looked up towards Wheatley, a smirk tugging at his muzzle when he witnessed the trophy hunter look over at his shoulder. He was smarter than he was. He was smart enough to have the ability to trick the humans who held him captive.

The animal lost his smirk, and his eye flickered shut, when Wheatley looked back at him. He felt him tug on his tooth again, much to his annoyance.

He didn't like this human, attempting to rip a tooth out of his—
His nostrils quivered. What was that scent? It was so familiar. Who's scent was on the little baggie of cloth next to him?

The scent was from the female Velociraptor he encountered.

He raised his tail, wagging it viciously. His eyes snapped open, a glare on his face. He couldn't believe that this human was holding the wild female captive.

With a sharp chomp of his jaws, his teeth dug into the trophy hunter's arm.

He began to rise up onto his hind legs, letting the man dangle by his arm in his jaws, listening to his terrified screams.

He was furious. How dare that human hurt her! That was probably the reason she was bleeding from her hip. This human hurt her.

He snapped his jaws, severing Wheatley's arm, letting him fall to the ground.

The dinosaur tossed his head back, swallowing the man's arm whole. His membrane slid over his eyeball, as he dropped down onto all fours, nostrils flaring, as he drew his head closer to Wheatley.

He smelled strongly of fear. Blood spurted from his stump arm, as blood mixed with saliva dripped from the Indoraptor's mouth.

He pressed his nose to his palm, which smelled of several dinosaurs, but also that female.

The male dinosaur growled, ignoring his sobs of terror, before opening his mouth in a shrill shriek.

Wheatley screamed, hat blowing off of his head from how powerful his shriek was, as the Indoraptor tore into his chest and neck, wanting him to feel the same pain he felt.

He was through with letting the humans abuse him. He was getting his long deserved revenge. For 2 and a half years, he suffered through Mills' and his men's torment. He was done.

Out of the corner of his eye, he heard the faraway ding! of an elevator, but he paid no mind to it.

A loud scream caused him to lift his head, gargling and chattering.

Blood coated his muzzle and teeth, as he focused on a red-headed woman inside an elevator, staring at him with a look of terror on her face.

He looked over his shoulder to see his cage door peeking open.

An amazed and hopeful look crossed his face. He stepped towards the door, pushing it open with his head, stepping down onto the concrete floor.

He looked towards the terrified humans hiding inside the elevator, and started to charge towards them, tripping over damaged chairs and gored bodies from the Stygimolch's rampage.

He opened his jaws in a loud roar, closing in on Eversol and the three other humans.

Slam!

The doors slammed shut.

He hissed a tiny bit from disappointment, turning around to walk away, when his tail slashed across a
control panel, breaking it.

Ding!

The Indoraptor paused, arching his neck back, before twisting around, throat vibrating in a growl.

Eversol slowly turned around in dread.

The dinosaur roared loudly, the four humans' hair blowing back from how powerful it was.

The flickering lights of the elevator flickered out, as Eversol screamed and screamed.

Chapter End Notes

I’m still deciding what blue and the indoraptor should be. Mother/son relationship or lovers
FREE HUGS FOR EVERYONE!!!!! I went from 40 hits to 100 hits
Seriously thank you everyone!!!!!

The little Velociraptor stared up at her trainer, chittering and squeaking. She swished her tail, rocking on the balls of her feet, as she watched her caretaker in front of her, large amber eyes bright in excitement and happiness.

Owen was here, and that made her happy.

"Here I am with Blue," Owen stated, someone videotaping them nearby. "She's a theropod from the new group."

Blue heard this statement many times. She flexed her paws, blinking at the animal behaviorist with large, intelligent eyes.

"If I show signs of weakness…" Owen crouched down, faking crying and whimpering noises.

A look of concern spread across the dinosaur's face. She chirped softly, stepping closer to the animal behaviorist. The infant dinosaur pressed her nose to Owen's cheek, whimpering and squeaking, hoping he wasn't injured or sad. He was her caretaker, her Alpha. She didn't want him to be sad or hurt.

She was worried about him.

A look of surprise and astonishment spread across Owen's face when he drew back. "Hey...I'm okay." He smiled when she gave a happy squeal, tail starting to whip back and forth.

Owen was very surprised to see how happy Blue looked when he dropped his weakened act.

Unlike her packmates, who attempted to attack him—Charlie was too nervous to attack him, and instead circled around him, screeching and making mock attacks rather than biting the hawk wrist guard around his arm—Blue merely approached him with concerned whimpers and squeaks, hoping he would feel happy by the comfort she showed him.

"Blue's...displaying levels of interest, concern, hyperintelligence, cognitive bonding…"
Owen tilted his head to one side.

The tiny dinosaur instantly copied his movement.

"See that? Tilting her head, she's playing for us… " Owen said thoughtfully. "Increased eye movement, she's curious. She's showing empathy. "

The baby squeaked, blinking. She didn't understand much of the words Owen spoke to her, but she was very happy to see him ok and smiling again.
The man signaled for the cameras to shut off.

The man holding the camera walked out, leaving Blue alone with her Alpha.

The little baby spun around in a circle, squeaking. She took off running, and ran to a corner of the room. She rifled through a pile of dog and cat toys Owen had shipped out to him by his mother, who very much liked to see how her "granddaughters" were doing, despite Owen's objections that they weren't even human.

It was, however, still amusing when she attempted to send him little pieces of clothing or dresses to put on Blue or one of her packmates.

Of course, the dresses or clothing she sent were shredded by their little claws and teeth, and then turned into nests. All he could say was that he took that as a definition of them liking whatever clothing she bought them.

Blue trotted back towards Owen, holding an old, torn up baggie with beef jerky inside it, as if she were a cat with a dead bird in between its jaws.

Owen furrowed his brow in wonder. How did she remember she had taken those from him?

She dropped the baggie in front of him, looking up at him with hopeful eyes. She was hoping he'd be happy with her if he saw the bag she had stolen. Besides, she left him a treat,

Instead, Owen merely smiled, gently stretching his hand out, and rubbing the dinosaur under her jaw, causing her to purr and wag her tail, eyes focused onto the man the entire time.

She and Owen stared at each other, and he swore she was smiling at him.

*************

Blue was growing agitated. She paced around inside her cage, paws flexing angrily.

She looked towards her hip to sniff at her bullet wound, tail swishing. She gently pressed her nose to her injury before wincing.

She looked towards Mr. Wu, who was peering down at something inside a large, glass, case. She didn't know what it was, and she wasn't interested to find out.

"Get this to Mills. Be very careful. It's extremely valuable," he instructed two of his geneticists. He pulled Franklin aside. "You, I need blood samples from the raptor." When the taller man gave him a blank look, he grew frustrated. "Don't just stand there like an idiot! Get me 50 cc carfentanil and a lobotomy kit! It's right there! Now!" He watched Franklin scurry off, before storming towards Blue's cage. "Come on, come on! I need this raptor's blood."

The dinosaur shrieked, pawing at him from her cage, lips curled back, as Zia rolled her eyes.

"Sure. Go ahead." She gestured to the cage with the dinosaur inside, who growled.

Wu spun around. "Where is that kit?!"

Blue didn't like how harsh this man was, especially when he forced one of his geneticists to try and get a needle near her. She nearly bit their arm off out of fear. She was terrified of needles.
The shorter man looked back at Zia. "Okay, now listen to me. It's better if we cooperated. But I'm gonna get this blood, with or without your help."

"This blood's contaminated," the young woman stated simply.

"I designed this animal myself. It's pure." The geneticist glanced at Blue, who hissed. "Every cell in her body was created in a most controlled environment under the most demanding conditions."

"Yeah, but I did an intravenous blood transfusion with a T-Rex, so, it's a sock drawer in there." Zia smirked at his infuriated look.

"You what?" He demanded.

Franklin ambushed him from behind, jabbing a tranquilizer into his neck.

Zia stood up, shocked, as Blue began to shriek and paw at the slots in between the bars of her cage in anger.

"Franklin, hold, stop! What are you doing?!!" She cried, as he scrambled to get the keys from the incapacitated man.

"Saving your life!" He responded, rushing towards her with the keys to her handcuffs.

Her eyes widened when he unlocked her restraints. She hugged him tightly before starting to run. She halted when two guards ran in.

"Stop! Don't move.." The first guard held out a cattle prod at them.

Blue crouched down, growling.

A second guard rushed towards Mr. Wu, dragging him off.

"Step away from that cage. Now…” the first man instructed.

Zia pulled up on a bar holding the cage door shut before she and Franklin pulled the door wide open.

Blue blinked in surprise before stepping out. She clicked to Zia and Franklin, causing the IT technician to flinch, as he remembered her escape several hours before.

She whirled her head around to face the guard staring her down. She curled her lips back in a low growl.

He held his cattle prod out to her face, as if it would force her back.

The dinosaur swished her tail before letting out a loud war whoop. She pounced on the guard, her teeth sinking into his flesh.

He screamed in pain, as the dinosaur viciously mauled him.

Zia and Franklin made their getaway, only to stop and dodge another guard racing into the room.

Blue's tail whipped around, slamming into the guard's gut, knocking him over.

Upon hearing his gun fire rapid shots into the air, she whirled around with a loud roar.

Zia and Franklin dodged the bullets by ducking under a table, crawling on their hands and knees, as
Blue stalked towards the guard, who was scooting backwards out of panic.

The dinosaur squawked, snatching his shoe in her mouth, pulling him towards her.

Zia and Franklin stood up, witnessing the man being mauled by the carnivorous animal.

A spark from a destroyed control panel caught their attention.

The tanks behind Blue contained flammable gas.

"Run! Run!" Zia and Franklin whirled around, starting to race outside the laboratory, the paleo-veterinarian snatching a folder labeled TOP SECRET on the way out.

Blue lifted her head when they ran out. She looked over her shoulder, sniffing the gas leaking out of a bullet hole. She drew her head back, lips twitching, when she could smell the danger it posed to her.

With a loud screech, she began to run.

Heat drew closer and closer to her, as a huge fire erupted in the room.

The bullets from the guard blew holes in the gas containers, and the damaged control panel sparked the fire.

The Velociraptor picked up her pace, ignoring the throbbing pain in her side, as she smashed through a window, the entire room exploding behind her.

She crashed to the ground on her bad side after ramming the side of her head against a railing, causing her to quickly scramble to her feet. She shrieked, racing off from the carnage behind her.

During the explosion, a tank filled with hydrogen cyanide began to leak out poisonous gas...right where the dinosaurs were being held.

Chapter End Notes

I have decided to make blue and indoraptor friends to lovers in this fanfic.

Sorry if anyone doesn’t like the ship, but I’m obsessed with them.
Killing spree

Chapter Notes

For now indoraptor doesn’t like Owen

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Indoraptor crept up into the upper portion of the mansion. He tapped his death talons, sniffing for any traces of humans. He snuck behind a large display of an Agujaceratops skull when he noticed a mercenary creeping around, searching for the "fugitives".

With one quick bite over the head, the man fell to the ground, puncture wounds seeing blood through his ripped open collarbone.

He stayed crouched down, nostrils quivering when he caught the scent of a very familiar human, Maisie Lockwood, he grew a bit excited.

Maisie was the only human he wanted to spare. He liked her. She smelled strongly of him, oddly.

He pulled the mercenary's body farther back against the display, beginning to feast upon it.

The hybrid stood up, swallowing a chunk of meat before he bent his head down, sniffing around for the humans. With a sharp hiss, he whirled around, expecting to see Maisie and her adult companions, but they weren't there where he expected to see them.

He stood up to his full height, arm twitching, as he began to circle around the display, death talons clicking.

He paused to look up when he heard movement.

They were on the other side of the display. He just knew it.

He looked upwards at the skull and heaved himself up at the skull, climbing on top of it. He looked around, tail swishing expectantly.

He knew they were there. He was going to have a little fun with the unaware humans.

He looked back and forth, tail swishing, as he gripped onto the horns of the skull, raking his claws down the fossilized bone.

His nostrils flared when he caught the scent of the female Velociraptor nearby. He didn't know where she was, but she was close.

The staticky, crackling, noise from a radio caused him to look down. He roared loudly when he saw Owen looking up at him.

"RUN!" The man yelled, as he, Maisie, and Claire Dearing jumped up and ran.

The Indoraptor launched himself from the skull to the ground on all fours. He snarled when he noticed the three humans getting away from him through the aid of a spiral stairway.
He jumped at them, his jaws snapping through the wiring, as he attempted to bite or claw at them.

He planted his feet down on the railing below him, his head peeking through bent bars of the stairway, as Owen desperately fended him off.

His jaws snapped inches away from the animal behaviorist's face before his feet slipped, and he ended up falling back to the ground.

He narrowed his eyes, watching Owen scramble up the stairs.

The dinosaur jumped at the railing, totaling it completely, as he pushed through the railing of the higher level.

He growled, looking around for the humans that escaped him.

He looked around for the humans before slamming his front paws down onto the wooden floor, sniffing around for them.

He could smell their scent from inside an enclosed area, but, because of his want to play with his prey, he slunk right passed them.

His tail brushed against the destroyed metal in his attempt to climb up the stairway to reach Owen and the two females.

Maisie's little heart was racing. She was terrified.

The Indoraptor had hunted her, Owen and Claire down relentlessly. So far, she had several near-misses of the terrifying experience.

Maisie dashed down a hall, running for her life, the Indoraptor hot on her tail.

Owen and Claire were still trapped by the Indoraptor's destruction of the diorama they hid inside in an attempt to flee the pursuing animal.

Unfortunately, the lights had switched on, giving the Indoraptor a good view of where they hid.

She screamed, racing up a flight of stairs, the large hybrid chattering and roaring behind her.

Pictures were knocked off the wall, and the stairway banister was crushed from the dinosaur slamming into it multiple times.

She didn't dare look over her shoulder, feeling the dinosaur's hot breath on her back only made her even more panicked.

She dashed down another hallway, screaming. The ground rumbled beneath her, as the animal thundered down the hallway, relentless.

The girl scrambled into a dumbwaiter, her hands shaking, as she desperately struggled with all her might to pull the metal door down.

As the Indoraptor drew closer and closer, she managed to pull the door down, flinching back when the creature slammed into it.

She stayed there, hyperventilating and shaking, listening to his angry roaring before forcing herself to
haul herself up to her room to hide.

She felt her heart rate increase in speed. She was praying that Owen and Claire were ok.

That’s.....If they were still alive.

Chapter End Notes

For some fans Maisie wasn’t a Important character.

My opinion she was because she knew how the dinosaurs felt about being clones.
Hydrogen chained leaked through the vents, all throughout the complex of the downstairs.

Dinosaurs bellowed, roared, or screeched, swaying a bit in their cages, as their lungs screaming for the fresh air the gas couldn't supply them with.

They were all dying, being suffocated from the inside out.

Claire, Owen and Maisie stepped inside the control room with Zia and Franklin following behind.

A look of horror spread across Claire's face when she saw the gas, and the suffering animals. "They're all dying…"

"The blast damaged the ventilation system. We did everything we could…" Zia responded, frowning in defeat.

Claire looked at the control panel in front of her. "I can open the gates from here!"

"Claire...be careful...we're not on an island anymore…" Owen said warily, as the dinosaur activist pressed a button on the control panel labeled CAGE 01.

The gates to the cage containing an Ankylosaurus were raised, freeing it from its prison. It waddled out, grunting and mooing, shaking its head. Its armored back hit the top of the raising door, as it refused to wait for its prison to fully open in its attempt to escape it.

Claire pressed button after button, watching the caged dinosaurs look towards the barred door, watching them lift from the ground.

A mother Triceratops refused to wait for the doors to start rising. She stuck her large horns under the iron gates, forcing it up, letting her baby trot out.

An army of dinosaurs filled the entire room, and more were being freed by the minutes.

A mechanical sign showed which cages were locked or unlocked.

And half of them were unlocked, letting the dinosaurs roam free.

The five survivors looked up when they heard a loud roar.

Several of the larger dinosaurs lumbered out of their prisons, including the Tyrannosaurus Rex.

They all stumbled, dreary and ready to pass out from the hydrogen cyanide, as it contaminated their lungs.

An Apatosaurus bellowed, as it walked right through the catwalk Blue ran across in her attempt to
flee the fire she had started in her escape from the laboratory, destroying it completely, as it joined the other dinosaurs in the army.

From below the control room, no human would be able to move without being trampled by the large dinosaur feet.

The cages were all open. They were all free.

This was it. They had gotten this far. They couldn't go back now.

Claire limped over to a bright red button. She flipped open its clear, plastic casing, positioning her hand over the button, ready to press it. It was now or never.

"Claire…"

Upon hearing Owen's voice, she froze.

"You press that button, there is no going back…” He warned her.

Claire felt tears collect in her eyes. "We can't let them die…”

She stared at the red button. The dinosaurs' survival was in her hands, yet she hesitated.

The risk of letting the dinosaurs loose could change the world, possibly for the worst more so than the better.

Tears blurred her vision. She pulled the plastic case over the red button. She couldn't do it. The causality rate would be too high, and other people, greedy for money, would try to capture the prehistoric beasts for their own pleasure.

Maisie watched, on the verge of tears herself, as Claire limped towards a window, Owen comforting her by gently squeezing her shoulder, as they stared out at the suffocating dinosaurs, who roared and bellowed, as their lungs begged for fresh air.

Predator and prey alike were growing dizzy and their visions became fuzzy.

The sound of metal doors opening silenced the animals' cries. They turned around, starting to push against the crowd towards the opened doors of the basement.

Someone had opened the doors and set them free.

Claire and Owen turned around to look at Franklin, Zia and Maisie to witness the girl standing at the control panel, her hand pressing down on the red button.

"I had to…” she explained tearfully. "They're alive...like me." She looked at Owen and Claire, who looked both shocked and terrified at the same time.

They looked back out at the fleeing dinosaurs, who began to bound out of Lockwood Manor and into the open world of California.

************

A Pteranodon flew out from the hallway leading to the basement, squawking. It grabbed a guard by his shoulders, flying up with him in the air before dropping him.
He landed with a sickening crack! on top of Mills' car.

Another guard witnessed a few Compies and an infant Triceratops run out before an entire stampede of dinosaurs exited the large hallway, excited to escape the hydrogen cyanide gas and have fresh air refill their lungs.

In their wake, another guard, who attempted to flee the animals, was trampled under the feet of several herbivores.

Mills panicked, scrambling under his car, which was shoved away by an Apatosaurus' shoulder.

Forgetting about his Indominus Rex bone, he army crawled under his car, as dinosaurs of the stampede used it as a climbing ramp to jump over or onto it.

Blue dashed back under the porch, watching the freed dinosaurs destroy Mills' car, shattered glass falling everywhere.

The billionaire crawled out from under his vehicle, only when the sounds of the stampede died off. His hair was a mess and he looked very disheveled from being under the car, especially when it was being crushed by dinosaur feet.

He began to approach the untouched Indominus Rex bone.

He bent down to retrieve it...just as soon as the massive jaws of the Tyrannosaurus Rex closed around his waist.

He screamed as the Tyrannosaurus Rex happily munched on her well-deserved meal, ripping a leg off of the greedy man's body, which went flying straight into a black and red Carnotaurus' mouth.

With a swing of her head, the older dinosaur smacked the Carnotaurus to the ground, causing it to drop the legs and scramble off.

The mighty animal turned around, her thigh hitting a light pole, causing it to fall over.

She raised her head to the sky, roaring in victory at her escape, before lumbering off, shaking her head.

Several Compies squeaked, dashing out of her way, as her massive foot crushed the Indominus Rex bone under her weight.

She then disappeared into the tree line.

Blue peeked out from under the porch, watching the bronze Rex limp off. She looked over towards the mansion when she heard the sound of humans walking above her.

With a soft growl, she stood up, limping towards the front steps where she knew Owen was located. She stared at the five humans, blinking.

"Hey, girl.." he greeted gently, smiling a bit when she gave an annoyed chitter.

"Owen..!" Claire spoke urgently.

The Velociraptor's tired eyes focused onto the female human, her head tilting a bit.

Owen looked back at the other survivors. He noticed that Maisie wrapped in the green-grey blanket, which only exposed her head and feet, Zia had found for her.
"It's ok, she won't hurt us," he reassured before looking back at his animal.

Blue stood at attention, her paws tucked close against the underside of her wrists, as Owen slowly approached her.

She shifted her weight from her bad side back to her good side, as his hand drew closer and closer to her nose.

Her breathing was rapid and fast, as she stretched her neck out to sniff at his outstretched arm. She drew her head back with a sharp chirp.

"Hey..." Owen looked into her exhausted eyes, as the female animal gave a reluctant purr, her chin brushing against the tips of his fingers.

"Blue, come with me," he spoke, rubbing his hand along the dinosaur's muzzle, causing her to purr at the soothing feeling. "We'll take you to a safe place, okay?" His voice broke, his green eyes drifting towards a containment truck.

Blue drew her head back, cocking it. She chirped, following his gaze before her eyes fell onto the very same cage she was forced into after being shot and captured.

She looked back at Owen and warbled, stepping away.

She wouldn't let him put her back in captivity. She lived in the wild for too long. She wasn't longing to go back to captivity, in fact, she didn't want to deal with any form of human contact. She made an exception this time, this one time, but she wouldn't again.

The injured Velociraptor turned around with a loud screech of freedom, running off towards the treeline.

She paused to look back at Owen, watching Maisie wrap her arms tightly around his waist in a hug, as Claire limped towards him. They looked like a perfect little family together.

She chirped loudly at them before running into the foliage.

She didn't know where she was, but she knew she was free. She wasn't locked in a cage, but rather running around in the open.

With a loud shriek, she jumped onto a log, looking around for a suitable place to stay. Unfortunately, there was no place she could call home. She jumped off the log, running deeper into the woods, and farther and farther away from the humans that set her free.

Chapter End Notes

Rumor has it that there will be a Jurassic world 3 movie. Probably going to be called age of the extinction.

The events of the movie will probably have everyone going to war in 2021
Help for a plot

Chapter Notes

Help I’m a idiot and hope for forgiveness.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

#1 10 years later Henry wu creates another pack of raptors....only for them to turn on him due to disobedience.

#2 the military decided to kill all the dinosaurs because the people of California complained, only for Owen and the dinosaur protection group to step in.

#3 Alan grant meets blue and the indoraptor ( that’s if he’s not dead. )

#4 Blue and indoraptor show off their tiny family to Owen.

#5 Rexy dies a honorable death.

Chapter End Notes

These are a list of ideas that I plan to write for more chapters, because copyright is bad.
10 years later. Somewhere in northern Indiana. ( as if Indiana doesn’t have enough problems. )

“So let’s get this straight. You want me to help your secret Russian government to make another hybrid in exchange for freeing me?” Henry wu said sitting in a jailhouse.

Yes very correct Mr. wu, we want to to make project spinorapter a reality.” Stein the Russian says.

“We already have a raptor and a Spinosaurus that we captured from site B a few years ago. We just need your help with the experiments.” Bill the Russian said.

“It won’t be obedient you know. Without the blue raptor blood it’s a prototype failure just like the indoraptor and the Indominus rex!” Henry comments angrily.

“Ah yes the indoraptor I lost the bidding during the auction and it’s somewhere running loose in California.” The Russian leader announces walking into the room. “At least this way everything will as planned just as long as you follow orders!”

“It won’t obey commands!”

“We already have plans to make it obedient!” One of the Russians comments holding up a silver briefcase.
“We don’t need that pathetic blue raptor, indoraptor or the little hatchings according to our spies!”

“Impossible...the prototype, he was made too be infertile!” Wu comments with eyes wide as dinner plates.
“Well life found a way apparently!” Alien grant announces tied up in the middle of the room.

“Why is this old man here?” Henry questions every Russian in the room.

“We’ve Captured him for top secret information about site B, the Spinosaurus and the raptors.” The Russian leader announces. “Owen and the dinosaur protection group are under protection of the American government.”

“Okay we’ve got a deal. give me a few years and I’ll have a perfect hybrid.” Wu comments proudly. “I just need a few thousand dollars, a lab and some experiment animals.”

Chapter End Notes

Please don’t be angry if you’re Russian.

The idea came from stranger things season three
Mind control

Chapter Notes

I’ve been busy working on the new chapter and it’s here. Sorry for the long wait

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Day 2 I’m asked to train Robin (one of the female Russian scientists) that way progress is faster.

Day 12 I finally crafted the perfect DNA for the spinoraptor. Swimming abilities of the crocodile but bulletproof like the indoraptor, venom bite like the kimono dragon and was promised to be stronger than the most dangerous carnivores on the planet.

Day 35 the spinoraptor is born with no issues and the Russians are pleased with my work, so they asked me to make a pack of raptors for a experiment...they told me it was classified (those bastards!)

Day 50 the six raptors are born with fluffy red feathers and soon to be big as the indoraptor.

At 8 months old the 6 raptors (codenames That the Russian leader gave them r-1, r-2, r-3, r-4, r-5 and r-6.

One week later they are taken to surgery for some reason. didn’t understand why? They were fine and healthy? Of course once again they said it was classified. (again those bastards!)

A 5 days later Allen grant escaped from his cell....but no one bothered to recapture him because he “was good as dead” out there.

4 months later I hardly see the hybrid and the raptors because the Russians told me they were taken to be trained to the extreme and my rewards will be coming.

*************

“Henry wu, We’re here to show you the progress of your hard work.” The Russian leader announces walking with Henry to the training room which looked like a small fenced in jungle.

“Mr. wu, we have watched Owen Grady’s raptor training videos and we thought bigger ways to command them.” Robin adds to the conversation holding up a headset device. “Our best doctors have placed control chips into the brains of both the hybrid and the raptors.”
“Mind control?” Henry questions. “Are you saying a person wearing the device can give any order to them?”

“Of course.” The Russian leader (let’s call him Bob) asked Henry giving him the headset. “Now we want to see our progress by wearing the device and command one of the raptors.”

“Yes sir! Now come here r-1!”

........
........

“I said come here r-1!”

“Stupid American!” Bob laughs. “did you really think were going to give you a working headset?” “Seriously if money is involved Americans will do anything and I’ve only given working headsets to my top commanders which includes robin.”

“I—I’ve done everything perfect!” Henry wu gasps as the raptors circles him.

“Henry, I thank you for being my mentor, but it’s a fair Well for now!” Robin comments evilly. “I just wanted you to know that I’ve made my own superior spinoraptor hybrid!”

“You did what?!”

“Raptors kill Henry wu!” Robin commands the raptors to begin attacking.

*Henry screams as he’s eaten alive*

Chapter End Notes

You can’t trust anyone these days

I did say that the raptors were going to turn against him
Fossil fighters

Chapter Notes

Going celebrate my birthday month by writing stranger things fanfics

See the end of the chapter for more notes

1. Has anyone played the fossil fighters the video game series? If so I’m replaying for more exciting ideas.
   Fossil fighters. Fossil fighters champion and fossil fighters frontier.

2. I’m taking a break from the fanfic to write new works...hopefully I’ll try best in honor of my birthday month.

Thank you everyone for reading.

Ps I’m thinking about rewriting some chapters because I wanted them to be more exciting and I’m wanting to do better.

Chapter End Notes

This story will return
Fluffy situation

Chapter Summary

Grant gets captured by little cinnamon rolls

Chapter Notes

I’m back for a short chapter

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Don’t ask how I escaped the Russians. Don’t ask how I stolen a motorcycle and traveled 3 days straight to California to warn everyone of the coming war.

As suspected the Russians sent three of their mind controlled raptors after me ( probably because “hey we can make more if anything to them!” )

Here I was lost in the wilderness of California being surrounded by raptors fixing to kill me and....suddenly I was rescued by more damn raptors! Except these raptors weren’t like the Russian made ones, they had to be American made because one of the raptors which was the leader that I recognized to be the famous blue and the supposedly mate the indoraptor ( That everyone thought was dead )

Blue let’s loose a bark to command her hybrid family to charge at the Russian raptors for intruding on their territory ( for America bitches! )

I quickly ran away from the battle...only to fall into a raptor nest....full of 7 chirpy ,fluffy black and blue babies

**********

Meanwhile with the Russians.

*A flower pot is thrown aggressively across the room*

“Damn those raptors!”

Chapter End Notes
Things are getting interesting
Chapter Notes

New hybrid and Disney land gets destroyed

See the end of the chapter for more notes

( somewhere in California)

A pack of Stegoceratops, A dinosaur is a meld between a Triceratops and a Stegosaurus, two of the most iconic dinosaurs running though the streets of Disney land with a Russian Jeep follows behind.

“What a success robin! 10 Stegoceratops, all built like a tank!” The Russian leader announces as his partner driving the Jeep.

( explosions! )

( men, women and children screams)

Spinoraptor in the background chasing people dressed as Disney characters and the prototype spinoraptor is destroying park rides while the other raptors chase helpless people.

“Next stop is finding the T-rex, so we can make a improve version of the Indominus rex!” Robin laughs.

Chapter End Notes

I know it’s a short chapter but
, Please pray for my uncle Paul, he’s in the hospital for liver failure 😊
Just one of those days

Chapter Notes

I’m back!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He couldn’t believe he was doing this! Allen grant literally asked blue, if she knew where the next town or city was, so he could warn everyone of the evil Russians and the dangerous spinoraptor hybrid.

It all started with him saying he knows Owen Grady (blue’s father figure) he needed help....well getting help out of this wilderness.

Now here he was few hours later in a safe location eating raw deer meat and drinking water with a pack of raptors in order to survive several days.

Blue and family takes Allen grant to the nearest town of San Francisco Before telling him goodbye and walking back into the wilderness.

“Finally I’m here!” Allen grant tiredly tells himself.

Chapter End Notes

My uncle is recovering, but he still needs doctor appointments
Chapter Notes

Just now getting back into writing, I’ve been busy playing my new bendy and the ink machine for the switch!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Ladies and gentlemen. Here we are once again. “Ian Malcolm speaks calmly. “I’ve told everyone in this room once that the dinosaurs needed to be wiped out by history and of course a handful of stupid people and greedy idiots didn’t listen. Because of that we are once again in danger and causing our own extinction.”

“We did what we thought was right.” Claire answers.

“I hate to say this, but I’m agreeing with my friend Ian.” Alen comments shamefully. “Those Russians have made a ultimate weapon called the spinoraptor. In a short amount of time they used technology and medicine to advance its growth to be bigger than the normal Spinosaurus, t-rex and the indominus rex!”

“God help us all.” Owen comments. “We’ve probably have less than a week before that thing comes here.”

“The indominus was a uncontrollable monster made by Henry wu and now this shit happens!” Claire shouts throwing her hands up. “This thing is coming for us and then China, England and god who else!”

“First things first!” Owen slams his fist on the table. “Evacuate everyone in town, stock up on supplies and find the t-rex!”

“Let’s not panic!” Maise suggests to everyone.

“...wait why do we need the t-rex?” Ian asked Owen.

“Because Ian, ive got a killer plan!”
Did anyone else notice that alen spoke about one spinoraptor?
Fight to the death

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the late chapter. I been stressed out with family and trying to convince my uncle to take his medicine and go to the appointments.

Prototype spinoraptor hybrid vs rexy

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Owen Grady runs out of the woods with a small goat in arms that he stole from a nearby petting zoo....with the old lady T-rex hungrily following right behind.

“Alright everyone! Get into position!”

“Old lady is coming!”

“Oh fuck the hybrid is coming this way!”

Owen stops, throws the goat in midair and heads for cover as the t- rex chomped on her treat. At the same time the prototype spinoraptor shows up and rexy is angry seeing the hybrid in her territory.

Now officially the fight begins.

************

Rexy charges at the prototype knocking him down into several trees, but the prototype quickly gets back up and slashed deep into rexy’s right eye and left thigh.

************

Exhausted and Bleeding heavily rexy chooses not to back down from the fight, charges again at the prototype spinoraptor pushing them both into the wilderness and landing in a river.
The prototype spinoraptor sees that they are surrounded by water and uses the information to his advantage as he learned from his training by attempting to drown rexy.

From across the river blue and her family sees the battle that old rexy is struggling with and they Immediately jumped into the fight by biting and chomping on the prototype’s arms, legs, back and head.

Gasping for air, spitting water out of her lungs rexy shoves the spinoraptor off her, chomped on his neck and throws him into a sharp rock which ended up in the spinoraptor’s chest and staining the entire river with red.

*****

Rexy hears the humans cheers, but suddenly heard them gasp as a dark shadow comes from behind her and before she could even process what’s going on, Another bigger, badder, meaner spinoraptor bites down on rexy’s head, killing her while the humans, blue and her family run for safety.

Chapter End Notes

Cliffhangers.

Rest In Peace rexy.

End Notes

Let me know if you love the story and want me to continue

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!