Transmitters, Receivers, Disruptors.

by Thousandsmiles

Summary

When Owen Grady agrees to one more intern, he thought all he was agreeing to was two weeks of torture to keep his boss happy. Unfortunately all hell breaks loose and it's actually not his intern's fault. Poachers and mercenaries threaten the park as Dr. Wu's research on preternaturals and dinos turns out not to be as secret as it should be. Written in Macx's Pushing Boundaries AU.

Notes

Hey so I hope you guys enjoy this fic. It's written in Macx's Pushing Boundaries Universe which is pretty epic.
For those who have read it this fic takes off soon after the end of Threshold Shift and continues from there.

Disclaimer: I do not own Jurassic Park/World. All Ocs belong to Macx with the exception of Kavita.
Inspired by *Tainted* by Macx
Simon Masrani sat in his main office in Mumbai, hands pressed together, deep in thought. After a few minutes, he was disturbed by the entrance of a young woman into the office.

She appeared to be twenty-five years of age, with long wavy black hair, spilling over her shoulders. She had a light brown complexion; which had obviously been darkened due to the sun’s influence, wide, brown, almond eyes and soft lips. Her eyes held a spark in them.

“You called for me Simon?” she asked.

“Ah yes,” he said coming out if his reverie. “I called you to discuss your next placement. I want you on Jurassic World. You will do a circuit of the enclosures of course. But I am wondering where to put you in the long run. You see I want you where I will get a good idea of how well you fit there if you are to take over the management of it.”

“Ah I see,” she said. “I had a feeling that’s where you were going to put me. I know I didn’t do those basic vet courses for nothing.”

“You know this is important to me. I do not want the management of Jurassic world to fall into the wrong hands, in fact I don’t want it to fall into any hands but yours but I need to make sure you fit well there. John Hammond has entrusted me with his park and I have already failed once. I don’t want the park to go to any of those who only think of the money, money, money. It is like a delicate ecosystem that any new organism introduces at a high level will disrupt its working and I care far too much to let the park be disrupted again.”

“Well the answer to your problem is easy,” said the woman, coming around the desk and leaning against it, “Send me to Owen Grady of course. He is a good judge of character and he is the alpha of the island. He made a good call with Claire Dearing. I’m sure you can trust his instincts with me.”

“Except for the part where Owen Grady his against any new interns?” said Masrani, “Not that I blame him of course.”

“Persuade him,” said the woman, “I’m sure you can. You don’t become the eight richest man in the world by sitting and hoping people will do what you want. It’s just a matter of finding the right bribe.”

“Owen Grady is not a man who can be bought,” said Masrani.

“If it harms him and his? No, not at all, but something harmless which he wants? I’m sure you can find something Simon. And I will simply be an unwelcome annoyance but not a threat. And I certainly know not to go into the raptor paddock. He will have no grief from me on that score. Or hopefully not in any other either.”

Simon Masrani pondered on it. He knew she was right. Claire Dearing will work with anyone, she was professional enough to do it and Dan Carter as well but Owen would not work with just anyone and he was the other big player on the island along with his pack. It wasn’t that he was unprofessional, not at all, but he was passionate and he protected his pack fiercely. And least he would not work with any new, head personnel happily and Masrani wanted him happy.

And if she could get along with Owen and the pack she should get along fine with the rest of the preternatural. It also wouldn’t hurt to let her see how the pack really worked as well.
The woman waited patiently for him to make up his mind. At last he stirred and said, “Fine. I will ask Owen and do my best to persuade him. If he says no then, it is no.”

“Of course,” she said, smiling.

“Now shoo,” said Simon, “I must go to find a suitable bribe.”

“Try peace offering instead of bribe,” she suggested, heading for the door, “I think he might take that better.”

She had almost reached the door when Masrani said, “Wait.”

She paused and turned. He gestured her over whilst clinking at his desktop.

“What about this,” he said when she returned to his side, “Peace offering enough?”

She smiled. “I’m sure. See, told you you could find something.”

“Yes, you did, “Murmured Masrani.

She straightened from bending over the desktop and headed back for the door. When she had reached the doorway again though Masrani asked:

“Kavita, Are you sure you can do this?”

She gave him an amused but understanding smile, “I wouldn’t have suggested it if I couldn’t Simon.”

“But still…..” he broke off.

“Fine how about this,” she said walking back, “I promise that if it gets too much for me I will come back.”

Simon Masrani went over to her. “That is well.” He looked at her fondly for a moment and rested both hands on her shoulders and said, “I just don’t want anything to happen to you cousin. I wouldn’t forgive myself if it did.”

“I’ll be fine, Cos,” she said smiling at him. “Don’t worry.”

“I don’t think I will be able not to,” Masrani told her.

She laughed and hugged him. “I’ll be fine.”

“See that you are,” he told her and gave her a brief hug in return.

She waved and went out off his office and Masrani left to begin preparations to convince Owen Grady to one more intern.
It was raining hail sized drops of rain outside making the old description of ‘a dark and stormy night’ very appropriate. Owen was in the midst of writing up his latest reports when a ding from the computer helpfully informed him that he was getting a call from Simon Masrani. He raised his eyebrows because as far as he knew everything had been running smoothly for the new year and he could recall no trouble that would warrant a call from Masrani. Neither had he been informed by Claire about anything new.

He felt Blue stir, alerted by his interest even as he accepted the call. He sent reassurance to her but she perked up and ghosted along the bond until she was there with him.

“Owen,” said Masrani when the call connected.

“Masrani,” Owen greeted him, “What makes you call at this hour of the night?”

“A proposal,” said Masrani, “And one I’m afraid you will not be very happy with but I ask you that you will please hear me out.”

Owen frowned internally. Well that was downright weird. Blue agreed. Externally he simply leaned back and canted his head a little.

“Well let’s hear it,” he said.

“It involves an intern,” said Masrani and Owen’s face darkened.

“I thought I made my feelings very clear about that,” said Owen.

“I assure you that you have,” said Masrani. “However this one is different. I picked her myself and she has done well in other areas. She will not be a Mr. Green.”

Owen snorted involuntarily.

Masrani smiled and then continued, “Simply put, you are the fastest person to decide if she will do well at Jurassic World. And I trust your judgment.”

“You want to use me as a wellness detector?” asked Owen his eyebrows rising. Blue was both cautious and amused.

“I rather my disappointment swift,” said Masrani, “If this one doesn’t work out. I have high hopes for her.”

Owen tilted his head as he considered. His default answer was no, but Masrani really wanted this intern. As much as Owen didn’t care what Masrani thought of him, he did care a little bit because it would be best to keep his employer happy and after the last incident with Mason Green he was sure that they wouldn’t send anybody who was a suicidal idiot. Also Blue was interested with how much Masrani was interested with this intern. She wondered if she might be like Owen. Perhaps someone powerful?

*If she is powerful, it might be best if she is by the pack first to see if she can stand being on the same island?* Blue queried.

It was an interesting idea but Owen was sure that there was more going on.
Blue agreed also.

He rolled the idea around. He was curious but not so much as to risk his girls.

“No,” he said, to Masrani. “Give her to the T-rex.”

Masrani sighed and then said, “Oh she will be. She will still do a circuit of the other enclosures. I was hoping not to do this but perhaps a peace offering?”

“A bribe?” said Owen sharply.

“A peace offering,” correct Masrani, “To make up for annoyances.”

“I don’t take bribes,” said Owen feeling a touch of anger.

“But you do take cupcakes for thanks do you not? Consider this a cupcake. A very interesting cupcake.”

Owen was about to give a very short no but Blue wanted to know what it was that he would have given them. What it was that he thought would make Owen change his mind. She wanted to know what weapon he had.

*It does not hurt to know.* She told him.

“Fine what is it?” he half snapped.

“A book,” said Masrani, “Recently acquired. It is detailed observations about a raptor pack.”

Owen shrugged. You can get that from Sorna. I have my own observations from Sorna.”

“Ahha,” said Masrani, “Therein lies the interesting part. These raptors weren’t in Sorna.”

Owen blinked at him and said, “What?”

“Do you remember the poachers?” said Masrani.

“How could I forget?” Owen told him, hoping that this story wasn’t going where he thought it might.

“Well three raptor eggs were stolen and then hatched and were sold to the highest bidder. The owner kept them in his basement. They got out during a party that he was hosting. The house was locked down to keep them contained. One of the guests of the party who survived the ordeal wrote the book.”

Owen couldn’t contain a surge of anger at the story. “Dammit!” he said. How could people be so stupid?

Blue was angry too, at the theft of the eggs. She did not care about the loss of life though she knew Owen did.

“This was recent?” asked Owen.

“Several years ago but the book has only recently come to my hands. This observer was very thorough. I though perhaps you would like it to compare to your girls.”

Despite how angry he was at the story, Owen would very much like to read it. It mayn’t have been as thorough as Masrani was making it out to be but it would be interesting.
Say yes. Blue told him. *If you want it. We can handle ourselves and they will be amusing. We are not weak.*

“I don’t like the politics behind it,” He told her.

She gave him a mental shrug.

*You will protect us. We will protect you. She is only one. She cannot harm us. We are pack.*

The sentiment was reinforced by the rest of the pack who were all awake by now.

Owen considered.

“Just the one?” he asked Masrani.

“Just the one,” Masrani assured him.

“A week,” Owen told him.

“A month,” Masrani countered but Owen shook his head.

“A week,” he said.”

“Three weeks,” said Masrani.

“Two weeks,” said Owen.

Masrani hesitated and then nodded.

“If she does something stupid though, I’m kicking her out,” Owen said, “And she doesn’t get a second chance.

“Very well,” said Masrani, “I will email you the details later.” He put his hands together and gave Owen a little bow and the call ended.

Owen sat back in his chair and wondered what he had agreed to.

*We will be here.* Blue told him. He smiled.

*I know* he said.

He’d worry about it later. He returned to writing his reports while thunder rolled overhead and the rain poured comfortably down.
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Owen and Kavita meet.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Before nine the next morning, Owen was down to meet his new intern in the briefing room where all the interns had to do their orientation training on the raptor paddock after their mandatory safety training. At exactly nine, someone knocked on the door.

“Come in,” Owen called.

The door opened and a young woman walked in. Owen gestured to the table where there was a tablet and stylus.

“Sign in there please, before we begin.” She nodded and put down her little knapsack and signed her name on the tablet.

When she was finished she put it down and faced Owen attentively.

Owen took her in at glance. She was about 5’7, with long black hair braided back, almond-shaped brown eyes, and tanned skin as if she was used to working outdoors. She was obviously of Indian descent. She wore khaki cargo pants and a deep green polo t-shirt, and no makeup. A back hair band kept her rather long bangs off her face.

She at least got points for dressing appropriately.

“Good morning. My name is Owen Grady and I’ll be your supervisor for the length of your internship at the raptor paddock. I’m the Chief Raptor behaviour analyst.”

“Good morning,” she returned smiling pleasantly at him, “I’m Kavita Ramdial. Pleased to meet you.”

Owen nodded and said, “Well take a seat and let’s get started. Pay attention because this is very important.”

She nodded and they began. Owen saved most of his usual speech for when they were actually at the paddock. Right now was all about the instructive videos and recordings of raptors the first two sets of interns had gotten.

Kavita proved to be an interesting study. Fortunately she didn’t turn green at any of the recordings. In fact the most reaction she showed was to wrinkle her nose at one of the kills.

At the end Owen reiterated some of the special safety training for the raptors and then motioned her to follow him.

“We’re going to the paddock,” he told her. She nodded and Owen was left wondering if he should be glad she wasn’t very chatty or not.

The ride out the paddock was mostly in silence. Owen had borrowed a jeep since he was driving her
there. He listened for the expected comments about the rather bumpy road, (he heard that some of the more ‘posh’ interns had complained about the road to the raptor paddock) but there was none. She simply braced herself and spent most of the time looking around her with interest. She seemed to be enjoying the open air. She yawned twice on the way though.

“Sleepy already?” Owen queried, raising an eyebrow.

“Sorry,” she said, “Jet lag. It always hits me hard. I got a few hours sleep but,” she made a face, “It didn’t kill the effects completely.”

“Ahh,” he said in understanding. He could feel the eagerness of the pack as he got closer and gave them a wordless greeting.

Soon they pulled up in front of the paddock. They got out and then Owen got serious.

“Okay. There are four main rules you have to follow here. You don’t follow them. I kick you out. Do you understand?”

“Yes sir,” she said crisply.

“Rule one: Don’t go into the paddock. Ever. You’re an outsider and the pack will defend themselves. Two, don’t try to feed them or touch them in anyway. Three, make sure the gate to the outsides is locked when you go into the stables. And four ask questions. I’m always available to answer. And no question is too stupid. I rather you ask me than act on presumptions.”

She nodded again and said, “Yes sir.”

“Repeat them back to me,” Owen said, figuring that if they all remembered the rules like Peter it might help.

“Don’t go into the paddock. Ask questions. Don’t touch or try to feed. Make sure the gate to the outside is locked when you go into the stables,” she rattled off.

“Good,” said Owen and Delta blew out a harsh breath from the paddock. She succeeded in making Kavita jump. Owen had to give a little grin and then went on to explain about energy and how to approach the raptors. She listened intently and asked a few intelligent questions. He answered them and was generally pleased except for one thing which had bugged him over the course of their exchange.

“Are you deliberately trying to sound like me?” he asked frowning, because if she was that was just strange.

During the conversation her accent, which had been an interesting blend of Indian and American, with hints of British and a welsh sing song had slowly progressed to his own all American.

She blinked at him for a moment and then quick embarrassed grin flashed over her face before she covered her mouth with her hands and tried to smother her laughter.

“Sorry,” she said, American accent still in place, “I can’t help it. It just happens.” She waved a hand dismissively in the air. “And it helps me to understand you when you talk.” She gave a little shrug. “Sorry if it’s offending you.”

“Not offending,” he said, “Just…a little strange.”

“Ohh. Sorry again.”
Owen shrugged and feeling Blue’s curiosity said, “Well let’s go meet the pack.”

Chapter End Notes

So tell me what you think of her.
Owen led the way over to the paddock and then stood of to the side to let his girls get a good look at their special intern. Kavita approached more slowly, taking her time, her eyes on the raptors inside the paddock.

Blue came up first, body facing parallel to the paddock walls so her full eye was visible and that there was no doubt that she watching Kavita very carefully. The tilt of her head emphasized that fact and she kept up the gaze unerringly as Kavita approached.

Kavita for her part focused on Blue as she got closer and then finally stopped just where Owen had and looked Blue straight in the eyes. The two of them locked eyes for a long moment and Owen could feel the laser focus Blue had on the young woman. He, for his part, was a little surprised because it was in his experience that most people didn’t like to look his girls dead in the eye.

He’d been told that it was both unnerving and frightening. Prey aren’t meant to look into the eyes of their predators, they’re meant to duck their heads down and try to escape notice. So to see Kavita do it so easily had him both impressed and worried.

He remembered Blue’s speculation about whether or not Kavita was a preternatural, but his insight from Blue’s mind told him that Blue wasn’t feeling anyone reaching out to him and Kavita certainly didn’t seem overwhelmed in any way. She also didn’t give any clue that she was sensing the minds of his girls either.

All these thought flew through his mind for the long moment that occurred before Kavita broke eye contact and said to Blue:

“Well, hello. Nice to meet you.”

Blue pleased about putting the human girl in her place but alternatively bothered by something, darted her head forward and let out a harsh breath.

Kavita jerked backwards, rocking back on her heels but just as quickly her hips rocked forward causing the rest of her upper body to roll forward again, leaving her standing straight up and not giving any ground. The motion was as graceful as an ocean swell rolling in to shore and Owen took note of it.

At any rate, once she had caught her balance, she grinned at Blue and said good-naturedly, “I see you’re pleased to meet me too, bitch.”

Evidently Blue’s scare tactics hadn’t gone unnoticed.

Still Owen frowned at her and she gave a little wince and said in a conciliatory tone, “Sorry. She’s just totally a diva though.”

“‘She,’” said Owen, “is a dangerous wild animal. You have to be careful and observe what’s really happening and not just what you think you see. Her name is Blue and she’s the beta of the pack.”

Kavita nodded in acknowledgement of his reprimand and leaned back and took a good look at Blue. “I think she’s a good one,” she said slowly and then her eyes crinkled and she mumbled under her breath, “Totally explains the diva.”
Owen gave a mental sigh and elected to ignore it because, well, it was kind of true. He could hear Dan agreeing. Besides if he worried about every single thing he might give himself high blood pressure. Two weeks, he repeated to himself, two weeks and then she’s gone.

“That one,” he said pointing to Charlie, “is Charlie.” He then pointed to Delta and Echo and said, “Delta, Echo.”

Delta came up slyly to the fences and gave a loud chuff that had startled interns before but Kavita didn’t jump this time.

“Nice to meet you ladies,” she called out.

Echo gave a sort of warble and moseyed up to the fence and gave her a once over, Charlie joining her.

Owen let them get a good look at her. In any other situation Owen was sure that the girls might have been more pleased with this intruder than they were but for some reason they were all edgy. There was something off about Kavita and it made them all wary.

He cursed himself for agreeing to this.

Owen focused on her, trying to sort out the confusing mass of instincts that Blue was sending him along their bond in the event that he could figure it out faster than they.

In the mean time though, he took her over to the stables, showed her how to opened and close the gates, made her repeat the rule for the stables and then took her up to the catwalks. He cautioned her about leaning over the railings and then pointed back out which raptor was which at her request so that she could tell them apart.

She knew Blue of course, but could not quite get the others right, and the bird’s eye view helped to establish their difference more firmly. Owen was pleased with this because it showed some manner of care towards the animals.

When they were done, Owen got his clicker and bucket of rats and went though the training theory with her. Luckily, she had actually seemed to have gone through some courses on animal behaviour and the theory was familiar to her.

Blue and the others, seeing the bucket and clicker gathered below them, ready for their training session, occasionally snapping at one another and gazing up at the new figure that had intruded into their lives.

“Alright,” said Owen when he was ready to being their training session, “Remember about what I said about energy and projecting yourself?”

She nodded.

“Keep that in mind and watch carefully. If you try this without the right approach, you are not going to get good results. The pack has to respect the person who is giving them orders and that person has to respect them. It’s all about respect. A very mutual respect. Do not for a second, forget what these animals are and what they are capable off, despite what you see. They are very real and they have real responses.”

Kavita nodded again, her face a study of concentration and anticipation. “Got it,” she said.

“Good,” he said and lifted up his hand, clicking the clicker. “Eyes on me!”
At the end of the day it was with a sigh of relief that he watched Kavita hop into the Jurassic World jeep assigned to ferry the interns back and forth to the paddock. When she was out of sight he felt the light wave of tension among his girls flow away and he himself relaxed.

“Thirteen more days to go,” he said, “We can make this.”

Blue huffed in agreement and gave an impatient little snort to tell him that they were about ready for an evening run. Owen laughed, especially as Charlie and Delta pushily agreed.

“Yeah,” he said, “I could go for a run too.”

Later that night Owen, lying in his bunk at his bungalow reflected on the day especially on his new intern. It wasn’t that she was a bad intern. On the contrary she looked like she might rank up there with the best ones; maybe even surpass them, with the exception of Peter. She paid attention, asked good question, took his teaching and training seriously. Even after that first interaction with the raptors, she had seemed to buckle down and take in what his girls had excluded. She was an excellent observer and didn’t complain about cleaning out the stables or the remnants of the girls’ meals. She also seemed accustomed to hard physical work and generally kept out of the way if he needed her to be.

But there was still something strange about her. Something weirdly off. She wasn’t a preternatural, at least if she was, she was anything like Owen had ever met before. But he didn’t think she was because he and the raptors had been watching her extensively for any sign that she might be but had come up empty.

Owen struggled to figure out what it was that made them all go on edge and Blue did too, tying to put her instincts into a human a concept as she could manage but they were still frustratingly drawing a blank. Part of him wondered if he was wary because she was just so damn perfect, maybe he just wasn’t used to good interns but his instincts rebelled against the idea.

“Thirteen more days,” he mumbled and fell asleep.

The next day Kavita arrived on time, ferried by one of Carter’s men to the paddock. Today she had a notebook and a small sketch pad with her. She had only taken a few steps forward when Owen raised a hand to stop her. She came to an abrupt halt and tilted her head at him, brow ceasing in confusion.

“Before you take another step,” he said, “What are the four rules of the paddock?”

Her brow cleared and she grinned.
“One: Don’t go into the paddock. Two, don’t try to feed them or touch them in anyway. Three, make sure the gate to the outsides is locked when you go into the stables. And four ask questions.”

“Very good,” said Owen, “Step right up. Let’s get today started.” Kavita walked towards him but then Owen noticed that Carter’s man was lingering. He made a questioning gesture and the man came over to Owen with a package in his hand.

“Ms Dearing sent this to you,” he said, “She said it’s from Mr. Masrani.”

Owen frowned but accepted the package. Right on cue his phone rang and he fished it out to see the caller id say Claire.

“Hey Claire,” he said, “What’s up?”

“Just calling to confirm that Carter’s security does have a package for you,” she said, “it’s a book.”

“Thanks,” he said and meant it. He felt Blue’s approval of Claire rise for the way she handled things. “I just got it.”

“Good,” she said. “I have to go now.”

“Bye,” he said but she’d already rung off.

He nodded to the guard and then detoured to rest the book in his house. When he got back Kavita was waiting patiently for him and they went over to the paddock to start the morning’s schedule.

In the middle of the day after the girls had gorged themselves and after Kavita had cleaned out the stables, Owen sent her off for her lunch hour and then settled in to look at the book that Masrani had sent for him. Blue nuzzled against his mind and settled down to read with him too.

The book was a plain brown, hardcover. There was no title or author and looked to have been newly printed. Owen raised an eyebrow and felt his curiosity peak. He opened the front cover and was greeted with a page reading anatomy. He flipped the page to the next and found himself staring at a diagram of a raptor.

It was a general diagram, labeling the outermost parts of the raptor and stretching across two pages. It was pretty basic but clear. Owen flipped the page and then found a more specific drawing of a raptor. This was clearly one of the juveniles involved in the incident. It was drawn in such a way that he could see that the raptor in the drawing had plenty of personality. It was giving a toothy grin to the artist who’d sketched it and had its head cocked a sly and almost playful manner. Almost. Owen could see that it was hunting, hunting and exploring.

Damn. He didn’t envy the poor artist who’d seen it to capture it. He remembered his own hair-raising moments aboard the ship, trapped with raptors who weren’t his girls.

Blue rubbed against his mind, a sharp, but comforting presence.

The next page introduced the personable raptor as Harry. Owen raised an eyebrow then decided that since someone was obviously more inventive than him when it came to raptor names, he probably shouldn’t judge.
Harry was described in clear, clinical tones with regards to shape, color, size, weight and height. He was one of the two betas of the small pack. The book went on to give more facts of Harry with regards to his hunting skill, the patterns he used, the way he reacted to his environment. All in all Owen was thoroughly invested in the book when the return of the jeep told him that his intern’s lunch hour, and his hour of peace, had come to an end.

Blue reluctantly ghosted out of his head. She’d been most fascinated about the way her kin had been described. She didn’t quite understand the whys and the hows, of the research, not fully at any rate but it intrigued her.

Owen put down the book and got ready for the evening session.

Chapter End Notes

So Harry.....
Chapter 6

The rest of the week passed without incident with his new intern and Owen was rather pleased that he didn’t have anything to be concerned about. It seemed that this time, maybe, just maybe, this wouldn’t so badly. At least this intern didn’t bat her eyes at him or thought that menial work was below her. There was still that nagging feeling about her, something that was strange, almost, well almost wrong. He couldn’t tell of was a bad wrong or not. Still nothing turned up and so Owen resolved to stay wary but not worry.

Monday found him heading up to Nancy and M.

“Morning Grady!” said Nancy as he came up to the platform.

“Morning!” he said grinning back at her. She handed over a bag and Owen gratefully reached for the muffins inside.

“I could almost kiss you,” he murmured smelling the muffin. He was hungry.

“Don’t,” said Nancy, “Your girls might get jealous and I’m afraid I don’t have enough teeth and nails to go against them.”

Owen chuckled and bit into the muffin. “Ready?” he asked after he swallowed.

“Sure,” said Nancy and they began their weekly routine.

Sometime later Owen took his leave of Nancy answering, “Sure,” to her “Don’t be a stranger Owen.”

He checked his watch and saw that he still had some time to go before he had to get back to the enclosures and decided to pass through M’s viewing section. He was startled to find someone sitting on the floor, midway through the corridor.

As he drew closer he realized who it was. “Kavita?” he asked.

“Hey, Mr. Grady!” she replied, not looking up from the sketchpad she was totally absorbed in. “Nancy said I could sketch M if I wanted.”

Sure enough when Owen glanced at the sketch pad a partial drawing of M swimming in her enclosure greeted him.

“You draw,” he said.

“Yep,” she said, “Been meaning to ask you if I could sketch the girls too.”

Owen considered. “I’ll get back to you,” he said and Kavita shrugged. Her pencil never stopped during the whole exchange and Owen watched as she carefully and quickly mapped the mosasaur that was coming closer every second, drawn by Owen’s presence.

M came straight up to the glass and then turned at the last second gliding along the glass. Kavita quickly caught M’s eye and the patterning of her skin as she glided past. She then grinned cheerfully at the mosasaur and said under her breath:
“Aren’t you a beautiful lady?”

Owen smiled surprising even himself. Kavita glanced at him in that moment and said:

“What? It’s true. She scores a perfect ten and I’m like a 6 or something.”

“Nine,” Owen counters, “Blue is a ten.”

Kavita snorts with laughter. “Ain’t that the truth.”

She closes her sketchpad and stands up from the floor. “It’s about time to be going isn’t it?”

Owen checks his watch and nods. “Might as well give you a drop,” he says and feels in his pocket for his keys. “As long as you don’t might riding behind me.”

She tilts her head for a moment in confusion and then realizes that he came on his motorcycle. “Nah,” she says shaking her head. “I don’t mind.” She slips the sketchpad into a bag, slings the bag onto her back and follows Owen out the building.

In his mind Blue gives him a questioning tug.

_A test_, he sends back to her. Maybe he’ll find out something about his strange intern. Something that’ll explain the odd skittering feeling he’d gotten; that one that crawled down his spine for a second when Kavita had locked eyes with M. It wasn’t anything malicious, but damn! It was strange.

They arrived at his bike and Owen got on it and handed her the extra helmet. She put it on and swung into the space behind him. She rested her hands lightly on his sides and nodded when Owen asked if she was ready.

“You should hold on tighter,” he told her, “I don’t want you to fall off.”

“I’m good,” she said, grinning through her helmet. Owen shrugged.

“Consider that my disclaimer if you fall off.”

“Considered,” she shot back and Owen revved the bike and they jumped forward.

Owen discovered two things in the next three seconds. One: Kavita had definitely ridden on a motorbike before and two: she had excellent finger strength. She didn’t grip him hard but she definitely wasn’t going to fall off.

The ride wasn’t as bad as Owen thought it might be. Kavita leaned her weight with his when required and pulled back on occasion to provide a good counterbalance. She took the rough spots on the road in stride and didn’t encumber Owen while he was driving.

They soon fell into a comfortable enough rhythm that Owen felt safe enough to bring up conversation.

“Why do you want to draw the raptors?” he asked her.

“I suppose it’s my default,” she shouted back to him after a moment. “You how some people take notes?” she shrugged. “I draw. Helps me get a good perspective on things. Besides the raptors are beautiful.”

“They’re deadly,” Owen countered.
“Yep,” she replied. “But beautiful. In their own way. Like lions or tigers…but different. Thiers is a beauty that’s…not from our age.”

“It’s a beauty to be respected,” Owen said.

“Wild animals right?” Kavita replied.

“Right,” Owen nodded.

Thy fell silent after that but Owen mulled over the conversation for the rest of the ride. Blue nudged at his mind, uneasy. For all that Kavita seemed to get what Owen said, somehow she didn’t seem to take it as seriously as she should.

*It will get her killed,* Blue said calmly.

*Let’s hope it doesn’t come to that,* Owen replied. He didn’t actually want to see any stupid interns dead.

*Her choice,* Blue said smoothly.

*You know not to kill her,* Owen remarked.

*But we can scare her,* Delta said nudging up against Owen’s mind. Owen sent a swell of amusement at them even as he was incensed at the thought of someone going into the paddock again.

They soon arrived at the paddock and Owen as usual sent his wordless greeting to his girls. Kavita, clearly not a preternatural, greeted his girls aloud.

“Morning ladies,” she sang out. Her American accent was still firmly in place, no trace of her odd sing-song original anywhere in her voice. Owen still thought it was strange. He shook himself out of the thoughts and went to get his girls started on their first training practice for the day.

The days were warm here in the Costa Rican airspace. Like a typical tropical island there was only two seasons: wet and dry. Start of the year meant some showers but also meant the heat was beginning to pack it in. The days were starting to edge up into the 70s but it was made worse by the humid forest air.

Owen was accustomed to it but Zack, accustomed to the mainland, thought it would be the death of him. Owen had met him up in the café after the workday was finished, quite by accident but the two had quickly settled into conversation.

Zack was chattering excitedly in response to Owen’s simple, “So how’s it going so far?” At the moment the object of his tangent was the heat.

“I mean,” said Zack, “I’ve felt worse right? I mean, I lived through hotter temperatures but, but the humidity here just kills you. It’s like you’re stifling. And when there isn’t humidity, it’s like there isn’t even a cloud in sight. It’s just plain blue sky with the sun shining straight on your head.” His phone chimed and Zack read the incoming message and then said, “Gray’s laughing at me.”

“Complaining to him too?* asked Owen amused.

“What else is a younger brother good for?” Zack shot back but his eyes were fond.
“He wants to know how you are,” Zack told Owen. In his mind he felt Blue give a pleased shift. She held some measure of respect for Gray, for the way the boy had handled himself in the I-rex incident. He was young but he had personality.

“Can you send a voice note on that?” Owen asked.

“Sure,” said Zack. He tapped on the screen a few times and then held it out towards Owen. Owen leaned forward and began speaking when Zack held the record button.

“Hey there Gray? How’re you doing. I am just fine, thank you very much and so is my girls. Your brother on the other hand,” he continued giving Zack a teasing look, “He is practically a puddle. I think the only thing that isn’t melted about him is that hair of his. Must be the gel right?”

“Hey!” Zack interrupted but he was laughing. Owen felt his girls flood his brain, clamoring for attention and sending him urgent signals. Clearly they’d figured out what was going on and had decided they wanted in on it. Raptors on social media. Oh dear.

“The pack...uh...the pack says hi.”

Zack hit send and they waited for the message to be bounced over to gray. A few minutes later a voicenote popped up on Zack’s phone.

Zack opened it only for the two of them to be hit with a splash of Gray’s laughter, verging on hysterical. When he caught his breath he yelled, “Cool! Say hi to them too! I’m glad you’re okay Owen. I’m fine too. Mom bought be a book about animal behaviors ‘cause she said if I read it then Zack would probably get all the info he needs. But I don’t mind. I want to read it. Soon I’ll be able to come out there with you all right.”

“Little squirt!” Zack muttered but he hit the reply button and held the phone out to Owen.

“Sure you can Gray,” Owen said, because of course Gray can. He was really, really smart. “You’d have to talk to your aunt about it though but I’m sure when you’re old enough you shouldn’t have a problem getting in. Take care of yourself aright and if you have any questions about what you read, email me.”

“I’ll talk to later Gray,” Zack added, “The usual time right?” He sends the message and then sets phone back on the table and lends back looking a little empty, maybe a little lost.

“You missing him?” Owen asked him.

Zack snorts but nods after a moment. “Yeah,” he says. “But... at the same time I’m glad he’s not here, you know. I mean, I need to figure out myself and what I really what and, and who I’m going to be from here on out. We’ll talk every night though. It’s, it’s just enough space and connection for this to work.” He ducks his head a little shyly as he speaks the rest. “Cause I don’t think I’ll make it without Gray.”

“Kid’s strong as heck,” Owen tells him, “But so are you Zack.”

Zack looks up startled and freezes in place when his eyes locks with Owen’s, with the alpha of the island. “You’ve got a lot of steel in you Zack and it shows up when it counts and when it really counts.”

Owen watches Zack swallow and then nod. He is only startled, not scared. He trusts Owen too much for that. The preternatural focus slides away and Owen blinks and focuses back on his drink.
“I’m glad you two are working with your situation though,” he adds.

“Me too,” said Zack and sips at his drink.

*Pack,* murmurs Blue at the back on his mind as she watches Zack through his eyes.

*His brother, his pack. Strong, individual, stronger together.*

*Pack,* agrees Owen, because anyone with eyes could see that Zack loved his little brother dearly and fiercely. It wasn’t the equivalent of a raptor pack, it never would be, Zack was human but it was close enough for Blue to call it pack.

The two of the finished their drinks with Zack updating Owen on how his progress with his preternatural abilities was going and took leave of each other. Owen made a mental note to visit Zack a little more often to keep himself updated on his progress.

Owen headed back to his motorcycle feeling the anticipation of girls rise as he made his way back to them. Always to them.
“Alright,” said Owen to Kavita as they stood on the catwalk for the evening session, “Raptors are smart enough to get bored when there isn’t much for them to do and especially when the days are warm like the ones we’ve been having lately.”

“Okay,” she said, not quite sure where this was going.

“Since tomorrow’s forecast is unsurprisingly more sun, I want you to come up with some ways to relieve the boredom of raptors. Let’s see if you come up with anything more original than your peers.”

“Oh wow,” she laughed, “That’s going to…..” she trailed off suddenly and Owen saw a light come on in her eyes. “You know what?” she said, “I may know just the thing.”

Owen raised his eyebrows and she grinned at him. “You’ll see tomorrow,” she said cheerfully.

“Alright,” Owen nodded, “Well let’s let today’s session started.”

After the session had finished and Kavita had left, Delta chuffed at him impatiently. Blue and Charlie echoed her sentiments.

“Alright,” he said grinning at them, “Let’s go for a run.”

The next morning, he bumped into Nancy as she was coming into Winston’s.

“Stranger Danger,” she chirped when she saw him.

“That sounds like something Josh would say,” he tells her and she laughs. “Besides you saw me yesterday!”

“But I may not see you for the whole week,” she said and grinned at him, “Those ladies have you good and tight.”

“You talk like M doesn’t have you wrapped around her flipper,” Owen snarked back and Nancy laughed.

“And she knows it too.”
Owen put away his food for the day into the pack on his bike and headed back into the enclosure. He greeted his girls through the enclosure.

“Alright,” he murmured to them, “Let’s see what she has for you.”

A few minutes later Kavita came riding up in the jeep. She hopped out and Owen raised a hand to stall her where she stood. She rocked to a stop so fast Owen’s back gave a twinge of sympathy pain.

“Rules of the enclosure,” he demanded.

“Don’t go into the paddock. Don’t try to feed them or touch them in anyway. Make sure the gate to the outsides is locked when you go into the stables. And ask questions,” she rattled off.

“What are the raptors?”

“They are highly, intelligent wild animals.”

“And how should they be treated?”

“With respect,” she said, words clipped like a soldier answering her commanding officer.

“Alright,” he said, “Remember what I said about how you project yourself. Let’s see what you’ve got to relieve the girls of their boredom today.”

In response Kavita reached into her backpack and pulled out several colored boomerangs of varying colors, sizes and angles. Owen blinked at them.

“What are you going to do with that?”

“Throw them,” she said like it was the most obvious answer in the world.

“Let me get this straight,” he said after a moment, “You want to play fetch with raptors?”

“No,” she said, “I want to simulate a small, flying prey and hopefully get your girls some exercise and stretch their mental faculties.”

“And what makes you think that the raptors are going to attempt to catch the boomerangs?” asked Owen.

“I thought we could rub ’em down with a dead rat,” Kavita said shrugging. “Besides, it’s a brightly coloured object flying into their enclosure. I’m pretty sure they’ll lunge for it just on principle.”

Owen blinked. Blue was wavering between, amused, offended and curious. Echo wanted to play with the boomerangs, Charlies was wary of them and Delta wanted to know how it would feel to crush one in her jaws.

Owen decided to let it go. “Fine,” he says. “Just consider this a disclaimer if you lose a hand catching back one of those.”

“Noted,” said Kavita promptly. Then she dumped her bag at his cabin and met him on top the catwalks.

Owen was feeling a little skeptical about the whole thing. He had no idea if the idea was even going to prove feasible. Kavita showed him the blunted edges of the boomerangs, to reassure him that they wouldn’t hurt his girls and then cocked back her arm to throw one.
Before she did though, she tilted her head and grinned at him, “I bet you a meal a Winston’s that they’ll fail to catch the first one.”

Owen raised his eyebrows as Blue responded to challenge. He looked down at his waiting girls below them, ready to pounce.

Take it, said Blue.

“Alright,” said Owen.

You better catch it, Owen told Blue with amusement, or you owe me a meal.

Kavita nodded, and with a full body throw released a bright pink boomerang into the enclosure. The girls raced after it, like she predicted they would. They were in range in seconds and just as Blue leapt into the air, jaws open and extended to snatch the offending pick object, the boomerang, with its small angle, reached the point in its path where it curved back on itself and Blue’s jaws snap shut on empty air.

The boomerang curved back up towards them and Kavita stooped on the catwalk, reached through the bars of the fence and snatched the boomerang before it passed beneath the catwalk. She withdrew her hand with the boomerang and grinned at Owen who was staring at her in shock.

“You owe me a meal,” she says cheerfully.

“How?” asked Owen.

“Raptors are epic and they can turn on a dime but there’s some angles even they can’t twist into,” she said in explanation. “I just made the boomerang’s angle so that it would make an arc too steep for them to turn,” she shrugged, “That won’t work a second time through.”

Owen was silent while he took in the information and matching it up with what he knew. She was right. He knew she was. He knew every strength and weakness of his girls, and it was true that Blue couldn’t make a turn at that angle.

“Good observation,” he said finally.

She looked pleased at the praise and then threw the boomerang a second time. This time Charlie chased after it but Blue came up perpendicular to her and snatched the boomerang when it made the turn. Then she sauntered up to the catwalk and with a flick of her head tossed it back up to Kavita with a smug, challenging air.

“Hope she doesn’t hold a grudge,” Kavita muttered under her breath. Then she picked up the pink boomerang again and took the green one from Owen in her other hand. She tossed the pink boomerang again and then waited a second and a half before she tossed the green boomerang in a different direction.

The raptors pulled the same strategy to catch the pink boomerang, but had to break off the assault when the green boomerang, with a different angle and lapse time, curved back and its path caused it to curve right to the lunging raptors. Echo ducked to avoid being hit in the face from the green boomerang and missed the pink one.

Within seconds, both boomerangs were tossed up at their feet and Owen felt his girl’s frustration at being bested twice. Kavita picked both back up and tossed them again, and this time the raptors responded with lightning fast strategy to get both of them.
“They learn so fast,” marveled Kavita and Owen nodded absently while his mind was taken up in his girls focus. They were not currently bored and they zeroed in on the exercise with the focus on a hunt. Their failure to catch the boomerangs had sharpened their determination to win as it had reflected poorly on their skills, as far they were concerned. But they were also learning fast. They had quickly determined that the boomerangs had a curving flight path and so to be wary of expected turns. That the boomerangs were thrown by Kavita who had obviously manipulated them to be that difficult only increased their desire to win and exert dominance.

Both boomerangs were once more tossed up and Kavita snatched them out of the air. She took the yellow one from Owen, this one with a wider angle between the ends than any of the others and then tossed the green one first, followed by the pink and finally the yellow.

Blue caught the green one but was forced to duck out of the way from the pink. Delta lunged for the pink one where it’s curving path was supposed to bring it. This move brought her in direct conflict with Charlie who going after the yellow one. Charlie plowed into Delta, the yellow boomerang hit the wall of the enclosure and Echo snapped the pink boomerang in her jaws.

Charlies and Delta detangled themselves, snapped warningly at each other and then Charlie picked up the yellow boomerang and tossed up at Kavita. The pink and green ones soon flowed and Kavita tossed them all again, adding different delay times and directions to them.

The pack worked out he flight paths quickly and had to orient themselves even quicker to avoid slamming into each other. But they got it, moving with predatory instincts millions of years old not to mention all the training they had gotten from Owen.

The next time Kavita threw the boomerangs, including the forth final one, Owen felt Blue peek from his eyes to get a bird’s eye view of the field before communicating with the others what to do.

They caught all four with devastating effectiveness and then tossed them up smugly at Kavita.

She laughed in awe. “I think that certainly deserves rats,” she said turning to Owen.

Owen nodded. It certainly did. He tossed one to Blue, Charlie and Delta and then handed Kavita the last one to toss to Echo.

“And that’s your treat for today for coming up with an effective idea for keeping the raptors entertained,” he told her.

She looked pleased and tossed it to Echo who caught it deftly.

*You owe me a meal,* Owen reminded Blue.
Chapter 8

The next day Owen goes to meet his intern to pay up for the meal he owed her in the evening. He heads into the park, checks his watch when he arrives and finds he is at least half an hour early. Since he had the time he decided he might as well walk around a bit and visit the others. Zack was in the petting zoo this week so Owen headed over there.

He comes in through the employee’s entrance and bumps into Peter.

“Hey,” said Owen, “What’re you doing here?”

“Some of the babies are coming down with something,” Peter told him, “Looks like a flu of some sort. We’re boosting them with vitamins and broad spectrum antibiotics for now while we get the blood work done. But some of the babies are skittish and they don’t even want to go near anyone. The keepers think that it’s because they’re feeling vulnerable now that they’re sick. Zack’s in there. So’s your new intern actually.”

Owen blinked. “Kavita’s in there?”

“Yeah,” said Peter, “She apparently came to draw some of them but the babies had gotten sick. She’d helping with the corralling.”

Owen nodded and walked into the little enclosure in the back of the petting corrals. The handlers greeted him and pointed over to where Zack and Kavita were. The two of them had a baby triceratops back against the bars of the enclosure but the poor thing was trembling and scared and both of them had stopped a little distance away for fear that their approaching might lead it to damaging itself in its fight to distance itself.

As Owen watched though, Zack dropped to his haunches and clearly concentrated. The baby calmed a little, but it was still terribly afraid and confused. Kavita dropped to her hands and knees, dropping her body even lower so that she was on the same level of the baby and slowly crawled forward.

The baby shrank back but Zack’s brows knitted together and the baby stopped cringing so much. Kavita inched closer and then stopped. Even as Owen watched she began to breath slowly and deeply, letting the tension leak out of her frame. Soon she was radiating calm and gentle assurance.

I am not a threat. Her body language said. I am not a threat. I am here to help.

Zack frowned some more, clearly soothing the baby. And eventually Kavita reached out a hand slowly and left it hanging in the air, still breathing slowly and steadily.

I am not a threat.

Calm and peaceful thoughts flowed from Zack.

And slowly, slowly, the baby stopped cowering and eventually it moved away from the fence and ambled slowly, hesitatingly towards Kavita and finally came close enough for her to rest her hand of its beak like mouth. She moved slowly, letting it see everything she was doing and rested her hand gently on its muzzle.

After a few moments, she was patting it slowly and reassuringly and then Zack moved forward, also very slowly. Owen could now make out the low reassuring mumble of words he was saying. He knelt next to the baby and moving slowly and carefully retrieved the capped needle from his pocket.
He held it up for the baby to see, mumbled some more while Kavita patted it soothing-ly and then he uncapped the needle, found a vein and with steady, gentle hands injected the contents into the baby’s veins.

The baby squealed a little but didn’t move around so much and Kavita made little shushing noises. Zack withdrew the needle, recapped it with careful hands and then also began to pet the little triceratops.

Kavita carefully moved away and one of the handler took her place.

She saw Owen and moved over to him.

“Hey,” she said softly brushing off her clothes.

“Hey,” said Owen, “What are you doing in here?”

“Got permission to draw some of the babies but they got sick. When I came, they were trying to corral the babies so that the vets could give them their shots and get some blood. But some of the babies were already skittish and after they took blood from the first one, it screamed a lot and scared the others. So the babies refused to go near anyone but the handlers, and they still didn’t want them either. Zack and some of the others were having some success and the vets and I were just using our bodies to get them to the handlers.”

She shrugged here. “I helped Zack corral one and it turned out we were a good team.”

“I see,” said Owen. “Interns aren’t usually allowed if they’re not part of the area you know.”

“I know,” said Kavita, “I asked though and they said okay, provided that I leave if they tell me to.” She picked at a few globs of what appeared to be dinosaur spit in her hair.

Owen raised an eyebrow.

“Baby brachiosaur liked my hair,” she explained.

Owen looked around and saw that the last of the babies were already corralled and were having blood drawn.

“Dinner?” he asked.

“Sure,” she said. “Just let me tell them I’m leaving and get my sketch pad.” Owen nodded and she went off.

A few moments Zack came up next to him.

“Owen,” he said.

“Hey Zack,” said Owen. “What happened?”

“We don’t know,” said Zack. “The handlers say that the dinosaurs have immunities put unto a lot of the diseases in our modern world but flu viruses mutate so much, this may be one that they aren’t immune to.”

“Do they think it’ll spread?”

“We’re not sure,” said Zack. “No adults show any sign of it so maybe it’s just that the babies have a weaker immune system.”
“Maybe,” Owen murmured. He was worried and hoped dearly that it didn’t spread.

“They might have to put a quarantine for the petting zoo,” Zack said.

Owen nodded. It was a good idea. “How was my intern?”

“She was good,” said Zack after a startled moment. “She really is aware of how to deal with them. Did you see her? She just makes herself calm and unthreatening so the babies trust her.”

“I think you had something to do with that,” Owen said raising an eyebrow. Zack flushed a little.

“Just a little bit,” he said, “They’re easier because they’re so young. They’re not really forceful and they don’t need a lot of talent to guide either. They’re,” he flushed a little bit again, “They’re pretty cute actually. Just little roly poly bundles of happiness or hunger or even anger sometimes. Other times they just sorta want to cuddle up to someone.”

Owen grinned because Zack had described the babies perfectly. While some animal species, their young had forceful personalities of their own, the baby herbivores in the petting zoo, didn’t have so much. There a few exceptions of course, Owen had felt them and they had amused him and Blue, to no end; forceful little things carving out their path in their world of over-eager kids with sticky fingers and sharp little heels.

At that moment Kavita returned.


Kavita laughed but held out her hand to him. “Nice working with you Zack!”

He shook her hand firmly and said, “Nice working with you too!”

They grinned at each other, Kavita waved to a baby brachiosaur and then she and Owen were heading out the petting zoo and over to Winston’s.
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

And the excitement begins!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When Owen got back from Winston’s the pack were waiting for him eagerly. Owen opened the paddock, got his bike and rifles and they set off for the restricted area. The girls hunted eagerly, while Owen made a circular route to check on some of his cameras.

Luckily most of them seemed to be in good shape so far. When he finally stopped in one of their usual camping spots, Blue presented him with two wild chickens.

A meal, she projected at him humorously.

Owen laughed and rubbed her snout, affectionately.

“That teaches us both to bet huh?”

Blue huffed imperiously then rubbed against him before dashing off into the forest to hunt for herself. Owen spent the remainder of the time plucking the wild chickens until the girls came back, sated with food and ready for the run back.

He stowed the chickens in a compartment on his bike and then hopped on. But before he started up the engine, he frowned and his brow creased. There was an odd pressure for a moment, something that reminded him of the Indominus. But it was gone after a second. He blinked, projected a question at Blue and tilted his head while he concentrated to see if he could pick up anything again.

After ten minutes however, he admitted defeat and left. Either he was tired and it was just one more thing he might have to dealt with after having overstretched himself, or it was something else. He’d ask Claire when he got back.

Blue agreed. She hadn’t caught the weird pressure but neither of them felt like taking any chances.

When he got back to the cabin, he called Claire.

“Claire,” he said when she answered, “I was out in the restricted area today and just for a second I felt something, similar to the Indominus. Please tell me the labs have not made anything else.”

There was a moment of shocked silence and then Claire said, “No. No. Of course not, Owen. We’ve all learnt our lesson.”

“Do you think I imagined it?”

“I wouldn’t know,” Claire said, briskly, “But I will get Carter and Masrani to run a check to ensure that no one is building anything they shouldn’t.”
“Thank you,” he said.

“No, thank you,” she said, “NO one wants another incident.” With that she hung up with purpose. Owen blinked at his phone and then decided he was glad he wasn’t going to be on the other side of that tone.

He looked at the pack who were waiting silently. “That’s as much as we can do for now,” he said to them. Then he took stock of their muddied and bloodied condition and went for the hose.

By the time he got back, they were jockeying for position for who would get sprayed first. He waited patiently for them to figure it out and then commenced with the spraying.

Thursday dawned bright and insufferably hot. The girls were tucked in the shady places of the paddock and showed absolutely no inclination to move. Owen sympathized. He didn’t want to move much either. Kavita showed up to the paddock with a sweatband and a hat, along with a vest and thin over-shirt.

She was also entirely too perky with regards to the heat. She laughed at Owen’s expression when she skipped over.

“I grew up in the tropics,” she explained, cheerfully, “So the heat doesn’t bother me so much. At least it’s not humid though.”

“The tropics?” Owen questioned as they made their way up to the catwalks.

“Yeah, I’m a Caribbean gyal, you know.”

“No,” said Owen pausing on the steps and looking at her, “No I did not know.”

“Really?” she said, “Yeah, I am. Trinidad and Tobago. Home of Carnival and soca and steelpan. Land of the Hummingbird and all that.”

“Last of the islands, right?” Owen asked as he struggled to remember his geography.

“That’s right,” she agreed with a nod.

“How did you end up with an internship here?” he asked her.

“Masrani Global,” she said stressing the ‘global’, “They actually do, do worldwide, instead of just pretending to.”

“Huh,” said Owen, “I guess they do.”

“Yeah, so the weather isn’t so bad for me,” she said cheerfully. “It’d be awesome if we got some breeze.”

Owen gave her a look that channeled some of Blue’s displeasure. “I don’t think any amount of breeze will make this feel better.”

Kavita laughed again. “So what are we doing today?”
“Today,” Owen says, “is to make sure that the raptors stay healthy. Temperature is a little over 102 and we have to ensure that they stay cool. They’re similar to reptiles which means they derive their body temperature from the environment. Too much heat is bad. We actually can’t do any training or hunting today because it’s too warm and we could make them ill. With that virus going around, I don’t want to chance weakening their immune systems.”

Kavita nodded solemnly.

“Good. Now listen carefully. The heat is going to make them cranky so take especial care when you’re dealing with them.”

She nodded again, face still serious and Owen was glad. He himself was a little on edge, the pack’s crankiness throbbing through the bond. He was exerting himself a bit to ensure that the girls didn’t begin to snap at each other.

The morning passed fairly well. He and Kavita worked in silence, to spray down raptors as well as the walls of the paddock to keep them from retaining too much heat and cooking the raptors inside. The only time they spoke was when a rare breeze blew bringing with it the scent of steamed greenery, and then the rich, brine-y scent of mangrove and behind that the scent of the ocean.

Kavita had tilted her face up, into the wind, breathing in deeply and Owen was struck by the homesickness that has flashed across her face for a second.

“Homesick?” he’d asked.

“Mmm, yeah,” she’d answered, eyes closed, head still tilted up, “I lived near the mangrove so the scent is like home. And I’ve always loved the sea.”

Then she’d gotten back to work humming under her breath something that sounded like soca. Not that Owen was any judge because soca just wasn’t his genre.

In fact, she’d kept up the humming, which Echo admitted was rather soothing, and Blue found tolerable, all through the rest of the morning, switching from tune to tune effortlessly. All the music she chose was light, with a wild, bouncy beat, but airy enough to make you think of white shores and crisp blue waves.

The pack allowed them to spray them down with good grace and then made mud puddles into which they sank gratefully into and refused to move, the cool mud coating their skin and keeping the heat off.

Owen and Kavita also somehow got mysteriously wet themselves, from head to toe. Fifteen minutes later though, they were practically dry again. They worked in inventory, checking security of the paddock, ensuring that surrounding bush was far back enough from the paddock in the event of bush fires, which had a nasty habit of springing up practically anywhere. It didn’t help that Isla Nublar was volcanic in nature which meant a lot of the soil had some sulphur, mostly up in the hills, but there were sometimes little deposits that, in extreme heat, sparked a fire. In fact, they used the hose to wet down the surrounding brush until it was time for lunch.

The raptors peeled themselves out of their mudpits for lunch and when they were fed, Owen sent Kavita off for hers, whist he retreated to the cabin and dived for the fan.

The jeep announced Kavita’s return to the paddock in an hour. Owen was out on the porch reading
the book he’d gotten from Masrani. She waved to him and headed off to the paddock to clean out the remains of the pack’s lunch.

Blue watched the human girl through the bars of the paddock. She worked industriously, but something in her manner was off. She was bothered about something. Her shoulders were tight with tension, and her head kept twisting for her to stare off into the distance.

The temperature was noticeably cooler, the weather having made one of its rapid switches. So, the human wasn’t bothered by the heat. No, it was something else. She’d been happy earlier, now she was wary, watchful, like a creature that is being stalked but cannot see it’s predator.

She paused by the bars, crouching to push some of the bones into the bag. Blue stalked over to her and pushed against the bars. She jumped back and Blue caught a satisfactory spike of fear. This one did not respect them as she ought. Even as Blue watched, the scent of fear faded away and the intern settled back down.

“It’s too quiet,” she said after a moment to Blue. “Something is wrong. It’s too quiet, except that it isn’t and…!” she broke off in frustration. “It’s like feeling the pressure drop in the atmosphere. You know a storm is coming even though you can’t see it.”

She tilted her head and looked Blue square in the eyes. “You know what I’m talking about, don’t you?”

Blue did, somewhat. She remembered what it felt like when the Indominus was in the island, the strange pressure it had put on her alpha. She remembered how he had known that there was something wrong even though he could not see it. She supposed it was something like this.

Blue huffed. She did not like this girl who did not fear them enough, could not fear them enough to respect them, but she did know. Kavita sat back on her haunches and exhaled.

“I really, really hope I’m just imaging all this,” she said. Then she was moving, finishing up in her work. Blue watched her for a moment and then projected her unease to Owen.

Owen caught the unease from Blue, and frowned. His intern was worried about something. She did not know what she was worried about. Owen did not like that. Carter and Claire had both been sending him updates about the lab inspections, but so far everyone was clean.

His phone chimed with another incoming email and Owen opened it up to see that it was a lab report of the blood work up’s of the babies. He’d asked to be kept in the loop about it and Gary had agreed. He settled in to read it, nodding absently to Kavita as she walked past.

He was halfway through the lab analysis when he heard Kavita’s voice, sounding puzzled and angry.

“Hey you! What are you doing here? This area is off-limits!”

Owen looked up from his phone to see Kavita walking up to what appeared to be yet another enterprising tourist who had apparently hiked his way to the paddock.

“Do they never learn?!” Owen hissed under his breath as he stormed off the porch and over to the guy. Before he’d gotten a few steps though, the guy reached into his pocket, pulled out a somewhat
Oval object, pulled the pin on the end and tossed it towards the paddock.

Owen felt like time slowed as he watched the grenade fly towards his pack. He was moving even though he knew he wouldn’t reach there fast enough. Kavita was closer than he was though and she was also in motion. She ran and then parkoured partway up the paddock wall. Unfortunately, she wasn’t fast enough to bat away the grenade entirely. The tips of her fingers brushed it just enough for the grenade to spin to the side instead of landing inside the paddock. The grenade blasted the paddock’s gate open.

Owen, Kavita and the not-tourist were thrown back by the explosion. Owen struggled to his feet a few moments later his thought frantically searching for the pack.

_We’re here_, Blue told him, _We are unhurt, save for the noise._

He could feel their confusion as the sound from the grenade echoed in their ears. He rushed towards the paddock noting Kavita was starting to move from where she’d been thrown. The curvature of the paddock wall had apparently saved her from the full effects of the blast. The not-tourist was running away as fast as he could.

He wouldn’t get far Owen thought grimly. He had just reached the jagged hole which had once been the paddock’s gate when a searing pain went through his head. Owen stumbled to his knees in shock. There were faint echoes of the pack’s distress and then nothing, but bands of pain spiking into his skull.

He was roused to awareness, by someone talking frantically above him. He opened his eyes, not sure when he’d closed them or when he’d laid down. He caught glimpse of a woman above him, though he couldn’t seem to focus on her properly.

“Owen, paddock, hurt, medic,” were the only words that he made out before he sank back into buzzing pain.

“Owen! Owen!” A voice called faintly. Then there was the rough feel of scales and hot breath over his face. The next sound he heard was the cocking of a rifle and it was alarming enough that he tried to drag himself out of the painful fugue but the effort dropped him even further into the arms of the pain.

He fought his way out again enough to hear the roar of a motorbike, his motorbike, some part of his brain noted and then another spike of pain rolled over him and sent him into unconsciousness.

Chapter End Notes

So what do you think?

This is one of the songs Kavita was humming.
The loud explosion distorted her sense of hearing and made her head ache. She pushed away the pain because it wasn’t debilitating and not serious. Owen was out there though. Owen with his fragile human body that was too small for the containment of his mind. Her alpha was out there and there was a chance he could be hurt.

She shook her head once, to clear it, got to her feet from where the blast had tossed her and then took visual stock of the rest of the pack. They’re were unharmed. Half-a second later her alpha’s voice flooded through her mind.

Are you okay? Are you hurt.

His thoughts were frantic with fear for their safety. He sought them out individually even as she reassured him.

We’re here. We are un-hurt, save for the noise.

Her inner ear was still disturbed.

She ran forward to meet Owen and then stopped dead as a blank wall snapped over her bond with Owen. For a moment, Blue thought that he was dead. Then she registered his screams and ran forward toward the hole that had once been the gate.

Owen was crumpled in the entrance, writhing, his eyes rolling back.

“Grady!” A human voice called. The Intern. She stumbled over but rocked back in shock and fear when Blue hissed at her protectively over Owen.

The only thing that stopped her from killing the girl was the worried tone in her voice and the fact that she’d tried to stop the intruder.

The girl raised her hands up and retreated some distance away. Then she reached for her pocket. Blue hissed at her as the rest of the pack came out and surrounded him.

“I’m calling medical,” she said to them. “And security, although they already should be on their way. Please, let me call.” Her eyes were wide and frightened but she was calm.

Blue looked at her and then gave a slow nod. Kavita reached for her phone and when she had dialed, Charlie and Delta snorted at Blue.

Are we going to let him stay alive? Charlie asked with respect to the prey that had blasted open their paddock and hurt their alpha.

No.
They were off a moment later and Blue turned her attention to Kavita who was talking to someone from Medical.

She lifted the phone from her ear, covered the mouth piece and said, “They want me to check on his condition, see if he is bleeding anywhere and the size of his pupils.”

Blue considered and then deliberately stepped back. Kavita was over in a second and she only flinched a little when Echo stepped behind her, a silent, formidable threat.

She laid the phone down on the ground, turned on the speaker enough for Blue to hear Short-Doctor-Anika on the phone giving instructions and queries. She blew her breath harshly in the direction of the phone and the doctor’s voice cut of startled and then continued again.

Intern quickly patted Owen down, looking for broken bits, though Blue could tell her that there was no blood. Intern had a cut over her right eye. Intern checked her alpha’s pupils and then then said to Doctor.

“His pupils are blown. He’s in a lot of pain. Shit! They’ve narrowed to pinpoints! When is a medic getting here? He’s in bad shape.”

A loud scream pierced the air. Intruder was dead. Blue felt a vicious satisfaction. Intern had spun to her feet and was staring at where Delta and Charlie were.

“Um security doesn’t have to worry about the guy who did this anymore.” She swallowed hard and then dropped back down to check on Owen.

“Are the raptors loose?” Doctor asked.

“Yes,” Intern replied. She was strained. She smelt of stress and adrenaline and tension. “You might want to alert security.”

“Are you alright?” Doctor asked.

“Freaking fine,” Intern said, her harsh breaths giving away her fear.

“Is Owen aware of you at all?”

“Owen! Owen!” Intern called. Blue bent her head next to him but Owen didn’t respond to Intern’s calls.

Blue reached for him through the bond but came up short. It frightened her more than she expected, not being able to touch him. She could barely feel her own sisters. Owen had been their link and it was startling, and grating to be disconnected so. It felt like a vulnerability, a wound.

Blue reached for Owen again and touched something else, just for a second. The blank wall wasn’t so blank. It shifted and moved, thoughts, feelings, behind it. Instinct behind it.

It wasn’t human.

It was something else. Something had done this.

Blue remembered the Indominus. She had tried to get into their bond. She had tried to take their alpha. And she had wanted him dead.

This, this thing, whatever it was, was the opposite of a bond but it had one thing in common. Some other creature had made this. The pack could do something about that.
She bent down and nuzzled Owen gently.

We will be back, she told him, we will be back. But first we have to stop whatever is doing this. This island is ours. Ours! And you are ours. They will not be allowed to hurt you any longer.

Ours! agreed her sisters.

They each nuzzled their downed alpha and then Blue barked a command and they were off, following the tension of the blank wall that separated them from their alpha. A wall they were going to tear down, limb by limb.

Claire Dearing was in the control room staring at the screens as the park went into a world of chaos for a second time around. Trainers all around the park had just fallen to the ground screaming in pain before they blacked out.

It didn’t take a genius to put together the pieces when the victims were only the preternaturally talented. Zack too had been carted to medical although he had mostly a really terrible migraine.

Reggie, Josh and Nancy were all the worst hit. Nancy had been just about to give another show, had been up on the platform, when it’s happened. She fallen into the enclosure. The entire crowd had been sure she’d been eaten. M had trashed and flipped and made terrible sub-vocal noises that had none the less shaken the entire arena. But despite her ferocious actions, she had surfaced with Nancy on top of her head.

The crowd had cheered even as the rest of the trainers tried to figure out a way to get Nancy safely from M. It hadn’t been easy but the mosasaur had eventually let them have her precious burden.

The entire brachiosaurus herd was agitated and were all trumpeting loudly. Becky had stood next to the walkway in the Walk Among the Giants and refused to let anyone through. It had taken the medical team some twenty minutes to retrieve him and brachiosaurs were worse than ever with him gone.

The T-rex enclosure was shut down for the foreseeable future. That was all that needed to be said.

And to top it all off, some flicking idiot, had thrown a flicking grenade in the raptor enclosure. No one knew how he’d managed to get there or how he’d snuck in a grenade into the park. Carter was heading to the park along with a unit of his men. She would have preferred him here but she knew that the pack knew him and trusted him.

He was the best bet to get the medics safely to Owen and back. That the pack was still obeying Owen was a relief. The intern present had made a call to medical and had clearly not been eaten, even though Carter told her the culprit had been.

She really, really hoped that whatever it was that Owen had done, he could fix it. She wanted to be angry at him but she was too worried to do so. She also really, really hoped that this was something Owen had done, because if it wasn’t they were in serious trouble.

“Ms. Dearing!” She turned to see Carter’s surveillance guy, Lorenzo.

“What is it?” she asked, an unreasonable fear beating in her throat.
“Those cameras Owen installed in the restricted area? Some of them aren’t working anymore. A lot of them aren’t working any more and more of them are going down.”

Claire froze. “What?”

“Someone is taking out the cameras,” Lorenzo said. “I can’t see what the cameras are seeing since those go to the locked server but I put in a warning flag if more than 5 of them went down. Eight are down the last time I checked.”

Claire stared at him a moment more as she worked out how to deal with the new facet of the problem and then flipped open her phone.

“Carter, someone may be trying to come in through the restricted area.”

She heard a muffled curse. “Alright,” he said, “I’ll talk to Hamada, now.”

She hung up and stared at the screens and then said. “Initiate emergency protocols now. Get everyone in the safe spaces. If this turns into something more, I don’t want us to lose anyone again.”

Chapter End Notes

Okay guys so I really need feedback on this chapter, especially Blue's part. Is it working at all? Thanks for reading!!
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The pack had been running towards the restricted area for only a few minutes of human time before the roar of Owen’s motorcycle came to them. Blue barked to her sisters. It could be Owen but he had been too hurt. It could be someone else. So she split the pack, Delta behind her, Charlie and Echo hidden in the shrubberies to the side, ready to ambush the intruder.

The motorcycle came into view a minute later, Intern riding it. She braked to a stop when she saw Blue who hissed at her.

How dare she! She rode her alpha’s bike and she wore her alpha’s gun on her back. Intern rocked back a little and then stood up, balancing the bike between her thighs.

She held out her hands in the gesture Blue had learned meant surrender among humans, and meant weak to raptors.

“I’m here to help,” Intern said. “If people find out you’ve been free, they’ll blame you for a lot of things. You need a witness. You need someone who will tell them that you’ve done no harm to what mattered.”

She took a breath and then continued. “The people who did this, they’ll try anything to get what they want, including blaming you. They could get you killed with the right pressure and that means they might get your alpha in trouble.”

Blue hissed at her and Echo barked at the weak human woman standing in front of them. Their alpha was not weak. And the pack would kill anyone who tried to harm him.

“You need someone to vouch for you. I can do that. I can stop the trouble before it starts.”

It was...interesting... this idea. Blue understood that if Intern saw what happened she could tell the other humans and they would believe her. But Blue did not like this woman who was strange, who was not truly afraid, as if they were just trained animals and she had nothing to fear from them because they did as they were told.

Blue was going to cure her of that notion. They followed their alpha. They were not trained except in the ways to hunt better, faster. They were not to be taken lightly. They were to be respected. If Intern was true in her purpose, she would stay, she would stay after this.

Blue barked to Charlie and Delta and her sisters moved out the brush, arrows of death, stopping just short of their target. Intern jumped, twisted and then twisted back when the gravel of the road rattled under Blue’s claws.

She knocked the woman off her alpha’s bike, twisted so she wouldn’t land on her. She waited patiently for the woman to scramble to her feet.

Intern’s eyes were wide, her breath coming harshly. Blue walked up to her slowly, carefully rolling her muscles to intimidate. Intern swallowed hard but didn’t move. Blue walked straight up to her and pushed her muzzle in her face.

Intern rocked back. She let out a stifled cry but cut it off. Blue pushed her in the face again and she
twisted away but didn’t move. Blue nudged her again and Intern took a sharp breath inward but still didn’t move.

Blue stepped back and stared at her. After a moment, the human girl turned her head to look at the pack beta. She was shaking and her eyes showed wide, terrifying fear. They showed terrible things the way Carter-Safe-Warrior’s did.

It took Blue a moment to realize that she had, in fact, figured out why she and the rest of the pack hadn’t liked Kavita. It was because she hadn’t been afraid of them and that had translated into them believing that she didn’t respect them. The only person that wasn’t afraid them, even instinctively, was Owen, because he had no reason, not a single one, to be afraid of them. He was alpha and that was all he needed.

Kavita had not been alpha, had not been pack, had not been anything remotely powerful enough to give her reason not to fear the pack. The only reason left, had been arrogance that spoke of a lack of respect for what they were and what they could do.

Looking at her, Blue acknowledged that her assessment had been wrong. Kavita was afraid of them. She was afraid of them in a bone-deep, body-shaking fear, that reeked and marked her as prey. Then, in a few seconds, the fear was gone, locked away in a place it couldn’t touch her. Kavita was afraid them, she was just very, very good at hiding it.

Interesting.

Blue stepped back again and then tossed her head in the direction they’d been going. Keep up, she mentally snarled at the woman. Then she barked and the pack took off again.

A few moments later the motorbike roared to life, following them.

Claire got a call a few minutes later.

“The pack’s gone,” Carter said without greeting. “We found Owe and the medics have him. They’re coming back to medical with him now.”

“Good,” said Claire, “Where is the pack?”

“Got prints on the road leading to the restricted area. If I had to say anything, I think they went to protect their territory.”

“Sheesh,” said Claire with feeling.

“Hamada’s on his way to meet them,” Carter said, “We have another problem.”

“What?” said Claire.

“Owen’s intern is missing. There are motorbike tracks on top of the raptor’s. I’d say she went after them. Owen’s rifle and knife are also missing, along with extra ammunition.”

“Is she trying to kill them?” asked Claire alarmed.

“I have no idea,” said Carter. “I sent a few guys to trail them, using the gps on Owen’s bike.
Hopefully they’ll catch up before anything bad happens.”

“Carter, she cannot kill those raptors!” Claire said.

“Don’t I know that?” said Carter. “I’m more worried about her. You didn’t see what happened when Owen was locked in that ship. I did. I’m not too worried. You might want to pull her file though. See if there is anything we missed.”

“Alright,” she said, “We’ll get on that.” She ended the call that then said “Shit!”

Owen was in a haze of pain. He heard voices at some times and other times he caught pieces of emotion from his pack. At times, he also caught pieces of emotion from the other dinosaurs.

Something was blocking him, clamping down on his connection to the pack so hard it felt like a tourniquet that was getting tighter and tighter and the tissue on either side was dying for lack of nutrient.

Something hovered between him and the pack. Something that was wrong. He tried to tell the people above him but he couldn’t get his mouth to work.

“Owen!” Zack’s voice was very clear for a moment and then gone.

Sue roared in the back of his mind, her anger a terrifying potent force. M was a dark swirling current, dragging him down. He was going to drown. Then he was gone from both of them. He couldn’t feel any of them. Just the pain.

“Josh!” a frantic, terrifying sound, a sister’s scream for her brother.

A tension that grabbed him, clung to him, refused to let go. Owen fought and fought. Something hot and metallic as it seeping into his mouth.

“Sedate him!” a voice said. Then a blanket-like cloud descended over him and Owen was dragged into unconsciousness. Before he reached the bottom he saw four bright specks of light and then he was gone.

Chapter End Notes

So what do you think folks?
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

Hope you all like this one! Thanks to all those who are reading, commenting and giving kudos!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The pack left the road in favor of following a direct route to the source of the disturbance. After a few moments, Blue heard her alpha’s bike come to a stop and then Intern was entering the forest after them. She was surprisingly soft footed, Blue allowed, though she still made enough noise to leave the beta irritated at her presence. She followed them, with some difficulty it is true, for the pack slunk through like shadows, blending well into their territory. But she kept a reasonable pace.

Blue hoped she could keep it up because they were going to be moving for a long time and Intern no longer had the bike that would allow her to keep pace with them.

The sun had moved a little across the sky, half an hour, her alpha might call this change in position, when Charlie who was scouting ahead gave a little warning chuff. Blue called the pack to a halt and then they crept up to where Charlie was. As they drew closer to her sister’s position, Blue could hear movement.

Something big was coming through the trees from the direction of the beach. She lifted her head and scented the air. It took a moment for the scent to reach her but then there it was, breaking through the thick scent of steaming foliage and earth and rot; a cool, musty scent. It was reptilian like her and sisters, and held a deeper musk hint that spoke of male. Blood pulsed richly through this beast and Blue could hear his heart pumping.

It moved without fear, not caring for the noise it made. It was big, bigger than most of predators here though smaller than the Old-Queen, She-Who-Roars, who’d fought with them against the Indominous. But here, here was the source of the wall that separated her from her alpha, that caused him so much pain.

Blue chuffed to her sisters softly and they looked at her. She swung her tail, jerked her head and then titled it. Charlie and Delta nodded, and sprang off in the directions and Charlie bared her teeth to the beta in a gesture her alpha would have called a smile. Blue knew better, it meant hunt, the closest thing to joy, a raptor felt when they didn’t have an alpha like Owen. Blue bared her teeth back. Hunt!

Perhaps it was a smile after all.

She and Charlie split up, slinking into the bushes to prepare the ambush. Delta and Echo were already far ahead, and making noise to attract the attention of the creature, the dinosaur up ahead.

A soft sound coming from behind them had Blue looking back. Intern was crouched in the grass, having finally caught up, rifle in hand. Her eyes flickered to Blue then focused ahead from where the creature was stomping through their territory.
She looked back at Blue and nodded slowly. Blue shook her head at her.

Stay back, she mentally snarled at the human woman. Stay out of the way. Do not be hurt because Owen and Claire-Who Runs-All will be annoyed.

Annoyingly the human didn’t seem to want to listen to Blue’s command. Blue turned and continued stalking through the grass. If the human wanted to be eaten, Blue would not stop her. There was an ambush that could not be delayed.

Claire got a call from Carter half an hour after the last.

“My men called,” he said without preamble, “They followed the bike tracks all the way to where it appears the raptors went into the forest and the girl ditched the bike. There appeared to have been some kind of scuffle earlier but the raptors know she is there and my men think they let her go with them.”

“What?” said Claire, feeling a headache come on. “They let her go with them?”

“I have no idea what they’re thinking,” Carter said anticipating her next question, “I’m not their alpha. I’m down in the park now, organizing another squad to follow Hamada’s.”

“Good,” said Claire, “Keep me informed.”

Hamada and the rest of the ACU squad sent out to the restricted area, almost ran over a small swarm of compys with the jeep.

“Compys!” said one of the squad members.

“Those aren’t ours,” said Hamada, reaching for his comm., feeling cold all over. “They can’t be. Ours aren’t held anywhere near here.”

“Do we follow them?” asked another member. Hamada shook his head.

“We need to get to the restricted area. We’ll call it in and let another squad deal with it.” He pressed the button in his comm and relayed the news to Carter. Predictably, their security chief was not pleased.
Blue got thrown into a tree and hit hard. She slumped to the ground dazed but she shook her head and rolled back onto her feet.

A shot rang out over her head. The bullet struck glancingly along the creatures back and distracted it from taking a bite out of Delta. Echo darted in and raked her claws down the creature’s leg. She darted back to avoid being stepped on, made a neatly executed turn that brought her behind the creature’s leg and jumped, claws out, raking the back of the ankle, seeking to sever the tendon there.

Blue jumped and her claws caught in the creature’s flank. She scaled up the thick hide as fast as she could and found her way onto the creature’s back. Her head was spinning, woozy from more than just the blow. Whatever made this creature separate her from her alpha was affecting the pack as well. It was worse close up. But not debilitating.

Blue raked at the creature’s spine with her claws even as Charlie took a flying leap and landed on its head. A full body shudder threw both Blue and Charlie off. A sweep of huge forearms knocked Delta back. Echo rolled away to avoid being stepped on again.

The creature lifted its head and gave a full-throated roar.

Blue barked to her sisters, changing up the plan. Another shot rang out, then another and another. Intern was moving in the field, keeping herself out of the direct line of sight of the creature. The three shots she’d aimed at the best of the creature had ricocheted off the thick bone plate there.

She reloaded with absent ease, and ducked behind a tree as Creature whirled to face where the shots came from.

Blue barked and Delta took a flying leap at Creature. She landed briefly on one powerful forearm but leapt upwards and reached Creature’s face. A moment of quick action and then she was thrown. But she’d accomplished what she’d set out to do. Blood gushed from Creature’s left eye.

Charlie rushed in on the blinded side and swiped vigorously at Creature’s leg. She darted away to avoid being hit. Creature’s tail swung, Blue ducked, and it hit the tree intern was behind. Intern took the opportunity to swing out from behind the tree, and shoot a round into the base of Creature’s tail.

Creature roared in pain.

Intern ducked and then dived as Creature’s tail was flung wildly around. Blue took a flying leap and got onto Creature’s back once more. She got to the same spot and using teeth and claw ripped into the bloody opening.

Another shot rang out and Blue felt Creature wobble under her. A much heavier impact hit creature from the right and Creature listed heavily to the left.

Blue held on tightly and her teeth scraped bone. She crunched down, determined to crush the Creature’s spine. A roar bellowed, shook her, but more than that a wave of crushing static flowed from creature to her.

She heard her sisters hiss in pain. Another shot; Blue felt it impact Creature’s left leg again. Two heavier impacts from the right came again and Creature’s leg buckled.

It fell, one leg doubling under it. Blue’s sisters leapt upon it with angry savagery. Creature fought back, swinging its forearms in wide arcs, lashing its tail. Another shot, and Creature’s other eye was gone in an explosion of blood.
Blue racked through Creature’s back again and applied her jaws with all the pain she felt. Bones cracked. She released them for a second, adjusted her grip and crushed again. More bones cracked.

Creature fought to throw her off but her sisters kept it occupied. Blue got another grip and bit down hard. The spinal bones finally cracked all the way through under the assault and Blue severed Creature’s spine.

The bottom half of the body went limp, slumping all the way to the ground.

Creature roared in pain and helplessness while Blue barked her pain. Whatever Creature was doing increased all the more. Blue shook her head. It hurt but it wasn’t debilitating. She and her sisters dove back in for the final blow but it wasn’t necessary.

Intern released round after round, essentially drilling a hole into Creature’s skull until one of the shot’s penetrated the brain and Creature went still. The pulsing pain faded away.

The pack came to a halt and stared at her. Her eyes were wild, Blue noted, wild and panicked. Her arms were steady but as she lowered the gun, they began to shake. The wildness faded as she breathed and then she looked up at them.

She froze for a moment, absolute fear flashing on her face and then she slung the rifle on her back with shaking hands, backed away slowly and then climbed a tree when she was sufficient distance away from them.

Blue left the others to track her progress up the tree while she searched for her alpha. She came up short once more. The wall was weaker but it was still there.

More, Charlie told her. There are more of these out there.

Blue barked a challenge. We will kill them, she replied.

Yes, her sisters agreed.

Chapter End Notes

Feedback please guys!!! No Owen this time guys sorry.
There was a reprieve. Owen drifted up from the blackness he’d been dragged down, sure for a brief moment, he’d felt his girls. Then they were gone but not so separated as before. The wall dragging them apart was thinner.


“Owen are you there?”

Owen tried to answer, but Sue roared somewhere in the back of his mind, a shattering burst of static rolled over him and though he fought, he was dragged back into unconsciousness.

Carter cursed as he directed another team to go round up compys that were not theirs.

“Claire,” he said into the phone, “We have dinosaurs running around that aren’t ours.” There was a moment of stunned silence and then Claire said calmly:

“Please manage them as best you can. Tell us those you aren’t able to cover and we’ll get the tourists away from the area.”

“Agreed,” Carter told her and hung up.

He tapped his comm. and said, “Hamada what’s your ETA to the restricted area?”

“We’re almost there, just about to enter actually.”

“Any sign of the pack?”

“No visual but we heard something roaring. Sounded big and heavy. There were what sounded like gunshots too.”

“Owen’s intern has his gun,” Carter said.

“That might have been it,” Hamada admitted.

“Are you heading there now?” Carter said.

“Yes,” said Hamada, “Unless we get visual on the pack elsewhere.”

“Good,” said Carter, “Keep me posted.”

“Will do. Hamada out.”
“Anika give me an update,” Claire said into the phone.

“They’re a little better,” Anika said, “But Owen’s still down for the count and so are Josh, Reggie and Nancy.”

“How’s Zach?” Claire asked worried.

“He’s fine,” said Anika, “His migraine has eased a little but it’s still hurting. He’s keeping Owen company right now in a darkened room.”

“Okay. Call me if anything changes. Have you figured out anything which could have cause this?”

“Lauren volunteered to have an MRI done so we’ll see if we discover any significant changes,” Anika said.

“Good,” said Claire. “How are the other interns faring?”

“Well,” said Anika referring to the other talented interns, “Most of them aren’t very powerful so it didn’t hit them so badly. There’s one who worked with the dimorphodons that’s hit kinda bad. We have him on meds and sedated him. The others that aren’t sick are helping where they can.”

“Fine. Just make sure they’re watched by the superiors. I don’t need to find out that any of this was an inside job.”

“I’ll pass the word on,” said Anika and disconnected.

Hamada surveyed the bloody scene in front of him. The huge dinosaur was nothing he’d ever seen and he quite doubted that it would ever been found in written academia. This was something like the Indominus. It was a chimera, made to specifications.

There was nothing more terrifying to have found.

“Carter,” he said into his comm.

“Speak,” said Carter.

“We found where the pack was,” He said, “And we found what they were fighting. It’s another dinosaur, and it looks like it was made. It’s not anything I’ve ever seen or read about. It’s dead by the way.”

“The pack?”

“We haven’t found any bodies so I think they won this round. It also looks like they had some help. This thing was killed by a rifle. Shot a couple times in the head. There are other gunshot wounds too. I think they worked in concert to bring it down.”

“Owen’s intern helped them to kill it?”

“Looks that way,” Hamada said. “We’ve found tracks, so we’re going to follow them.”
Another deep throated roar sounded out. A rifle shot echoed soon after. “Or we could follow that,” said Hamada.

“Go,” said Carter, “Be careful. The Indominus could camouflage. We don’t know what these things are capable of.”

“Noted. Hamada out.”

Hamada looked around at his men and said, “Half of you with me. The other go back to the jeeps. Go along the road until you catch up and then enter the forest. Form up and move out.”

---

Blue landed on her side and struggled to her feet. The second Creature was not as big as the first but it was far more versatile.

Long arms made it easier for it to grab them and a long, supple tail swiped back and forth. The snout too was long and thin and fit between trees to snatch at them.

Blue and her sisters had to attack carefully. They couldn’t afford to gain to many injuries. The pain in their heads was back. Not as bad as first creature but still dizzying.

Intern glanced at Blue from where she was taking cover behind a tree. Her arms were steady now, no fear coating her scent. She peered around the tree, saw an opening, took aim and shot.

It hit but ricocheted off the hard plating covering Second Creature. Intern huffed in annoyance and then darted to another tree and began climbing swiftly up the branches.

Blue dived back into the fight, swiping at Second Creature’s legs and ducking the long whipping tail. Charlie and Echo were harassing both arms of Second Creature and it was flailing around not sure which one of them it hit first.

Delta made a flying leap and worked her way up onto Second Creature’s back. Blue stopped it from pulling her off, giving Delta a chance to work her way around the top and determine there were no weak spots there.

Intern, up in the tree, managed to get a better shot and punctured Second Creature’s nasal cavity which just made him mad. A second shot hit his right eye.

The eye exploded in a gust of blood, and Blue and her sisters darted back from the flailing limbs. With Second Creature’s right eye out of commission, they now had an advantage they were fully planning on taking advantage of.

They harried the Second Creature but he was still dangerous and their claws were not making much of a dent against the hard armor plating.

The terrible wall the creature released was hurting the pack too and it was taking a toll on them. Delta wobbled when she shouldn’t have. Charlie’s muscles jumped and tremble like she couldn’t quite control herself properly. Blue was finding it hard to think as fast as she knew she could.

Second Creature had to be killed. She roared it to her sisters, rallying them and she heard them answer.
Intern jerked, startled and then let out a hiss of her own in triumph.

“It’s mouth!” she said to Blue, “Get it to open its mouth. There’s no armor in there.”

**Go, Blue said to her sisters, Do what she says.**

The pack moved then. Two came in from the left, from behind his flank, the other two darted in at an angle towards the ruined eye.

Second creature saw the two on the left first and twisted to deal with them. It left his fight side open and Blue and Charlie took flying leaps at the end of their run up and hooked wicked claws into the bottom jaw of Second Creature.

Their combined weight dragged Second Creature’s mouth open and Intern dived, back on the ground, rifle pointed up and fired straight into Second Creature’s mouth and his brain.

The arms which were reaching for Blue and Charlie went limp. Blue and Charlie pushed away and let go to avoid being hit by the falling body of Second Creature. Blue landed on the ground and then noticed Intern in the direct path of the Second Creature’s head.

She huffed and then took hold of one of Intern’s ankles and heaved. Intern slid out of the way and Second Creature’s head landed a few inches away from her tiny human one. Intern blinked rapidly and Blue snarled at her.

The wall separating her from Owen was now thinner and the pain receded a little but the pack was still frustratingly cut off from their alpha.

**Find the rest! Blue said to her sisters and then they were off again.**

Chapter End Notes

Hope you all enjoyed! Tell me what you think.

Happily I’ve come through Tropical Storm Brett without any damages. Other persons in my country weren’t so fortunate but at least there were no fatalities. Keep safe guys!
Hamada and his men was too late. Hamada stared at the body of the second chimera dinosaur and cursed in a very unprofessional manner, under his breath. The second team, who had come in from the road had reached there roughly the same time as Hamada’s own group.

“The tracks look like they might have come up from the direction of the restricted area,” One of Hamada’s men said.

“Then we bet get there,” Hamada said. He was about to give the order to get back to the jeeps when his comm. crackled and one of his men said:

“Sir, movement in the trees.”

Instantly they formed up and camouflaged as best they could into the trees. After a few moments, the source of the movement came into view. Not dinosaurs. Men. Mercs, by the look of them, carrying heavy firepower and what looked like equipment meant for capture of dinosaurs.

Aww hell.

Hamada reached up and quietly relayed the news to Carter.

“What do we do sir?” he asked.

There was a pause and then Carter said, coolly. “Take ‘em down. See if you can get one of them alive so we can find out what the hell is going on.”

“Noted. Hamada out.” Hamada looked at his men and made several swift hand gestures that conveyed his plan.

His men nodded in response and then, when the intruders were within range, they opened fire.
Owen struggled into consciousness once more. This time he was able to force himself to stay awake. He blinked blearily at the ceiling and forced himself not to groan and the searing pain in his head. It took a lot more effort that it should have to convince himself to sit up.

When he did so, everything became so much worse. He didn’t care though. It was nothing compared to being cut off from the pack. He did groan that time however and the room swirled alarmingly.

“Owen?” said a young voice. “What are you doing? Lie back down!”

Hands pushed at him but Owen batted them away and blinked blearily at Zach. The room was very dark and he could hardly see the boy.

“Where am I?” he asked instead, wincing as his own voice seemed to reverberate around his skull.

“The med bay,” said Zach.

“What are you doing here?”

“Same as you. All the preternatural got hit.”

“What?”

“Whatever it is that’s doing this hit all the preternatural. I’m not as strong so I didn’t get hit as badly but the others but…”

Owen felt a pang of worry and then said, “Where’s the pack? Are they okay?”

“I don’t know,” said Zach. Owen could make him out out a little better now and noticed that the boy was squinting even in the dim light.

“I have to find out,” said Owen. He slid his legs over the bed only to be gently pressed back by Zach.

“How about we call Carter?” Zach suggests, “And tell Anika that you’re awake. Carter would know about the pack.”

Owen wanted to snap at him, tell him that the pack’s safety was his responsibility, wanted to do something with the driving need to find out if his girls were okay, but he was no use to them if he collapsed again.

“Okay,” he said after a moment. Zach pressed a button on Owen’s bed and then pulled out his cell phone. He held the device twisted away from him and pressed a button. The phone lit up and Owen groaned at the shooting pains the light caused.

“Sorry,” said Zach, “It’s on the lowest brightest too.”

After a moment Zach’s eyes had gotten accustomed and he squinted at the screen to find Carter’s number. He found it, dialed and held the phone out to Owen with relief. Owen grabbed the phone and put it to his ear, closing his eye on that side to prevent his headache from getting worse.

“Zach?” came Carter’s voice.

“No, Owen,” said Owen.

“Shit. Are you up?”
“A little. Where’s the pack?”

“I don’t know,” Carter said. “They’re heading deeper into the restricted area right now.”

“What? Why?”

“It seems that someone released a bunch of hybrids on the island,” Carter told him. “The pack are killing them out.”

Owen went cold. “By themselves!!! Carter, the Indominous almost killed them.” He shot to his feet, fulling intending to get out there now.

“Relax,” said Carter, none of the bodies we’ve found have been in the weight class of the Indominous. The girls have taken down two already. Your intern is apparently helping them.”

“My what?” said Owen feeling blindsided.

“Your intern,” Carter said, “She’s apparently handy with a gun.”

“I don’t completely trust her,” Owen said, “And neither does the pack.”

“Well they haven’t killed her yet and she was the one who called in the medical for you.”

“What about the guy that threw the grenade?”

“The pack killed him,” said Carter.

“Shit,” murmured Owen. He completely understood though. “Where are these hybrids coming from?”

“From the restricted area,” said Carter, “The cameras you put there have been taken out.”

“Shit,” Owen said again and then wanted to hold his head. He closed his eyes. “I need to find the girls.”

“Let Anika clear you first,” said Carter. “The last thing I need right now is for you to do something stupid and leave us with an alpha-less pack on raptors on this island.”

Owen gritted his teeth but agreed.

“Hey,” said Carter, “They’re big girls, they can handle themselves.”

Owen huffed out a laugh. “Right.”

“I’ve got to go,” said Carter, “Call me after Anika sees you.”

“Will do,” Owen said. He ended the call just as a knock came on the door.

“Close your eyes boys,” said Anika, “I’m coming in.” Both Owen and Zach quickly closed their eyes. Even so, the light that they registered through their eyelids made their heads ache worse. Owen groaned. How was he supposed to help his girls when he was basically being defeated by light?
The next threat they encountered was not other creatures but they were men and they were not friendly. Blue grumbled in her throat and gestured to her sisters. Intern had stopped further back this time. Perhaps she did not want to kill the other humans. Blue understood that this was a thing that humans were generally against. She did not seem like she would stop them from doing so however and that was all Blue needed from her right now. She was glad the human woman wasn’t coming any closer anyway, she was not as stealthy as the pack and would have given away their position.

_Do not kill them all_, Blue told her sisters, _We must find out what they are here for._

_The human can ask_, Charlie said.

Blue agreed.

The pack slinked through the bushes, low to the ground, carefully not disturbing the trees they were passing by. When they were all in position, Charlie deliberately stepped on a branch. The branch crackled and the men all whipped around to point their guns in her direction.

Echo, popping up from the opposite direction, dragged a man down and broke his neck cleanly. The men spun to where Echo had been and Delta hit a man in the claves. He screamed once before she severed through his throat. She rolled away from the shots fired at her and Charlie finally sprung, biting into the artery that pulsed in the human neck before slipping back into the brush, leaving the man to bleed out.

Shots peppered where she was and the men drew together in a circle putting their backs to one another. Their heartbeats were racing and fear leaked off of them. Good. They should be afraid. They had come to the pack’s island, brought challengers and hurt their alpha. They should be very afraid. They had com to their island. They would not be leaving it.

Charlie, Delta and Echo flashed through the trees, drawing fire from most of the group. Blue leapt, broke a man’s jaws in her neck and was back in the brush before the other men could twist around to fire at her. A bullet grazed her skin but it was nothing.

The men were even more frightened now and one of them pulled out something that Blue recognized from Owen’s memories. A grenade. The thing that had blown up the paddock. The man lobbed it in the direction that Charlie and Echo were in.

Blue felt a moments horror, screaming at her sisters to run because the blast could hurt them, even kill them if they were too close. A bullet fired and the grenade pitched sideways, away from them and detonated midair.

Blue turned to look and found Intern holding her alpha’s rifle. The men whipped around shocked and then Intern fired again. A bullet buried itself in a man’s shoulder, another in a mercenary’s leg, a third through the arm of a man.

Then intern was rolling out the way as the men fired at where she was. The distraction was enough through. Intern had opened a hole in the wall of men and Delta took full advantage of that, leaping into the gap, hitting the unprotected backs of the men, Blue, a second behind her.

Charlie and Echo joined them only moments later and soon only one of the men was alive, the one Intern had shot in the arm. Blue casually crippled his other arm with a twisting bite and Echo cut both of the tendons behind his ankles so he couldn’t run.
Intern jogged up to them and the screaming man. Blue lifted her head and snorted in her face. Intern rocked back and Blue looked her right in the eyes and then turned her head to look at the man. Then she cocked her head at Intern.

Surprisingly enough, Intern understood what Blue was asking on the first try. She slung her gun onto her back, knelt next to the man and asked:

“Who are you? What are you doing here?”

“Go to hell bitch!” the man groaned.

“Sorry, no can do. Who are you working for? What do you want.”

The man spat at her. Intern jerked back so that it missed her and dug her fingers into the arm Blue had broken. The man yelled then laughed.

“You think,” he gasped, “that’s going to get me to tell you what you want to know? You don’t even have the stomach to even do this, freak!”

“It’s me or them,” Intern said leaning forward. “Either you tell me or I leave you to them and they will get you to talk, trust me.”

“They’ve already taken everything.” He choked out, gesturing at his legs, “I’m not afraid to die.”

“Well the sad thing about raptors,” said Intern, “is that they’re smart enough to hurt you a lot more and not kill you. In fact, I’ll ask them not to. We’ll keep you alive and I will make sure you make it and have to live as a cripple for the rest of your worthless life. And trust me, they haven’t crippled you as much as they can.”

Echo was happy to demonstrate by slicing through a muscle in his calf.

The man screamed again and tried to grab for a knife but Charlie darted her head forward and crushed the bones in his hand. Intern took the knife and said, “There are a lot more bones in your body and a whole lot more tendons and raptors are very, very precise with their claws.”

Fifteen minutes later the mercenary finished giving them all that he knew.

“Please,” he said at the end, looking at Intern, “Kill me. I don’t even care if they do it. Just…just kill me. Don’t leave me like this.”

Blue, raging from the things he had told them was happy to oblige but Intern threw herself over the man and said, “No. Please, no.”

“You bitch!” the mercenary screamed, but desperation and pain laced his words. “Damn you! You promised!”

“I didn’t,” Intern said to him. She looked up at Blue. “Please. You don’t owe me anything. But please.” Desperation flooded her words too, and sickness and horror flowed off of her.

Blue looked at her, evaluating how much they would need her words at the end of this and finally nodded. The man wouldn’t live very long anyway.

“Thank you!” said Intern. Then she took the rifle and knocked the screaming mercenary out. She moved quickly, wrapping wounds and tying tourniquets.

Blue snorted harshly at her.
“I know. I know,” she said. “We can’t take him but I’m pretty sure ACU is coming and they’ll find him.”

Blue jerked her head to indicate that they must move now and Intern made a final knot and then dived around the corpses, picking up guns, ammunition, rations and small first aid packs that were tucked into pockets.

She was done in less than a minute and then the pack was off.

When the pack finally slowed, it was to deliberate between two sources of the wall that had sprung up between Owen and the pack. Behind them intern trotted up and then promptly threw up behind a tree. When she was done, she slowly crawled into the branches of the tree and sat there while Blue and the others sought out which creature to go after next.

*Perhaps the one deeper into the forest*, said Charlie. *It feels stronger. Killing it will hurt the wall a lot.*

*Yes*, agreed Blue, *But the other is closer to the park and may hurt the humans. We can’t let them reach the populated areas. Owen will not be pleased. He is alpha and he protects what is his and we protect what is his and ours.*

*Kill the weaker*, suggested Echo. *We are tired. We are hurt. Kill the weaker and rest. Then kill the stronger.*

Blue contemplated. Then agreed with Echo. *Kill the weaker first. It is smarter. We rest. Then kill the stronger.*

With that proclamation, she barked an order and the pack was off. Behind them she heard Intern scrambling down from the tree.

Chapter End Notes

So, give me your thoughts. As usual I love feedback. Is Owen's voice in character, is Blue's? How do you think the fic is progressing?

Thanks to all those who have read, commented and given kudos! You guys are awesome!

Have a nice day/night!!
Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

Sorry, I know I haven’t updated in a while. It’s not a long chapter either but I thought I should put up something for you guys!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Gregory, an intern from the batch of the infamous Mason Greene, had been working on his last rotation in the aviary when the head keeper Eddie Molina had come down with a killer migraine. Conservation zoologist, Thierry Beaumont and the assistant keeper were taking control now and had allowed Gregory to continue helping in the Aviary despite the emergency situation, especially because several of the other handlers had all been struck with headaches. None were as bad as Eddie but it was distracting and so it was nice to have someone who was in good health, with sharp eyes and who had no problems running errands for them.

Lily-Anne, another intern who had been working in the botany section, had also been reassigned to the aviary with him since botany didn’t need her right now. As such, they were in the back area, disposing of the remains of the aviary’s lunch when Lily-Anne nudged him and said:

“Are those people supposed to be here?”

Gregory looked up, saw a team of six people, dressed like tourists but carrying themselves more like soldiers, walking inside the restricted area meant for staff only.

“No,” he said, “They certainly are not.”

The two of them glanced at each other, and though they hadn’t been told what the emergency state was all about, they had a feeling that these people were a part of it.

“Get Dr. Beaumont,” he said. “And the security on the other door.”

“Where’s the security from the front door?” she asked, voice tight.

“Go,” he said. They both knew the fact that the people hadn’t been stopped by security meant nothing good.

She hesitated a moment and then turned and fled. He waited until she was out of sight before carefully gripping a shovel and half-leaned out the door.

“Hey you’re not supposed to be here,” he said. The ‘tourists’ stopped before looking at him in confusion.

“This is a restricted area,” Gregory said. “You have to leave.”

“I’m sorry,” said one of the men as the group continued forward. “The door was open. We thought we were allowed in.”

“Well, you’re not,” said Gregory, grip tightening around the shovel as the people drew closer to him.
“Sorry,” said one of the women. “But are you sure we can’t just get a quick peek in? We’ll make it worth your while.”

“No,” said Gregory sharply. The woman shrugged and made as if she was about to turn away but her hand pulled a taser from her jacket and fired it at him. The shovel saved him. The taser prongs bounced of the metal back of the shovel and Gregory used the element of surprise to whack the woman in the face before turning and running.

He heard curses coming from behind him and then something impacted sharply with his arm throwing him off balance. For a second all he felt was the pain of impact and then it really began to hurt. He tried to get up and found that his left arm wasn’t listening. It was also skidding on his blood that was dripping from the knife protruding out of it.

“Damn,” said one of the men. “Meant that for your back.” A gun finally cocked and Gregory scrambled across the floor even knowing he wouldn’t get to cover fast enough.

A burning bag of something sailed over his head and splattered on the floor, scattering hot sparks everywhere. Another bag followed and a splash of gunshots aimed at where the bags were coming from.

There was a pause and then a soft whistle of a shot came. It struck one of the not!tourists and the man looked down to see a tranq dart stuck in him.

‘Damn it Lily-Anne,’ thought Gregory as he pulled himself to the shelter of the other room. ‘I told you to run!’

Another dart fired from somewhere. She was using the crack in the plexi-window between the rooms, formed when an escaped baby dimorphodon had taken a dislike to it, Gregory realized. He got his feet under him and prepared to run when he heard coughing behind him. He glanced back, saw the smoldering bags and suddenly realized what Lily-Anne had done. She had lit the bags filled with dimorphodon droppings. The acidic dimorphodon droppings. The fire wasn’t very large but the fumes? The fumes were terrible. The not!tourists were blinking against the sudden stinging of their eyes. Gregory thought this was probably a good time for him to move. He dived out the door and even managed to not get shot. He pushed the door shut and Lily-Anne appeared from somewhere to lock it.

“I said get the guards!” Gregory said.

“They were a little busy!” she said breathlessly. “What do they want?”

“I think they want the dinosaurs,” Gregory said.

Lily-Anne ripped of part her jacket and began binding the wound, around the knife. “We need to get you to medical.”

“She’s right,” said a new voice from behind them. They both spun, Lily-anne half lifting her tranq gun before relaxing. The guards from the back door surveyed them both. “You two look like hell.”

“You don’t look better,” Gregory groaned.

“We ran into some of their friends,” one of the guards answered.

“There’s like six of them in there,” said Lily-Anne. “One of them is tranqed.”

“Thanks,” said the security. “Now get out of here.”
Dr. Beaumont appeared behind the security. His eyes widened at the sight of the bleeding intern and then he dived forward and helped Lily-Anne to keep Gregory on his feet. They were partway out of the building to join the rest of the staff who had already been evacuated, when the sounds of shots began behind them.

Hamada stared at the scene before him. Mercenaries lay littered on the ground, and a couple of his own men were groaning.

“Any of them alive?” asked Hamada.

“No sir,” said one of his men. Hamada felt a spurt of annoyance but squished it down.

“Alright patch up our men and take them back to medical with the jeep. We’ll continue on foot.” Gunshots echoed in the distance. “That way,” Hamada added and then set off with some of his able-bodied men.

By the time they reached where the gunshots had come from, there was nothing left except evidence of a massacre. He was about to order his men to leave and follow what remained of Blue and the other’s they could find when a low groan attracted his attention. He walked around the clearing and came to a man who was moaning softly.

“Sheesh,” said one of his men softly. Hamanda privately agreed with his assessment. The man had been tortured. The wounds were not meant to kill. The tourniquets wrapped around him also meant that he hadn’t been allowed to die. Whatever happened, the raptors and Owen’s intern had gotten all the information they had needed.

“Patch him up,” ordered Hamada, “We need him alive.”

Owen could feel the negative, he knew was coming, even though Anika didn’t say it yet.

“No,” she said. “In a couple hours maybe. But Owen you’re still in bad shape. Whatever happened hit you the worse and I am genuinely concerned about the state of your brain. I don’t need you to push yourself and suddenly start bleeding out of your eyes or something. And don’t tell me how unlikely it is. You being you would make it your mission for it to happen. And then Blue will be up in here all pissed.”

“I’m not that bad,” Owen protested.

“I’m upping the ante because it’s a crises,” Anika said flatly. “Not yet Owen, please. Lauren is undergoing the CT scan right now. Let me review it to at least get an idea of what is happening okay?”

Owen bit down his frustrations because damn it! That was his girls out there.

“Can I at least go to the control room?” he asked.

“To disturb and distract Claire?” said Anika. “I don’t think so. But I will let you mix a little with your other keepers. But don’t over do it. I don’t want to know and you don’t want to know what will happen if you die. If your bond to those girls snap Owen, it could be the death for all of us. You
know better than anyone what a pack of raptors can do. ”

Owen was silent but had to concede the point. Still they were his girls. He was their alpha. “Three hours,” he said. “Three hours and then I’m out of here.”

Anika sighed and closed her eyes briefly. “Fine. Fine.”

Masrani dialed and then held the phone to his ear. “Yes,” he said when the other person had answered. “I need you and your men to get to Isla Nublar as fast as possible. We have a situation and we need your particular skills.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope it was still okay!

Have nice day/night!
They were closing in on the source of the weaker part of the wall. As predicted the source of the wall was heading further and further towards the park. Blue could not let that happen. The park was theirs. No one hunted in what was theirs without their sufferance. No one would hurt the humans Owen sought to protect. Blue barked to her sisters:

“Faster!”

The pack picked up speed and behind them Intern did the same, coming out of the long loping jog she’d been using to conserve energy.

They came up this source of the wall in the fields where the rolling, glass balls filled with squishy humans ran. They luckily hadn’t reached any populated areas yet and the herd of brachiosaurs were not near.

Good. Owen liked the brachiosaurs. Why, Blue hadn’t the faintest clue, he did not eat them, but still he did and so Blue was glad none of them had been attacked yet. They plugged into the field using their nose and ears to single out where the predator was. Unlike the others it was not immediately visible.

Intern came to a stop soon after she entered the field and took visual stock. Blue lifted her nose and sniffed and there! Something musky and reptilian, not at all like the scent of the herbivores which roamed this field but danker, darker, a faint odor of blood. This thing had killed something on its way here.

Blue crouched low and barked to her sisters.

‘Lines! It is hiding in the grass. We must find it!’

Together they began to comb the field in a line, hoping to flush the creature out, keeping their own bodies low to the ground to avoid detection themselves.

The creature jumps Echo first, actually taking an inch or two off the end of her tail. Echo screams in distress and Intern lets out a started shout. The grass rustles where the creature had gone to ground and Blue and the others rush the area. They arrive too late to corner it. Blue shoots past the creature and then twists to get it but it has already begun its attack on her.

It launches from its position on the ground behind her and catches the back of her neck in it’s teeth. It twists, bringing them both to the ground with their combined weight. Once they hit the ground the creature whips its powerful tail and begins to roll, dragging Blue with it. With each roll the creature’s teeth sinks deeper into her neck and Blue is sure that it will either crush through her neck entirely or break it.
Before either scenario can happen, Charlie jumps to the rescue. She lands mostly on Blue because she mistimes the jump but she still manages to rake the creature across the eyes. It sadly doesn’t take out the creature’s eyes but it does cause it to let go of Blue and skitter away in the grass on its four, short but powerful legs.

“What the hell! Is that a crocodile?” gasps Intern. Human slow, she has now only reached the site of the battle. She has Owen’s gun in her hands but nowhere to aim it at.

‘Go!’ barks Blue. ‘Tear it apart!’

The pack barks and sets off after the creature.

The other keepers were genuinely glad to see him and Owen found that he was glad that they were also alright. The majority of them were still suffering headaches like Owen himself, but the severity of them had lessened over the last few hours. Still, Owen couldn’t feel his bond and the others too admitted that they couldn’t not feel their connection to the charges, however strong or weak they usually were.

It frightened Owen. He never knew there was anything that could come between preternaturals and their animals and he didn’t like it at all. He spent the majority of his time comparing notes with those he knew well and keeping as eye on those he didn’t know so well. Owen was also honestly surprised as to how many workers in the park were there. There was actually a lot more preternaturals than he’d thought, even if the majority were not strong at all.

What had he found out from talking to others, was that he was the only one who still on occasion, got flashes of his animals. The other keepers were not getting those tiny flashes of emotion that he was getting through the smooth wall that had slammed over their senses.

It had only been an hour and a half of the three-hour limit Owen had agreed to, when there was a commotion outside the clinic and then someone was being rushed inside. Owen pulled the door open of the room they’d been confined to, just in time to see Gregory begin led inside, supported by Dr. Beaumont and another girl intern. Gregory had a knife sticking out of one arm. Doctors rushed to them and carried them away. But before Owen could move, two of Hamada’s guys came in carrying a groaning man on a stretcher. Another wave of doctors swarmed the stretcher, carrying him off to work on him.

Owen blinked. What the hell was happening?

A nurse passed him and Owen grabbed her arm. “What’s going on?!” he asked, aware his voice was a little harsher than usual.

“How should I know?!” she snapped back. “Let me get back to work!” She yanked her hand from Owen and hurried down the corridor.

“What’s happening?” Josh asked.

“Two of our interns just came in,” said Owen. “One of them had a knife in his arm. Hamada’s guys also brought back someone.”

“One of ACU?” asked Josh.
“I guess,” he said uncertainly. The glimpse he’d had wasn’t much. “He was dressed in combat gear.”

“I guess we’ll find out soon,” said Josh. Owen nodded but poked his head back and waited to see if Hamada’s men would come back. After ten minutes of waiting he concluded that they wouldn’t which meant that it was someone they were guarding. So. It wasn’t one of ACU.

Owen opened his phone and called Claire.

“What?!” she said, curtly.

“ACU just brought a man in,” he said. “And an intern just came in wounded. What’s happening?”

“It’s under control,” she said, smoothly.

“Don’t give me that!” he said, voice hard. “Not now. Don’t you dare shut me out.”

There was a sigh but then Claire took a breath and released it. “Sorry. But Owen you need your rest.”

“I’m resting,” he said. “But Claire I need to know.”

“We’ve had attacks on the enclosures,” she said. “Not all, just ones they wanted samples from I think. Security stopped most of them but a couple of places are still being contested. It’s a little tense but it is being handled. We don’t need you right now. Rest. Recover. We’re dealing.”

“Any word on the pack?” he asked.

“No yet,” Claire said. “Hamada is still on their trail.”

“Okay,” said Owen. “Keep me posted.”

“I will.”

She hung up and Owen took a deep breath to center himself. It was killing him to stay here, to do nothing especially while his girls were out there. But he knew that he had to stay until Anika released him. Always trust experts at their job. He couldn’t be a hypocrite of that right now, no matter how much he wanted to yell ‘to hell with it’ and go after his girls.

__________________________________________________________________________________________

Flat Creature is very agile and very stealthy. But the pack is stealthy too and they know a little of how Flat Creature works now. The only person who does not fit in this scenario is Intern. She moves well for a human but she still is too loud and grass rasps against her clothes the way it doesn’t do against reptilian skin.

She is a liability so Blue uses her. She’ll be the bait. Flat Creature will most likely attack her first, knowing she is the weakest of the lot.

‘Scatter,’ Blue barks to her sisters, ‘But not too far.’

Intern freezes as the pack scuttles away from the field leaving her all alone. She settles the gun firmer on her shoulder even as she tenses, legs bending slightly as she prepares to run. Blue watches from her place where she is crouched in the grass and waits for Flat Creature to make it’s move.
Intern is visibly afraid for a few seconds before her face smooths over and she breathes out low and settles herself. She moves back towards the trees, carefully sweeping the area in front of her with the gun, being very sure of her steps before she places any real weight on it.

Blue hopes that she would just run when Flat Creature comes because it is Intern’s best chance to survive. Blue hears movement in the grass and slowly angles herself towards it even as she creeps closer to where Intern is. More movement, barely there. Flat Creature is well adapted to this environment. Blue slinks through the grass, belly low to the ground and so is ready when Flat Creature erupts in a rush of movement and jumps Intern.

Flat Creature jumps Intern from an oblique angle and Intern manages to get only one shot off before twisting and throwing herself to the ground. She rolls as she hits and barely manages to scrabble to her feet before pelting of through the tall grass, Flat Creature right behind her.

Intern is faster than Blue would have credited. She skids out of the way of another lunge of Flat Creature and then Blue barrels into Flat Creature. Delta is next, jaw affixing to the base of Flat Creature’s tail. Blue has her claws wedges in ridges of Flat creature’s scales and she snaps ineffectively at it’s head.

Charlie enters the fray, daring daringly close to Flat Creature’s mouth as she attempts to scabibal at the soft underside of Flat Creature’s snout. Echo is last to enter and she pounces on Flat Creature’s tail, using her weight to keep Flat Creature from whipping it around and dislodging the others.

But Flat Creature’s hide is too tough. Blue’s claws are digging in but they’re not doing any real damage. Charlies gets caught by Flat Creatures’ teeth, on her shoulder but she shrugs it off and dives into the fray. Flat Creature attempts to roll but the weight of four velociraptors who are actively trying to stop it, makes rolling impossible. But they’re at a standstill. The raptors cannot get to Flat Creature’s soft underbelly and Flat Creature cannot throw them off.

The sound of a round chambering had Blue cocking her head. Intern is kneeling in the grass, gun aimed at Flat Creature.

“Charlie I need you to keep it’s head still for a few seconds,” she says.

There a pause and then Blue barks, ‘Do it!’

Charlie takes a few harsh nips but manages to pounce on Flat Creature’s head and hold it down for a few seconds. It’s close, Charlie is very near Flat Creature’s eyes but Intern manages to make the shot. She shoots again when Flat Creature is still, to ensure that it did die and then slumps down in the grass breathing hard.

Blue and the others hop of the corpse and search frantically through the bond for Owen. They still encounter the wall but it is noticeably weaker. Blue thinks that she can sense Owen somehow, feel the, the size of his presence, even if she cannot actually feel his mind.

Intern moves suddenly, slinging the gun on her back and grabbing some of the things she snatched up from the mercenaries.

She looks at Blue and then nods at Echo. “Let me help her.” Blue snarls at her but then examines Echo. After a moment she nods back at Intern even as Echo warbles unhappily. Blue stalks behind Intern practically breathing down her neck. The human woman is tense but she takes a few harsh breaths and the tension leaks out as she locks her fear away.
She swipes Echo’s tail off with some small, sharp smelling, white squares that has Echo hissing dangerously at Intern. Then Intern slathers some salve that smells vaguely medicinal. Blue thinks Owen has worn this salve before when he was hurt. Finally, she wraps a bandage on the end of Echo’s tail, ensuring that it covered all the hurt parts but still wasn’t too bulky. After that the bandage is covered by a dark green thing that sticks to the bandages. Blue is pleased because the green thing blends in much better than the white bandage.

Echo, released from the ministrations of someone she didn’t know or trust snapped at Intern coming within a hairsbreadth of her face before darting away. Blue moves away from Intern, no longer needing to threaten the girl by her presence.

‘What now?’ says Charlie.

‘Forest,’ Blue replies. ‘We rest.’

They turned and headed back to the forest in the direction of the next brink in the wall that was keeping them from their alpha. As they were running through, the sounds of multiple vehicles sounded in the distance. The pack scattered and dive into the undergrowth while Intern scaled up a tree with remarkable speed. After a few moments Intern called down.

“It’s ACU.”

Blue looked at her sisters and they all silently agreed. They would not wait for ACU. This island was theirs to protect. They came out of the underbrush just as Intern dropped from the branches of the tree, rolling to take the edge of the landing.

“I’m not coming with you,” she says. “I’m human and I don’t have the supplies to stay out here for much longer. But I do think I have enough evidence that you weren’t hurting innocents. I will speak for you.”

Blue tilted her head and considered her words then nodded. The distance to the next part of the wall was long and Intern would slow them down. Besides Echo was touchy being injured. Intern was probably not safe with her right now. Intern nodded back to Blue and gestured to the gun and said, “I’ll make sure he gets it back.”

Blue nodded and then Intern turned and sprinted off towards the vehicles while Blue and the pack headed deeper into the forest.

Chapter End Notes

Feed my comment addiction!

Have a nice day/night!!!
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

Hope you enjoy even through there's not a lot of action going on here. This chapter's basically an info dump.
Thanks to everyone who commented and left kudos!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

In all honesty the last Hamada expects is to see a human girl flagging his men down from the treeline. The jeeps come to a stop and weapons are trained on her.

“Identify yourself,” Hamada calls.

“Kavita Ramdial. Intern for the raptor paddock,” she calls back.

“You’re Owen’s intern?” he asked, just for confirmation. He’s seen Kavita before but the person who is in front of him is mud covered, streaked with greenery and blood splattered. He’s pretty sure that might be some bone fragments in her hair.

“Yes,” she nods. “You’re Hamada, right? From ACU?”

“Yes,” he said.

“Good,” she said, shoulders relaxing. “You got water?”

“So I’ve reviewed the CT scan from Lauren and compared it to scans done previously,” Anika said. She’s in the room with all the preternatural and unsurprisingly she has everyone’s attention. “From what we can tell, nothing is actually wrong with any of you. There are no significant changes to Lauren’s brain from what she had before. And since none of the animals seem to be affected, I’m going to guess that there have been no changes there either.”

“No significant changes still mean changes, right?” Josh spoke up.

“Yes,” Anika agrees. “I think your headaches are caused by a feedback of some sort. Something is actively blocking your abilities and the by-product of that block is causing the headaches.”

“Whatever it blocking us though is weaker,” Owen said.

“It seems to be getting weaker, yes,” Anika said.

“Perhaps it has a time limit,” Nancy suggests but Owen has a different idea. His girls are out hunting. This block probably has a biological originator.

“Perhaps,” Anika said, “We’ll study the scans some more but I wanted to give you all an update.” Her eyes flickered to Owen and he nodded in thanks. Anika left the middle of the room as the other
workers all turned to discuss the new information.


“I won’t,” Owen said. Anika nodded and Owen was about to head out the building when his phone rang.

“Owen,” he answered.

“Owen it’s Carter,” Carter replied.

“What is it?” Owen asked.

“Hamada found your intern. She flagged them down. She’s fine. The pack are still moving though. Your Intern says she suspects they’ll rest for a bit before getting into another scuffle but that there is another hybrid they’re probably going after.”

“Are they on their way back?” Owen asked.

“Yes,” said Carter. “Your intern is a bit dehydrated and she’s wounded. Also, she says she’s got information.”

“Did she say what information?”

“No yet. And Hamada thought we’d want to hear it first.”

“Fine,” said Owen. “I’m on my way to the control room.”

“Be careful,” Carter cautioned. “There are still mercenaries put there that we haven’t caught. Masquerading as tourists in a pretty good cover. I’ll try to meet you and Claire there as soon as I can. We’re still rounding up dinos that aren’t ours right now.”

Owen grimaced. “I will.”

He ended the call and made for the control room at a brisk pace. There were quite a few of Carter’s guys at strategic points and they nodded to Owen as he went past. There was the sound of muffled gunfire from a paddock and he stopped, half-turning to go there.

“It’s under control,” One of Carter’s guys told him. “We’ve got three units there and there’s only eight of them in the paddock.”

Owen still paused, everything in him telling him to go there, to protect but Carter’s men knew their jobs, security was their job. His was another type of security altogether. After a moment he gave a stiff nod and continued on his way to the control room.

“Claire!” he said as the doors slid open.

“Owen!” she said startled. She walked over to him and gave him a brisk hug. “Are you alright?”

“Fine,” Owen said, ignoring the way he wanted to keep squinting to keep the light from driving a spike into his head. Claire gave him a look that said, she clearly didn’t believe him but didn’t call him out on it.

“Carter’s on his way back and Hamada is ten minutes out,” she said.

“Good,” said Owen, “Give me an update. A real one. None of this bullshit watered down stuff.”
“Three encloses are still in contest. We have the rest of the perpetrators in custody but none of them are talking. ACU’s man is still in surgery. Hamada’s men are tracking your girls and Hamada himself is on his way with your intern who apparently knows some more than we do. Carter and his men are tracking down at least three groups of compy’s who don’t belong to us. They’ve cleared out one and are currently dealing with another but the third group hasn’t been caught yet and they’re ranging close to the park. We’ve got men situated on the boarder where the might come out through.”

“Now anything from your end?”

“Just that whatever is blocking the bond has been getting weaker. Anika said that something is actively blocking the bond and the feedback form that is causing the headache. But the girls are hunting something and I have a theory that these hybrids they’re hunting might be the source of those blocks. I could be wrong through,” he shrugged.

“Hmm,” said Claire. “Let’s see what your intern says.”

“Did anyone check her background?” Owen asked, still suspicious.

“Yes,” said Claire, “And she came back clean. No large financials transferred, no ailing parents, siblings etc. that might give her motive, no connections to any other company, nothing to indicate that she’s a part of this.”

“Someone can cover tracks if they’re good,” said Owen.

“We’re digging deeper,” Claire assured him.

Just then an update came from ACU to let them know one of the enclosures had been recaptured and the mercenaries caught.

“Good work, gentlemen,” Claire said. Owen stood behind Lowery eyeing the cameras that overlooked the continuing conflict.

A few minutes later, Carter himself strode into the room.

“Owen, glad to see you’re up.”

“Glad to be up,” Owen replied, honestly. “Where’s Hamada?”

“He’ll be here in a few minutes,” Carter said. “I want to hear what this intern of yours has to say.”

“I’d like to here what she has to say herself,” Owen growled.

The next few minutes were tense but soon enough Hamada and his men appeared, bring with them Owen’s intern. Owen glanced at her and took note of bedraggled state. Her face was cleaner than the
rest of her with mud caked around the edges. She’d obviously used some water out of a water bottle to wash her face. She was still slinging water from the bottle and she had Owen’s rifle hanging from one shoulder.

She capped back the bottle and unslung the rifle and held it out. “Sorry for taking it but I kinda needed a gun.”

Owen stepped up and took his rifle from her and then in one smooth movement settled the gun on his shoulder and aimed it at her head. “You get one chance to tell me if you had anything to do with this. You lie to me, my finger will pull this trigger, you understand?”

Claire moved behind him but swallowed her protest. Dead silence reigned. There was not a person in the control room that didn’t know it was he alpha of the island who was speaking right now.

Kavita swallowed but lifted her chin and looked Owen in the eyes, fearless even though she knew exactly what position she was in.

“I had nothing to do with this,” she said firmly.

Owen studied her and then after a long moment, lowered the rifle. “Alright,” he breathed. “Tell me about my girls.”

“They’re mostly fine. They’re sporting a couple of injuries, Echo and Blue the most. Echo lost an inch or two of her tail in the last encounter. She let me wrap it but that was all. Blue’s got some nasty bite on the back of her neck but I didn’t offer to treat it because I didn’t think she’d let me. But otherwise they’re fine, and functional. I think they were going to rest before they went to the other hybrid or whatever it was. “

“How did you know?” Claire spoke up, “Because you must have known.”

“About preternaturals?” Kavita replied. She shrugged. “Masrani told me.”

Owen stared at her surprised. “And why would he do that?”

“Is that important right now?” Kavita sighed. “I’ve got info pertaining to now.”

“Fine,” said Carter, “Tell us your info and then tell us after.” Kavita nodded.

“Dr. Wu left some of his research behind on how he tailored the raptors to Owen’s brain, so that they’d bond. This attack is the product of another genetic company who he sold the research to, while he was alive but he died before he could give the final set. Apparently though he put the rest of that research on a hard drive, that he hid, somewhere here on the island. They’re looking for it. Also they figured a second attack would discredit the park and cause it to close which would of course work out for them. I think there was more stuff on getting dinosaur DNA that they didn’t have before.”

“Why the hybrids through?” asked Claire.

“Part of the attack, to discredit Jurassic World,” Kavita replied, “But also because while they couldn’t figure out what Dr. Wu did to make the raptors receptive to Mr. Grady, they managed to figure out a way to disrupt the bond but they could only do it with living creatures.”

“So, the hybrids are what’s blocking the bond,” Owen said grimly. Kavita nodded.

“That’s why the pack is hunting them out. And it was done, primarily in an effort to knock you out
of play,” Kavita said. “But I don’t think they planned on the raptors taking initiative on their own.” She paused. “Actually, with the grenade there wasn’t supposed to be a pack anyway.”

“But there are other keepers,” said Carter, mind whirling, “And they wouldn’t have taken the chance that they might have somehow used their charges to defend even if Owen was out of play.”

“That’s the way I read it,” Kavita replied. “Now can I please get to a damn bathroom; my bladder is killing me here.”

When Kavita was led out of the room, Owen, Claire and Carter all stared at each other for a moment.

“This is a damn mess,” Carter said, rubbing a hand over his face.

“I need to get to my girls,” Owen said.

“And we need to figure out where Wu hid that research,” Claire said. “I don’t know if you recall but Vic Hoskins wanted to use raptors in a battle field. At least he was hedging on the idea. What if these people want to do the same and they manage to make raptors which can be tailored to soldiers?”

There was a horrified pause.

“Yeah,” said Owen, “We need to get to that research before they do.”

Just then Carter’s radio crackled. “Carter,” he said.

“Sir,” said one of his men, “There’s a group of men here who have just landed in a helicopter. They say they’re sanctioned by Masrani and are waiting for you to confirm it.”

Carter’s eyes flickered to Claire who instantly dialed Masrani’s number. After a few moments, on the phone, she nodded. “He sent them,” she said.

“Well let’s go meet them,” Carter said, “Outside.”

Chapter End Notes

As usual leave your thoughts! I really do love all your comments.
They met the men Masrani sent by the Mosa enclosure. They were a team of men, well-armed and clearly equally well trained.

“Dan Carter,” Carter said, “Head of security.”

“I’ve heard of you,” said the leader of the group of men. He appeared to be in his early forties. He was slimmer than Dan, but well built and his eyes were intelligent but friendly. “I’m the head of ARU. Masrani thought you all could use some back up and luckily we were close enough to get here quickly.”

“ARU?” asked Claire. “What the hell is ARU?”

“Asset Recapture Unit,” the man replied.

“What the hell is that?” asked Owen, speaking up for the first time. Something about the man niggled at his brain. He looked familiar.

“You’ve had mercenaries taking dinosaurs of Sorna and selling them right?” said the man, “Well ARU recaptures them from where they’ve been sent and returns them to Sorna. Masrani instituted us soon after the incident you guys had here.”

“Why didn’t he tell us?” asked Claire.

The man shrugged. “How should I know? But we’re here to help. We heard you all have dinosaurs roaming around. ACU is trained with containment not capture. We are. We’d be happy to lend our expertise.”

There was silence as Carter contemplated and then he said, “Fine. But I still didn’t catch your name.”

“Billy!!” A surprised voice echoed across the boulevard. Owen turned to see Kavita who was being led off by some of Carter’s men, probably to somewhere where she’d be safe and under their watch. She’s was little cleaner than before and Owen surmised she’d probably spent some time in the bathroom, cleaning up a little which was why they were only now leaving the building.

Owen’s head swiveled back to the man, Billy, apparently only to see his face in pleasant surprise.
"Kavita?" Billy said.

Across from them, Kavita shrugged off her captors’ arms and headed over to the group.

"I take it you know each other?" Carter said.

"Yes," said Billy, "Kavita ran with ARU for a few months."

"Well that explains some things," Owen murmurs. Billy cocked an eyebrow at him but turned his attention to Kavita who came up to them.

"What are you doing here sir?" she asked.

"Orders to help up." He eyed her up and down. "You look like you’ve been in trouble."

"Yeah well, trouble finds me," Kavita said simply. She stance had settled into something more soldierly and Owen remembered that smooth graceful movement on the first day, when Blue snorted at her, the way she parkoured up the walls to bat away the grenade and how comfortable she was with his rifle.

"So you’re a soldier," he said.

"Hardly," she said, "I was an intern there too."

"So Billy’s the name?" Carter interrupted.

"Billy Brennen," said the man and Owen felt his eyebrows sky up in surprise. So that’s why the man had looked familiar. Billy Brennen, Dr. Grant’s young assistant who’d gone with his on his trip to Isla Sorna. So this is what had become of him.

"I thought you were a paleontologist," he said.

"I am," Billy said, "A man can’t have multiple talents? But as much as I enjoy the small talk, we have work to do." He turned to Carter. "Shall we?"

After a moment, Carter nodded. "This way."

They all crowded into one of ACU’s briefing rooms, Kavita included since Billy had wanted her along. Carter briefly outlines the situation, and Billy absorbs it thoughtfully and then turns to Kavita.

"What’s it like out there KRM?"

"Little hectic, nothing we can’t handle. But the raptors are moving fast. If we and Owen want to catch up to them we’ll need to fly in for a bit, put down maybe a mile or two out and run the rest."

Cleair pulls up a map and they point out where the parks dinosaurs are, where there’ve been sightings of other dinosaurs and the attacks on the attractions. Most of the attraction attacks have been quelled but everyone is still on tenderhooks. There could be other people hiding among the civilians.

ACU is already trialing the dinosaurs they’ve spotted but of course they have no idea how many are released and how many can be released again.

"Sir," said another one of Billy’s team. He’d spent the entirety of the briefing looking like he’d spaced out and was viewing different galaxies. "New development."
“What?” said Billiy, head snapping up sharply. Owen’s eyes narrowed. The guy tapped a spot on the map.

“This is where Grady’s raptors are supposed to be around right?”

“Yeah,” says Owen, worry filling him. He should be out there, with his girls. He itches to be near them.

“Well, I’m getting a similar fauna signature in two spots, here and here.” He tapped two spots on the map. “Packs of six each I’d say.”

“You’re a preternatural?” Claire asks in surprise.

“How are you…?” Owen begins but the guy shook his head.

“Not like you,” he said, “You sense animals, I sense plants. Fauna are like little holes in the sensory net formed from the foliage.”


“Right,” says Carter. “Plant sensing later. Are you sure it’s raptors out there?”

“Yup,” said the guy. “Felt ‘em before. And I think Grady’s pack will be heading for them soon. Just as soon as they take care of this little blotch of fauna here. A group of small things, maybe more compys.” He shrugs. “They feel like compys but they also feel like chickens so who knows?”

Owen turns to Carter. “I’m not letting my girls go up against another pack, two packs, without me there. I’m their alpha.” He glances at Billy. “We’ll need that chopper.”

Billy nods. “You take care of one pack. We’ll take care of the second. It’s not the first time we’ve tangled with raptors before.” He turns to KRM. “You up for an RBR?”

“Get me a couple of energy bars and I will be sir;” she says, nodding.

“Good,” said Billy. “Gear up. Raylan, Jeremy, you’re with her.”

“What the hell’s an RBR?” Carter interrupts.

“Raptor Bait Run,” Billy says and sends the room into silence.

While the rest of the room is recovering from that statement he calmly uses his comm to call for the helicopter.

“You’re sending them out there as bait?” Owen asks incredulously.

“You need bait for an ambush,” says Billy shrugging.

“That’s unacceptable,” Claire said sharply. They all know what raptors are capable of.

“Let us do our job, Ms Dearing,” Billy says. “We are actually good at it. And frankly we can’t waste any more time arguing. If you don’t mind,” he says to Carter, “We could use ACU’s help for the actual ambushing part.”

When Carter and Owen both open their mouths to protest, Raylan speaks up. “Contrary to what it looks like, we’re not suicidal. We’ve done this maneuver before. So can we get moving please?”
Owen lets out a harsh breath while Carter looks mutinous. Owen wants to argue. He does. But his girls are out there and the longer he argues, the closer to danger they’re getting.

“Fine,” he says sharply. “I think we can all trust each other to do our jobs.” Carter glances and him and Owen lets him know that he isn’t going to take anymore setbacks. Carter nods after a moment and then gives a firmer nod to Billy. The ARU guys file out to begin prepping and Owen goes to secure his own set of gear.

When he returns outside, it’s to find Kavita, also geared up in a tac vest, complete with her own rifle and knifes. She has an energy bar held between her teeth as she puts on some sort of high tech looking boot. The boots come up to above her knees and they’re sleek, tough things, almost completely metallic and he sees some kind of tiny lights surrounding the heels and soles before they wink out of existence. Beside her, Raylan and Jeremy are both putting on the same kind of boots.

“What are those?” he asks frowning.

“Something Masrani’s R&D department cooked up for ARU.”

“Wanna give me a little more explanation?” Owen says. He’s feeling pretty miffed between his intern and Simon, both not giving him all the details about Kavita. Kavita Cleary picks up on his tone.

“Raptors can turn on a dime,” she said, “We can’t, not without breaking ankles and knees. These boots give us a little more suport, leveragage and push so that we can.”

“Why just the three of you?” asked Owen. “I have to ask If you’ve tangled with raptors before, you know you’re going to need more than three people. And why you? You were just an intern.”

“And she’s not the fastest runner out there either,” Billy interrupts. He had approached them almost soundlessly. “But speed isn’t the only essential thing in an RBR. Sometimes it can be the least. You need a team that can coordinate on the fly. Who can work together without speaking and make snap decisions together. These three are our best team when it comes to coordination.”

“As for your other questions,” said Kavita, grinning at him. “Remember the boomerangs?”

Owen blinks at here before remembering the boomerangs she had thrown into the cage. The ones that had best Blue and the others for a few tries.

“What does….,” He freezes. Kavita gives him a knowing smile. “You’re the boomerangs,” he said slowly. “You’re going to be human boomerangs. You’ll coordinate the pack against each other.”

“Just so,” nods Kavita.

“You’ll be cutting it close,” Owen says.

“Understatement of the century,” Jeremy grumbled softly. But in a few more moments they’re all ready and the helicopter is setting down in the boardwalk.

Owen strides into it without hesitation. He’s been too long without his girls.
What do you think about Billy being here?
“Lowery!” Claire barked as soon as she returned from watching the helicopter lift off, carrying Owen and ARU. “We need to find out where Dr. Wu hid that information.”

“Oh, sure,” said Lowery. “Uh, but where would he hide it?”

“Since the mercenaries are in the enclosures, it’s a good bet they’re there. I want you to pull up the blueprints of each enclosure and find out if there’s any place he might have been able to safely stash a hard drive.”

“Oh it,” said Lowery. “But as I recall, Wu didn’t actually have access to the enclosures right? He was just involved up until the nursery. Once the baby dino’s got moved into their enclosures they were under their handlers.”

“So you don’t think that it’d be in the enclosures,” Claire replied, frowning.

“Not really. I mean, no one would really bat an eye if he were there, but the only places to really hide something that long would be in the enclosures and even he wasn’t allowed to go in. Only the handlers and vets are.”

“Maybe in the veterinary building?” Vivian suggested even as she tracked both ACU and ARU.

“Lowery,” said Claire.

“On it!”

Lowery brought up the blueprints for the veterinary building and Claire leaned over his chair scrutinizing it.

“There seem to be a few possibilities,” Lowery admitted. Lorenzo, Carter’s computer tech came over and squinted at the blue prints as well.

“I think so as well,” Lorenzo said. “I can see a few places that you could store a hard drive safely in there for a long time without worrying that the data would get wiped by equipment or be randomly discovered.”

“Show me,” Claire demanded and they pointed out the places. Claire promptly dispatched one of the
ACU teams in reserve to check out the veterinary building.

As the men started moving on the building Claire bit her lips. What other building did Wu have access to, where he could hide the hard drive? After a moment’s thought her eyes lit up.

“Lowery check the clinic!” she said.

Lowery blinked and then pulled up the schematics. Lorenzo, Lowery Vivian and Claire all squinted at the blueprints.

“Two places,” Lorenzo finally said. “The storeroom and the reception area.”

“I’m going,” said Claire.

“What?” said Lowery. “Claire that’s not safe!”

“My responsibility,” said Claire. She didn’t want to mention the itchy feeling she was getting between her shoulder blades. Something was going to happen and Claire needed to be there for it.

The group checking out the veterinary building, reported not finding the hard drive so Claire redirected them to the clinic and went off to join them.

Halfway there she was joined by the group from the veterinary building. They nodded at her and surrounded her as if they’d been doing it all their lives. Claire scowled at their backs because she wasn’t a fragile doll but didn’t say anything because these men were trained and she was not. Besides she highly doubted that she would be able to change their minds anyway.

They stride into the clinic and are almost instantly bombarded by trainers asking her what’s happening.

“Debrief later!” she barks when she had a tiny break in the chatter. The trainers stop and Claire sees a couple of them cock their heads at her in a movement that isn’t human then they retreat back into the waiting room. She catches sight of Zach just inside the room and he gives her a slight nod. Like the other’s he knows something is going down and isn’t going to get in her way. The way he holds his body though tells her that he is ready to jump into the fray if necessary. His experience with the Indominous, however briefly, had left its mark. Zach didn’t scare easily anymore.

Claire nodded back and then directed half the men to search the reception area. The next half she took with her to the storage rooms at the back of the clinic. The men went down the corridor in front of her and when they had ensured no one was in the room, let her in. Claire stormed into the room and took careful stock.

Like all medical storage rooms, the clinic’s was filled the brim of an amazing amount of odds and ends. From medications that didn’t need to be refrigerated to bandages, to cleaning supplies, to acids and corrosives ticked away in their special cupboards, they were all there.

Claire dismissed the acids and corrosives drawers. Wu wouldn’t have risked the chance that there might have been a spill. The cupboards with the cleaning supplies got knocked out for the same reason. The boxes of bandages she crossed of her list next. Bandages were used with ridiculous frequency in the park and thus wouldn’t be a very good place to hide anything.

She rifled through the cupboards that held the medications, tapping the sides and back for any hidden
spaces but finds none. She turns biting her lips as she tried to figure out where next to search. The itch between her shoulder blades is getting more pronounced and she feels like she’s running out of time.

She lets her eyes roam the room again and finally she notices a box tucked under one of the shelves. Of course. It’s a box that holds the spare parts for one of the machines they use in the clinic. Claire has forgotten which one. It doesn’t matter. She dives for the box and yanks it out haltingly. It’s heavy and dusty but as she finally pulls it out from under the shelf Claire can see the slight demarcation in the dust that said that the box had been pulled out before but not replaced in the exact position as before.

She knows she’s hit the jackpot even before she tears open the cover and finds the smooth case tucked in-between spare parts. The uninitiated wouldn’t have noticed anything out of the ordinary and Wu is clever for hiding it here. Of course, if he’d managed to somehow sneak information to a rival company under their noses, he definitely wasn’t stupid.

Claire rises with the hard drive in hand and turns to tell her team to move out. She doesn’t get the chance however. There’s a commotion from outside and then the guards at the back door are firing.

Her team instantly forms up around her and hurries her out of the room. Two go forward to help their comrades who are guarding the back door while the others creep down the corridor with her. Claire tucks the hard drive down the front of her shirt and into her bra feeling very glad as she does so that she has always had an adequate bosom and that the hard drive is a compact design. Once her hands are free, she pulls the gun out from her shoulder holster hidden under her jacket and holds it firmly in both hands to stave off any potential trembling. She’s a good shot, but she’s not sure how comfortable she feels shooting another human being no matter how terrible a person they might be.

They have almost reached the other half of their group when gunfire erupts form the front of the building. The mercenaries have them boxed in from either side. Even as she watches the doctors and nurses corral all their patients toward the center of the clinic and into the safest rooms they have.

Zach is in the rush of the people heading to safe are but once he catches sight of her, he changes direction. Claire shakes her head at him but he doesn’t listen.

“Aunt Claire!”

“Zach get to the safe rooms!” she says frantically. Gunshots haven’t made it inside yet but she has no doubt they’ll start flying through the room in a minute.

“What about you?!” he demands.

“I’ll be fine!” she said. “I have a lot of guards. You have to be safe!”

“So do you!” he said stubbornly.

“Yeah well you don’t have to explain to your mom what happened if I got hurt,” she said. “Zach please!”

“Yes, I will,” he said, but finally looks to be heeding her words. “Be safe!” he tells her fiercely and to her surprise hugs her hard before following the rest of the clinic’s residents. She watches him go with barely disguised relief before turning her attention back to the problem at hand.

The head of her guards, Trawleny, she thinks his name is, glances at her and then says, “They’ll have a hard time getting in here. They want in they’ll have to fight for it.”
“That’s the problem,” Claire says crouching down next to him. “We have civilians in here. And this is what they came for above all. They’re not going to leave without it. They will fight.”

“Let them try,” Trawleny says grimly but Claire shakes her head. If it were anywhere but the clinic, if there weren’t civilians, she might let the two forces duke it out. But she can’t. The clinic was going to be needed once this crisis was over. She couldn’t let stray un shots ruin the equipment or hurt any of the doctors. She especially couldn’t let any of the civilians or her staff get hurt, particularly the ones with a strong connection to their animals. She needed to move this fight out of here.

Trawleny looks at her with slight trepidation and then says. “We can’t move from here. They have us pinned down on either end.”

“But not the middle,” Claire said. “I can get out a window.”

“Ma’am that’s suicide.”

“Not if you cover me,” Claire tells him.

“Let one of my men do it!” Trawleny says urgently but Claire shakes her head.

“You can cover me. I can’t cover you. You’re all better shots than me.”

“Hell if you think we’re going to let you go it alone!” Trawleny states and Claire sees the resolution in his eyes and gives in. He’s right anyway.

“We won’t have much time,” she warns.

“Two or three is better than none,” Trawleny replies and Claire acquiesces.

They leave four more men in the front putting up a good defense and a better show while the remaining five plus Claire make their way to a side window.

Claire tentatively pulls up the shade and after making sure no one is looking at them, releases the alarm on the window and then the lock. She slides the bulletproof glass up and glances around quickly before jumping out the window.

She lands hard but not too bad considering they were still on the ground floor. Three of the five men eel their way out quickly but that’s as far as they go. A shot dusts the ground next to Claire’s shoe and she squeaks and jumps back. They’ve been spotted.

Instantly return fire comes from the window behind them and then they’re moving.

Claire is sprinting forward one arm up to shield her head and the other holding out her gun and firing whenever she has the chance. Her earlier hesitations are gone because if she doesn’t shoot, the three men beside her could die. They’re already on this suicide mission because of her.

She doesn’t actually hit anyone, she’s never tried shooting at a dead run before, but her shots keep the mercenaries back, keep them from making shots they otherwise would have. Trawleny and the other two guys are beyond amazing. They’re grim and efficient and they’re not panicking unlike Claire. A firefight is, she discovers, an entirely different experience than being bomb dived by pterosaurs. Behind them, the men from the clinic are still covering them, keeping half the mercenaries’ attention away from them. It still isn’t enough.

One of the men, the one who’d gotten winged three seconds into their mad run, lets out an ‘oof and then he’s tumbling to the ground. There’s literally no time for them to stop. Claire tries but Trawleny...
grabs her arm and hauls her forward until she keeps running. She glances back at the fallen fighter still shifting slightly on the ground and then turns back, puts her head down and sprints. There’s nothing she can do for him and if she tries, it’ll all have been for nothing.

Trawleny takes up the flanking position on the side of her ensuring that she’s boxed in safely and they finally make it among other buildings. The whole hellish sprint has only been about a hundred meters. Trawleny shoves her down and then he and the other remaining soldier, Brent, she sees on his uniform are leaning out and shooting from around corners.

The mercenaries are forced to split their forces between the group from the clinic and the two men beside her but there’s enough of them that it almost doesn’t matter. Even she catches her breath though, she notes that the gunshots are moving progressively closer.

“Looks like your plan’s working ma’am,” Trawleny said after a moment. “They’re leaving the clinic alone. They’ll be out of range of my boys there in a minute or two and too close to us.”

“Then we better keep moving,” Claire says, steadily.

“We can’t keep this up,” Trawleny says. “There’s only two of us, and we’ll run out of ammo soon.”

Claire absorbs this information and then asks. “What about uh, reinforcements?”

Trawleny taps his comm. “Pinned down by their reinforcements,” he says.

“Son of bitch,” Claire hisses. She bites her lip. She can’t let these two men die defending her and she can’t let the firefight continue to progress among these building that are no doubt stuffed to the brim with civilians. She needs a chase and an ambush.

She flips out her phone and dials the control center.

“Lowery!” She barks.

“Claire?! What the hell are you doing!” he shrieks.

“I don’t have time for this!” she snapped. “When I tell you too, open paddock nine!”

“Paddock nine!!” Somehow his voice is more high-pitched than before. “I can’t do that!”

“Man up!” she snapped. “Once we’re all inside you close that door!”

“That’s murder!” he cries.

“You want me murdered or them murdered?”

“How is that even a choice?”

“Open the paddock door Lowery!”

“Fine!” he yells back. “At least I’ll get a better boss!”

“Good,” she breathes and then turns to Trawleny and Brent. “Draw them in but give me enough of a head start. They have to see me but not be able to catch me, or shoot me. Once you give me that, scatter and rendezvous with your men.”

“Ma’am, with all due resect we’re not doing that,” Trawleny said.
“Yes, you are,” Claire nods. “I can’t do this with more than one person. And I’m not having any more of my people die. So you’re going to do this and if Carter gives you hell, you tell him come take it up with me.”

Trawleny and Brent glance at each other and then Brent says, “I sure hope you know what you’re doing ma’am because if you’re dead, Carter can’t take nothing up with you.”

Claire huffs out a laugh but nods firmly to them. “I know what I’m doing.”

Trawleny and Brent do a good job. They let the mercenaries in sight of her but keeps them just out of range before they split to either side. The mercenaries shoot after them but it’s really half-hearted. Claire has the prize they being paid for and it’s her that they want. They charge after her and she turns and runs.

The chase is hell. Strategic bullets pelt after her and often enough she just manages to slip out of the way. She’s never been so close to death so many times and in such a sort period. She ducks more out of instinct and feel the burn of a bullet sear across the back of her neck. She cries out, almost pitches forward but regains her feet in time to keep moving. Another shot stakes a gate in front of her and she pitches sideways to avoid the ricochet. Inside the building she can hear the cries of tourists.

She forges on, trips over a child’s bag, tumbles hard and rolls to her feet in the next second. Her face, arms and legs are bruised. Her ankle is complaining from the fall. Claire kicks of her heels without a second thought and pelts headlong down the road towards paddock nine.

She keeps enough presence of mind to weave side to side as she runs. It saves her life from more than one bullet and then she’s almost in front of paddock nine.

“Lowery!” she screams into her phone, the phone she’s somehow managed to hold onto all this time. She doesn’t get a verbal reply but the warning wails sound out and with a hydraulic hiss the door slides open.

She doesn’t wait for it to open all the way. She rolls through the gap and scrambles upright the second she’s through. Rexy Sue isn’t here right now but with how agitated she’d been since the attacks started she was probably already on her way to investigate.

“Lowery,” Claire hisses into her phone, “I need you to listen to me carefully.”

The mercenaries waste no time following her in. Claire has wasted no time not trying to leave tracks. Her footsteps are clear to see in the dirt. She also hasn’t wasted time getting to where she needs to go. Sure, she can’t take the direct route or she’ll run straight into Rexy Sue’s waiting jaws but she’s taken the fastest route to get there.

The mercenaries are hot on her heels. They’re faster than she is and, in a terrain so uneven they’re definitely gaining. Still she has enough trees for cover so they can’t get a shot off and they haven’t tried. She’d pretty sure they’re wary of attracting the attention of any dinosaur that might be in here as well. If they can get the hard drive and get out quickly and quietly so much the better for them.

Claire however doesn’t plan on giving them that option.

“Now,” she breathes into her phone and in the distance a flare goes off, shooting into the sky. She thinks she hears a few of the mercenaries curse and her mouth splits into a savage grin.
She leaps over a fallen tree trunk, skids under a brush, darts behind a tree and waits hopefully for the telltale vibrations of heavy footfalls. It’s not long in coming. She hadn’t been particularly quiet while tearing through paddock nine and the flare had just helped the inevitable along.

She puts on a final burst of speed and makes it to the clearing.

It’s the feeding area, where the guests come to watch Rexy Sue devour her snack goat. Claire dearly hopes that no enterprising tourists are somehow still there because the show they’re about to get will haunt them for years to come.

She skids onto the goat trapdoor like a baseball player trying to reach home base. She hurriedly scrambles to orient herself properly. She’s on her hands and knees, scrunched a little to fit onto the whole thing when the mercenaries burst out from the tree line.

The leader levels his gun at her and says, “Throw it over!”

Claire just grins and jerks her chin to indicate behind them. The echoing boom that comes on the tail end of her gesture has the men’s eyes widening. They turn frantically guns pointed but it’s too late.

Rexy Sue is wickedly fast when she wants to be and right now she’s riled beyond all hell.

“Now! Now! Now!” Claire shrieks and the goat trap hisses and begins to descend with her onboard. Claire covers her head as bullets whizz over the clearing as mercenaries scream and run for their lives firing as they go. None of their bullets have much of an impact on Rexy though Claire cringes about the lecture she’s sure to receive from Laurel and Josh.

With a loud roar and a harsh snap of teeth, the gunfire cuts off abruptly. The silence reigns for a few seconds and then thundering footsteps are coming closer.

“Lowery!” Claire says panicked.

“It’s going down as fast as it can!” he screeches back. The trapdoor only manages to descend a couple more inches before Rexy Sues’ snout is pushing at the opening. Claire shrieks as the T-Rex tries to burrow into the opening to get to her. Teeth bigger than her head snap menacingly above her and though they haven’t arrived yet, Claire can’t help but feel assured that she’s going to die from them.

The edges of the shaft are just beginning to bend under the assault when the goat trapdoor finally reaches it’s end and spits Claire out into the underground room from where they usually load the goats to go up.

“Close it!” Claire yells and the doors at the bottom of the shaft slam shut. There’s a few more rattling knocks but eventually Rexy Sue gives up.

A loud, bracing roar echoes through the park as she screams her dominance.

Chapter End Notes

Tell if you guys enjoyed it! Also Fallen Kingdom was amazing.
Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

Reunion.

Chapter Notes

I know it’s been forever. But I hope you guys enjoy anyway! Thank you to everyone who gave kudos and commented!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Blue is flung hard through the air. She twists and manages to land on her feet. Her claws skid for a few seconds as she scrambles to get traction in the dirt but then they dig in and she is able to launch herself forward. She doesn’t jump, just picks up speed and then skids underneath the fourth of the creatures they have fought. Armored creature does not have may weak spots. Spikes on its back makes jumping from above a foolish plan. The clubbed tail discourages back and side attacks. The huge snapping jaws, full of teeth that are perhaps the size of Blue’s head makes frontal assault difficult. Of all the creatures they’ve fought, it is this one that feels most twisted. Several of its features say prey, but others say predator and its mind says confused-must kill.

Blue recognizes this madness, this confusion. It scents of the Indominous, with its velociraptor cries and lost eyes. Armored creature does not know what she is and she is furious about it.

It only drives Blue to redouble her efforts. Madness cannot be allowed to thrive.

Blue twists as she slides under and manages to scrape underneath Armored Creature’s body. Armored Creature roars and twists to smack her tail down on where Blue emerges. Charlie hits Blue in the side carrying them both out of danger.

Delta takes advantage of Armored Creature’s tail not facing her and jumps on the curve of its tail. She affixes her mouth on one of the armored plates there and, once anchored this way, reaches her claws around to the underside of the tail and starts ripping into the scales there. She can’t hold on for long, that much is evident, but any damage she can inflict with be much welcomed.

Echo meanwhile plays a dangerous game, distracting Armored Creature from the front to give Delta as much time as possible. She dances and darts between Armored Creatures snapping jaws, scratching at its face whenever she gets the opportunity but playing it as safe as she can. The objection isn’t damage right now. Blue feels the sharp sense of pride that comes when her pack mates work together in tight formation. Seeing Echo hold that formation even with an injury that puts her off balance is both satisfying and expected.

Charlie harasses Armored Creature from the side and, when she gets a break due to Delta’s attack on Armored Creature’s tail, she jumps and hooks her jaws onto one of the spikes covered the back and sides of Armored Creature. Her legs twist helplessly in the air for a few moments and then they’re finding purchase on other spikes and the plated back of their foe. Charlie uses her back legs
to scramble up through the spikes, using them as handholds to make her way onto Armored
Creature’s back. She hunkers down between the spikes and starts trying to rip up a plate of armor
on Armored Creature’s back. It’s not likely that she’ll be successful but Blue notes that Armored
Creature finds Charlie’s presence on it’s back most alarming. She tries to twist her head to snatch at
her but Echo darts in and rakes her claws over Armored Creature’s face making it refocus its
attention.

Blue runs, skids and slides underneath Armoured Creature’s belly again. Armoured Creature’s
underside is its most vulnerable area, as too much armoring there would make moving difficult. Her
claws rake the same spot as before. She skids out the other side, twisting and leaping out of the way.
The tail strike is less precise that the last time, Delta doing much to distract in that area but the blow
is still too close for comfort. One hit from that tail to any of their heads and they’re dead.

Echo manages a hit close enough to Armoured creature’s eye that makes its entire body shudder. It
stomps its legs and Blue skids underneath again, heedless of the danger. This time she doesn’t skid
out but hooks her toe claws into the gashes she’s made before applying the claws of her upper
appendages to the softer skin.

Armoured creature roars and the sharp snap of jaws and Echo’s yelp, lets her know that her tactic
has come with a cost. She can smell her sister’s blood on the air, but Echo is growling low in her
throat now and her claws rasp on the forest floor. Echo is still in the fight.

Blue continues her work with a savage frenzy. Any weak spot they open up on a creature like
Armoured Creature is to be treasured. A full body shake almost tears her loose from her position
and then Armoured Creature swings its tail hard to the left for leverage before whipping it back in
the opposite direction. It rocks its body with the motion lifting its feet and letting the swing of its tail
roll it from side to side like a tilting ship.

It’s stomps its feet back down with a vengeance and Blue falls. Armoured creature does not wait,
taking advantage of her position. She backs up swinging her tail widely and manages to connect
with one of the surrounding trees. The blow is enough to jar Delta loose. She falls and barely
manages to scramble out of the way before the tail comes rocketing down. The blow scatters dirt
into her eyes though and Delta is forced to retreat and clear her vision.

Blue makes another pass under Armoured Creature’s stomach, raking her claws in as she does and
rolling out of the way of Armoured Creature’s tail just in time. Charlie is still situated atop
Armoured Creature’s back, still working the plate of armor up, though it is definitely slower going
that any of them would like.

It is time, Blue thinks, to change tactics. She barks loud and harsh, informing her sisters of her plan.
Echo, Charlie and Delta bark back signaling their understanding and then Blue, Echo and Delta all
take turns harassing Armoured Creature’s head. They’re darting in and out and the lack of attack
from elsewhere makes Armoured creature follow them.

It’s precisely what Blue wanted to happen. Velociraptors are good at herding prey to exactly where
they want them. And this, the restricted area? This is their territory. There is no inch of their territory
that they do not know, no part of it that they cannot use. The trap is easy in execution but the risk is
high. One wrong move from them or Armoured Creature and Blue or her sisters can end up
impaled on those vicious spikes or crushed in Armoured Creature’s jaw.

It is the risk of all hunts.

Blue is a hunter and it is a risk she seeks out, sinks her talons into and crushes between her jaws.
They lead Armoured Creature on a chase. Blue is in front now, drawing the most of Armoured Creature’s attention. Echo and Delta are to the side of its head nipping and scratching whenever Armoured Creature tries to deviate from the path they’ve set.

As they near their goal the pack picks up speed. Armoured Creature does too and Charlie, on its back, prepares herself for a feat of timing. The pack races forward and Armoured Creature barrels toward them. And then the pack slows, just for a second, just enough for Armored Creature to take the bait and for them to get their feet planted right and then they swerved hard to the right.

Armoured Creatures tries to follow but it was going too fast. The turn it attempts causes it to skid and then without warning it tumbles down the side of the ravine that was hidden cleverly by brush. As it falls, Charlie leaps. She flies into the air, the spikes barely flying past her stomach as she launches herself to the opposite side of the narrow ravine. Her claws scrabble frantically on the earthy and rocky side before she gains enough traction to pull herself up and out of the ravine.

Armoured Creature is not so lucky. Like Blue plans, it falls on its back in the ravine. The ravine that is far too narrow for it to maneuver. The tail is still a problem, but it is not so maneuverable now that Armoured Creature is on it’s back; it cannot bend underneath itself.

Blue doesn’t hesitate. She spins, reverses course and drops down into the ravine. She lands on Armoured Creature’s exposed stomach. Delta and Echo rain down behind her and a third thump heralds Charlie coming back into the fight.

Blue finds the gashes she made previously and goes to town. There is nothing subtle or elegant in her attacks. They are sheer savagery, primordial indicts driven by predator’s minds that has been enhanced and linked to human’s heart.

Armoured Creature thrashes but it is stuck. Blue can hear her sisters following her lead, taking the time they had now to rip open new gashes in Armoured Creature’s underside. It doesn’t take them long. They too are angry, are ardent in their defense of their territory, eager to break down the wall that separates them from their alpha.

Thick hide and scales give away before determined claws and then teeth comes into play. Armoured Creature is bellowing. Its legs are kicking, making their surface unstable, but the pack had taken down prey larger than them before. This, this is nothing.

Blue rips a strip of hide clear off and proceeds to hold the gap open as she rips into the softer flesh underneath with her teeth. A layer of flesh, then fat, then muscle. She gets another strip of hide off, opening the hole bigger and darts her head in, searching for the life-sustaining organs.

Armoured Creature is big but Blue is persistent. The pack is persistent. It takes longer than Blue would like, but they tear down, tunnel their way to Armoured Creature’s insides and snap it’s veins and arteries, crush it’s intestines between their teeth, lay open the chest to the bone. When they are done, Armoured Creature isn’t moving and the woozy feeling that had haunted them throughout the day had faded quite a bit. But it wasn’t gone, not entirely. The wall was still up.

But.

But.

There were cracks in the wall. Impressions, emotions, movement, seeped through the wall that separated her from her alpha and Blue perked up. Her sisters looked up too, no doubt feeling what she was feeling.
Joy of the hunt, of a job well done, of completion, of pride burst through her. Alpha. Owen.

Owen was coming to them.

Blue barked to her sisters and in a moment, the pack had launched themselves up and out of the ravine and were heading towards their alpha.

It is a well-known fact that tactical assaults require tactical planning, which in turn, require perfect execution. Owen held on tightly to this fact to combat the urge to go directly to his girls. He can feel the wall that separates them but he can feel the weakness in that wall, feel the impressions that batter against the wall, his girls on the other side.

But his girls aren’t the only raptors out there and despite what he may say to others, he is the alpha of this island. The island is theirs to protect so the plan must be carried out without a hitch. Especially if one is trying to get the jump on raptors.

The choppers aren’t moving much faster than the jeeps dashing down the rails beneath them. The jeeps are filled to the brim with men from ACU and others from ARU along with some heavy-duty guns, mounted on them. They’re counting on the fact that the noise from the choppers will mask the sound of the jeeps so that the second pack will not realize that the men are there. If they do, they’ll circle around and attack from behind and the ARU soldiers on the raptor-bait-run will really be bait.

The first pack of raptors though, that’s Owen’s job. His and the pack’s. Carter and a group of men will follow at a distance. They’re both back-up for him and back-up plan if he fails. As such the chopper carrying Owen and his bike, peels off from the other and heads to where his pack is supposed to be.

They set down and Owen hops out, quickly unhooks his bike from the tow lines and gestures to the copper when he’s safely away. The chopper quickly raises and heads off to join its companions, once more adding the thrum of it’s rotors to the effort of drowning out the sounds of the mass of men following. Owen slings his gun on his back, checks his pockets for back up ammunition and then straddles his bike.

Before he can kick it into gear through, a wave of sensation swamps him.

Joy of the hunt. Of a job well done. Joy of completion. Four sharp minds with grinning razor teeth honing the edge of his psyche.

His girls. The pack. They’ve broken down another part of the wall. He can’t help the rush of pride that flows from him. Laughs as he feels Blue preen under it.

The wall is still there, buzzing harshly under their scalps but there are chinks in it. Cracks and holes. It’s ready to crumble. Good. There are no walls that will ever keep Owen from his girls. There are no walls that will keep his girls form him. He is Owen. He is the alpha and this is his pack.

He kicks his bike into gear and heads straight to where he knows his girls are. How could he not know? How could they all not know?

It doesn’t take long. They’re moving towards him too. Ten minutes later Owen is braking hard in a clearing, skidding his bike to the side and standing.
There is a breath of silence as the bike’s throaty growl cuts off and then Blue is there, soaring over a fallen log. She lands in full stride, claws digging into the dirt before angling her feet, twisting her tail so that she skids to a stop next to him. Charlie is half a second behind her, earth thumping as she lands and immediately covers one of Owen’s unprotected sides. Delta clears the log, body long and beautiful in flight before her feet lands and her tail whips in a deadly arc as she slides up to his other side.

Echo is a second behind her, blood streaking down her green hide but her footsteps are strong and steady. She flanks Blue, guarding her back.

Owen doesn’t wait. He can’t. He slams the stand of his bike down and darts forward. Blue meets him, rough scales sliding under his palm before nudging her head under his chin and flicking it up. Owen presses his head to her snout for a second, feels the bond between them tying them together forever, tugging at their minds, holding them together.

The relief he feels cannot be described.

There are no walls that can keep them apart.

He lifts his head from her snout and reaches for the others, desperate to see them, feel them, know they’re okay. They oblige, rubbing heads and snouts on his arms, shoulder and backs.

They’re wounded, all of them; they leave streaks of blood all over him. But he can feel their pride, their triumph. They are victors. Owen bares his teeth back to them.

“I missed you,” he says. His smile spreads wider. “Now what do say we go on a hunt?”

Four raptor barks fill the air in frightening harmony and then his girls look at him and match their grins to his.

Chapter End Notes

Tell me what you think. I'm sorry the reunion isn't more epic.

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