

Dynasties

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Dynasties

by [Joelcoxriley](#)

Summary

Isla Nublar's Tyrannosaur reigns unchallenged after the fall of Jurassic World. However, when the Apex Predator of Sorna arrives to Nublar's shores, will Roberta be able to defend her dynasty, or be dethroned?

Notes

Hello!

This will span from post Jurassic World to after the events in Fallen Kingdom.

I thought of the pairing, because why not?

Roberta/JP3 Spino with eventual young.

A New Dawn

The shores of Isla Nublar slumbered quietly in the gentle lulling of ocean waves that lapped upon its sand laden sediment, the ocean tide moving akin to a rhythm of breath. The sea breeze that blew inland from the ocean blue carried with it the scent of salt, which wafted through the treetops of the topics. The sun burned with a fiery haze, its brightness alighting the sea upon the horizon with flecks of orange and gold, the ocean illuminating in brief flickers of white light.

Dawn was rising upon Isla Nublar, the great shadow of Mount Sibot netting much of the island in darkness.

Upon Isla Nublar, Mount Sibot lay quiet, and dormant, a slumbering god awaiting the call of Armageddon. And when the volcanic god would awaken, Judgement Day for the denizens of Nublar would come, swift and terrible in the wrathful god's fury.

Until that time came, however, the beasts of Nublar resumed their continuous dance of life and death in the everyday struggle to survive for just one more breath.

All of Nublar's beasts, however, save for one.

Like the lulling of the ocean's waves mimicking a breath, in the early morning hour, Nublar's Tyrannosaurus Rex lay in slumber. Roberta lay in blissful sleep, her chest expanding with each inhale of breath, a rumble escaping her whilst she breathed. Upon exhaling, her body relaxed, falling slack, before resuming the cycle all over again. Her heated breath caused several grasses to weave to and fro in unison with her breath.

The female Tyrannosaurus' normally brown colored hue had dulled slightly with age, becoming a lighter shade. Her body sported scars-both recent-and from her youth, that formed a jagged map along both sides of her neck. Each scar sported a story to be told. And each one told of a battle that was won. Another day that saw an end, and another end that saw the birth of a new day.

Whilst Roberta slept, her tail swayed slightly-oh, so gently-her clawed toes fidgeting and a small clawed hand curling within itself.

It was then that the Tyrannosaur awoke-which was signaled by a change in breath. The Rex's amber colored eyes opened to witness the start of a new world, pupils shrinking to adjust to the light. Slowly, almost lazily, the female yawned, crushing maw agape, breath escaping her in white wisps in the morning dew. Roberta ceased her yawning, and then decided to clean her nostrils of build up-by sneezing. Globes of mucus flew from her nostrils in a spray, something the female was pleased at, for she could now breathe anew.

Then, as if weighted, the Tyrannosaur rose to her feet, lumbering form trembling the earth and bones popping and cracking.

In her age, it appeared as if getting up was quite a chore. At least when it came to laying still so long.

Regardless, Nublar's Tyrannosaurus Rex slowly moved off from her place of rest, stride slow, but dominating. Isla Nublar was her territory. Upon this island of death, she ruled as Queen. And none dared challenge her reign.

The Rex approached a small overlook, observing the wild land that she claimed as hers. Tilting her head towards the brightening skies, Roberta's nostrils flared, taking in the scent of her home. Then, mouth being cast agape, a roar of authority, and dominance ruptured forth from her gullet, thundering and loud. Her will echoed across the painted skies and valleys of her dominion.

A will none dared to challenge.

The birth of a new day brought forth another victory in her reign.

A new dawn, however, also foretold something else.

Never before had this happened.

Never was Nublar's Tyrannosaurus expecting thus:

Her call was answered.

A response rippled forth from the lands below her, haunting and harrowing in its shrill, yet challenging call. The roar echoed back, bouncing along the landscape of Nublar.

Never before had Nublar's Rex been threatened in power.

Now, however, her dynasty was threatened.

It was her rival's right to challenge.

It was her right to defend.

The shores of Isla Nublar lay scarred with the presence of footprints and long, vertical marks. These tracks were wrought by the sea.

Isla Nublar was so alike-yet so different-from Isla Sorna. This was something the Spinosaurus knew. The Bull's emerald eyes held a predatory glint within them, yet beyond that, was fatigue, and tiredness from his journey of battling the oceanic currents. His forearms were unable to be held up correctly, his claws dragging into the sands whilst he moved.

The sea water that was drying upon his brown scales with a reddish hue was leaving behind an unpleasant-and quite painful-white crush upon his hide. No part of his body was spared.

Not his white underbelly. Not his vivid red, white and blue sail. Not his eyes-which were beginning to sting. Not his serrated jaws-for his mouth was now quite dry. Not his clawed fingers or toes-which would need to be cleaned.

For now, finding water, and a place to rest, was his top priority. Then, once his body had recovered, he could hunt.

The Bull sneezed, painful and dried salt erupting from his nostrils.

It was then, in his search for fresh water, that a roar was heard. It was a roar Sorna's Apex Predator knew well-for he had hunted-and even killed-several of the challenger's kin.

The roar was loud, thundering, dominating, echoing from somewhere up above in elevation.

And just like that, a switch was triggered.

Gone was the fatigue.

Gone was the thirst.

Gone was the pain.

Gone was the hunger.

Rather, there was only knowledge.

Knowledge that he was the predator.

And knowledge that the reigning Tyrannosaur was prey.

His prey.

Fire alighted within his emerald gaze

The Spinosaurus opened his maw, and answered. Harrowing. Shriill. His call seemed to shake the very earth.

It was his rival's right to accept challengers to her dynasty.

It was his right to dethrone.

Rivals

He was close.

So very close.

The scent of his prey was everywhere.

The scent of her.

Her scent, mixed within the damp and earth laden musk of the island and the salty mix of the surrounding sea.

The Bull Spinosaurus flexed his clawed hands, talons clenching and unclenching. He was eager. Oh, so very eager. He had not had a challenge in quite some time. Not a proper one, at least.

Sorna's Spinosaurus had been hunting the female Tyrannosaurus for days. Today was the third day upon Isla Nublar. A day filled with powerful wind gusts, unusually cool, that were blowing in from the sea, casting askew the once dominant white and puffy clouds, and bringing in a blanket of grey.

A storm was coming, charging forth along the horizon whilst thunder rumbled in the distance, still out to sea.

He would need to find her, and swiftly, before the coming storm would wash her dominant musk away in the pouring rains.

A deep and guttural grumble ruptured from the Bull's throat, his neck craning to push his snout skyward. His nostrils flared, muscular chest heaving as wisps of white fluttered from his nares, testing, checking. He smelled many things: the muddy and thick earthen scent of Isla Nublar, the heavy, watery odor of the approaching storm, the salt of the lapping sea, the metallic, iron stench of blood-and her.

Yes.

Her.

Her, and the iron scent of crimson.

The Bull's emerald eyes sharpened, serpentine pupils now dilated in apprehension. His taloned hands clenched and released, viscous saliva welling within his jowls and dripping lazily onto the lush forested floor. The trees trembled and made way as his greater form forced the forest in his path to bend, great footfalls being left in his wake and molding the earth behind him.

Sorna's apex predator followed the scent upon the winds, the darkness of the forest canopy lessening as the tropical forests reached an end. Emerging from the brush, and onto the edge of a grassy knoll, the Bull saw her.

But most importantly, she saw him.

There she was, tan scales dull from age and ripe with stories of previous battles won, her scars bright and almost vivid compared to her natural earthen hue. Her muscular neck raised her massive head, jaws soaked in crimson and red flesh between her crushing maw. Her amber eyes looked upon him. Locked upon him.

Her fallen prey that she had so previously gorged upon did not exist. The grassy knoll did not exist, nor did the surrounding forests. Nor did the approaching storm.

All that existed was him.

Roberta did not know what he was. Part of her did not truly care. All she knew was that he was here. Here, after dogging her for three days.

Ever since her call was answered.

Roberta's muscular chest expanded, and then lowered as a forceful huff of breath escaped her, wisps of white puffing from her gaping maw with a spray of escaped crimson. Her jaws closed, throat muscles bobbing as the torn chunk of muscle was swallowed whole.

The Queen stepped forth, one leg upon the carcass, and the other, up and over, pressing onto the blood soaked grass. The bones of her prey snapped under the force of her weight whilst she stepped forth, and ushered forth a booming, almost deafening roar in challenge, blood and spittle flying from the force of her call.

It was a challenge that was eagerly answered, for the Bull stepped forth, and a harrowing, shrill, yet thundering call ruptured forth from his gullet. Thick and viscous saliva turned white and caked around his scaled lips, emerald eyes rimmed red as his pace quickened in an approach-almost a charge.

It was a charge the Queen would meet, with red tainted jaws opened wide to clench upon his throat-just like the white one.

However, Roberta soon discovered something.

The Bull was not like the white one.

The white one faltered upon seeing her.

The white one called weakly, almost timidly, to her challenge.

The white one failed to guard her neck from Roberta's crushing jaws.

The Bull failed not, on all three.

Roberta's jaws were cast askew from her intended mark, neck craning sideways from the force of the blow. Talons, clawed and sharp upon muscular fingers raked along the side of her jaws, tearing flesh and bleeding crimson.

At first, Roberta only felt the stinging and sharp pain of the claws. And then she felt a greater weight descend upon her, jaws wrapped upon the back and side of her neck, a taloned hand roughly gripping her hide.

The Bull was not like the white one.

He was larger.

He was stronger.

He knew how to fight.

Roberta now knew why he so confidently challenged her.

It was because he knew how to kill.

A pained and almost panicked bellow escaped the Queen. But underneath that, was defiance.

Roberta could feel the male attempt to twist her thick and muscular neck. Attempt to break it.

He was struggling to hold her down. Struggling to get a good grip in all her opposition and thrashing, the Rex throwing her weight towards him, attempting to use his own weight against him and push him off.

His grip almost faltered, and his other hand raked across the Queen's snout, attempting and failing to grip upon her like his other clawed hand did.

She was large.

Far larger than the others.

And she was powerful.

It was in the moment of the Bull raking her snout, that Roberta saw her chance. Her jaws clamped upon his hand, and broke almost every bone within.

Almost instantly, the Spinosaurus let go of the Tyrannosaur, a breathless, shrill cry escaping him. Roberta used the distraction to ram the Bull, causing the Spinosaur to fall upon his side with a great thud and loss of breath.

Roberta took the time to shake her jaws, adjusting them and attempting to shake away the pain as the Bull writhed upon the ground, swiftly recovering and getting to his feet. His injured arm hung, limp and useless, thick globs of crimson falling upon the grassy knoll. The Bull's emerald gaze fell upon his injured arm, then towards Roberta.

His gaze was hateful. Wrathful. His chest heaved with thick and heavy breaths in rage, a tongue gliding against his bloodied teeth.

Roberta's amber gaze stared back, the old female focusing on regaining a second wind.

Not even the white one gazed upon her with such rage.

She knew, just by the look in his jaded gaze.

His mind was set.

She was his to kill.

And his alone.

A snort in spite escaped the Queen's nostrils, and a second call in challenge escaped her throat. Dominant. Threatening. Challenging.

It was a call the Bull answered. Spiteful. Defiant. Unrelenting. Wrathful.

The approaching storm boomed with thunder in the distance, the winds now heavy and chill with a thick pressure. Rain began to spritz and drizzle, coating and illuminating their scaled hides and washing away the blood from their wounds, mixing sanguine and earth.

The Spinosaurus approached, though not in the same manner he had previously. He could not afford to be so reckless.

She was dangerous.

Good.

That made her a worthy rival.

A worthy kill.

The Bull then turned, walking parallel around the Queen, circling, calculating, testing. As if a predator circling prey. His full length was displayed towards her, sail proud and vivid in its multicolored hue. His injured arm always faced towards Roberta.

The Queen kept her gaze upon the large intruder, moving in a circle, opposite of him. She dared not lower her posture, expose her neck. Then he would have an opening.

His eyes never left hers.

Her eyes never left his.

Emerald and amber gazes were held constant in a silent battle. A silent dare. A silent challenge.

Nothing existed to them but the other. Not even the now heavy rains that battered their hides and flooded the knoll, nor a hot white light striking the forest in the distance, followed by a rumble of thunder.

It was then Roberta struck, jaws moving to clamp around his throat. Her movements were sudden, swift. Though her crushing jaws found not her rival's throat, but the downpour of the

black storm.

The Bull stepped to the side, and clamped his jaws around the Queen's snout, attempting to keep her jaws subdued and shut. His clawed hand raked against the flesh of her robust brow, scratching against her eye.

The pain caused Roberta to thrash and struggle with an even greater fervor, and the Bull lost his grip to the shaking Rex. The Queen, however, failed to strike, attempting to shake away the pain from her damaged eye.

It was an opportunity the Spinosaur took, for he crashed into the Queen, and sent her tumbling into the damp earth. Roberta grunted in pain as her weight hit the ground, and her legs flailed in panic, vision impaired to the side of her rival. She struggled to rise, but found the dampness of the ground too slippery in her current state.

The Bull lowered himself, jaws opening to clamp upon Roberta's scaled throat. A sudden kick of her powerful leg muscles stopped his advances, the Spinosaurus grunting. Then he was kicked again. And again.

The blows were powerful, and knocked the breath out of his lungs with each kick, the Queen's toes raking against his hide. Sorna's Spinosaur then turned in rage, and clamped his jaws around the Tyrannosaur's offending foot, twisted her leg, and then tugged.

A horrid crack rang out that caused Roberta to scream, and her other leg to kick as hard as she could to get the larger predator away from her.

The powerful strike connected right into the Bull's jaw, a vicious snap cracking out that sent the Bull falling upon his side.

He was screaming, crying, a shrill, pained call as the Spinosaur writhed upon the ground, limbs flailing as he attempted to rise to his feet.

When the Bull did so, his head drooped, neck hung low, breath ragged and hitched. His jaw was broken.

Emerald eyes rimmed red, his gaze fell upon Roberta.

She attempted to rise. Each time, she could not. Her injured foot was swollen and tender, dislocated. She did, however, manage to twist herself to turn her amber gaze towards her challenger, eye bloody and crimson lazily trickling from her wounds. Her breath was heavy and labored, Roberta fatigued and winded. Perhaps if she were younger, she would have the energy to force herself to get up. Not now, however. Her foot hurt too much.

Despite her exhaustion, a call came from her. Though it lacked the same strength it did before. It sounded tired. Weak. Forced.

The Spinosaur faltered in his response, spitting out a glob of blood and several of his teeth. Now thrice, he responded. Though his call was hoarse. Quiet. Strained.

Despite the challenge being called, and answered, both parties moved not. They were injured. They were fatigued. They were spent.

They could not longer fight.

The pair simply remained where they were, letting the rain from the storm pelt their scaled hides and clean their wounds.

The Bull then rose to his full height, and meandered off to scavenge from the Queen's kill. He struggled to feed. Struggled to twist his head and clamp his jaws upon flesh. Struggled to tear meat from bone. Struggled to move without pain. His feeding was slow. Tedious. But he managed.

It was in his feeding that the Spinosaurus failed to notice something. The scent of blood and the cries of battle attracted opportunistic predators.

A pack of three Metriacanthosaurus neared, braving the storm in curiosity, and opportunity.

They were targeting the Tyrannosaurus of Nublar, surrounding her like a pack of wolves. Debating. Calculating.

They would rather not tangle with a larger predator for meager scraps of meat. No. They would rather eliminate competition.

Roberta craned her neck to look upon the smaller predators, the female Rex once more attempting to rise with new haste. She snapped her powerful jaws, snap echoing in warning. Attempting to keep them at bay. But she could not protect herself from all sides.

The Queen released a bellow in warning, forcing herself to sound more dangerous than she currently was. Less frightened than she currently was.

She did not expect her call to be answered.

She did not expect the ground to shake.

She did not expect her rival to charge forth.

She did not expect the Bull to step over her, and scatter the scavenging pack, emerald eyes once more rimmed red, jaws foaming and raging.

The Spinosaur forced himself to project his harrowed call. Force it to be less hoarse and weak then it actually was. Force his broken jaws to snap. Force his broken arm to move.

Force himself to show no weakness.

But it was a weakness the scavenging Metriacanthosaurus could sense, even through his bravado.

He could pretend as much as he wanted. Force himself as much as he wanted.

He could not hide the blood and wounds.

The pack scattered, and then regrouped, now focused upon the larger predator.

The wall between them, and their intended prey.

The Bull released a guttural grumble. A low warning. A serpentine hiss.

His jade eyes narrowed, and focused.

The Tyrannosaurus of Isla Nublar was his prey.

No one was taking that away from him.

She was his, and his alone.

She was his prey.

And this pack was his opposition.

The Storm's Dragon

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Circling.

Circling, they were.

Testing and debating, searching for weakness.

Weakness that the Bull hid well, but not well enough.

It was useless to hide the scent of blood, the scent of torn flesh, even in the downpour of the storm. The grassy knoll began to swell with muddy waters, swirling and churning in the flows of the forcing winds and pounding rains, trembling under the power of the surge. The water rolled and sloshed around the Bull's feet, diverging to make way around his form. The sideways rains pelted his hide, illuminating his scales under the dark skies when a flash of light struck a nearby tree, the zap of the bolt being heard as the tree burst into wooden shrapnel and fire.

The Spinosaur's emerald gaze fell upon the three Metriacanthosaurus: One blue, the second green, and the third, black.

The Bull towered over the wolves, rain racing down his gaping, broken maw in a waterfall mixed with red, his taloned hands gripping and grasping at the air, clawed fingers cracking in preparation. A guttural, almost crocodilian hiss escaped his scaled throat. A warning. A threat. Sorna's Spinosaurus briefly craned his neck towards his quarry, towards Nublar's Queen. She was struggling to get up. Struggling, and so far failing. The swelling lake that was once the knoll was growing, the mud and damp earth making it difficult for Roberta to get proper footing with her injured foot.

The Spinosaurus then turned his gaze back towards the wolvern pack.

No.

They were not getting her.

Not unless he died.

She was his prey, and no one else's.

Once more, the lighting struck in the distance, alighting the sky as the strong gales battered the island and churned the sea.

The three Metriacanthosaurus did not know what this large beast was. All they knew was that the monster came from the sea, and with it, served as a harbinger for the coming storm. For when it came, the storm came.

And just like the storm, the sailed predator was force of nature.

And just like the storm, he would see these parasites drown in his wrath and fury.

'Twas then that a wolf-the black one-struck. It moved to charge head on, seeking to use the dark of the storm to its advantage. It was a mistake that cost it dearly.

A sudden forceful strike of jagged talon raked through its scales and flesh, bones breaking as the Bull struck with force and rage with his well arm. The Metriacanthosaurus twisted with the raw power of the blow, getting knocked off its feet and into the swelling waters and viscous mud. No sooner had the smaller predator found itself drenched in water and mud, it soon found itself trapped within the gripping earth. The animal struggled to regain its senses, struggled to rise to escape the looming beast above it, struggled to keep its neck above the grueling surf.

Water appeared to be rupturing and dancing all around the fallen animal as it fought to regain its footing, the pounding of the rain upon the water nigh deafening. A sudden, dominating weight forced the wolf under the swirling waters and rising mud, Sorna's apex predator having pressed upon the Metriacanthosaurus with a massive foot.

The animal struggled and thrashed underneath him, yet the Spinosaurus merely held the smaller carnivore down, gaze fixated upon the movements of its struggles. His jaded gaze darkened with a glint of malice, his toes curling, digging into the flesh of his opponent. He felt the wolf writhe and tense underneath him. Felt it weaken as it began to lose consciousness, or perhaps fully drown.

Briefly, if ever so briefly, the Bull debated. He could kill it. He could.

...But what would be the fun in that?

Suddenly, the male Spinosaur released his hold upon the Metriacanthosaurus, the animal breaking through the churning flood waters, breaths deep and greedy as it spat out mud and water. The breath it took was but a second's length, before the same great weight descended upon the beast, and once more, it was submerged.

A swelling of pride filled the male's chest. The pride of victory. The pride of domination. The pride and sadism of knowing this creature underneath his clawed foot was completely at his mercy. That he was this animal's mercy. This beast's wrath. This parasite's god.

The sense of control the Bull felt was enough to spark excitement within his body, an arousal beginning to form. His emerald gaze was so intent upon watching the Metriacanthosaurus struggle in sadistic glee, that he failed to realize the approach of the second wolf-the blue one. He only noticed upon feeling a pair of jaws clamp upon his uninjured arm.

A shrill, wrathful wail ruptured forth from his scaled throat, rain water flying from the force of his cry, as if a water dragon spewing currents of the seas. The blue predator attempted to thrash, twist and turn upon the limb locked between its jaws, but found itself being dragged by the greater weight of the looming beast. Jaws gaping wide, dark and red water spilling from his maw, the Spined Dragon raised his head, neck extending upwards, muscles tensing.

And then he descended, his top jaw striking the Metriacanthosaurus with such a blow that the animal nigh lost its balance, a crack ringing out that cut flesh and fractured bone upon its shoulder.

The blue predator let go almost instantly, body reeling away and attempting to shake itself free of pain. A second axe like blow from above sent the animal down to the ground, body spasming and muscles thrashing, spinal nerves severed upon its nape.

The Water Dragon released a snort, green eyes briefly falling to his now injured arm, then to the Metriacanthosaurus before him, still spasming lifelessly within the muddy lake of the knoll, then to the black beast that was held by his weight. It was not moving.

Hmmm. A shame. He wanted to toy with it more. The Bull raised his leg, and settled it back down within the murky waters as a flash of light struck one of the nearby trees upon a mountain peak, followed by a dull rumble. The rain still caused the waters of the knoll to dance, though it was to a more gentle tune as the storm began to pass.

The Spinosaur craned his neck to turn towards his quarry. Roberta had risen to her feet, posture fatigued and spent, but appeared to be lacking of further injuries. The male then turned towards the remaining pack member-or rather-where he thought it was. Alas, the animal was nowhere in sight. At least, not anywhere that he could see in the darkening skies. Once more, he turned his gaze towards the Queen.

He looked upon her.

She looked upon him.

They held gazes for a long time, debating and testing. None dared move. The humidity wrought upon by the storm was thick within the air, and it did little to alleviate the tension of an ensuing battle, no matter how fatigued the participants were.

It was then that Roberta exhaled, slowly and deeply, and produced a heavy chuff, hot wisps of breath escaping her scaled maw. Her muscles fell lax, and slowly her gait carried her away from the flooded knoll, and towards her previous kill upon higher ground. Her limp was heavy and strained. She would not be able to run for quite some time.

The Bull Spinosaur watched the Queen as she moved, jaded gaze following, then moving from the Tyrant, and towards the water logged corpses. He was in no condition to hunt, nor kill. He was now regretting his choice of using his maw to kill that scavenger, even if it was not used with the force of his lower jaw. Sorna's Spinosaurus watched the bodies, stared at them, studied them, as if they were suddenly going to up and move about. As if they were not yet dead. Truly dead.

Upon being satisfied the corpses would not be washed away, the male made his way towards the elevated knoll, and removed himself from flooded ground. Roberta lay upon the other side of the knoll, the rainfall now soft upon her scales. She rested with discomfort, attempting to lay in a position that did not cause any more pain to her injured leg and stinging wounds. The Queen tilted her head towards the source of footfalls approaching, seeing her rival near. He ceased his walking to just stand upon the crest opposite of her, the corpse between them.

The Bull stared upon the Queen.

The Queen stared upon the Bull.

Slowly, painfully, the Spinosaurus lowered himself to the ground, injured arms and ruined jaw finally at rest. Upon spying her rival lay down to rest, Roberta, herself, did the same, a great breath escaping her.

The Queen supposed this would do for now, this...agreement. She was too fatigued to fight, and the male clearly was as well. She was in no condition to hunt, and neither was he. They could stay here, upon the knoll, in peace, if ever briefly. They had several corpses to feed upon, after all, and thus, could focus upon healing from their wounds.

Yes, they could certainly stay like this, for now.

As Roberta felt her body succumb to sleep, peace fell over her tired form.

The rain softened to a light drizzle, before stopping entirely.

The wind died down, and the rumbles of thunder ceased.

The sky brightened, and the sun began to peek out shyly from behind broken clouds.

In the wake of the raging storm, peace reigned within the Queen's domain once more, if however briefly.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading thus far!

I put a work up regarding Sibo's eruption, since after much debating, I doubt it will be the canon eruption scene for this story, since I don't exactly know what will happen between now and then, storywise. So it's mainly practice in emotion without dialog. It's not finished, because I'm having difficulty writing the saddest part, in my opinion.

The work is unfinished, and mainly put up to be reviewed and analyzed in writing style, since I think my writing for Armageddon puts Dynasties to shame. :)

Greed and Sloth

One knoll among flooded grassland, two apex predators upon each opposite side of the aforementioned knoll, and one carcass in between them.

That was not a good combination.

Even more so, when said apex predators were as heavily injured such as they were, and thus, lazy.

And grumpy.

And stubborn.

And just plain old.

The pair rested quite a long time, but their fatigued slumber could only be subdued when their stomachs were not rumbling.

And their stomachs were aching, and empty.

Indeed, Roberta did not know how long she slept, but by the time she opened her honey hued eyes, circular pupils adjusting to the red and orange hues of the rising sun peaking over Nublar's forested mountain ranges and turning the soft and fluffy clouds colors of fire, she knew she had slept for far too long.

She slept so much, she was fatigued.

Her muscles were weighted and weak.

Her body felt sluggish.

Her eyes were having difficulty staying open.

She even felt the fatigue in her bones.

When Roberta breathed, it felt as if the damp and earthen air of the former storm was attempting to suffocate her. All she smelled was muddy water, damp earth and decay. Insects were beginning to buzz around her kills, various worms and grubs writhing upon the soaked earth, disturbing the bent grasses. The blood upon her kill long washed away, exposing pale flesh that had yet to be uneaten.

The musk of the storm only appeared to heighten the stench of decay. While to the Queen, it brought a sense of comfort, for when death was thick in the air it meant food was present, the scent was almost too much. It was suffocating, coating her throat and seeming to press against her lungs. The air still sported a thick and heavy atmosphere of high humidity, despite it being so early in the morn.

Perhaps the suffocating air would dissipate in time?

The Queen struggled to rise, her body sore and leg strained. She almost fell as she did so, her toes pressing into the damp earth and uprooting shallow, wiry grasses. Shaking her bulky head in an attempt to regain her bearings, Nublar's Tyrannosaur then began to look around, pupils small and nostrils flaring.

Her rival was still there, on the other side of the knoll.

He was just laying there.

Staring at her.

It was a stare Roberta did not shy away from.

Rather, she stared right back.

A silent war began to ensue between the pair.

Each were attempting to make the other back down. Back away from the carcass that was between them, upon the crest of the knoll.

Roberta's amber eyes narrowed intently upon the Spined Dragon, her pupils small. A heavy snort escaped from her nares, wisps of morning mist escaping from her. A low, guttural growl rippled from her throat, vibrating the air. Her taloned toes dragged against the ground and uprooted the earth with her good leg, as if an angry bull getting ready to charge, her broad jaws snapping shut, an echo ringing out.

The Queen of Nublar was thirsty. Oh, so, very thirsty. Her mouth was dry, and her tongue was parched. The grasslands below the knoll were still flooded in waters yet unsoaked within the earth or driven into the sea. Water was right there, just down below.

But she was not moving.

She was too old, and too lazy.

She did not feel like hobbling down just to get a drink whilst her rival was attempting to steal her kill.

No.

He was not getting her kill.

She was not sharing.

Sorna's Spinosaurus held the Queen's gaze, his emerald eyes gleaning in a sheen of malice and hate. His pupils only narrowed into thin slits akin to a feline. Though he did not bother to rise from his laying position, he did produce a crocodilian hiss from the back of his gullet, scaled throat rumbling and riveting the Queen's attention to him.

His legs shifted and tensed, the Bull ready to rise should the need come.

The Spinosaurus was hungry. Oh, so, very hungry. His stomach was empty, and growling and hurting. The grasslands below the knoll were still flooded in waters housing corpses of the previous predators that attempted to fight him, their bodies beginning to bloat. Food was right there, just down below.

But he was not moving.

He was too old, and too lazy.

He did not feel like meandering down just to get wet and drag the kill onto higher ground whilst his rival was going to eat her kill.

No.

She was not getting to eat her kill.

He was not sharing.

He was not moving.

Not when there was food right next to him.

After what felt like an eternity of intense staring, the Queen moved forth, and clamped her jaws upon her kill, muscles rippling underneath scales as she heaved to pull the corpse away.

Fuck him!

He was not getting her kill!

Upon seeing Nulbar's Rex begin to claim his food, the Bull jolted up and lunged forth, gripping his taloned claws into the flesh of the quarry, his back arching and tail shifting to balance himself as he attempted to rip the prey out of her jaws.

Fuck her!

She was not getting his food!

Sorna's Spinosaurus released a shrill roar, his injured arm nigh useless whilst his other clawed hand desperately dug into the kill, gripping and tearing as he heaved.

Roberta released a muffled growl, her nares flaring. She would have bellowed to him in warning, but her jaws were the only thing keeping him from stealing her kill. It did not help that the Spined Dragon had the advantage in weight, for her injured leg was struggling to keep her footing and fight against him.

But she had the advantage in grip. If she could just...tug hard enough without having her leg fail her, she might be able to win.

Both refused to let go, growls and glaring stares rampant, muscles tense.

The flesh began to tear upon the carcass, and the sound of ligaments beginning to snap and break were heard.

The Bull's jade eyes hardened.

No!

She was not getting any of his food!

Sorna's Apex Predator then reared his head back, and roughly jabbed Nublar's Queen with the brunt of his more narrow snout.

The jab was rough, and probably hurt the Spinosaurus more than it hurt the Tyrannosaurus, but fuck her!

She was not getting any of his food!

The Bull reared his head back, and stuck again in a flurry of blows that was more akin to an angry woodpecker pecking upon rough bark.

Roberta grunted as her sensitive snout was jabbed again and again and again, her eyes screwing tightly shut for their own protection.

Ow!

Fuck him!

He was not getting her kill!

It was then the Bull jabbed his snout into her injured eye, and the sudden pain caused Roberta to lurch away, and release her grip, shrieking in pain.

The kill was instantly dragged away from her, the Bull releasing a series of chortles in victory.

Ha!

Fuck her!

He won!

Roberta shook her head, pain beginning to dull and her eye reopening. Her golden gaze narrowed upon her rival in a glare.

How dare he!

That was her kill!

Roberta released a huff in rage, which was followed by a snort. She never had her kill stolen before. She always stole other kills.

...This hurt her pride.

The Queen decided the old kill was not worth the effort of straining her leg over to reclaim. Slowly, the old female began to lumber her way down to the flooded grasslands, intent on quenching her thirst. Her gaze fell upon the bloating corpses cast adrift.

Roberta huffed quietly.

At least she could make sure he only got her scraps...

Communication Problems

Successful communication was certainly quite the debacle to both parties.

Roberta never saw a creature such as her new rival. She did not know how to decipher his body language, his odd, guttural hisses or his harrowing, deep yet shrill roars. She did not understand him. And thus, Nublar's Queen was constantly guarded. Constantly tense. Constantly ready for a physical altercation.

All she saw when she looked upon Sorna's Spinosaurus, was a threat.

In truth, Roberta was not very keen in the skill of communication.

She did not know how to socialize-truly socialize. When Roberta saw prey, she gave chase, and went for the kill. When Roberta saw rivals encroach, she bellowed, and charged forth to defend her territory. Sinking her teeth into hapless prey, commanding her maw to crush down with such force she could feel the bones and cartilage break, taste the heated iron of blood flood into her iron viced jaws, hear the strangled gasp and feel the body cease, and become lax...

That was the extent of Roberta's communication-and socialization. Her jaws were her tools, and she knew how to use them well.

The only instance of non hostile interactions Roberta could recollect was not too long ago. Fairly recently, in fact. It was with the little grey Raptor that helped her fight The White One. And even after The White One fell, the Queen was unsure of the little grey creature's intent. But the small creature kept her teeth sheathed and claws lowered, her head wobbling in an unsure, curious motion, as if attempting to discern if this great and looming beast was just like The White One, a threat.

Roberta remembered one thing she did towards the curious, little creature.

She chuffed.

Chuffed, and then lumbered away.

The Grey One did the same, padding off.

That was the only instance Roberta could remember.

Roberta slowly turned her head to look upon the sailed beast.

He was still looking upon her, jaded gaze ever piercing, ever watching. Ever so slightly, the Bull's scales lips pulled upward along his snout, teeth bearing in a marred snarl with his broken jaw, a low, serpentine hiss vibrating his maw and into the earth which he lay.

The Bull was taking the Queen's lingering gaze as a threat, rather than observational study.

The Queen responded with a rumble from her throat, deep and intimidating.

The pair resumed to stare upon one another, amber and emerald eyes locked into a silent war of dare and dominance.

Neither was willing to break contact.

Neither was willing to show submission.

This was the extent of their dysfunctional and uneasy truce. Each saw the other as a threat, and neither were entirely willing to let their guard down.

It was made even worse due to the fact that while Nublar's Tyrannosaurus had no interaction with other, larger carnivores that were this tame, the Bull's interactions with the other Tyrannosaurus upon Isla Sorna all resulted in hostilities that lead to death.

Yes, Sorna's Spinosaurus slew many of the Queen's kind upon Sorna. It was quite a feat, for one such lonely predator. Hunting them, and stalking them, and fighting them, and killing them. Eliminating the competition and expanding his territory. He knew how to wage war against them. Render their crushing maws useless and shut, and they could do very little to defend themselves. Their jaws were their strength, but also their weakness.

Yes, Sorna's Spinosaurus slew many of the Queen's kind upon Sorna. But this was the first time any had wounded him to such an extent. This was the first time he had battled one that was large enough to give him enough a struggle that he could not end the fight quickly.

The Bull knew time was vital in fighting. The faster he killed, the less chance they had to harm him. The Bull knew this female was different the moment he had difficulty twisting her neck. Knew the moment he felt her powerful muscles tensing like solid stone under her scarred hide that she was not like the others.

It was the first time, in a long time, ever since the fire that burned atop of the water in that storm leapt upon his scales and branded his hide, that Sorna's Apex Predator felt fear.

And that fear kept his gaze locked upon the Queen.

Roberta resumed her staring, golden-brown hued iris juxtaposing his vivid green.

Her circular pupil juxtaposing his slitted one.

The Queen stared, and thought.

Thought back to The Grey One.

It was then that Roberta's throat rivetted in a sudden huff of breath, her scaled maw puffing slightly as heated breath passed her crushing teeth in a chuff.

The Spinosaurus craned his neck backwards, head cocking slightly in confusion. That was a strange noise. What was it? A threat? A warning? But it did not sound like a grumble or bellow? Perhaps it was nothing? Just an exhale of breath?

The Sailed Water Dragon was unsure of the Queen's attempt at socialization, unsure how to respond save for the low crocodilian hiss that slithered off of his tongue.

Roberta wobbled her massive head, as if attempting to better see her motionless rival, or attempting to decipher the noise that slipped passed his teeth. Was it a warning? She was unsure...

Nostrils flaring, another puff of breath escaped Nublar's Tyrannosaurus in a chuff.

This time, the Bull was positive she was making that specific noise for a reason.

But why?

What did it mean?

Was it a normal sound for one of her kind to make?

The Spinosaurus did not know. He just knew her kind liked to bellow, and bellow loudly.

Roberta awaited some kind of response, blinking slowly.

While the Bull did not verbally reply, Roberta noticed something.

He blinked.

He blinked after she blinked.

When Roberta stared, he stared.

Both unblinking.

Roberta turned her head to the left.

Sorna's Apex turned his head to the right.

She retracted her neck to face forward, looking upon him.

He retracted his neck to face forward, looking upon her.

Roberta blinked, and breathed deep, her chest expanding whilst she lay.

Upon exhaling, she noticed he released his breath, too.

He was studying her, and she was studying him.

It was then Roberta noticed something upon her rival. He had wounds like her, too. Old scars carved into his hide and telling stories of old battles won. But unlike hers, they did not look like they were from teeth or claw. The Queen did not know what made them.

Intricate, almost vine like patterns were upon his hide, scars from fire upon water.

Roberta never saw scars like that before.

If ever briefly, it made the Queen curious.

Her curiosity, however, was broken by a noise.

A huff of breath escaped the maw of her rival, the noise he produced sounding more akin to a nasily sneeze.

Roberta's gaze turned towards the Bull, head once more wobbling, nostrils flaring and chest expanding.

The Spinosaurus merely looked upon the Queen, head slightly tilted and turned, as if perplexed.

An air of pregnant unease fell upon the pair, both anxious, tense and unsure.

The Bull produced the same nasily sneeze twice, then thrice.

It was then Roberta realized that her rival was attempting to copy her.

Blinking, Roberta raised her snout, and produced a chuff.

Her chuff was answered by a sneeze.

His sneeze was answered by a chuff.

The pair slowly, if ever slightly, began to relax. The noises each other were making did not seem to be hostile or threatening. Nor did any physical cues or body language show any escalating hostility.

The funny noises the other made seemed to be good noises.

It was then that Bull decided he had enough of laying around upon the knoll, and rose to his feet, joints popping and muscles stiff. His sudden action made Roberta tense, for she suddenly felt vulnerable laying upon the ground whilst her rival stood.

The Spinosaurus looked down upon the Queen, thinking, and debating. His taloned hands clenched and unclenched in thought. He could kill her. She was vulnerable. He could have all the kills for himself...but she still had her jaws. That made her dangerous. Even if the Bull did attack from behind, she was large, and powerful...and he was still weak...

The Sailed Predator shook his head, unaffected arm rising to scratch a claw against his neck.

...No. It was not worth it.

Not now.

A soft, sneeze like noise escaped the Spinosaurus, gaze still upon Roberta.

The Queen almost responded with a rumble in warning. Almost. While she did not respond, she still remained tense, and alert.

Once more, the Bull produced as much of a chuff as he could, and turned to moved towards the flooded knoll.

Their surplus was almost gone. Soon they would be forced to hunt. Alas, his jaw and arm was far from healed, and the Queen could not afford to be very mobile...But that would be a problem when the time came.

For now, Sorna's Spinosaurus searched the flooded knoll for any more carcasses that washed down from the mountains.

For now, he could relax, if ever briefly.

The Hunt

Chapter Summary

As their surplus of corpses grow scarce, Roberta and her rival grow ever famished. Desperate for prey in their injured states, the pair attempt cooperative hunting.

Chapter Notes

In case anyone doesn't know, I've already written the first chapter of an AU of Dynasties where Mount Sibo never erupts. (Un)Natural Hybrids focuses upon the offspring of REXY and the Bull. I decided to make the story because it will go completely different from Dynasties, and because I want to better explore and develop the freaky little monster hybrids, as well as their potential influence upon the world.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

As time passed, the two apex predators living upon opposite sides the now storm recovered knoll encountered a problem: They had eaten the last of their surplus kills.

Indeed, Sorna's Spinosaurus was hungry, and desperate. So much so, that the Bull would attempt to lick any remaining flesh off of the bones of their prey that was not eaten by birds or insects. He even attempted to lick out any bone marrow that was exposed in the aftermath of Roberta's bone crushing jaws.

Finding nothing to salvage, the sailed predator craned his head backwards, and began to turn away from one of the carcasses. A snort left forcefully from his nostrils in frustration, stomach growling and hurting. His head tilted ever so slightly skywards to look upon the Tyrannosaur that rested upon the very top of the knoll. Rather than actively search for prey- for her leg was still quite injured-the Queen utilized a different tactic: To simply not move, and conserve energy until an opportunity for prey arose.

Roberta lay in a light torpor, deciding to sleep in order to conserve energy. Indeed, the female's muscular chest expanded and fell with each breath she took, a quiet rumble slipping from her with each slumbering exhale. Tail swaying ever so slightly, and stout, muscular forearms twitching and curling in on themselves was one of the few signs that Roberta was even alive. Otherwise, Nublar's Tyrannosaurus was completely, and utterly dead to the world.

That is-until the haunting, swan song of prey caught her ears-the cries of prey fluttering up from one of the lush valleys down below. Upon hearing the calls of herding prey, the Queen's honey colored eyes snap open, pupils instantly adjusting to the source of light that rained

upon her from the cerulean skies. Roberta's hungry stomach become all the most noticeable- and much more difficult to ignore. A deep riveting grumble rung from her throat as Roberta slowly rose upon her two legs, stiff limbs cracking and aching. Saliva welled within her jaws, the thought of prey already awakening her body.

As the Tyrannosaurus turned her head towards the direction she heard the flocking calls from- so did the Bull.

They were done waiting. Done scrounging for mere morsels of flesh upon aged bones.

It was time to hunt.

Alas, hunting in pairs was not something the duo was used to, but something they would be forced to do, if they desired a successful hunt. For the Queen could not run, and her rival could not kill.

Thus, the pair moved towards the nearby valley in which they heard the haunting, swan-like calls. If a bit with some mistrust, for neither predator walked outside of the eyesight of the other. The Spinosaurus moved ahead of the lame Tyrannus, Roberta's injuries hindering her sight and stride, though she still kept the male within the line of sight of her uninjured eye. The fact that he was moving made that simple task far easier. Her rival, also, would keep the Queen within his sight, the Bull craning his neck in order to look back at her ever so often, before turning his jaded gaze forward to transverse the wood- and keep an eye out for prey.

Their walking through the forest caused a disturbance among the low lying brush, the sound of hooves pounding against the ground, followed by flickers of brown in the shadows of the underbrush could faintly be seen. Several Nublar Tuffed Deer were currently fleeing the large predators, having been kicked out of their sheltered bedding, awaiting nightfall to graze.

Alas, such tiny prey was not on the pair's concern. They needed a larger food source to restore their vigor.

Sorna's Apex ceased his walking upon noticing a heard of crested prey out within the field, grazing and singing their haunted calls in courtship. Roberta ceased her stride as well- if only due to her rival stopping.

She could hear them. She could smell them.

The knowledge that prey was there caused saliva to lazily drool out of the female's maw. The only thing that growled louder than Roberta's grumble from her throat, was the gurgle from her aching stomach.

The Bull looked upon the oblivious, courting prey, the males bellowing and trumpeting loudly in display. His taloned hands grasped and released at the air, thinking, debating.

He could not kill prey even if he could catch it- at least- not easily. Not with his wounds.

His prey could not run after their conjoined quarry, even if she had the jaws to kill.

Thinking, and debating, the Bull then turned towards Roberta, and made a sneeze like noise. Turning his head in the direction of the herd, the Spinosaurus then began to skulk off, moving along the edge of the wood in order to circle around the herd.

Roberta blinked, perplexed and confused. When the Tyrannosaurus moved to follow, the Bull forced himself to snap his jaws in warning, before releasing another sneeze like call again.

The Queen was unsure of what was going on. She didn't understand. But her rival apparently wanted her to stay?

Thus, the female remained where she was as the Bull moved off.

Roberta waited.

And waited.

And waited.

Every second appeared to last forever, despite the sun not even changing positions within the sky. Her stomach's pain and rumbles were only getting worse, and with prey so close, it was difficult to resist the instinct to charge forth. Her muscles were tense, instinct telling her to lurch forth and chase. But her instincts also said to remain still, and save energy.

But her hunger was too great.

And hearing the harrowing, shrill call of her rival on the opposite edge of the field, along with the panicked bellows of flocking prey, thundering along in fright-it was too much.

Seeing the panicked quarry stampede forth, trails of dust and upturned grass within their wake-Roberta couldn't handle it.

With a thundering bellow, the Queen emerged from the brush in an explosion of leaves and branches, adrenaline forcing her injured leg to act.

The flocking prey-upon seeing the charging Tyrannosaurus-began to veer off to the side-which was something the Bull noticed as he shepherded the herd along.

What-Why were they veering?

Why were they veering?

It was then he realized his hunting mate-did not know how to hunt.

And she was going to cost them a meal.

A scream of rage erupted with force from the Bull's maw, saliva flying. The Spinosaurus then changed direction, ceasing his chasing to the herd in order to move across the field-and try to sever the veering herd from escaping.

But try as hard as he might-his legs grew tired and strained, and his lungs began to burn. But the greatest fault-was that the Bull was simply unable to cover enough ground in time to once more cross the open field, and the heads of the herd slipped into the shaded woods.

The Spinosaurus' running slowed into a canter, before falling into a light trot. Then a walk. And then a complete stop. With jaded eyes the Bull watched as the last remnants of the herd slipped into the trees, a cloud of dust within their wake.

The Bull would have released a roar in frustration, had he not been so busy catching his breath-and eating dust. Sorna's Apex then turned his head in the direction of his hunting partner. There was at least some hope that she was successful.

Lungs still ablaze, the sailed predator made his way towards the Queen with some flicker of hope.

As he got near, that flicker of hope drew dimmer and dimmer. And eventually died when he spotted Roberta flailing upon the ground-attempting to get up from a fall when her leg gave out in her attempt to hunt.

A low, threatening, crocodilian hiss escaped the Bull.

He was angry.

He was tired.

He was hungry.

He did all that, just for the hunt to fail.

Maybe he should just kill the female while she was down? Then he could eat as much as he wanted. But he was unsure if his broken jaw could actually muster up enough force to bite through her hide.

It was probably better to simply not waste energy.

Upon rising to her feet, Roberta released a grumble in frustration, and snapped her jaws in warning.

Both were fatigued, and on edge.

And worst of all, both knew there would be no sleeping tonight.

There would only be hunting.

Predators fail nine times out of ten. Everyone writes carnivores killing everything they see with a 100% success rate. Reality isn't like that. So I wrote a scene about complete and utter failure and desperation.

I also found out that Nublar has various mammals living upon it. The Nublar Tuffed Deer is one of them.

I also assume the Bull knew basic hunting tactics from watching the various raptors hunt prey, but alas-communication and cooperative hunting is not the pair's strong suite.

Thank you for taking the time to read this!

Feel free to R&R!

Status Note

Hello, everyone! Hope you're all staying safe!

Since I haven't updated in so long, I decided to write a status note.

I'm not sure when I will update Dynasties, or any of my other JP shit, but hopefully I will update soon within the upcoming weeks.

So-Status Update!

Error: Code Catholicon - Most often updated.

Heavy ideas for update-just need to find time.

Summary: AU where all members of the Raptor Squad survive and thrive on Isla Nublar after the fall of Jurassic World. Blue and her sisters answer to a new alpha, all but forgetting their past lives under the leadership of Owen. Tension rises within the pack as jealousy begins to form, and the seeds of envy for their alpha's-and their shared mate's-attention grows.

The future of their pack, however, is threatened when a rabies like disease spreads to various carnivore populations. The future of the sisters' pack-and their unhatched young-may be bleak.

Hoping to save his raptors before it's too late, Owen returns to Isla Nublar under Operation Catholicon, a mission hell bent on eradicating the mysterious disease, and saving the last bastion of dinosaurs.

All Owen cares about are his girls, but the last thing Owen expects, is for his raptors to have a new alpha of unknown origin.

The alpha that the sisters will choose to follow, could very well seal the fate of their pack.

Male Utahraptor OC/Raptor Squad; Amethyst/Blue; Amethyst/Echo; Amethyst/Delta; Amethyst/Charlie

Dynasties - Second most updated.

No ideas for an update as of yet.

Summary: Ya'll don't need a summary. :P A shit crack story.

(Un)Natural Hybrids - Updates very lacking.

Ideas for update, but not too strong to write.

Summary: Dynasties AU with little Rex/Spino babies.

Crack.

The Suitor - Updates very lacking.

No ideas, currently. Will only be 3-5 chapters.

Summary: Basically, The Suitor is an off shoot of a mini plot I was going to have in Dynasties where REX gets a male Rex suitor, but made The Suitor it's own work due to complications.

That's unfortunately the status of all of my Jurassic Park/World works.

While I do have plans for some of the stories, I have been thinking of two other stories that I may at least hammer out a first chapter (one more so than the other).

Thus, the story that has my interest the most, currently, is one I call The Outsiders.

Thus-Summary!

The Outsiders

Rating: T

Rough Summary: AU of Fallen Kingdom where the Indoraptor survives his fall. The hybrid then attempts to survive in an unfamiliar world, and becomes Blue's companion as he attempts social pack life with several other raptors that were present in the facility. Being socially dysfunctional, the attempts at a stable pack life fails, and the Indoraptor is forced to live as a social pariah, alone.

The Indoraptor then encounters a lone red raptor, as equally dysfunctional as he. It is soon discovered that the timid female cannot vocally communicate, and is not rejected due to her behavior, but rather at her inability to socialize.

Will the pair be able to form a bond, or will the pariahs remain outsiders and fragmented, even within themselves?

Character Information: E is a female raptor with a red hue. She cannot vocalize due to previous throat cancer damaging her larynx. E is dubbed such, because if she tries hard enough, her hoarse, strained call just sounds like 'Eeee'. Her breathing can be squeaky at times. She is timid towards other raptors, due to often being picked upon. She has scars upon her flanks and the back of her head and neck from said pecks. E must communicate more physically than vocally, using body language. Thus, she attempts to be more physical when socializing, attempting to feel physically intimate and involved since she cannot vocally be involved.

This can cause problems when other raptors are grumpy and do not like their personal space popped.

Potential Pairings: Blue and Green (AKA cut raptor from Fallen Kingdom), Indoraptor (I?) and E.

Where The Lonely Ones Roam

Rating: T

Summary: The story of the Indominus killing her sibling was a lie. But why would they lie? Because the sibling was a complete, and utter, failure. The sister was not as large, nor as strong as the infamous sibling. She was not as large, nor as strong-because she was a dwarf. A dwarf Indominus that possessed less aggressive tendencies than the future five star attraction. The mistake was never meant to see the light of day.

Until she did, the day after Jurassic World fell, and the mistake escaped the confines of the lab.

Confused, distressed, terrified, and not knowing what she is, the Indominus struggles to adjust to a completely different life. A life where food and water is not handed to her daily, and where creatures much larger than her attempt to hunt her.

Will Blue, the sole survivor of the Raptor Squad, in her loneliness and mourning, accept the sibling of her sisters' killer? Or will her wrath prevail over her mercy?

Character Information: Indominus sibling has no name yet. She is slightly larger than the average raptor, and more compact and stocky in build with a barreled chest. Her bite force is very powerful-but doesn't put a dent in comparison to her sister's. She is a grey-cream color, with very faint light blue stripes. She is not agile in build, and can be more akin to a charging bull.

Potential Pairing: Blue and Midget Indominus.

Those are pretty much my two story ideas. As much as I would love to, I can't just stick with a story and finish it. I hop between stories and work on them as I go.

So, either The Outsiders, or Where The Lonely Ones Roam will be published, perhaps.

Where The Lonely Ones Roam was going to be in Dynasties, but like The Suitor, I decided to cut that part out, since it would overcomplicate a rather simple story.

So, thank you for putting up with my bullshit.

If have an opinion on my ideas and potential characters, please let me know!

Thank you for supporting and dealing with me!

Stay safe!

A New Dawn in a Distant Land

Chapter Notes

I have been writing chapters for Broken Raptors every two to three days. Broken Raptors gave me enough pep to write this chapter.

It's not as long as I would like, and the development is moving rather slowly (they are apex rival predators, after all), but at least it's something.

So, y'all can thank Broken Raptors.

Hopefully it will continue to influence me to pump out chapters more regularly.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

As the fiery hue of a new dawn rose over Isla Nublar, the aftermath of the night's hunt became clear.

The remains of a crested herbivore was strewn around a small field of tall grasses, which were broken and flattened from a passing herd treading upon them-or perhaps even a struggle. The limbs were torn and crushed off, bone splintered and fragmented, intestines torn. Aged blood becoming of a clotted, rustic hue stained the lush grasses.

The damage was belonging to broad, crushing jaws.

Roberta lay nearby, breath slow in a torpor, dried crimson and strips of flesh still within her jaws.

Whilst the Queen slept, fatigued from the night's hunt and belly full, the Bull was awake, broken jaw attempting to grasp and scrape the scraps of flesh that yet remained. The Spinosaurus' muscular tongue slipped pasted his scaled lips, twisting and turning to lick upon the exposed bones and lap up any meat.

One things good about Roberta having fed first was that her jaws made feeding far easier.

She ruined and softened the flesh.

But it came at a cost.

The Bull was feeding upon whatever she decided not to eat-which was not much.

But it was something, and even something so small was better than nothing.

Once more did the Bull's emerald eyes flicker to Nublar's sleeping Queen, serpentine pupils constricting into thin slits.

She was not like the others.

She was larger.

She was stronger.

She was dangerous.

But the Bull noticed the vivid scars that ran upon her neck-and the wounds that would surely scar due to his taloned hands. The old scars looked like it was almost made by him. Or something of his kind. Whatever he was. Something large with powerful arms and strong claws.

She was different from the others of her kind the Spinosaurus fought before on Isla Sorna.

Back home, in his old territory, it was rare for females to have scars from fighting.

He noticed it was mainly the males that carried scars upon their snouts and jaws and necks.

Teeth marks.

But Roberta had scars from something big, and large, with powerful arms.

Perhaps there was another, like him, on this island?

Perhaps this large female killed it, the thing that was like him?

If she did, she was more dangerous than the Bull thought.

Because it meant she could kill something like his kind, just as he could kill her kind.

Briefly, once more, did Sorna's Spinosaurus think upon killing the sleeping Queen.

To eliminate the threat.

To eliminate his rival.

But that would hinder his own survival, for his ability to kill would be hindered with his broken jaw and hand. And she would not be able to hunt, with her hindered sight and injured leg.

As much as the Bull hated to admit it-he could not survive alone. At least, in the current condition that he was in.

Roberta was a dangerous thing, but she was also a curious thing-an object of curiosity.

Savaging enough scraps as he could, the Bull rose to his full height. His neck craned, and his head turned-then his whole body-towards the sleeping Tyrannosaurus. The Spinosaurus lumbered towards the sleeping female, Roberta's muscular chest expanding as she slept, a rumbling snore escaping her crushing maw.

The Bull, upon approaching slowly, cautiously, carefully, craned his neck downward, emerald eyes focusing upon the scars upon her hide.

They looked like they were from his claws.

But they weren't.

Curiosity sated, the Spinosaurus then turned away, and lumbered towards the eaten kill. The brown-red hued male then carefully laid down, not wanting to irritate his arm. Jaws gaping in a tired yawn, the Bull then settled himself down to sleep, cream underbelly becoming flush to the earthen ground.

As the Bull lay down into a torpor, the Queen began to rouse, which was indicated by a sudden change in breath.

A rumble escaped from her scaled throat, and her amber eyes opened, pupils shrinking to combat the rays of the dawn.

A new dawn.

A continued reign.

If only for a day longer.

Roberta slowly rose to her feet-if with struggle-for age and injury were taking their toll.

The female Tyrannosaurus shook herself, aged scales rippling as she attempted to wake herself.

Her beady eyes blinked swiftly, weight shifting to better acclimate herself in the early morn. With a deep, guttural rumble, the Queen craned her neck, surveying the area. Her eyes fell upon the dismembered kill, to her rival. While she could not see them well, her sense of smell could certainly pick them up.

The scent of blood and death, and the scent of something else.

Her rival had quite a strange scent.

A scent of somewhere vaguely familiar, as if ingrained into the Queen's memory, of a time long ago. She remembered very little of her territory when she was young. A different place, different from this island that was her domain now, for many years.

Perhaps he came from her old territory? Wherever that was.

Whatever he was, at least some sort of familiarity came from such a strange creature as he.

Strange, like the White One.

But he smelled different from all the other creatures she faced.

None smelled like he did.

A strange, pungent, masculine odor.

It made Roberta shake her head, and caused her nares to flare, snot spraying forth.

As foreign as he smelled, a part of him still smelled like home.

Home, in a land she could barely remember.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading and supporting!

Please feel free to check out Broken Raptors. For some reason I have fun writing it.

The next chapter for Error: Code Catholicon is also halfway finished, so it will probably be updated soon.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!