

Jurassic World: Chaos Effect

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/19313707) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/19313707>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	F/M
Fandoms:	Jurassic World Trilogy (Movies) , Jurassic Park - All Media Types , Jurassic Park Series - Michael Crichton , Jurassic Park (Movies) RPF
Characters:	Claire Dearing , Simon Masrani , Tyrannosaurus Rex , Velociraptor (Jurassic Park) , Luke the lion , Cora the lioness , Original Male Character , Original Female Character , Ayaka Katsuragi , Isabella Hernandez , Ruby Hernandez , Naomi Okoye , Glynda Rockbell , Henry Wu , Sinoceratops , Indominus Rex , Suchomimus , Stegosaurus (Jurassic Park) , Triceratops (Jurassic Park) , Brachiosaurus (Jurassic Park) , Baryonyx (Jurassic Park) , Carnotaurus - Character , Apatosaurus - Character , Pteranodon (Jurassic Park) , Mosasaurus (Jurassic Park) , Iguanodon - Character , Gallimimus (Jurassic Park) , Hadrosaurus , Stygimoloch , Stegoceratops - Character , Pachycephalosaurus (Jurassic Park) , Ankylosaurus (Jurassic Park) , Edmontosaurus , Dimorphodon (Jurassic Park) , Metriacanthosaurus (Jurassic Park) , Lions - Character , maiasaura - Character , Parasaurolophus (Jurassic Park) , Styracosaurus , Majungasaurus , Troodon - Character , Dilophosaurus , Lion - Character , Winter the lioness , Ricardo Torres (Jurassic World)
Additional Tags:	Action , Adventure , Dinosaurs , Isla Nublar , Lions , Animal Taming , Zoology , theme park , Sci-Fi , Jurassic Park - Freeform , Survival , Wilderness Survival , Jurassic World , Movie: Jurassic World (2015) , Jurassic World Trilogy (Movies) References , InGen International Genetics Incorporated (Jurassic Park) , Older Woman/Younger Man , Chaos Theory , Chaos effect (jurassic park) - Freeform , Original Female Character(s) - Freeform , Original Male Character(s) - Freeform , Original Character-centric , Original Female Character/Original Male Character - Freeform , action adventure , dinosaur fights
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2019-06-22 Updated: 2020-01-25 Words: 38,477 Chapters: 4/?

Jurassic World: Chaos Effect

by [JurassicLion](#)

Summary

Set within Jurassic World: when the park falls, several individuals unconnected to each other band together for survival. An animal trainer, a security officer, a wide eyed teenager amongst the many, who come face to face with the dangerous dinosaurs of Jurassic World. But in exploring the island to find the means of escape they encounter more dangers born from sinister forces within InGen and are in a race to uncover it and make it off the island alive.

Chaos

Chapter Notes

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

XX
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Far Northern Canada – 2009

Simon Masrani looked out from the helicopter window and saw nothing but white. As far as the eye could see the landscape was covered in a vast blanket of snow. Anything farther than that could not be seen past thick clouds and howling icy wind. It made him glad to be traveling in style with modern comforts. He was nestled in his seat within his private helicopter in a big winter parka and several layers of other clothes. He was certain that outside of the luxury transport it was bitterly cold to the bone – a far cry from the heat and bright yellow sun of his home country an entire ocean away.

His mind wandered back to hot summers in his childhood home in Mumbai. But he recalled being quite young and indoors reading about places above the Arctic circle, lands and countries in constant snow and bitter cold. He vowed that one day he would go to these places that were worlds away from his own home.

He couldn't quite believe he was here at all. But he had insisted to the rest of the board of seeing things out personally when receiving the report regarding the site. And so, despite the rest of the executive's insistence, Masrani accompanied an InGen Team out to the far arctic north.

It wasn't much different than exploring the rest of the world, he thought. Why the rest of the board argued or insisted he not go made no sense as Masrani traveled to the farthest corners, the darkest jungles, and the most remote islands and always came back in one piece. Sure, he was a businessman first but even when raised by his father he always adventurous and willing to explore. He'd had his scuba license in order to dive to the deepest depths for his company's work and even flew on a rocket to observe Masrani's orbiting station repairs. Going this far away was no different.

"It is not just for the thrill, but I have to see with my own two eyes what is out there." Masrani had said last to the board.

"Simon, can't you please just leave this to the professionals? The team is well equipped and suited. There is no reason to go out in the field." Xiomara Cordova, a tall female executive spoke over conference call from Puerto Rico. She like others had the same expression on their features: fear, anxiety, and mild irritation. Hers a little bit more pronounced, having known the kind of man Masrani was since their early days running the Masrani Corporation.

Masrani wasn't fazed. Nor would he listen, she knew. The billionaire simply smiled like a child.

“One life is given to the each of us. It is not in our control what happens to that life. That is why we must take each and every day as a gift from God to live it to our fullest potential. My father believed that, it is what we built this company to be the best and strive for the greatest. I will be going with the team. I will see the discovery myself.”

The helicopter landed just as Masrani finished his cocoa. Out of habit he checked his cell phone and saw no new messages or phone calls. The signal was at zero. As he knew it was going to be going so far away and remote. And yet the fact still brought a slight frown to his face.

To think that he owned the best satellite company on the planet – all thanks to the work put in by his father – yet still he faced the same signal problems like anyone else on Earth. If things worked out and the company made more money with all gained from their advancements, perhaps he could bring speedy coverage even to the farthest remote places like this.

Members of InGen Security opened Masrani’s doors and he instantly felt the sting of the icy wind blow into the cabin. He stepped out and zipped up his jacket and covered his head in his hood. The howl was almost deafening and yet Masrani couldn’t help but smile as he looked out into the distance. One Security officer guided the executive down a path marked by flares stood in the snow. He followed and was led to the site.

He almost didn’t notice it due to the blowing wind until he stood about right in front of it. The Security officer pointed downwards and Masrani nearly leaped out of his boots as he was faced to face with the cavern. It was a wide circle in the middle of the snow and ice and though somewhat filled with snowfall was still open and exposed. Now it made sense that one could be driving down this road and run straight over it without seeing it.

“So, this is what the Inuit couple stumbled upon?” Masrani raised his voiced over the wind. The officer nodded. Approaching them was a woman clad head to toe in black arctic clothing, her face hidden beneath a balaclava and eyes hidden under goggles.

“They were on their way to the town of Tuktoyaktuk just more north of here. We think global warming had something to due with the cavern’s sudden exposure. The Inuits and First Nations have crossed this way for over a thousand years going to and from the settlements. The people we’ve spoken to have never seen it and there isn’t records of it in their oral history. The government gave the same response.”

Masrani nodded at this. The anticipation swelled in his bones now. He wanted to see what the couple had seen on that fateful day they uncovered the cavern. For their unexpected efforts, Masrani made sure to properly compensate them for their damaged truck and more some. After all, finds like this didn’t come every day. And the find would likely change the park.

“Let’s go down there. Now.”

The descent into the cavern was easier than Masrani had expected. It was easier than when he'd gone spelunking in Thailand's secret cave jungles or down into the underground of ancient Iraq. The team really was professional having set up secure cables to ease going down on a rig system connected to a trailer like office on the surface. Inside the cavern was quieter than the surface and smelled of old soil and ice. But what struck Masrani was how bright it was from how blue the ice below was. Almost light enough that he had good visibility.

The team leader – he learned her was named Jenkins – and an InGen officer had gone down with Masrani into the cavern. When they'd made it to the bottom Masrani found they were now in a wider open underground space. And then beneath his feet he saw remains of bones and flesh of creatures he couldn't recognize. Jenkins turned on a flashlight to get a better look around the cavern.

"It's just up ahead. We dug in here but haven't yet removed the find. Everything else isn't invaluable but it's mostly remains of prey. Universities will love what we'd got here." Jenkins spoke as they walked through. Masrani lifted up a piece of bone from the ground. It smelled fresh somehow as if the animal died the other day.

"And this site, you and the other experts say it and these remains are over ten thousand years old?"

"Believe is the key word, Mr. Masrani. We can speculate and theorize based on what information we gather and corroborate with what we already know. The other specialists will carbon date and rest what samples we can get before the storm rides in. But regardless, this site hasn't seen life within it for a very, very long time."

Masrani almost felt light in his legs as he took more steps with Jenkins and the soldier. Places like this cavern, old and untouched for thousands of years were like the lost worlds he would read about as a little boy. It almost brought a tear in his eye to be here despite having already had world renown accomplishments he wouldn't have thought possible in his wildest dreams. Most in thanks to the park he owned.

"Mr. Masrani, I think what will peak your interest most is just along this wall." The InGen soldier gestured a flashlight ahead. Masrani turned his head and then gasped at what he saw suspended in clear blue ice.

"My god... its nearly whole."

Facing the CEO was the corpse of a gigantic feline. It's overall body and the color of its fur was a bit darker than expected. It was missing one arm and an eye and bones stuck out of its body. but that didn't stop it from making it clear that this was a near complete specimen of a prehistoric lion.

A specimen with flesh. Masrani of all people knew the value in this. The data, the secrets, the potential.

"We guess it is an adult. Maybe past his prime considering what we think is scarring on the body. But part of it may be decay. It's far larger than any other specimens found before."

Jenkins looked back behind her as the other members of their team walked through the cavern. Two were carrying special mechanical devices, a radar and an advanced high-powered laser saw.

“Just set it right at the front of the wall.” Jenkins looked to the CEO. “Mr. Masrani, we should have these two out in no time.” The InGen Security officer informed the CEO. Masrani nodded and stepped back to allow the professionals to perform their work.

“Excellent. I can’t wait until we’ve got them in the park.” Masrani breathed into the palms of his hands – forgetting that he wore thick gloves. The anticipation surging in his bones made him too excited to care about that right now. Jenkins approached the businessman then and spoke.

“If it’s alright with you Mr. Masrani, if and when that day comes, I’d love passes for me and my whole family to come down there. I’ve uh, I’ve never actually been there, what with what I make...”

Masrani looked at Jennifer and he smiled before staring back at the wall. His eyes practically shined as his employees begun their work to extract the find. He could imagine their first day and seeing Jennifer and her family in the hot humid environment of Costa Rica watching a brand-new creature walking the earth for the first time in thousands of years.

“But of course, Jennifer. You will be among the first to witness the results of this discovery. It will be a brand-new world.”

XX
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

120 Miles from Costa Rica
Isla Nublar, 2015

Heavy grey clouds formed high in the sky above the island. Only five minutes prior was it a sunny warm day and now the rain clouds brewed in blocking out the sun. The Pacific Costa Rican paradise and jungles looked darker in the cloud cover. One thing was for certain.

A storm was coming.

Ayaka Katsuragi looked up at the grey clouds above her. She knew a storm coming when she saw it by now. Isla Nublar wasn’t called “cloudy island” for nothing, she thought. She hadn’t been on the island that long as other employees of Masrani Global’s jewel theme park and yet she had seen enough storms or was rained on in this job for a life time. It was a stark difference to living back in California and at first it was something to get used to. But over time just like in the Marines, Ayaka adapted. Now, out of the blue downpour or tropical storms didn’t bother her as much.

She stood straight and unflinching despite the light sprinkle before the storm. At 5'9 and dressed in the black uniform of the Asset Containment Unit, Ayaka Katsuragi looked very much like the impressive soldier just like the other twenty odd ACU troopers, Jurassic World Security, and staff assembled. The only thing which stood out despite being tied up was her long straight black hair which seemed to shine. Her cap didn't hide it either leading to Ayaka to stand out even more amongst the drones of other ex-soldiers. The only other stand-out was the new girl.

Standing at the front was an African American woman who also bore the ACU Uniform. Like the others she too used to be in an armed force and yet Ayaka couldn't help but question it. The woman was nervous and her arms shook as did her legs. Everyone was meant to stand still where they are until Commander Hamada arrived with the Assets, but Ayaka couldn't just stand by. Breaking formation Ayaka stepped over and put her hand on the new girl's shoulder. She flinched at this and looked her in the eye. Ayaka smiled.

"You're Bridges, right? The new girl?"

The woman nodded to Ayaka and immediately made way to shake her hand. Her gripe was firm and despite her nervousness the handshake didn't falter. Now Ayaka knew for sure she was also ex-military.

"Yes ma'am. Tessa Bridges. It's my first day."

"Oh, I see. Well... hell of a first day. I'm Ayaka Katsuragi. Marines. You?"

"Army Rangers. My CO recommended I apply for Masrani after leaving the military. I didn't think I'd get the job – it was a tough process but I made it. It's exciting."

"So that's it. You're just shaking with excitement?" Ayaka saw Tessa drop the fake smile she had. Tessa's eyes widened but then she relaxed, her shoulders dropped and she smiled more genuinely.

"Well... yes and no. I mean, I've been stationed in Afghanistan and Iraq, grew up in Brooklyn. I know danger. But I've never been... well." Tessa couldn't finish her sentence but Ayaka needn't hear the rest. The other troopers and security team stayed as they were but Ayaka did spot one soldier at the far right try and hide a sly grin.

Ayaka couldn't help fight back a smirk too. She'd been here long enough that now she was like them and not green like Bridges.

"I know. I mean, sure they've existed for, what 20 years? When I was a little girl, dinosaurs were still just bones in the ground and plastic toys in the school yard... And now they're –" Ayaka was about to say that they were now theme park attractions when she and the rest of the team stood at attention at the sound of movement from the tree line.

A large transport vehicle emerged from thick tropical leaves of trees and neared slowly towards the team. As they were trained, Ayaka and the other soldiers stood back to allow the vehicle to pass through and make it to the front of the high concrete wall. The large tires of

the vehicle made goopy noise as it drove over the muddy earth and as it got ever closer Ayaka could smell the raw odor of the two Dilophosaurus' it was carrying.

She could hear the breathing of the dinosaurs from the vehicles' front carrier. It was like a large horse trailer only built with more secure metal and was dark blue and octangular like instead of smoothed and curved. There were tiny windows which allowed for the animals to breathe the air outside and through them the team could catch a tiny glimpse of the dinosaurs. Ayaka looked to Tessa Bridges who stood in amazement watching the animals through the windows. Ayaka smiled; even hidden by a transport trailer, dinosaurs still held an air of magnificence and reverence that couldn't be ignored.

Stepping out of the passenger side of the transport vehicle was Commander Hamada. The leader of the Asset Containment Unit paid no mind to the rain hailing down from above and his face was as solid as stone. He was a man of few words; stern but good as a boss. Ayaka certainly had superior officers back in the Marine Corps who were less honorable than he was. Hamada commanded great respect as the head of ACU and in the ten years of Jurassic World's operation, he had enough experience catching and wrangling escaped dinosaurs to earn that respect from his underlings.

From the other side of the transport stepped out a tall dark-skinned woman wearing a rain poncho. But Ayaka immediately recognized her as Naomi Okoye when she spotted her long red hair peeking out from the hood of her poncho. The lead animal trainer walked around the vehicle with a commanding but less rigid gait.

"Step back into position. Wait for the cage to connect." Naomi ordered to which every guard and trooper obeyed. Hamada merely nodded in agreement, silent as ever.

Tessa Bridges had stood elsewhere while Ayaka remained with her own line. Hamada and another officer waved their hands as the transport was guided forward enough to dock onto a small loading bay.

Things were proceeding as they were trained for. The large box carrier which contained the dinosaurs began to shake and Ayaka could hear the sound of the animal's movement on the floor of it. Out of instinct Ayaka tightened her grip on her rifle – it was non-lethal and only fired special bullets which emitted several hundred volts of electricity. It was a modern marvel of weaponry unique to the Park and designed specifically for capture of creatures like dinosaurs. Despite it being unable to kill them, Ayaka felt safer with the weapon in her hands than without it.

The dilophosaurs then began to hoot. It was peculiar and at first caught Ayaka off guard until she remembered that they were (technically) birds despite resembling reptilian like creatures. Or at least, the ancestors of birds. She remembered how there was still some controversy about that – how the initial recreations of the dinosaurs by filling in gene gaps with modern reptilian DNA resulted in certain species looking quite different from reality. As far as anyone knew what dinosaurs really looked like.

The calls brought her back to her childhood summers spent at the local pond throwing out bread to geese and ducks. The calls weren't that far off from it which made Ayaka even more unsettled. But on the outside, she appeared as calm and composed as Commander Hamada.

They dinosaurs continued to hoot as the transport vehicle got nearer to the wall and then docked with the special mechanism.

This was when the Park Security Technicians team would open the gate from the control tower of the paddock allowing the dinosaurs into their new enclosures. This was routine for Jurassic World and how they got animals from one Paddock to another. It also was safer as it didn't require any humans to lift the transport or open the door of the actual cage themselves. InGen had learned the hard way to ensure the safety of its employees. Which was why Jurassic World as much as it could worked with the power of modern technology to run and operate everything.

They could hear the doors beginning to open with loud metal like clicking and clacking. Ayaka looked briefly towards the tower which loomed above. It looked much like an airport control tower with visible tall windows. She couldn't see the park staff but she knew that they sat in an office like environment in front of many advanced computer screens which controlled every mechanism.

Everything was going according to protocol as expected. Naomi then ordered the ACU to step back and form up as the transport moved towards the wall connecting to it. The dilophosaurs hooted all the while. Then The transport cage settled so it was now within the wall – one half sticking out on the outside and the other within the paddock. Two workers made their way to secure the cage down so it wouldn't be pushed outward leading to the animals to escape. Ayaka watched all the while not removing her hand from the rifle.

Then she saw the bright blue flash of light. The sky and the entire area became illuminated by it before the bolt of lightning struck the wall.

Then came the powerful cracking sound. The wall exploded from the lightning as the dilophosaurs howled chillingly. The transport cage then seemed to fall and the two workers flew backwards. The troopers had all shielded their eyes as electricity sparked from the wall and fire then started and blew around them.

Ayaka somehow was still standing straight but covered her eyes with her arm. Her ears began ringing and she couldn't hear anyone. She slowly lowered her arm and looked to see the area was now covered in smoke as the smell of smoke registered to her senses. To her horror, the transport cage was on its side.

She felt a hand grab her shoulder and looked to see it was Bridges. Tessa was screaming, Ayaka could tell but couldn't hear. The younger woman dragged Ayaka away as ACU men were stepping away. Ayaka didn't remove her eyes from the cage and saw for herself her worst fear realized.

The dilophosaurs were out.

The two dinosaurs were both beautiful and horrifying to witness. Out in the open they were simply horrifying. Ayaka's blood chilled as the two fully grown theropods stood in front of her and Tessa. Ayaka was definitely tall at six feet but felt small as the two dilos stood above her. One hooted and its throat flexed. The other merely growled with its razor-sharp teeth peering out of its maw.

Ayaka drew her rifle. The animals moved but years of being a soldier made her faster and she unloaded rounds into one of the animals. It screeched a sickening sound while the other ran off and knocked over some men. Hamada ran after it and was shooting at it with expert precision. But the animal was bound for the trees not wanting to fight.

The other dilo remained and extended its wide colorful frill as it let out a screech. Ayaka then pushed Tessa down and covered both of their faces as venom shot out in several directions. Men who didn't react in time suddenly found their faces or bare body parts caked in a black tar like substance. Then as it began to burn against their skin the guards began to scream out in pain.

The dinosaur moved in for the kill and opened its jaws wide to clamp down on one poor man. His eyes blinded and he unable to see or defend himself against the mighty predator.

It was then that a loud screech was heard which agitated the animal. The dilophosaurus howled and shook its head in frustration. Humans too were affected and Ayaka and Tessa stood up and saw Naomi holding a specialized sonar device emitting the noise. They recognized it as the same type of technology used by various Navies against pirates. It was deadly and for animals with specialized hearing even more so.

"What do we do now?" Tessa said. Ayaka looked to her and saw Tessa was no longer shaking. She was frightened sure but she knew that Tessa was back in her element. Into the action.

Ayaka said nothing but began firing her weapon at the animal. Tessa followed and the dilophosaur howled from the pain of electric rounds. Not lethal but definitely not a pleasant experience.

But the animal didn't go down just yet. It ran back around behind the knocked over cage. More soldiers had their weapons drawn and were frantically firing at the animal. The dilophosaur was overwhelmed now and howled out in defiance. As a last measure of defense, the dinosaur ran off but not towards the wide open like its partner but back towards the open hole in the wall of the paddock on the other side.

Ayaka's eyes widened not believing the luck at the situation. Running from behind her, Naomi seized this chance and bound for the wall and opened an emergency manual lock. It was within a metallic box and could close walls if need be but they required a hand print. Naomi's was one of those coded specifically for this purpose and she placed her brown hand onto the scanner. It beeped and emitted green light before the wall began to close.

Though it was only seconds to Ayaka it felt like the closing of the wall was far longer. Maybe it was the adrenaline or the rush of anxiety felt from the situation. Before she knew it, the wall was closed and one dilophosaurus was back in the Paddock, as intended.

Ayaka looked around and couldn't believe what she saw. Injured men all around, some just bruised and battered, others in serious pain from the burns of venom being helped by other officers. Standing farther away staring at the open jungle was Tessa. Ayaka approached the woman slowly and looked at her hands. They were as still as an arrow.

"Hey. Bridges." Ayaka's voice caught Tessa off guard. The younger woman was startled but she composed and relaxed her shoulders.

“Some first day, huh?”

XX
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Ricardo Torres calmly walked through the trees and brush of the Restricted Area. The young man knew his way around the area and despite the heavy rain pour, Ricardo knew where he was in relation to Paddock 12. He could find his way back on foot if need be.

Twice his jeep had run out of gas when he was in the wilderness at this part of the island. He'd learned the hard way the directions necessary to get back to “civilization” by trekking across the Restricted Area. He was lucky to make it back reasonably unharmed. It had bewildered Park Security as anyone who was lost would go mad and merely stay put for help instead of making the long trek. He wasn't one to just stay and wait for help.

At 26, he was one of the youngest of the staff working with the animals in a leading capacity. Yet his full dark black beard made him look rather older than that but his eyes gave away his youth right away. Despite his age he was an experienced tracker and knowledgeable on wildlife which was why he was able to trek through the Nublar jungle on his own. Other staff wouldn't dare do this and most weren't as familiar with the terrain as boots on the ground like Ricardo was. In just four years working for Jurassic World, he knew the terrain of Isla Nublar like the back of his hand – and what wildlife to beware of.

The young man was thankful for the rain poncho he wore over his uniform. The rain didn't hold back and pelted his whole body to the point he felt like his body was being stung from the assault. He continued to walk on in spite of this, his uniform boots plopping with every step into the muddy ground. All around him were thick green tropical trees that reminded him of Hawaii but were actually native plants of Central America. But that still didn't stop him from remembering childhood summers spent exploring the jungles of Oahu. He laughed wondering what his younger self would think if he knew that this would be his job.

The trees rustled. Luke, Cora, and Winter were not far behind now. The man could even smell his animals – not too different from that of a wet dog, the odor was pungent and not hard to discern even with the rain. Not surprising as they were mammals after all and had just ran through miles of wilderness when the downpour started. Ricardo knew they loved to be out, running and roaming free, rain or shine. But he also knew the trio would be love being back at Paddock 12 where it was warm and dry after all of this activity. Eventually they would find their way back and follow him to the truck.

It was then that he heard his walkie talkie begin to screech to life. The noise startled Ricardo and for a few seconds he stood still and held his hands above his ears. It was only two seconds of actual noise and yet the loudness somewhat stunned him leaving him to stand like this much longer. Even after working at the Park for four years, the static noise would startle the man much like any other loud sounds such as motorcycles revving or bumping speakers of music.

He breathed and closed his eyes. Like in his childhood he began to count down from ten to one. Slow as he felt his body calm down from being suddenly startled. Gradually his fingers eased and he began lowering his hands from his ears. Now the sound of the rain pattering down onto leaves and branches began to calm him.

These walks weren't just for the animals. They were good for Ricardo's own mental health. They brought him through beautiful areas of green vegetation and blue waters of small ponds and rivers. It was a far cry from growing up in the inner city back home, the likes of which he could only dream of seeing as a child in a world where the constant noise of cars, people, and infrastructure was all enveloping.

Ricardo answered the walkie talkie.

"Torres here. What is it Hamish?"

Over the line he heard the grumble of the fellow animal behaviorist. He was a large burly Scotsman who would more accurately be described as a "circus tamer" working with all kinds of large carnivores and predators. His background was circus work however and not the sciences. Leading to his rather wry manner of speaking which annoyed other staff.

"Torres, you'd better get those beasts inside now! The rains not gonna let up and the vet won't be happy if they get sick on account of your little stroll. Don't annoy the little bird or she'll have a fucking fit!" Hamish's thick Scottish accent spoke through the walkie. Ricardo shook his head and responded.

"Don't worry. They'll listen to me, and then you'll get back in time for late happy hour at Margaritaville."

"Ya don't need ta remind me of that Mr. Torres! I'll have ya know- "

Ricardo ignored Hamish's incoming cursing on the walkie and shut it off. The young man turned around and looked into the jungle for signs of movement. Mostly it was just leaves moving in the wind or from being pelted by the rain. He tried to listen carefully to any particular sound that was different than the jungle ambience.

Then he heard the great trumpeting cry in the distance. In unison several more of these calls were made and echoed through the wilderness. Ricardo knew these to be the brachiosaurus' that lived at the edge of the valley to the Restricted Area barrier. It was a shame he was too far to see them in the distance. The brachs always looked majestic peeking out with their long towering necks from the jungle trees.

He knew his animals were likely curious and trying to find the brachiosaurs. They would be frustrated though when making it to the wall which prevented them from getting to the other side where the herds were. Most likely Pearl was teasing them as she peered over the wall to inspect the curious non dinosaurians growling at her from the jungle floor.

Ricardo had to call them back. He reached for the special silver whistle hanging from his neck and blew into it. It rang out sharply and caused several birds to fly away from the high canopy above. Now all he had to was wait for them to re-

Movement. Fast and to his right side. Ricardo spotted an odd branch moving differently from the rest, as if an animal had pushed it aside in a sprint.

They were close.

He crouched now as he listened to the movement. The rain continued to patter down onto the leaves and branches. Ricardo's brown eyes peered beneath his hood to his surroundings. Always watch your surroundings. His parents had drilled that mantra into his mind and Ricardo found it could be applicable to near every situation. It definitely helped with the specific career he held at Jurassic World.

The brush exploded with life. Leaping out was the large form of a white as snow lioness running with full force at his front. Ricardo however smiled noting the gait at which she ran was more playful, bouncy like. Winter was ever the cub even as a grown adult.

She wanted to leap and stood on her hind legs for her impromptu "hug". Ricardo stood and braced for it but then turned around as movement from the brush caught his attention. Another lioness, this one with golden fur, and a large male with a browner coat and a big black mane, appeared in attempt to pounce on the man.

As one would hunt, the others would make their move from the sides. Good strategy from smart predators.

Not unlike the most dangerous predators on the island.

Torres knew however that Winter likely just wanted her hug. She was doing what she wanted and merely unintentionally used by her pride mates. But Luke and Cora, her elders by two years, were practicing their hunting skills. It wasn't the first time they'd planned like this. Perhaps, if they were fast enough, they would succeed in catching their prey. However, their human friend was all the more faster.

Ricardo leaped out of the way as the two large animals pounced onto the ground. He did a barrel roll before turning around facing all three animals. Luke and Cora tumbled into each other whilst Winter fell onto them both. Cora in her annoyance growled as she pushed Winter off of her back. The white lioness rolled around and mewed at the sudden collision.

Luke shook his big furry head and stepped away from the two. He then spotted Torres who was facing the giant predator. The male prehistoric lion stood taller than any modern big cat and was at least four and a half feet tall and over five feet long. Luke certainly cast a big shadow and standing next to Cora and Winter, the three were impressive predators compared to the young human.

That was when Ricardo held out his arm and made a specific hand signal. The trio of lions paused as they noticed – they remembered it from their days being hand reared in the nursery. Ricardo smiled knowingly when the three animals lowered their heads and went down on their stomachs. They listened and responded as he had trained them.

Despite each animal possessing sheer power honed from millions of years of evolutionary adaptation – in effect they being literally stronger, larger, and faster than the 5'6 Mexican – the three lions obeyed. They were still dangerous alpha predators. But they were also raised

by Ricardo Torres – from the moment they were born to their adulthood. They cared for the man who had cared for them in turn. He was their leader, their family, a part of the pride.

The animal trainer smiled and held out his arms. “Good guys, very good!” He ceased holding his hand signal and now held out his arms wide. The lions perked up their heads, Winter in particular shaking her rear and ears flicking in happiness. They knew what that meant: time for hugs.

Winter leaped first nearly knocking Ricardo over as she nuzzled her large head against his. She stood taller than he on her hind legs but the man was able to hold her up and scratch her sides, Winter “purring” a low grumble all the while. But then Cora pounced and Ricardo was knocked over by the full force of the combined near 1400 pounds of two animals. Cora merely rolled over and vocalized grunts of content. As reward the man scratched Cora behind her ears. A simple reward but one Cora enjoyed ever since she was a cub.

Luke merely walked over slowly towards the man and pushed his snout onto Ricardo’s face knocking him back down. He too liked his head scratched.

His trainer obliged as he rolled around in the bundle of lions. Each one enormous and rolling over the smaller life form. Ricardo couldn’t help but laugh even as he was covered in mud and rain. He was happy being with his animals.

Normally this type of interaction was not typical zoo protocol. It was definitely not protocol for Jurassic World’s carnivorous dinosaurs. For obvious reasons now in the modern era, zoologists and zookeepers never were in the enclosures with animals – the practice was long since stopped and trainers kept behind barriers, walls, or fences for the safety of themselves and their animals. Although one to one interaction wasn’t impossible behind barriers. There were always barriers and always security as no one wanted any humans or animals harmed from animal handling.

Ricardo’s case was special. Raising these lions in particular since their birth, the human had a special bond with these formerly extinct creatures. But he was always cautious and always careful and ready. He’d subtly trained these animals since they were cubs to not bite and not claw when playing with them like he was now. It was all part of a life time study of these animals to understand their behavior as well as to understand whether the actions they took was due to nurturing behavior or as a result of the genetic engineering.

Dr. Henry Wu worked tirelessly for decades cloning dinosaurs and in the 2010s made leaps and bounds with his work in behavior study of these dinosaurs. It wasn’t exact but his methods resulted in dinosaurs that were slow, fast, aggressive, and in the case of one velociraptor, empathetic. The study on these lions was concurrent with the raptor behavior study and Ricardo’s close bond with the lions was crucial.

Ricardo stood up now, his poncho covered in much mud and matted fur. The lions stood as well, very wet from the rain and also muddy. Winter’s own white fur had gotten so dirty it looked grey. Luke’s mane was wet and sticking up quite a bit. The man laughed at the sight before signaling to them to follow. The pride obeyed and followed his lead through the jungle.

They were heading back to the truck – a modified Jurassic World vehicle with a large cage akin to a horse trailer at its back. It had to be that large in order to carry the three large forms of the lions (and dinosaurs, as was intended). It was great for taking the lions on these strolls out in the Restricted Area where there were no humans were around. They could run free without the threat of danger – to themselves, or to others.

XX
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Ayaka was now driving one of the many Security Team’s vehicles. It was armored and open air but secure and able to handle the rough terrain and the weather of Nublar’s jungles. In the passenger seat was Meyers, a blonde ex-SWAT officer who was also a veteran of asset escapes. Out of the corner of her eye Ayaka saw Meyers carefully adjusting her weapon – a large rifle of a sort fitted with electric rounds. Meyers let out a satisfied “ah” when she finished and held the gun in her arms pointed away from herself and Ayaka.

“Non-lethal is good for protecting these big lizards. But it doesn’t help when one of these gets out.” Meyers said.

The vehicle leaped as it drove over a bundle of muddy logs on the ground. It then proceeded to drive downwards a muddy hill before descending into thicker brush. Now there was nothing but large tropical trees all around the two ACU Troopers. Ayaka frowned at the lack of visibility. It was a disadvantage for the two women and an advantage for the dilophosaurus.

“Did you put lethal rounds in that thing?” Ayaka asked, her eyes never leaving her surroundings as she drove.

“Yup. Just to be safe, y’know better to have this protection even if we don’t need it, then need it and not have it.”

“I understand. Especially with giant carnivores on a remote island.” Ayaka joked to which Meyers laughed a bit. It was a good way to break the tension and ease their tense nerves, at least for the moment.

Ayaka had left Tessa behind, Dr. Okoye took the young woman aside to help her calm down. The other Security guards and ACU were heading out after Commander Hamada to hunt down the dilophosaurus. Luckily, they were far from Main Street and most other enclosures. But there were wide areas nearby where dinosaurs roamed and there were at least two small worker stations nearby. Regardless they needed to spring into action.

Capture of the escaped asset was critical. Both for park safety and financially. Ayaka preferred the former motivation.

They descended further through the jungle now. The rain hadn't stopped and continued pelting down on the island and against the vehicle. It wasn't good for visibility but Ayaka knew that it could help conceal the humans' scent from the dilophosaurus as well as any sounds. It gave them some advantage, although the same could be said for the predator. It could stalk them in the rain and they would have a hard time noticing it was there.

Ayaka was again thankful for Meyer's bringing the lethal weapon along.

The trees growing thicker and thicker until the vehicle managed to blast out of a thicket of branches and into a wide clearing. Ayaka then noticed a drop off and quickly slammed her foot down on the pedal to stop the car. Meyers bumped her head into the dashboard as this happened and her gun fell out onto the ground.

"Meyers! I'm sorry, you alright?" Ayaka said as she backed up the jeep away from the drop off edge. She parked the vehicle in a safer spot and noticed they were overlooking another valley where there was a waterway covered by much trees.

"Yeah, yeah... ugh. Just bumped my nose but I'm fine." Meyers groaned, her voice sounding almost cartoonish from the bump.

"Fine enough to hunt a dinosaur?" Ayaka asked half-jokingly. Meyers laughed as she rubbed her now reddened nose. Part of Ayaka wanted to joke that she now looked like Rudolph with such a red bruise.

"Luckily it wasn't that bad. But my nose hurts like hell." Meyers grunted. Her nostrils hurt with each flare and she didn't want to sneeze at any point.

The two women then stepped out of the vehicle and began to walk away from the cliff edge into the jungle. Ayaka kept a close eye on Meyers who looked and appeared fine on the outside but that didn't stop Ayaka's concern. She wouldn't take any chances and would make sure Meyers visited the medic once they were finished. For now, she had her partner's back.

They walked on through the brush, their boots crunching against leaves and pebbles. The ground was muddy and branches broken here and there, suggesting that something ran by prior. It was good enough a sign but then they spotted large gash marks made in the sides of tree trunks.

Ayaka clutched her weapon close. Her chest felt tight and feet felt like they weighed a ton each holding her weight down into the earth. The rush of blood in her body would throw off her senses – anxiety at its finest in the midst of a dangerous situation. Not good bed fellows.

She sucked in a deep gulp of breath and held it there as her chest rose. Then the release. Ayaka felt her body ease with the familiar skill. For a moment she closed her eyes and allowed the anxiety to sweep away from her mind. Ayaka's ears however were steady and listening close for signs of movement. Then as her body began to calm Ayaka stepped forward following Meyers through the jungle brush. Her hands didn't shake holding her gun anymore.

A hoot grabbed the attention of the two women. Ayaka looked forward at the jungle when the paralyzing bangs of gun fire rang out through the leaves. Birds flew from the jungle canopy all the while the roar of the dilophosaurus echoed. Ayaka and Meyers now stood shoulder to shoulder waiting all the while the animal's movement could be heard with each stomp.

It burst through like an explosion. Ayaka felt herself fly through the air and collided with a tree trunk and fell upside down. She saw stars and heard Meyers scream as well as loud gunfire and the animal bellowing an ungodly howl. Ayaka realized the Dilophosaur must have knocked her over faster than she could register while Meyers was unscathed. She tried to stand up and shook her head to clear her vision when she saw the Dilophosaur standing above Meyers' frame.

Meyers was pinned beneath the dilophosaur's reptilian like foot which covered almost all of her upper body. She was gasping and her gun was in the animal's jaws. It snarled as it chewed on the weapon causing it to crunch and crack. Part of it fell with a thud onto the ground now covered in saliva and the black tar like venom.

Ayaka felt sick. From the stench of the animal. From being knocked over and her stomach churning. But she was still alert and able. She carefully stood and lifted up the rifle and readied it to be used.

The dilophosaurus then turned its attention towards Ayaka. It's eye – an iris a black thin line and eyeball yellow – fixated on the woman with curiosity. It hooted as it cocked its head. Ayaka despite the danger of the situation found herself too curious for a moment. It was odd how much this dangerous predator moved and behaved not that unlike a chicken in its movements.

It then took a step off of Meyers. The woman coughed and grabbed her chest now that the weight of the animal was lifted off of her. The dilophosaur approached Ayaka slowly now, not stopping its head movements or its hooting. Ayaka didn't move her gaze off of the animal all the while her hands held the rifle as it was readying. She realized being knocked over must've dampened it causing it to be slow at charging to life.

Its getting closer. Ayaka gulped. The predator lowered its head now facing Ayaka at her eyeline. It's snout fronting her as it sniffed at the human woman.

Ayaka felt sicker. The smell of rotten flesh was so strong. Her head felt dizzy. The dilophosaur merely stood there, its nostrils flaring and parting Ayaka's hair. Then it began to open its reptilian maw.

The gun began to spark. Startled, the dilophosaur raised its head away from Ayaka. Ayaka herself was stunned at her weapon finally working.

Instinct took control and she raised her rifle and fired the rounds. The animal howled – its venom flying away to the side as it was struck. But it swung its tail aimed for Ayaka. The woman moved forward but was too slow and knocked over by the animal's powerful tail.

The gun was knocked over out of hand as the dilophosaur howled and moved around in pain. Ayaka was on her stomach now feeling a great soreness in her back from the hit. But she

moved, steadying herself on her knees before making way to run out of the way of the dilophosaurus. She ran towards Meyers who was still on the ground and quickly picked up the woman carefully. Ayaka didn't change Meyers' position and so held one arm beneath Meyers' upper back and the other behind the back of her hips. She was still conscious but Meyers groaned in pain unable to speak.

Guilt rushed through Ayaka. It was her fault – her conscious told her. If she hadn't been unprepared, if she'd reacted faster, Meyers wouldn't be in this pain.

Ayaka shook her head. There would be time for regret later. Right now, she had to move and as she picked up Meyers she began to run back into the jungle as fast as she could. She didn't dare stop to look behind her – she already knew the dilophosaur was coming after her.

She could hear the loud thumps of the dilophosaur's feet on the ground. It was following her but was having difficulty due to the sheer thickness of the forest around them and was tangled by branches. Ayaka was smaller by comparison to the dinosaur and able to weave through trees better than it could, even all the while carrying Meyers in her arms.

"We're gonna get out of here, stay with me Meyers!" Ayaka said. It was intended to keep up Meyers' hopes up. But really Ayaka realized it was meant for herself.

After all of the running Ayaka made it to the intended destination: the vehicle. The fact it didn't have any shielding like a normal car didn't bode well but Ayaka knew that if they could at least drive away she could get Meyers out of danger.

The trees broke apart behind her. Ayaka heard the loud terrible howl of the dilophosaurus behind her. It was close.

She turned her head seeing that the animal had caught up to her. Ayaka swore as the animal ran towards her as she moved ahead towards the vehicle. But it wouldn't be enough she knew – it would merely gain up on her and knock her down. It would kill them both.

Then, a deep thundering roar rang through the jungle. It was another animal. A different animal – something big.

Ayaka turned her head again and saw that the dilophosaur had also paused its chase. The dinosaur had turned its head away from the woman and looked back into the jungle.

Then Ayaka noticed and heard movement in the brush. Then like a speeding bullet another animal leaped out from the great green trees. A giant golden mammal broke through the trees and pounced upon the dilophosaurus.

The two animals were knocked over in a tumble towards Ayaka. She quickly jumped out of the way as the new animal flipped itself over atop of the dilophosaur. It had its jaws on the dinosaurs neck and appeared to be clamping down – it was intent on crushing the dilophosaurs wind pipe. But the dinosaur kicked back at the animal with its powerful feet and threw the animal across the clearing. It landed on its back but rolled over and was back on its feet and let out another powerful roar.

Ayaka ran around the vehicle and strapped Meyers into the passenger's seat carefully. Now in relative safety, she got a good look at the other animal and realized that it was a humongous lion – at least it greatly resembled one. But its size, it was somewhat as large as the dinosaur. That threw her off.

Where the hell did it come from?

As far as Ayaka knew, there were only dinosaurs living on the island aside from the many native bird species. The only mammals that lived on the island were rodents, opossum, and the rare Nublar tufted deer. This lion was definitely not a native animal nor a dinosaur. She did however remember rumors of experiments taking place on the island involving new species and a possible new exhibit. Was this it?

The lion roared again and the dilophosaurus howled back in defiance. Its frills extended again in an intimidation display and it stood a little straighter, emphasizing that it as the bipedal animal was taller and could look larger. But the lion did not back down from the fellow predator. He stood his ground.

The dilophosaurus then sprayed the black tar venom from its mouth. The lion moved quickly but was too slow and stuck in its arm. Ayaka watched as it fell down and then roared in pain at the sensation. The venom was blinding if shot directly in the eyes and was dangerous even to the touch of your skin. It would cause a great burning pain that scarred the flesh the longer it was on your body and the lion felt the brunt of it. As she watched it recoil, the dilophosaurus stepped forward now ready to take a bite out of the big cat.

Then another lion leaped out of the brush and tackled the dinosaur. This one was a golden lioness and a bit smaller than the male. But it was still just as powerful and had knocked the dinosaur down to the ground. The dinosaur screeched as the lioness clamped her jaws down on its throat ready to break its windpipe. Ayaka thought that it might be knocked over like the male when another lioness – this one white as snow – appeared from the jungle and too leaped onto the dinosaur and pinned it down. They successfully held the dinosaur on the ground preventing it from getting up much to its frustration as it howled and struggled in protest.

Ayaka watched still confused at the turn of events. Everything was making her head feel heavy and dizzy. The smell of blood, odor of the dinosaur, and the death howls of the dilophosaurus were a lot of stimulation for Ayaka's senses. She was thrown off. She felt sick from everything.

With a last howl, the dilophosaurus sprayed more venom. Ayaka was startled hearing the sound of it hitting the vehicle and looked down at the tar like substance getting stuck on the front hood. Smoke emitted off it unsettling Ayaka even more. Glancing up she saw the dilophosaurus' head fallen flat on the ground. Its eyes were open but lifeless, its tongue sticking out of its mouth. Blood ran out from it and dripped onto the ground.

The white lioness moved off of the animal and ran towards the male. He was groaning in pain and the lioness tried to comfort him by sniffing at his injury. He snarled back at her and continued growling as he shielded his arm from her. Ayaka watched this all as well as kept her eyes focused on the third lioness who still stood above the now dead dinosaur.

Her head felt heavy. Ayaka's body began to sweat from her temple to her palms and legs. Her body still ached from the blows from the dilophosaurus. Not to mention the throbbing ache in her legs from the running away from danger. The odors of death and blood in the air didn't help to stop the dizziness that begun to overtake Ayaka's psyche.

She struggled and held a hand on the vehicle as her legs shook. But her vision began to fade into black and then she was closer to the ground.

The last thing she saw was a black bearded man run out of the jungle.

Chapter End Notes

This story is kind of a long time coming, a series set within the world of Jurassic Park / Jurassic World. I have loved this franchise and dinosaurs my whole life. To tell a story within the franchise is a long time desire but until a few years ago didn't have anything to say. To clarify some things:

Chaos Effect is set prior and during and after the events of Jurassic World, the movie. But we follow other characters instead. Although canon characters will intersect when necessary. So familiar faces will appear and be mentioned too since this is the same world of the movies. Novel mentions might be made but as if they were also canon to the films without being contradictory.

I will mention this later in Chapter 3's notes but, what inspired having prehistoric American lions in this story was the discovery of two frozen cubs a couple years back. They were just small babies and still quite preserved and discovered in Siberia. There's a lot of really fascinating work done between Russian and Korean scientists to try and clone mammoths from the dna recovered from their remains that are found by Siberian and other East Russians in the tundras. A lot of it has reached ground similar to the fiction of Jurassic Park and I wouldn't be surprised if we in our life time once again bare witness to mammoths or prehistoric lions walking amongst us again. But the fact this is happening now, that it is real, that to me was intriguing which is why "super lions" (really American lions) take a prominent role in this story.

That said, dinosaurs are still a major focus. The cloning and work done, how that technology is expanded and just what is being cloned is the heart of this story. Because the Jurassic World movies are set in a world where this technology has existed for thirty years. While the Indominus happened and is a true Frankenstein's monster come to life, Chaos Effect goes beyond the tip of the iceberg. It's not just hybrids and super lions.

Nature

Chapter Notes

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

The rain was beginning to lighten down to a drizzle. Along with the smell of the ocean, the air was clear and refreshing. Taking all of the fresh air cleared Ruby's head easing the headache she'd gotten from the rocking waves of the boat as it traveled the ocean. She stood at the top of the deck and faced forward towards the boat's destination. It felt better than sitting inside with everyone else where it was packed like a can of sardines.

Ruby hadn't felt an air quite so clean in her life. She closed her eyes feeling the fresh ocean air cool against her face. Her favorite red sweater hugged her body but was big and roomy enough and soft enough that it was just the right amount of warm where you didn't sweat. Her hands and face felt the chill of the ocean and afterrain, as did her legs (unfortunately bare due to wearing jean shorts, having assumed Costa Rica would be rather hot). Being here, on this little journey before reaching their destination 120 miles off the coast of Costa Rica, was the most peace Ruby had felt in a long while.

For years, Ruby had only known what Isla Nublar was like from stories or what she saw online or on TV. She was only five when Masrani Global and InGen opened up the park that changed the world: Jurassic World. Growing up Ruby lived in a world where dinosaurs, prehistoric animals that were once ancient beings of a far away past were living and breathing. Older people – her sister included – would mention how amazing this was. Ruby's peers didn't think much of it – dinosaurs were like anything else in the world. They were new to it but Ruby had always still had a fascination and a feeling of awe of them.

Ruby looked out from the deck of the ferry as it got closer towards the island. She held on to the guard railing as she watched the island begin to get clearer and clearer. Fog surrounded parts of it but even from so far-a distance Ruby had a good idea of Nublar's overall shape and geography. What was once a little speck just an hour ago was now a more defined landmass of mountainous jungle.

The sky was dark, cloudy, and looked like it was near to night yet it was only the middle of the day. The air felt warm that she and somewhat humid but the wind led Ruby to wearing her red hoodie over her tank top. She lamented not picking her skirt and leggings to wear that morning before leaving Austin instead of her shorts. Her legs were now freezing and she held them together, rubbing her knees close in a meager attempt for warmth while her upper body was nice and warm. It was an odd mix, kind of like a 5-Gum commercial.

"Excuse me, miss? You might want to get inside, it's not safe when it's raining like this." Ruby turned to see a Ferry employee standing at the side. She couldn't help but chuckle at the hat the goofy hat he wore which looked like a T-Rex's head sitting on his own. Was that uniform regulation?

"O-Okay. Pfft. I'll get inside." Ruby walked down the deck and through the doorway to step inside the main area. Other tourists of all different backgrounds from around the world sat in

comfortable seats. But it was packed and crowded giving Ruby a feeling of overwhelmth she had wanted to avoid.

Her eyes scanned around for a seat or a space for more seclusion, at least a little bit instead of being tucked next to others. Ruby found a corner just away, for some reason no one was sitting there. She walked over and leaned against the window, still with a good view of the island, as she reached into her red backpack. Part of her regretted carrying so much with her, but the other part of her knew having all of her things in the convenience of a backpack was necessary. Her sketchbook was needed for drawing every day, her camera (classmates wondered why she had one when every phone now had good enough function, but Ruby always preferred the comfort of holding the camera in her hands) useful for taking photos of all of the cool sights and sounds, her bag of candies because she always could snack on a Kitkat if she wanted something sweet, plus more snacks incase she went a long time without eating, water, binoculars (for sightseeing), pens, pencils, her comics –

“Ah ha!” Ruby said as she felt what she was looking for. She pulled out a small fine folded paper. It was blue and white, official looking, but attached to it with glue was a photograph. A printed photo of a young thin woman with long dark black hair and green eyes standing next to the large familiar form of a dinosaur.

A real dinosaur.

The large form and the back planes aligned on its spine gave away its identity as Stegosaurus. One of the classic dinosaurs, one Ruby swore Isabella had as a stuffed animal, even when she was a teenager. Her sister who was quite tall seemed dwarfed when standing next to the behemoth of animal.

On the actual paper was written in neat handwriting a message. Ruby wasn’t surprised that it was written in pink-purple sparkle ink. Isabella’s favorite color hadn’t changed. Nor had she, Ruby realized.

Ruby, I know mom and dad wanted to wait until your birthday to bring you, but that’s months away. And even though you’re still technically in school, we decided to surprise you: You’re coming to Jurassic World! Just for a visit, a week, but I’ve already got you put in for a good word. You’ll get to see the whole park and more. Most of all, I can’t wait to see my baby sister again!

PS: Dolores says hi too.

Ruby took a glance back to look at the island. She could see its green mountainous rocky features now but no more detail. It looked like the kind of lost islands and places Ruby would read about in books. The kind of places she’d always wished she could escape to away from her ordinary life.

She’d wanted to come to Jurassic World and work there as much as her sister did. When Isabella had gotten the job as an intern whilst still in college, Ruby and their parents were floored. Jurassic World was difficult for anyone to break into as an employee. Jobs such as working in gift shops, restaurants, and as overall guides were easier enough, but from overall maintenance to technicians and especially scientists, it was a difficult competition. Isabella

however had won out with hard work and now had the most unique occupation on the planet: Paleo-veterinarian.

It had been years since Isabella had left home for the internship. She'd come on visits like Thanksgiving, Christmas, even to Ruby's graduation from Middle school. But Isabella wouldn't stay long and would have to return to Jurassic World. She, as well as other Paleo-vets, were critical to the health and wellbeing of the animals that called Jurassic World home. Ruby understood that as well as her sister.

She was like Isabella, whom other girls at school would call "brainy". Many times Ruby would be teased for being overly enthusiastic about learning – usually it was biology or history, but whenever Ruby would keenly display knowledge of world geography, history of the ancient world, or paleontology, the ridicule from her classmates would occur. At first Ruby didn't mind, it was mere joking, she thought. Teasing that every kid did to every smart kid. It was normal, right?

But then came the shoves, thrown pencils at her head, kicks to knock her down in the hallway. There was the tagging of her locker and the theft of her clothes after PE. The bike thrown down San Huevla Canyon behind the football field was the straw that broke the camel's back. No student liked smart kids. No one liked kids who loved to learn.

Nobody liked Ruby.

Ruby didn't want to think about school. She didn't want to go back either. The teenager wanted escape – escape to a new world where she could put her bright mind to good use instead of stagnating in public education where no one else wanted to learn or grow. At times, she'd rant to her teachers or the school's horrible guidance counselor (who sucked at her job) about wanting more than what high school was offering. She wanted to truly grow and learn beyond what public education was limiting her too.

"Don't be in a rush to grow up" they'd say. Or they'd just argue she could wait for college. Ruby didn't want to wait. She didn't want to wait any more.

She wanted to go out into the world. She wanted to be like Isabella. Ruby wanted something beyond an ordinary life.

Maybe someday, she could stay at Jurassic World and never come back.

XX
XXX

Ricardo ran through the brush faster than he had ever run in his life. He was sure from the hoarse aching in his lungs and the blood rushing through his legs that he was making much ground. Had he run like this every day, no doubt the man would be much healthier than he was now. Leaves and branches smacked him across his face as he ran through the jungle, he braved despite the sting of each branch and twig striking him. Sweat rolled down his forehead as the last drops of rain fell down from the sky. He was both hot and cold, wet and uncomfortable in his clothes. He wanted to stop and take a break but Ricardo knew he could not stop. He had to keep running, he had to make it up to the Pride.

The lions had run off. He had led them back to the special truck and was ready to drive them back to the Paddock after spending time outdoors. But then Winter had noticed something – something Ricardo couldn't being a normal human being. She was a curious animal always interested in everything and anything. Several times Ricardo had to recover his cell phone from her maw when she'd gotten too curious and tore his jean pockets. Anything new, shiny, or new smelling was a curiosity to the snow-white lioness and Winter always wanted to see it.

But while Winter took off, Ricardo saw that Luke and Cora were also intrigued. There was something in the jungle and these large carnivores were going to go after it, no matter what.

The zoologist's legs began to burn as he kept on running. He'd leapt over rocks and fallen trees and despite the pain in his ankles and the difficult muddy ground he continued to run on after his lions. Modern lions aren't fast creatures but are capable of keeping up somewhat with fast prey. But they normally burn out and slow down after a time. The super lions were different, despite their large bodies they could be quite fast well beyond a mere "burst". The last time he'd clocked them in the Paddock, Ricardo believed they could run for 60 mph continuously.

It was strange. It was another unexpected occurrence with a revived species. It defied the paleontological data gathered from fossilized remains. Which begged the question: were prehistoric lions as unique as the Jurassic World Pride, or were they special because they were genetic experiments?

The man eventually burst through the jungle trees and landed in a clearing. He caught himself as he landed onto muddy grass expecting he would fall forward. But he was able to balance himself with his arms held out. His lungs by now had begun to ache and burn from the physical exercise. Each breath was difficult and hurt ferociously. His throat ached of thirst – he needed water more than anything.

Despite knowing it wouldn't help he began to breathe deeply, inhaling and exhaling in means of somehow easing the pain. Ricardo's chest also grew cold – he'd been sweating a lot and being out and running in the rain would surely get him sick along with the sore throat. But he shook his head – he couldn't worry about this now, he had the lions, his charges, his animals that were priority.

He then realized his surroundings and saw them.

Luke was groaning in pain as he laid on the ground next to an open-air vehicle. The large massive animal was rubbing his big furry head against the car, his black mane matted while he held his arm beneath him. Ricardo could tell that he was injured by the way he was reacting and the type of groan he was making. The man scanned his eyes across the clearing. Cora and Winter presided over the mauled form of a bipedal dinosaur.

Ricardo blinked recognizing the color pattern and the torn frill of it as a dilophosaurus. It was a carnivorous dinosaur that had the horrifying ability to shoot venom from sacks in its throat while displaying its colorful frills to scare prey. For all intents and purposes, it was a true cunning predator. A top killer with millions of years of instinct in its genes designed to take down whatever it wanted to.

From the looks of things, his lions had killed it.

They killed a dinosaur.

Ricardo shook off momentary confusion as he ran to Luke. He grabbed the large animals' arm and looked it over. Luckily, despite being a fearsome enormous animal, Luke trusted the man enough that he did not bite or snarl at him when he held his injured limb. He knew, had the instinct that Ricardo was going to help fix him. The man saw that the fur was covered in black tar – the dilo's venom. It was toxic and it smelled strong. No doubt it was burning badly but it was still treatable. He had to get him back to the Paddock and get him seen by Hamish or another vet that could treat the wound.

But he looked over and saw Cora and Winter. They were still loose like Luke. He had to get all of these animals back but the truck was still a long ways away from their position. And Luke was in no shape to move meaning Ricardo might have to leave him behind if he walked Cora and Winter back through the jungle. Ricardo didn't want to risk that – the ACU would be on high alert after a dinosaur escape and if they suddenly came across Luke, he knew it could be fatal. For the lion and for the people.

Then Ricardo noticed the vehicle. In the seats sat two women wearing the black ACU military style uniforms. Both looked unconscious. Ricardo raced over and looked over the two of them. On the passenger side was a Caucasian woman with blonde hair who looked pretty banged up. She was bleeding from her forehead and might've been concussed. Ricardo snapped his fingers to get her attention but it was no use. He then looked over the other woman. She had long dark black hair that seemed to shine and was full figured – also unconscious. In her hands was an electric prod but it appeared damaged. Standard issue.

They must've had to fight the dilophosaurus. That would explain the injuries but Ricardo was amazed they hadn't been bitten apart – they only had wound slashes here and there but nothing major. Regardless if they weren't gravely injured, the two women still needed to see a medic and fast.

Ricardo swore under his breath as he watched Cora and Winter. The two now stood off of the dilophosaurus and were watching their human with curiosity. Luke still lay on the ground and he groaned like thunder from the pain on his arm. The young man had an idea, a stupid, crazy idea that might just work so he could treat his animal and save the two women. He didn't like it. But he couldn't think of anything else that was safer.

“Cora, Winter, Go home!” Ricardo said aloud for himself. But he whistled and made a signal with his hands. This signal the two lionesses recognized. It was specific, deliberate, and only had been tested once before and never this far. But something in the two animals knew the man's intent. They looked to each other, then back to Ricardo.

They ran for the jungle. The two large felines were out of the clearing in ten seconds. They left behind Luke who also recognized his trainer's words. But as he made to stand, he fell back down with a groan feeling the pain in his arm. Ricardo winced watching his animal. He would make sure he was taken care of ASAP. The zoologist then turned back to the vehicle and reached for a walkie talkie and spoke into it.

“Come in, ACU. Hamada, Dr. Okoye, anyone in the area: this is Ricardo Torres, Behavior Studies. I have two injured women and an injured animal.”

Ricardo needn't wait for a reply as the walkie talkie screeched with static. “Torres? What are you doing out here?”

The commanding female voice and Nigerian accent gave away Dr. Okoye's identity. Ricardo smiled. She was his boss. Initially when Ricardo first met Naomi Okoye, he was quite intimidated by the woman. Dr. Okoye was experienced with animal behavior study already and had actual on the ground experience working abroad. Part of him was scared by her serious disposition, but in the end Dr. Okoye was a good hard-working woman who truly cared about their work.

“I was on a routine walk with the lions. We – they bolted. We ran into your escapee...” Ricardo looked back over towards the dilophosaurus. Its belly still bloated with gas. Fresh blood flowing from his crushed throat. It smelled awful.

“You, you what? – what happened to the dilophosaurus?”

“It... my animals killed it. One of them is injured, its arm was sprayed by the toxic venom. I've sent the other two back.”

He heard Okoye swear in a low voice. Ricardo didn't blame her. No one really ever accounted for a situation like this. And no doubt, someone, somewhere was gravely upset at the loss of the money spent into the deceased animal. Money wasn't a factor that motivated Ricardo or Dr. Okoye but it did fuel their higher ups and affected every aspect of their line of work.

“Stay where you are Mr. Torres. We are sending a team out there. Commander Hamada should make it first, he's in the area. Make sure your animal doesn't bite, okay?”

Ricardo nodded even though Dr. Okoye wouldn't see it. “Got it. Thanks Dr. Okoye.”

The man let out a heavy breath. He then walked back to Luke who was groaning as he laid on the ground. Ricardo didn't have much on him to help with the wound but he knew the ACU vehicle would likely have a med kit. In the mean time waiting for the recovery team the man would make due with what he had.

In the back of his mind he hoped Cora and Winter would make it back to the Paddock. No doubt, Hamish would give him a piece of his mind once everything was settled. He would worry about repercussions later.

XX
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Dr. Henry Wu gazed out through the windows overlooking main street. The park was still quite active even during the rain. Now it was all almost over and more park guests were stepping out from underneath umbrellas or from the inside of restaurants and gift shops they had taken shelter in. Wu couldn't stop himself from smiling at the sight of children running over and immediately splashing into large puddles much to the chagrin of their parents.

He could only imagine what the reaction of his former boss, the former owner of InGen and Jurassic Park, might say if he were standing there with him. It had been 17 years since John Hammond's passing and yet, in some ways Wu could still feel his spirit, still alive with him in the new park. Perhaps, he would warmly smile watching children and adults watch with awe and wonder as brachiosaurus' shook the ground with each thundering step. He would marvel and hold the baby stegosaurus, gently as the grandfatherly man knew how. That gentleness, the sweetness of the man was infectious back then. Hammond's dreaming made Wu believe in the magic possible of his research, and now... now it was real.

Your dream is alive John. Here. Now.

Wu felt a dull sense of nostalgia sweep over him. His heart was heavy, his eyes welled somewhat.

He had been a young undergraduate when hired by Hammond some thirty years ago. Dr. Henry Wu was already fifty years old now, and yet despite a wrinkle or two beneath his eyes the man still retained a somewhat youthful outward appearance. True, he was a bit healthier than most – keeping a good balanced diet of what was required for his body, as well as a good regimen of exercise that was none too strenuous – but even so, Dr. Henry Wu could feel his age. He was tired, a bit melancholy even as he watched the rain go away and the sun peak out through the thick dark grey clouds above.

His tea was already finished boiling. An electronic kettle, noiseless and a mark of efficiency, sat alone on his desk next to his glass tea pot. He wanted the warmth of ginseng and honey to sooth the cold throat he had from being inside of the Creation Lab all day. Most of his colleagues that worked in the lab preferred coffee – the strong brew definitely kept them warm but the energy was a mere rush that would eventually lead to a crash. Which was why Wu preferred tea, calming, soothing, agreeable with his body. He had a theory that tea made for a better, more calculated researcher. Some day he may even prove it with a paper (if he made the time for it out of his busy schedule).

And yet Wu didn't move from where he stood – his mind was elsewhere still, years away in the past. The memory as clear as the day it happened in his mind.

He was back in the original laboratory. Back in the original visitor's center. The fateful day of the tour. When John Hammond's first guests made their way to look over his work. Wu wasn't a prideful man in particular, and yet he couldn't help feel the swell of joy at their gazes of wonder. They were impressed – two paleontologists who for years worked in the dust and earth recovering the great dinosaurs remains. Now they beheld eggs, hatching eggs, witnessing the births of Wu's creations.

But a certain Chaotician had choice words.

“John, the kind of control you're attempting simply is...it's not possible. If there is one thing the history of evolution has taught us it's that life will not be contained. Life breaks free, it expands to new territories and crashes through barriers, painfully, maybe even dangerously, but, uh...well, there it is”.

Wu could never forget the man's mumbles. At the time Henry was undeterred. Nor was Hammond amused by him.

"You're implying that a species entirely comprised of females will... breed?"

"No, no, what I am simply saying is that Life... Find's A Way."

At the time, Wu found Ian Malcolm's words to be arrogance. Pure arrogance. He had never even studied dinosaurs, let alone animals. He was a mathematician for Christ's sake. His area was non-linear equations, making expensive courses for students to go into debt in San Jose. What did he know about the brilliant work Wu was performing that no one else on the planet could? Dr. Wu was standing at the edge of a brand-new frontier.

In the aftermath of the incident however, the fall of Jurassic Park, Wu was changed. Malcolm turned out to be one of the smartest men he ever knew. He understood the truth of the world far greater than any one else even realized. That still didn't mean Malcolm was less of a blowhard. But Wu in the years since the incident had taken Malcolm's philosophy to heart. Despite not being a scientist, Malcolm proved Wu wrong.

Life Found a Way. The once one gender dinosaurs had managed to breed. A quirk of the gaps of the dinosaurs' genetic code led to mutations the likes of which Wu couldn't have predicted. The animals could change their sex. Wu was not the all controlling lord of these creatures he had subconsciously assumed he was. Nature could not be controlled. It could not be contained.

Wu was merely an architect of creation. He could create, but to say he had control over what he birthed... that was arrogance. The man however felt a numbness, a bitterness in his core as he reflected. For it was in the failure, the great mistake that he had to learn this ultimate truth. The cost... human lives.

The children continued to play outside in main street. Exasperated parents following behind them as they screamed and splashed in the puddles and mud. Other families, other people mingled and walked on without a care or worry. Wu turned away from the window and went to pour his tea at last.

Filling his glass pot, Wu was ready to take a drink finally when his door was opened. The man blinked as a blonde curvaceous woman with green eyes stepped forward. Her heels clicked on the floor with each step. She wore a crisp, clean white lab coat like his own, and beneath was dressed a lot like an office woman with a purple blouse, black pencil skirt, and purple leggings. Wu couldn't help but smile – even after years, Dr. Glynda Rockbell proudly wore her favorite color in her lab uniform. A minor jab at assuring her self-identity, to not become a carbon copy of the other scientists in just the white coats.

She hadn't changed in the last twenty years.

"Glynda, would you like some tea? It's fresh." Wu said as he raised his mug to drink. The warmth passed through his lips and was a bit hot. But it was still soothing as it flowed through and down his throat.

“No thanks Henry. I’m headed down stairs to get coffee, Mexican, not too dark but dark enough.” Glynda said as she set down a stack of folders. They were records of all the week’s work. Wu needed to stamp and sign many signatures before they proceeded to their next phase.

“Well your taste in coffee and in men hasn’t changed.” Henry smirked as he thumbed through the folders. Even her favorite drink hasn’t changed. Or her taste in men. Part of him knew the paper work wouldn’t be done at the lab. Again, it would be another night of bringing the paper work back home.

Glynda smirked as she took a seat in front of Wu’s desk, crossing her legs as she did so. Wu didn’t take a glance, focused on the papers – and also just uninterested in Glynda’s legs. Partly because she was his good friend, they were good companions ever since their college days. That’s all he saw her as and she the same. And partly, because he liked men.

“Works been busy. I don’t even remember the last time we had a cup of coffee together.”

“Just like old times at Gaspar’s Coffee House. We got good chefs and cooks, but nothing beat’s Gaspar’s coffee.” Wu briefly paused in writing glancing up at Glynda. The two shared a smile. For a moment, the two were back in college with their old gang at the Coffee House, not studying and goofing off like any other undergraduates.

“Say, you remember Matt, the business major? I seem to remember you and he shared a special moment at Gaspar’s...”

Wu froze at the memory. Even at 50, even though it had been many, many years, the esteemed geneticist couldn’t help but blush in embarrassment. Glynda bit her lips and was near about to burst in laughter.

“No, no Glyn please don’t bring that up. I was such a dooork!” Wu felt heat rising in his face. His friend didn’t fail to notice.

“Oh my god you’re blushing Henry! It’s been years.”

“That doesn’t make it less embarrassing. Why did you let me go on stage when I can’t sing?”

“Hey you were brave. I’d never have the guts to confess to my crush on stage and play guitar for him.”

Wu groaned now ignoring the documents entirely. Glynda was outright laughing now and wiping a tear from her eye. It was just like back then, Glynda the tease and Wu the geeky best friend. He even remembered that being what was signed on the back of their graduation photos. Wu looked up at Glynda who was holding her sides, hiding the belly laugh she did whenever she was genuinely full of laughter.

She too, like Wu, still looked quite youthful for her age (if he remembered right, she was at least within her forties). Likely due to taking care of her personal health and a touch of good genes was the result of her smooth pale skin all around. Personality wise, despite also being serious about genetics work, and a brilliant geneticist at that, Wu found Glynda to still be the carefree woman he befriended all those many years ago.

He felt a joy in his heart at that. Friend. Glynda was his honest to God friend. Even after all of these years, even after he'd poured himself into his work, became obsessive at points in his career with perfecting the cloning, after becoming more anti-social and somewhat isolated as a person, after the deaths of his parents... after all of that, Glynda was still there.

"You know Glynda, I don't think I've ever told you – "

Wu was about to say how much he genuinely appreciated her companionship. He... didn't have very many friends. But the head geneticist of Jurassic World was interrupted when his door was opened yet again. This time however it was nearly slammed open but caught in time so as it wouldn't be broken, by another geneticist.

"Dr. Wu! Oh, um Dr. Rockbell how are you?" The geneticist said. He was young, blonde, and to Dr. Wu, an annoying ingrate. Even his mere prescience put off Dr. Wu.

"What is it Wade? Did you need to barge in like that?"

"Huh? Oh well, yeah actually. It's, well concerns Dr. Rockbell actually."

Glynda turned to look at the younger geneticist. "Me?"

"It's um... your creations. The, the secret exhibit, Paddock 12. The lions."

Wu blinked as Wade said this. The super lions – or before Simon Masrani had renamed them for marketing purposes, "Panthera leo atrox" – were the new exhibit that was intended to show an expansion of wildlife for the park. But more critically, they were under the Behavioral Research Program. To Glynda, they were her principal work that she helped bring into the world. Cloning mammalian animals which needed live birth. Her speciality.

Glynda stood up then and now intimidated Wade. She was quite a tall woman at 6 feet exactly and towered over the younger geneticist (who wasn't short either, but had to stare up into Glynda's eyes now that she was standing).

"What happened to them? Are they all right?"

"Um, yeah, well, actually no. Two are fine, one is injured. But they um, they escaped. And they, they killed a diloposaurus." The geneticist said in his nasally annoying voice. Wu would still be put off had he not fully listened to what the man said.

"Wait, do you mean dilophosaurus... the spitters?" Wu looked to Glynda. His old friend's eyes were wide, mouth open in reaction. Before he could speak to her again, Glynda pushed her way past Wade out of the office and out of the genetics lab.

Leaving Wu alone with Wade. The younger man scratched his blonde head as he stood awkwardly in the room.

"So, Dr. Wu–"

"Get out."

"Okay."

Wade rolled his eyes and smacked his lips in a tsk loudly as he stepped out. But the poor fool tripped as he tried to close the door falling onto his face. Wu didn't suppress a chuckle at that. And knowing Wade he would have definitely hit that huge nose of his on the way down.

The head geneticist felt no sympathy for him.

Wu turned to continue work on the papers Glynda had given him to look over. But he could not stop thinking about what he had just heard. The Super Lions had killed a dinosaur, a dilophosaurus at that. They were deadly animals, second only to the most dangerous dinosaurs on the island – the velociraptors – and even the dilos had to be treated with the most extreme of cautions. Secure transports, as many personnel from the ACU to guard them, and if need be – the use of deadly force.

Somehow, giant mammalian carnivores took it down. True, he had to remember that they were also fairly large animals. The largest of the big cats to have ever existed – which was what drew Simon Masrani to begin the project of their resurrections. Even so, Wu did not think they'd stand a chance against dinosaurs, especially the ones Wu himself had created. The animals were designed by evolution however with the best skills and build for hunting prey and taking down large animals. Perhaps that was the reason...

But Wu could not stop pondering. The Super Lions were large animals gifted already by millions of years of instinct and evolution. But the pride living in Jurassic World was being trained personally by the young man Simon had hired from California. The lion tamer he was, or so Wu partly remembered. The trainer worked quite closely with those animals, closer than other park employees, which was intentional in order to explore their behavior and actions.

In some ways... this new incident was useful for the study. An accident most likely. Or... Chaos at work.

"Life finds a way." He said to no one but himself. Words, mere words. But powerful words. They held meaning. Special meaning.

He was just an architect of creation. Life would not be contained. It would move, breath, go beyond and out of his control.

Wu gathered the papers together into the folder neatly. He then turned off his kettle and turned off all the lights in his office before stepping out and making his way after Glynda.

XX
XXX

Ruby could not believe her eyes as she stepped down from the ferry. The rest of the park visitors crowded the docks and were making their way towards the monorail nearby. To Ruby the monorails looked less giant amusement park and more modern metropolitan – like a modern tram or train she'd seen in videos of Japan or Europe. Her eyes widened at the sight as she realized she was getting ever closer to witnessing Jurassic World.

"Hey squirt, don't drop your jaw on the docks!"

Ruby blinked at the sound of her sister's voice. She then noticed that her sister in fact was right in front of her standing on the docks. How had she not noticed her sister? Isabella smirked down at her sister and made way to pat Ruby's head. Ruby frowned – she didn't like how quite tall Isabella was at 5'11 while Ruby was still a mere 5'2. Sure, Ruby was ten years younger but her big sister was always rather tall even when they were kids. Isabella was also somewhat skinny compared to Ruby which made her big sister seem even taller by comparison.

"Isabella! Don't pat my head, I'm not a baby anymore!" The teenager made way to swat her sister's head. But Isabella had raised her hand up high from her younger sister. Ruby tried reaching but failed, cursing her short arms.

"Nice to see you too little sister. You're happy to be here, I can tell." Isabella smiled down at Ruby. Ruby couldn't help smiling back. Isabella was the definition of "cool big sis" even if she did tend to coddle Ruby here and there. But Ruby liked her sister, she looked up to her even.

"The island's cooler in person. I can't wait to get on the monorail and see the park!"

"Oh? Are you sure you want to get on there? It takes a while to actually get to the park on the monorail. I did bring my jeep after all." Isabella gestured a thumb to the side of the main building connected to the monorail. Ruby saw a blue and silver jeep parked on dirt road. On the sides she spotted the iconic symbol of the Jurassic World logo – a Tyrannosaurus rex skeleton surrounded by a circle. It was painted blue against the silver doors.

From what their dad had said, they retained the logo from the old park. It was too good looking to pass over. It was recognizable around the world – surpassed only by Disney. Isabella led Ruby to the jeep away from the crowds. It sat away from the main ferry area which was connected to the large escalators & major monorail station. Ruby followed her sister past a fenced off gate that was guarded by men in black military like uniforms holding firearms. Thankfully her sister explained these were non-lethal "pulse rifles" or weapons with powerful sedative rounds.

She heard Isabella's walkie talkie static to life but her sister turned it off without even looking. Her sister then unlocked the jeep and climbed in, Ruby following suit in the passenger's seat. She noticed that the back seat was full of boxes and equipment – mostly extra clothes, shoes, but Ruby also spotted matches and flashlights and other random things. That was a bit odd.

"Hey, do your co-workers need you? What if there's a sick dinosaur?" Ruby asked as she strapped in. She didn't like how the seatbelt somewhat constrained her chest and awkwardly adjusted herself. Isabella meanwhile started the jeep and was checking her rear-view mirror.

"It's fine. Today's my day off. I earned it after pulling all nighters and extra shifts. Thank God Masrani is fine with Unionizing. Anything happens in the park and there will be other vet's to take care of things. Y'know unless something really bad happens."

Soon they were driving away from the ferry and down the road. They drove along the southern coast of the island with the blue shimmering ocean to their right and the far jungles

and mountains to their left. Ruby's eyes were wide as she took in the sights and sounds. Green tropical trees dominated the landscape and were spread as far as the eyes could see. She brought out her camera taking video of it all and despite it being of high quality, the camera would do no justice to the actual images in front of her.

Isabella smiled as she watched her sister. She was introverted, loved being on her laptop reading or writing or gaming most of the time. That wasn't too different from Isabella when she was Ruby's age. But their parents did worry about Ruby being too closed off. She didn't have too many friends and would spend hours with her projects – online or nose deep in books.

However, Isabella suspected her sister, like her, was actually quite keenly intrigued in the wider world outside her bedroom. The computer was merely a tool to gather information, to learn about the world beyond her every day routine. That was proven from what Isabella heard her sister had been studying. From colonial history of the Americas, to how bottle caps were made, or the art of origami and meaning of Feng Shui, if a topic caught her interest, she would study it.

Coming to Isla Nublar would do her little sister good.

“Oh, do you mind if we take a de-tour? That'll get us faster to main street. We'll stop there before we go back to my apartment where you'll be staying.” Isabella asked her sister. Ruby nodded back to her.

“Sure, you know your way around better than I do.” Ruby responded. Although in truth, Ruby was actually interested in what dwelled off road away from people. She knew parts of the island the animals roamed freely – with some fences here and there, but otherwise out in the open, wild.

Isabella turned the vehicle off of the road and through the trees where it wasn't too thick. The jeep was now passing through the jungle. Ruby still had her camera recording – it was a DSLR she'd kept and maintained for several years and would take in good video. She couldn't wait to look over it when they'd gotten back. She was hoping though that she could get a glimpse at one of the dinosaurs somehow.

She's gotten so big. But she's still a pip squeak. Isabella thought, smirking all the while. Ruby had grown since the last time she saw her. How long had it been since she was hired as a Paleo-vet? Four years? Five years? She hadn't even graduated when she received the acceptance letter for the Jurassic World Internship. Isabella hadn't even turned 21 yet. Now she was 26 and already rather experienced from hands on work with the animals on the island.

At first, she assumed the internship would be ordinary. No way would she be working first hand with the dinosaurs, starting at the bottom you'd have to do grunt work, helping label and take samples, and note take, like she did in college. But upon arrival Isabella's view was turned upside down. She, and the other interns and beginners, were valued members of a team and given hands on training building their skills by actually working with the dinosaurs.

She would never forget the day she truly bonded with Dolores the Stegosaurus. That day, Isabella and Dr. Okoye were the ones who stood by helping with her blood transfusion after the animal had gotten seriously injured when in the plains. Isabella hadn't believed in herself but Dr. Okoye stood by her and together, they had saved Dolores' life. Now a days, the large beautiful creature found Isabella to be a trustworthy human and showed a gentleness towards the Paleo-vet whenever she appeared to her.

Isabella could never in her wildest dreams believe she would have this career. To work with living and breathing dinosaurs – it was a job few in the world ever had the opportunity for.

“One day, mom and dad should come visit the island. It's way better than Austin!” Ruby said with a smile. She laughed as several colorful parrots flew out from the jungle trees and across the jeep. It had startled Isabella somewhat but Ruby was more elated as she lifted her camera to record them all.

“Maybe. They might like the park. But I still don't know if dad's got... bad memories.”

Ruby looked to her sister. She then motioned and turned off her camera. The two sisters were quiet recalling their father. Jesus Hernandez, a mechanic, a security officer, now a handy man in the United States. As a child, one of the native Tun-si who called “La Isla Nublada” home. The two sisters would be told stories of their father's life on the island which he would recount sometimes as stories for them before bed or at times when he was feeling nostalgic.

“We'd sail through the rivers and go out into the sea. That was our way of life.” Ruby said, recounting her father's words while imitating his raspy Indigenous accent. Isabella smiled warmly recalling her father.

“Back then, this island was just another lost world. Only the Tun-si lived here. Not even the Spanish came here to settle it like they did with Costa Rica. And then... InGen came.” InGen. John Hammond's original corporation. Now owned by Masrani Global. It was the company that the girls' father worked for when Jurassic Park was being built from the late 80s to 1993. How he could do so, Isabella didn't know. Because it was InGen that was responsible for the removal of his people from Isla Nublar. At one point, the confrontation between the science company and the natives had turned violent. Friends and family their father once had were silenced.

“Why did dad work for them if they took his home? I mean, I don't think I ever could do that.” Ruby asked her sister. Isabella heard her but paid attention to the road as she took another turn. They were now way past any roads and going deeper through jungle brush down the familiar route Isabella knew.

“Dad was already a young man. He came to the mainland to study and to work. When they removed his people, he needed a way to help support everyone. His mom, his dad, and siblings were in San Jose, but they were in poverty. So, he joined their security. And I mean, when you think about it, he was very qualified. He knew his way around the island better than anyone. Besides Rubes,” Isabella turned to her sister. Ruby blinked but was too late as her sister flicked her nose. The younger girl yelped.

“What was that for?”

“You and I wouldn’t even be here if dad didn’t go work for Jurassic Park. Remember? Mom was one of the top chefs at the park and he couldn’t resist her cooking. Something bout ‘no one make’s Chilean sea bass better than your mama’”. Isabella recounted, making her voice a little deep and gruff in impersonation of their father.

Ruby couldn’t help but laugh at that. Isabella turned her attention back to the road and looked into the rearview mirror. Her blue eyes in her reflection stared back at her. Part of her was taken aback at her appearance.

She was dark haired and pale-olive skinned. Ruby was the same but with short black hair that looked almost boyish (but made feminine with the dyed red highlights). Their features definitely took more after their mother, a fairer skinned Costa Rican who, like most Costa Ricans, were descendants of European peoples. But their dark hair resembled their father’s (now already gray) which showed off their heritage as well as their eye shape. Most never believed the two when they’d mentioned they were half Amerindian. In contrast to their father, a man of dark brown skin and almond brown eyes who much more fit the bill of a native American. Even years later after living in the United States he was still very much the same Indian from the island. Careful, cautious, wise and one who loved music.

Did their father feel joy that his eldest daughter had her career on the island where he was born? Or was he conflicted, hurt that the land that was his peoples was now the center of a giant amusement park, built to make rich people elsewhere millions of dollars while their fellow people were scattered in Costa Rica. Isabella did not know. They didn’t talk about it much. But part of Isabella wanted her father to find a closure.

The jeep passed through the jungle and was now driving through a grass field. A wide valley lay before them spread out and expansive. To the north was more mountains, gray, large, and massive rising out of the earth. There was more jungle and tropical trees scattered here and there and a river passing through the valley. Isabella stopped the jeep as they neared another road – the main road which would lead them back to Main Street.

“Hey, why’d we stop Isabella?” Ruby asked. She’d set her camera down and was looking around at their environment. Isabella merely smiled as she leaned back.

“You might want to keep that camera on squirt. Because right about now...” Isabella stopped as she glanced down at her wrist watch. It read 3:01.

Ruby frowned back at her sister but held the camera up again. Her eyes peered through the camera lens and she zoomed out to get a better look at the areas of the valley. Far off away she could see birds flying above the trees. She wondered what species they might be since Isla Nublar was still home to a wide variety of them that seemed to not be affected by the dinosaurs prescience. Ruby continued to scope around with the camera taking in the sights and different geographical features of the valley.

Then there was the boom.

The jeep shook from side to side. Ruby nearly jumped out of her seat at feeling the impact. Isabella was unfazed. Her blue eyes looked into the rearview mirror and now showed a mirth in them. A particular, mischievous mirth Ruby recognized from years of teasing by her sister.

“Is that a –”. Ruby asked until it happened again.

This boom was louder and again the jeep moved subtly. Ruby turned around in her seat now hoping to catch sight of the cause. Her camera still was in front of her face in the hopes she could get a better look at it. But all she saw through the lens was a great many tree trunks. Many gigantic – almost impossibly so. She raised the camera upwards to see if anything stood out only to find more jungle leaves.

Then the birds flew out from the trees. They casted shadows over the jeep as they flew out and into the valley. Ruby quickly took pictures with her camera catching photos of many colorful parrots going by. There was another boom and also the sound of the trees and leaves being pushed aside. The teenager turned her camera again to try and see-

A large foot stomped onto the ground next to them. It was almost elephant like, the foot, but had noticeable claws and features that differed from an elephants toes. Ruby raised her head up from the camera to look with her own eyes at the sight of a gigantic reptilian leg. It's skin was pebbled and gray – again like an elephants. But just this leg dwarfed any large land mammal by a long shot.

Ruby peered her head out of the window now and crane her head upwards to look upon the behemoth. Rising high and towering above the clouds was the graceful form of a dinosaur. One of the largest to ever exist and one that called Jurassic World its home.

“That’s a... that’s a...” Ruby felt her throat get caught. Her heart swelled and she couldn’t help but smile at the sight of the animal. She could hear it chew leaves and the deep bellowing grumble of its body. It was louder than anything that Ruby had heard in her life. And yet Ruby was too caught up in the sight to be bothered (even if her ears had popped).

“Brachiosaurus. A ‘long neck’ but it towers over animals instead of horizontal. This funny girl’s name is Pearl.” Isabella informed her sister. She too was smiling as she looked up from their jeep at the dinosaur.

Pearl peered her head downwards and noticed the jeep next to her foot. She couldn’t put her head down all the way from where she stood but she did see the two sisters and their jeep. The brachiosaurus then let out a bellow from deep within its chest. She opened her mouth letting out the song of the brachiosaurs which echoed across the valley.

Suddenly the jeep shook as the ground rumbled more. Ruby felt herself panic for the moment until hearing the sound of more brachiosaurs ‘singing’ in reply to Pearl. Then the “trees” began to move around them with large lumbering steps. Isabella then started the jeep again and drove out of the tree line and into the valley while behind them the heard of brachiosaurs emerged from the jungle.

Across the valley more dinosaurs began to break out of the trees. Ruby couldn’t believe it as many orange colored triceratopsians made their way from the jungle – these having five or six horns in a crest on their head. Behind them emerged dinosaurs that Ruby recognized as Iguanodons, large animals which looked graceful as they walked on all fours. Some were blue others were a reddish pink. They made their way towards the water and began to submerge for a swim across it.

The brachiosaurs continued their song, trumpeting into the valley. More species of dinosaurs emerged out of the jungle in large herds. Yellow hadrosaurs with one crest on the backs of their heads also diving into the water, green Stegosauruses moving quickly towards patches of vegetation in the middle of the valley to feed their young, the ostrich like Gallimimuses racing out from the jungle and around the jeep as it drove by these animals. Even the reclusive and shy Sinoceratops made its way by passing through the herds as they walked on through the valley.

“That girl, the green ceratopsian with the unique head crest, that’s Mai Yun. A Sinoceratops. She comes out at this hour when the herds do too.” Isabella informed her sister as they neared the animal. Mai Yun let out a honk as it noticed the jeep but then ran off. Ruby giggled as she recorded the Sinoceratops running.

Then another chorus of calls was heard. The earth shook more as then to the distance a herd of long neck Apatosauruses made their way through the valley. These longnecks were a blueish gray color and also quite enormous. Ruby needn’t her sister to identify these animals for her – they were the classic dinosaur that every child on earth knew, even if not by name. And now Ruby was bearing witness to them walking the earth once again as they did millions of years ago.

The brachs responded with their song. The Apatosauruses sung back in response to them. This continued as the gargantuan animals strode through the valley. They were titans, lords of the earth, graceful gentle beings. Their songs called the residents of the valley – of Nublar – to walk in peace. At least, that’s what Ruby imagined.

“Isabella, this... This is... this...”.

Ruby couldn’t find a word for it. What words exemplified the magic, the wonder of seeing dinosaurs in real life? What could illustrate the feelings, the sheer reverence one felt when standing before a humongous, ancient being? Nothing could.

Isabella smiled back at her sister. She too couldn’t help but feel a heavy warmth in her chest as they drove through the herds of dinosaurs. Her blue eyes watering as Pearl let out her trumpeting song for all of Nublar’s residents to hear.

“No problem sis.”

Chapter End Notes

This chapter was originally gonna be longer, going to flash way ahead rather than literally show the moments after Ayaka blacks out. But I thought it important rather than leave readers scratching their heads at how three predators got out of the middle of the jungle and out of harms way.

I have to admit part of me was kind of frustrated while writing. Because parts of the story needed to happen first which were necessary, but I felt like a little kid screaming

“WHERE’S THE DINOSAURS” because, yeah, I have the dilophosaurus escape and fight which features in the first chapter. But that’s not a true “first dinosaur Jurassic Park” scene we know. So, the end of this chapter has just that with the Hernandez sisters first meeting Pearl the brachiosaurus and many, MANY dinosaurs.

Original Character Notes:

This also isn’t a secret, but the original characters take names from characters in other media. Stuff I like, movies, video games, you name it. This is Nothing new.

Ruby most prominently is named after Ruby Rose, the heroine from the anime RWBY. She’s like her namesake appearance wise and somewhat in personality. But more so taken to a far side of a somewhat unsocial, trouble with bonding & feeling awkward growing up kind of teen. Dinosaurs fascinate her even if they are not one of her main interests that reflect her identity, like her sister. Ruby offers the unique take, being a kid born into a world where dinosaurs are alive & well in contrast to Ricardo, Ayaka, and other characters who remember a time when dinosaurs were extinct.

Isabella, Ruby’s big sister, doesn’t take any name inspirations from particular characters. But visual wise, she takes inspiration from the actress Arryn Zech who irl looks very much Latina. Isabella is the dinosaurs on the brain girl of the two but she and Ruby bond greatly over dinos. Likely, this was sparked by her father who was a worker at the original Jurassic Park and saw these animals first hand. Isabella is a cool Paleo-vet but also the “cool big sis”.

Dr. Glynda Rockbell will be elaborated on in the next chapter. But for now, her given name comes from “Glinda the Goodwitch”, the prominent character of The Wizard of Oz movie & books as well as Glynda Goodwitch also from the anime RWBY. She more greatly resembles Glynda than Glinda. Her surname comes from Winry Rockbell, a major character from the anime Fullmetal Alchemist.

Control

Chapter Summary

The players contend with the aftermath of the incident. Control is an illusion.

Chapter Notes

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

XX

The corpse was brought on the back of a truck. The scent of death was strong. The toxins in particular were quite foul to the point that the guards were wearing face masks as they drove up to the Medical building at.

Naomi Okoye parked the vehicle in the garage. Everyone got out and made their way to lift the corpse off of the back of the truck. It was carried on a large stretcher – designed and intended for carrying injured animals, but it worked well enough to carry a dead one. Naomi frowned although it could not be seen underneath the medical mask. Having worked around wildlife in and out of captivity all her life, the 40-year-old Nigerian was not unused to the foul odors that came with animals. But the smells of the dead dilophosaurus were different. It cast a dark gloom on her and the team.

The other vehicle drove over to another garage which was connected to the operating rooms. Naomi watched them go, worrying for Ricardo. The young man was always one to get too concerned for his own good. But she understood the why. His animal was hurt, an animal he helped raise from birth practically on his own.

The corpse was brought to a secure room by the team. There were many in the "Paleo-Veterinary Hospital" – the only one of its kind in the world – designed to house and provide medical care for dinosaurs of all sizes. Smaller rooms were for medium to smaller species that would be comparable to present day wildlife. Other rooms were quite spacious and large in order to treat the larger denizens of the island such as enormous theropods like Tyrannosaurs or the gargantuan sauropods like Apatosaurus or species like Trikes or Stegos. Some were so large that medical care was best provided in the field such as the Brachiosauruses. Still, caring and treating dinosaurs meant some were too much work to transport all the way to the Med Center, meaning that Naomi would wind up leading a team to do their work out in the open instead.

This led to many rooms, like the one now, being empty. It was large enough and had an enormous table upon which the body was laid atop of. Machines were rolled in in-order to examine the body and the Vet Staff were already present in their scrubs. Naomi ordered the

ACU officers to leave the room and they didn't hesitate. As the last of them exited, Naomi turned to the Paleo-vets.

"Pass me some gloves. I'll help."

"Dr. Okoye that won't be necessary. We've got enough-"

"It's a big body. It smells godawful and, believe me ladies, I do not want to spend another second around it. But I lost in on my charge. And, I've enough experience with this work. It'll be done faster. Then we can get the information the board wants."

The vet staff looked to each other. Each was a young woman, some recent grad students, one having worked in the park for three years but still very green. Naomi on the other hand was the real deal, an experienced zoologist, not an official veterinarian, but one with a past history working with wildlife across warzones and around the world. Experience topped off with her work the last eight years as the head of Behavior for Jurassic World.

Naomi waited but it wasn't long until the team nodded in approval. One of them handed a pair of rubber gloves. The Nigerian woman tied her red hair up so as to not let her long curly locks get in the way. She should have asked for scrubs as well but she instead removed her button up shirt leaving her in only her tank top. It would be barer and more exposure to the blood and toxins but nothing that she couldn't wash off and the relief of the cool air helped clear her head. She didn't much care about modesty either when there was work that could be done.

The work proceeded in silence. Naomi's thoughts only on the work of examining the injuries and body thoroughly. Reptilian flesh was cut and sliced as they looked into the body. At one point Naomi shoved her hand in its bloated belly as she checked for signs of its last meal (afterwards thanking God that there was no human remains). The other staff looked over the main marks of its death – the deep bites that had crushed its throat. Its entire neck was also bloated but the bones were crushed like toothpicks. The vets lifted the head easily and as they dropped it the neck swung like a rag.

"What animal has a bite force that strong? What killed it?" one of the vets asked. Naomi looked to her. She had almond skin and strikingly yellow amber eyes. The color coincidence didn't evade Naomi's sense of irony.

"Paddock 12. The only mammalian megafauna that lives on this island. What Simon Masrani calls 'Super lion'."

The vets all shared looks with each other. The yellow eyed vet stared down at the neck of the dilo. Her hands held it up, one beneath its massive jaws. The animal's teeth jutted out and were still covered in the black toxin it so famously used as a weapon.

"Bloody big lion. Dilophosauruses are already huge fully grown."

"I heard there's three of them. Three huge ass cats."

"Jesus. I was already scared of raptors being on the island already. Now we got super fucking lions."

The vets continued to chatter. Naomi didn't stop them or reveal that she in fact worked closely with the animals. Paddock 12 was isolated, much like the Raptor Arena, in order to properly study the behavior of the animals but also because the super lions weren't technically designed to be park attractions. At least at the start they were not. Naomi recalled upon last speaking to Masrani that he wished for the super lions to be featured as an exhibit with the rest of Jurassic World.

Our new attraction is facing... setbacks. To settle down the anticipation of our guests, why not show off the prehistoric king of beasts? Everyone loves these animals already and they will love a real living giant sized one. Not to mention, we have three!

Naomi knew Masrani dreamt big. It went hand in hand with seeing and knowing what would make for good money makers. He in his infinite wisdom would have the world see a species that was potentially quite dangerous in order to inspire wonder and fear. Ignoring that fear usually came from danger.

The body she was holding was proof enough of that. She did not fear the super lions in particular, they were not more dangerous or necessarily stronger than other carnivores on the island. But any creature that could pose a danger was to be treated with caution and respect. Great caution is what allowed Jurassic World – both the greatest theme park and zoological attraction with some of the most dangerous animals known to the planet – to continue operating without major incidents.

As she beheld the body of the deceased dilophosaurus, Naomi continued to gather data. She collected blood and toxin samples and took photographs of the wounds inflicted. Her careful dark eyes took in anything that could be gleamed from the body. This animals' life would not have gone out for nothing. It would serve as a reminder of the very real danger capable of Jurassic World.

XX

Luke was laying on the middle of the medical room atop of a large stone slab like table which was rose from the floor. There were several other vets standing around him dressed head to toe in scrubs covering their uniforms beneath as well as their mouths and goggles to protect their eyes. Luke had his eyes closed and a tube sticking down his throat, meant for giving him oxygen while he was put under as they began the treatment to heal his arm.

The burns were treated by use of a gel like resin which was spread all over. It was a aqua blue color and brought to mind the color of mouthwash or hair gel. It was applied liberally and already the injuries appeared to be reduced. From what the vets had said this gel was a breakthrough in treating burns as well as toxins of the Dilophosaurus' venom. Now it was used in other medical facilities around the world – Masrani Global continuing to innovate and profit off of running the world's most unique theme park.

Ricardo Torres stood in the room as well. He hadn't changed clothes, only getting rid of the rain poncho when he arrived. The man had refused to leave Luke's side when they'd arrived.

It wasn't necessary for him to stay either but he knew he had to be by Luke. He had to make sure he was okay, even if he knew that ultimately, he would be just fine.

Jurassic World had some of the best veterinarians in the world on their payroll. They recruited early, searching for the best and brightest from the best universities and were always watchful of undergraduates. However, the company also kept their eyes on unique persons even if they weren't of scholarly background. Unique people like Navy men who trained dolphins, African mercenaries who spent their lives protecting wildlife for zoos and reserves, or young men who had a gift working with large carnivores.

Ricardo looked to Luke who still lay motionless. The only sign of life was his stomach moving slightly with each small breath he took. While he was under, the vets had taken the time to go over his health and check on other things that needed to be seen. Blood samples were taken, his teeth examined and cleaned of grime, and his fur was lightly scrubbed of dirt and blood. One of the vets held one of Luke's massive paws in their hand. It was a short, petite woman who looked even smaller holding his massive limb.

"You know, when I woke up this morning, I didn't expect to be doing this."

"Kim, you hold dinosaur feet and hands every day here. How is this unusual?" Another vet, a young dark skinned man said as he held Luke's mouth open. Ricardo had to give him props for staying cool and calm as he cleaned through Luke's massive fangs all the while holding his face so close to the animal's jaws. Even Hamish didn't do that.

"Yeah but I mean, c'mon. This guy's a big kitty. Like his hands and feet are almost like a bears. And he's so soft too." Kim said as she combed her hands in the fur of his foot.

"You're definitely right about that. You're holding the foot of the largest big cat on the planet." Ricardo said. Kim blinked rapidly, her eyelashes grabbing Ricardo's attention. He watched as the small vet set his foot back down before stepping back, pulling out her phone.

"Mr. Torres, can I take a photo of him? Or a selfie? I mean, if that's true then I want my grandkids to hear about this."

"I thought you didn't want kids?" The other vet said. Kim shook her head at him.

"No, no it's my girlfriend who doesn't want kids. I want the whole Brady Bunch. But like, Asian. cause y'know." Kim gestured at herself awkwardly.

Ricardo laughed as he nodded at the vet. Kim gave him a thumbs up and then proceeded to try and pose just right to take her photo from her tiny phone.

He's the first of his species in ten thousand years. Ricardo thought as he looked over Luke's massive frame. His arms were so large that it was like a grizzly's, and his head was three times larger than the largest modern big cats. If he was awake, he would surely be able to bite one of their heads off and fit it whole in his mouth. But as Ricardo combed his fingers across the top of Luke's head, he didn't see a giant predator to be feared. He saw the baby he raised, the small, sick little ball of fluff he held in his hands five years ago.

Ricardo didn't have the largest hands so he knew Luke was definitely small when Luke fit perfectly within them. The geneticists expected a large baby to be born which had a number of issues in itself (if he would be too large for his surrogate mother to hold or even give birth to) and were not expecting a premature birth. Etosha, Luke's mother, had complications in the pregnancy. She'd gotten quite sick losing interest in things and then stopped eating all together. Her body had lost the energy and so an emergency C-section was performed. Ricardo had been there but it was Dr. Rockbell who performed the operation (thank goodness she had double majored in Medical Science along with genetics).

They thought he might not live. It wouldn't be uncommon; it happened all the time in zoos. Ricardo did not want to become too attached as he knew how fast a new life could be snuffed out from this world. But as he held the tiny little cub in his hands on that fateful day, he knew he wanted him to live. He prayed he would live.

Somehow, despite his lungs being small, despite trouble eating, despite trouble learning to walk, Luke survived. Ricardo was there, caring for the cub like his own child. In some ways, Luke, Cora, and Winter were his children. He had raised them all and watched them grow into healthy fine lions.

The door to the medical room then opened. Two men dressed in Security Uniforms stepped inside now. Ricardo watched them carefully. They were gruff, military types not unlike those in the ACU. Part of that put Ricardo on guard, even though he knew they were here not to harm anyone. At least, not supposed to.

"Dr. Torres, you are wanted at Control."

"Mr. Torres. I don't have a doctorate." Ricardo said as he stood up. One of the officers' stern facade dropped. Now Ricardo couldn't feel any fear as the man bumbily scratched his goatee like Big Hoss.

"Oh oh, sorry bout that. Well, Mr. Torres anyways..."

Ricardo nodded and stood up. He looked to Kim who nodded to him, she was probably smiling underneath her mask in a way to assure him that Luke was in safe hands.

He stepped out following the Security Officers. They walked down the hallway leaving Luke behind to be healed. All the while Ricardo could hear the sounds of other vets and other animals in rooms all around them.

At one point he heard a loud bellowing grumble that reverberated throughout the building. It startled Ricardo, more so at the loudness which ached his ears somewhat. The two officers, no matter how big or what their experience were, were both scared shitless.

"Was that the T-rex? That had to be the T-Rex right sis?" A young girl's voice echoed in the hallways.

Ricardo turned spotting a young teenager with short hair and a red hoodie run down the hall. That confused him since she appeared way too young to be an employee. But then Ricardo saw Isabella Hernandez step from behind the hallway following the young girl from behind.

"They're cleaning Remy's teeth. She's had a bad tooth ache." Isabella said. The younger girl seemed to glow in excitement hearing that. Ricardo then began to recognize the girl from the family photos from Isabella's office.

"Hey Isabella, is that your baby sister Ruby?" Ricardo said as he turned away from the Security Officers. The raven-haired Paleo-Vet then noticed him. Her blue eyes stared in confusion as she looked him over. Ruby however was quite annoyed.

"Isabella I'm not your baby sister! I'm your younger sister, I'm a teenager!"

"Same difference Rubes. Yeah, I finally brought her to Jurassic World. Ruby, this is Ricardo Torres. He's one of our specialists. Really, he's a lion tamer." Isabella said as she held her hands out as if presenting Ricardo on a stage. But as she was taller than he, it awkwardly looked like she was holding her hands around his head.

Ruby looked up to Ricardo. Her eyes looked him up and down. To Ruby, Ricardo definitely looked the part of a guy who worked with wild animals. The black beard and messy dark black hair on his head reminded her of rugged mountain men yet his actual face and expression were young, more like a teenagers. He wore a simple blue cotton shirt that was quite messy looking and over it a leather vest that reminded Ruby of old-fashioned hunters. His pants surprisingly were dark jeans that looked out of place compared to Isabella who proudly wore the uniform grays and tans.

"You work with lions, on a dinosaur island?"

"We're not just cloning dinosaurs here, Rubes. A lot of our genetics work has been put to good use, the research and studying, leading to work in reviving other species. Although I wasn't supposed to tell you that..." Isabella remarked. Her blue eyes then fixed on Ricardo. The young man slightly confused at her sudden serious expression.

"Yeah, I uh, I work with prehistoric lions. We call them "super lions"."

"Like giant ones? Saber toothed lions?" Ruby asked.

"No. Those are saber toothed cats. These are prehistoric lions that once lived all over the world, from Africa to Europe and most of Asia and even the Americas. Our lions are the American ones, the largest lions to ever live."

Ruby was drawn in to Ricardo's descriptions and the man couldn't help but go on with it. He told Ruby about the animals, how they were enormous and before mankind were the most widespread mammalian species on the planet. How they hunted man and likely halted their progression into the Americas until the receding of the global ice sheets. But he went on with things like their bite force, what they ate, their digestion systems, how they were able to run despite their massive body plan arguing that only short bursts should be capable, their brilliant eye sight, how much they had to consume overall in order to actually be able to carry on surviving-

"Why is there blood on you?" Isabella spoke pulling Ricardo from his conversation.

His brown eyes looked down and it dawned on him. He was a mess. His shirt was soaked and caked in blood from Luke and the dilophosaurus. His pants and boots covered in brown mud still and looking much more dishelved. Then there was the large tear on the side of his pants, courtesy of Winter earlier.

"Oh, yeah, um, a lot.... Happened. Luke got injured. He um... him and Cora, and Winter, they kind of killed a dilophosaurus." Ricardo said straight out. But he spoke softly still and somewhat stumbled.

Isabella was speechless. She had so many questions. What happened. Why did it happen.

"Is he gonna be alright?" Ruby asked. Ricardo smiled at the young girl. Then he held a thumbs up. Kim had rubbed off on him.

"You bet. We've got the best vets in the world."

"Mr. Torres, we really must be going." One of the Security officers spoke from behind Ricardo.

The young man then remembered they were still there. He waved at the two Hernandez sisters and then followed the Security Officers down the hall back on their way. Isabella and Ruby still stood where they were, Ruby pulling out her camera and taking a photo all the while.

"He seems nice. Kinda awkward though. But I like him." Said Ruby.

"Yeah. You've no idea." Isabella replied. The type who prefers animals to people, she'd wanted to say. She'd wanted to mention how Ricardo almost always never spoke for so long with people he did not know, or even some people he did know. He was a shy type by his nature.

Perhaps Ruby was just a pleasant soul that Ricardo felt at ease with. Isabella could never tell which people it was that he would feel at most comfortable with. She had taken a long time before he felt comfortable casually talking with her when they weren't working or not about their work. But Isabella was always the type to pick her friends and never give up on the loners. Which was why she and he were friends.

"C'mon Rubes, let's get to my office so I can take you to dinner. Winston's Burgers are the best."

"What? No sis, can we stay longer? Can we see the T-rex please!" Ruby pleaded. Isabella rolled her eyes but smiled back at her sibling.

"It's on the way."

XX

Images flashed by her. New York. Its tall buildings rising out from the earth towards the heavens. The sky a deep purple like the glow of afternoon. But there were stars, stars all

about and shining brighter than they ever had. How was that possible? She didn't know and yet she knew this was real.

Ayaka was back in the city. Yet it was also Costa Rica. She was standing in Central Park and yet down the road on the west side were bars and small houses of San Jose. She walked out of the park and into Costa Rica. She walked up and was back in the jungle. It was raining. There was danger. There was terror.

The roars. She couldn't mistake the roars. The dinosaur was coming after her. Chasing her down. She ran, ran and ran but was getting nowhere. Ayaka turned to look upon the face of the terrible spitter – the dilophosaurus standing tall and its frill extended. But it seemed to grow, its frill fading away, its head becoming bulkier. Its arms shrinking.

It was a Tyrannosaurus rex. The tyrant lizard king. A terrible beast. It was always hungry. Its jaws built for crushing nearly anything. It opened wide and was ready to devour her.

She saw the face of the black bearded man. What was he doing here? What could he do?

Then another roar. A large lion appeared roaring back in defiance at the lizard king.

.

.

.

Ayaka awoke to see a white ceiling above her head. She was thrown off not recognizing her surroundings or remembering what she was doing. But most of all she was thrown off after having been stuck in a dream. A long winding thread of dream.

Why am I so sweaty? Ayaka felt her forehead. She had been warm. She didn't like the feeling much even though she preferred warmth over being cold. Her eyelids were a bit sticky and her chest covered in sweat. She wanted to just take her shirt off but wondered just where she was.

The woman made herself sit up and felt her body ache somewhat. Sitting up so suddenly made her stomach feel a bit nauseous and she laid back down. Her head fell back onto a pillow that was unbelievably soft. That drew her in, it relaxed her. Her eyes closed and she was back in the blackness, the comfort of rest. Perhaps she would go back into sleep, sleep a long time, then wake up again fully rested, and no longer sweaty.

"You got banged up. If you're wondering." Tessa Bridges spoke. Ayaka then noticed the new co-worker. She'd been sitting in a foldable seat that was next to the bed Ayaka was laying in. The younger woman's black eyes watched Ayaka and Ayaka blinked back at her.

Ayaka began truly taking in her surroundings now. She was in the Medical ward, a large room with many beds next to each other. Most were empty but some had occupants. Mostly it was sick tourists but Ayaka could see clearly that some had ACU members on them. But these officers didn't look as bad, merely having bandages here and there.

The worst injured ones were likely elsewhere. In another wing of the Medical Center so as not to cause a panic. Ayaka didn't forget the poor bastard who was struck in the face by the venom. Chances were slim he would get his sight back, but not without Masrani's Medicare doing their damnest to try and save him. Ayaka sat up again and realized they'd changed her clothes when they brought her, removing the straps and protective gear leaving her in the black shirt she wore beneath. But they took her trousers – luckily her bare legs hidden by a blanket.

"Is there water?" Ayaka asked. Her tongue and throat felt unbelievably dry. Tessa reached for a cup that sat on a nightstand like table next to Ayaka's bed and held it for her. Ayaka sat up and took the cup herself taking a slow but steady drink from it.

The coolness was good. She was feeling a bit better already and had more feeling in her head. Not to mention she felt much cooler now. Ayaka would have dumped some water on her face to fully cool down but in her thirst she drank all of the water. Oh well.

"How long have I been out?" Ayaka said as she wiped her mouth.

"Oh... only about three or so hours. It's dinner time." Tessa responded.

"I see... wait what about Meyers?"

Ayaka then began to remember. The howls of the dilophosaurus. The close call with the beast. Meyers being held beneath its monstrous foot. Being knocked over by the animal. And...

Lions.

No that had to be her imagination.

"I'm fine. I just feel shitty." Meyers spoke. Ayaka turned around to see the blonde woman in a similar bed. She too had her ACU uniform removed but was wearing a hospital gown. She looked a lot different, less military and more like a regular civilian woman. Her head was bandaged and she also was connected to a monitor.

"Meyers... I'm sorry."

"For what? Saving my life? You got the bastard one on one. You carried me on your back all the way to safety. I should be thanking you."

"As should I." Tessa spoke up again. Ayaka looked to her and saw the young woman's expression clearly. She saw her cheeks, dry now but clearly marked by tears streaking her face. Part of Ayaka felt bad that her first day, something so routine that the ACU did without problems every day could turn into such a nightmare so fast.

Ayaka balled her blanket in her fists. But she released them along with a heavy breath. She was glad. Glad that Meyers was okay. Glad that her dear colleague was alive and well. Glad that Tessa was okay, even if a bit shaken. And Ayaka was glad that she herself, was still here.

She moved her toes and her fingers then. She felt everything was there. Part of her had suddenly worried that the big bastard of dinosaur had taken a bite of her. But Ayaka knew that she was whole and okay. Then she removed the blanket and stepped out from the bed. Her feet instantly felt the icy sting of cold tile. But Ayaka did not mind and merely continued walking.

"Hey – hey wait the doctor said –" Tessa spoke up but blushed as Ayaka began walking away, still only wearing her underwear bottoms. She knew she should look away but Tessa found herself watching Ayaka's long, tall fit legs as she walked on. Part of her was jealous, the other part a bit hot and bothered.

"I'm gonna get a drink. I deserve it. You, newbie. Wanna come? Actually, since I saved your life, you owe me one." Ayaka spoke soft and cool, like she always had. Yet her direct honesty and carefree attitude along with the cool calm exterior threw off Tessa Bridges. She didn't know what to do, turning to Meyers for some sort of explanation or answer. Meyers simply closed her eyes.

"She does that. And plus, she's okay – more or less. Just go with her. You'll love her when she's drunk."

Ayaka frowned at her co-worker's response and promptly flipped off Meyers. But Meyers merely flipped her off back with her IV attached arm. Tessa then stood up and followed Ayaka as the formerly injured woman made her way out of the ward and down the hall. Trousers or no trousers, Ayaka was gonna get her well-deserved rum and sugar.

XX

Jurassic World's Control Center was a large cube like structure of concrete and metal built into the side of the mountain overlooking main street. It stood apart from the other structures in the park looking more akin to a building at NASA or the military. Its material grey and dull compared to the bright green jungle surrounding it – modern, sleek, a symbol of how far ahead Masrani Global had come with technology.

It was a place that Ricardo Torres rarely found himself. He was usually busy with the work with the behavior study and spent much of his time away from the concentration of main street. Being here at the park's Control was a place as alien as being back in civilization. Somewhere he felt out of place.

Now he sat inside a meeting room at control. He was alone. No doubt he smelled from all the sweat, rain, dirt, mud, and blood gathered on him from the past three hours, the first two the physical activity and walking with the Pride, the other the incident. He'd been waiting for twenty minutes now since being brought over and he wondered if and when someone would get here to speak to him. His stomach was growling and he felt dizzy and weak. His body was hungry. He needed sustenance.

I don't want to get sick. He thought as he felt his throat begin to ache in a scratchy like pain. It was still a bit cold as was his chest. He needed a shower, bad. And to take medicine. He had to see to checking on the lions and wanted to not be in poor health. He already had a bad immune system as it was.

The door to the meeting room then opened. Ricardo sat up, out of instinct combing his black fluffy hair with his fingers. He heard the clicking against tile of heeled shoes. Stepping from the doorway was a tall blonde woman in a lab coat. Ricardo blinked and apart of him felt at ease seeing the face of another familiar person. One he liked.

"Glynda."

"Ric- Torres. I heard what happened and came as soon as I could. I... here." The scientist was holding two cups of coffee. Ricardo could smell the piping hot brew – Colombian. His favorite.

"Thanks Glynda. You don't have any snacks, do you?" The man asked as he gingerly took the coffee from the woman. He held it softly like one would hold a baby and the sight made Glynda smile.

"Well... I do have these." Glynda snaked her hand into her deep lab coat pocket pulling out a opened wrapped package of donuts. They were the small kind, white powdered that you'd find in a vending machine. Vending machines that Ricardo would find himself at in Mainstreet's breakroom whenever he dropped in.

The young man smiled at the geneticist. "You know me so well."

Glynda liked his smile. She though just nodded back at the man handing over the coffee and donuts. He sat back down and she took a seat across from him.

Ricardo didn't waste time and began eating immediately. He ate each donut clumsily, chewing carefully but still eating food without shame. He took gulps of the coffee despite how hot it was – the heat itself soothed his throat and made his chest warm again. The nourishment was helping his body and his head feel a lot better and he continued to thank the blonde geneticist. Glynda held her head in her left hand as she sat across the table from him. Her green eyes taking the young man all in while he didn't notice.

To think he's only barely 26. Barely 21 when we met. And he's in charge of carnivores.

Five years ago was when they'd first met. Glynda had been working for the park since it's opening on Henry Wu's recommendation. Geneticists with her years of experience working for many projects and with experience in cloning species were valuable and Glynda's employment secured when Masrani started plans to open a new park. Her particular background was cloning mammals – now she helped Wu bring to life dinosaurs, which normally hatched from eggs that they created and held for observation.

When Ricardo was brought to Isla Nublar in 2011, Glynda was assigned to the project to bring the extinct American lion to life from the corpse that Masrani recovered two years prior. She had already figured out the code and the method of restoration: live birth. Which was why Ricardo, a young man and animal trainer from a wildlife sanctuary, and a 400 lbs African lion were brought to Jurassic World. His animal would be the surrogate mother, give birth to the prehistoric relative, and the young man would train the animal from their birth into adulthood.

At first they were just mere co-workers, from different areas of expertise needed for this project. Ricardo wasn't exactly science minded either even from what he did understand of geneticist, which may have been what drew him to ask Glynda everything about it.

They'd spent time together. An evening finishing up reports here. Another just talking about their respective work and how each impacted the others there. A lunch or two... or three. Dinner after one very long evening observing the lions when Winter had gotten sick.

Eventually, a sort of friendship bloomed between the two people.

"What exactly happened? I got worried." Glynda asked. Ricardo had licked his thumb of powder as she said this. He awkwardly paused looking straight into Glynda's eyes. For a moment Glynda felt overwhelmed by this, he never looked anyone in the eyes and even then, not very long. But he focused his brown irises onto hers.

"I-" Ricardo was interrupted as the door opened again.

They heard the heels once again, but the careful calculated movements across the marbled floor gave away Claire Dearing before she was revealed. Instantly the smell of a strong vanilla perfume wafted into the room and overtook Ricardo's senses. Glynda noticed this.

Claire was a beautiful and tall redheaded woman. Age 34 and the Park Manager of all of Jurassic World. She was like Ricardo in some ways, young and accomplished. Dressed in all white, with a button up coat and matching skirt, she looked flawless, manager like. Despite obviously looking youthful, Claire also radiated a mature air about her. It was partly what made her a good leader and why she was the one in charge.

Glynda respected Claire for that. To become the Park Operations Manager at her age was a feat in of itself. She'd risen in the ranks going from a mere intern with Dr. Wu, to assistant to Simon Masrani, to now being in charge of every action, attraction, and employee within Jurassic World.

Ricardo looked down as Claire had stepped in. His eyes noticed Claire's heels – they were white like her outfit. She always wore white like the lab people but she didn't work with them. Yet the color looked good on her. Then he looked to Glynda's heels – they were purple, matching her purple blouse. That was Glynda's favorite color as well as green. His eyes looked up at both women. When he thought of Claire and thought of Glynda he thought the two were a lot alike. Both of them were mature, responsible, career focused, and commanding. And they both liked dinosaurs.

Although neither would admit it. Ricardo was observant though and he knew dinosaur fanatics when he saw them. That and from the chances he'd gotten to be around both women he'd gotten to be rather friendly with the two. He would even go as far as to call them friends. And in those rare moments he'd gotten to see them past the veil of authority they'd always had. Claire had a real soft spot for animals and even dinosaurs. Glynda was the same and took interest in the animals she'd create in the lab and seeing them out in the wild. It honestly touched Ricardo when they'd show this side of themselves.

"Ah Ricardo, good to see you again. And Dr. Rockbell I wasn't expecting you. What is that smell?" Claire paused. Her brows furrowed and her nose bunched up as she sniffed the air. Ricardo awkwardly scratched his head.

"Um... I... the smell might be the lions. And the um, the dilophosaurus was bleeding a lot. And I... might've um, stepped into the venom, so um, it's strong. Um. Some got on my clothes, I um..." he couldn't help mumbling the rest of his words. Along with the fact that his voice was naturally soft spoken it made hearing what he was saying difficult by others. Claire raised a brow.

Claire just smiled awkwardly at Ricardo who awkwardly smiled back. She and Ricardo didn't see each other much these days but she did like the man. When he'd started working at the park he didn't know that many people and making friends wasn't that easy for him. When the two first ran into each other it was actually at a broken vending machine in the Visitor's Center. Claire's favorite fruit & health bar was jammed. Ricardo casually snuck it out by popping the machine open with his pocket knife and a wire. After that they'd hung out sometimes for lunch. Other times...

Claire tried not to blush.

"I... I see. Right, you came here immediately I presume, Mr. Torres - sorry, Ricardo. Professional habit. And... Glynda why are you here?" Claire pulled a chair out and sat down.

"Well, when I heard what happened involved animals that I created I made my way over. It's of my concern after all. How they behave could be uncovered from the DNA after all." Glynda stated honestly. At least, half honestly. She tried not to stare back at Ricardo and directed her focus on the woman in white.

"Okay. And the assets, the... Super Lions? Did Simon come up with that?" Claire asked as she read from a tablet. Glynda nodded.

"It was something about a 'more marketable name'. But also, I recall him saying that it was 'cooler' than the scientific name. I didn't argue. At the end of the day, it fits much better than *Panthera leo atrox*" Glynda said.

"Well... he might have a point. I don't know if kids would be able to pronounce that."

I did. Thought Ricardo.

The young man sipped his coffee still. Perhaps he should have been the one to explain this. They were his animals after all. But he stayed quiet, content with Glynda's explanation in spite of Claire's own misreading. Most children fascinated with prehistoric life – and kids in general, if they had a dinosaur phase – were quite capable at mastering the many complicated names of dinosaurs. Scientific names, genera, species, family, etc. Ricardo could pronounce a lot of those names when he was a kid. And Glynda and Claire did too.

But he didn't speak up. He simply nodded in agreement.

Claire's eyes looked up watching the man. She sat her tablet down and focused her full attention at him. Ricardo could feel an enormous weight as she bore into him. He tried not to get too overwhelmed but he could feel himself grow a little shaky. He knew Claire. She was his boss. They were friends too. But Claire was also damn good at intimidation even when not trying, that's how she got so good at being in charge. That's why some on Nublar called her the "Ice Queen".

"Where are they now? Can you answer Ricardo?"

Ricardo felt his body grow cold all over. But he mustered himself to try and speak. He cast a glance towards Glynda, she not staring at him directly. That in a way eased his mind.

"I... I um, we took Luke back to Paddock 12. I had to um... there was two women, they were injured. I had to um, had to um, send Cora and Winter back to the Paddock on their own. They made it back and um, then the team helped me treat Luke. We took him back um, and then I came here." a knot in his throat as he spoke. He was looking down at the conference table away from Claire. He'd hoped she wouldn't notice and just accept him talking to her anyway.

But she did notice. How could one not notice the mumbles and patterns of odd speech when he talked? Part of her wondered if the man was affected by the incident, but Claire had a suspicion about the lion tamer sitting across from her. Well, had had the suspicion for a while now from all their interactions. When they'd first met he was much quieter. As they got to know each other and it being clear that in some situations Ricardo wasn't that talkative or would ever be. But with the things he knew and with getting closer to people like Claire and Glynda, and only those specific people, it was clear he could speak up enough.

She hadn't spent as much time with her sister or her kids to be as aware of signs of neurodivergence but Claire still knew enough. So, Claire just decided to go for the direct approach.

"Hey Ricardo, it's okay. You can look me in the eye. I'm not here to interrogate you."

Ricardo nodded a bit in repetition.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Yes." Ricardo raised his eyes to focus on Claire's eyes.

She had a cool stare, not meant to be intimidating at all. Far from it. But Ricardo didn't like direct eye contact and found it difficult even after just a second of doing it. Even with Claire, even though he knew her well, her stare could intimidate. His mind raced to focus on something else – her actual eye color ironically being what he picked. They were green, like plants and trees. He liked plants and trees because they were green. It was a calming color. Glynda had green eyes too. Vibrant, bright. But there was a comfort in Glynda's eyes that couldn't be put into words. Green eyes.

Actually green was kind of comforting. He could stare at her eyes. Why did he have to be intimidated when green was a good color? He felt his muscles ease up a bit as he relaxed into staring at Claire's eyes. In fact he always liked her eyes, didn't he?

Claire meanwhile had Ricardo figured out as his thoughts went from overwhelmed anguish, to thought spirals beyond. She could tell right away that he was like her nephew. And aside from the thick black beard on his face Ricardo still looked boyish, young. He wasn't much younger than Claire but something in her gut told her that he was less comfortable as an adult, a manager, in the business and management side of the Park. Perhaps he was so specialized and fixated with his particular field that it was what made him qualified for his position. Other than that, he seemed totally out of his element in this room speaking to Claire one on one.

Kind of like Owen. Except, Owen out of his element is a jack ass. Claire rolled her eyes remembering the raptor wrangler. He had a rugged charm but could be insufferable with his gung ho cowboy attitude. Meanwhile, Ricardo Torres, also an animal behaviorist, was totally different. Softer, quieter.

"Ricardo, I just to hear what happened from your perspective. You can take your time with this. Is that okay with you?"

Claire's eyes softened as did her tone. She thought she was dropping her general, icy business tone put on as manager of the Park and her voice now, to ease the man before her was her natural voice. The voice of a wider-eyed redhead who simply loved science. Before she had to grow up to become the career woman she was now.

The door then opened again and another person stepped inside the room. Claire, Ricardo, and Glynda turned their heads to see the head geneticist of Jurassic World enter. Dr. Henry Wu still wore his lab coat and walked with a calm gait. Ricardo didn't see him that often but he did have a sense of respect for the man's work, at least from what Glynda would tell him about Dr. Wu.

"Hello Claire, Glynda, and... Mr. Ricardo Torres. I remembered your name this time. I'm not late, am I?"

"No, actually. I just got here. But why are you here Henry?" Claire asked Dr Wu. The geneticist stepped over pulling out a chair from the opposite end of the table. He was still smiling like he usually was.

"There was an incident regarding several of our assets. I create the assets. Their well-being is of keen... interest, too me." Henry smirked as he let the last words simmer.

Claire accepted the answer, she didn't question his intentions as Henry was a man of science, simple, loving the work. She knew him well – memories of her days assisting labeling test tubes and watching over eggs incubating made her recall the studious minded man. He loved his work – bringing back extinct animals through cloning of acquired DNA – more than anything in the world.

Glynda didn't buy it. She knew Henry had an interest in his creations, but not quite a close relationship like he was implying. But she didn't bring this up.

"That is a lie." Ricardo said all of a sudden. His voice was loud which threw off Claire and Glynda. However, there was no mal intent in his words. He spoke with a much clearer voice.

But it was still off, somewhat flat. Claire in particular didn't even know he was capable of speaking at such high a volume.

Dr. Wu raised a brow at lion tamer. "I, beg your pardon Mr. Torres."

"I don't like Mr. Torres. You all can call me Ricardo. That is my name, and my boss Ms. Naomi is usually the one who overlooks when animals escape or incidents happen. She said several times that you are always too busy and stay in the geneticist's lab to step into the park. Therefore, you are lying about why you are here."

Claire could swear her jaw hit the ground. She didn't expect the quiet, shy man she'd been speaking with to suddenly speak up like this. Nor speak up in a way that directly challenged a senior employee like Dr. Wu. His eyes weren't quite focused on Henry Wu but they weren't looking to the ground any more. What threw Claire off more was the confidence in his voice that steadied his cadence. He was like a kid pointing out when their parent contradicted themselves or broke a rule, not in an aggressive or accusatory way. Part of her was reminded of the speech pattern of a Professor or a lecturer. He was simply pointing out his observation.

Glynda couldn't hide the smile from her face now. She felt a wave of pride in the young man standing up and speaking up. He had this in him, she knew, but he was generally nervous, quiet around people. But he could speak quite articulately when he fully understood something or was speaking of something he was quite informed in. Right now, it was his animals. Her eyes then looked back to Henry. She knew her old friend had been lying and now she could see how the man felt when being caught out. He was truly surprised for once in his life.

Henry had dropped his smirk but he didn't seem angry at the lion tamer. But as quickly as he'd dropped his smile he was back to it. The geneticist took his seat and folded his hands onto the table. If he was angry, or at the least momentarily miffed, none of that showed in his facial or body expression at all.

"I see. Well, then yes. It is true that this incident has particular interest to me. Ricardo, your animals are part of the behavior study. The information gathered from the research is vital to the program. As well as the animals themselves. I wish to know what happened as it could be critical to understand the genetics better."

Wu didn't mind revealing this much. It wouldn't arouse Claire's suspicions and he doubted Ricardo would ask more questions beyond that. The young man was no scientist, nor did his interest pertain to Wu's genetics work behind the park. Ricardo was hired like every other zoologist at Jurassic World to work in the field, with the actual animals. The lab was for the real magicians behind the curtain.

But Glynda was one of those magicians. Nay, she could be Henry's equal. A wizard of genetics. Part of him was wary of how much his old friend was reading into the situation.

"Anyways..." Claire turned to focus back to Ricardo. Ricardo looked away from Wu to Claire now. His focus turned to her white coat. Her entire attire was all white but it looked almost impossibly immaculate. This alone fascinated him. It also distracted him from his fear of speaking.

"I was taking the lions out for a walk."

"You – hang on you what?" Claire's confused voice startled Ricardo.

"I was, I, um, walking with the lions. I... I do that...every three days in and near the Restricted Area. It is part of their exercise."

The redheaded woman wasn't sure what to say. Now her follow up questions, why the lions were outside of their paddock was answered. But that didn't explain why this was apparently a regular occurrence. How had she not known about this? The wellbeing of the assets and if they were out of containment were her top priority in order to main the security of the park and safety of the visitors. She was always the first to know at Control – that was the point of her job. And apparently this shy animal trainer had been doing just that with Claire not having any clue.

"I... you've taken the assets outside of their paddock, and this is routine?" Claire steadied her voice. She could tell Ricardo was easily affected and loud or raised voices seem to make him retreat into his shell. Part of her was reminded of speaking to Gray.

"Yes, yes, Claire, I've done it for a while now since they've been grown. But I walk them in the Restricted Area since it's out of the ways of any tourists or other dinosaurs on exhibit. It helps them mentally and for physical activity outside of being within a confined space. Because they're so large and they're going to keep growing they can't be content with just the paddock." Ricardo said. His voice sounding all the more confident and clearer than earlier.

"Claire, this is what is required of his work. He has authorization from Naomi Okoye." Glynda spoke up. Claire furrowed her brows towards the older woman.

"You knew about this?"

"Yes. I was at the meetings to approve it." Glynda responded to the redhead.

"As did I. As I said, the animals that are a part of the study are of a particular interest to my work." Wu said.

Claire did not believe this. This... this was actually frustrating. More than that to a point. Claire brought her firm index fingers up to rub her temples now. She could feel herself become more than personally annoyed at this and she did not want to let it get to her. Rather she decided to continue on speaking.

"I've already had a word with Hamada about what transpired today. As per his word, the dilophosaurus escaped in a freak occurrence. An actual bolt of lightning struck their transport which let them loose. There's nothing that could've been done to stop that much. So, you are not entirely at fault, Ricardo. But... I think it is best if we revoke these privileges to let them out of the Paddock for the time being."

Ricardo then looked up at Claire. The Park Manager blinked as he watched her, his eyes serious, expression worried.

"But it wasn't their-"

"I understand. I will speak more with Dr. Okoye to understand the reasons for this. Why this is aloud at all. But they are still large predators. They were out in the open while this incident was happening. What if they hadn't gone after the asset and instead one of the any Security Personnel? What if your two lionesses hadn't gone back to their Paddock and run into Security or other Employees?"

Ricardo felt himself wilt again. He looked down now and his focus was down to his boots and their laces. He knew why he took them out of the Paddock. It was for their mental well being, because they were large animals that would get bored or at worst depressed by being confined to their small enclosure. He knew this, he could argue this. But... he was withered by the authority, the louder way of speaking that had overwhelmed him all his life.

Claire could tell he was getting back into is shell. She softened. "I recognize that you know what you are doing. I don't doubt the trust that was placed into your hands Ricardo. You... you're a responsible man, I don't doubt your ability or methods, but this is a question of safety that takes priority."

When was it last that she spoke so warmly to an employee? Claire couldn't recall. Her job didn't normally see the use of a gentle approach. Her underlings at Control knew her to be the cold calculated clinical park Manager because that was what worked. That was what made the Park run smoothly. Speaking to Ricardo, going the opposite of that persona the job knew her by, made Claire feel a little warm too.

The lion tamer raised his head, now his eyes focusing on Claire's, holding that direct contact. From Ricardo's expression, how his eyes softened, the look of worry and anxiety fading from his features, her warm approach worked. She couldn't help but smile at him, the kind of smile that surely showed off her dimples in her cheeks.

"I understand. It's not a problem." Said Ricardo.

"Mr. Torres," Wu spoke up. The lion tamer didn't look at the geneticist. Glynda watched Ricardo noting he was already quite overwhelmed by the conversation. He was also tired too, likely wanting to get out of Control and back to the Paddock. "Their walks, you at least take them out of the Paddock three to four times a week, correct?"

"Yes. It, I started because, because it was what helped Etosha. She was – she was Luke's mom. The surrogate. Back on the mainland, at the Sanctuary, she seemed to do better mentally when taken on walks as well as the – the, the enrichment. T-the same works with our Pride." Ricardo said. He went back and forth from speaking clearer and louder to softer. But luckily everyone was seated so close that the other three could hear the man anyways.

"I see. Behavior wise, there are no issues. They've shown no aggression, no challenges to your authority? The only reason they took off from you was... instinct?"

Ricardo sat still only reaching for his coffee and taking more sips. He was nearly wholly warm now, the soreness in his throat faded away. He was quiet for a while after that. Wu, Glynda, and Claire watching and waiting for his response. Glynda in particular feared he was

all talked out. He would get suddenly silent when he didn't have more to say. It was like the energy was gone from him. The man however raised his head now holding his eye contact better with the three.

"I think they took off to protect me. I, well, lions in the wild, t-they defend their territory from predators or other lions all the time. That's that's lions, that's what lions do. Something in them must have known that the dinosaur, that other predator, was in the area. I was trying to load them onto the truck to take them back when they just ran off without warning. But I think, because I was there, they had a feeling to protect me until the threat was done."

It was a thought that was a huge possibility. But there was no way to have tested this before. So it remained inconclusive at best.

Ricardo's eyes widened then. His mouth forming an 'O' as he literally said 'oh'. Glynda almost wanted to pinch his cheek.

"There was something else! W-when when they attacked the dilophosaurus, there was two women from the ACU. They were injured b-but when Cora and Winter killed the dinosaur, they they didn't pay any attention to them. I don't know why. I got there, and they were just... there. Wild lions, or any animal really, they would've investigated, they're carnivores. But they, they just ignored them."

"I see. How very interesting." Wu said, now sitting back. Glynda eyed her old friend warily but turned to ask Ricardo another question instead.

"Just to clarify, you don't mean to say that they're subservient to you? It was just them being protective, like any other animals closely bonded to a person."

Ricardo nodded to Glynda. "Yeah, yeah no yeah. It's not like, I didn't tame them. That's a possible thing to do. But they're not gonna do my bidding or follow orders like attack dogs. They just, its just um, they're... they like me."

"Well, that is good to know." Claire said, as if she only understood that much. Truth be told she had a much clearer understanding. Taming large animals was possible, it was done all around the world by amateurs and trained wildlife professionals. But domestication was understood to be impossible. There was no way this young man, however gifted, could domesticate these super lions in a quick time.

No doubt they were just acting like animals. Acting on instinct. They cannot be controlled.

Part of Claire disliked that. Control... she could very well say she had it, and there was a truth in that. She controlled the park, controlled each computer technician at their stations who helped control and operate each department and function of the Park. They controlled the operating systems which ran the machines, other systems, vehicles, fences, and more which made the Park operational. There wasn't much that was not within Claire's control.

But Wu had long ago instructed her on Control. That in reality, no one had control. Life, fate, chaos, whatever you called it, was in truth real control. Nature did as it pleased. Claire had no control over animals that were out of the paddock or what actions they would take. She had

no control of the weather which was the cause of the escape of two dinosaurs. She had no control of their actions and the people they maimed and injured when they got out.

"We've never had control Claire. That's the illusion. We are illusionists behind the curtain that is Control."

Wu's words echoed in Claire's mind. She looked to the man now who sat still. Even after years of being his intern, of helping him closely with his work, Claire sometimes still found Wu to be an enigma. Only Glynda Rockbell truly could read him, better than anyone else.

"May I go now? I'll write a report if you need me too. I just want to make sure Luke is okay." Ricardo spoke up again. Claire blinked before nodding and sitting up from her seat.

"Yes, yes you may leave now. I think we have a clear picture of what transpired. The restriction on taking them out of the Paddock will remain until I say it is safe to. Thank you again, Ricardo Torres." Claire smiled and held her hand out for him to shake. The young man awkwardly reached out and gently held her hand, shaking it like he was holding a delicate flower.

Claire felt the roughness of his tan hands. It seemed like his fingers and palms were scarred. But what struck her was how strong his grip was. He didn't look like a weak person but from the way he talked she didn't take Ricardo for a particularly strong person. Then again, his work might've required a certain level of it.

She turned around and made way to leave out the door. Henry Wu stood up and silently followed the Park Operations manager. But he cast a side glance towards Ricardo then back to Glynda. Wu's old friend watched the scientist with a wary stare.

"He's definitely your type." Wu said as he stepped out and left. Glynda's cheeks reddened.

Now only Ricardo and Glynda remained in the room, alone again. Their coffee now finished. The wrapper of donuts remained on the table. Ricardo then stood up from his seat, Glynda following suit.

Glynda turned to look at Ricardo. She stood taller than he and looked down into his eyes. He noticed her gaze and focused his brown eyes on the woman before him. Then he smiled before he let out a tired yawn.

"Well, I'm gonna head back. Thanks so much for the coffee, you're a life saver Glynda." Ricardo said. He grabbed his empty cup and made way to toss it in a nearby trash bin. After that he would walk to the door and be out on his way.

Glynda stopped him before he could leave. The young man turned around to face Glynda standing directly in front of him. The tall blonde geneticist reached her hands out and took his right hand in hers.

"How about dinner? I mean, it's a bit late, I know you haven't eaten. My work is done for the day and... I like your company." She knew she had to be direct. When you wanted something

from Ricardo Torres, you had to be clear, direct with your intentions. Otherwise, things would go over his head.

The young man stared up into Glynda's green eyes. He loved how they shined; her eyes were one of many beautiful features about her. She was a striking woman. Clueless and quiet as he may be, he wasn't ignorant of that. Ricardo nodded to her, his fingers entwining in her hand now.

"I'd like that. We can swing buy at the Paddock afterwards." He led the woman out of the room. Glynda walking in pace with him, her soft fingers gripping his hand.

Chapter End Notes

Original Character Notes:

Naomi Okoye. She's the head of Behavior and really sort of a Muldoon in being in charge of all the dinosaurs with a background working with wildlife. Naomi is also wholly original, not taking particular inspiration from anyone. She is Nigerian, older than most of the cast with more hardened experience. Naomi is the boss of Owen Grady and Ricardo Torres and yes, she's the one they should be turning in their reports to.

Ricardo Torres. Our protagonist, a lion tamer similar to real life cases of people who have very special bonds with otherwise dangerous carnivores and wildlife. There are several real-world people who work with big cats that you could see shades of in Ricardo. But mostly wholly original. Has Aspergers too which adds a bit to why he's better with his very specific job than with people.

Ayaka Katsuragi. She takes her given name from the protagonist from the manga Witchcraft Works, and her surname from the iconic character Misato Katsuragi from Neon Genesis Evangelion. Like Misato, Ayaka has a military career background – in her case, the United States Marines. But appearance wise, Ayaka resembles her first name sake more. Somewhat sharing a similar personality but more open, sociable, and relaxed in comparison to the rest of the ACU. In that sense, a lot like Misato when she's got her downtime but Ayaka when she's in action.

Glynda Rockbell. She is a best friend of Dr. Henry Wu and is also a mirror to Wu, a science-based character who shows the good of science over evil. She's close to his age. Unlike Wu is warmer, more open and comfortable with other people and sharing those bonds. I also wanted to have a character who is a woman of middle age but portrayed like real rad older women, who are scientists, career women, kicking ass in fields like science or engineering, etc. Glynda is the older woman character I never see in media that really should be in more stuff.

Luke, Cora, and Winter. Their names are significant. Luke being a word for "Light" similar to Lucas. Cora is named after Kora National Park in Kenya, where the famous

"father of lions" George Adamson re-wilded Elsa the lioness and Christian the lion. Winter takes her name from Winter Schnee from RWBY, since she is a white lion.

In Chapter 1's notes I mentioned their inspiration, the discovery of two frozen prehistoric lion cubs in Siberia and how work to actually clone them is still being done to this day. The method that is desired is the same method which is how our fictional Pride is born: using a surrogate mother of a closely related species. It's mostly just theory and some would argue the offspring would be hybrids or a brand-new animal, not the same prehistoric animal even if it greatly resembles it. That's what sparked the idea to incorporate non-dinosaurs into the story. Glynda's background ties into this science.

Breakout

Chapter Summary

A day at the office isn't an ordinary day at Jurassic World.

Chapter Notes

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

It was dark in the early morning in the Restricted Area. It was still cold overhead and Jim Parkman, 40 years old, somewhat overweight, and definitely tired and bleary eyed, drove through the wilderness on the back-maintenance road. Despite being a computer technician, Parkman had to drive a standard issue go-kart like the Maintenance staff. Actual vehicles that protected from the elements – also known as your standard car - were for special personnel or higher ups in the company. It made Parkman somewhat jealous. Why should he with twenty years' experience working in data management and computer programming have to drive a go-kart like plumbers to the Way Station?

"Way Stations", small buildings which housed power that ran on geothermal vents and pipes, were dotted all across the Restricted Area. More sophisticated stations which had offices and staff monitoring them were located in the other half of the island where Jurassic World resided. The smaller stations were mere gray concrete buildings which sat alone in the jungle and were guarded only by electrified fence. But as they didn't have staff there 24/7 monitoring it, they needed individuals to go out personally whenever they went off line or showed problems.

No one wanted to work in these stations. Going out to check on them was boring and routine and for most a job no one wanted to do. It was just a drive out from Control deep into the wilderness and then back. Usually, one would just push a few buttons to get the power back online and flowing from the Way Station through to the other stations and throughout the island. Routine. Simple.

That's what Parkman was being set to do. Go out, way too early in the goddamn morning to go push buttons in the jungle. Alone.

A bump on the road shook Parkman out of his bleary-eyed state. He shook his head and took a firmer hold of the steering wheel. His piping hot coffee had shaken and spilled onto the technicians' dress shoes and the floor of the kart. Parkman grumbled; the piping hot coffee meant to warm up the man from the sheer cold of the jungle in the morning. It was almost freezing at this hour and this far deep into the wild.

What also made many unwilling to go to these Waystations was the rumors of what lay in the Restricted Area. Certain species of dinosaurs, some said to be from the old days, roamed the

wild wilderness. Many were believed to be too roudy and not fit for captivity like the dinosaurs in the park. But the rumors also spoke of secret experiments, dangerous dinosaurs which prowled and hunted anything that went alone in the jungle. Jim didn't buy it for a second. It was too fantastic, too much like old boogey man stories he'd heard back home. He was a scientist, atheist, he didn't have time for things he couldn't see.

Eventually, Jim Parkman made it to the Waystation and parked the kart in the front of the little building. It sat in a clearing in the jungle and looked quite old and dilapidated. Vines had overgrown the small concrete building which was more accurately equal in size to a shed. Jim sighed, knowing that the vines might cause a problem with being able to power on. He pulled out a small tablet screen which he connected by wires to a panel on the side of the building. The tablet blinked to life and displayed the information he needed to read.

The display showed a visual of all of Isla Nublar. This map however specifically showed the waystations which were marked by white dots all across the island. Many were located in the Restricted Area while fewer resided south of it in the actual park grounds. The Way Stations in the south were better, bigger facilities, that were also more powerful and connected back to Control which resulted in fewer of them despite more machines and mechanisms needing to be powered in Jurassic World. More lay in the Restricted Area to properly spread out the power to facilities up there but also to connect back to the original power source: the geothermal power plant.

The island was highly volcanic. Geothermal vents of natural power were located all over the island ready for use and were taken advantage of when InGen first arrived to the island back in the 80s. When Masrani took over and came in the 2000s, the company also made use of the vents and the abandoned power plant in the north. The Waystations acted as a means to spread that power source across the island thus allowing for the thriving park in the south of the island where there was less geothermal vents.

Jim tapped on the screen to gather the data of this particular Way Station – Station 42. Most of the information was standard and seemed to suggest that almost nothing was wrong. There was just a bad connection, more than likely due to all of the vines growing upon the small building. The jungle still reigned even with the prescience of man and would continue to try and gain foothold over them. Parkman tapped his screen and made a note to send out a second team to trim down the vines.

Then the Way Station began to power down. Jim looked up and saw the panel spark. Before he could move electricity flared through the wires and at his tablet. The man pulled it away as the spark hit the vines.

It caught fire. Parkman swore and ran back to the jeep. He had his jacket and grabbed it and began to smack at the fire but to no avail. It spread and began to cover most of the building.

The tablet made a noise. Parkman looked at it and found an alarming detail. It read WARNING in bright red letters and noted a problem more major than he anticipated. The man looked at the fire on the building, then back to the tablet, before he went back to his kart and sat down. He pressed the screen and looked through it hoping to find the reasoning for the malfunction. To his knowledge, this had never happened before.

Parkman adjusted his tablet to send a message back to the Control Room. It was of most importance that Claire Dearing got word of this now before shit really hit the fan. He focused and began to make the call when something caught his eye.

There was some coffee left in his mug. He could see it even now in the dark morning due to having added plenty of cream to it, making the brew almost white. His eyes focused on it before he looked down to the spilled remains on the car floor. The liquid was moving.

Jim looked around him. The vehicle itself was moving. As if being shaken by large vibrations. The nearby trees were also moving as if being shook by something. Something that was very, very big.

A loud honking rang out through the jungle. Birds in the canopy took off in a loud flurry and flew past the clearing. Jim felt his blood freeze. Then there was more honking, honking of massive dinosaurs. He only heard them from the office or whenever he went down into main street. Even being office bound he could recognize the sound of them when they were in trouble or in a panic. It was unmistakable.

The trees fell and out of the jungle, the form of a large armor-plated dinosaur appeared. It walked on four legs and its back was covered in rock like armor as was its massive tail. It charged straight towards Jim and the man jumped out of his kart before the massive animal smashed through it. The kart crunched down and was flattened, it's metal searing with a ring as the dinosaur broke it down like paper. Jim rolled out of the way as the animal charged forward. But he wasn't out of danger yet as then out of the jungle more of them ran out.

It was a herd. A whole herd of them. They all let out loud cries that deafened the man's ears. They were running away from something and passed by the man as he tried to roll away out of harm's way. The trees, massive palms that rose high into the sky, were tumbled easily and fell down with loud thuds onto the jungle floor. The ground itself felt like an earth quake

Something else stood out. Jim only briefly caught a glimpse of it, something running through the massive flurry of large bodies. It was a smaller leaner form and didn't look like any creature he'd seen before. Jim, focusing on this strange beast, didn't see the large club like tail of one dinosaur swing at him and knock him several yards away.

XX

In the early morning back at the Control Room things were barely getting going before the Park would officially open.

The Park still needed staff to be at the ready to control the Park Systems, as any accidents could happen, at all hours. The employees who had worked the whole night were now beginning to leave as their counterparts for the day were arriving. They would go back to their apartments to sleep for the next several hours, or grab drinks at Margaritaville while the day time employees would resume their work for the upcoming day.

In the Control Room, day employees were already there getting everything ready, as it was, they who had the most crucial job as the eyes of the Park. Many had cups of hot coffee in hand or energy drinks in order to keep their energy levels up as they booted up their monitors

at their work stations. Some were still bleary eyed and others yawned as their minds tried desperately to clear from the morning brain fog.

"Everything looks in order. Nothing happened in the night that we have to report. Although that Pachy seems to like that tree a little too much. Hey Viv, you think it'll rain again?" Lowery asked from his station. He was a man of his thirties with dark black hair and a moustache that would make Freddie Mercury jealous. At least, that was what Lowery told himself when he groomed it every morning. He was one of the lead computer technicians and looked the part in his jeans and sneakers and a work station covered in plastic dinosaurs.

His co-worker Vivian, another seasoned system engineer, couldn't look any more different. She was a beautiful young woman, of the same age, with dark blonde curly hair and a gentle face dressed in office appropriate clothing. Vivian looked more like any ordinary woman which she attributed to being from the midwestern United States. At least, most people who met her always had the odd sixth sense of where she was from before she'd even said it. Perhaps it was her homely, quiet personality that tipped them off.

Vivian was geeky in her own unique way knowing every computer in and out and how to take it all apart and rebuild it. She had unique skills that stood out growing up in a home of sisters who loved knitting and makeup, skills that Lowery was a bit envious of. Unlike Lowery, Vivian's desk was orderly and clean. The only decorations to make her desk stand out being two photos: one of her large midwestern family of blondes, and a phot of her cat, Mittens.

"Well, it might. Weather Report says the storm is gonna continue in a few days. But we're gonna have a sunny day sooner than that. Not a cloud in the sky."

"A sweet blue sky. Maybe I'll work on my tan." Lowery adjusted his shirt, as if he was wearing a bowtie as he said this.

Vivian snorted. Lowery turned in his desk to his coworker who tried hiding her face in her hands. But it didn't work and Vivian turned to him.

"No offense, but you're not gonna tan Lowery. You're paler than Ed Sheeran."

"Ooo burn! Just like Lowery's skin." An English accented voice spoke behind the two.

Casey Lightman stepped out of the elevator holding two cups in hand. One, a hot cup of coffee from Starbucks, the other hand holding an unbelievably large Jurassic World branded cup of soda. The giant beverage was of American serving size and could barely fit in the young woman's small hand and seemed like it was straining her a bit. The two computer technicians stood up to receive their respective drinks.

"Ugh, you're a lifesaver dude." Lowery said as he stood up and took the soda from Casey's hand. Casey felt immediate relief as all strain and pain subsided.

"Thanks Casey." Vivian said as she gingerly sipped on her coffee.

"No problem Viv. We all need our pick me ups." Casey walked over to her work station where she lifted a sealed mug from it. The blue haired girl let out a satisfied sigh as she drank down a strong English tea.

Casey was a graduate of Computer Technology in the United Kingdom and an intern for Masrani Global's Communications systems. Like many she was immediately given a job out the gates of University. At first, she thought she would go on to work for Masrani Communications spending her time designing Satellites and help Cell Phone coverage. But her career path took her on a much different path with equally critical communications work: Jurassic World.

Technology was always important for this park. Back when the original park was trying to get off of the ground, John Hammond had his investors supply the funds for acquiring three RAM super computers to run operations. Back in the late 80s and early 90s, this was the peak of technology at time and incredibly sophisticated (and alarmed certain intelligence agencies at the time). To not only house the means which ran the machines which brought back dinosaur DNA, grow them, and the computers to monitor and work on building DNA, along with the systems to manage park operations such as vehicles, power, security, it was ambitious.

Too ambitious some might say. With Jurassic World, Masrani envisioned an even greater park. Technology had advanced and with the sixth largest megacorporation at his disposal, Masrani acquired even more powerful technology, better computer systems, better security, better communications. It was a complex web of even more complex webs that tied specialists of all backgrounds together in order to run the most popular theme park on the planet. Aside from one run by a certain mouse...

"Hey Lightman, you catch the game?" Lowery said as he sipped on his ungodly large soda. Casey couldn't believe that he, a 6-foot man with large hands couldn't wrap all of his fingers around it. Was this why so many Americans had diabetes?

"What game? Football?"

"No, no, soccer. Costa Rica vs. Argentina, I missed it! Spent another all nightery fixing a bug."

"That's what I meant. Argentina won, no surprise there." Casey took her seat at her work station a few steps below Lowery. She booted up her monitor and logged in quickly in order to begin the day.

Most likely uneventful. Maybe a light or two would go out which would require notifying the maintenance crews. Perhaps a gate might not be working right for one of the dinosaurs. But nothing quite so major to warrant any note about.

Casey was proven wrong the moment her display booted up. Her green eyes blinked as she carefully looked it over. Then she tapped her fingers on the screen, hitting "access map" and given a display of the island. Here she could see the entirety of the Park wide facilities and, more importantly, the park barriers. The whole north of the island read RESTRICTED, which

was blocked off area not meant for tourists. A paddock or two was held near by and there were some species of dinosaur that roamed wild not meant for the tourists.

Part of the fencing was flashing yellow. Casey tapped this and was given a more detailed display. Text rolled down the screen which would be too fast for most to read. But Casey was an experienced data programmer and was able to spot the most important details. She continued tapping her screen, now rapidly as she looked further into the situation.

"Lowery, can you see if we've got any power outages on the island?" Casey called back behind her. Lowery sat up straight at his desk.

"Y-yeah. Is something wrong?"

"God, I hope not."

Casey now had much text and images on her panel. Her eyes looked up and down and she read through it. She had a hunch but part of her didn't want that hunch to be right. Maybe the system was misreading things, maybe there was a simple bug that was an easily resolved problem.

"Oh... oh shiiiiit." Lowery swore.

"What? What is it?" Casey turned around in her chair.

"Part of the Restricted Area barrier's power is down. One of the Way Point's lost all power."

Lowery tapped his fingers and brought up his display on the large wall monitor for everyone in the Control Room to see. Casey looked up and saw the red dot which marked the bad Way Point. She swore knowing full well this was no simple problem. This was a big problem.

The sound of a cup hitting the floor echoed in the Control Room. Lowery, Vivian, Casey turned around watching – to their horror – Claire Dearing step forward. The contents of an expensive latte had spilled on the ground and pooled around the Park managers heels. That was the least of their concerns.

"Ms. Dearing, we just spotted this issue..." Casey began. But Claire silenced the woman as she raised one hand.

"Send out a Park Wide alert. Get me footage of the barrier. Make sure no assets have crossed it into the valley."

"R-right." Casey turned back to her monitor to begin so. Vivian tapped an ear piece as she spoke.

"This is Control. ACU stand by for possible Asset Containment, Sector 13. This is not a drill. I repeat, this is not a drill."

XX

Paddock 12 was one of the very few enclosures which resided way outwards from the main park and enclosures. It was one of several specific paddocks which was designed as such and resided near the northern edge of Isla Nublar. The actual Paddock had a main building which was designed to somewhat resemble an arena. This layout had a regular rectangular two-story building to the side of it, walls around a small grounds area where the animals rested, metal walkways that stretched in a cross like fashion high above the grounds, and lastly it was connected to a larger enclosure. A sophisticated barred gate separated the Paddock building from the wider grounds which was designed not unlike enclosures one might find in a zoo. Connected to the arena was the worker building which only stood two stories tall. It was from there that animal trainer Hamish McDougal sat in the office observing the residents of Paddock 12 from a monitor.

The old Scotsman was a plump man with thin grey hair and a thick grey moustache to match it. To many, upon first glance in his tan khaki uniform Hamish looked very much the part of a classic zoo keeper. For forty years he worked training wildlife all around the world for various zoos, parks, and circus. Usually it was predators, but Hamish had his fair share of work with large herbivores most thought not to be dangerous. Elephants and hippos for instance worried Hamish much more than carnivores, and the top of his worries were chimps. Their knack for problem solving as well as the fact they possessed human like hands made them a particular nuisance to work with.

His experience and knowledge gained from his years is what got him his new cozy job in Jurassic World. In ways it wasn't too different from jobs he'd had before. He'd worked with big cats. Trained many for Hollywood movies and television programs. The only difference was that these lions were three times the size.

Dinosaur sized lions. Hamish couldn't quite believe it even after so much time had passed. He'd watched the prehistoric beasts grow from small cubs created in a lab into enormous predators. Each one larger than at least a medium sized car or equal to an American grizzly bear.

Had Hamish not spent the years at close work, having the big cats get familiar with the man, he would not dare get anywhere near these lions. Even a normal modern lion (which could get quite large depending on their genes) was dangerous and to be respected. Hamish had several scars from misplaced bites, scratches, and a mighty show of old wounds from a mauling. He knew better than anyone not to underestimate them.

The lions continued their chase. The three of them were running through the enclosure. Much of it was simply flat grass while pockets of the area were covered in somewhat dense trees, the same species native to Isla Nublar. A water feature lay at the very center of the grounds where the animals could drink or simply cool off. At times even fish were added in order to provide enrichment.

Winter tripped on her heels during the chase and splashed into the water feature. Her snow-white fur was then covered in water and mud from the ground. But as all animals do, she did not care or mind the dirt. She continued following her pride in pursuit of their quarry.

Ricardo walked across the metal walkways that stretched across Paddock 12's inner grounds as he looked out into the farther enclosure. It was still somewhat early morning and quite

cool, especially from the height that which he stood and so he had his morning coffee in hand. In his other hand he held a remote-control device and expertly guided a drone that was currently flying through the Paddock grounds. The quarry of his lions.

"I don't think they're going to beat the record Amigo." Hamish said over the walkie-talkie. Amigo – Spanish for friend – was Hamish's nickname for the young zoologist. Hamish never called anyone by their proper names and for Ricardo and his Mexican heritage, amigo was the nickname he'd bestowed.

"I disagree Hamish, I have faith in them. Luke's recovered and Cora and Winter are fast."

The lions continued to race after the drone. It hung high in the air but low enough that it could be caught if they weren't careful. Hanging from the belly of the drone was a tied up stuffed teddy bear. While the lions did have somewhat of an affection for stuffed toys, Ricardo knew they were really interested because it had been soaked in rabbits' blood. Dead rabbits were their favorite meal.

Perhaps thousands of years ago, the genetic ancestor of these three animals was hunting hares on the prehistoric North American tundra. Ricardo could only imagine what that was like. And to think now, the genes of that same animal that Masrani had found in the ice, were now alive and well almost a whole continent away, thousands of years later, chasing after a robot. Ricardo almost didn't believe that this was the reality he was actually living in.

Luke leaped into the air but failed to grasp at the drone. Cora followed next with a powerful leap into the air. Ricardo waited for Winter to follow suit after her sister. But to his surprise, the white lioness leaped sooner – she jumped up atop of Cora's back and jumped even higher up into the air to try and reach the drone. Her paws reached out-

Winter barely nicked it with her claws. The white lioness fell back down onto the ground. Ricardo watched in awe as his pride tumbled about before they kept up the chase.

"Hamish did you see that?" The young man said in his walkie talkie.

"Aye, I saw it. Little Snow White came up with a plan of action."

"Amazing. I told you they were smarter than expected!"

Winter stayed at the head of the three zipping by like a flash of white. She was the fastest which made sense as she was the youngest, the spriest, not to mention her surrogate mother being quite the agile cat.

Cora was behind her keeping up at a steady pace. Not quite as quick but still fast enough to match the white lioness in this chase. Cora was bulkier than most lionesses yet that did not impede her speed.

Luke was behind them only slightly but still keeping up with his Pride mates. He was the bulkiest of the three and overshadowed his lionesses. This was normal for male lions naturally, but as a descendant of the super lions of old, he was one of the largest predators on the planet.

The young man yawned as he drank his coffee. He was still in the grip of lethargy. The man hadn't gotten much sleep. His preferred morning beverage, still fresh, still piping hot, would be salvation to stay alert. After all he needed to be sharp and have his senses at the ready when working with large carnivores.

The drone zipped by in the air flying through the gates into the grounds of the arena away from the regular grounds. The lions followed close behind it and now by Ricardo controlling the drone were going into a lap around the arena.

Winter made a powerful leap into the air after the drone. But Ricardo, even with just his one hand, raised the drone just high enough out of the massive animal's range. The white lioness landed back down and let out a roaring growl. But she then continued to run after the drone with Luke and Cora behind her.

"Y'know even with that injury, Luke's gotten a bit faster."

"I can smell the Colombian from the bottom of the stairwell. That your third cup amigo?" Hamish said as he stepped up from the side stairwell.

"No, my second." Ricardo wiped his mouth as he said that.

"Ya drink too much lad. All that bean juice is just gonna keep ya up longer and mess with your health."

"And how much Scotch have you had already?"

"Not enough amigo. Not enough!" Hamish said with a great belly laugh.

"Luke might be faster than he was before. He's definitely recovered." Ricardo said, his focus still on his lions.

"I don't think his speed has changed. He's just keeping up with the girls. Which is still pretty fast." Hamish remarked, his attention to the arena grounds now.

Ricardo glanced down at his wrist watch to check the time. It was only twelve past 9AM. Which meant it was only about twelve minutes since the pride had begun the test. Ricardo looked down upon the grounds spotting Luke now leading the head of the charge.

Had he gotten faster?

The Great lion then took a powerful leap from the ground and was now high into the air. The struts across the arena were 20 feet off of the ground floor but Luke had leapt up high enough after the drone that he was actually close enough to the two men. The large predator's attention however was targeted onto the drone which was almost near his great massive paws. Perhaps he would actually catch it.

But the drone rose up higher into the air just out of the lion's reach. The male seemed thrown off as he was midair and fell back down to the ground. He landed down with a thud loud enough that Ricardo and Hamish heard it from above. Winter and Cora were thrown off a bit and stopped running as they looked at Luke.

Luke looked up again at the drone. His blue eyes focused on it carefully, warily so. He did not blink, did not lick his lips, growl, or show any other emotion other than a calmness. To the layman, it might look like the lion didn't show any emotions at all. But that wasn't true, animals could be quite emotive – dogs especially but they had evolved to mimic human expression as their companion animals. Wild animals could say a lot with just eye movement, glances, and even snarl as shown with certain predators.

What're you thinking big guy?

With Luke, Ricardo could tell the animal was thinking. When he was thinking Luke would grow quite calm because he was focusing. Right now, Luke was figuring out just how to tackle the problem before him.

Then Luke turned towards the walls. Ricardo swore as he watched Luke run and take another powerful leap. But this time the lion landed against the wall of the arena. The two men ran as they believed Luke would try to climb up to the top of the walls. He was close to the struts edge and could theoretically get up there to get at the drone.

"Amigo you got the tasers?" Hamish yelled as he ran on his thick tree trunk like legs.

"No but we can shout-" Ricardo stopped then.

Luke jumped up the wall and got even higher up. Then he turned his body and leaped away from the wall into the open air higher than he was before. The massive animal now was at the level of the struts and nearly at the eye level of the two men. But Luke's focus was on his quarry – the drone.

He had leaped closer towards the drone which still sat suspended in the air. Ricardo reached down for the control but his animal had been too quick. Luke swung one of his powerful arms and smacked the drone out of the air with a massive paw. The machine could do little but fall as it sparked from the damage.

It crashed onto the ground with a loud smack and blew up with a spark. But this would not impede the pride of cats. Luke landed back down to the ground and ran for his prize. Cora and Winter did the same and soon the three massive lions began to tear apart the equipment as they sought their blood-soaked teddy bear.

Ricardo and Hamish stood there staring down at Luke in dumbfounded disbelief.

"Did that just happen?"

"Yeah. It did."

"... I'm taking that drink now." Hamish pulled a flask from his trouser pockets. Ricardo didn't stop the Scotsman as he looked at his watch.

"Well now that the lap is officially over, I can definitely say they've beaten their last record. Their early by six minutes."

"Six minutes and a broken drone. R&D's not gonna like that."

"R&D won't give a damn. It's the ones who sign our paychecks that are gonna shit a brick." Ricardo said as he turned away towards the stairwell. Hamish followed close behind, casting a side glance down at Luke. The big lion now partaking in the spoils as he chewed on part of the drone.

The two men walked down stairway back to ground level of the front area. This was the front of not just the arena walls but also the main "office" that was the Paddock Building where the employees worked. Really it was merely just an adjoining building that had the room for the lions' food kitchen as well as "office space" which really was two floors of one room floors. the bottom ground floor housing equipment as well as the Tech Station where computers and monitors that had the Security feed were. A crude office space was also on this floor as well as the side area which was the "kitchen" where they prepared the lions food and medicine.

The top floor was where equipment was kept and a sort of breakroom that had two small desks and an old couch from one of the resorts. The human side of the paddock wasn't designed to be quite as accommodating as it was for the actual animals. But as only Ricardo and Hamish worked at this Paddock at a time it was good enough.

Hamish opened the door and the two men stepped inside. The Scotsman headed straight for the tech station and looked at the video feed to watch the lions. They were still focused on their spoils and now were running around the yard with the drone parts in their mouths.

"They look like wee babebs. Playing around, making toys out of things that are too expensive." Hamish remarked with a deep laugh.

Ricardo rolled his eyes as he walked over to put his mug away. Although he was tempted to drink more coffee, he knew he had to have his limits. He stepped away and walked to the kitchen and began to get ready to prepare treats for his animals. This included cutting up parts of meat – of various animals that were safe for zoological animal consumption – and placing medicine in them. There was an extra pill for Luke's arm that he needed to take for any pain he still might have.

The routine medicine was designed by the lab. Pills created by Dr. Henry Wu and other researchers who specialized in medicine in order to help maintain the health of the cloned species. This wasn't something too different from what was already done in actual zoos and wildlife parks. But at Jurassic World, these pills were uniquely designed to help counter balance health issues and more that was experienced by cloned animals. If any dinosaurs had a deficiency in their genes, developed diseases not foreseen, or had growth rates that would lead to developmental issues – these pills would help curb them. Usually with the aim that eventually the animals would be fine without them. Be able to exist without total genetics tampering.

"After they get their play time, we'll get their health checks. Is ACU really coming over?" Ricardo said as he cut up the red flesh of what looked like deer. It felt like deer to him anyway. Cora would like that a lot.

Hamish nodded, eyes still watching the screens. "Gonna be here by noon, Hamada said as much."

"We don't need them here. We're just fine me and you looking them over."

"We were fine when we had an actual full staff here, lad. But then Masrani moved them to the ugly rapt bastards."

The "ugly rapt bastards" was Hamish's colorful nickname for the most dangerous predators on Isla Nublar, the velociraptors. Or rather a sub-species of raptor that was quite large that had been cloned by InGen since the days of Jurassic Park. But they were vicious, deadly creatures, which was why they weren't part of any attractions for park guests in Jurassic World, even upon opening. That was until a few years back when Masrani had hired American Navy dolphin trainer, Owen Grady, to lead the Raptor Behavioral Study, launched around the same time of the Super Lion Behavior Study.

Ricardo recalled back then, the major Behavior Study Team being made up of animal trainers, animal wranglers, ex-hunters, and others. Most of that staff was working directly under Ricardo assisting in overseeing the growth and handling of the lions. That had been the first time that Ricardo was the boss of anyone and despite his youth, their team followed his lead diligently.

Owen was fine with training the raptors on his own with his special assistant, Barry. But when the velociraptor's that were cloned for the new study had grown bigger, most of the staff who worked with Ricardo was shifted to that group. In a way it was like the two studies were in competition with each other for resources and employees. This, in spite of the fact that the two separate studies were in service of the same backers and serving to answer the same questions.

"It's been three years since that happened, Hamish. We're all friends anyhow, I don't care if they all went to that team."

"Amigo ya don't see the bigger picture." Hamish turned around in his seat. "Masrani signs our paychecks. Our bread and butter is the project. If the rapt-bastards project gets all the attention or makes any breakthroughs before we do, then that's it for us. That's it for them." The Scotsman pointed one of his sausage fingers at the screens.

Ricardo looked up, watching his lions running through the enclosure. Winter was chasing Luke who rolled around on the ground. Cora keeping close but not as bouncy or rambunctious as the white lioness.

"That won't happen. We've come too far already. The other team hasn't made progress like we have anyhow."

The last of the treats were done being prepared and were place into the buckets now. Ricardo's hands were dark red of the blood of the meat and icy cold. He couldn't even feel his fingertips now. The man walked over and began washing his hands in hot water in the sink.

A knock at the door grabbed the two's attention. Ricardo raised his head from the sink and walked over up to the door.

"Must be them." Ricardo said as he walked over to answer the door. As he opened it he was met not by the stern Commander Hamada by the gentle and tall Naomi Okoye.

"Mr. Torres, we need your help."

"Dr. Okoye? What do you mean?"

"It's urgent. We need everybody. There's an emergency in the West Plains, and we need every animal wrangler we can get."

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

A large lumbering Trike raised itself from where it slept and opened its small wrinkly eyes. It let out a deep bellow rising from its massive stomach and up through its chest. This echoed across the valley and was heard by other dinosaurs that called this place home.

Other dinosaurs would begin to make their way as the sun rose higher into the sky. The cool foggy air of the marine layer began to fade off and the once somewhat chilly valley began to get hotter. More trikes emerged from the trees and the brush, some alone, others in mating pairs, others with young offspring accompanying them on their way. But despite their massive size they moved with a bit of speed as they walked over towards their destination: the watering hole.

The massive lake was connected to a river which ran through the valley and down from the nearby mountains. The trikes were always first to drink as they had their resting ground closest to the water. Many, including the first trike to awaken, surrounded the lake and lowered their massive heads to the water. They opened their mouths – the front having beaks not much unlike the beaks of birds – and began taking plentiful gulps.

Isabella and Ruby watched the herd from across the water. Ruby focusing her camera on them as they continued to drink. Through her lens she was able to zoom in and see the animals in great detail. Their skin was a pebbled texture reminding Ruby of rhinos and reptiles and they were bright red in color. She could even see their bright red reflections in the blue water where they were drinking from. Ruby quickly took many photos in rapid succession.

Her sister was busy note taking on a formal chart on a tablet. Jurassic World was highly digitized now to most departments using tablets to write up work that traditionally was done with physical paper. All the data was sent, collected, and copied onto networks for each department and further tied to a central physical server on the island. What work that decades earlier would have required several super computers now needed one sleeker hub. It certainly pleased Isabella who needn't worry about actual papers being damaged, typos, or faulty formats.

"You do this every morning?" Ruby asked, now taking a video instead of the herd. The younger girl smiled through the lens as she focused on a baby Trike which leaped into the water at the edge and began playing in it.

"Every day, squirt. I take the Trikes, others check up on the other herds and dinosaurs. At least the ones that we let open roam like this." Isabella pressed a special tablet pen on her screen which clicked a green button. The screen then flashed from the paper she filled out to a large OK image. She was done now.

"Do they not mind that we're here? I mean, are they used to people driving by on jeeps like in Africa?" Ruby referred to safaris and national parks. She'd grown up watching them with her sister on tv and online. She was always fascinated at how large predators and herbivores would simply go about their days while photographers and researchers got super close to them in jeeps.

"Well, yes and no. This herd is fine with us. They know me, they see me practically every day. And the other vets too. Gyrospheres going by are pretty common and safe. But they don't like when you get too close for comfort."

"I bet they'll get upset and charge at you. I mean, if you're so big, got three horns on your head, you can scare off anyone if you charge at them. Or that's what I'd do if I was a Triceratops."

"I seem to remember that used to be your dream when you were tiny. Member that one Halloween you dressed in a Trike costume and you said, 'I'm gonna be a dinosaur when I grow up!'".

"Isabella!" Ruby shouted embarrassed. Isabella couldn't help but laugh at the memory.

It felt not that long ago. Yet it had been at least ten years prior. Isabella was still in high school, Ruby was just six years old.

The ground rumbled once again to the sound of many footsteps. The sisters turned around and saw emerging from over a hill rise another herd of dinosaurs. With their signature flat plates which stretched across their backs, the Stegosaur walked into the morning light. They were massive creatures just as majestic as the Triceratops. Ruby looked into her camera to zoom in at them. In getting a closer look at the head of the herd, Ruby found she recognized this particular dinosaur.

"Hey Izzy, is that Dolores?"

"Mm hm." Isabella nodded. "That's her alright. That's good 'ol Dolores."

Dolores was the largest of the herd, a great massive animal with green skin from head to the tip of her tail. But there was a bit of pattern in that with Ruby noticing the sides of her body were black striped looking almost painted on. What stood out to Ruby was how massive her back plates were being almost leaf like in shape peeking out along her spine.

The stegosaur let out a loud cry. Ruby turned her camera back on and took a quick snapshot before she started to record. The other stegosaur also let out their cries and it echoed downwards from the hill. More of them emerged and suddenly the Stegosaur were a large line of walking giants. Down the hill the Trikes spotted the spiked backed giants and regarded them with responding calls of their own.

It went back and forth. The Stegosaurus led by Dolores calling out, the Triceratops' replying back. Ruby was grinning ear to ear as she recorded it all. She couldn't believe what she was right in the middle of.

Isabella climbed back down to sit properly in her seat and started the jeep. The noise of the vehicle for a moment grabbed both herds' attention. But Isabella slowly backed away out of the middle of the field between the watering hole and the slope of the hill. She neared the tree line which was a safe distance away. Now Ruby needn't move back and forth as she had a complete view of both herds well within frame.

The Stegosaurus went on the move again, this time however going faster in a gallop. Ruby raised her head as she watched them move quickly in a run, their feet starting a cloud of dust in their wake. They made it to the water with some even jumping in. The Triceratops' let out their cries at the Stegosaurus' but the spiked back herbivores didn't pay them any mind. The green giants continued to drink on.

"They never fight, but there is a bit of a territorial scuffle at times." Isabella spoke up again. Ruby didn't speak. The young teenager was too focused, too excited at watching these live giants simply exist.

Even to watch them simply drink water, let out bellowing cries at each other, this was amazing to Ruby. These were former lords of the earth who ruled far longer than human beings had even existed. Now in this life that Ruby was born into she lived in a time when humans and dinosaurs existed at the same time.

Isabella knew this was good for her sister. She had worried when their parents told her that Ruby was facing difficulties in school. Ruby was a smart kid, very knowledgeable in fields and subjects that far exceeded what she and her peers were being taught. But Ruby was shy and had few – if any – friends. Even when they were young Isabella knew Ruby had trouble with that and especially getting along with other people. It seemed Ruby was the type who'd be picked on no matter what the setting or age.

Then high school came. Ruby's grades had slipped. She'd stopped going to classes and would go spend all her time in parks or computer labs in libraries. Ruby stopped spending time with the few friends she did have. The world was shut out from Ruby and Ruby didn't mind that at all. Granted she wasn't a delinquent in the traditional sense but that didn't stop the Hernandez' worries.

So, Isabella had called their parents. She worked overtime in prior weeks, called in a few favors with HR and even managed to get to Claire's assistant to ask for the weeklong pass. After all of that, Isabella was able to bring Ruby here to the park.

As Isabella watched her sister, she could tell Ruby was feeling a lot better. She looked happy, actually happy. Perhaps one day, if Ruby worked hard enough, she could join her big sister and actually work at the Park.

"Rubes, did you pick a major for college yet?" Isabella didn't want to ask this question. It was the worst question in the world to ask any young person. Even now, with a secure job, having already graduated from University, still to this day the question made Isabella panic.

But she wanted to truly know. Ruby frowned but kept her eyes through her camera, still watching the herds. The commotion had mostly died off and now the Stegosaurus were drinking water calmly. The Stegosaur baby and the Trike baby however had found each other while the adults were focused on the water. The two juveniles began to play at the water's edge now. Ruby wanted to smile at that.

"You know I didn't. Even if I did, it's not like I'm gonna get the job for it. Plus, I don't feel like getting bagged with debt."

Oof. That actually hurts. Isabella thought. Even Masrani, with all his money and resources, still had trouble helping his employees pay off his employees' student loans in full. Curse the American education system!

"Well, whatever you pick, I think something in the sciences might be up your alley. I went for Veterinary Medicine so I could come here and work with the dinosaurs. But there's so much more you can do here besides that."

"Now? I don't think-"

"I don't want to go back. I don't want to go back to high school where nothing you do matters. I don't – no one there cares about anything. If I'm there longer I might become one of them and not care and have no drive to do anything. I can't wait any longer Isabella." Ruby's voice was growing louder as she spoke. Isabella could see the desperation in her sister's eyes

"Ruby, I know things right now seem tough. I know it can get overwhelming, but that's just how most people are at that age. Kids don't like to learn or want to better understand the world like you do. But if you just wait a little longer until-"

"I don't want to wait!" Ruby shouted. Isabella was startled by this. Ruby however seemed to have a bit of trouble breathing. Not only that but Ruby's face began to redden and her eyes welled.

Isabella remembered when she got the call from her mom a while back. She'd said Ruby left school after a particular cruel incident of being teased by her classmates. They didn't know the details of what was said by the bullies or what caused it, but Ruby had gone missing from school. It took hours until their father finally found her at a bus station.

Ruby was a bright kid. A kind, gentle soul. She didn't have a cruel bone in her body. But the world was harsher at times. It pained Isabella to know her sister was hurt like this.

"Ruby... you're 16. You'll be able to go to college in a few years. Then you have the chance to take Masrani's internship like I did. The park wants the best and brightest who've gotten their experience. You just have to be patient."

Isabella hoped Ruby would understand, at least a little bit better. Of course, she knew Ruby already knew this, her sister wasn't a dumb kid. But she was in pain, clearly in a pain that she couldn't express outright. Ruby frowned and she turned back to the camera. Isabella could clearly see tears fall from her sister's eyes. She didn't wipe them away.

Ruby then lifted her gaze from her camera, her eyes now looking out into the distance in surprised. Isabella wasn't sure what suddenly changed the girl's mood until she herself looked forward.

The herds began to let out their calls towards the back hill. The Stegosaur turned around, their backs to the Triceratops' as something else was getting their attention. Then, Isabella saw rising from the hilltop a whole other species of dinosaur, but this one a shorter species with a heavily armored back with spikes and a long club like tail.

"Ankylosaurus? You didn't tell me they were in the valley too." Ruby said as she zoomed in with her camera. She now was getting photos of this classic dinosaur.

"They're not supposed to be..."

The Ankylosaur let out a cry. The Stegosaur replied back. But now these spiked back dinosaurs gathered together forming a long cluster. Dolores was at the front of them letting out their call, but this was more fierce, full of warning and aggression. She raised her front feet and then slammed them down onto the ground. The rest of the herd followed their leader's example.

"He's outnumbered. That's not fair at all." Ruby said.

Yeah, but that doesn't mean he won't put up a fight. Isabella didn't work with the Ankylosaur often. But that was due to the risk potential as they were quite strong and able to take on nearly any other animal. Which was why they were restricted from close up public viewing.

Then there were more cries. The sisters looked and saw to their amazement more Ankylosaur climbing over the hill and reaching their companion. They let out their call now together in a strong coalition. The Stegosaur continued likewise.

"No, no this is bad. This isn't supposed to be happening." Isabella said as she turned the jeep back on.

"Why? They don't seem to be aggressive?" Ruby replied. She continued to observed the herds despite the jeep moving around.

Isabella drove now towards the road all the while raising her walkie talkie. "You don't understand, Ruby. Certain species of dinosaurs can be a harm to other species. Unfortunately, the Ankylosaur don't get along with Trikes or Stegos. More importantly, they shouldn't be in the valley at all."

"What? Why?"

Isabella ignored her sister for the moment. Ruby looked back behind spotting the herds of dinosaurs. They had continued to let out their calls. Through her camera she had a closer view.

She saw the herds charge at each other.

XX

Ricardo sat at the passenger side of the rough terrain vehicle while Naomi Okoye drove across the plains. He felt somewhat overwhelmed at the rough movement of the vehicle bouncing up and down as Naomi sped. The sound of the air breezing past them nearly deafened him. He had one fist at his side curled into a ball, the other was gripping onto the overhead grip.

"Control says that the wall is down. One of the Way Stations lost power the other night. Back when the storm hit."

"But a whole section of the wall? Control should've been alerted about it two days ago."

The vehicle bounced as it rolled over a hill. Ricardo stared downwards and wanted more than anything to curl into a ball. Naomi noticed his discomfort and slowed down as they went down the hill.

"There's something wrong in their tech. You can depend on it all you'd like but machines get turned off, break. Regardless now we have a situation. We've got to round up the herd."

They stopped when they neared the area. Ricardo looked up from his seat and could spot the herd of Ankylosaurus' not far off from them. The young man in spite of himself strapped out of his seat and leaped out of the vehicle, thankful for solid ground, but more interested in the large armored dinosaurs. Naomi followed suit and pulled out a walkie talkie which she spoke into.

"Commander Hamada. We're here on the plains. We can see the Ankylosaurs. Looks like the Trikes and the Stegos left. There doesn't seem to be any injured animals."

"Affirmative. We're just about to get there. ACU is ready to secure the assets." The commander of ACU spoke over the walkie. Naomi put it away as she then approached Ricardo. She was much taller than he and for a moment she was tempted to lean her elbow on the young man. They knew each other well, even casually so, but Naomi opted to be professional in this instance. They were on a job after all.

"I see these animals all the time when I take the Pride on walks. Never got too close though. They're always in sectors away from us."

"Are your animals doing okay now? The male was pretty injured."

"Yes. Luke recovered. We actually performed a test of their speed this morning. They beat it." Ricardo smiled as he said this. Naomi could sense the pride he felt in his animals. He trained them. Raised them. They were like his children.

"Oh? That is interesting. There isn't much progress with the raptors. They've stayed at the same speed. And Mr. Grady, his animals love him, but they're a definite handful."

"Velociraptors and Super Lions are very different beasts. Literally. Plus, it's not a competition."

"Who said it was a competition?"

Ricardo turned away from the herd to look back at Naomi. She was smirking back at him. He sighed as he walked back to the vehicle to gather his equipment.

ACU arrived not long afterwards. Their many vehicles – military grade rovers and jeeps made for warfare – assembled in a long wide fortified line. The members all wore black military uniforms and armor. At the head of them was Commander Hamada, a stone faced man with a dark black moustache. He hopped out of his vehicle and approached Naomi and Ricardo in a strict military gait.

Ricardo didn't really know him well personally. They'd never had a conversation outside of when they'd crossed paths for work and that was only a handful of times. But Naomi knew and worked with Hamada a lot. Ricardo trusted Naomi so he could trust Hamada.

"That's a lot of assets out there. They have armor plating on their backs and clubs on their tails, right?" Hamada asked.

"Correct. We're going to have to send all the vehicles in a swarm. Mr. Torres and I will hopefully separate them with the devices R&D made." Naomi gestured to her vehicle. "Then we'll round them up and guide them back to the wall. Your man is already repairing the Way Station?"

"I've sent several men to guard two techheads from Control. They say a man went missing in the jungle."

"Someone's missing?" Ricardo asked. Naomi put her hand on his shoulder.

"They've got it handled. But if we finish this up early, we can help look for the missing man. Now, Mr. Hamada." Naomi gestured. The ACU Commander nodded as he turned back to instruct the rest of the Unit.

Ricardo followed Naomi back to the vehicle. But this time he climbed to the back of it where a large speaker like device sat on the back of it. He was able to stand and move the device like one might move a mounted gun. Not willing to take any chances the man put on a pair of large protective headphones which would help dampen loud noise to his ear.

Naomi was in the drivers seat and started the vehicle again. She looked to the rest of the ACU who all began to rev their engines. She shook her head at their eagerness for action. Most of them like her were soldiers and the want of battle, the want of excitement, was dangerous if unchecked. But Hamada was a man not to be taken lightly who kept the death seekers in check.

They all heard Hamada over the radio. It was just one word: go.

Hamada took off down the hill. Naomi sped off after. All in the line drove down to descend upon the herd.

Since I'm going back through things, why the hell not add notes talking about the story?

The idea for the Waystations is somewhat canon but also me taking liberties with it. As described in the original novel, Isla Nublar runs on geothermal power. It's called cloudy island (Isla Nublar being that meaning in corrupted Spanish) because of the rainfall and weather sure. But it's also due to the volcanic activity. This is kind of why even after the parks get abandoned in the movies that power can be so easily restored. It's all running on the islands natural heat sources.

The Waystations were my way of further delving into that. That likely when planning the new park and infrastructure, Masrani had these things constructed for greater security purposes, better able to connect all of the island than what was seen in Jurassic Park. But technology no matter how advanced can always go offline. And following the storm from the previous chapters that's what happened here.

A bit dumb but Jim Parkman is named after Jim from The Office. Other than that there isn't a resemblance.

Casey Lightman is named after the protagonist of the movie WarGames because what better fitting name is there for a computer programmer than a 1980s computer programming wizard?

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