

## Adelaide

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# Adelaide

by [LadeyJezzabella](#)

## Summary

Adelaide, like her Grandfather John Hammond, has always been considered an oddity to her family. An avid traveller and writer, she is never in one place for too long.

One chance encounter; an extraordinary island, and a few dinosaurs to boot, change Adelaide's perspective on life, love and herself - in more ways than she could ever imagine.

Ian Malcolm/OC

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# Chapter One - The Island

## Chapter One: The Island

Isla Nublar, 1993

Adelaide

The journey by helicopter transporting Adelaide from the Pacific Coast, to the small tropical island of Isla Nublar, did not take very long. Set with dense, thick jungle and often wrecked with torrential thunderstorms, the once uninhabited patch of land now homed a small collection of very dedicated human beings.

Her Grandfather, John Hammond, being one of those people.

Adelaide viewed the green tops of the trees whip past in a flurry, blanketing the land and rendering it impossible to see what lurked beneath. This was her favourite part about travelling – the not knowing, the guessing, the wondering of what adventure may lay ahead. At 27 years old, she was not shy of experiences. Her travels had taken her all over the globe.

She owed a lot of proficiency to her Grandfather, who from time to time dipped into his pockets and offered her a bit of ‘wee boost’. Her parents refused to acknowledge their daughter anymore and sometimes working wasn’t quite enough to pay the travel expenses.

It was for this reason that she now occupied the descending chopper, the powerful wind sheers causing it to jerk and drop in unexpected intervals (she was grateful not to have eaten lunch yet). Hammond didn’t ask her for much, but when he’d excitedly invited Adelaide to see his new ‘exhibits’, well, her curiosity peeked.

A bonus, was also his promise that she may write an article about her experience on the island. Adelaide did get paid to send in her entries to the Globe Traveller magazine, but her inspiration had run dry as of late. She really needed the fresh story, and what better than the exclusivity of her Grandfather’s endeavour?

Finally, set on solid ground, Adelaide flipped open her seatbelt. A man in kaki-shorts strolled up to the helicopter pad, holding a sandy brown hat onto his head prevent it being blown off. He wore knee length safari socks, with hard wearing boots that matched the overly UV exposed complexion of his face. He looked like one of the men she’d worked with in the South African Bush – all professionalism and stoic seriousness.

“Afternoon, I’m Robert Muldoon, I work for you Grandfather,” He announced in a familiar British accent. Adelaide smiled, taking his hand as he shook hers strongly. His hand was rough and calloused, from years of working outside.

“Nice to meet you, I’m Adelaide but call me Aida,”

“You need help with any bags?” He asked matter of fact, as she swung her backpack over her shoulder.

“Oh no, I only travel light,” She gestured to said bag and the man nodded, beckoning her forwards and jumping down off the platform. Adelaide followed him eagerly, her laced boots crunching on the gravel.

“I’m going to have to be quick dropping you off, if you don’t mind. A few of the...assets, have been giving us trouble,” He said this with a tang of disapproval in his tone, dark eyes forward as they sped off into the trees. A road meandered through the thick brush, sometimes the leaves or branches hitting the windows as if trying to claw inside the vehicle.

“I would love to know what these assets are, Granddad has been extremely secretive,” Adelaide hinted, seeing the man’s lips twitch a bit.

“You’ll get nothing out of me jongeen’,”

“jy ken Afrikaans? (You speak Afrikaans?)” She asked and smiled when he turned to her in surprise. People, she found, were often surprised by her.

“I lived in South Africa for many years,” Robert nodded his head.

“I volunteered out there for a year,” Adelaide spied a large set of gates, at least a good mile away, but she couldn’t make out the writing. They were impressively large, made, it would seem, to create an impression. “So, this is some sort of park...? Like...an amusement park?”

Muldoon just tapped the side of his nose and she sighed, leaning back and continuing to gaze out of the window until the jeep finally crunched to a halt.

When she stepped from the vehicle her nose was immediately assaulted by the smell of thick, dense humidity. It was jungle heat, the type no one understood properly until they felt it for themselves. It hit you like a wall and made you instantly wish you were wearing less clothing.

Adelaide turned to see her Grandfather hurriedly hobbling down a set of steps, his walking stick clacking over the concrete. John Hammond was the eccentric of her family, the one they all talked about with exasperated sighs and rolled eyeballs. He outstretched his arms in welcome. “Adelaide! My dear girl!”

“Hey Granddad!” She beamed, embracing the old man tightly.

“Let me look at you then,” Hammond regarded her with a warm look in his eyes, which were covered with his square rimmed specks. “You get more beautiful every time I see you! She is stunning is she not Robert?” - Adelaide blushed as he continued - “Well, you are! Thank you for bringing her my friend,”

“It’s not a problem John, anytime. I’m sure I will be seeing you around soon, good to meet you,” Muldoon tipped his hat towards Adelaide who smiled at him brightly.

“You too! Thanks!” She heard his jeep roar to life as she turned back to her Granddad. “I’m dying to know this secret of yours, will you not at least tell me something?”

“All in good time, my dearest. First things first, I will show you to your rooms for the weekend, and then I’ve had our chef rustle up a spectacular lunch – I hope you’re a fan of enchiladas – we spared no expense you know!” Hammond led her forwards, babbling away at ninety miles per hour. He had not changed, well, save for the greyness of his hair and the prominent crow’s-feet in the corners of his eyes. She always suspected her Granddad would outlast them all – but age, it seemed, caught up with everyone in the end.

By the time they sat down for lunch, Adelaide was starving. She learned that including she, Lexi and Tim, there would also be four others joining them for the park tour. Two palaeontologists – Alan Grant and his partner, Ellie Sattler. Both experts in their fields. The third was a Lawyer, Donald Gennaro who had been instructed to inspect the park for future investors based on safety and profitability. He had invited the fourth guest, Dr Ian Malcolm. Her Granddad’s voice lilted in annoyance at the mention of the man, who was a Mathematician and a Chaotician (whatever that was).

Adelaide was quite excited she would be exposed to such intelligent people. She often wondered what direction her life would have taken if she’d taken the path her parents planned out for her. After completing her English degree (which was a waste of a degree – according to them), her father was adamant she finalised her education with a masters and PhD qualifications. Adelaide decided against it – she wanted real life experiences, whilst she was young enough to acquire them.

Life was short, and she did not intend to waste it.

“When will these other guests of yours be arriving then?” Adelaide asked Hammond after they’d stuffed themselves with excellent food. She finished the rest of her glass of white wine, thoroughly enjoying the time spent with her Grandfather.

“Tomorrow morning. I will go and fetch them myself – I would have come for you today dear but we’ve had a few issues with our attractions,” He looked regretful, the man did know how to worry.

“It’s no problem, I’ve travelled through rural China by myself. I think I can handle a helicopter ride,” She said teasingly, then looked at him in all seriousness. “Honestly though Granddad, you can’t keep me in suspense until tomorrow!”

Hammond chuckled at her, thoroughly enjoying the game he was playing. “Fine fine, follow me and we will go for our own little adventure around Jurassic Park,”

## Chapter Two - Are Those Dinosaurs?

Chapter Two: Are those dinosaurs!?

Adelaide

Adelaide was never speechless.

Much like her Granddad, she could talk for England and usually never stopped until someone told her to shut up. This, however, took the biscuit.

Muldoon and Hammond were both chuckling to themselves at her reactions – muttering about how they ‘should have brought a camera’, whilst her mouth remained open to catch flies as she gazed at the creatures before her.

“So...when you said ‘attractions’ or ‘assets’ you meant...you meant dinosaurs?” Adelaide clutched the wooden fencing of the paddock, where at least six Triceratops grazed on the lush foliage. The beasts were covered in thick, grey skin much like a rhinoceros, with two long, sharp horn protruding from their foreheads. Behind these defences lay a frill, which reminded Adelaide of the neck collars they used to wear in Tudor times from the pictures in her history books.

“Yes, aren’t they marvellous?” Hammond gushed, his Scottish accent thickening the more animated he became. The dinosaurs emitted occasional groaning noises, the sound deep enough to vibrate through her entire body.

“This is...unbelievable.”

“Do you know much about dinosaurs?” Muldoon asked her as he approached the fence, hat spinning in his hand absentmindedly.

“Nothing at all,” She admitted, laughing slightly, sky-blue eyes as wide as saucers. “I mean, everyone knows the basics I guess...but...” Adelaide gestured towards the dinosaurs to finish her sentence. “I’m guessing your knowledge is much better than mine,”

Robert nodded slightly, face fix in concentration. The animals were surrounded by two fences: the one she and Muldoon currently leant against, and another, much larger electrified fence. “I am familiar. Know more about the carnivores though, they are my focus here. They may be amazing to look at, but these are real, living, breathing beings that are extremely dangerous. The herbivores are...manageable...but the others...” He tailed off, seemingly catching himself before he said too much.

“I’ve seen what a rhinoceros can do to a fully-grown man. I have no qualms in showing these animals the respect they deserve,” Adelaide caught sight of her Grandfather talking rather energetically with another member of staff. She turned her gaze back to the triceratops, one

of the large creatures giving another one a nudge in the behind. The afflicted animal gave an annoyed grunt and the pair started to squabble – displaying typical herd type behaviour.

“You seem to have your head screwed onto your shoulders, that’s good. We need more like you around here,” Muldoon said.

“It is screwed on, right? I mean, I kind of still can’t believe what I’m seeing,” She responded, earning a chuckle from the man beside her.

“Unfortunately, you are perfectly sane,”

“Adelaide! Come this way my dear, we have a few infants I think you would love to see!” Hammond cried, beckoning her over with his hands. He resembled a school boy who’d just been given a bathroom pass – completely beside himself with excitement.

It was late evening by the time Adelaide finally threw her pyjamas on, letting the cold breeze from the air conditioning drift over her body. The view from her room was spectacular: the cliffs ascended upwards, meandering away from the base slightly to reveal the jagged, rough rocks of the face. The tempestuous, unruly sea crashed into the shore in wild, untameable waves – mother nature showing off her true power.

She let out a sigh, pulling her thick brunette curls from the tight ponytail and feeling her scalp instantly relax. Dark hair, blue eyes, pale skin – she got this from her father’s side, who were of Irish descent. It often meant she burnt more than anything else in hot countries, so factor 50 travelled with her wherever she went. Due to years of working outdoors, walking, hiking and promptly throwing up when foreign cuisine turned her stomach, she was physically fit and lean.

Throwing herself down on the comfortable queen sized bed, Adelaide picked up the phone from her bedside table and dialled a familiar number.

“Hello?” Dereck’s voice sounded from the other end. His voice was gruff, and she realised with the time difference she’d probably woken him up.

“Hey, it’s me Adelaide. Sorry, didn’t mean to wake you,”

“No, no it’s all good, I wasn’t sleepin’ anyway,” She could hear him scrambling around and smiled, knowing he was lying about the sleeping thing. “How was your trip?”

“It’s been...something. I can’t tell you any details but...my Grandad has really done it this time,” Adelaide heard him chuckle deeply.

“Sounds interesting, it’ll give you something juicy to write about at least. When did you say you’re coming back?”

“It’s a weekend thing, so Monday. Don’t worry, I think you’ll be able to cope without me,” She teased, rolling over onto her back and staring up at the ceiling. Dereck, a guy she’d met out on her travels, had reconnected with her back in New York where they were both based. He was charming, good looking, and they were both avid adventure seekers. They’d been

dating now for going on 10 months and were now getting to the 'serious' stage (which for the two travellers was something of a marvel).

"Cool...so er...what are you wearing?"

Adelaide burst into laughter down the phone. "Ew, Dereck, they probably have these phones bugged!"

"Ah, worth a shot," The teasing of his tone made her laugh again. "Seriously though, I am going to miss you until you come back. Don't get so preoccupied with this new venture that you forget all about me,"

"As if I could! Although the chef my Granddad hired is amazing..."

"Marry him then, watch how much you regret it when you get all fat,"

"How dare you! Maybe you should learn to cook once and a while!" Adelaide and Dereck continued to banter back and forth for a while longer, before her eyes began to droop and she was forced to say goodnight. The pillows were beautifully fluffy, and as she drifted to sleep, she could swear she heard the distant, alien roars of a previously extinct animal.

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As per usual, Adelaide rose just after dawn. She laid out her matt on the balcony and did 30 minutes of yoga in the fast approaching heat of the island, stretching out her muscles and clearing her mind. Adelaide was quite flexible – she'd learned this at the age of seven, when her Mother forced her to participate in ballet. Flexible she may be, but graceful most certainly not. It took her a good few months of tearful tantrums to eventually persuade her Mum to let her pursue other activities.

After a quick shower she headed off to find her Granddad, who said he'd meet her for breakfast before collecting his guests. She found him out on the veranda overlooking the largest lake on the island. It was teeming with prehistoric life and Adelaide found herself watching in awe for a while.

"Good morning Aida, please come and join me," He motioned, the table he sat at full of fruit, cereals, toast, eggs and everything in between. "How did you sleep?"

"Absolutely amazing, those beds are to die for. Can I have one?" She laughed, grabbing a piece of grapefruit and sinking her teeth into it.

"I don't see why not my dear, I can have it arranged in no time-"

"I was joking, Granddad," Adelaide interrupted with a mouth now full of toast.

"Ah, I am too slow for youthful jokes these days!" His eyes twinkled, large hands cupping a small mug of piping hot tea. "I cannot wait to show you and our guests around, it will be spectacular, marvellous!"



“I can’t wait to be honest, what you’ve done here....well, what I’ve seen is just incomprehensible. Are you sure you are ok with me writing about this?”

“Well, like I told you, you will have to wait until we are officially open of course, but please, I would love you to write about our park in your travel magazine!”

“It’s not my magazine, Grandad,” Adelaide said. “Remember I sent you the clippings from it the last one?”

“Yes yes! The wee one you wrote about Singapore was a sure page turner. This travel writing lark is definitely a thing of the future,” Hammond mused with earnest. “And we are all about being as modern as we can around here,”

“Well they are saying it won’t be that long until we have the internet in our homes, and that they will be putting up webpages with all the information you will ever need, right at the click of a button! Isn’t that amazing?” Adelaide rambled excitedly. “Books will literally become obsolete. Not that I think that’s a great idea, I mean, I love books. But think about it – being able to access content wherever you are in the world, contact people without having to use a phone?”

“It will surely be a marvel,” Her Grandad agreed. “I would suggest you talk to Nedry, he’s the top man around here for that sort of talk, but he’s a bit of a...well, to not piss around the pot, wanker,”

Adelaide almost spat out her own tea at his profanity, finding old people using bad language amusing. “I will take your word for it,”

“Mr Hammond, your chopper has arrived, they are ready to collect you,” One of her Grandfather’s employees voiced from the threshold. The waiter’s eyes swept over Adelaide – he was young, probably around nineteen, and he seemed to appreciate what he was seeing. She rolled her eyes, her Granddad completely oblivious to it.

“Right! Well, I’d better be off. Important guests to see to,” He pushed himself up with his cane, hat popping onto his head. “Aida, will you stay here and greet Lexi and Tim for me? I would get them myself but these guests are highly important, very VIP,”

“You go, go go go and I will see you later,” Adelaide ushered him out of the door, bidding him goodbye and returning to her breakfast. The kids would be arriving soon and by that point, no one would be getting any peace or quiet.

## Chapter Three - Ian Malcolm

### Chapter Three: Ian Malcolm

Adelaide

“Did you know that I’ve read Dr Alan Grant’s book nearly seven times already? He’s got some cool theories, about dinosaurs turning into birds. Most people think they are more like lizards, but he says that velociraptors have more in common with birds than we could ever imagine. They even found fossils of velociraptors with feathers on them! What could be more conclusive than that?” Timmy - the boy who did not stop talking. Her younger cousin was as sharp as a tac and barely stopped for breath in between sentences. “and the T-rex, one of the biggest dinosaurs ever-”

“Timmy, do us all a favour and shut up.” Lexi snapped as she rolled her eyes to the heavens.

“How about you shut up, you computer nerd!”

“Hey! Both of you behave.” Adelaide said sternly, pointing at the pair of them. “Or I’ll find these raptors you are on about and see what they have to say,” She laughed overdramatically like an evil overload, sending both Lexi and Timmy into fits of laughter.

Lexi had grown up so much since Adelaide had last seen her – she had beautiful golden blond hair and sparkling green eyes, much like her Mom. She was at that pre-teen, ‘puberty is just hitting me’ age, the likes of which had no patience for an annoying little brother.

“When do we get to see dinosaurs?” Tim asked impatiently.

“I dunno kiddo. I am meeting with the other guests to see the labs and then I think we can go explore after that?” Adelaide shrugged apologetically to the bored looking kid.

“Why can’t we go to the labs?”

Adelaide pondered his question for a moment. These kids were smart, so she wasn’t getting away with excuses like ‘you wouldn’t understand any of it’. “Well...Granddad is showing around some really important people, you see, I guess they want to keep the crowds in there to a minimum.”

Tim’s little face screwed up in deep thought for a moment, before he smiled. “Yeah, that makes sense.”

Eventually an equilibrium settled over the trio and they continued to chat idly over ice cream. The sweet treats had been laid out for the children in mind, however, Adelaide was not one to turn down a bowl of jelly.

It was nearing mid-afternoon which meant it would not be long before her Grandfather arrived. She made herself a green tea and poured into her thermo mug, trying to ignore the odd butterflies in her stomach.

Adelaide never got nervous about anything. Not even job interviews made her feel jittery – she always figured if it was meant to be then it was meant to be. Most of the jobs she'd gone for were on her travels, dive bars or equally questionable restaurants, so employers were often happy to oblige without question.

Maybe the critters in her stomach were due to the incomprehensible idea of this island and the animals that resided there. Only her Granddad could be responsible for something so unconventional. Adelaide should have known by now not to be surprised by his antics, the eccentric streak was in his blood. She put away the fear of the unknown, and decided the best option was to keep her mind and judgments as unbiased as possible. Besides, she'd always been a fan of the bizarre.

Lex and Tim were still in the dining room when she re-entered, having nipped into the kitchen to get her tea. The two seemed quite happy to continue gorging themselves with sweet treats and Adelaide couldn't find the heart to tell them to stop. She'd always been a softie when it came to kids. If she ever had her own – well, they would be spoilt rotten, that was a certainty.

"Miss Adelaide, your Grandpa sent for you, said to go to the visitor centre," The youthful brown haired waiter breathed, rushing over and skidding to a sudden halt.

"Please, call me Aida – we're not in the Victorian times," She told him with a grin. "They have you running all over the place, don't they?" Adelaide spied his badge that red 'Andy' and wondered how she hadn't spotted it before.

"Well it's a good job and Mr Hammond pays really well," Andy shrugged, peering around her shoulder. "These the kids I got to look after?"

"I'm afraid so. Good luck!" Adelaide beamed, sending the boy a wink before sauntering off to find her Grandfather, not missing his look of utter disdain as he stared at the arguing children.

...

Ian

Dinosaurs.

The man had gone and created living, breathing dinosaurs. It wasn't enough to just display a few fossils in a museum or create animatronics of the things. John Hammond had to go and unleash a force more powerful than anything else in the world. Genetic manipulation.

How it had been done? This was the burning question on the minds of all three scientists. Ian had to admit that for once in his life, he'd been speechless. He wasn't as adept with dinosaurs as he really ought to be. This became obvious as he stared at the giant long necked creature from his position in the jeep with no clue to its actual name.

He'd had to laugh to himself, because the irony of the whole situation was blaringly obvious.

The chaotician in a dinosaur park.

Around twenty minutes later, the five of them paced up the steps towards the visitor centre. Four of these still in utter bewilderment, though a couple displayed this emotion far louder than Ian or Gennaro. Dr Grant had only just recovered and managed to walk on his legs again – with the help of Dr Sattler – much to everyone's amusement.

Ian was dying to know if she and Dr Grant were a thing. Dr Sattler seemed just his type; intelligent, tenacious and easy on the eyes. He figured flirting with the blond woman would probably incite a reaction from Alan Grant and make it very easy for him to determine their relationship status.

He mused over this for a moment, eyes catching the fossil of a T-Rex hanging from the ceiling in the centre of the room, with two curved sets of steps either side. John led them up one of the staircases slowly, his pace hindered with his need for a cane. In the years Ian had known John, he'd never really shown any signs of ageing. The man had always seemed... invincible.

“-no we have made, living biological attractions, so astounding that they'll capture the imagination of the entire world!” Hammond, as usual, just kept talking. Ian hung at the back, feeling more comfortable bringing up the rear so he knew exactly what was going on.

“So, what are you thinking?” Ellie asked Alan, her voice almost apprehensive.

“Huh, that we're out of a job,” Was Dr Grant's reply.

Ian, never one to miss an opportunity, flashed them both a white grin as he jogged besides Grant. “Don't you mean extinct?” He chuckled to himself, because, well, the joke was hilarious. The Doctors merely rolled their eyes at each other. Ian was well used to that reaction, even his own pops had long lost his patience for his antics.

“Ah, my dear!” Hammond cried out as they all got to the top of the foyer, various members of staff cleaning and painting the newly built structure. The place was bustling with activity and Ian quickly comprehended the seriousness of John's venture.

He was thrown out of this realisation as the figure of a young woman emerged before the group, a large smile on her perfectly plump lips.

“This is my fantastic Granddaughter, Adelaide,” John looked everything like a Grandfather should. His eyes literally shone with adoration for the young woman besides him, who had flushed a little under everyone's scrutiny.

Ian couldn't help but be blown over by her. She was absolutely stunning – from her paler than pale skin, to the thick, dark brunette curls cascading over her shoulders.

“Hello,” She smiled softly, her English accent oozing from her tongue like smooth melted butter. “Please call me Aida,”

Grandpa John proceeded to introduce everybody one by one, the young woman's cheeks still slightly rosy from all the attention. Ian shook her hand firmly, pleasantly surprised by the very firm grip she gave back. Her large blue eyes searched his face. The gaze felt penetrative, as if she could read his very thoughts with just one look. He absurdly felt his heart racing, having never experienced such an aged look from a person of her young years.

“So er, does crazy run in the family or is it just reserved for your uh, Grandpa?” He asked Aida. On reflection, Ian realised this may have come off slightly rude. Ok, very rude, but he said it with a smirk and a glint in his eyes, hoping the lady in front of him had the acumen to understand.

Adelaide didn't break eye contact, those large orbs of caerulean regarding him, head inclined upwards. “Oh...what makes you think my Grandad is the crazy one?” Her full lips crinkled into a mischievous smile, finally breaking his gaze as she turned to follow the others.

With Adelaide's hair swishing as she walked, Ian stared after her with a large grin on his face – thinking only one thing:

I'm going to marry that woman.

## Chapter Four - Baby Velociraptors

### Chapter Four – Baby Velociraptors

Adelaide

Dr Sattler had a familiar look about her. Adelaide had worked with women like her in the past, strong minded, very smart and tough as nails. She was slimmer than Adelaide and maybe a few inches taller, her skin a golden tan that could only have been achieved from working in the sun. She also noticed the woman's fingernails were ragged and full of dirt and dust, the likes of which meant Ellie was no stranger to hard graft.

Her partner, Dr Grant, had an older look about him. Adelaide figured they were a couple, but there was a definite age gap. He had sandy brown hair, with the same level of sun exposure as Ellie. The lines on his face were prominent, especially his jowls, however he still appeared quite physically adept.

Then there was the tall, dark and handsome Dr Malcolm, still lingering behind the pack as they moved towards what her Granddad described as 'the most stimulating bit of the tour'.

Adelaide admitted his confident demeanour and warm hand sent her heart in a flutter. Not the type to get starry eyed or pathetic around men, she'd mentally scolded herself. Ian Malcolm was the sort of man who knew the effect he had on women; his sly smirk said it all. He was no stranger to 'playing the field' and was the sort of male her friend Lianne would call 'a hot damn shower of sexy trouble'.

"You're Grandfather is a genius you know," The Lawyer, Donald Gennaro, said to Adelaide with an expression of determination on his aged features. "This place will be in the history books, no doubt about it,"

Adelaide regarded him for a moment. The man was short in stature, with grey hair and a grey suit paired hilariously with a pair of khaki shorts. Everything about him screamed 'office' – his briefcase carried around like a baby, the softness of his hand when they'd been introduced. Only someone who worked with computers and files all day had hands like that. Not that Adelaide judged him, each to their own, but she would have rather died than be stuck at a desk for the rest of her life.

"I see you've already made up your mind about the park, then?" Adelaide said to Gennaro, feeling Dr Malcolm's presence not too far behind them.

Her Grandfather refused to go into details about the incident that occurred in the park. Adelaide wanted to pry, but the look on his face kept her lips sealed. Whatever the

occurrence, it proved bad enough for Hammond to be under extreme scrutiny - so this visit going smoothly was especially vital.

Gennaro, however, seemed already sold. "I can safely say getting investment for this place is now a done deal,"

Adelaide didn't miss the snort from Mr Handsome, choosing to keep her eyes ahead as she felt her cheeks heating up. "Maybe see the rest of it first?"

"Don't need to, but it gets me out of the office so I'm not complaining," With that, the conversation was over.

They were led into what looked like a small cinema, rows of plush red seats facing a projection on the wall, the words 'Jurassic Park' lit up in amber. Adelaide made her way into the first row. It didn't escape her notice that Ian Malcolm strode after her, settling himself down and flashing her a cheeky smile.

The man could probably get her to do anything with a smile like that.

His thigh rested against hers, the heat from his body and the smell of his slightly thick cologne making her feel a bit heady. Adelaide suddenly wished she'd sat back a row with her Grandfather.

"Bit late for uh, coffee ain't it?" Ian said mutedly to Adelaide, head tilted to see her properly. She considered if he really thought it was too late in the day for coffee, or if he simply wanted to start a conversation with her.

"It's green tea," She replied.

Ian pulled a disgusted face, evidently not a herbal tea guy. "You like drinking that stuff?"

"It's not so bad once you get used to it," Adelaide very inappropriately noticed how low his shirt was buttoned, revealing a hint of his tanned chest. His skin was light tawny in colour, hair black, thick and curly. She couldn't really see Ian's eyes with those dark glasses perched on his straight nose but could only assume they were brown. A necklace sat below his clavicle, a silver pendant shaped like a leaf.

"You should probably stop checking me out, your uh, Grandpa is only there," Ian whispered almost comically, forcing her eyes to snap up to his. Adelaide narrowed them at him in annoyance, folding her arms as she glanced ahead.

"I was looking at your necklace, actually," She responded.

"Ah, sure. This piece of junk? If you like it, you can uh have it," He was giving her that sneaky, sexy smile again and she fought to keep from blushing for the fiftieth time that afternoon.

"You just said it's a piece of junk, why would I want it from you?"

“Somethin’ to remember me by,” Ian flashed her a wink. Adelaide rolled her eyes as she gave a small chuckle at his audacity. She took a deep breath quietly, feeling like a silly teenager again, experiencing a crush for the first time.

“Right everyone sssh now!” Her Grandad called out, effectively shutting everyone up. Ian focused his attention, as did the others, on Hammond. He stood next to the projected screen whilst a duplicate of him appeared in a black suit, starting to speak in his usual, happy Scottish tone. “Ah right, hold on I have lines,”

They all watched in fascination as he interacted with himself for a short while, before the animation moved on to talk about cloning dinosaurs. A floating DNA strand with eyes and a mouth began buzzing around and speaking with a rather thick Southern accent. It described how the geneticists at Jurassic Park used the blood from mosquitos frozen in amber over a million years ago, mixed it with the DNA of frogs, and thus created baby dinosaurs.

A couple of times during the animation, Ian turned his head to grin at her, finding the whole thing terribly amusing. To an intelligent man like him, the video must have seemed rather childish and rudimentary, but Adelaide needed subjects such as this explained to her in layman’s terms.

“Well, this score is only temporary of course, it will all be very dramatic – hasn’t been written yet...and then the tour moves on!” Her Granddad said as Adelaide craned her neck to look at the old man. He pressed a button in his hand and the metal bars in front of them lowered down to their laps. Simultaneously, the whole platform began to rotate, leaving behind the projection room at a slow, steady pace.

“Weee,” Ian murmured under his breath, though loud enough for Adelaide to hear it. She snorted into her mug.

All at once they were seeing a lab with men and women in white coats. The thick southern DNA voice continued to speak, though Adelaide had long stopped listening to it, more interested in the hustle and bustle of the laboratory. Dr Grant and Dr Sattler were like two fidgety kids in car seats, wriggling around in exasperation.

“Well, wait a minute how do you interrupt the cellular mitosis?” Alan cried out, his hand gesturing at the disappearing Lab.

Ellie turned to her Grandfather quickly. “Can we see the unfertilised eggs?”

“What other species do you have?” Adelaide piped up, as curious as the rest of them. “Can you make a giant frog?”

Ian outright laughed at her question, whilst the others peered at John like eager puppies awaiting dinner time. “Shortly my dears, shortly,”

Dr Grant, however, was not going to be contained. “Can’t you stop these things?” He asked, trying to push up the barrier.



“I’m afraid it’s sort of a ride,” Her Grandfather answered. Evidently not satisfied, Alan, Ellie and Ian proceeded to hoist up the metal safety poles and leap to their feet.

“You comin’ tree frog?” Malcolm said to her teasingly, his full lips curved into one hell of a smirk. Adelaide quickly followed suit, shrugging her shoulders as she passed her Granddad, both he and the Lawyer appearing rather perturbed at the easy escape.

Before she could jump down from the platform, Ian halted and held out his hand. Adelaide slipped her small fingers into his large palm, allowing him to aid her, even if the height of the step didn’t particularly warrant it. “Thanks,” She murmured, ignoring the skittish sensation in her gut his touch elicited. The tall man allowed Adelaide ahead of him, so she had no choice but to hurry to catch up with Alan and Ellie.

Eventually, her Grandfather caught up with the deviants. They stood in the hallway as the door for the lab required a key card – one which he begrudgingly used to allow them entrance. The labs themselves were still teeming with life. Telescopes and all manner of high-end gadgets (that she had no idea the name of) stood on the work benches. The entire place smelled strongly of disinfectant and rubber gloves, nothing natural about it at all. For a moment it reminded her of the hospital in Botswana, the sterile white walls feeling as if they were closing in on her from all sides.

“You ok there, tree frog?”

Ian’s voice took her by surprise. If he could be any closer he may as well have been inside her black vest, the strong smell of his aftershave wafting into her nose. “Oh...yeah, I’m fine,” Adelaide responded almost robotically. She wasn’t about to share her emotional strains to a man she barely knew, even if said man seem to be able to read her emotions like a book. How had he known she wasn’t comfortable in the lab? It wasn’t as if she visibly displayed her discomfort, in fact, Adelaide was very good at hiding her feelings at the best of times.

He may have been about to respond, but Alan and Ellie both made excitable noises and were moving to a rounded table. Adelaide spied a large, mechanical arm moving in jerking motions, using a metallic hand to pick up eggs. They were as large as ostrich eggs, if not bigger, nestled within a bed of dried moss and leaves.

She spied one of the white shelled eggs beginning to twitch – it was hatching.

“Perfect timing! I’d hoped they’d hatch before we had to go to the boat,” An oriental man in a white lab coat chimed happily, holding a clip board in his hands. His demeanour was very relaxed, evidently, he’d seen this process many times before.

Adelaide wasn’t sure how she felt about the whole situation. It seemed rather...clinical, to raise a group of babies in a lab with a robot mother turning the eggs. She’d worked with animals all over the world and knew full well the advantages of any species being raised by its own kind, in its own environment.

Her Grandfather’s smile couldn’t have gotten any wider. “Henry Henry! Why didn’t you tell me? You know I love to be here when they hatch, I insist on being present at every birth here in Jurassic Park!”

“Isn’t this just thrilling?” Malcolm’s tone wreaked of sarcasm, and again, he’d managed to somehow manoeuvre himself as close as possible to Adelaide. Did the man have no concept of personal space? It seemed he was only speaking to her, as the others made no response as they gazed at the egg. “I don’t think I’ve ever been so fascinatingly disgusted by something in my life,”

“I’m not sure how I feel about it all, either,” Adelaide responded, the baby inside it’s shell starting to push its way out like a young bird. Its tiny, gooey head popped out and it started chirping, tiny little teeth protruding from minuscule jaws.

“They imprint on the first creature they come in contact with, helps them to trust me,” Hammond peeled bits of shell from its body. She could see its little arms flailing about, about as helpless and vulnerable as any new born infant. The little thing drew out her mothering instincts, as what new little baby wouldn’t? Adelaide couldn’t help but be charmed by it – but in the back of her mind a voice still screamed ‘it’s a predator and will grow to be extremely dangerous, stay away!’.

“I’ve been present for every little birth on this island,” Her Grandfather lifted the dinosaur into his gloved palms gently.

“Surely er, not the ones born in the wild?” Ian piped up.

“They can’t breed in the wild, population control is of the highest priority. There is no unauthorised breeding in Jurassic park,” Henry, the oriental man, informed Ian as he watched her Granddad handling the baby.

Malcolm cast Adelaide a look that she knew full well meant ‘yeah, well watch me do some unauthorised breeding’, and she fought the urge to smack him upside the head. “How can you stop them breeding in the wild?” She asked Henry, pretty sure she was red in the face. “I mean...what’s to stop them?”

“All the dinosaurs in Jurassic Park are female. We’ve engineered them that way,”

“Oh.” She said, accepting his explanation as Ian shrank back a bit from the group.

“But, er, again, how do you know they’re all female? What does somebody go into the park and lift up the dinosaur’s skirts?” Ian pushed, causing both Adelaide and Ellie to laugh slightly at his choice of words.

“We control their chromosome, it’s really not that difficult. All vertebrate embryos are inherently female anyway, they just require an extra hormone given at the right developmental stage to make them male, we simply deny them that.” Henry explained, his voice a little strained as Ian began to irritate him. He also seemed to have an air of arrogance about him, a confidence that Adelaide was all too familiar with.

“Deny them that?” Ellie asked this as Adelaide would – how could one deny an animal something that was a natural right?

“John, the kind of control you’re attempting is eh, not possible. If one thing the history of evolution has taught us is life cannot be contained, life breaks free, it expands to new territories, through barriers, painfully, maybe even dangerously but uh...well, there it is,” Ian said sitting on a stool behind them, his hands moving around quite frequently with his speech. Adelaide considered his words – in her experience, animals were as nature intended, wild, free and untameable. Nature always had an answer or a repercussion, it always strived to balance itself out and like Ian said, sometimes that was an arduous process.

“There it is.” Her Grandad agreed with a sharp nod of his head, the words said through gritted teeth as his smile faltered. As much as he valued other opinions, Adelaide doubted he was coping very well with Ian’s intent on clashing with him on every turn.

“Are you suggesting that a group of animals that are entirely female will, breed?” Henry’s condescending tone did not go amiss.

“Well actually, there are types of fish that change sex spontaneously – I read it in a book once.” Adelaide interjected.

“These animals are not fish, it is improbable to compare one species to another and pertain a convincing argument. I suggest doing more research before you try to join a scientific conversation, rather than pointing something out that you ‘read in a book once’.”

“She’s not wrong though. Many other species show the same behaviours, not just fish,” Dr Grant, who Adelaide had thought to be too distracted by the little dino baby in his hands, spoke up from across the room. He was a relatively quiet man, Adelaide had noticed, until he got excited about something.

“We have gone to extreme precautions to make sure no breeding goes on in this park without our knowledge. Believe it or not, we do know what we’re doing here,” Henry checked something off his list with a pencil, clearly fed up with the conversation.

Adelaide pulled a face at him whilst he wasn’t looking, and Ian snorted, hiding his laugh behind his hand. He cleared his throat. “Look, all I’m saying is life finds a way,”

“Henry...what species is this?” Alan still held the creature in his palms, looking down at the squirming thing with wide eyes.

“It’s a velociraptor,” Henry replied nonchalantly, eyes on his list.

“You bred raptors?!”

## Chapter Five - Feeding Time

### Chapter Five – Feeding Time

Adelaide

Henry Wu had royally pissed her off. He'd basically called her stupid, well, called everyone stupid, just for being sceptical of his so called 'control over breeding'. Adelaide did not like people assuming things about her or judging her merely because she was a young woman. She'd been underestimated many times in the past, particularly by men. For some reason they believed her capability only stretched to looking pretty and smiling. Why did they always want her to smile?!

"So uh, tree frog-" Apparently Ian's nickname for her had stuck. "- don't let that arrogant son of bitch get to you, he's one of those clever but stupid types,"

Adelaide watched him as he strode easily beside her, the top of her head barely reaching his broad shoulders. Once again, the man had easily read her emotions, pin pointing exactly what had been going on in her mind. "He sure thinks highly of himself. I mean yeah, I get it. What they've achieved is great and I'm no scientist for sure, but putting people down like that? It's just...urgh."

"Very eloquent indeed," Ian teased – his white teeth flashing brilliantly in the sun.

"Yeah yeah, whatever Mr 'Life finds a way'," She mimicked his words from earlier, putting an airy tone to her voice as she grinned up at him.

"I resent that comment," He said with the imitation of offence. The smile on his lips remained, both grinning like idiots without any notion of the world around them. It was only when Adelaide cast her eyes over to the rest of the group, that she spied her Grandfather staring at them both in disapproval.

It took her back to her teenage years, when she'd gone out with a young lad named Jamie Daniels. Her dad caught them both kissing (there may have been some groping going on too) in the den, and sent the young boy packing - much to her dismay. Adelaide had been forbidden to see him ever again because 'he wasn't the sort of boy our family associate with'.

Not that it ever stopped her, of course. It was with Jamie that she lost her virginity and pulled a whitey – all in the same night.

"What are they doing?" Dr Grant's question, thankfully, distracted her Grandad from she and Ian. The Doctor alluded to a large black cow, being airlifted over a small enclosure.

“That’s a cow.” Adelaide breathed. “That’s a whole cow.”

“Uh, yah, absolutely right,” Ian responded, earning a glower from her.

“They’re feeding them,” Rather grimly, Hammond gestured to the paddock. “But lunch? Why don’t we eat first, eh?”

Adelaide was already bypassing the old man and racing up the steps two at a time, her inquisitiveness peaked.

“Aida be careful for goodness sake!” Her Grandad called from behind. “Don’t slip over now!”

The cow was mooing pathetically and although Adelaide wasn’t a vegetarian, she still felt sorry for the poor thing. The others had followed her up quickly as she pushed herself up slightly on the railings to get a better look inside the enclosure. Her view was obscured by a variety of jungle plants, the leaves obscuring whatever lurked below and effectively swallowing the cow as its journey was concluded with a final creak of the crane.

Adelaide could see the trees and plants being jostled around frenziedly, low growling noises encompassing the enclosure. High-pitched, feral screeching that sounded otherworldly hit the audience’s eardrums like the squeal of faulty audio equipment, her eardrums ringing from the pitch. She winced, tempted to cover her ears as the cow was ripped to pieces by the evidently hungry creatures, the cows sorrowful wailing silenced quickly.

She continued to watch with her mouth hanging open.

“They should all be destroyed.” Robert Muldoon’s severe voice sounded as he paced up the stairs, eyeing the group knowingly.

“Ah, this is Robert, Robert Muldoon, bit of an alarmist I’m afraid but knows more about raptors than anyone,” Her Grandad introduced.

Robert tipped his hat to Adelaide in greeting and she smiled back, before trying to peer back down at the raptors. She really wanted to see one in the flesh, her mind trying to conjure up an adult version of the baby one in the labs.

“What’s their growth rate?” Dr Grant asked immediately, barely shaking hands with Robert before he exploded with questions.

“They’re lethal at eight months, and I do mean lethal. I’ve hunted most things that can hunt you, but the way these things move,” Muldoon pulled off his hat.

“Fast for a biped?”

“Cheetah speed. 50, 60 miles per hour if they ever got out into the open. And they’re astonishing jumpers,”

Adelaide immediately jumped back from the fence, her face paling. Ian sniggered at her in amusement, leaning his back against said fencing in a far too casual manner after what they’d

just witnessed.

“Do they show intelligence?” Grant beseeched, his eyes alight with alarmed fascination.

“They’re extremely intelligent. Even problem solving intelligent, especially the big one. We bred eight originally, but when she joined she took over the pride and killed all but two of the others. That one...when she looks at you, you can see she’s working things out. That’s why we have to feed them like this, she had them all attacking the fences when the feeders came. One lad lost his arm because he leant too far over the old fencing – took the limb clean off, he was lucky they didn’t pull him over.”

“Aren’t these new fences electrified though?” Ellie asked.

“That’s right, but they never attack the same place twice. They were testing the fences for weaknesses, systematically. They remember.”

Adelaide felt the hairs on the back of her neck standing on end. “Shouldn’t they be in a larger enclosure, if they run that fast? Cheetahs need miles and miles of territory...isn’t this just...cruel?”

“You’re right, the behaviour they display is conducive to needing vast space, that’s why I believe they should be put out of their misery and forgotten about,” Robert did not hold back, and Adelaide appreciated his candour.

“Like I said before Robert, you’ve always been rather dramatic – it’s perfectly safe and these animals are an example of the extraordinary miracle we’ve created here. We will see to it that the animals have an increased enclosure, once we have the necessary go ahead,” John placed his hand on Adelaide’s shoulder. Before she could respond, the crane began lifting out of the foliage. The metal and blue material had been ripped completely out of shape. Destroyed, seemed the appropriate word.

With a squeeze of her shoulder, Hammond turned happily to the mortified group. “Who’s hungry?”

## Chapter Six - So, What Do We All Think?

### Chapter Six – So, What Do We All Think?

Ian

John Hammond had absolutely no idea how utterly ridiculous he was being. The old man had a smile on his bearded face, hobbling forwards to lead their little gang away for lunch. Ian couldn't help but feel immense dread seeping into his very bones at the very idea of Jurassic Park being a legitimate enterprise.

If anything proved this point, it was the horrifying affair they'd all just witnessed. Those Velociraptors – without even needing to glimpse them – were dangerous. The consequences of breeding such ferocious, intelligent animals without so much as the background knowledge to begin with, enlisted some grave thoughts to enter Ian's racing mind.

Mary Shelley's Frankenstein had some serious parallels to this place, that was for sure.

On a different note; he'd noticed the old man eyeing both she and Ian with rather suspicious eyes. Ian had always been talented at getting under people's skin, it was a gift his pops always reminded him of. Adelaide was his precious granddaughter, the apple of his eye, and no grandfather wanted to see their innocent baby flirting with a man.

But Adelaide wasn't a child, she was a fully grown, smart and beautiful woman. If he hadn't already been able to under her skin, he was going to try his damndest to make it happen. The thought caused a grin to erupt over his lips, Dr Sattler glancing at him unsurely.

"Our park will be one of a kind. None of these attractions are ready yet of course, but the park will open with the basic tour you are about to take. Then other rides will come online, six or twelve months later. Absolutely spectacularly designed, spared no expense!" John said to the now seated group of individuals around a large, oval shaped table.

Ian had never felt less hungry in his life, his stomach still churning from witnessing the massacre of the cow. Adelaide sat opposite him, next to her Grandfather, her eyes illuminated by the light of the projectors beaming about the room.

A young waiter who couldn't have been much older than eighteen placed some food in front of the young woman, his eyes lingering far too long on her assets. She either didn't care, or didn't notice, flashing him a smile before inspecting her plate. Ian caught the eye of said waiter and gave him a knowing grin, causing the boy to blush rather marvellously before retreating from the room.

“Yeah, and we can charge anything we want – 2000 a day, 10000 a day, and people will pay it. Then there’s the merchandise, I can personally see to it-” Gennaro, obviously sold on the idea of Jurassic Park, seemed unable to control the stupid that tumbled out of his mouth.

Did these people have any idea how insane they sounded? They were talking as if the park had already had it’s big ‘yes’, and they were now in a business meeting to discuss pricing and figures. It made Ian want to hurl the plate of sea bass into the wall and start screaming.

Hammond interrupted the lawyer quickly. “Donald, Donald. This park was not built to cater only for the super-rich, everyone in the world has the right to enjoy these animals,”

“Sure, they will. What, we’ll have a coupon day, or something,”

Ian ignored the laughter from John, the sound grating on him like nails scraping down a chalkboard. Aida caught his gaze with her clear blue orbs, and he could swear she knew exactly what he was thinking.

“Gee, the er, lack of humility before nature that’s being displayed here, uh, staggers me.” He quietly raged, keeping his voice low and even. It would do no good to lose his temper.

“Well thank you, Dr Malcolm, but I think things are a little different than you and I had feared,” Gennaro said.

“Yeah I know, they’re a lot worse,”

“Well now see here, we haven’t even seen the rest of the park yet-”

“Wait, now Donald. Let him talk, there’s no reason – I want to hear every view point, I really do,” John gestured towards Ian once more. The old man’s permission (not that he warranted it) effectively opened the jostled lid that was his brain.

“Don’t you see the danger, er, John, inherent in what you’re doing here? Genetic power is the most awesome force the planet has ever seen, but you wield it like a kid who has found his Dad’s gun,” He could practically hear Donald’s eye roll behind him.

“It’s hardly appropriate to start hurling around general accusations-”

“If I may. Um, I’ll tell you the problem with the scientific power that you’re using here er, it didn’t acquire any discipline to attain it. You know, you read what others had done and you took the next step. You didn’t earn the knowledge for yourselves, so you don’t take any responsibility, er, for it. You stood on the shoulders of geniuses to accomplish something as fast as you could, and before you even knew what you had, you patented it, and packaged it, and slapped it on a plastic lunch box! And you’re selling it, you want to sell it, well…” He hit his fist onto the table a couple times, John’s head shaking with disbelief.

“I don’t think you are giving us our due credit. Our scientists have done things which nobody has ever done before,”

“Yeah, but your scientists were so preoccupied with whether or not they could, they didn’t stop to think if they should!”



“Condors. Condors are on the verge of extinction! No, no, if I were to breed a flock of condors on this island, you wouldn’t have anything to say.”

Ian wanted to laugh outright. He was going to use that argument? There was simply no comparison between the two undertakings. “No hold on, this wasn’t some species that was wiped out due to deforestation, or the building of a dam. Dinosaurs had their shot and nature selected them for extinction,”

“I simply don’t understand this, and coming from a scientist? How can we stand on the light of discovery, and not act?!”

“Oh, what’s so great about discovery? It’s a violent, penetrative act – what you call discovery, I call the rape of the natural world.”

There was a short silence after Ian’s words. He firmly believed in everything he’d said, despite Gennaro and John shaking their heads at him incredulously. It may have been slightly overdramatic, almost ‘alarmist’ to those with a sensitive disposition, but Ian had never been one to mince words.

He could see Adelaide biting at her bottom lip, leaning forwards with her elbows on the table in engagement. Did she agree with him? It was so hard to tell; the woman gave absolutely nothing away and he wondered if she’d ever considered playing poker professionally.

“Well...the question is how can you know anything about an extinct eco-system, and therefor how can you ever assume to control it? You have plants in this building that are poisonous, you picked them because they look good – but these are aggressive living things that have no idea what century they’re in, and they’ll defend themselves, violently if necessary,” Dr Sattler said as she broke the quiet about the room.

“I simply don’t understand. Aida, surely you are on my side in this?” John asked his Granddaughter, who’s face went a little pink as everyone looked at her expectantly.

“It’s not about sides, Grandad.” She murmured, fiddling with the fork next to her plate. “Look...don’t get me wrong. What you have done here is amazing, I mean, no one can deny that. But...these animals are just that, animals. You create them in a lab, they develop in a lab, they are born in a lab...it’s all so clinical, you know? You deny them the ability to reproduce naturally and somehow expect them to behave normally, despite having no clue how these species even behave anyway.

We are still clueless about many of the species we currently have on the planet, how do you expect to even brush the surface with dinosaurs? And...I mean, from my experience, animals that are brought up in captivity often tend to have the most severe behavioural issues.” Adelaide was refusing to look at her Grandfather. “It just...it doesn’t seem fair.”

Hammond, was, expectantly disappointed at his granddaughter’s revelation. Of course, he would be, she was after all his granddaughter and family often tended to offer blind support. Of course, family could also be the only people to present the reality of a situation. Ian could very blatantly remember his own brother giving him a few cold facts about what he thought of his endeavours, and while it did hurt, it also served as a helpful kick up the butt.

Adelaide had given an emotional response to what was an emotional circumstance. Ian wasn't stupid, he knew the concept of the park was based on real, breathing animals. It was clear Aida's concern first and foremost was the welfare of the creatures, and she made a good point.

He noticed Adelaide was looking at him with a raised eyebrow. Uh oh, he'd been staring at her for far too long. Gently clearing his throat, he glanced at Hammond as the man began talking again, a hot feeling spreading over the back of his neck.

"Dr Grant. If there's one person here who can appreciate what I'm trying to do!"

Alan noticeably shifted in his seat at the attention, a rue smile on his face. "Look, the world has changed so radically and we're all racing to catch up. I don't want to jump to any conclusions, but look, dinosaurs and man. Two species separated by 65 million years of evolution have just been suddenly thrown back into the mix together. How can we possibly have the slightest idea what to expect?"

Chaos. Ian thought immediately. Sheer and utter chaos.

"I don't believe it. I don't believe it. You're meant to come down here and defend me against these characters and the only one on my side is the blood sucking lawyer!" John exclaimed in disbelief.

Gennaro nodded his head, both delighted and insulted by Hammond's back handed compliment. "Thank you."

The young waiter from before came hurtling in on gangly legs, his eyes going anywhere but to the guests sitting at the table. He whispered something into John's ear, whose beaming smile returned as he clapped his hands together. "Ah! Thank you. They're ready," He announced, standing up before any of them could react.

"Well, erm, I guess lunch is over then," Ian drawled.

## Chapter Seven - Beauty

### Chapter Seven – Beauty

Adelaide

Botswana, 1990

Her oscillation outside of the hospital room had caused many a doctor or nurse to cast strange looks her way. Adelaide had been debating the next move for over ten minutes, heart in her mouth as she remembered the horrendous accident that had occurred only four days ago.

Nick Van Owen was lucky to be alive. He'd just about managed to scrape his way out of death, unlike...well, the other guy.

She and Nick had always been good friends, despite their friendship being strained as of late. He had rather radical ideas about getting his point across to the rest of the world. Despite his nonchalant attitude, Nick really did care about animals and the environment. He wanted to make a difference and was desperate to stop poaching, with any means necessary. After the events that had unfolded, however, Adelaide wondered if he'd ever forgive himself.

Finally, with a deep breath, she pushed open the door. There sat Nick, his arm in a sling and a bandage wrapped around his wounded head. He had been propped up with around three pillows into a sitting position, currently in the process of yelling a few choice words at the TV set.

Trust Nick to be watching football whilst she agonised over the whole ordeal.

"Aida, what took you so long? I've been bored stiff," He announced, shifting his long legs slightly under the covers.

"Hey Nick, how are you feeling?" She asked, ignoring his question and sitting down on the blue plastic chair next to his bed.

"Bored! My Mom's been threatening to come over, the doc says I can't use this arm for at least three months and you should see me trying to dress myself,"

"You can't dress yourself anyway,"

"Ha ha, it'll be funny when you have to help me use the bathroom," He deadpanned, eyebrow twitching suggestively.

Adelaide rolled her eyes, playing with a loose thread coming away from his white sheet. "Sorry I haven't come sooner...I've been dealing with O'Leary and his lot. They are not happy with you, Nick, you're lucky they didn't chuck you in prison,"

"Please, I did them a favour. Those good for nothin' low lives will think twice before they go onto government owned land from now on,"

"You do remember that someone is dead, Nick?" Adelaide flared up. It was all well and good being a hero, but not at the cost of innocent lives.

"Collateral is part of the game, sister. There's always gonna be sacrifices made-"

"Luan was not collateral, Nick! He was our friend!"

"-for the greater good! Oh, come on Aida, Luan knew the risks of what we were doing, are doing."

"This extremist bullshit has to stop! You are crossing a line that I can't follow,"

Nick laughed haughtily, his green eyes merciless. "You need to stop caring so much about what that stuck up family of yours thinks. Out of all of us, you're the one with the most resources to do something about the poaching, but you just won't do it, will you?"

Adelaide bristled instantly. "Don't bring my family into this,"

"Have they taken you out of the will yet? Or do you still have enough money in your trust fund to get by with?"

"Nick! Stop being a wanker for two minutes and wake up, will you?" Adelaide scolded, well used to his defensive behaviour when he got angry. Nick was a great guy, but he couldn't half act like a stubborn teenager, using everything he knew about a person to hurt them as much as possible. "All of this has nothing to do with my family. I am just worried about you! You know, considering I am your friend and all,"

He heaved a long sigh, throwing his head back against the headboard with a clunk. "Yeah... you're right. I'm sorry. It's just...I can't get Luan's face outta my head, and the more I think about him, the worse it gets."

"I know. I don't think I've slept properly since he...well since it happened."

"He wouldn't have wanted us to give up, Aida. He was a fighter through and through." Nick took hold of her hand, clasping her fingers tightly.

"Nick...I...I'm leaving," She felt the grip on her hand loosen, his eyes widening.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, I'm going to China. They offered me a placement out there and I have accepted, it starts next week," Adelaide could see the genuine hurt on his face, her heart hammering loudly in her chest.

“Right. Well er...yeah, congratulations,” Nick’s voice was hollow, his eyes now fixed on the TV. “Have fun out there then.”

“Nick...you knew I wasn’t going to stay here forever, and this is a once in a lifetime opportunity for me,”

“Then you should go. What’s stopping you?” Nick had withdrawn his hand from hers, letting out a groan of frustration as he changed the channel with the remote to find something else to watch.

“It’s not until next week, I can still come visit you. And we can stay in touch,”

“I don’t doubt that we will, Aida.”

...

Isla Nublar, 1993

Adelaide

Adelaide watched fondly as the kids floored John to the ground in joyful excitement. “Careful with the old man now!” He laughed, the children gushing about presents as they helped him back to his feet.

Her Grandad was over the moon at seeing them both, there presence offering a nice buffer. He’d not shown it, but Adelaide knew he had been hurt by what she’d said over lunch. It was only natural, really, to have that reaction. They’d basically all disrespected his baby, his pride and joy. It wasn’t something John Hammond would get over instantaneously.

“Aida!” Lex cried, despite the young adolescent only seeing her cousin but two hours ago. She fit herself snugly at Adelaide’s side, ginning ear to ear. Adelaide wrapped her arm around Lexi’s shoulders.

“Have you two been up to no good then?”

“Tim tried to sneak into the labs, but he got caught. I told him not to, but he doesn’t listen. That waiter asked if you had a boyfriend, I told him you did because I think he’s gross. He was asking all sorts of questions about you,” Lexi jabbered, as Adelaide’s eyes widened considerably. She heard laughter from behind and turned to Ian, who looked so amused she had to fight the urge to smack him in the jaw.

“Thanks for having my back, Lex,” Adelaide said to the young blond girl, who beamed at her words.

“It’s ok. My Mom says boys are no good anyway,”

“Yeah, your Mum is absolutely right,” She agreed, her eyes finding Ian’s, who smirked.

“Right then folks, here is your transportation for the park!” Her Grandad alerted, as two brightly coloured jeeps came to a halt before them. They had the words ‘Jurassic Park’ printed boldly in yellow on the sides and as Adelaide scanned over the vehicles, she realised they had no drivers.

“Aren’t they spectacular? Aren’t they glorious? They run on electricity, on this track in the road,” Hammond told Gennaro, both men inspecting the machines in wonderment.

“Come on Aida!” Lex grabbed her hand and pulled her to the front car, jumping inside to immediately start messing with an ‘interactive CD-ROM’.

Adelaide hovered, deciding to wait for Tim before she also got into the car. Said boy was currently following Dr Grant around like a lost puppy, talking at such speed she wondered how a kid so young even knew that many words. Ian had manifested onto the other side of the bonnet, apparently having a similar idea to her.

“So er, you gonna ride with the um, kids, then?”

“It would seem so, although to be honest, forcing Dr Grant to ride with them would probably be more fun,” Adelaide grinned wickedly, noticing the helpless look on said Doctor’s face.

“You’re evil. I like it,” Ian pushed himself from his leaning stance. “Guess I’ll see you later, tree frog,”

He strode away effortlessly, and a pang of disappointment hit her in the gut. She ignored the feeling, finally deciding to put Dr Grant out of his misery. “Hey Tim! Get your butt over here into the car, you troublemaker!”

Timmy barely argued, shrugging up at Alan before he scrambled over to his older cousin. They bundled into the car, Adelaide sitting between the two siblings, whilst Gennaro sat in the front seat. As the cars began moving, Tim and Lex got so excited that she worried they may both spontaneously combust.

The large gates she had spotted on her arrival stood high above them, ‘Jurassic Park’ written in large red and yellow letters across the archway.

Despite her earlier presupposition, she had to admit her own excitement. It was like entering an amusement park – those first bubbles of anticipation, the lively buzz of enthusiastic people waiting to be thrilled, scared and awed.

“Are we going to hit that Aida?” Lex whispered as they continued forwards. Not long after, the gates swung open automatically and all four of them were officially in Jurassic Park.

After a couple of dino no shows (Adelaide let Timmy explain what the species were and how they fed, the boy was obsessed with blood, it would seem), the atmosphere in car was a little deflated. Adelaide wanted to catch a decent glimpse of the T-Rex, considering all the hype around it, but the animals clearly didn’t want to play ball. They even attempted to coax the creature out with a goat, chained to a pole and bleating nervously. Lexi had been utterly mortified by the idea, and Tim looked like Christmas had come early.

Gennaro, who a couple of times had pulled a face at the kid's antics, seemed nonplussed with the no shows. Good enough, the man took the children's enthusiastic dispositions on the chin, merely choosing to ignore the three of them. Maybe he lumped Adelaide as one of the children? Well, it wasn't exactly like she wanted to talk to him, anyway.

"Look! Dr Grant has left the car!" Timmy, ever the observant one, shouted.

"Timmy, lower your voice just a little, we are all quite fond of our eardrums," Adelaide said to him as she winced, his decibel enough to probably reach the other side of the island.

"Sorry," He said sheepishly, his newly growing teeth giving him a slight lisp as he spoke. "Can we go?"

"Certainly not, stay in the car," Gennaro interjected bossily. Adelaide looked into the boys pleading puppy dog eyes and sighed.

"Come on then,"

"Wait a minute, I said no! Stay here!" Donald's words were muffled as Adelaide shut the car door behind her, running after the kids into the heavily planted paddock. She saw Lex fall face first into the dirt, going to aid her but beaten to it by Dr Grant. The girl gave him the most dazzling smile possible before clutching onto his hand and not letting go.

Adelaide grinned into her hand as she caught Ellie's mischievous smirk.

The group was probably breaking a million different rules; striding into the bush like they weren't in the middle of a dinosaur park. Adelaide looked up as she heard a distant rumble of thunder, noticing the sky had darkened considerably since they'd departed in the jeeps.

She spied a large, mottled grey mound lying within the clearing – a triceratops, to be exact. The creature lay on its side, breathing heavily and letting out low painful groans intermittently.

"Is there anyone else who thinks that we shouldn't be out here?!" Gennaro cried worriedly as he rushed to catch up, dutifully ignored by every single person in the group. Adelaide had already stridden forwards towards the dinosaur in utter fascination.

"Don't be scared, you can touch her. Muldoon tranquilised her for me. She's sick," A man reassured her. Adelaide glanced up at him momentarily, noting swiftly his Jurassic Park badge hanging around his neck. She sank down to her knees by the animal's head, her breath jagged in sheer wonderment.

Ellie audibly gasped behind her, as Adelaide's fingers grazed over the triceratops thick, wrinkled hide. Just like a rhinoceros, it was rough and slightly grainy beneath her palms, yet smooth and velvety - all at the same time.

The image of Ulma, a Rhino she'd worked with in Botswana, swam in her vision. Such beautiful, majestic animals – slaughtered every single day for the greed of human beings.

Tears pricked at Adelaide's eyes. The memories were painful and seemed to surface at all the wrong times. She didn't want to cry, but the sight of the beautiful animal had rendered her emotions completely unrestrained. Tim sat next to her, his little hand smoothing over the triceratops nose.

"I love her," He grinned, face lit up in awe. "Dr Grant said this is his favourite dinosaur, so now it's mine too,"

Adelaide used the back of her hand to wipe her eyes, her chuckle slightly throaty. "I agree,"

"Aida, are you upset?" The young boy asked her, eyes wide as he was practically in her lap now. They both continued to stroke the dinosaur, totally oblivious to the goings on around them.

She shook her head, wrapping her arm around him. "No, I'm fine sweet. Tell me about this type of dinosaur then,"

"She's a triceratops. They are herbivores from the late Cretaceous period, not the Jurassic one. Their name means 'three horned face', I read they could weigh up to 5 tonnes, also..." She swore Tim had swallowed every dinosaur book on the planet! Her eyes glanced around the paddock, heart giving an unexpected jolt as she realised Ian was watching them. He had his arms folded over his broad chest, an unfamiliar warmth pooling within his dark eyes.

They were just...looking at each other. Adelaide never knew a gaze could be so intense, so tangible, until that very second. The sensation, much like a chemical reaction, completely threw her off guard, rendering her practically a slave to its intentions.

"...the big frill on her neck is to protect her from predators like the T-Rex – they also lived in the Cretaceous period too," Timmy, it seemed, had finally finished. Adelaide promptly broke eye contact with Ian, the spell broken but the magic remaining.

"Could the T-Rex eat them then?"

"Yeah, definitely. They would probably fight until triceratops got tired and gave up, then the Rex would rip it apart!" Tim appeared far too pleased about this.

"Ssh! Not in front of her!" Adelaide said comically, before leaning into the triceratops.

"Ignore him, he didn't mean it,"

Tim giggled, squirming in her grasp as he spotted Ellie marching away towards a patch of dense foliage. "Can I go look too?"

"Sure go go," Adelaide watched as he scrambled up and took off as fast as his small legs would take him. She got to her feet, just as a bright flash of lightening forked over the dark sky. "Uh oh."

"Yeah uh oh. I think there's an erm, pretty big storm brewin'," Dr Malcolm's last words were slightly drowned out by the very loud clap of thunder booming above their heads. Adelaide grinned, noticing Gennaro jump out of his skin.



“I love thunderstorms,” She mused. “Me and my brother would sit out on the back porch and play the Mississippi game when we’d visit family out in Virginia, they always had wicked storms,”

“Well...I’ll tell you a secret. When I was little, I was terrified of thunderstorms, my uh, older brother used to build me a fort outta boxes and sheets to hide in,” Ian said with a gleam in his hazel eyes.

“Are you being serious or just mocking my nostalgic story?” Adelaide asked him, arms folded and hip sticking out slightly.

“Oh no, I’m deadly serious,”

The triceratops gave another rumble of pain, causing both she and Ian to look at her. “So... what you said to my Grandad, about the dangers of this park. You really meant it huh?”

“Oh, I meant it. As beautiful as this whole ‘oohing and aahing’ at the gentle giant goes, it’s still uh, what it is.” He took off his glasses, using his shirt to clean them. “You were...well... impressive. I thought you’d be all for it,”

Adelaide sighed. “I know it upset my Grandad, but I had to speak my mind. I mean, this-” she gestured toward the ill animal. “-is a perfect example. This dinosaur is sick and how on earth are we meant to know what’s wrong with her?”

Another clap of lightning illuminated the sky, followed immediately by bellowing thunder.

“Doctors! I erm, insist that we get moving now!” Donald’s attempt at a commanding voice just came off like a shrill housewife, his face devoid of colour.

“Oh...If it’s ok, I’d like to stay with Doctor Harding...?” Ellie asked as she came around the animal, pointing towards the man in question.

“Yeah, that’s fine, I have a gas-powered jeep, I could drop her off at the visitor centre on my way to the boat,” Doctor Harding agreed.

“Are you sure?” Alan asked Ellie, who looked as if her mind was made up regardless. She nodded, the pair giving each other a smile before they all started to make their way to the jeeps without her.

“Oh, Dr Grant said he would ride with us for the rest of the tour, so you can ride with Dr Malcolm,” Timmy announced loudly to Adelaide as he came skipping over, his white shoes still amazingly clean. She felt her cheeks blazing, not only at the proposition, but at the young boy’s innocent yet innuendo laced wording.

Ian, predictably, snickered.

“Shut up.” She grumbled at him, which only served to make the man laugh even harder.

## Chapter Eight - Flirting 101

### Chapter Eight – Flirting 101

Adelaide

South African Bush near Botswana, 1990

They'd only been out in the dry, mid-summer heat to prevent the poachers from murdering yet another white rhinoceros. Recently, Adelaide and Nick had managed to get the surrounding plains recognised as part of the national park, to keep the animals under government protection. It didn't mean the killers couldn't sneak past the radar, but it gave them a leg to stand on when it came to prosecution.

Of course, prosecution wouldn't stop the slaying. The rhinos were wanted for their horns. Some people still believed the horns contained magical properties, able to heal a variant of disease or to use in black magic rituals. The poachers saw them as a way of making a lot of money.

Adelaide had seen the piles and piles of rhino horns, stacked as high as the eye could see, the sight making her feel sick to the stomach.

Ulma, the cow they'd been keeping an eye on since she was born, was 5 years old and had a calf of her own. Recent intel gave their team every reason to believe she was under threat and they'd been on the rhinos' tail for what felt like hours.

Adelaide had fought hard for the permission to sedate Ulman and have her horn removed – this sounded barbaric, but it would save the mother's life and prevent her from becoming a target.

All Adelaide wanted to do was stop her from being murdered. She couldn't have predicted the carnage that would ensue their efforts.

It was all just noise, everywhere. The poachers were firing at them, Nick was screaming in her ear to keep low, and several men were only a few feet away from the rather angry mother rhinoceros. The baby was glued to his mother's side and would not leave. Ulma snorted, stamped her feet, all signs that soon she was going to charge.

Luan, who had managed to get himself between Ulma and the poachers, didn't have a chance. Unable to distinguish friend from foe, the rhino had rush forwards with an angry roar. Luan had been tossed up into the air like a rag doll. Adelaide watched in sheer horror as the man screamed, before he hit the ground as heavy as a rock.

"Shoot it! Shoot it!" One of the poachers exclaimed in panic, as the rhino stampeded towards them.

Several shots echoed around the bush. Adelaide watched the rhino go down, the creature letting out a final groan before she closed her eyes for the last time. The screeching spin of tires sent dust flying into the air, the poachers fleeing the scene of carnage far behind them.

It took Adelaide a moment to realise that Luan was still screaming. He lay on the ground, body twisted in an unnatural rotation. His eyes were wide with terror as he gazed down to see his own intestines strewn over the floor. Adelaide couldn't move, or speak, as pools of blood continued to pour out onto the sand.

His screams became soft whimpers as his body slowly caved in to the shock. By the time the emergency services arrived, a deafening silence had settled over the plains.

Nick had broken his arm and split his head open fighting one of the culprits, who he'd managed to apprehend for the police. She remembered him staggering over to her, hauling her up to her feet, as she sobbed and screamed uncontrollably into his chest.

The small calf wondered over to his Mum and lay down next to her still body. They tried to move him soon after, but discovered he had died from the shock, his heart unable to take the trauma of it all.

Despite not gaining a serious injury, Adelaide had collapsed in Nick's arms. Slipping into merciful blackness, she awoke a day later in Hospital - faced with the painful task of explaining to Luan's parents why he would not be coming home.

...

Isla Nublar, 1993

Adelaide

The rain was continuous now. It pounded the car relentlessly, the vehicles moving at a steady pace back along the track towards the visitor centre.

Once they'd all settled back down into the driverless machines, her Grandad's voice had announced (in a rather melancholy tone) that the tour needed to be cut short. By now the storm was raging and it became evident it was too dangerous for them to be out much longer.

Ian sat in the drivers seat, tapping his hands against his thighs in a steady rhythm. She'd been mildly surprised by his choice to sit next to her, rather than opt for the back. Adelaide had to remind herself that he lacked the general concept of personal space, apparently more so when it came to her.

"So, eh, nice weather for it, eh tree frog?" Ian joked, fishing into his pockets and producing a flask.

"Oh god, is that nickname going to stick now?" Adelaide responded in a drawl, the less dominating part of her brain finding the nickname endearing.

"Oh yeah," He took a sip lengthy sip from the canteen before holding it out to her. With a shrug, Adelaide took it, tilting it to her lips.

"What is it? Whiskey?" She asked, handing it back to him.

"A girl who can handle her alcohol, this is good," Ian smirked. "Yeah, it's whiskey, single malt if that means anything,"

"Not really. I'm more of a wine drinker myself,"

"Red?"

"White."

"Damn, so close,"

"You drink wine?" Adelaide asked.

"I'll drink anything, not fussy when it comes to ruining my er, liver," Ian watched her down some more of the liquid, eyebrows furrowing as he took it back quickly. "Eh, save some for me. Though, come to think of it, I probably shouldn't be supplying alcohol to a minor,"

Adelaide snorted. "Was that your clever attempt at finding out my age? I'm clearly old enough to drink – you now this, so you've probably already figured out my rough age, am I right?"

He angled his body towards hers, taking off his glasses to reveal the cheeky glint in his hazel eyes. "There's no fooling you, is there?"

"Nope, so you might as well not bother,"

"Ok...so I'm going to say around 26? You don't seem older than 30, yet you have the confidence of a much older woman, so I'd guess you've had quite a few um, life experiences. Yeah, er, 26, final answer," He grinned blindingly as he said this, clearly amused at his own joke.

"Oooh, so close but no cigar!" Adelaide exclaimed, smacking her knees with her hands. "I'm 27,"

"Oh, come on! One year? I was practically on the money right there!" Malcolm rolled his eyes as she did a tiny celebration dance to mock his defeat. "Ok then. Do me,"

She started to laugh at his blatant innuendo, fighting the urge to blush because in all honestly, she'd thought about it. "If I said 50, what would you say?"

"I'd kick uh, kick your ass out into the rain,"

"Urgh...I'm no good at this. Ok, I'm going to say your in your mid to late thirties, for sure. 37?"

Ian's eyebrows shot up, his sigh enough to tell her she'd got it right. Adelaide did another victory dance with her arms, taking another sip of whiskey and feeling it burn down her throat. Ian watched her in amusement and she struggled to contain the butterflies in her belly.

Her eyes narrowed slightly as she noticed the TV screen. "The CD thingy isn't working," Her voice was a murmur as she poked at it a few times, hoping it may start up again.

"Yeah it's probably the storm – uh, the car has stopped," Ian held his hands up from the steering wheel. "I didn't do it,"

Adelaide frowned, both cars now sitting stationary next to the Tyrannosaur paddock. "That's weird. I wonder if there's been a power cut then? Grandad said the cars ran on electricity, didn't he?"

"Yeah, um, so this is just another example why that's a stupid idea," Ian said, almost to himself. "Bet they have to do some do-hickey magic back in the control room to fix it,"

"Do-hickey?" Adelaide smirked, amused by his choice of words. "You know I think I'll go check in with the kids, and Lex and Tim,"

Ian laughed outright, before grabbing his jacket from the backseat. "Use this,"

"Thanks! Back in sec," She threw the black leather coat over her head, opening the car door and dashing through the rain towards the other vehicle. Tim moved over in the backseat, allowing her to slide in smoothly. Both kids squealed when she shook herself like a dog, covering them in water. "How's everyone doing?"

"Just peachy," Alan voiced from the front seat. "The storm must've cut the power,"

"Yeah, me and Ian were just saying. What do you think we should do? Have you tried your radio?"

"Stay put. Wait until the power comes on and we'll be on our way," Gennaro instructed, having just opened his eyes. "They must have some sort of backup generator for emergencies – the radios aren't working, we've tried."

"You kiddiewinks ok?" Adelaide sighed, letting her eyes rest on her two cousins. They didn't seem at all perturbed by the fact they'd probably be sitting there for a while and Timmy had his dinosaur book open in his lap.

"Yeah, Dr Grant has been telling me about his theories," The little boy said through a mouthful of crisps, who he shared with his sister. Adelaide caught sight of Alan, who had a tightened smile on his face.

"I think I will go and join Malcolm in the other car," The Doctor made to grab the door handle, but both Lexi and Tim made loud noises of protest.

"But Dr Grant, I still have a few questions!" Timmy cried, his eyes widened in the most adorable puppy dog expression ever. "Please will you stay?"

The older man let out a very long-suffering sigh. "Alright, alright,"

Adelaide bit her bottom lip to prevent herself from grinning too much. Dr Grant caught her gaze and she mouthed 'thank you' before turning to the kids. "I'm gonna go let Ian know what

the plan is. Behave yourselves, ok?"

They both nodded in unison and she heard Tim's voice pipe up yet another question before she sprinted into the rain once more. Her bare legs were splashed with water, but it was quite refreshing. Despite the rain, the tropical island heat still sat heavy in the air. Ian watched her as she jumped back into the car, dangling his jacket over the back seats and shaking off some of the water.

"Gennaro said to stay put, he reckons they will have a back-up generator or something for this kind of situation. Plus, their radio is out." Adelaide ran her fingers through her thick dark hair, wondering where she'd put her hair bobble.

"How are they uh, doing?"

"Gennaro is napping, the kids are actually behaving, and Dr Grant appears to be suicidal, so, yeah, all good," She flashed him a grin as he chuckled. "Timmy can sure talk,"

"He's a good kid," Ian rested one of his arms onto the back of her seat casually.

"They grow up way too fast, though,"

"Kids tend to do that," Ian nodded. "So, uh, since we're goin' to be here a while, shall we play a game?"

Adelaide cocked her eyebrow at him. "A game?"

"Yeah the uh, getting to know you, erm, game,"

"For Christs sake." She laughed, not missing the way his fingers were playing with ends of her hair. "Fine. You go first then,"

"Alrighty. Where'd you grow up?"

Adelaide shot him an unimpressed look, but he merely shrugged, so she decided to humour him. "Seriously? Ok. I grew up in Chelsea, London – the posh part, where everybody has a shit tonne of money and not enough sense. Ok, now you,"

"You mean you haven't read one of my papers to uh, already know this?" The teasing curve of his pleasantly plump lips told her he wasn't serious, and she ignored his jibe.

"Pennsylvania sweetheart, a cute little town called West Homestead. No rich people around there. Well, that I knew of anyhow,"

"Ah, and here was me thinking you were raised in a barn," Adelaide joked, not expecting him to lean forwards, leaving inches between them.

"No baby, I was raised by wolves," Ian's voice was dangerously low, and she felt a flurry of excitement dance up her spine. Trapped under his dark hazel gaze, for a moment she thought he was going to kiss her, and in that moment, she would have let him.

Ian smirked, pushing himself back. "Next question. What's your family like?"

How had he done that? Gone from staring at her so intensely she feared she may melt into a puddle, to now coolly sipping at his flask. Adelaide had yet to feel her heart rate decrease, the urge to smack the smug look off his face difficult to resist. "Well...you've met my Grandad... he's always been the black sheep I guess. The rest of them are pretty boring. My Dad owns a own law firm and Mum never worked. I have an older brother, Callum, who's the pride and joy of the family, he's a doctor with his own practice and married to some super rich, 'appropriate' woman – total bitch, that one. I on the other hand was the 'wild child'-" She mimicked quotation marks with her fingers as she said this (Malcolm laughed) – "who decided to get a plain old English degree, and then spend the next six years traveling to get away from them."

"Sounds like you guys erm, have great fun at Christmas parties," Ian mused.

"Oh, a blast. Especially when they try to set me up with doctors, or lawyers, or some spoilt entitled man child," Adelaide pulled a face at the memories as Malcolm snickered, his hand getting dangerously close to the back of her neck. "What about your family then?"

"My family. Uh...well, I have a younger brother – Joseph, he lives in Thailand with his wife so er, don't really see him that much. My pops still lives in West Homestead in the house we grew up as kids and Mom passed away when I twelve," Ian's eyes saddened a little at this revelation.

"Oh...I'm sorry to hear that," Adelaide said with all the sincerity she had, not even trying to understand how painful it must be to lose a parent. "Were you close with your Mum?"

"Oh, hell yeah. She was...some woman," His fingers had finally found the skin at the nape of her neck, his long fingers splaying out over her flesh. Adelaide fought the urge to sigh in contentment, a warmth spreading over her body right into the tips of her toes. "I'm uh, gonna hazard a guess and say you aren't that close with your Ma?"

Adelaide huffed out a laugh. "Well, she's never been a 'hands on' type Mum, if you get my drift. I had the typical rich girl upbringing – the nanny did it,"

"No wonder you're such a head case, tree frog," Ian sniggered. Adelaide narrowed her eyes at him, lightly smacking his chest with her hand. He caught her wrist quickly, and she noticed how tiny her hand looked in comparison to his own.

Her breath hitched, the atmosphere in the small space around them plunging into very new territory. It was tangible to the point Adelaide began to feel unable to breath, as if she were drowning in the pool of his eyes, the feeling of his touch...

"Your cousins are driving me crazy Adelaide – ah, sorry, am I interrupting something?" Alan's voice made both she and Ian jump out of their skins. The man may as well have morphed into the car like an apparition, for his sudden presence had her nearly hitting the roof in shock.

Ian sat upright, whilst Adelaide blushed wildly. It was bad enough she'd nearly snogged him after only knowing the bloke for a day – now Dr Grant was witness to their little 'thing' too. Mortified wasn't the word.

"No. Not at all Dr Grant, thank you uh, so much for joining us," Ian's words were laced with so much sarcasm that she reckoned even a dinosaur would understand his tone. Her eyes roamed anywhere but at the two men in the car for a moment, the silence so awkward it was almost painful.

"I'll go entertain the kids for a while."

Ian opened his mouth in protest. "Aida-"

"See you guys later," Was all she said, before rushing off into the rain.



## Chapter Nine - The Tyrannosaurus Rex

Warning: This chapter features gore and sexual references.

### Chapter Nine – The Tyrannosaurus Rex

Ian

“She’s er...a little young for you, isn’t she?” Dr Grant asked as both men watched Adelaide run to the car up front. Ian clicked his tongue, wishing he’d brought along another flask with him as she disappeared with a swish of long, dark hair.

“Ten years younger, to be, erm, exact.”

“Oh.” Alan’s tone was extremely judgmental. In fact, Ian could practically feel the judgment radiating from the palaeontologist. He wondered if the older man had ever actually lived.

“You and Doctor uh, Sattler, are a thing, right?”

Alan bristled slightly at his mentioning the blond woman. “Yeah, we are,”

“She’s younger than you, right?”

“Well, yeah, but that’s different,”

“How?” Ian turned to the man, eyebrows raised so high they had probably disappeared into his hairline.

“Adelaide is in her twenties, Malcolm, she’s practically a kid. Ellie is older, she’s...mature, and I’m serious about her,” Dr Grant took a long gulp out of his water cannister, blue eyes far away for a moment as thought about said Doctor.

Ian felt the need to tell him that Aida was in fact, not a kid, but the words would only come out sounding wrong. He merely tutted instead. “You think I’m not serious about Aida?”

“Come on Ian, we may not know each other well, but I can distinguish a player when I see one. You were flirting ridiculously with Ellie before you realised me and her were an item, and now you expect me to believe you’re serious about the only other female in our company right now?”

Ian felt slightly insulted yet also complimented by the Doctor's words. Of course, Ian knew he was a massive flirt. In high school, he'd been the gangly, unattractive smart kid who'd never even talked to a woman, let alone done anything else with one. As soon as puberty was done with him, and he'd finally grown into his limbs (this was at least year into college) everything changed.

Suddenly, women found him attractive, and he in turn learned how to make them want him.

Adelaide, though younger than him, was different. There was just something about her that stuck, something behind her blue eyes that made him want to find out every little detail about her. She was too clever to be charmed so easily by him – and this made her a challenge.

"I would never hurt her. If that's what you are implying," Ian finally spoke, his eyes trained on Adelaide's figure moving around in the car ahead. "Besides, it erm, was only a moment. Nothing to get worked up – worked up about,"

"Aida is a woman, they don't see moments as things to 'not get worked up about', my friend," Alan Grant, quite possibly the most wholesome and moral grounded man Ian had ever met, was now trying to give out 'woman advice'? He had to laugh, despite the extremely serious look on Grant's face.

"Oh, come on, uh, you think I don't know that? Do you know how many times I've been married?"

"I don't think I want to know,"

"Anything at all can and does happen,"

"Just remember, we're on an Island in the middle of nowhere, with her Grandfather, who has access to an entire arsenal of guns."

Ian hadn't thought of that. He sobered up quickly, because in all honesty, even though Hammond seemed like a charming old man, Ian had no problem imagining him wielding a gun in defence of his Granddaughter.

He glanced at Alan and both men did in fact, then, start to laugh.

...

Adelaide

"Tim, be careful with those things," Adelaide said as the boy stretched out over the trunk cover. He wore a pair of huge 'night vision' binoculars over his head (he'd found them in the car, somewhere), and was peering out into the Rex paddock.

Lex lounged next to her, fanning herself with a blue cap to try and cool off slightly. The rain had ceased to a light downpour, their respite from the humidity well and truly over. Adelaide

felt herself sweating, pulling her hair up into a messy bun after finding a hair tie in her jean pocket.

Humidity was not the only factor causing her overheated state. The primary cause was sitting in the other car, all six feet of tall, dark and handsome giving her all sorts of feelings.

Being the hot-blooded woman that she was, Adelaide had started to conjure up some rather inappropriate images in her mind. Many involved her straddling his waist whilst his hands ripped open her blouse, their mouths dancing together in heated kisses as the car windows steamed up from their exertions.

Or maybe Ian thrust her into the back seat, their bodies entwined tightly before they undid each other pants. Not bothering to take off any other clothes, they came together in a moment of frenzied passion that had her toes curling and Ian groaning her name into her ear...

“Do you hear that?” Tim, blessed innocent little Tim, interrupted her carnal thoughts. Adelaide took a few silent calming breaths, embarrassed that she was totally turned on in the most inappropriate of situations.

Tim was oblivious as grabbed hold of Lexi’s hat to silence the noise, eyebrows furrowed as his gaze fell onto two plastic cups of water on the dashboard.

Booom.

Adelaide watched in fascination as the water rippled with what sounded like the rumble of thunder, only this sound echoed from the ground upwards.

BOOOM.

“Maybe it’s the power trying to come back on,” Gennaro whispered unsurely.

BOOOOM.

“It sounds like...” Adelaide couldn’t even describe it, a feeling of dread spreading over every fibre of her being. “...it sounds like footsteps...”

“Wait...wait, where’s the goat?!” Lexi suddenly cried out, her voice a little shrill. All four of them jumped as the mangled, sheer leg of the goat crash landed straight onto the glass roof.

“Jesus wept!” Adelaide exclaimed, before hearing a low, almost dog like growl sounding from behind the paddock fencing. A large dinosaurs head emerged from the tall trees within the enclosure, swallowing what was left of the goat whole.

“Oh Jesus, oh Jesus!” Donald’s whole body was visibly shaking as he practically fell out of the car, skidding through the mud and vanishing out of site. Adelaide stared after him, her mouth ajar.

“He left us.” Lexi whispered in horror.

The huge creature began to bite its way through the now useless electrified fencing, the metal creaking and wailing as it gave way. Adelaide couldn't take her eyes off the enormous creature.

"Timmy, is that...?"

"A T-rex? Yeah." The boy replied, all three of them watching in terror as it stepped out of the paddock between the two cars. It stood on its hind legs at least two stories high, with a long tail swishing out behind it. The creature's booming footsteps rattled the tiny jeeps, the rex pausing to give out the single most bellowing roar Adelaide had ever heard. A row of sharp, enormous, deadly teeth became prominent in her eyeline and they were matted with the scarlet blood of the goat.

Adelaide let out a string of low curses. She needed Dr Grant, he would know what to do in this situation!

"Lex, Lex what are you doing?" She asked as her younger cousin started fishing for something in the back. Without warning, she turned on a large flashlight and started shining it like a beacon around the car. "Jesus! Turn it off, turn it-" Adelaide stopped speaking as the Rex's thundered towards them like a moth to a flame.

"Turn it off, turn the light off!!" Timmy yelled desperately. All three of them stared in horror as the rex's beady yellow eye appeared at the car window, its pupil dilating as Lex caught it with the torchlight.

Tim reached over and shut the car door. The dinosaur let out a growl and started nudging the vehicle with its snout incessantly, shaking the entire car.

Lex began screaming. Adelaide grabbed at the torch, trying to turn the damned thing off. Her younger cousin was in too much of a panic to think rationally, the beam of light shining upwards towards the roof.

Adelaide let go of the torch, pushing Tim and Lex beneath her arms as the Rex plunged its nose straight through the glass. She let out a piercing scream as it split into pieces, one of the large shards slicing into her top thigh like a knife through butter. Blood squirted upwards like rain, showering over the glass and the Rex's face.

For a moment, the only thing between the three humans and the carnivorous dinosaur was a single piece of glass. The Rex seemed to realise it wouldn't reach them this way, so withdrew its head to devise a new tactic.

With a loud, ear splitting crunch, the jeep was turned upside down. The feeling similar to that of being placed into a blender, Adelaide felt her body hit the mud unforgivingly. She started to sink into the thick sludge as the car was being pushed down by the weight of the T-Rex.

The blinding pain in her leg would have to wait, as she scrambled through the muck. Adelaide gripped the frame of the jeep and used it as leverage to haul herself out of the vehicle and onto the road.

“AIDA!!!!” Lexi screamed, her tone enough to curdle the blood.

“Lex, take my hand!” She reached out her hand to free the girl, but the Rex had spotted her.

Adelaide screamed as it plummeted its open jaws towards the ground. She rolled over quickly, the Rex missing her by inches but still managing to catch the upper flesh of her arm with its teeth. She let out a loud shriek as the sharp canine ripped into her bicep, the animal giving an angry grunt as it tried to nip at her again.

This was how she was going to die.

“Hey!!!” Alan’s voice sounded somewhere behind her. She looked up as Dr Grant stood over her with a red flare fizzling in his hand. He waved it around slowly, capturing the creature’s attention, before lobbing it into the trees. The T-rex gave a roar and charged after it.

“Hey hey! Here you bastard!!!!” Ian had jumped from the car with his own flare, waving it around to keep the animal occupied. Adelaide watched from the floor in utter dismay as it came straight after him.

“IAN FREEZE!!! DROP THE FLARE!!!!” Alan roared.

“GET THE KIDS!” Was Ian’s reply as he ran for it, disappearing into the trees with the Rex not far behind him.

“Aida, Aida listen to me, get back to the jeep,” Alan told her calmly, taking hold of her uninjured arm and hauling her up.

“No, the kids, I can help-”

“You’re severely injured! Go back to the jeep. Try and get the radio working, if the Rex comes back, stay still, her vision is based on movement, alright?” Dr Grant shook her a bit roughly. “Alright Aida?!”

“Ok, alright,” Adelaide replied monotonously, limping over to the untouched jeep and heaving herself onto the back seats. Her wound were bleeding profusely over the car interior as she fished around in the trunk, prizing out the radio quickly.

It didn’t take long before she heard Lex let out a horrific scream. Adelaide knew the rex had come back, her fingers shaking as she fiddled with buttons to find signal. The radio did nothing, only the sound of static blaring angrily back at her. Adelaide could see her vision beginning to swim, black dots becoming larger as she blinked – the world spinning horribly on its axis.

She fell unconscious to the sounds of Lex, Tim and Alan...screaming.

# Chapter Ten - Objects In The Mirror Are Closer Than They Appear

Warning : This chapter contains gore.

## Chapter Ten

Adelaide

Adelaide had been hungover before, many times.

It usually caused her head to throb, mouth to feel as dry as the Sahara Desert and her stomach to churn ceaselessly.

As she forced open her eyes, Adelaide felt at least four times worse than the worst hangover she'd ever experienced. Her whole body ached, the throbbing agony of both limbs making it difficult to think straight.

It took a while, she did not know exactly how long, to sit up in the back of the jeep. She was weakened and fatigued from blood loss, and she let out a shrill cry as she saw the damage the rex had done to her right leg and conveniently her right arm, too.

Her bicep had been severed in two and a chunk of flesh hung freely from the bone. Adelaide forced herself to take several deep breaths, knowing it would do her no good to panic. Her blouse had been shredded in the incident, so she ripped it from her body and wrapped the rag as best she could around her arm.

Her leg wound was deep and full of mud. She spied Ian's flask lying abandoned on the front seat and grabbed it. Tipping it over, she attempted to clean and partially sterilise the laceration, only to find it empty. Cursing, Adelaide threw it aside in frustration, using the other part of her blouse to bind that wound too.

Checking to make sure the rex had indeed wandered off, she she slowly hopped from the safety of the vehicle. After all the screaming and chaos, now there was only deathly, unnerving silence.

"Dr Grant?" She whispered. "Lex? Tim?"

Adelaide noticed in terror that the first car had completely disappeared. She limped over to the edge of the T-Rex paddock, staring over the ledge to find a good 30 metre drop below. The car lay at the at the bottom, upside down in a crumpled heap.

“Alan? Lex?!” She called, her voice breaking. “Tim!?”

Still no answer. Adelaide sat down on the concrete ledge with a sob, feeling the fraught stabs of sheer panic and shock invading every one of her senses. What if he kids hadn’t made it? What if they were injured? Alone in the park without anyone to help them?

Her eyes fell to the direction she last seen Ian running in. He and Alan had blindly thrown themselves in harms way just to give Adelaide and the kids a chance – she owed each of them her life, but they may have already paid for their actions with their own lives.

Staggering to her feet, Adelaide limped over to the remains of what used to be bathroom stalls. So this was where Gennaro had run off to, perhaps? As much as she wanted to be angry for his cowardice, facing a fully-grown T-Rex was not something to be taken lightly, and part of Adelaide understood why he’d fled.

Her thoughts subsided, however, when she noticed what else was strewn around the destroyed bathroom.

Human...entrails.

Whose pieces of torn up flesh, bone and organ were these? Ian’s? She felt like vomiting and crying all at the same time. “Ian? Ian?!”

Adelaide jumped wildly at the sound of someone groaning. Following the noise quickly, she sank down to her knees and pulled away a pile of bamboo and dried palm leaves, to reveal Ian lying beneath. Relief hit her like a bullet as she placed her hand on his cheek. “Ian! Ian, oh my god,”

“Tree frog. Nice to see you,” The man murmured deeply, his eyes opening slowly. Adelaide scanned over his body and noticed his leg was bleeding profusely.

“Your leg, Ian,”

“Have to...stem the bleeding...” He started to pull at his belt slightly. “Tried to make a tourniquet, but I erm...I uh passed....passed out,”

She nodded, swiftly undoing his belt buckle. Ian chuckled. “Could at least buy me a drink first,”

“Stop talking, you’re exhausted,” Adelaide instructed, though soon found tying a belt around his thigh difficult with only one working arm. “You’re gonna have to help me,”

“You said stop talking,”

“Ian.”

“Alright,” With his help, they managed to secure the belt around his upper leg. Ian took his turn to assess her wellbeing, his eyes widening as he spotted her arm. “That’s bleeding um, badly,”

Adelaide's blouse was drenched in blood, the hot liquid oozing down her arm like a river. "The muscle is severed...it's hanging off my arm..." She stopped talking for a moment as she felt bile rise to her throat. "Alan and the kids are missing. I have no idea where they are but the rex, I think it pushed them over the ledge. I went to try and get the radio working and passed out in the jeep...I just passed out and god knows what happened to them!"

"Hey, hey it's alright. Alan, uh, knows what to do, the kids will be fine with him," Ian pushed himself into a sitting position with a heavy groan, taking hold of her injured arm gently. His fingers pressed slightly too hard and she let out a cry of agony. "Sorry! I was trying to get this uh, shirt a bit tighter,"

Tears rolled down her face. "Ian...we need to get out of here,"

"I know." He agreed, not looking at her as he succeeded in binding up her wound much better than she had. "I can't walk. But you er, you know can, just about. You need to go and get help,"

Adelaide's eyes widened considerably. "No, I'm not leaving you here,"

"It's not up for debate, Adelaide. You need to go. You have far more of a chance than I do,"

"I said, I'm not leaving you here." She growled through gritted teeth, not missing his use of her full name. "It's not going to happen, so you might as well shut up,"

Ian opened his mouth to respond when the sound of a car skidding along the road silenced him. Adelaide heard the breaks screech to a halt before Ellie's voice sounded through the trees.

"Thank the sweet baby Jesus!" She said (Ian flashed an amused smile at her choice of words), before hobbling up to her feet. "Ellie!! We're here!"

Two sets of footsteps were heard scurrying through the brush, before Ellie and Robert burst into view. "Oh my God!" Dr Sattler breathed, disdained by the appearance of both Adelaide and Ian. "What happened?!"

"The bloody Rex, that's what," Adelaide pointed to Ian. "His leg is injured, we have to move him quickly-" the sound of the tyrannosaurus roaring in the distance made her falter, her face going a ghostly white. "Now. We have to go, now,"

"Where's Alan, the kids?" Ellie stressed, her face as equally drained of colour.

"I don't know," Adelaide replied as they started to manoeuvre Ian towards Muldoon's jeep. It took all three of them to haul the 6 ft 3 male into the back of the car. Ian cursed creatively, sliding himself backwards into a seated position with his injured leg alleviated as pain laced his face.

The effort of helping him had taken it out of Adelaide, who slumped down by the side of the truck, her hand grasping the side to prevent herself from hitting the floor. She placed her palm against her forehead and groaned.



“Aida, don’t er, pass out on us now,” Ian said, his voice threaded with concern.

“Alright, up we go then,” Robert scooped the young girl easily into his arms, lifting her over the back of the jeep so she could rest next to Malcolm.

“Thanks,” Adelaide said to Muldoon, her head lolling a bit.

“Well you were far easier than that heavy son of a bitch,” The man gestured to Ian, who gave a sardonic laugh. Adelaide smiled slightly, not having much strength to do much else. She jumped as the Rex’s cry echoed around them again, feeling Ian also bristle besides her.

“Guys we need uh, go,”

“I just want to go check the other car, two minutes I promise!” Ellie yelled before taking off into the trees, Muldoon hesitating before following her quickly. Ian let out another string of expletives, Adelaide laughing lightly as her head fell to rest on his shoulder.

“Don’t you uh, go falling asleep now, you might have a concussion too...from when the erm...the car flipped,” Ian’s voice went slightly edgy, as if just remembering it made his nerves stand on end. Adelaide felt the exact same way, her heart in her throat as she recounted the kids screaming and her blood spurting all over the glass.

The echoing footfall proceeded to get louder. “Do they er...not hear that? It’s an erm, it’s an impact tremor, is what it is. I’m fairly alarmed here,” Ian’s narration was not making Adelaide feel any easier, her eyes falling on the figures of Ellie and Muldoon who finally came hurtling back through the bush.

“Come on! Come we have to go, we have to move now, now!!!” Ian practically bellowed, the two careening into the front of the jeep. Adelaide let out an alarmed cry as the T-Rex sauntered from amongst the trees, a flock of birds roosting in the branches scattering up into the air and squawking in panic.

It thundered towards them as the car began to drive.

She scrambled back as far as she could go, Ian having the same idea. “We must go faster,” He alerted as Ellie let of a shrill round of ‘oh shits’ at top volume. Ian threw his arm over Adelaide as the creature swung its head, knocking into the side of the jeep to upturn it. All she could hear was Ellie screaming, Ian yelling and the loud beat of blood pounding in her eardrums. She saw the Rex run straight through a large, thick tree branch overhanging the road, the wood splintering in all directions but not impeding the dinosaur in the slightest.

Adelaide closed her eyes. This was the second time she’d been staring eye to eye with the animal, and this time round, she didn’t want to see those huge teeth as they came down and bit her in half. By the sheer grace of god and the fact Ian had moved off the gear stick, the vehicle sped up and Adelaide heard the relieved sighs of all the occupants. The tyrannosaur was left in the dust, giving a loud roar of frustration.

Finally opening her eyes, Adelaide couldn’t stop a flood of tears running down her face.

“Do you think they’ll have that on the tour?” Ian said breathlessly. Adelaide smacked him on the arm, making a sound that was a mixture between laughing and crying, not protesting as he took hold of her hand and gripped it tightly.

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# Chapter Eleven - Revelations

## Chapter Eleven – Revelations

Adelaide

John Hammond did not have the words to make Adelaide feel any other way than angry at him. Ian has been right all along – Jurassic Park was an insane endeavour. It had already cost the life of Donald Gennaro, who knew how many others?

Both she and Ian were rushed into the visitor centre as quickly as humanly possible. Robert, once again, lifted Adelaide up into his arms and carried her inside like she weighed nothing. Ellie stayed with Ian for the time being, waiting for Muldoon to return so they could heave the tall man out of the truck together.

Ellie, who had thankfully completed various first aid training courses over the years, was seeing to Adelaide's wounds, first, on Ian's insistence. The three weary people sat on a couple of couches in the rec room. Vending machines stood lifelessly against the wall, no longer humming as the power was still out, and the place was dark save for the battery powered lanterns dotted about the room. What remained of any staff had long since departed the island, so the work areas were eerily still and quiet.

"Aida, you might want to brace yourself, this is going to hurt,"

Adelaide nodded. Ian gestured her to hold his hand and she complied immediately, as Ellie peeled off the blood drenched shirt from her wound. The blood had started to congeal, the material stuck to her skin and making Ellie's job that much harder. Adelaide wanted to die from the pain, squeezing Ian's hand tightly as she gritted her teeth.

She saw both Ellie and Ian look at each other with worrisome expressions. "It's bad, isn't it?"

"No, no it's nothing we can't deal with," Dr Sattler said quickly.

"You don't have to sugar coat it, Ellie, I'm a big girl you now," Adelaide strained, her eyes watering. "Just tell me,"

"Well - the muscle is completely severed. It's become infect, probably from bacteria on the rex's teeth. You're going to need antibiotics and soon," The blond woman opened up a medical kit she'd found in one of the storage rooms. "The best I can do is clean it out and bandage it up, so the muscle can't move."

"Bloody dinosaur." Adelaide grumbled, making Ian chuckle.

"At least uh, it didn't bite your arm clean off,"

“Keep making jokes Ian, it’ll be your leg she has to see to next,” She said through gritted teeth, as Ellie began cleaning it with antibacterial fluid. The pain was excruciating, and Adelaide vowed never to complain about a silly paper cut, or something of that ilk, ever again.

Finally, Dr Sattler took out a needle and gave Adelaide a shot of morphine. The drug flooded into her body, numbing the pain and allowing her to sink into oblivion, still clutching Ian’s hand.

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“...if her wound isn’t treated properly soon, she could get blood poisoning. This is serious, we need to get the power back on and get her into a hospital...” Ellie’s low, worried voice floated into her eardrums.

“Do we not have any erm, antibiotics here? Surely, they have some, somewhere right?” Ian spoke next, his voice nearer to hers as he lay on the couch opposite.

“I literally looked everywhere. All I can find is painkillers. I guess the staff had any major medical care off the Island,” Dr Sattler was moving, Adelaide could hear her boots shuffling over the floor. “We’re rapidly running out of time,”

Adelaide forced her eyes open, blinking slightly against the light. She had been covered over with a thick, slightly rough, blanket, a small wrapped up jacket cushioning her head. In Adelaide’s current state, she felt about 70 years old. Every part of her body ached, and she groaned as she sat up to reach a glass of water (she assumed was curtesy of Ellie) on the coffee table.

“I’m not going to lie to you both. I’ve felt better.”

“Well, you did take a couple of hits,” Ian voiced. His leg was balanced on a stool before him, alleviated with a pile of cushions.

“How’s the leg?”

“Well, the morphine has helped the mind-numbing pain.”

Adelaide cast him a sympathetic glance. A burning question was on her lips as she looked over to Ellie, who had been rummaging around in the cupboards situated in the office. “Have Alan and the kids turned up yet?”

“No...still no sign of them...” The woman said with a sorrow in her voice that reflected everyone’s mood. Adelaide made no response, taking every ounce of strength she had to hoist herself into a standing position.

Ian looked at her in alarm. “Aida, don’t – don’t get up, you have to rest-”

“I won’t be a minute-”

“-no, no no sit down, uh, Ellie tell her she needs to sit-”

“Ian! I need the bathroom!” Adelaide told him in exasperation, limping over to the office doorway. The mathematician fell in contemplative silence, having apparently not factored her bladder into the equation.

“Right...well, come straight back here when you’re done,” He finally instructed. Both Adelaide and Ellie began laughing lightly as they exited the staff room.

“Do you need me to help?” Dr Sattler offered, blue eyes weary and fatigued. Adelaide shook her head instantly.

“No, you’ve done enough honestly – thank you, by the way,”

“There’s no need...I’m er, going to get an update from Robert, call if you need anything, alright?”

“Yeah. Ellie get some rest yourself,” Adelaide saw the blond woman nod, before they both parted ways. She shuffled down the dark, gloomy corridors and entered the lady’s toilet.

Upon finishing her business, Adelaide caught sight of herself in the mirror above the sink. She looked as bad as she felt, with mud and blood caked over every single inch of exposed skin. Using her good arm, she scrubbed off as much as she could, noticing the various cuts and bruises dotted about her body in random variations.

Her thoughts led to those final few moments with the kids. Adelaide had failed them, she’d utterly failed Timmy and Lex. They could be dead now, and there was nothing she or the rest of the survivors could do about it.

Adelaide’s sobs wracked her body. She gripped the edge of the sink hard, letting the cries of anger, regret and trauma free without a care for who heard them. She was so furious at her Grandfather for putting all of them in such danger, especially considering the children. Of course, he’d not meant for any of the day’s events to transpire! But his naivety led him to believe they had control of the park, of the animals they’d created. It was a fool’s belief.

Adelaide felt like a fool herself. She, like her Grandad, ingenuously imagined she could help rid the world of its problems. That she could stop the poaching of innocent animals, that she could prevent human beings from ruining the planet with plastic and pollution. She was a fool because the people she tried so desperately to change, were still making mistakes at the cost of human and animal life, repeatedly.

It was infuriating to feel so helpless.

Eventually, after washing her face again with cold, refreshing water, Adelaide shuffled back down the hallway. She noticed the clock on the wall outside of the rec room, reading 12:52am. There was still a long night ahead of them.

“Adelaide, dear. How are you feeling?” John stood to attention as she pushed open the door.

“Yeah I’m just grand,” Adelaide replied sarcastically, annoyance stabbing her in the gut.

“What the hell happened exactly?”

“Seems one of our employees – well, Nedry – decided to mess around with the system. Human error, I’m afraid, and we don’t know where he is now. Mr Arnold, one of our technicians is going to work through the night to try and fix it up for us, get the phones and everything back online so we can call for help,”

“Yeah, that human error just cost Gennaro his life – the kids were this close to be swallowed hole by a bloody T-rex!” She made a small gap between her finger and thumb towards her Grandfather. She could see Ian watching the pair of them in apprehension, though his presence wasn’t going to impede her words.

Hammond nodded sadly at her. “I know...and I’m sorry, I truly am-”

“You’re sorry? That’s almost funny,”

“I know you’re very angry, Aida-”

“Angry? Angry? No, no, I’m not angry, I’m furious! The moment I knew what you were doing on this Island was the moment I should have gotten out of here, with the kids. You’re completely insane, do you know that?” Adelaide practically yelled, ignoring the hurt in her Grandfather’s eyes.

“What happened here was a mistake, Aida, but we can fix it! I see now we made a huge misjudgement hiring Nedry, we are far too dependent on automation – I can see that now! Now the next time everything is correctable. Next time it will be flawless! Do you not see?” Hammond stressed his words with passion, truly believing every single syllable he’d just said. “When we have control again-”

“You never had control! Don’t you dare speak to me like one of your investors, I’m your granddaughter, you can’t smooth your way out of this with clever words and charisma, expecting me to fall for it!” Adelaide thought she’d run out of tears, but as she spoke, they rolled down her face. “You can’t fix this! Don’t you understand? There is no going back from what’s happened here!”

“There can be a way back, if we do not let this terrible incident hinder our efforts. I believe there is still away to make this work...and Alan, he will bring back the children safe. Who better to get them through Jurassic Park than a dinosaur expert?”

“I can’t believe you! How many others need to die or get seriously injured around here, to get your head out of the clouds!?” Adelaide said with distress lined in her voice. The stabbing pain in her arm was becoming worse, head feeling woozy as she swayed slightly on her feet.

Her Grandad stepped forwards. “Adelaide-”

“Er John, John, I think it would um, best if you just leave,” Ian said, his voice dangerous low.

“But I-”

“John, it’s alright, I’ll make sure she’s ok, yeah?”

The older man appeared hesitant to leave his Granddaughter, yet one look from Ian had him out of the door without another word. Adelaide's head was still spinning, her eyes swollen and sore from crying.

"Sit down Adelaide," Ian ordered. She did just that – falling onto the couch straight next to him.

Ian made no comment on this, placing his large hand on her back. "Are you ok?"

"No, I'm bloody fuming."

"Yeah, so am I, but you've got to calm down or you'll er, make yourself worse," Ian pushed a curl from her face, his deep brown eyes catching her in an intense gaze.

"I know. It's just damn difficult to be calm when...well, you know." She sighed. "I can't believe I yelled at him like that,"

"I can. It was awesome," Ian grinned and despite everything that had happened, the smile still managed to steal her breath. She couldn't help the small smile that twitched her own lips, a tingle erupting in her stomach as his hand danced over her cheek.

"Ian...I..." Adelaide was prevented from finishing as he leant forwards, fingers slipping into her hair and wrapping around the base of her skull. Their mouths met in a sudden, but not unwelcome, kiss. She closed her eyes, his lips moving purposefully over hers, her response only inciting him to continue.

It was euphoric. Ian was a textbook kisser – of course he was, but Adelaide had never experienced a reaction quite like this before. She never believed people when they talked about finding 'the one'. She'd concluded that this was all just folly, and love could only be achieved on solid foundations, built slowly over time.

Ian Malcolm had come along and shattered her beliefs in a matter of hours.

The hand she could move properly clutched around his neck, her fingers winding into his thick curls. It was chaste yet intense kiss, one that may have gone on for longer, if they had both not been quite so exhausted. Ian smiled into her mouth, raising his lips to kiss her gently on the forehead.

"Not to sound um, too cliché but...I've been wanting to do that from the moment I clapped eyes on you,"

Adelaide gave him a teasing grin. "Oh my. That was pretty cliché of you, Doctor Malcolm,"

Ian's grip on her tightened considerably. "Don't uh, Doctor Malcolm me here. I may have a messed-up leg, but it won't stop me,"

His insinuation had her cheeks flaming something stupid. Her reaction made him chuckle, leaning down to press a kiss on her lips. Adelaide proceeded to rest her head against his chest as exhaustion flooded her bones.

“Get some rest, tree frog. We’re going to need it,” Ian murmured softly.

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## Chapter Twelve - A Calculated Risk

### Chapter Twelve – A Calculated Risk

Adelaide

She had a nightmare about the kids. The dream was a shamble of ear-splitting shrieks, bellowing T-Rex roars and hot, red, squirting blood.

Adelaide's eyes shot open in panic. For a moment she'd forgotten where she was, the confusion only lasting a few moments. Her heart rate slowly began to decrease as she heard Ian's deep breathing above her head.

She had her head resting on a cushion in his lap. One of his hands was laced with hers and the pair were in a serious bubble of comfort. For a while, Adelaide was content to remain in the bubble and was quite reluctant to move – but her body was aching, and she was in dire need to stretch out her limbs.

Adelaide delicately freed her hand from Ian's grasp, so as not to disturb him. She looked over at his face fondly, wondering how he'd managed to get under her skin so quickly. Reaching over, she smoothed a curl of hair from his forehead and gently kissed it, Ian remaining fast asleep.

The group had rendezvoused in the control room by the early morning. Adelaide aided Ian from the rec room with the help of Robert, the two of them settling him down on the raised platform that overlooked the entire area.

Whilst the others were conversing, she limped over to her Grandfather and put her arms around him in an embrace. He immediately returned the gesture. Adelaide still felt the simmering anger bubbling inside of her gut, however, remaining furious with him would only hinder their efforts of escape. She had never been one to hold a grudge – life was simply too short.

"I'm sorry." Her Grandad murmured, sincerity in his voice.

"I know," Adelaide replied. "Let's just get ourselves out of here, shall we? I'm so ready to be off this Island,"

"You and me both," He agreed, squeezing her shoulder warmly. Adelaide hopped over to the nearest seat available, sinking down into the swivelling computer chair gratefully. Ian was watching her; she could feel his gaze and it caused a warm blush to spread wildly over her cheeks. He smirked, and she responded by sticking out her tongue towards him.

Her Grandfather interrupted her thoughts, gaining Adelaide's attention as he paced around the control room and span his walking stick around in his hand. "Why do we not simply restart the entire system? Like a clean slate, shall we say?"

"-no no, no. That's crazy, you're out of your mind! He's absolutely out of his mind!" Mr Arnold, a technician who'd loyally stuck around even after the melt down of the park, voiced through a cigarette that hung out of his mouth. The man sat at Nedry's computer desk, tie undone and shirt slightly askew from stress, his dark skin slick with sweat due to the lack of air conditioning.

"Well, wait a minute, what exactly would this mean?" Ellie asked as she started to dab Ian's injury with antiseptic.

"We're talking, my dear, about a calculated risk, which is about the only option left to us. We will never find the command Nedry used, he covered his tracks far too well, and I think it's fairly obvious he's not coming back. So, shutting down the system-"

"I will not do it! You'll have to get somebody else to do it, because I will not!" Mr Arnold protested ardently.

"-shutting down the system is the only way to guarantee we wipe out all that he did. If my memory serves, the system should come back on its original start up mode, correct?"

"In theory, yes, but we've never shut down the whole system, it may not come back on at all," Arnold puffed out a thick plume of smoke into the air, rubbing his tired eyes harshly.

"Will the phones come back on?" Ellie said as she jumped down from the platform, taking off her round rimmed glasses to place on top of her head. Everyone in the room was wary – and even Adelaide felt tired, despite having slept a solid eight hours with Ian.

Mr Arnold grimaced. "Again, in theory."

"What about the lysine contingency? We could put that into effect?" Muldoon, who had until this point been rather quiet, offered to the group.

"What's that?" Adelaide inquired curiously.

"The lysine contingency - it's intended to prevent the spread of the animals in case they ever got off the island, but we could use it now. Dr. Wu inserted a gene that makes a single faulty enzyme in protein metabolism. Animals can't manufacture the amino acid lysine. Unless they're continually supplied with lysine by us, they'll slip into a coma and die." Arnold explained in rapid succession.

"Well how would we do that?"

"There's no real way, we just have to stop attending to them. It will come into effect if we leave the island, regardless,"

"How long does it take for them to become comatose?" Ian piped up from his corner, using the barrier to lift himself slightly. Adelaide bit at her bottom lip, for she'd suddenly noticed

his shirt was undone and he was revealing most of his bare, tanned, shiny with sweat chest.

Oh lord, of all the times for her brain to be conjuring up unsuitable images; now was the worst. Adelaide mentally scolded herself, forcing her mind out of the gutter as Arnold answered his question.

"It's totally painless, like falling asleep. I'd say about seven days, give or take,"

"Seven days?! How long do you think we'd last here for seven days?" Adelaide cried in frustration, as Ellie gave an exasperated sigh simultaneously.

"We don't have the luxury of time, Aida's arm is infected and Ian needs his leg properly checked over – bottom line, we need a hospital now."

"Haha yeah, it'd be a first. Man and dinosaur all die together. I erm, vote John's plan," Ian lifted up his hand as he eyed up the assemble of drained human beings, still somehow able to make jokes. Adelaide saw her Grandfather prickling at Ian's words, his face changing into one of fury.

"People are Dying!" He bellowed, gaining everyone's apt attention. There was a swift silence that followed, whilst Hammond took deep breathes and spoke again, this time softly. "Please. Shut down the system."

"Here love," Muldoon tossed Adelaide a large torch which she caught easily in her lap, the weight of it heavy in her hand. She muttered her thanks as Mr Arnold proceeded to the other side of the room, opening up a panel in the wall with a twist of his key.

"Hold onto your butts," He said as he pushed down a few switches, until the whole room as engulfed in darkness. Adelaide felt a small pang of panic spring into the back of her throat as she quickly flicked on her torch, the beam catching Ian straight in the eyes.

He winced. "Jesus, Aida – I already can't walk, um, try not to blind me too,"

"Baby." She jested.

"Um...hold on...I think it worked – look, yeah it worked!" Arnold strode forwards to peer into the computer screen, where a small message reading 'system ready' flashed in green.

"Wait, what do you mean it worked? Everything's still off," Ian said worriedly.

"The shutdown must have tripped the circuit breakers. All we have to do is turn them back on, reboot a few systems in here and we're good to go!" Mr Arnold had perked up immensely at this revelation, smothering out his cigarette swiftly.

Muldoon eyed him wearily. "Where are the breakers?"

"Maintenance shed, other end of the compound. Three minutes, I can have power back to the entire park,"

"Alright. Just to be safe, I want everyone in the emergency bunker, until Mr Arnold returns, and the system is up and running again!" Her Grandad instructed Ellie, Robert and Adelaide.

The brunette frowned, turning to Mr Arnold. "You said you turned the whole system off? So, there could be anything roaming about up there now – you should take a gun,"

"It's literally a two minute walk – I'll be fine, I may be a smoker but I can still run," He replied.

"Not even the fastest runner in the world could outsprint a raptor, mate," Robert said ominously.

"Look, we gonna stand here all day chattin' or can I get on with my job, so we can get our sorry butts outta here?" The technician obviously did not want to hear anymore of their warnings, striding from the room muttering a few things under his breath. Adelaide shrugged at Muldoon in defeat.

"Can't say we didn't try."

"You make a good point thought. Anybody else here able to use a gun?" Robert voiced, face flashing as Ellie and Adelaide's torch beam lights bounced around the room.

"I can," Adelaide nodded, causing Ellie, Robert and Ian to all turn to her in disbelief. "What? You think because I'm English and a woman I can't shoot a bloody gun?"

Muldoon was all business. "Experience?"

"Clay pigeon shooting. Used to go every weekend back home,"

Ian chuckled loudly at her words, a playful grin on his handsome face. "Damn, you really did grow up rich, didn't ya tree frog? Did you guys um, wear tweed and eat caviar too?"

"Just for that, you can hop to the emergency bunker on your own." Adelaide told him.

"Tree frog?" Ellie looked puzzled, Adelaide flushed scarlet and Muldoon told the lot of them to shut up and get moving.

## Chapter Thirteen - Life Lessons

### Chapter Thirteen – Life Lessons

Adelaide

In retrospect, journeying to the emergency bunker seemed like a fantastic idea. However, as they very slowly eased Ian down what felt like the longest staircase in the world, the idea had turned sour rather quickly.

Ian cursed down every single step. He was in extreme pain and as time ticked on Adelaide could see him finding the agony harder to ignore.

He limped over to the grey table in the centre of the room and hopped on top of it (again, cursing rather imaginatively). Adelaide threw a grey blanket over him and as she withdrew her hand, he caught it in his own.

"Are you ok?" He implored, eyes flashing to her arm and leg injuries.

"Hurts like a bitch, but I'm fine," She gave him a strained smile, not wishing to admit that her arm was throbbing something awful, her body was hot with sweat that had nothing to do with the heat and she felt she may need to vomit in the not distant future.

Unfortunately, it wasn't neither the time or the place to go soft – everyone had to stay strong, for Ian especially. He needed further blankets to prop up his injured leg, so Adelaide turned from him to find something in the bunker. Her vision began to swim, and it was only after hearing Ian yell out her name, that she realised she was heading straight down to the floor.

Robert caught her in his arms quickly. "Woah there, I believe you need to sit down,"

"I'm alright, honest," Adelaide rasped, gripping onto the mans shirt to refrain from collapsing completely. He ignored her, easing her down onto a set of concrete stairs.

"Put your head between your legs and take deep breathes," Muldoon said to her quietly, handing her a cannister of water to sip.

"Thanks," She murmured.

"Let me take a quick look at your arm," Ellie said as she sat next to her. She started to peel off the bandage and Adelaide practically screamed, rivalling Ian with her swearing. The blond Doctor visibly flinched as she eyed up the wound. "I don't mean to alarm you, but this is bad. Really bad,"

"How bad is really bad?"

Ellie avoided her question, patching her wound back up. "How long has Mr Arnold been?"

"Well, longer than three minutes, let me tell you," Robert replied.

"Look...ok, Aida, listen. I've seen wounds like this before, the infection is causing extreme swelling and the...the fluid inside has nowhere to get out...I...I may have to lance it," Dr Sattler explained very carefully.

"L-lance it? Like...like cut into it?" Adelaide shuddered, eyeing up the woman worriedly.

"I'm sorry, it's the only way to stop the bacteria spreading into your bloodstream,"

"No, you can't do that! We will get her to a hospital, Mr Arnold will be back soon," Her Grandad protested.

"By the time we get her to a hospital, John, it may be too late! Like I said, I don't want to alarm you but if Aida gets blood poisoning there will be nothing we can do,"

Suddenly Ian, Ellie and Robert were all arguing with her Grandfather and the only person they hadn't thought to ask – was her. Adelaide used her good arm to stagger to her feet, knowing in her heart there was only one option. "All of you shut the hell up!" She cried. When silence fell, she continued to speak. "It's my arm, dammit. Ellie, let's get this over with,"

Dr Sattler nodded, grabbing the medical kit at her side and standing up. "Ok, let's go."

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Ian

Ian watched solemnly as the two women left. Adelaide was very good at putting on a brave face, he'd noticed this a while ago, but now, now she looked scared. The adrenaline keeping her going was wearing thin, only to be taken over by the oppressing fear and blinding pain.

His own leg was a nightmare, but it wasn't the pain that irked him so much as to how utterly useless he felt. The injury was crippling, rendering him more of a hinderance than a help.

Ian didn't like that thought.

Muldoon sat himself down at a work station as he loaded a gun. Ian didn't have one notion about guns. His pops had taken him and his brother out to a shooting range once when they were kids, but the idea had been speedily squashed the moment his Ma found out.

The thought of Adelaide with a gun however, didn't so much alarm him as turn him on.

He'd already been thinking about her in very inappropriate ways – especially after their kiss in the rec room. The way she'd said 'Doctor Malcolm' with that honey sweet British accent just wasn't fair. If it wasn't for his cursed leg holding him back, Ian would have flipped her over on that couch and done everything in his power to make her scream it.

John's presence immediately lifted him out of that particular fantasy. The old man paced around, muttering to himself for a moment before catching Ian's eye. "I don't suppose you really think much of me now, do you Ian?"

"You're all right, John. You're okay. It's just you don't have intelligence. You have um, "thinktelligence." You think narrowly and call it "being focused." You don't see the consequences. You're very good at solving problems, at getting answers, but you just don't know the right, the right questions."

The older man leant his weight against the table, his aged eyes full of woe and trauma, yet hope. "Perhaps you are right. I have always been a doer, you know, gosh darn the penalties. That's how I ended up married."

"Not a story I need to hear old man." Ian deadpanned. "I know you er, love this enterprise. You will never let go of it, I can tell, and that's why you go down in my estimations. You've seen the carnage John, with your own eyes, yet this project will always be your baby, one you can't let go of."

"How can I?" Hammond said wistfully. "When those creatures out there...they are real, they are alive! We have made a miracle in this place..."

Within seconds of him stating this, Adelaide's scream echoed around the bunker. Ian's whole body went rigid with the sound, a ghostly shiver running along his spine. Her cries of pain were the worst thing he'd ever heard – it was like torture. "Yeah John. Some miracle." He uttered with venom in his usually light tone.

John shuffled towards the sound of his Granddaughter immediately, choosing to ignore Ian's words. If there was one thing Ian hated above all things, it was people suffering for the idiotic actions of others. His Mom had been one of those people, an innocent victim who'd found herself at the bottom of a ditch because of some scumbag drink driver. A lesson he and his whole family would never forget.

Adelaide continued to sob quietly, and it was all Ian could do to resist jumping from the table to go to her. It was like an instinct within him to protect her, a primal need that surfaced when he pictured her face. What on earth had this woman done to him?

"She's a tough cookie, that one, Dr Malcolm. Don't worry about her too much," Robert Muldoon piped up, flashing Ian a knowing glance.

"I er, wasn't – wasn't worrying about her,"

"You look like a man ready to kill for that woman. Believe me, I know, I've been there myself,"

"I never kill. Only lightly maim, um, maybe torture," Ian said, trying to alleviate the tone. He wasn't much for intimate conversations with men he barely knew, it made him slightly uncomfortable.

"I had a girl like Adelaide once. Beautiful, strong, passionate thing she was – always defying the odds, never letting anyone tell her 'no',"

"And er...what happened?"

"I made a mistake. I thought putting my job first would make me happy, make us both happy. I neglected her in every way possible until one day I came home, and she'd left a note. I never saw her again," Muldoon clearly felt the need to get this off his chest. Perhaps the impending doom that weighed on all of them had gotten to him. "I was young. Thought I had all the time in the world to find another woman as good as her. I never did of course, because she was the one for me."

"Well...that's just depressing." Ian commented, as it was the only thing his brain could conjure. He literally had no idea what to say to the man. Just like his pops, Ian was no good at talking about feelings unless it was really necessary.

"My point is, Dr Malcolm," Muldoon said sharply. "That girl in there likes you, and god knows how you got so lucky. She's one of the good ones. If you get off this island, I wouldn't waste any time, and I certainly wouldn't let her go."

An answer was there, somewhere in his mind, Ian knew it. Before he could get any of the words out, Ellie re-appeared, looking a tad worse for wear with blood and other...stuff, smeared over her tank top. He straightened himself out and gave her an imploring look. "How is she?"

"Yeah, she'll be...she should be ok," Dr Sattler didn't seem too convinced by her own words, leaning heavily against the wall with a long sigh.

"What time is it? How long's it been?"

"He's been gone at least thirty minutes," Ian replied, looking at his watch. "I think that's – that's a bit too long, huh?"

"Something went wrong," Ellie agreed. "I can feel it,"

"This is just a delay, that's all it is. Every major theme parks have delays," Hammond came strolling back through into the main bunker, far too chipper for Ian's taste. "When they opened Disneyland in 1956, nothing worked!"

"Yeah, but John, when pirates of the Caribbean breaks down, the pirates don't eat the tourists," Ian breathed – his leg giving an awful twinge.

"Guess it makes for a more thrilling experience." Adelaide's voice drawled, her vocal chords sounding strained from her screaming. Ian could see how utterly dog-tired she was, holding a large piece of cloth to her arm which he assumed was to stem the bleeding. Her normally bright eyes were dull and pained, yet beneath that remained her fighting spirit.

"Look guys, I can't wait anymore. I'm going to find Mr Arnold and get the power back on," Dr Sattler said determinedly.



"You can't just stroll down the road, you know?" Robert swung open the weapons cabinet. He pulled out another gun, striding over to Adelaide and handing it to her without hesitation. "I'm going with Ellie. This gun is loaded, and the internal safety is off. Extra shells over there if you'll be needing them,"

Adelaide nodded. "Let's hope I don't,"

"Remember now, don't hesitate. Keep both eyes open and if you come across anything, you shoot it – don't get caught up in sentiment – the dinosaurs won't show you the same courtesy,"

"Same to you," The long curls of her hair were falling down her back, every so often a strand turning lighter brown as it caught the light. Her fond grin towards Muldoon faltered, Ian suspecting she'd just comprehended Robert and Ellie's mission. "You two be careful. Please come back in one piece,"

Ian watched Adelaide intently. Perhaps too intently, as she noticed his gaze and visibly blushed bright scarlet. John placed a large, heavy blueprint straight down onto his bad leg. He hissed at the sharp pain, sending the old man a deathly glower. John merely shrugged, and Ian had to wonder if he'd done it on purpose.

"Sorry Ian." John murmured. "Ellie dear, I think I can talk you through it – it won't be like switching on the kitchen light, but we'll manage if I can talk you through it,"

Ellie nodded. She cast the older man an uneasy smile, before turning around to pick up two radios from the shelf adjacent, switching them both on and handing one to John quickly. He seemed hesitant – a marvel, really, considering most of the time he had a ridiculously cheerful exterior.

"It ought to be me really going,"

Ellie faltered. "Why?"

"Because you're a...and I'm a..."

Both Ellie and Aida gave loud snorts, even Muldoon rolled his eyes. The blond doctor started making for the stairs. "Look, we'll discuss sexism in survival situations when I get back. You just take me through this step by step, I'm on channel two,"

"Come on let's go," Robert voiced before Ian heard the thunder of footsteps ascending the staircase. Ian glanced at Adelaide, who watched them go with her bottom lip between her teeth. He wished she wouldn't do that, it made him want to kiss her, hard.

"They'll be fine," He said, not sure who he was trying to reassure, Aida or himself.

"Shift over a bit, I want to sit," She merely responded. Ian slid over the table to give her some room to perch on the edge, the shotgun held tightly in her hand.

"You sure you know what you're um, doing with that thing?"

Adelaide gave him a sexy grin, his heart dropping into his stomach. "Why, you nervous?"

"Guns tend to make me nervous, yeah,"

"If I wanted to shoot you Ian, you'd be dead already. So, chill out,"

"That's comforting. Yah, really made me feel better," He said, unable to stop his eyes training from the gun in her hand to the rest of her. Despite the shocking pain in his leg and the unbearable heat of the place, he was still a man, and Adelaide's proximity was going to kill him. Even covered in sweat, dirt and grime, her arm bleeding profusely and a slightly green tinge to her complexion – she was beautiful. "Your er, arm?"

"Honestly, it feels a bit better after Ellie..." Adelaide pulled a face. "I can't say it, it'll make me sick."

Hammond was busying himself on the other side of the bunker for the moment, maybe because he didn't want to hear their conversation, or maybe because he had given up with his sabotage. Ian honestly didn't care. He was more concerned with the woman before him.

"Remember the getting to know you game?"

Adelaide laughed quietly. "Yes,"

"I have another question for ya," Ian grinned. "It's not exactly getting to know you. More like a proposition,"

"Oh, sounds serious,"

"If we get off this god forsaken Island, do you think um, you'd want to see me again?"

He saw her blue eyes widen a little, an adorable flush spreading over her face, the only indication Ian had any influence on her. Adelaide still gave nothing away. He was at her mercy, now. She let her hand glide over his, a sort of comforting gesture, the type he would have responded to if her Grandfather wasn't stood just a few feet away. "Ian...there's... something I need to tell you..."

"John, I'm in!" Ellie's voice crackled through the radio. Ian felt Adelaide's hand jump away from his, as John shuffled over to them as quick as lightning.

The question of what Adelaide had needed to tell him would have to wait.

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## Chapter Fourteen - A Good Man

### Chapter Fourteen – A Good Man

Adelaide

The reading of maps had never particularly been Adelaide's forte. She scanned the schematic that her Grandad was fiddling with, her eyes slightly blurry as she tried to focus on the writing. It seemed fatigue and stress were taking hold.

Ellie was an absolute saint, that was for sure. Adelaide had never felt white hot agony quite like it, but the rushing of infected pus and blood streaming from her wound had been the most blessed relief – almost akin to a dam bursting. It wasn't a permanent fix by a long shot; but at least it eased the infection and would help prevent any blood poisoning.

Thanking her lucky stars that Ian and her Grandfather could read the blueprints, Adelaide couldn't help the amused smile that stretched her mouth as the two argued over their instructions to Dr Sattler.

Ian had the look of an exasperated teenager, whilst her Grandad was stubbornly resolute to do it 'his way'.

"John, for the last time, she just needs to follow the main cables!"

"I was reading schematics before you were even thought of Ian! I can do it perfectly fine myself!"

"I've gone down the staircase...oh, damn, dead end!" Ellie's disappointed voice sounded through the radio. Adelaide's Grandad gave a huff of disbelief as Ian eyes rolled into the back of his head.

"Wait a minute – there should be a right turn somewhere-"

"Ellie, look above you. There should be a large bundle of cable and pipes all leading in the same direction. Follow that!" Ian directed Ellie, having snatched the radio out of her Grandad's hands and dutifully ignored his glare.

"Right. It's leading me back the way I came...following the piping...do you know how long this goes on for? I haven't found Mr Arnold yet either...can you guys talk to me?"

"Yeah er, I was thinking of organising a Jurassic Park victims trauma group – maybe um, Jurassic Park survivors anonymous. We won't have many members – you'll know most of them," Ian drawled through the radio without hesitation, Adelaide shaking her head at him incredulously.

“You’re such an idiot,”

They heard Ellie give a small, breathless laugh. “Not sure the tasteless jokes are appropriate right now Malcolm – oh, I’ve come to a grey box,”

Adelaide saw her Grandad giving Ian a sharp look before he pulled the radio back into his hand. “That’s the ticket. Now, this is where it’s going to get a bit tricky, so concentrate for me,”

It took a few minutes to explain to Dr Sattler how to get the power up and running, but the woman was competent. Adelaide squinted as the bright artificial lights illuminated the underground bunker, a few flickering randomly over their heads.

“I’m going to find Mr Arnold and be right back with you! We’re back in business ba-” Ellie’s voice cut out, a hitch pitched screech crackling out of the speaker before the radio went deadly silent. All three occupants of the bunker stared at each other in alarm.

“Maybe she just...turned it off?” Adelaide whispered.

“Yes. Yes, that’s what happened, of course,” Her Grandfather nodded rapidly. “She’ll be right back with Mr Muldoon, and Mr Arnold, and then we can get the bloody phones going,”

Adelaide slipped from her perch on the table.

“Where are you goin’?” Ian asked her in alarm.

“Grabbing some water – will you please calm down?” She took hold of the water cannister, downing some of the liquid gratefully and praying she would keep it down. “You want some?”

The disgruntled man accepted her offer. Ian’s over protectiveness for her welfare was adorable. It was a trait she had not expected from him and though Adelaide could take care of herself, she liked it. She’d always believed it impossible to be both a strong woman and need a man. But it wasn’t – the need to feel loved, protected and safe was nothing to be ashamed of, if all those things came from a good man.

And Ian Malcolm was a good man.

Two sets of booted feet came hurtling down the staircase. Alan and Ellie came thundering into the bunker, out of breath and covered in dirt, sweat and grime.

Adelaide felt relief flood her bones at the mere sight of Dr Grant. She rushed forwards with wide arms and crushed him into a vice like hug. “Thank God you’re alright!!” The brunette unlatched herself from the older man, her eyes searching behind him. “Where are the kids?”

“Lex and Tim are fine, they’re alright – I left them upstairs for the time being,” Alan assured her, his hands engulfing her shoulders.

“Good! And...Robert? Mr Arnold?”

Alan merely shook his head sombrely. Adelaide closed her eyes for a moment, enveloped in sadness for the loss of both men. The time for grieving, however, was not this moment. She straightened up and wiped her eyes, determination in her features. “What’s the plan?”

“You were right, Aida. Restarting the power turned everything off, including the Raptor paddock.” Ellie informed the horrified group, as Ian cursed loudly. “One of the animals is secure in the maintenance shed, I shut it in – but there are still two of them out there,”

Dr Grant seized a shotgun from the cabinet. “Me and Ellie will get the kids and go to the control room to start up the phones. You three stay put until I call. John, are there any gas powered jeeps in the garages out back?”

“I believe so,” Hammond said confidently.

“Good. Once we’ve called for the helicopters, take one of the cars and meet us outside the visitor centre,”

“I’m coming with you guys,” Adelaide told the two doctors, her words immediately followed with protests from both Ian and her Grandfather. “I’m not asking permission!”

“Aida, honey, Lex and Tim are going to be fine, I will personally make sure we get them to safety,” Alan said to her, knowing exactly what her main concern was. “Stay here in case you need to use that,” He pointed at the gun. “Ian can’t charm a raptor out of eating him, unfortunately,”

Adelaide smirked at Alan’s joke, having never heard the man say anything in jest before. “And yet he’d still try it,”

“You guys should be a comedy duo,” Ian replied derisively.

“Right. Are you sure the one raptor is contained?” Alan turned to Ellie.

“Yeah, unless they learned how to use doors,”

## Chapter Fifteen - Kill or be killed

### Chapter Fifteen – Kill or be killed

New York, 1992

Adelaide

“How is it, that we spent nearly 6 months on China, and I never knew you hated sushi?” Dereck lifted a large slice of pepperoni pizza to his mouth and took a huge bite, his dark brown eyes lighting up from the taste.

Adelaide laughed. “Well, Sushi is Japanese for one. And two, when the hell would it ever come up? We barely ate anything out there,”

“That’s only because everything made you sick, and I took pity and chose to suffer with you,”

“Sure. Whatever you say,” She said. Sitting next to the window, Adelaide had a great view of the hustle and bustle of life on 7th Avenue. There was something about New York city that she’d always liked, even on family holidays as a child. Going to see the Broadway musical Cats when she was ten with her Grandfather or taking a stroll through Central Park on a late autumn evening. The leaves golden brown and the air crisp, reminding her of autumnal London.

Dereck flashed her a large grin. It hadn’t taken Adelaide long to like the guy sitting opposite her. He was a year older than she, with russet brown skin and a big, muscled build. His Mom was originally from Kenya, but her parents moved to New York a month after she was born. It was in New York that she met Dereck’s father, a white Irish immigrant who had not but a penny to his name – and that was that.

Adelaide loved the way Dereck described his parents. Their love story was a romantic tale worthy of at least a bestselling novel, if not a movie. She’d never known love like that – her own parents barely spoke to each other, and when they did it was to talk about money.

“So, how long are you planning to be in New York, Aida?” Dereck asked through a mouthful of food. His New Yorker accent became prominent the minute he stepped back on American soil and mingled with his childhood friends.

“Depends. My Grandad has been on about some project he’s working on near Costa Rica, so that’s a possibility,” She mused, slapping Dereck’s hand away as he tried to make a move on her half of the pizza.

“You should stick around, you know, for thanksgiving. My Ma asked me to ask you if you’ll join us,”

“Really? But, I’ve never met them before,”

“Well...I’ve sort of been talking about you, er, a lot,” Dereck said sheepishly as he began to fold and unfold his napkin. The man could never keep still, always fiddling with things or twitching his legs. “And they are keen to meet you, since you ‘kept me outta trouble’ in Chengdu,”

“I personally think it was the other way around,” Adelaide laughed outright, remembering a few very drunken nights that ended with Dereck hoisting her over his shoulder back to the hostel.

“Me too, but they think you are the responsible one and I don’t have the heart to tell them otherwise,” Dereck had moved his hand closer to hers on the table. His hands were broad, strong and slightly calloused from years of work, a few scars crisscrossed over his large knuckles. “Aida... can I ask you a question?”

She paused. This was going somewhere important; his tone had turned serious and the laughter had left his features. They’d always had an unspoken rule about what they were to each other. Adelaide didn’t just remember the nights she’d been hauled over his shoulder. She also remembered the hot, sweaty nights where they’d succumbed to their desires. Leaving it as it was betwixt them, meant Adelaide could leave without feeling guilty of breaking his heart – but things had changed recently. “Yeah, of course you can,”

“I know we’ve not been serious and all, but lately...I feel like...you know...I like you. A lot. We seem to just work, you know?” Dereck took her hand in his. “Let’s go out, officially?”

Adelaide felt the soft squeeze of his hand, his touch eliciting a warm feeling in her belly. “You’re not just saying this because of your parents, are you?”

“No. Well, a little bit but it’s been on my mind for a while now...so yeah...what do you think?”

The hopeful look in his eyes made her heart melt. Adelaide smiled gently, because she figured why not? This man was decent, they were very good friends and they got on really well. Why couldn’t they make a relationship work?

“I think...yeah. Let’s give us a shot.”

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Isla Nublar, 1993

Adelaide

“How long is it going to take?” Adelaide asked sharply as she paced around, the gun flailing about in her arms. If she sat still for too long, the faint feeling crept over her and passing meant leaving Ian and her Grandfather defenceless.

“You know, you may want to stop – stop throwing that gun around,” Ian voiced nervously.

Adelaide was too panicked to care. “It’s taking too long Ian.”

“Look, they’ve made it this far ok? Just take some deep breaths before you keel over,”

Adelaide didn’t want to tell him that keeling over may just be on the cards. Her next words were cut short as they were blessed with the shrill noise of the phone ringing. She exclaimed in relief as her grandfather stopped tending to Ian’s leg and answered the phone immediately.

“Grant?”

There was a pause, her Grandfather suddenly becoming panicked and yelling down the phone. “GRANT!?!”

“What? What is it?” Adelaide cried.

“I don’t know – I’m calling for the helicopter now,” He slammed his fingers into the buttons, directed the person on the other end of the phone to get them a chopper as soon as possible.

Adelaide turned to Ian, her strength returning as a new glimmer of hope emerged from their dire situation.

“Come on, let’s get to a jeep now,” She said, gesturing towards the tall man. Ian managed to slide over towards her and with her Grandad’s help, they supported him to a standing position.

“Remind me to uh, thank you for all this later,” Ian murmured into her ear.

“You’ll never need to thank me,” She replied in sincerity, meeting his dark eyes in a moment of pure understanding.

They continued towards the garage where a few lonely jeeps sat, already collecting dust. It took a long while for Ian to move across the lot, his face saying all there had to be said about the pain he was experiencing. Adelaide wrapped her arm around his back tightly, the strain of his weight taking a large toll on her already damaged body. Her Grandad could only take so much himself, yet he continued to plunge ahead without a single complaint.

“Ian – why the hell are you such a lanky bastard?” Adelaide groaned, not having her Grandad’s ability of keeping his mouth shut.

“Blame my Grandpa, he was an impressively lanky er, bastard,” Ian responded nonchalantly, his voice slightly breathless.

“Nearly there...” Adelaide muttered. With her free hand, she pulled open the car door and Ian slid himself inside. They positioned his leg straight over into the front seat, her Grandfather



hopping into the front before she had time to protest about driving herself.

“Aida get in – come on,” Ian said frantically. His eyes widened as he spotted something behind her. Adelaide froze, the low sound of growling vibrating everyone of her senses into sheer panic. Turning very slowly, she met the unrelenting yellow gaze of a dinosaur. Its long, lizard type snout snarled, gnashing together a set of razor-sharp teeth. The creature stood on hind legs, around six feet tall with large, claw like talons on the end of each foot.

It was a velociraptor.

“Shit.” Adelaide breathed, not taking her eye off the animal as it took a few steps closer. She slowly pointed her shot gun towards it as her heart pounded heavily in her chest.

“Erm, what – what are you doing?” Ian sounded positively petrified.

Adelaide didn’t turn around. “Grandad, you need to go now.”

“Aida get into the jeep!” Ian commanded.

“You need to get out of here. I will catch up with you guys,”

“No! Don’t do this-”

“GET OUT OF HERE!” Adelaide roared in finality, striding forwards as the velociraptor crept closer. It let out a shrill screech, purring as its pointed claws clicked over the concrete ground. Finally, she heard the car engine roar to life, the sound of it speeding away a stark realisation that this may be the end.

How was this fair? The animal before her was not at fault. It hadn’t asked to be created or born, to be brought into a world that was way past its time or place. The velociraptor was just doing what it had been made to do, what evolution had created it to do millions of years ago.

Did she kill this creature in cold blood? Become the very thing she’d strived to defeat her entire life?

“I’m so sorry.” Adelaide whispered, as the creature opened its mouth in a loud shriek, curling its body before it began to charge.

She pulled the trigger.

## Chapter Sixteen - The Hospital

### Chapter Sixteen – The Hospital

Ian

Ian couldn't see past the blind panic that had enveloped his senses as Hammond drove away. He let out a series of curses before beating the back of the front seat with his fist. "Stop the jeep! John, stop right NOW!"

John slammed hard on the breaks, throwing Ian forwards and jarring his leg. He barely suffered the pain, turning towards the entrance of the car lot with widened eyes.

A single gunshot rang through the air.

Ian felt his heart stop, the silence that followed almost tangible in its intensity. "Come on Aida. Come on, come on!" He was murmuring under his breath desperately as time seemed to stand still. Hammond's fingers were drumming over the steering wheel in agitation, the old man's body rigid with mortification. Ian wasn't religious in the slightest, yet he began to pray to a God he didn't believe in that Adelaide was alive. Hypocrite or not – Ian could care less.

Too much time had passed and there still wasn't a single sign of her. Ian closed his eyes as he let out a grief-stricken moan, unable to fathom the pain he felt in his chest at the idea she may not be coming back. She was too young, had too much of her life ahead of her to meet such a terrible fate!

Adelaide had willingly sacrificed her life for theirs, and he didn't know if he'd ever be able to forgive himself for it.

John let out a tiny gasp of relief. Ian, upon hearing the noise, opened his eyes and was met with an image he would not soon forget. Adelaide was running as fast as she could towards them, the gun nowhere in sight. She threw the car door open and scrambled inside. Ian looped his arms around her small frame, effectively pulling her onto his lap in the tightest embrace he could muster.

"John, er, Drive!" Ian barked.

John responded instantaneously, tires skidding as the jeep shot forwards along the road towards the visitor centre.

Ian took Adelaide's face in his hands. "You alright?"

"Yeah," She said quietly, gazing at him with sorrow in her clear blue eyes. Ian wanted to kiss her but he refrained, content to merely hold her gaze.

"You er, killed it...didn't you?"

Adelaide didn't need to give him an answer, as the sadness in her expression told Ian all he required. "You did what you had to do, Aida,"

"I know." A single tear fell down her cheek that he wiped away with his thumb, not fully understanding her empathy towards the creature. There would be a better time to think over the events that had transpired over the last couple of days, but right now he had to focus on getting the hell of the island.

Hammond once again hit the breaks hard. Ian stared up at the visitor centre, his eyes catching sight of Alan, Ellie and the kids bursting through the doors. They tumbled down the stairs like mice escaping a trap, the roars of the T-Rex sounding from inside.

How on earth had the Rex managed to get in there?

"Lex! Tim!!" Adelaide cried out, opening her arms as the two children launched themselves into the jeep. She grabbed hold of them both, eyes streaming as they all clung to each other in an emotional reunion.

Ian met Timmy's eyes as he clung to his older cousin. He was covered from head to toe in mud and his hair stuck up over his scalp like sonic the hedgehog. Lex was in a similar state, though the young girl had her face buried in Adelaide's shoulder whilst sobbing ardently.

"Aida?" Tim voiced, leaning back slightly to look at her. "I think after all this; the triceratops is definitely my favourite."

Ian snorted whilst Adelaide gave a laugh type sob. "Yeah Timmy, I think it's my favourite, too."

It wasn't long before the helicopter landed swiftly on the landing pad. Alan singlehandedly hauled Ian out of the jeep and supported him inside of the chopper, setting him down at the far side and helping him stick his leg up.

Finally, after what felt like the longest ordeal in the history of Ian's life, they were up in the air.

He was so exhausted he found it difficult to create coherent thoughts. The occupants of the helicopter were silent, for what was there to say? None of them wished to relive the horrific moments of their ordeal, and Ian was now dreading the aftermath. His leg was not going to be an easy fix, the aching discomfort told him in no uncertain terms that it would be months, if not years, before he could walk properly again.

The adrenalin had worn off Adelaide completely. He could see the pain and exhaustion had caught up with her brain and she now suffered for it. She'd silently placed her head into his lap, her shaking body curled up like a cat on the seat. Hot sweat had started to plume over her pale skin and she was breathing raggedly. Ian stroked her hair soothingly, sharing a worried glance with Ellie who was sat opposite.

The sooner they got to a hospital, the better.

...

The next few days passed Ian by in a blur. He'd been immediately whisked off into surgery to correct his knee, the anaesthetic knocking him out thoroughly for at least two days straight. When he came around, the drugs rendered him obsolete, completely draining him and making him feel quite lethargic.

Thankfully, by day six, Ian was starting to feel human again. He could now sit up in his hospital bed and produce coherent thoughts, that were spinning wildly around his brain. First, he was desperate to know how Aida was doing. Secondly, he wondered if any of his family had been contacted, his main concern being his pops and his step-daughter, Kelly.

His father would be worried sick, and Kelly seemed to be growing increasingly into a 'daddy's girl' as of late (much to the annoyance of her mother). He didn't want either of them to worry needlessly.

As if the man had read Ian's mind, John Hammond came limping into the private hospital room. Good enough, the old man was paying for all the survivor's medical bills and had set them up nicely in a private Cota Rican hospital. The place was unbelievable, like a five-star hotel.

But none of the five-star treatment was going to help cure the mental trauma they'd all experienced on that island.

"Ah, Ian. You look much better," John said as he sank down onto an armchair, resting his hands on his walking stick.

"Do I?" Ian mused rhetorically. As usual, Hammond was in a world of his own and Ian often wondered if the man had dancing monkeys in his head when he spoke. "How's the kids? Ellie, Alan? Aida?"

John met his eyes as he said his Granddaughter name, the look one of knowing. "Yes, all doing fine..." He expression seemed pained and Ian panicked.

"But?"

"Oh no...well, Adelaide...she's ok now, but it was touch and go at first. She stopped breathing," John's voice cracked a bit. "Thought we'd lost her for a moment,"

"She stopped – stopped breathing? Where is she now?" Ian demanded, feeling bile rising into his throat at the thought.

"She's fine, honestly! She woke up this morning, and they are taking very good care of her. Spared no expense,"

"Right. Well, could you get me a nurse? I need a wheelchair,"

"Ian, I believe you should give it wee while, your leg is still-"

“John, I have literally, uh, had it up to here-” Ian raised his hand to above his eyes. “- with your fanatics, so erm, stop talkin’ for two seconds and get me a nurse,”

“My granddaughter already has a visitor right now,” Hammond told him outright. “Her boyfriend, to be exact,”

Ian stopped fidgeting on the bed immediately, the sudden revelation causing his heart to sink slowly into his stomach. “Right...”

“I understand you formed a connection with Adelaide, and she does seem very fond of you, Ian, but I implore you to really think about this before you act. My granddaughter is young, with her whole life ahead of her. You have baggage, ten years’ more worth of baggage. I understand it is not my place to make judgements, but she is my family, and I will do anything to ensure the best for my own. You may think I am being cruel, but I believe...no, I am asking you as a grandfather, to leave Aida alone.”

Ian wondered how he lived to become so low in other people’s estimations. First Dr Grant had given him a grilling, and now even her own Grandfather was telling him he was no good for her. Why then, in his heart, did he not believe this?

“Gee, I um, thought Aida you know, might have a say it in as well. I mean, I don’ think I have that much of an influence on her,”

“I think we both know that you do, Ian.” John hauled himself up, obviously wishing to conclude the conversation. “Right...I believe that was all – oh, just to inform you, we contacted your family and they are aware of the situation,”

“Oh sure. Did you remember to mention the two-story high T-Rex in your rendition?”

“Ian, I implore you to listen to reason-”

“There is no way in a million years, um, that I am going to stay quiet about what happened. You’re InGen colleagues can rain down on me all they want, but people will know the truth.” Ian began to feel an undiluted amount of rage bubbling through the surface of his normally calm exterior. John appeared to have noticed the change in his demeanour, for he merely nodded sadly before shuffling from the room as quickly as he could.

Ian saw red. He grabbed hold of the jug at his beside and chucked it as hard as he possibly could against the wall, shattering it into a thousand tiny pieces. “God dammit.” He cursed, immediately regretting his decision to vandalise the room. It’d been a long time since Ian had felt anger quite like that, possibly as long ago as his teenage years.

God. John was right. Adelaide had only left behind her teenage years eight years ago. She was still a bleedin’ kid, no matter how hard Ian tried to spin it. What had he been thinking? The kiss they’d shared had been on him, at a time when she was not only vulnerable but also fighting for her life.

Despite the notion of her being happy with another man made him physically sick, Ian had to let go of Adelaide.

There was a soft knocking on the door and for a moment his heart stopped. He turned towards the noise, to be greeted by the face of a completely unknown woman standing in the threshold.

“Er...Hi, my name is Sarah. Sarah Harding...I was told this is where I could find you,” The redhead stepped further into the room. “Are you Doctor Ian Malcolm?”

# Chapter Seventeen - A Problem Solved

## Chapter Seventeen – A Problem Solved

Costa Rica

Adelaide

“Okay Adelaide, can you wiggle your hand for me?”

Adelaide screwed up her features in concentration. The very tips of her fingers began to wobble, followed by her fingers. Try as she might, however, the movement in her hand and arm was still nought.

Doctor Herrera smiled warmly, crow’s feet crinkling beneath his eyes as he ticked something on his chart. “Don’t worry too much, it’s still early days,”

“Well how long will it take? It’s been nearly a week since the surgery,” Adelaide tried to curb her rude tone, but she couldn’t help it. Not being able to pertain any motion in her arm, upon waking, had been almost as scary as facing the T-Rex. Though the infection had mostly cleared, the damage done to her nerves by the rex’s teeth may have well been irreversible.

“Your arm needs to heal on its own now. It is just going to take time and some physiotherapy. I must warn you, though, that there are no guarantees you will ever have full function of your arm again,” He placed his arm on her shoulder in comfort. “But we have to stay positive,”

“Yeah thanks doc.” Nick’s sarcastic drawl sounded from the armchair on her left side. The doctor merely smiled tightly, clearing his throat as he left the room. “What a stupid thing to say.”

“He’s just being realistic, Nick. I can’t get my hopes up,” Adelaide grumbled. She had to admit, she had not been a very happy camper since waking two days ago. According to the doctors, she’d been clinically dead for three minutes before they revived her. They were impressed she’d managed to keep herself up and about after the ‘animal’ attack, as they called it, because her injuries were so severe.

“Realistic my ass. Your arm is gonna be fine,” Nick told her confidently. “You’re one of the toughest chicks I know,”

“Thanks,” Adelaide chuckled, glad he was with her. “Have you erm, heard anything from Dereck?”

“What, your so called boyfriend? Forget him, Aida. He can’t even be bothered to come out here,”

“He doesn’t have much money Nick! It’s not like this is a straight forward situation, either, I mean, there have been papz outside the hospital for days now. I can’t blame him if he wants to keep a low profile,”

“The guy is your boyfriend. He should be jumpin’ hoops for you, not giving you all the excuses in the world not get on a flight,” Nick looked visibly angry. “I mean, does he love you, or not?”

Adelaide immediately cringed at the word ‘love’. She and Dereck had never really broached the subject of whether they loved one another. At one time, maybe Adelaide had loved Dereck, but not anymore. She knew deep down that her heart belonged to someone else now.

“I don’t love him, Nick. I...just don’t anymore.” She admitted. “I am the one who put him off coming here.”

“Oh. Well...ok then,” The man shrugged nonchalantly, casting her a lopsided grin. “I sorta guessed that, I mean...the first name you said when you came round was ‘Ian’ so...”

She flushed scarlet, feeling decidedly embarrassed that her unconscious brain had managed to conjure up Ian. “That...is just because he was the last person I saw before I fell unconscious.”

“Sure, sure. And I’m the bloody pope.” Nick had clearly spent too long hanging out with Adelaide, as he’d already picked up on her language. “You clearly need to go talk to this guy,”

“I don’t need to do squat.” Adelaide responded childishly, sticking out her bottom lip in a pout. Nick outright laughed at her, giving the centre of her forehead a poke with his finger.

“Stop being stubborn – what’s the worst that could happen?”

“Many things.” She lay her head against the pillows, stretching out her injured leg with a wince. The glass had severed just mere inches away from a main artery, meaning that Adelaide could very well have bled to death. It seemed she was just lucky to be alive all round.

A couple of hours later, Nick was dozing in the blue armchair, his head leant back and mouth open. Adelaide chuckled under her breath, shuffling out of the white bedsheets and feeling her bare feet tap on the cold floor.

Her arm had been placed into a sling, mainly to stop it from hanging at her side like a dead fish. She’d managed to change out of the god-awful hospital gown into a tank top and sweatpants, all curtesy of Nick. She really wondered what she would have done without him – her parents hadn’t even called to ask how she was.

The walk to Ian’s hospital room was a short one. The corridor was basked in the evening glow of dusk, the sky a gentle plume of pastel pinks and orange. Taking a moment to stare out at the horizon, Adelaide began to hear voices filtering out of the doorway.



She took small steps towards it and peeked around. Ian sat in a wheelchair at the small table in his room, leaning his elbow casually onto the surface in engagement. He was talking to a redheaded woman, the pair so engrossed in their conversation they didn't even notice Adelaide's presence.

"...Yah, you've erm, asked me all these questions Doctor Harding but I have, well, a better idea," Ian said, with that signature sexy smirk on his lips. "Why don't we play a game?"

The woman, Doctor Harding, laughed. She was flushing very obviously under Ian's charm, her body angled towards his and eyes wide. "You want to play a game?"

"Yeah the ur, getting to know you, um, game,"

Adelaide had seen enough. Oh, how she wanted to stomp over to the tall, handsome man and wallop him over the head! He was clearly doing fine and moved on to his next victim. Had he even spared her a thought, after all they'd gone through? Her blood boiled with anger as she turned to leave.

"Aida?"

Damn it. Adelaide winced, before turning on the spot. "Oh, hi,"

Ian's expression completely changed. The smirk dropped from his face as his eyes roamed from her face to her toes. She felt vulnerable under his hazel gaze, wishing she'd never listened to Nick about talking to him. "I just wanted to check up on you, but I can see you're busy so-"

"Oh, no it's ok. You are Adelaide, right? Adelaide Dobrev? You were on the island too?" Doctor Harding asked as she stood from the table, reaching out to shake Adelaide's hand. "My name is Doctor Sarah Harding, I'm a palaeontologist,"

Great, another one. Adelaide returned her handshake, wondering what this doctor could possibly want.

"I've been speaking to Ian about the events that occurred on Isla Nublar. I just want to say, I believe you. My Uncle worked with the dinosaurs on that Island," Sarah glanced at Ian, who was watching Adelaide intently. "My focus is animal behaviour, you see, especially the parental instincts of predators,"

"Well...thanks, I guess." Adelaide muttered.

"You were attacked by the Rex, weren't you?"

"Yeah-"

"Did it seem to be doing it out of aggression? Or do you think it was hungry? Or maybe being territorial, as there are many indicators from fossils that they were extremely protective of land and their infants,"

“I couldn’t tell you why. It just did.” Adelaide responded, the images of the T-Rex’s face plunging through the jeep roof flashing before her eyes. She could hear it’s loud, bellowing roar, feel the mud pouring over her skin as the car was pushed down on her and the kids...

Sarah had started talking again, but Adelaide heard nothing. Suddenly the hospital walls were too close, the air thick as she struggled to even breath. It felt as if someone had their hands wrapped around her lungs, constricting all her airwaves with a vice grip.

Both Ian and Sarah were now looking at her in concern. Ian pushed himself forwards quickly to reach out to her, his voice sounding a million miles away. Adelaide ducked from the room quickly, bursting through the patio doors and out onto the balcony that was adjacent to the communal area.

Grasping at the metal bar tightly, Adelaide tried to breath. It was just all too overwhelming. Despite being in hospital for a week, she hadn’t thought once about the attacks, preferring to keep the details to herself. Sarah Harding had brought it all back to life - the panic and the sheer unadulterated fear.

“Hey, Aida. Listen, listen to me and um, just breath, can you do that?” Ian manifested besides her in a matter of minutes.

Adelaide caught his gaze. “I can’t.”

“Yeah you can,” Ian placed his hand on her back, turning her body so he could cup her cheek. “Just keep looking at me, alright?”

“I can’t talk about it, I can’t...” Tears flooded down her face.

“You don’t have to,” He said firmly. “You’re safe here now, um, ok? I won’t let anything happen to you, you got that?”

Adelaide closed her eyes as he leant his forehead against hers. She could smell him, not his cologne, just a deep, spiced scent that was all his own. Her breathing became less shallow as his hand made soothing circles on her back, the panic starting to leave her body.

“You feelin’ better, tree frog?” Ian murmured, leaning his face back from her slightly. He used the pads of his thumbs to wipe away her tears, his touch eliciting random tremors to run down her spine.

“Yes...”

“Go sit on one of those chairs,” He said (Adelaide had noticed he got quite bossy when he was serious), and she did as she was told. The fresh air was helping, the soothing coastal breeze whipping strands of her hair around her face. Ian rolled his wheelchair alongside her, huffing a bit with the effort of it. Out of nowhere, he started to sing a ridiculous song that Adelaide had never heard before, his voice lowered as he tapped his hands on his legs.

She gave him a quizzical look through her fingers. “Have you finally lost your mind?”

“What? You’ve never heard Solomon Burke?” Ian said, clearly appalled at her lack of music knowledge.

“Not sang like that, I haven’t.” Adelaide deadpanned, before she started laughing slightly hysterically, matching the grin on his face. “Oh my god, you are insane.”

“It takes one to er, know one,”

Adelaide wiped her face with her hands. Despite being angry with Ian, for the first time since she awoke in the hospital, she felt calm. His presence was like a balm, soothing her nerves and healing her mind. “Where have you been, Ian?”

He had the humility to look abashed, rubbing the back of his neck with his hand. “I erm... wanted to give you space,”

“I don’t need space.” I need you.

“I thought...well, your um, your boyfriend is with you, I didn’t want to step on anyone’s toes...” Even as he said those words, he didn’t seem to have convinced himself, let alone Adelaide. She felt her heart jolt slightly at his mentioning the word boyfriend.

“How do you know I...?”

“John told me,”

“Ian...I’m sorry I didn’t tell you, it was all just so sudden and...well there’s no excuse. But anyway, my boyfriend isn’t here,” Adelaide caught his puzzled look. “He’s in New York. The guy who is with me now is just a friend – a really good friend,”

“Right.”

Adelaide sighed in frustration. “Is that all you’ve got to say?”

“What do you um, want me to say?”

“I don’t know! That you’re angry with me for lying to you? That you thought we had something, that what happened to us on the island changed everything for you?”

“I’m not angry with you. Sure, the idea of you – you erm, having a boyfriend sucks, but it’s a good thing,”

“A good thing?”

“Yah. You need to be with someone – someone your own age.”

“How do you even know my boyfriend is my age?” Adelaide raged. “I could suffer with massive daddy issues for all you know. He might be 60!”

Ian, despite the seriousness of the conversation, laughed. “Oh god...you are making this very difficult for me,”

Adelaide couldn't help smiling slightly, it was just too damn hard not to when he was looking at her like that. "It doesn't have to be difficult, Ian."

"I'm going to be honest with you, because um, to be honest at this point I think it's only fair that you know," Ian's words filled her with concern, but she let him continue. "Your er, Grandpa, well he's the one who suggested I leave you alone. He did make some, some good points,"

"My Grandfather? You are going to listen to him? The man who just sent us onto an island full of extinct dinosaurs, nearly got us all killed, and now wants to try and re-build the park? That grandfather?" Adelaide cried. "He's my Grandad and I love him, but the man is a lunatic Ian."

"Well I mean...when you put it like that..."

"Don't worry about it anyway. I saw you flirting with that Sarah woman, I obviously got it wrong," Adelaide fought off the stinging tears at the back of her eyes, looking out towards the darkening sky. She could see one star already twinkling in the sky.

Ian kept his gaze on her with that infuriating smirk gracing his features. "I knew you erm, heard what I said," She felt his hand encase hers. "I didn't take you for the jealous type, tree frog,"

"Well...I'm going to be honest with you." Adelaide could feel her heart racing as she placed her heart out on her sleeve, making it so easy for him to pick up and break it into pieces. "I'm not the jealous type. Well, I didn't think I was, until that moment. Meeting you has literally changed everything for me, I mean, I know I don't want to be with Dereck – my boyfriend – because...because I know I don't love him-"

"Aida-"

"No Ian just listen for once." She put her hand over his mouth and his eyes widened comically. "Stop trying to be a smarmy git about everything, because I'm trying to tell you something import – fffimmm!"

Adelaide's words were cut short as Ian tugged her towards him, crashing his lips onto hers in a fierce kiss. She closed her eyes in response, kissing him back with fervour as his hand tangled into her long curls. It was even better than she remembered, the feeling of his lips, the taste of him on her tongue as she revelled in her body's intense response to his touch.

Ian withdrew slightly from her mouth, his pools of dark hazel full of complete adoration. "Does that um, solve the problem?"

"I'm not sure you're a problem that can be solved, Ian," She mused quietly, running her fingers over his lips lightly.

He chuckled. "Yeah but you'll uh, have great fun trying,"

# Chapter Eighteen -

## Chapter Notes

Thank you to everyone who has read and enjoyed this story!

I am planning a sequel in the future that will entail more of Adelaide and Ian, plus a Nick/OC storyline too, so please look out for this. Enjoy the last chapter and please let me know what you think!

Thanks!

Jess xxx

## Chapter Eighteen

### Epilogue

San Diego, 1996

Ian

The latest news story screamed out at him in red. 'Crazy dino-man' they called him. Not exactly the most original of names, for sure, but enough to cause irreparable damage to his long worked on reputation.

As an academic, he was now considered a laughing stock.

Ian sighed. His resolve had been tested over the years since the incident at the Park. Every time he spoke out against InGen and their ethics, he was rendered a fool who knew not what he was talking about. The headlines in the papers were ridiculously biased and he had Peter Ludlow to thank for that.

Where there was money, there was unadulterated bias. The man had made it his mission to ensure Ian had a battle at every corner, whether it was the papers, the news, some new theory to explain why three people lost their lives in the park. A select few did believe Ian, but they often proved to be conspiracy theory fanatics who made the situation unwittingly worse.

Doctor Sarah Harding had proven herself to be quite useful. Her standing in the palaeontologist community was enough to sway some folks to his side. Ian had hoped her

Uncle, the Doctor who had been treating the sick triceratops in the park, would vouch for him too.

It turned out the man had taken an extremely large pay-out from InGen, with a very strict gag-order to boot.

Ian was angry at first, but then soon discovered the man had taken the money to pay for his wife's hospital bills – she'd been diagnosed with cervical cancer. It was hard to be mad at a guy who was simply doing anything he could for the woman he loved.

Dr Grant and Dr Sattler had gone MIA since the hospital in Costa Rica. Ian suspected they'd also taken the pay-out money and were now doing their palaeontologist thing somewhere in the world. He figured Alan was too quiet and reserved to want to be in the public eye, and Ellie merely wanted to continue with the work she loved.

All the survivors shared at least one thing in common: they wanted to forget.

It wasn't an easy task, for sure. Ian often had nightmares that consisted specifically of a certain brunette being ripped to shreds by a T-Rex. He'd never told anyone about his dreams, just merely continued with life until they steadily decreased in number. It was a typically male thing to do, keeping his feelings and worries to himself, but it was the only way Ian knew how to cope with emotion.

An overhead announcement alerted Ian to his surroundings. He looked up from the book he'd been reading, watching from the platform as a train rolled into the station. Snapping the hardback shut, he shoved it into his backpack as the door slid open.

A few passengers started to exit the train that was predictably busy. He stood up, towering over most people as he usually did, barely having time to open his arms as a blur of blue denim came hurtling towards him.

"Dad!!" Kelly cried happily as she hugged him tightly.

"Hey there kiddo," Ian responded, before his eyes caught sight of a mass of dark brown curls. Adelaide was dragging a suitcase behind her as she found his gaze, her mouth lighting up in a bright smile. Lex and Tim were on her heels, the pair chatting excitedly and carrying their own suitcases.

"Do my eyes deceive me, or did you actually turn up on time?" Adelaide chastised teasingly, stopping just short of him with one brow raised.

"I'm usually um, fashionably late baby, it's not something I'd expect you to know about," He grinned before taking hold of her chin and planting a kiss on her lips. He heard the kids all make noises of disgust, making both he and Adelaide start to laugh.

They did know how to laugh. That was one of the many things Ian loved about Aida, and there were quite a lot of things. They had their fair share of problems, like all couples did. At one point he was sure they were going to split, but Adelaide wasn't one to back down and she'd stubbornly refused to let him push her away. Ian admired her wholly for that.

“So, did you kids have a good time visiting Grandpa in New York?”

“We went to see a musical!”

“I ate loads of hotdogs!”

“We went shopping in Macy’s!”

All three kids answered him at once, their faces all red and flustered with excitement. Ian chuckled, taking hold of Aida’s suitcase with one hand and wrapping his other arm around her shoulders. “It was a good trip then?”

“Oh yeah. Grandad was asking about you, told me to say hi,” Adelaide knew talking about her family often caused a strain on both. Unfortunately, she was related to Peter Ludlow, or as she would call him ‘the total wanking bastard’. He’d paid them all a ‘happy’ visit after the incident in the park in which Ian had told him in no uncertain terms to ‘take his money and shove it wear the sun don’t shine’.

John was ok, for now. The old man was getting on with things as he saw fit, and there had been no mention of his ventures in re-opening another Jurassic Park – so far. His health had been failing, recently, which was why Aida had insisted they visit him. Kelly nearly hit the roof with excitement at being invited to the Big Apple.

“He still hates me for being with you,” Ian responded lightly.

“I think he’s slowly coming round to the idea,” She watched as the kids all chatted amongst each other ahead, as the group made their way through the station to the parking lot. “I saw my Mom and Dad too. Nearly died of shock, of course they just acted like they normally do,”

“What, the most superior human beings on the planet?”

“Pretty much. They literally couldn’t be any angrier with me right now...I love it,” Aida grinned up at him, her smile enough to make his heart skip. Even after nearly two years, she still managed to render him useless with just one smile.

Ian squeezed her shoulders. “So, I’m still the um, bad older man who’s taking advantage of their er, precious daughter?”

“Kind of. Now you’re more the ‘insane dino-guy’ taking advantage of their daughter – Tim stay within our sight or you’re not getting any pizza later!”

Ian watched in amusement as the little sprog halted in his tracks, sending them both a sheepish look. “Well...you win some...” He decided to change the subject. “So, babe, you bring me back any – any presents?”

Aida flashed him a sly grin. “I didn’t exactly buy anything for you...but I think you’re going to like it,” Her implication had his mind whirling with possibilities and he tugged her closer.

“My Pa can have the kids um, all day tomorrow,” He whispered into her ear, feeling her shiver under his touch. By now Aida had wrapped her own arm around his middle, having

snaked it under his jacket, pressing her much smaller body to his tightly.

“You better rest up tonight then, Doctor Malcolm,” Adelaide smirked. “You are getting on after all,”

“I resent that comment, tree frog,” Ian retaliated, knowing the nickname irked her just a little bit. She rolled her eyes and then squeaked as he pinched her side, squirming in his grip a little.

“Come on you two! I’m hungry!” Timmy said as he jumped up and down with only the energy a child could have. They had a strange little family dynamic going on, but it worked.

Ian pushed his hand into his trouser pocket, to make sure the little velvet box was still there.

He had a question to ask his tree frog tomorrow.



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