

Beautifully Broken

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/31440530) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/31440530>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/M
Fandoms:	Jurassic World Trilogy (Movies) , Jurassic Park Series - Michael Crichton , Jurassic Park - All Media Types , Jurassic World - Fandom
Relationships:	Indoraptor (Jurassic Park)/Original Character(s) , Indoraptor (Jurassic Park)/Original Female Character(s) , Indoraptor/E
Characters:	Indoraptor (Jurassic Park) , E (OC)
Additional Tags:	Romance , Fluff and Hurt/Comfort , Fluff , New Raptors (Jurassic Park) , Raptors , Indoraptor Lives AU , Pregnancy , Unplanned Pregnancy , New Family , Cuddling & Snuggling , Cabins , Nesting , No Dialogue , Happy Ending , Hopeful Ending , Hope , Hope vs. Despair , Velociraptors , Babies , Eggs , Childbirth , Parent-Child Relationship , Fatherhood , Motherhood , Warm and Fuzzy Feelings , Cute Ending , Mates , Pack Dynamics , Pack Family , Pack Bonding , vague sex scene , Implied Sexual Content , Dinosaurs , Gift Giving , Indoraptor is a good mate , Worry , Indoraptor is a good boi , Indoraptor is best boi , E is good gurl , E is best gurl , Indoraptor and E , Indoraptor/E - Freeform , Pack , Indoraptor is a daddy , E is a mommy , E adopted a rock , Rock lives matter , Family Dynamics , Family Fluff , Family Bonding , Beautiful , Hybrids , Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Protective Pack , Predator/Prey , Hunters & Hunting , Protectiveness , Parenthood , Protective Parents , Mother's Day , Father's Day , Mother-Son Relationship , Mother-Daughter Relationship , Father-Son Relationship , Father-Daughter Relationship
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Broken Minds , Bruised Scales , Warm Hearts , Part 1 of Broken Raptors Series
Stats:	Published: 2021-05-21 Updated: 2022-05-16 Words: 14,641 Chapters: 5/?

Beautifully Broken

by [Joelcoxriley](#)

Summary

The Indoraptor was wrong. Nothing was not better than something. He was just blind to how beautiful the something could be, no matter how broken. It just took the help of his mate to realize that.

In the dark of his cage, where there was nothing but fear and pain and rage-the quiet silence of the darkness was his nothing-his home. And then he met E. E became his something. But also something more than something. E became his home. And then E's babies-their babies-became something. Something more than something. They became his home, too. And a home was all he needed.

*Indoraptor/E

Notes

I ended up writing this because it was easier to pump out than the next chapter of Broken Raptors. And because I wanted to write fluff and stuff rather than character death.

I decided to rate this Mature due to vague sex, just for safety.

For now, this will simply be a one shot post Broken Raptors, but may develop into a sequel once Broken Raptors is finished, or if people want me to continue this particular theme.

I apologize for any spelling/grammar errors.

Thank you for reading and deciding to check this work out.

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

Chapter 1

E had been quite reluctant to mate with the Indoraptor once more.

After all, her first experience in mating was not the most pleasurable.

He hurt her.

Broke her.

E did not want to take that risk again.

But the red and cream colored female also desired that pleasure-that intimacy.

Desired something that she could not and would not understand.

For while the female Raptor remembered the pain of their union-she also remembered the pleasure.

While other beasts feared his jagged teeth and crushing maw-E craved the pleasure he could give her.

Craved the tingling, tickling, heated puffs of his breath upon her sensitive scales as his hot and moist tongue parted her walls with his girth and tasted her once more.

Tasted her and savored her and enjoyed her flesh and nectar like he did before, time and time again.

Like a predator baying for the scent and taste of blood, his nares flaring and jagged jaws salivating.

His golden eyes were rimmed red, intoxicated with the scent of her-the taste of her.

The pants and grunts and rasps she made.

The writhing and trembling of her little body as he eagerly delved and claimed her depths.

Gorging himself as if he were starved, taloned hands gripping her legs and forcing her to splay and hips to rise from the ground-only for a powerful thrust of his head to slam her back into the ground.

He was sure E cried out-but from pain or pleasure-he did not care.

Because all that mattered to the Indoraptor was being inside her.

Preying upon her.

Hunting her.

Dominating her.

Claiming her.

Wanting her.

Because at times, their mateship was less like a bonded pair, and more like predator and prey.

Who was prey, and who was predator just so happened to be whoever struck first.

At times, E was the pursuer, and would dominate the Indoraptor's sex and jaw.

She would control her pleasure, and his.

And he would tend to her greed at her will.

And if he performed to her standards-she would tend to his sex with her own maw.

At times, the Indoraptor was the pursuer, and would dominate the little female with his sex and jaw.

She would refute his advances.

She would fight back-however mild.

She would attempt to get away.

She would always submit, and allow herself to be dominated by her Alpha.

For as much as E enjoyed dominating and claiming her mate-it was nice to be dominated and claimed in return.

Because that meant she was another's something.

And being someone's something was better than nothing.

Thus, E quite enjoyed being claimed by his tongue, and dominated by his sex-if only to eagerly feed upon his seed.

It was the strangest feeling, to want another inside her.

To want something inside her that wasn't food or water.

To want something inside her that was another.

To want something inside her that was alive.

To want him.

And lately, E's desires were getting harder and harder to control.

Because what used to be enough, no longer was becoming enough.

And that scared her.

His tongue wasn't enough.

His hot breath upon her scales wasn't enough.

His serrated teeth scraping her, biting her, marking her, wasn't enough.

None of it was enough.

E knew what she wanted.

She wanted to join with him.

Truly join with him.

Even though the first-and last time-they joined as one, she was hurt so.

E figured the risk was worth it.

She trusted her mate.

She wanted him too much.

She just wanted to be his something again.

And he, hers.

E could never imagine being in such pleasure prior to their second union.

Being joined-their bodies one.

Moving as one.

Breathing as one.

And ending as one.

The female couldn't imagine being happier than she was now.

Couldn't imagine being more wanted.

More cherished.

More...

Something.

Something more than something.

Something that wasn't pain from another's teeth and claws.

Something that was only good instead-to E, at least.

Her mate was not like Rust.

Her mate was better than Rust.

And for that, the her mate needed to be cherished.

More often than not, they mated not because their instincts demanded, but for the euphoria they associated their joining with.

Because like birds, they mated for pleasure.

The greed of pleasure.

The desire for pleasure.

Far more often than they should have, in truth.

Probably more than was appropriate in their daily activities.

But what did the pair have to fear?

They had a home, and a nest within, safe in the dark of the loft of the abandoned cabin.

A home to build a future within for their little pack of two.

Larger predators were few and far between, and the pair's interaction with others of their kind was limited.

Indeed, they preferred the company of one another, compared to the social complexities of a larger pack.

They preferred the companionship and intimacy of one another.

Thus, their indulgence of sexual dalliance spanned for days-weeks-and suddenly, ceased.

So much so-that the Indoraptor was confused on why the red hued female suddenly rebuffed his advances.

E would hiss and spit, and snap her jaws at the striking onyx and gold hybrid.

She would simply refuse and deny his advances.

At first, the male Raptor kin thought it was their usual courting of the female resisting, and he, pursuing until she broke.

But she never submitted, and fought harder the more he chased.

It was then that the Indoraptor realized something was wrong, but he was unsure what.

Thus, the male hybrid did what he thought was best to remediate their relationship.

The clacking of powerful claws drummed and thrummed upon the aged hardwood, scratches from its current occupants scarring the floorboards. The Indoraptor emerged into the lair, large form almost unable to fit through the door frame. His golden eyes shone and reflected in the dim light cast askew by the fragmented holes within the broken roof, golden, vibrant scales shimmering in the light. His nares flared, and a muffled, hissing rumble escaped his striking throat, pupils dilating and searching in the black.

A large rabbit was held limply within his jaws, blood a sluggish trickle down its furred mouth, eyes wide and pupils fully dilated akin to a doll's eyes. The male's scarred jaws were caked with clumps of brown fur.

The Indoraptor neared the entrance to the loft, where the onyx and gold beast reared upon his powerful hind legs, muscular forearms extending and clawed fingers curling and grasping the wooden ledge above. His powerful arms pulled and his legs pushed, and in one fluid motion, the hybrid hoisted himself upon the ledge above, tail curled over the edge, swaying in the rays of light.

The Indoraptor's amber eyes would find E laying upon their nest of ruined pillows and blankets, branches with leaves long dead and dried littering the neglected bedding. E lay upon her side, breath slow as her swollen belly rose and fell to the rhythm of her working lungs. The female Raptor did not show any acknowledgement of her mate's return, nor did she move much, if at all. The scarred female simply lay there, and breathed, an occasional grimace upon her scaled lips, serrated teeth baring.

The male's amber eyes flicked as he studied his partner, serpentine pupils dilating ever so slightly in the dark din of the loft.

His claws scraped against the aged wood as he moved, swan like neck lowering and placing the small kill beside E's smaller snout.

Pulling away, the vivid male stepped back slowly, carefully, golden eyes observing intently, quills rising in anticipation. His tail flicked and swayed, a dull thud resounding as he struck the wooden railing.

He waited for E to feed, to accept his gift.

The only indication the small female noticed the small meal, was in a brief flicker of her gaze falling upon the morsel.

A croaked rumble riveted from the hybrid's throat, and his quills lowered upon his head as he bent down, and nudged the offering to her.

Twice.

Thrice.

Attempting to urge her to feed.

To eat, and not vomit, as she normally did.

She did not.

The male hybrid cocked his head, releasing a low chitter in concern.

Slowly, he moved closer to the red and white female, snout lowering and nares flaring as his warm breath trickled over her scales. Inspecting her belly that was too swollen, before moving to her edematous feet, which were far larger than they should have been.

E had been sick for weeks, and with the growing of her belly, she was just getting worse.

She rarely ate, and when she did, she vomited.

Her feet and ankles swelled, and made it painful for her rise.

And when E did rise-she wobbled, and fell, unless she stood up slowly and cautiously.

E rarely left the loft, if only because it was too taxing on her fatigued body to leap and climb to the nest.

She was completely reliant upon the Indoraptor, and the added stress upon the hybrid was beginning to show.

The male Raptor lost the weight he had previously gained, for any prey small enough to be brought to the scarred female. Most of his kills were brought back and offered to E, in the hopes that she would feed.

At times, she did, and gorged herself.

But most of the time, she simply refused his offer.

E simply did not want to eat.

Thus, most of the Indoraptor's time was spent hunting for small prey.

Large prey, he found, was too dangerous, at least to hunt alone.

Scars ran along the Indoraptor's sides and belly where he almost suffered a fatal goring of a horned prey he foolishly attempted to take head on.

He learned in that moment, that he needed to be more cautious.

Because if he became unable to hunt, not only would he starve, but his mate would as well.

And in E's condition, the onyx and gold hybrid was unsure if his female would recover to hunt by his side again.

It was an uncertainty that plagued the large Raptor.

And worrying about his mate's failing health, and the lack of his companion, had caused him to seek ways to release his every growing anxiety and stress. Preening was natural. It was good. But the Indoraptor at times preened himself too much upon his arms, causing his scales to wear and tear, sores and blisters forming where once obsidian scales were unmarred.

If it was not preening, it was scratching.

Scratching and raking his talons along his jaw and snout.

Scratching so until he bled. And when his wounds scabbed over, he scratched them, only to bleed again.

Because the Indoraptor disliked his mate being sick, but did not know what to do.

Was he a bad mate?

Did he do something wrong?

Did he need to try harder?

Hunt harder?

Care harder?

E used to preen him, and the hybrid, the female.

Now, E did not clean him with soft and tender licks of the tongue. She did not even preen her own scales.

The Indoraptor took on that task, dutifully cleaning and caring for his mate.

Cleaning, preening and tending to her.

Attempting to reform his bond with her.

Attempting to show he cared.

Attempting to make her feel better.

In the end, all the Indoraptor could do was try and be a good mate.

E was getting worse.

She was in pain.

She was uncomfortable.

She was laying there, twisting and writhing within the nest, breath swift and labored. She would grimace, and try to cry out.

Try to cry in agony, body tensing and haplessly struggling to get away from the anguish that reigned over her.

Try to cry, only for her breath to be caught in her lungs.

The red female was distressed, and in terror.

And it was distressing the Indoraptor, the obsidian scaled male pacing back and forth below the loft, claws scraping against the lumber floor. His posture was wooden and ridged, muscles jerking and tense. Around and around he trotted, killing claws flicking and jabbing at the floorboards in anxiousness.

The male Raptor twisted and turned, tail thrashing against the kitchen cabinets with such force, a crack rang out as they broken, and became indented.

He could hear E rasp nigh breathlessly up above, and release a strained groan.

The onyx and gold male lifted his head, nostrils flaring. He shifted anxiously, nervously in place, a clawed hand rising to once more scratch upon his jaw. Rake and scratch with such force until his scales were torn and rend, thick crimson lazily trickling from his scaled maw.

The Indoraptor did not know what to do.

E refused food once again.

She did not tolerate his attempts at preening.

She did not accept his presence.

She wanted him gone.

The Indoraptor did not want to leave his mate in pain, but he did not know what to do to help her.

The hybrid felt useless, and frustrated, and horrified.

If E was dirty, he could clean her.

If E was hungry, he could feed her.

But how could he help his crying mate if she would not let him near?

A cry then pierced from above, one of a rasp and a high pitched, unsteady whistle.

A cry of pain that caused the Indoraptor to teeter upon his hind legs and twist to face the loft.

The hybrid was swift to scramble to the upper floor upon picking up the scent of blood.

The Indoraptor was swift to move to E's side, the male panting in ragged breaths as his heart thudded heavily against his chest. His pupils were dilated as his gaze narrowed upon the scarred female. His neck craned low, and his scaled snout brushed against her in inspection.

A single stream of a softly illuminated tear rolled from one of her watering eyes and down her scaled cheek. E's breath was in mere hitches, her body heaving and straining as more pain dominated her body. Her clawed hands clenched and raked and tore at the nest, at the bedding, at the floor. Anything she could grasp.

She breathed forcefully, and sucked in air through jagged teeth.

She did not register the careful inspections of her male, his dark scales rubbing against her head, her snout, her cheek in concern.

Trying to find the scent of blood.

Trying to see if his female was okay.

It was then, upon closer assessment, the hybrid noticed E sported blood between her legs.

Blood, and a large egg, cream colored shell shimmering in the fluids of the female's arduous labor.

By the end of the night, before the break of dawn, two more eggs would be laid, and E-exhausted.

E did little but sleep afterwards, sprawled out within their nest.

The three, large eggs were still slick with the female's blood and essence, causing them to illuminate as if precious pearls fresh from the sea.

The hybrid did not leave the female's side, and if he did, he was swift to return.

Inspecting-He was always inspecting, checking and observing.

Seeing if his mate was safe, and not in pain.

Inspecting the eggs that came from the red and white female.

The Indoraptor cocked his head in vexation, and confusion, serrated jaws gaping as a serpentine hiss rolled from his tongue. He did not understand what happened-what was happening. His only experience with eggs was with raiding the nests of other animals-and gorging upon them.

And the instinct to feed upon such an ample source of food was quite tantalizing.

But, at the same time, instinct told him not to engorge himself upon the rich yolk that he knew would be inside.

All he would need to do was open his jaws-and crack the shell.

All he would need to do was raise a clawed finger-and crack the shell.

Instinct told him to eat.

But instinct also told him to leave them be-and guard them.

Protect the eggs from being eaten, and harmed.

Because they smelled like E.

Because they were a part of E.

It was a clash of two opposing instincts that irritated the Indoraptor.

Thus, slowly, ever so slowly, the obsidian scaled male raised a clawed hand, and extended a single taloned finger towards the nearest egg, shell glistening. His predatory pupils flicked from egg to egg, shrinking into thin slits and drowning in gold. His nares flared, and his large head warbled as his clawed finger drew ever closer.

He claw lightly tapped the newly birthed shell, and moved along the curvature of the large egg, feeling the talon run along the bumps and grooves as he did. Then, his nail moved passed, and the fleshy pads of his scaled finger glided along the shell.

Feeling the drying fluid, the grooves upon the egg feeling like leather.

His nostrils flared as he drew a deep breath, and then exhaled.

Sluggishly, almost lazily, regretfully, the Indoraptor's taloned finger retracted, and his hand planted upon the ground.

They still smelled like E.

That made them special.

E was ravenous in her feeding, and her demands for food were nigh relentless.

She devoured any food the Indoraptor provided for her as if the meal would be her last.

Her strength slowly returned, and she could often be heard within the loft above, clawed feet pattering back and forth and to and fro.

Inspecting her nest, tending to it, throwing the dead and dried leaves away, and assessing and repositioning her eggs.

And then she would lower herself slowly, carefully, and sit upon them.

Guard them, and protect them.

It was a behavior the Indoraptor was not too unfamiliar with.

Afterall, E displayed a similar behavior some time earlier with a rock.

And indeed, the rock was still a part of their clutch, nestled with their three eggs.

But E could only tolerate so much sitting.

Could only tolerate so much of being cooped up within her home.

She needed out.

Thus, she produced a whistled trill, meant to bring to attention and beckon.

Like the faithful rising of the tide to the moon, the Indoraptor was swift to answer, and join her side.

Slowly, carefully, E rose from her nest, exposing the eggs.

The Indoraptor briefly craned his neck downward to inspect the eggs, which were then left defenseless as E stepped out of the lair of ruined cushions and blankets.

It was not long before E leapt down to the cabin's ground floor, and eagerly pattered away out into the sun.

The hybrid was unsure how to care for the eggs, but decided to try and mimic his companion.

Thus, carefully, slowly, hesitantly, the onyx and gold male took his place upon the nest, and carefully lowered himself.

The eggs were pressed flush against his belly, safe and warm.

And that was all that mattered.

When E returned, she came home bearing a gift.

That gift was prey in the form of a young fawn.

And it was a gift that the Indoraptor eagerly accepted, however small a token of appreciation.

For the first time, in seemingly a long time, the pair laid down together, among the blankets and ruined pillows and stuffing.

E lay beside her eggs, nuzzling and preening the scabbed and scarred face of her mate from self inflicted wounds.

The Indoraptor merely closed his eyes, and purred, pressing himself into the warm scales of his mate, larger form encircling her, his belly pressed flush against the eggs.

The Indoraptor may not have understood everything that happened within the past few weeks, and he doubted he ever would.

But that didn't matter now.

All that mattered was that E was safe.

That the eggs that were a part of E-were something of E-were safe.

Safe and warm, nestled between their bellies.

The Indoraptor did not understand why, but to him, the three eggs were beautiful.

E was beautiful.

This moment was beautiful.

Right here, right now.

No matter how broken they were to others.

To the Indoraptor, their little something was beautiful.

Like as beautiful as when he saw the sun for the first time, and not the dank dark of his cell.

The Indoraptor was wrong.

The darkness-the nothing was not better.

The something was better than the nothing.

The Indoraptor was just so used to the nothing, he couldn't see how beautiful the something was.

And now, in this moment, he couldn't think of anything more beautiful.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Happy Father's Day!

I apologize for any grammar/spelling errors. I hate proofreading :D

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

The pair were no longer alone.

They were no longer a pack of two.

Not with the three large pearls that were nestled within the heart of their lair, safe and guarded when pressed flushed against a parent's warm belly.

In many aspects, life had returned to a form of normalcy.

In many aspects, however, life had not.

The eggs were never left unguarded, and one partner was always left to remain behind within their cabin.

For the Indoraptor, some things did not change.

The obsidian scaled hybrid was still hunting and providing food for himself and E, but at the same time, he had also undertaken new responsibilities.

Responsibilities that were governed by instinct, and thus, actions that the Raptor kin did not understand.

Actions that the Indoraptor would never understand.

Actions like tending to the nest and cleaning out the old bedding materials whilst E slept.

Actions like checking upon the eggs, inspecting each one of the three, quills raised and eyes alert, even when they were nestled under the red female's belly.

Actions like taking his place upon the nest, and trading placing with his smaller mate in taking egg duty.

The Indoraptor noticed quite the change in himself.

He was caring more.

Fretting more.

Worrying more.

But it was the good kind of fretting and worrying, and not the bad kind, when he was within his cage in the dank dark. A cage that was far too small for a creature his size.

Something that was more different than the anxiousness that was present when E was sick, and in pain.

It was something different.

Excitement, perhaps?

But not the excitement he felt fighting, or hunting, or mating.

It was a feeling of a different excitement.

Of...Something, that the male was unsure of.

But despite the onyx and gold hybrid not understanding why he did the things he did, the things his instincts were telling him to do, he was quite content with his new life.

Both he and his smaller mate took turns sharing the burdens and dangers of hunting, as well as the well deserved respite of returning to their nesting ground.

But whenever his mate left, there was worry.

Worry that if E ran into danger, and was injured-or worse-hunted by a larger predator herself, that he would not hear her.

Would not hear her cries for aid.

Thus, as the moving sun cast moving shadows that crawled and crept along the scratched and damaged wooden floors through grimy windows and holes within the decrepit roof, the Indoraptor began to worry.

The obsidian hybrid's amber eyes darted back and forth as his head swiveled, neck craning to look down below. Watching the shadows creep and skulk along aged wood. His pupils narrowed into thin slits, as his golden, piercing gaze moved from the accursed shadows, to the door he knew E would enter through.

Hoped E would enter through.

E left quite a while ago, if the passing of the light and shadows was any indication.

Far longer than they passed in the female's previous outings.

The hybrid shifted from his perch, powerful legs rippling and tensing, body rocking side to side as he sought to still his restless body. Sought to soothe the cramps within his legs from

remaining at his prolonged station. He needed to move, to stretch his limbs.

To release energy.

To not be so damned bored.

To not be so damned worried.

Once more, the Indoraptor glanced below the loft, and to the broken doorway. His ears honed in, focusing upon hearing the approaching patter of taloned feet against the ground, laden with grass and fallen leaves. His nares flared, focusing upon detecting the all too familiar scent of his companion.

He heard nothing.

He smelled only the remnants of E's presence.

Once more, the Indoraptor shifted.

And then rose upon his hind legs, joints popping and cracking, clawed hands scratching his snout and head shaking. His neck craned, and lowered to look upon the three large eggs that lay within the nest of old bedding and trampled blankets.

The male then moved, and lowered himself to all fours as he skulked off the nest.

Circling, circling, circling, 'round and 'round the loft. Killing claws clacking and nares flaring, briefly inspecting the eggs as he circled.

It was an attempt to move, to release his pent up anxiety and energy.

An attempt to not be so bored, and worried.

At attempt to do *something*.

If the nest were not so tidy, the Indoraptor would be content to play with the bones of prey scattered about.

Alas, E was rather prudent upon ensuring the cleanliness of their little loft.

Thus, the Indoraptor resumed his circular pacing, huffing and hissing in frustrated breath. His eyes flicked from egg to egg to egg-and then rock.

Slowly, little by little, his circling ceased, and his serpentine gaze fell upon the rock nestled within the nest. His clawed fingers drummed in thought against the floorboards, head cocking to the right as a guttural noise riveted from his striking throat.

The rock was clutter, was it not?

But it was E's rock.

E's rock, that she treated like one of her eggs, even before she had eggs.

But it was not an egg-it was a rock.

A rock that needed to be removed.

Because a rock was not an egg.

Because a rock was something to blow off energy with.

An excuse to do something-anything-to move.

Thus, slowly, little by little, the black and gold hybrid's clawed hand stretched forward, carefully, cautiously moving passed the pearl hued eggs. His taloned fingers raked and gripped the smaller rock, strands of fabric and bedding clinging to his claws as he pulled, and removed. The obsidian beast twirled his scaled wrist to inspect the rock held within his gasp, nares flaring. He turned it. Then turned it some more. Then turned it again.

Inspecting, observing.

And then he dropped it, and allowed it to thud onto the floorboards, and roll away.

A clawed hand then gave a fierce swat, causing the rock-child to roll and skitter off. A clang rang out as it hit the wall.

And like a feline to prey, the Indoraptor lunged forth, swatting and batting the fake egg with zeal and glee, belly flush to the floor as his arms extended, hind legs pushing himself along. His tail flicked and swayed with fervor, and it was not long before the rock shot off from the loft, and smashed onto the ground below with a loud bang.

It was not long before the hybrid leapt down below to resume his hunt.

A noise of curiosity, and concern escaped the returning female. E's blue eyes briefly hid behind red scaled lids in a swift blink, pupils narrowing as they adjusted to the light of the falling sun, before dilating. A gargle of a call escaped her white throat, scaled lips painted with clumps of tawny fur from previous prey, serrated teeth sporting chunks of raw flesh wedged between themselves.

E's head warbled, attempting to pick up the noise which she thought came from the direction of her home. Her black nailed fingers were busy holding the limp body of a squirrel. Her killing claws twitched and flicked, one briefly pressing flat against the leaf laden ground.

The red and cream colored female went stiff and rigid as her ears picked up what sounded like a scuffle from within the decrepit cabin. A rasp of alarm ruptured from E's throat in a heated puff of breath.

The small prey within her hold dropped to the ground with a small thud, her taloned feet pounding heavily into the earth in her haste.

E could barely feel her heart hammer away in her chest.

It was nothing compared to the cold chill of dread and rising terror she felt creeping into her scaled bosom.

Did others of her kind trespass?

Was her mate fighting them off?

Were her eggs safe?

Were the intruders the two legged creatures?

Did another, larger predator manage to break into their lair?

The only thing that raced faster than E's legs, was her thoughts.

Thoughts of concern.

Thoughts of dread.

Thoughts of worry.

What if her mate was injured?

Her eggs?

It didn't matter!

E would make whatever beast that was stupid enough to enter her domain and threaten her mate and eggs-predator or prey-pay!

No beast regardless of size and strength threatened her pack!

E erupted from the sprawling yet dense brush nestled between ancient redwoods, leaves and branches being cast askew in the air as she punched through. Aged and dried pine needles that littered the ground were disrupted in their rest, and torn asunder.

In only five strides, E closed the distance from the precipice of the surrounding brush and forest, to the aged cabin door.

A shrill crack splintered the air as the female rammed into the doorway with a forceful rasp, talons poised and teeth bared, busting the rusted and decayed hinges off the door frame, breaking and freeing the decrepit, half broken door from its prison. The aged wood slammed down and skid against the floorboards, the noise causing the Indoraptor to release a barking noise in start, spinning in the direction of the explosive entry of his mate, who was baying for blood.

E's blue eyes narrowed and she swiftly flicked her gaze around the aged cabin.

She saw no intruder.

She picked up the scent of no intruder.

All she saw was the black and gold hybrid, and the rock that dropped from his jagged jaws with an echoing thud against the wooden floorboards.

E's gaze refocused back to her mate, then to the rock that was dropped from his maw. Her red scaled eyelids narrowed, a hoarse growl riveted from deep within her white throat. Her tail flicked, and her killing claw jabbed against the wooden floor with a dull thud, as if a blade upon a cutting board.

The Indoraptor's golden gaze lay upon his smaller mate.

Then to the rock.

Then to E.

Slowly, tic by tic, his gnarled, scaled lips turned ever upwards into a jagged, crooked smile, tail flicking as he did so.

The female's scarred head warbled, and her nares flared in a snort.

E was not entirely pleased.

Her mate made her worry and drop her prey for no reason.

But E supposed it was better than actually having danger in their lair. For that, the female was quite relieved.

It just meant they survived another day, and had hope for tomorrow.

One thing the pair did not take account of, was how high the temperature could climb.

The sweltering heat seemed to thicken the air within to such a viscous state, it could be cut.

As such, the two hunters did not lay as they normally did, seeking comfort and warmth against one another's scales.

They wanted absolutely nothing to do with the other.

E lay not of the nest, but upon the cool floorboards of the loft.

She lay upon her side, scaled maw agape and chest heaving to a rhythm of miserable pants. She writhed and squirmed, flopping around on the wood whenever she felt the floor underneath her lose it's cool touch, and become heated. Thus, her search for cooler resting places was ongoing.

The Indoraptor, however, had no such luck.

The hybrid lay upon the lower level of the cabin, pacing.

He was too stricken with heat to try to relax.

He could not.

He was too uncomfortable to lay down.

It felt like the warmth of the air was choking him, and filling his chest.

Even in the shade of his lair, he found very little comfort from the rays of the scorching sun, which cascaded through the grime stained windows and broken roof.

Thus, the Indoraptor paced, and moved to and fro, killing claws clacking and thudding against the floorboards. His taloned fingers thrummed and drummed, jagged jaws agape and expelling ragged pants.

Trying to find an area that would allow him respite from the heat and sun.

In the hybrid's wanderings, a noise of curiosity rumbled from his throat upon thrumming his clawed fingers against the wooden floor. It sounded different from the the others. It resounded and echoed.

His head warbled, before cocking to the side, nared flaring.

Experimentally, the Indoraptor tapped a claw upon the board once, twice, thrice.

It was the same reverberating noise.

A low grumble came from his throat, quills rising in interest.

His tail flicked, and he shifted his weight, talons clacking and thumping against the wood, seeking out whether any other spots sounded the same.

His wanderings and antics caught the attention of E, who managed to drag her sorry hide to the railings, and look below. A rasp of confusion escaped her, and her head cocked hard to the left. As much as she was ravaged by the sweltering heat, she was intrigued by what her mate was doing.

It was better than focusing upon her own suffering.

But, at the same time, E's neck craned back, and her head swiveled to look upon her nest. A noise of concern, and worry escaped her scaled throat.

What if the eggs got too hot?

Too warm?

E's black killing claws tapped idly against the scratched floor in thought.

It was hot.

Too hot.

But she did not know what to do.

Should she move her eggs?

To where?

Where would they be safe?

E's thoughts were broken by the sound of rough grating of black talon against wood. Her neck craned to look below, her large mate raking his claws into the floor, scratching and cutting-and then breaking with loud, echoing snaps of lumber.

The aged boards broke and splintered, but the Indoraptor did not stop.

He dug, and raked and clawed until the surrounding boards were stripped away in wooden shards, the gaping hole below now opened wide.

Large enough for his frame to squeeze through the gaping, wooden jaws and into the black abyss below.

E watched as her mate climbed below, and disappeared into the dark.

E's scaled lids narrowed as her pupils fixated in interest upon the open, jagged maw of the floorboards. It was not that she feared the hybrid would need aid, but more so out of curiosity than anything else.

It was not long before the quilled head of the Indoraptor popped up from the murk below, pupils narrowing and adjusting. A layer of damp dirt littered his black hide, and his neck craned upwards to look upon the loft, upon E.

A trill riveted from his scaled throat.

A call to bring attention.

A call to beckon hither.

It was a call that E slothfully answered, feet hitting the floor with an ungraceful landing that resulted in a heavy thud. Briefly shaking herself, the scarlet hued female pattered along, taloned feet stopping at the precipice of the wooden cavern. Her head cocked to the side, a rasp in wonder escaping her. Whistling could be faintly heard in her breathing, low and soft, as if a songbird's trill.

The Indoraptor's head bobbed once, and a dull, almost lazy roar carried up above.

The hybrid ducked his head back down, turned, and disappeared below the floorboards.

E craned her neck, nares flaring and chest expanding as she inhaled. All she could smell was dampness and earth.

It was not long before she followed her mate, down into the bowels of the dark.

There, within the blackness and soil untouched by the heat of the day, the pair found respite against the cool ground.

However brief.

However precious.

E never thought dirt would be so welcoming.

She also thought she would never roll around in the dirt.

For once, become encrusted in a layer of soil that she was not eager to clean off.

For once, she was eager to seek a damp and cool touch to soothe her body.

Thus, E panted happily within the underground lair, rolling upon her back, breath escaping in chuffs and whistled breaths. Her tongue lolled in motion to her own joyful rocking to and fro.

The red scaled female paused ever so slightly to look upon her mate, who was laying contently against the cool ground. The Indoraptor's golden eyes were closed behind black scaled lids, a low, rumbling purr riveting from his throat like the crackling waters of a stream.

His torpor, however, was interrupted upon feeling cool sprays of soil be flicked upon his scales. The Indoraptor's scaled lips peeled upwards ever so slightly, and his amber eyes sluggishly opened, pupils adjusting. A snort escaped the hybrid in a huff of breath as his predatory orbs flicked upon E.

The scarlet and white scaled female released a rumbling snort that rose from her throat akin to a bubbling crick, tail thudding against the cool earth. Her blue eyes were half lidded behind sanguine scaled lids, a lazy shimmer of playfulness in her gaze.

The Indoraptor's golden gaze remained upon his smaller mate, serpentine pupils catching the flicker of playful mirth within her cerulean irises. He watched as the scarred female began to roll around, snorting and panting.

And with a flick of her taloned foot-a spray of cool soil was tossed upon the Indoraptor's darkened hide, and his scaled maw twisted into a vexed snarl.

A whistling, yet wavering trill akin to a cackling crick escaped E, and a brisk whisk of her clawed hand cast askew even more ground in the direction of the hybrid.

The Raptor kin's nares flared in a snort.

Clearly, E thought this was funny.

The Indoraptor did not.

The vivid hued male released a deep, riveting rumble from his gullet, and he rose upon all fours, limbs cracking.

His pupils were focused upon E, alight with a predatory gleam as he skulked forth, drawing near.

E's neck craned to look upon the male looming above her. A low gurgle escaped her scaled maw, moist tongue licking upon dirt encrusted lips. Her legs kicked playfully as her body teetered back and forth. Her blue eyes flicked to the piercing, golden orbs of her mate, before honing upon the Indoraptor's powerful muscles rippling under charcoal scales.

The hybrid's neck bent forward, arteries pulsing in his developed forearms and nares flaring. His feral eyes flicked and roamed over the female before him, jaws agape as his breath ran along E's flesh in heated puffs.

He leered upon E as if she were prey.

His larger snout was then jabbed against E's smooth scaled head in a boop.

While the boop was harmless, E reacted as if he bit her, and rasped in a slight flinch. A clawed hand extended, delivering a light hearted slap against his scaled jaw.

The hybrid shifted from the swipe ever so briefly, the slightest upward tic of his scaled lips molding into a broken smile. The Indoraptor's head cocked to the right, and his neck craned upwards to avoid E's sluggish assault. His own taloned hand rose from the earth and bat upon her with brisk, if weak half swipes of the claws.

Like a pair frisky felines, the pair batted and swatted at each other in play.

The Indoraptor released a series of deep chuffs in joy, tail swaying in his excitement.

It was not long before the pair were tangled in a mess of limbs, flopping and rolling around in their earthen sanctuary.

Something was happening with the eggs.

They were making quiet, barely audible squeaks and chirps from within.

It was something that caught E's attention, for the female Raptor found that she could not sit still.

Could not rest.

Could not relax.

Thus, E was constantly pacing.

Pacing, and fretting, and checking, and listening.

The scarlet female trekked around her nest, 'round and 'round in nervousness, anxiousness, and excitement.

But why, E did not know!

She just knew something was happening with her eggs, and it was something special!

The talons of the red scaled Raptor clacked and thrummed against the scratched floorboard in a rapid, if unsteady tapping.

E craned her neck low, head cocking to the right, then to the left. Her nares flared, and her pupils dilated and flicked to each individual egg.

The Indoraptor lay against the wall of the loft, quills becoming erect as his head rose from his brief torpor. The hybrid's mouth gaped in a jagged yawn, and he pushed his belly off the floorboards to rise upon all fours.

His limbs cracked and popped, and the onyx and gold hybrid briefly shook himself, eyes closing under black scaled lids.

When he opened his eyes, his serpentine pupils flicked towards E, and their nest.

The small female was still prancing anxiously around the bedding, E producing whistles, rasping trills and gurgling clicks in response to the quiet squeaks coming from the eggs.

It was as if she as trying to speak with them, head cocking and warbling, before stilling, as if to better inspect and listen.

To try to make out the small peeps she knew she heard within.

E's focus was briefly lost as she heard the Indoraptor near, the quilled male looking from E, then to the nest as he picked up faint chirps.

The male's head cocked, and a noise of perplexion, and confusion escaped him.

His amber eyes narrowed upon the three large eggs, nares flaring as his chest expanded with breath.

His gaze then flicked to E, noticing the scarlet scaled female's fidgeting motions and anxious pacing. A noise of concern rumbled from the hybrid's throat, and he moved to nuzzle his head against his mate. His warm body then slid against her smaller one, obsidian brushing against garnet.

The Indoraptor felt E's body fall lax, and a deep breath of respite, followed by an exhale caused her to steady.

All it took was her mate's comfort to steady the uneasiness she felt, and ground herself.

Everything was okay.

She was okay.

Her mate was okay.

Their eggs were okay.

Everything would be okay.

E just needed to wait.

The pair waited anxiously, nervously, excitedly, as they listened to the chirps and peeps from within the three nestling pearls.

For a long time, the quiet squeaks from within was all they heard.

Until a chip emerged from an egg's shell, clear fluid beginning to well and bleed from the cracked pearl.

The sound of cracking of the shell caught E's attention, the female being swift to return to her eggs' sides.

Checking and inspecting, breath a chorus of excited whistles.

It was not long before her mate was by her side, curiously inspecting the changing status of their eggs. His nares flared, large snout lowering and closing the distance of the cracked egg to nigh touching. The cracked shell molded, and bulged, and a small snout pierced through the shell in a wave of sluggish fluid.

The soft peeps grew louder, more audible to the ear.

It was enough to cause the male and female to be more vocal, as if they were urging the tiny creature housed within to break free in their excitement.

As if they were answering, and calling in turn to the high pitched cries of a chick.

Time passed, and the first chick broke free of its protective prison as another egg began to crack and break.

Yet more time passed, and the second hatchling was freed, newborn scales glistening under clear fluid.

The two chicks were tiny, and hapless.

Their bellies were rounded and large, arms and legs thin with large heads and bulbous eyes that were not yet open. The two chicks chirped quietly, tails still curled around themselves, limbs folded underneath fat bellies.

They had yet to leave the confines of their broken sanctuary, exposed to the cold air of the world as their tiny bodies shivered.

Warmth enveloped a chick as moist, hot breath wrapped around the hapless creature. E's scaled snout nuzzled and caressed the fragile new life tenderly, lovingly, as a steady trickle of purrs and soft whistles sang from her white throat. A soft tongue then extended passed her

scaled lips to preen and clean with care, her nares flaring as she inhaled the scent of her newly hatched babies.

Her affections caused the chick to wiggle and squirm, chirps increasing in frequency.

The Indoraptor watched E tend to the small creature, golden eyes flicking to the second baby. Slowly, a taloned hand rose, and the hybrid went to lightly touch the tiny chick with a claw. However, the black and gold striped male withdrew his curious fingers, as if becoming aware his investigating with a pointy end of something may accidentally bring harm to something so ugly and minute.

The Indoraptor may not have entirely understood how these tiny creatures came about, but a part of him knew that these were his chicks.

No matter how ugly and un-raptor like in infancy he deemed them to be-They needed to be protected.

Kept safe.

It was something primitive.

Something instinctive.

But there was also something more.

Looking upon E, seeing her tend to her baby-their baby-the Indoraptor felt pride swell within his chest.

Because E was his.

The chicks were his.

This little family that was once two, and now two more were his.

His quills became erect, and a chuff escaped the hybrid in please.

Slowly, gently, carefully, the male lowered himself to get a better look at the shaking chick. His piercing, amber eyes briefly flicked to E, seeing her nuzzle and croon and clean.

Gently, tenderly, oh, so tenderly, the hybrid lowered himself further towards the shivering hatchling. The Indoraptor released a guttural purr from his throat as he pressed his massive snout into the fragile chick, feeling the warmth of its tiny body against his scaled lips.

The hybrid never imagined himself being so careful around another creature-much less one this small-as he was now.

He could feel the tiny body wiggle and squirm against his obsidian scales.

Could feel E's scarlet head nuzzle against his own as she resumed her tending and caring.

The Indoraptor never imagined he would have something so special.

Something of him, and something of E.

Something that was theirs, together.

Theirs, and no one else's.

The third egg hatched a day later.

Their family of four was now a family of five.

Three chicks hatched from three large pearls, of the three, two were male.

The sister was the last to hatch.

The first hatched was ebony of scale, and sported garnet hued arms and legs, a white underbelly, and vivid sanguine stripes running from skull to tail tip.

The second hatched was of winter scales, hints of vivid citrine rippling across his scaled scalp like lightning, and darkened to the color of night at the stripes crackled down his jaws and snout like running water. Citrine cracked and rippled along his arms and legs, turning his limbs a rich amber hue. Striking, golden stripes ran the length of his body.

The third to hatch sported obsidian scales with a white underbelly and twin winter stripes.

Together, the three babes lay in a pile of fragile scales and newly beating hearts, quiet chitters and chirps coming from the ball of hatchlings. The nest had long been cleaned of old egg shells.

It was not long before E placed herself over the nest, and carefully lowered herself to press her belly flush against the tiny chicks-though they were quite large, by the typical Raptor standards. Still, it did not cease E from being careful to not crush her babies. She could feel the three young writhe and wiggle underneath her. This caused the female to shift her weight, and rise ever so slightly in case she was causing her young distress.

E craned her neck downward, blue eyes peering to look at the young Raptors underneath her-which were flailing sluggishly and crawling out from underneath her. A huff of breath escaped the garnet hued mother, and she bent down further to nuzzle and inspect each chick-and even nudge them against her belly in order to keep them warm.

The female then turned her head towards the entrance of the loft upon hearing the noise of her mate hoisting himself up to the second floor to join her.

The Indoraptor was graceful, and fluid in his movements, holding a large rabbit within his jagged jaws. A muffled chuff riveted from his throat in greeting as the hybrid skulked forward, golden eyes flicking from E, to the three chicks.

The meal was then set down upon the floor, and promptly stepped over and ignored by the large male.

Instead, the black and gold male pressed his quilled head against E in greeting before rubbing the whole length of his body against hers. The Indoraptor skulked and circled around the nest, before laying beside the whistling and purring E with a heavy thud and huff of breath. The small female began to preen and nuzzle her mate's scaled neck and chest, nares flaring as she inhaled his scent in deep puffs.

A deep, guttural purr riveted from the hybrid as his body encircled his tiny family, quilled head lowing to press against his female. It was not long before his neck lowered, and his piercing gaze and sharp pupils narrowed upon the three small Raptors that were smooshed against their mother's warm scales.

One by one, his neck craned and extended to inspect and simply see, a low croon escaping the hybrid.

It didn't matter if the Indoraptor thought his chicks were ugly with their too large heads and bulbous eyes that still did not open, nor their large, gaping mouths that ceaselessly begged for food.

They were his chicks.

They were his babies.

They were his something.

Just as E was his something, too.

She was his something, and he was her something.

The little family that once was two, was now five.

All because E was his something, and the Indoraptor, her something.

Their something made ever more special somethings.

Three babies that were something of E, and something of him.

Three little somethings that were more special than the hybrid's healing mind thought possible.

Because the chicks were something that belonged only to them, together.

If the Indoraptor were still back there, in the dank dark of his metal cage-He would have preferred nothing.

Not E.

Not their babies.

He would have killed them.

But now, with a still healing mind, the Indoraptor could not imagine his life if it were nothing.

If E was nothing.

If his babies were nothing.

He wouldn't like that life, if they were nothing.

If they were dead.

No, they needed to be something.

His something.

And not his nothing.

In the dark of his cage, where there was nothing but fear and pain and rage-the quiet silence of the darkness was his nothing-his home.

And then he met E.

And E became his something.

But also something more than something.

E became his home.

And then E's babies-his babies-their babies-became something.

But something more than something.

They became his home, too.

Something to feel safe in.

Something to feel loved in.

Something to feel comforted in.

Something to feel connected in.

In E, he found a pack.

In their babies, he found hope.

In their family, he found a home.

And a home was all he needed.

Chapter End Notes

I'll hopefully update Broken Raptors soon.

I just wanted to get this piece out of the way. I've been working on it for about a month, and by coincidence, it's Father's Day :D

Please feel free to give your thoughts!

Thank you for reading.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

E drabble. It was supposed to be something completely different, but it ended up as this thing instead.

I apologize for the short length, but I missed writing E and the Indoraptor in general.

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

E loved her mate's onyx scales and vivid golden stripes that ran down his length.

The blackness of his scales reminded her of the comfort of being lulled into a deep sleep, and the striking yellow hue reminded her of the daylight sun.

E used to be afraid of the dark-afraid to close her eyes, and drift into much needed sleep.

She was always afraid of closing her eyes, despite her scaled lids being so heavy.

She would struggle to remain awake, and would jolt and jerk in sudden terror if she felt herself losing the never ending war against sleep.

At times, it would feel like she was falling, despite already laying down.

Falling, despite being on the ground.

Then she would wake with a twinge of cold fear causing her heart to hammer against her chest, sharp whistles singing from her throat in start.

And just as the wakefulness of horror-the knowing horror that closing her eyes meant she was vulnerable-and easy to sneak up upon-her scaled lids would become thrice as heavy.

E would eventually fall asleep.

She always did.

And by some form of luck-she always woke.

E disliked the blackness of the night-the darkness behind her eyelids-because it was scary to think she may never wake up.

Now, however, E found pleasure in the darkness of sleep-in the blackness that she once feared.

She is no longer afraid of never waking.

Rather, she looked forward to these moments of being lulled into peaceful slumber.

She enjoyed being curled and entangled with her mate, two scaled bodies intertwined in a ball of limbs and tails.

E enjoyed feeling the comforting warmth of the Indoraptor's body, hearing the gentle rhythm of breath bring to life content, if guttural purrs as he drifted off to sleep. She enjoyed feeling his powerful arms pull her closer against his larger, more powerful form-even when her mate was half asleep.

E enjoyed being pressed against her hybrid so tightly-she could hear his very heart thrum against his athletic chest.

Safe, and warm, and cherished, all the while intertwined with the body of her closest companion.

Her most cherished companion.

Her most special companion, that made it safe and okay for her to sleep.

Her strong, striking, special mate-her one and only mate-that made everything okay and less scary.

Her *something*.

Her something that was so special and important-he was more than *something*.

E loved her mate.

E loved her more than special-more than something-Indoraptor.

She loved his obsidian scales that were once so scary.

She loved his golden stripes that reminded her of the sun.

She loved his taloned hands-that gripped and curled to grasp her form to pull her close.

She loved his jagged teeth and moist tongue-that never sought to harm, but care and preen.

She loved his calls-deep and savage yet shrill and high pitched.

They were so different from the calls of her kind.

Just as her calls were so different from her kind.

They could not fully communicate to one another-vocally-yet they found a way.

They found a way to communicate and show care-

-show affection-

-show love.

Show each other love and care when others would not.

Show each other love and care-that their something created more than something.

Their something created three very special somethings.

Three precious babies-something of E-and something of the Indoraptor.

Three small, tiny babies that neither partner anticipated-but accepted, and loved.

Three little somethings that were made from two broken parts.

E would have the Indoraptor no other way.

Her mate was beautifully broken-and even the horrid scars he wore from abuse and self harm would not change the soul she knew-the mate she knew.

Her mate was perfect in her eyes.

Because how could two broken somethings make three perfect somethings?

E was proud of the Indoraptor.

He was a good male.

He was a good mate.

He was a good father.

E only hoped she was as good a mate as the Indoraptor was.

A good mate, to help protect and keep safe and make things less scary.

E felt the heaviness of sleep weigh down her eyelids, slowly being lulled to sleep by her mate's gentle breathing as his muscular chest rose and fell against her. The Indoraptor radiated a calming, soothing heat that E found she craved.

Because as long as her male-her mate-was here-everything was okay.

E was okay.

Her babies-their babies-were okay.

Everything was okay.

E felt the Indoraptor nuzzle his scaled head against the back of her neck, taloned fingers unconsciously pulling her against his belly. His length wrapped around the ball that was his small family, form pressed flush against the garnet and white scales of E.

Their babies were safe and warm against their mother's belly in a pile of youthful, if fragile scales, however nestled among torn pillows and blankets.

The patter of a dull rain resounded against the aged roof of their home, but E could hear little other than the slumbering breath of her mate.

Her blue eyes remained transfixed upon her newly hatched chicks: Their daughter, and two sons.

They were so little, and fragile.

But they were theirs.

And that made them very, very special.

They were little, and fragile, but they were protected, slumbering deeply and nestled with the warmth that was their parents.

E struggled to keep her heavy eyes open-though not out of fear.

-But out of love.

She did not want this to all be a dream.

She did not want to wake up, and find herself alone.

Without a beautifully broken mate.

Without three perfect somethings created by two broken somethings.

E did not want this to be a dream.

But she also did not want her babies to know the same fear as she did.

The fear of wondering if sleeping was safe.

The fear of wondering if they would ever wake up.

The Indoraptor made E feel safe, and protected.

E decided that she would make sure her babies never knew that fear.

They would always be safe when she was around-with out without her mate.

E would try.

E would try to be enough.

E would try to be a good mother, and an ever better mate.

The mate the Indoraptor deserved.

The mother her babies deserved.

E only hoped she wasn't too broken.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading and supporting! Please feel free to leave a review!

I was thinking I would write out three chapters. Each chapter would focus upon a raptor baby. I decided to focus on each baby because I really only have the daughter fleshed out (whose name may or may not be Skunk) The brothers, not so much.

I was also thinking of starting a prequel to Broken Raptors, which would take place during Fallen Kingdom. I always envisioned E's raptor pack was created in the labs of Lockwood Manor, and figured it might be a way to explore E's health issues and past.

I highly doubt I would actually write it, since I want to focus on Broken Raptors and Beautifully Broken, first.

Either way, thank you for reading and stay safe!

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

The babies' names are stupid. I do not apologize. :)

I do apologize, however, for the delay in chapters for this and Broken Raptors. I just need more Indoraptor fluff, and I like writing him as a daddy.

Slightly humanized animals. Because why not?

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

The Indoraptor never imagined he would have babies.

Little somethings of him and another.

Having eggs were simple-For him.

Watching and caring for eggs were simple.

He just had to sit there and watch them.

But actual babies?

That was something the hybrid was still adjusting to.

He and E were both struggling to adjust.

Their young were like never ending vultures for food.

Always begging and begging and begging.

Always huddling together and crying and staring.

This time was no different.

Instead, it was worse.

For once, the Indoraptor was attempting to feed himself. It was quite rare for the male hybrid to bring prey back for himself. Normally, the onyx and gold hybrid fed himself on the hunt.

But it was never large prey.

It was small prey: Fawns, rabbits, squirrels, snakes, birds, wolf pups, eggs and young or small scaled beasts. Prey he could eat on the move, and easily carry back to his mate and

offspring.

Food he could offer and give to his hungry family whilst his belly was ever so slightly sated.

And soon leave again, only to find more food for ever quickening hungry bellies.

But this last hunt, he could just not resist the temptation to have something more than a mawfull to swallow whole.

Upon the opportunity to hunt and fell an aged stag-The Indoraptor took it.

No more would the hybrid travel to and fro in a seemingly endless pursuit of prey-at least for a little while.

No more would the hybrid need to worry about predators encroaching on him whilst he fed, or fret about being away from his mate and chicks for so long.

The stag would last, he knew, for several feedings.

The hardest part was dragging the prey home.

Or so the Indoraptor thought.

Yes, like the same time, every time, his sons and daughter were huddled around him, mouth agape in small, quiet cries and bright eyes alight with the excitement of food. Their tails thumped and wagged, forearms pawing.

Of the three chicks, their youngest was the most aggressive.

Indeed, Skunk stared up at her giant of a father with wide, sky blue eye, pupils wide and round, glimmering with excitement. Her jaw was agape as her breath escaped her in short huffs and puffs, a small, stubby tongue lolling as she panted. Her small body wiggled with excitement, tail thrashing so fiercely, it was shaking her whole body. Her obsidian scales were soft and smooth with youth, white stripes small. Her body was plump and quite portly, rolls of fat folding upon her when she would twist and turn.

Skunk's cerulean eyes would not move from her father. The Indoraptor was currently chewing upon the rough fur hide, saliva welling and flowing from his own scaled maw. His nares flared, and his amber eyes fell upon his daughter, snake like pupils narrowing.

It was a look of something akin to disapproval, or disappointment.

For beside Skunk, were her brothers-both upon the ground, tiny limbs flailing in the aftermath of being bulldozed over by their ever hungry sister.

The small black and white female's short snout was twisted into an almost foolish grin, tiny, needle barely jutting out over her gums. A foolish, idiotic, gummy grin as she chuffed and snorted, thin, short tail wagging.

The Indoraptor looked upon his gluttonous daughter, to his hapless sons, the sound of flesh tearing like fabric being heard as he rend rough hide from the muscle underneath. The hybrid huffed, and spat out a wad of coarse fur, head shaking as his scaled lips peeled back in an unpleasant snarl, thick tongue smacking the roof of his mouth.

It was an act that Skunk interpreted as a successful begging of food!

A series of excited huffs and chuffs escaped the young raptor, tiny clawed fingers clacking upon the ruined hardwood as she lightly hopped up and down. Skunk then pounced upon the fallen tuft of coarse tawny fur, and inhaled it with a sloppy gulp.

Saliva welled from Skunk's maw, the chick purring in bliss as she scarfed down the food.

Or what she thought was food.

Skunk realized something was wrong when she tried to swallow, and found the fur clung and stuck to her mouth, her throat.

She coughed and gagged in high pitched squeaks, jaw open as she gagged. Her tiny fingers raked at her tongue and the sides of her scaled lips.

Skunk's distress was enough to cause the Indoraptor to refocus his attention from his meal-and his rumbling stomach-to his daughter. A noise of concern escaped his vivid throat as he rose, killing claws clacking anxiously as he rounded the body of the stag, and lowered his neck to better inspect his child. His serpentine pupils widened in worry, focused upon the distress of his chick.

The upsetting noise was ended as Skunk managed to cough up the rough fur in a hefty glob of spit. The offending snack hit the ground with a wet flop.

The spectacle woke E from her nap, the red and white female rising to her feet and leaving her nest of ruined pillows and blankets. The mother's blue eyes shone with worry, E approaching swiftly. Her eyes squinted to get a better look at her borish chick, nares flaring.

Skunk was quite upset!

Upset that her food was not good food!

The black and white striped youth then proceeded to snort and snap at the offending fur-treat. Skunk chirped and barked in a flurry of rage, so much so her mother's warm snout nuzzled against her, attempting to calm the chick down. The whistled purr that vibrated from her garnet mother's throat was akin to pleasant song, so much so, that it caused the daughter to simmer and quiet.

The larger, darker snout of her father lightly brushed against her, if ever so slightly. Tenderly, his tongue escaped from his jagged maw to give his youngest a gentle lick-a kiss that seemed far too gentle for a monster of his make.

Gently, tenderly, carefully, E's black taloned fingers wrapped around Skunk's small, fragile form, and carried her to the nest.

It was an act that Skunk loudly protested the whole way, the female chick chirping in dismay, portly body wiggling and squirming. She was desperate to break free of her mother's grip.

No!

No!

Nooo!

Her brothers would get food and she wouldn't!

It wasn't fair!

Food!

E would settle down within the nest, Skunk wrapped in a castle of red scales and black nails. A moist, warm tongue would caress her young and soft scales, firm yet gentle in a bath.

Skunk would squirm and fight, tiny arms raking and clawing, desperate to get away to get food and stay dirty!

E's grip tightened upon the struggling infant, a grunt in slight irritation coming from her. Despite her daughter's frail and little body, her tiny claws were quite sharp, and were slicing her scaled lips and tongue.

Good.

She would be a fine hunter.

The Indoraptor watched his struggling daughter fight against the preening and cleaning of E's tongue bath. The pudgy rolls of Skunk's baby fat would build and move against the strength of E's tending, the chick attempting to claw her way out.

It was a futile effort, for E held her dirt and food loving child captive against her will.

Like hapless prey, Skunk was flopped upon her back, E's tongue focused upon preening her rounded belly.

The male hybrid would then return towards his meal, talons clacking and tapping as he skulked towards his quarry, mindful of his staring sons.

Indeed, the two young males would be hovering around their large father.

Staring.

Legion and Seraphim stared upon their onyx and gold father.

Unlike their sister, they were silent in their begging.

Also unlike Skunk, the brothers were larger, and more well formed of the musculature of youth.

At times, it helped not to eat, sleep and breathe for food.

The Indoraptor wondered if such a kill was worth it?

He had to suffer through not being able to eat a meal in peace.

But, the Indoraptor figured the suffering was worth it.

While he was present, his family was safe.

Safe, and protected.

And he got to watch his own children suffer and endure the horrors to getting a tongue bath, or watch him begin to devour food.

Without giving his young any.

Yes.

It felt good to watch his children suffer.

So long as they didn't suffer *too* much.

Thus, the Indoraptor was merciful to his children's silent begging.

Tearing strips of muscle from his aged prey, the male hybrid prepared to give his sons their meals. His teeth shredded and tenderized the flesh as he chewed, moistening, warming and softening the meat. The Indoraptor found that meat from aged prey made chewing quite difficult, and he didn't want his young to suffer through trying to eat a tough meal on empty and growing bellies.

The Indoraptor's own jaws welled with saliva, belly rumbling.

The pleasure of a full belly would need to wait for now.

Only the pleasure of taste and scent would sate him for the time being.

Upon deeming the morsels of flesh tender and warm enough, the hybrid would move towards his begging chicks.

Legion and Seraphim cried shrilly in excitement, small, needle baring mouths agape to receive a snack.

The only thing louder than the brothers' excited chirping, was Skunk's anguished wailing.

The Indoraptor moved his jagged jaws over Legion, the onyx scaled chick with sanguine stripes opening his maw wide, jumping to and fro.

Upon having his prize descend from his father's gnarled teeth and slippery tongue, Legion descended upon the slop of chewed flesh, pouncing as if a hawk to a hare. The garnet striped

chick was swift to scarf up his tender meal, Seraphrim attempting to wiggle his way into the feeding.

The white male with a golden stripe was pushed away gently by a taloned finger of his father, the second eldest's amber eyes looking up, a confused chitter and whine coming from the youth. A slab of tenderized meat was then dropped before him, the pale chick squeaking with excitement.

Skunk whined and cried in dismay, almost slipping out of E's grasp.

Almost.

E wouldn't allow her daughter to slip passed her grip. The unruly child would steal all of her siblings' food!

E would not release her daughter until her sons were finished, and upon doing so, released the gluttonous chick.

Skunk took off like prey fleeing a predator, and immediately jumped and hopped around her large father.

Mouth agape and little lungs screaming as loud as she could muster.

It made the Indoraptor flinch, scaled lips peeling back into a grimace.

In an attempt to quiet his borish child, the male hybrid was quite swift to relinquish a meal.

It was not long before Skunk's cries were silenced, and replaced by the sounds of gorging and snorting.

E watched, pupils softening and throat vibrating with content purrs. The red female would resume to rest within the nest, content with watching her mate and children feed. Her chest swelled and puffed with pride. Her male was a good mate, and a good father!

E was so proud of her male!

The Indoraptor would then begin to feed himself, jaws crushing and teeth tearing. The male shifted off to the side of the open carcass, providing a silent invitation for E to join him.

It was an invitation the scarred female took, for her jointed popped and cracked as she rose from her lowered position. E's snout would be beside her mate's larger, scales becoming bloodied as they devoured and tore hunks of flesh.

The Indoraptor briefly paused in his meal, a tongue sliding out to lick upon his crimson stained lips, amber eyes falling upon the quiet, if eager squeaks from his still begging chicks.

This time it was E who tended to their young, taking chunks of muscle and fat, moistening and chewing to tenderize. She would then feed her babies, and work on keeping their hungry little mouths and eager claws in line.

The hybrid decided, that yes, taking the larger prey was worth it.

These moments were worth it.

These moments with his little pack.

His little family.

All his.

His, and no one else's.

This was all he needed.

Time wore on, and bellies were filled.

But still, the onyx and gold hybrid gnawed upon a bone, seeking to crack the length and get the marrow within.

E was laying beside her mate, head swiveling as she watched Skunk and Legion roll around upon the ground in play. Running to and fro, running in circles-just running.

And jumping.

And rolling.

And bulldozing.

Who knew such little things had more energy than she did?

E didn't remember having that much energy when she was young?

Nor did she remember being constantly hungry.

Hmmmm...

Her babies must have gotten it from her mate.

The female's thoughts were broken as she felt Seraphim move between the nest that was her forearms. The chick was currently snuggled against his mother, purring quietly as his eyes were closed in a light sleep. His belly moved up and down with his breathing. E briefly snuggled her snout into her infant and wrapped her arms tighter around him.

Her baby would always be safe and protected and warm.

All her babies would be, so long as she could help it.

E's eyes flicked to her mate upon hearing the bone crack. She watched as the Indoraptor attempted to scoop out the marrow with a clawed finger.

It worked.

Kind of.

The hybrid ended up licking a black talon to get what little morsel of marrow he could.

The onyx and golden hued beast stilled, however, when he noticed E watching him. His predatory gaze narrowed, pupils focusing upon her. Then a curious shine gleamed within his eyes, and his scaled lips twitched slowly, jaggedly, almost unnaturally, into a twisted smile.

E cocked her head, a noise of confusion escaping her. Her cerulean eyes narrowed.

Slowly, the Indoraptor's tongue would drag along the curvature of the bone, twisting and turning, as if attempting to get every scrap of flesh possible. Then his tongue plunged, thick and deep into the shaft, pumping, twirling and swelling within.

The Indoraptor did not take his predatory eyes off E.

And E realized-a bit too late-that he was showing off.

With his tongue.

Or, more specifically, what his tongue could do.

E produced a squawk-It was one of equal parts annoyance as it was shock.

How dare her mate be suggestive to joining in the presence of their babies!

...Not that she was interested.

No.

No.

Nope.

Because.

Babies.

E's nares flared, and her lips peeled back into a pissy snarl.

To at least pretend she wasn't interested.

Because E didn't want her babies exposed to joining-to mating.

To anything like that.

They were too precious.

And as much as E loved her mate, and felt stressed and somewhat sexually repressed-most of her sex drive seemed to go away ever since she popped out three giant eggs that felt like they broke her pelvis.

She was just too busy being a mommy for mating.

That, and she would need to go away from her babies to join.

Leave her babies, alone.

Unprotected.

Unguarded.

Vulnerable.

No.

She could not do that.

Mating could wait.

At least the kind of mating that made babies.

E wasn't sure what the other kind of mating they did was.

The Indoraptor's attention, however, left his female, and refocused upon another chick.

Legion was attempting to mimmic, chewing upon a bone that was too large for her maw, with teeth and jaws too young and weak to crush. Skunk was sitting upon her haunches, watching her kin with a curious cock of her head.

The bone would be picked up within his father's jaws, and cracked with a tensing of his muscles. The Indoraptor would clean and clear the break of small bone fragments, before dropping it upon the ground. Legion squawked in slight start, before curiosity got the better of him. He approached and sniffed, small hands pawing and batting. Skunk shoved her brother out of the way, nares flaring and breath snorting as she searched for more food.

The black and white female would stuff her head into the shaft, and begin eating the marrow.

Or whatever she thought was food.

Skunk wasn't picky.

And it was all going fine and dandy.

Until Skunk got her head stuck, and cried and whined.

E and the Indoraptor briefly looked upon each other, before the hybrid moved to go help his distressed daughter.

This young one...

His babies must have gotten it from his mate.

The Indoraptor nuzzled his scaled snout against the back of E neck, taloned fingers unconsciously pulling her against his belly. His length wrapped around the ball that was his small family, form pressed flush against the garnet and white scales of E.

Their babies were safe and warm against their mother's stomach in a pile of youthful, if fragile scales, however nestled among torn pillows and blankets.

The hybrid could feel E's body vibrate softly in a series of gentle tremors as purrs rocked her warm scales. The Indoraptor's eyes merely watched as his mate slept, watching her scaled lips roll and move as her eyes fluttered underneath in a dream. Her facial muscles were lax, body at ease.

The male couldn't believe how beautiful she was.

His mate was pretty.

His mate was precious.

His mate was his.

The Indoraptor couldn't imagine how much pain his mate went through to give him their babies.

E was sick at that time.

She was very, very sick.

She was very, very pained.

He thought she was going to die.

His everything-his something was going to die.

But she didn't.

Instead, she gave him everything, and more.

He never meant to put her in such pain-but even though he hurt her so-she was still here.

By his side.

E was a good mate.

A loyal mate.

E was a good mother.

E was precious.

E needed to be protected.

Just as their babies needed to be protected.

At times, the Indoraptor was afraid.

Afraid he would wake up, back in his cage.

He didn't want to have nothing again.

The hybrid's gaze flicked from E, to their little ball of chicks.

They were safe, and warm, and had full bellies.

What more could he want?

For once, nothing.

Because he had everything.

He had all the little somethings he could want.

At first, the Indoraptor thought it was a trick of his senses, at first.

An old paranoia of old fears rearing their heads.

He thought the tremors were of his purring-E's purring-their babies' purrings.

But it wasn't.

The tremors that awoke the hybrid from his slumber with a fierce jolt and rocked E awake with a startled whistle was not from purrs.

It was from footsteps.

Footsteps that got louder, and louder.

The earth quaked stronger, and stronger.

Something was coming.

A predator was coming.

A big one.

And the Indoraptor knew why.

It smelled his kill.

The Indoraptor went cold in terror, pupils wide and breath quickening in rising panic.

He put his family in danger.

He put his family in danger.

He put his everything in danger.

He put all his little somethings in danger.

Just because he wanted to spend more time with them at home.

He was a bad mate.

He was a bad father.

He didn't want to have nothing again...

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading and supporting!

I have been working on writing an AU of the sex scene between E and Indoraptor in Broken Raptors. It's basically based on where the Indoraptor never leaves after failing to breed right. I might just post it and turn it into an excuse to place sex scenes/sexual situations regarding the characters of Broken Raptors. Mainly because I like exploring E and the Indoraptor, and suck at sex scenes.

I am, unfortunately, quite busy.

That being said, I don't know when I will update Broken Raptors :(

Thank you for reading once again.

Feel free to leave a review!

:)

Chapter 5

The shaking of the earth birthed from a rhythm of a great titan walking resounded within the Indoraptor's ears.

The only thing louder than the pounding of heavy weight into the earth, was the thrumming of the hybrid's panicked heart. He could feel it-hear the drumming of his quickened beats.

It was so loud, so forcefully pounding within his skull-it felt like his head would burst.

E's head swiveled around, blue eyes sharp and alert as the quaking vibrated the lumber foundation of their aged cabin. The grime and mold stained windows shook and trembled. The three chicks stared, wide eyes and curious as their heads twisted and turned to and fro, attempting to pinpoint the source of such a noise and sensation they did not experience before.

E's killing claws twitched, taloned fingers unconsciously pulling her young babies closer against her form.

It was an attempt to calm and soothe her chicks just as much as it was an attempt to calm herself.

The thrumming of weight upon the earth quaked-harder and harder-louder and louder-until it ceased.

Gone was the rumbling of the land under heavy feet.

In it's place-the deep and guttural breaths of a predator testing for the scent of prey.

The deep, greedy inhales of breath could be heard from outside their dwelling-just below the loft.

Just outside the confines of their aged, wooden lair.

A lair, long since their protective hearth and dwelling, that may not be able to withstand the rage of a hungry predator, and protect the family inside.

The Indoraptor did not move in his rising, if silent, terror.

He should have been defending his family.

He should have been *acting*.

But he could not.

His body did not want to move.

It felt as if his blood was ice.

It was not the Indoraptor that acted first.

It was E.

The mother abandoned her post, and leapt down from the loft with a heavy thud. In but three strides-glass shattered as the raptor punched through a window frame, sending shards of crystalline glass cast askew.

The noise attracted the attention of the scavenging predator, drawn to the sound of fleeing prey.

The Indoraptor's eyes went wide as he stared-haplessly frozen-looking upon the spot where E once was-then to the floor down below with ruined and scratched furniture-door ruined and window now smashed.

And worse-the curious chicks were up and about, necks craning and eyes wide, looking down through the railings at the floor below. Looking about to the world they were not allowed to enter-looking out into the mysterious world where their mother went.

Skunk was looking, wedged between the railing bars, rolls of excess fat molded by the wooden prison of the loft. Her pupils were large, and overwhelmed the cerulean shade of her own irises, black scales blending into the cool of the shadowed night. Her small, white stripes were the only thing that gave her away in the murk.

Legion was sitting upon his haunches, a clawed hand gripping the wooden railing, neck strained in curiosity-and concern. His crimson stripes were barely visible in the backdrop of the night, sapphire eyes housing sharp, blade like pupils that illuminated in the shadows of their den. A riveting series of soft, clicking purrs escaped Legion, who craned his neck to better look down into the mysterious lands below-and in an attempt to find his mother.

Seraphim was the chick that stood furthest from the ledge, standing upon all fours as he looked upon his siblings, neck craning in an attempt to see what they were attempting to spy. Then the white chick turned towards his father, amber eyes shining on confusion, and worry. Sharp chirps escaped from his throat, tail swaying anxiously.

He looked upon his father for guidance-for assurance-of the strange happenings around them.

What was the loud scary noises?

Why was their home shaking?

What was down below their nest?

Where is their mother go, and why so suddenly?

The Indoraptor's tense posture did not go unnoticed by his young-who began to fidget and become more anxious.

The hybrid twitched anxiously, nervous energy building.

He was the alpha, right?

That meant he was supposed to protect his pack, right?

No-more than his pack-his *family*.

His *mate*.

His *partner*.

His *other half*.

His *babies*.

But instead, his little E went off.

His little, nigh mute mate went off to face a predator.

What if she was fighting it?

What if she was being over powered?

Being bitten?

Being torn apart?

And she wouldn't even be able to *scream for him*.

But he couldn't leave his chicks, right?

Their babies.

They were never left alone before.

What if something happened while they were unguarded?

What if he went out looking for E, and the predator got to their nest-their home-before he did?

What if-

The Indoraptor moved-suddenly, urgently. A powerful clawed hand scooped up Legion none too gently in his emergent pace, swan like neck extending to grasp Skunk with his jaws-plucking the youth from the bars.

Legion was pushed and forced towards the nest of blankets and ruined pillows whilst his sister was half tossed, half dropped into the nest. Skunk landed with a grunt, and a plop, her fall cushioned with her own body fat-and the fact the nest was made out of soft material. Both chicks were quick to get up, and turn towards their father.

Before the Indoraptor could turn his attention towards Seraphim, the white scaled male was already scrambling towards his siblings-and promptly hid behind them.

The black and gold hybrid gave a fierce, if low hiss, jaws snapping and echoing in warning.

It was an aggression the chicks did not see before.

Even more so because it was directed at *them*.

The chicks never realized how scary their father was before.

They didn't understand what they even did wrong.

Were they bad?

What did they do?

Where did their mother go?

Why was their father being so scary?

For once, the chicks did not see a protector in their father.

They saw a monster.

The three siblings laid low within their nest, and cowered, hiding and burying their head into each other.

All the chicks knew was the warmth of their parents' bellies, the softness of their tongues, and giant mouths providing food to sate their bellies.

Nothing in the world was bad.

Everything was good, and safe, and warm.

But now, the babies did not feel safe in the only home they've known.

They did not feel safe-worst of all-due to their father.

Fortunately-or perhaps unfortunately-their father was swift to leave his post as he descended into the mysterious dark below their familiar loft.

It was not long before their father, like their mother, too, was gone.

E was limping, dragging her right leg, disturbing leaves and brush in her awkward gait.

Her circular pupils softly reflected the soft moonlight and illuminated gently in the night.

She moved through low brush and aged trees, senses on high.

Her eyes were wary of movement.

Her ears were keen to pick up the slightest of sounds.

Her nares flared to pick up the scent of a stalking predator.

The calloused soles of her feet focused on picking up any tremors of the earth.

The night was still, and warm, skies clear and moon full, flanked by glittering stars.

It was a beautiful night.

But E could not waste energy marveling at the beauty of the dark world.

She knew she was being stalked, and hunted.

But where the predator was-she was not sure.

She just knew it was only a matter of when the predator struck.

Her could feel her heart pounding in her chest, feels the blood pumping to her arms and legs.

Her chest rose and fell in deep breaths, quiet whistles escaping her throat.

She was afraid-but at the same time-calm.

It was such a strange combination of feelings.

Normally, E would seek shelter, and hide.

E would try her damndest to flee.

E would be overwhelmed by the feeling of horror, and impending doom.

E would fear for her life.

Was E scared?

Yes.

But now, she was no seeking shelter, nor seeking to hide.

She was seeking the attention of her dogged stalker.

Because having a predator hunt her-was better than the beast going after her family.

Her mate.

Her children-

-No.

-Their babies.

Because so long as she was moving-leading the monster away from her family-they would be safe.

A silence, a stillness reigned over the starlit night that broke through the leaves of aged trees.

Silence.

And then the pounding of footfalls-sudden and swift.

Far closer than E anticipated-for in a mere three strides-the beast was upon her.

It's hatchet like jaws swung down in a cutting blow.

E's muscles exploded to life, and she broke out of her faux limp.

E felt the heat of the beast's breath upon her scaled flank, felt the raw power of its jaws snapping in a shockwave of force, heard the cracking of its jaws together resound like thunder.

Her powerful legs pounded against the earth, fleet of talon as she fled, course hiss escaping her scaled throat.

She would rebound back to her home.

She led the predator far enough away.

It was time for her to go home, and leave her stalking hunter alone in the peaceful dark.

Tonight, she was sure the beast would go hungry.

When E returned back to her nest, she was quite perplexed to find her mate outside.

He left his post, and it was something E was not pleased with.

A simple hiss and a snap of the jaws showed her displeasure, despite her male's more affectionate, relieved greeting.

When E returned to her babies, she couldn't help but notice something was wrong.

They were fearful of their father.

They sought succor in their mother, instead.

End Notes

Please stay safe and thank you for your support! :)

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