

### **Jurassic Park 3: Re-written ending**

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/39752124) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/39752124>.

Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Jurassic Park (Movies) RPF</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Alan Grant</a> , <a href="#">Amanda Kirby</a> , <a href="#">Paul Kirby</a> , <a href="#">Erik Kirby</a> , <a href="#">Billy Brennan</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Angst</a> , <a href="#">Drama</a> , <a href="#">Father Figure</a> , <a href="#">son figure</a> , <a href="#">Minor Character Death</a> , <a href="#">minor PTSD</a> , <a href="#">Grief/Mourning</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-06-19 Words: 7,901 Chapters: 9/9

# **Jurassic Park 3: Re-written ending**

by [SecretiveAmbitions](#)

## Summary

What if Alan had found Billy, instead of the army men?

My take on how Jurassic Park 3 should have ended.

Completed!

## Notes

Author's Note: I'll be trying to stay as close to canon as possible. Well, as close to canon as one can get when they're re-writing the ending! I love the Jurassic movies, but I just did not like how underrated and underappreciated Billy was. He gave me Vibes--him and Alan both, actually, as to what their relationship could be. So, here's my take on what should have happened in my humble opinion! Hopefully you all enjoy reading this as much as I enjoyed writing it!

This takes place immediately after the pterodactyl attack. In this fanfic, Alan has already called Ellie the moment after they dug the sat-phone out of the dino crud and arranged everything.

Warnings: nothing more violent or graphic than the movies. Grieving over a character

# Chapter 1

## Chapter One

He's gone.

Alan Grant saw it with his own eyes. Saw the horrible pool of crimson washing down the river. There was no way anyone could survive two pterodactyls ripping and tearing at their body. Holding them under.

He'd seen it.

He knew it.

But he couldn't make himself believe it.

Billy Brennan couldn't be dead. Not the cheerful kid who was always ready to help, learn, listen. He hadn't even gotten his PhD yet. Hadn't had a first date. Had barely even been able to grow his first beard.

Alan was stiff and awkward and a grouch on the good days, but Billy had wormed his way into his heart since day one. Made life worth living. When the nightmares got to be too much, Billy was always a good distraction, with his dumb jokes and contagious grin. The only person who hadn't written him off as a crazy old man who needed to be admitted into a mental hospital. The only one who'd believed him. Listened to him.

Sure, Billy had put their lives in danger by stealing the velociraptor eggs. But he'd done it to help. Billy had done it for him. A dumb, half-baked, downright stupid idea—but that was being young for you. How many stupid ideas had Alan done when he was younger that nearly got others killed?

And what had he done in return?

*"As far as I'm concerned, you're no better than the men who built this place."*

*Alan squeezed his eyes shut and plunged his water bottle into the river. Had he really said that? To the one person who stayed by his side no matter what? To the kid he valued more than anything? He'd never told Billy how much he meant to him. How he was practically the son he never had. Alan loved Lexie and Tim, and Ellie's kids. But Billy...*

*Billy was different. Billy was his kid. His twenty-three year-old idiotic surrogate son who had died believing that Alan hated him.*

*Tears rose unbidden to Alan's eyes. Their stinging bite was a pitiful distraction from the claws ripping his heart from the inside out.*

*Billy's terrified, agonized screams still rang in his ears. His desperate shout for them to run, while he ran deeper into the water. Away from them. Leading the pterodactyls away from the group he believed hated him.*

*He'd been one of the bravest men Alan ever knew.*

*And he'd died.*

*Alan wanted to scream and curse. Isla Nublar had been bad enough. This island, Isla Sorna, was bad enough. Watching everyone around him die. Ripped apart. Finding their bodies scattered. The horrible raptor calls that had haunted his nightmares for four years.*

*But this?*

*He pulled his water bottle out of the river and absently screwed the lid back on.*

*This ripped out a chunk of him that he'd never get back.*

*Billy wouldn't be forgotten. Not by Alan. Not by anyone, if Alan could help it. He would survive this forsaken, hellish island, if only for the sole purpose of telling everyone he met how much of a hero Billy was.*

*He stood slowly. His knees creaked and every sore, abused muscle protested. He couldn't make himself go back to the boat. Not with everyone staring at him. Pitying him. He didn't deserve their sympathy. He should have been the one the pterodactyls killed. Not Billy. Never Billy.*

*After several long minutes—minutes that seemed to stretch on for years—he finally turned and picked up his pack. They needed food if they were going to keep their strength up, and Alan had spied berries across the river. Amanda and Paul had volunteered to get them, to let Alan rest. But he had to do something. Had to get away from them. He'd filled the pack with as many berries and edible plants he could find. It wasn't enough, but it was better than nothing.*

*A soft groan drifted by his ear.*

*Alan froze, and he swore his chest was pumping like one of those cartoon characters Ellie's kids liked to watch.*

*Another groan that faded into a whimper.*

*Not a dinosaur. It sounded...human.*

*But they were the only humans left alive on the island.*

*Weren't they?*

*Some part of his brain insisted it was a raptor trap. That they'd learned how to mimic a person in distress. But that was impossible, wasn't it? They didn't have the vocal range to*

*make that sound. He turned back to the river, looping the strap of his bag—Billy's lucky strap bag—over his shoulder. His heart skipped a beat.*

*Red floated down the river.*

*Blood.*

*Run. Run. Get back to the boat and get the heck out of here. But something was telling him to go towards the blood. To see what was going on.*

*His feet moved on their own accord, taking him into the river despite his brain screaming to leave. At this rate, his heart would fail him at the slightest little jump scare. Maybe that was for the best. He wouldn't feel razor sharp teeth and claws ripping through him.*

*Like Billy had.*

*Alan shook those thoughts away and kept wading. The water came up to his knees, occasionally tainted red with blood.*

*He rounded a bush and his heart stopped.*

*A mangled body tangled in the roots of a scrub brush. Most was submerged just under water, but—miraculously—a scraped and cut head with ridiculously short brown curls was held above water by a forked branch.*

*"Billy." The word scraped against his throat, raw and full of tears. He surged forward, wrapping one arm around Billy's torso and gently freeing his head. He curled him forward, until Billy's forehead was pressed against Alan's neck. Billy was as tall as Alan, and fit as a racehorse. But adrenaline gave the older man a burst of strength, and he picked him up completely.*

*Billy's body was ice cold, and the breath puffing over Alan's neck was weak. Dangerously weak. But he was alive.*

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Notes

Warnings: mild description of injuries

### Chapter Two

“Where’d you find him?”

“How’d he manage to escape?”

“I thought he was dead!”

Alan ignored the Kirbys as he sat down against the helm. It’d be easier to tend to Billy’s injuries if he laid him down. But right now, Alan couldn’t make himself *let go*. He was half afraid if he did, Billy would disappear. Vanish in a poof of smoke, and all of this would be a hallucination.

The Kirbys kept firing off questions and arguing.

“Shut up,” Alan hissed, emotions making his voice rough. “Paul, get the dang boat started and get us out of here before the blood attracts anyone. *Now!*”

Paul jumped and nodded, running around to work on the motor.

“Erik, look around, see if we have *any* extra shirts or something we can use for bandages.”

“Got it.” The boy scampered off.

“Amanda, help me get his shirt off and check him over.”

Billy’s injuries couldn’t be good—*understatement of the year*. Alan could feel warm blood seeping into his clothes. Billy wasn’t a tan kid, by any means, but he was alarmingly pale. And cold. And still. He wasn’t usually an animated kid—a sharp contrast to his cheerful and outgoing personality, but Alan had never been able to figure out why. But this stillness was too still. Too lifeless.

Amanda leaned forward and helped him shift Billy around until he was leaning against Alan’s chest. Wet hair plastered against Alan’s face, but he ignored it as he worked with Amanda to get the tattered shirt off.

Billy groaned weakly, but didn’t move.

Alan's heart sank to the deepest pit in his stomach at the mangled flesh. Deep puncture wounds curved under each shoulder blade where the pterodactyls' talons had sunk in. Gashes nearly exposed his spine, and bruises covered whatever skin wasn't torn. He gently reached up to feel Billy's neck, fingers lingering over his weak pulse. Reassuring himself that the kid—*his kid*—was alive. His neck had a gash in it, maybe a bite, but it didn't feel too deep.

Alan swore softly to himself. Okay. Okay, first thing first. They needed to stop the bleeding. "Erik, do we have anything—?"

"Some extra shirts." He came running back, carrying his and Paul's overshirts. "We don't need them. They're dirty, but better than nothing."

"Good job." He shifted Billy again, so he was completely propped against Alan's chest, which freed his arms. He took the shirts from Erik and began ripping them. "Check his legs and arms."

While Amanda and Erik did that, he started wrapping Billy's neck, then back. The river would have cleaned the wounds—not *enough*, but they couldn't do any better. They just had to stop the bleeding. Had to prevent debris from getting in. Had to get off this dang island before it was too late.

"Alan." Amanda's quiet voice drew his attention from the kid's back. "He appears to have fractured ribs at the least. His ankle is broken, too."

"Of freaking course it is." He leaned forward. "Hold Billy up, I gotta get these bandages all the way around him."

She nodded and bit her lip as she and Erik both gripped a shoulder.

It took every ounce of willpower Alan had to let go of Billy. Just long enough to wrap what was left of the shirts around him. Then he pulled off his own overshirt and draped it around Billy's shoulders. He could almost chuckle, if the situation wasn't so dire. Billy's shoulders were still narrow from youth, and Alan's flannel was just a bit too big.

"Let's turn him around. Pressure on his back will help stop the bleeding. And he'll be able to breathe easier if he's not laying on his stomach." Amanda sounded tired.

They were all tired. Tired of running. Of seeing death. Smelling death.

Alan's eyes drifted over to Erik. The boy still had a round face, still hadn't lost his baby fat. And he looked so *scared* and much too old. He should be safely home, where his biggest concern was skipping school and playing video games.

He glanced down at Billy as Amanda handed him over. Billy should be safely back home, where his biggest concerns were getting his PhD and getting in trouble for his dumb, ill-timed humor.

He leaned back against the helm and let Billy's head fall into the crook of his neck. His skin was still ice cold. Alan sighed and curled his arm up to cup Billy's forehead. His other arm

gently wrapped around the kid. Holding him safe and secure against himself. Hoping to offer some sort of body warmth.

“Please,” he whispered, not sure who he was talking to. Alan wasn’t a religious man, but the word was a plea. A begging to the God he’d grown up hearing about. Alan wasn’t sure if God was listening. If God even paid attention to men like him. But he would do anything, take any chance. “Please, just spare his life.”

When he’d first experienced the nightmare that was Isla Nublar, Alan had become convinced that the dinosaur attacks were a punishment to mankind for recreating something that had already been destroyed. Whether by nature or by an all powerful God who decided they were too dangerous to let live.

Maybe they were still being punished. Maybe *Alan* was still being punished, for not making sure somehow, in some way, that the dinosaurs were destroyed.

“Don’t punish him for my sake,” Alan whispered. “Please, just let him live.”

It had been raining for an hour now.

Alan had tried to move Billy under the shelter, but it just wasn’t big enough. Or solid enough. So here he was, Billy leaned in a corner, and Alan curled over him as a shield. His back and thighs burned, but he refused to move.

Billy’s lips and fingers were a purplish blue. Each breath rattled through his chest and pulled at Alan’s heart.

It should have been him attacked by the pterodactyls. He should have—

His self-blaming was interrupted by a low groan, the first sound Billy had made since getting him bandaged. His limp fingers twitched against the drenched flannel.

"Billy?" Alan cupped the side of his kid's face, gently supported his head and turned it to look him in the eye. "Billy, you with me?"



# Chapter 3

## Chapter Notes

Author's Note: for plot reasons, the final fight with the spinosaurus is vastly different from the canon. But hopefully it doesn't disappoint! :D

Also, I understand that Alan is not a religious man. I have him praying because he's desperate, and many people tend to call out to anyone once they've reached that low. He's not converting to Christianity, so if that's not your style, you have nothing to worry about :D

Warning: character death happens in the background

## Chapter Three

*"Billy, you with me?"*

The words seemed to filter in through a fog. Fog, ringing ears, and pounding blood. Choking, desperate screams. Involuntary cries for help as searing, unimaginable *agony* stabbed deep into his back over and over again.

He opened his mouth, a silent cry of pain. A plea. All that left him was a hiss of air. And all he got in return was cold water. Pouring down his throat. Filling his lungs.

Billy struggled to grab onto something, anything. Nothing but smooth, cold rocks and soft, cold flesh—

"Billy, look at me!"

Blue-gray eyes snapped open as he sucked in a deep breath. His chest screamed in pain and everything he'd just taken in lodged in his throat. He coughed and clawed at his neck. The beak was around his neck. Trying to break it. He couldn't die. Had to get away. Alan's hat. He had to get Alan's hat—

"Billy."

The word was heavy with pain and desperation. A figure leaned over him, to blurred and dark for him to make out.

"Billy, it's me. You're okay, kid."

Alan. Alan was with him. Alan would keep him safe.

Billy didn't bother trying to figure out why and how Alan was with him. Exhaustion filtered in to take the place of unadulterated panic, leaving him drained and winded. And cold. So very cold and weak.

"There you go." He could hear the smile in Alan's voice, despite the evident worry. The hand on his face moved up to run over his hair, then curl around the back of his head and pull him forward. Arms wrapped around his body, gentle and firm and safe.

Billy exhaled, coughed and cringed at the fresh wave of pain. He needed to apologize. Needed to make things right.

But not now. Not when he couldn't seem to move his lips or keep his eyes open.

The roaring, pounding, driving sound of rain faded.

The cold faded.

Alan's voice faded.

The dizzy, nauseating up and down motion of the ground faded.

And then, finally, the hand on his head and arm around his back faded too.

~~~~~

Alan didn't let go, even after Billy calmed down. Even after unconsciousness had reclaimed his body. He sat down and pulled him closer and rocked and begged God to preserve this one life. Promised to turn his life around. Promised to make sure every dinosaur was destroyed just *please spare this one life*.

"Hey guys, you might wanna come see this!" Erik's worried voice barely made it above the rain. "It looks like a bunch of spooked fish?"

Spooked fish.

Alan looked up, alarmed. "Something must've— Paul, get us out of here!"

Paul ran for the engine and Amanda to the steering wheel. Alan reluctantly leaned Billy against the wall and stood. As much as he wanted to only protect his kid, he was still responsible for three other lives.

"What d'we do if something attacks?" Erik swiped rainwater out of his eyes. "We can't run. We got no weapons. And Billy's still out."

"We'll be fine," Paul promised. "Maybe nothing even spooked the fish. Maybe they're just in a feeding frenzy."

Alan glanced at them, but didn't say anything. He didn't think Erik, the kid who'd spent eight weeks surviving Isla Sorna on his own, believed his well-meaning dad.

“If you’re religious,” Alan said softly, the corners of his mouth turning up purely out of nervous habit, “then pray to whoever you serve.”

Nothing short of a miracle was their only hope. No weapons. A slow boat. A downpour that blinded them.

They were sitting ducks out here. Of course, they were sitting ducks from the moment they stepped foot on this cursed island. But now, they might as well have put themselves on a platter and handed them over to whatever monster was lurking out there.

The hair on the back of his neck raised. A chill ran down his spine.

He leaped forward, tackling Erik to the deck.

Someone screamed—shrill with terror before cutting off short. The boat lurched and cold water rushed up to envelope his legs.

“Dad!” Erik thrashed against Alan’s grip.

Alan didn’t let go. He gritted his teeth, hanging onto anything he could to keep from falling into the river.

A roar shook his bones and threatened to burst his eardrums.

*Spinosaurus.*

The boat splashed back down and threw him and Erik towards the helm.

Amanda grabbed onto her son and pulled him behind the helm.

Alan scrambled forward, allowing a brief moment of relief to find Billy still there. He ran a shaky hand over his face and turned. One, two, three, four...

Paul.

Where was Paul?!

He didn’t dare call him. Didn’t even dare whisper to Amanda to ask if she knew. If he couldn’t see Paul, then Paul was dead.

Alan ran to the engine. Where was the belt? He couldn’t see anything in this blasted downpour. He groped around the flooded deck. His fingers brushed against slick leather right as a claw crashed through the wood beside him.

Amanda screamed behind him.

Alan threw himself back, slipping and sliding across the deck. The spinosaurus charged after him.

“Get to the cage!” he screamed.

They stood no chance out in the open. Maybe, just maybe, if they got into the cage, the spinosaurus would give up.

A slim chance. One that would likely backfire in their face. But they had nothing else. At least the spinosaurus wouldn't be able to break through the cage.

He dove to the deck to avoid the snapping jaws and grabbed Billy.

A short, breathless scream broke through the storm as he dragged the kid to the cage. Alan didn't have time to be gentle. Didn't have time to go slow. He practically jumped into the cage, and managed to twist at the last second so that he landed under Billy.

Amanda and Erik slammed the heavy iron gate shut right as the spinosaurus bit down around the cage.

Erik screamed and scrambled into the middle, nearly trampling Alan and Billy. Long, razor sharp claws reached in on both sides. Someone was crying, but in the downpour and the screaming, Alan couldn't tell who it was.

The boat lurched as a heavy clawed foot crunched through the front half of the deck. Alan was thrown to the side. His head hit something round and softer than the bars.

His bag.

Someone had grabbed his pack.

He snatched it up as the boat lurched again, throwing them all to the side. He gasped as his head snapped against the cage. Stars burst in front of him and his arms slacked for a moment.

A moment was all it took for Billy to fall away.

"No!" He reached out for him desperately.

Sharp pain blossomed in his calf. He shouted and grabbed onto the bars as his leg buckled.

The spinosaurus had grabbed the cage. And one of the claws had pierced his calf.

Alan screamed as the claw shifted. The metal scraped across the wet wood with an ear-piercing screech. The spinosaurus dragged it off the boat into the water.

"We're gonna drown!" Amanda cried out.

The claw ripped free of his leg. Alan barely had time to draw breath before the cage went rolling.

Bodies crashed against each other and the sides. Alan grabbed for anything—Billy, the cage, something. His fingers found hair and reached lower. He fisted his hand in the flannel shirt and heaved Billy up and towards him. Out from under the water.

"Hold on!" he shouted, seconds before a massive snout crashed into the cage.

Amanda crashed against him, and all the breath left him. Rocks scraped and pinched the hand holding onto the cage bars. Something snapped. Maybe a finger. Or maybe it wasn't even him. Everything was cold and dark. Rolling cage. Water that steadily got deeper and deeper, until they were completely submerged. Pain and exhaustion and fear weighing heavily against him. Almost as heavy as the kid clutched desperately to his chest.

The cage slammed into an underwater boulder, and Alan could just make out the door swinging open.

He reached out blindly to grab Amanda and Erik and charged for the opening. His injured leg buckled and he fell, but he didn't stop. *Couldn't stop*. He had to get them out of the water. Away from the spinosaurus. Off this cursed hell hole.

His head broke the surface right as another roar drowned out the thunder. The earth shook.

Alan didn't even have the energy anymore to feel despair.

Amanda and Erik charged past him. Huge, heavy feet stomped past them, heading for the river.

Alan stumbled and fell to his knees. He risked a peek back.

A t-rex must have heard the spinosaurus. Must have had a nest nearby. Or was hungry. Or just plain ticked off and looking for a fight.

Whatever the case, Alan had never been more glad to see a giant, carnivorous monster before in his life. He could have cheered as the t-rex attacked the spinosaurus, but he had a more important task on hand.

Billy had been underwater too long. And Alan wasn't sure he was still breathing.

## Chapter 4

### Chapter Four

"C'mon, breathe, you stupid idiot, breathe!" He pushed against Billy's chest.

Amanda had found a small cave, just big enough to huddle inside out of the rain. They needed to keep moving, but Alan and Billy both needed tending to.

And it was up to Alan to do it.

Amanda and Erik sat silently in the front. Curled together and staring out into the rain. Likely in shock—seeing one's husband and dad eaten would do that to you.

Heck. How Alan hadn't gone into shock after seeing Billy disappear under the pterodactyls, and that horrible crimson pool crashing over the rocks...

He shook his head and focused back on Billy. He'd been doing CPR for too long now. If Billy didn't breathe soon—

That was unacceptable. Alan refused to even contemplate a reality where Billy didn't make it. Not after he'd been given a second chance to keep his kid alive. He pressed on his chest again. "Breathe, you son of a—"

Water spewed out of Billy's mouth.

Alan let out a shaky breath, and his shoulders slumped. "Billy. Billy, you with me?"

Billy's eyes fluttered open as his chest heaved with each ragged breath. He gagged once, and Alan rolled him onto his side right in time for him to hurl out all the water he'd swallowed. A quiet sob tore free, and Alan winced.

Billy *never* voiced his pain. During his first week at the dig site, he'd somehow managed to slip up and slice his arm open down to the bone. Billy had just wrapped it and kept on going. And it wasn't until Alan had spied a bloody cloth peeking out from unbuttoned flannel sleeves that he'd known something was up. And the dumb kid had just laughed it off. And kept joking even as he got stitches.

To hear him cry...

Alan knew he was in pain. Any blind, deaf, mostly dead idiot could see that. And Alan knew from experience that coughing with broken ribs was sheer agony. Let alone throwing up gallons of river water.

He gently squeezed Billy's upper arm and held him steady. "It's okay. I gotcha, Billy. I gotcha."

~~~~~

Every heave made him wish the pterodactyls had snapped his neck. And still, the water just kept coming.

Someone was holding onto him. Whispering. Or maybe they were yelling. Billy's ears rang with screams. His. The pterodactyls. Alan's. Erik's. Something else, something deeper, louder, something he couldn't place.

Finally, *finally*, he sucked in a lungful of sweet air and no more water came up.

His eyelids drooped shut, and the hand on his arm tightened. Why was it tighter? Was he moving—

Fire crackled across his back, and he yelled. His throat was raw, his voice a rough, raspy hiss. His throat and belly was exposed to the pterodactyls, and he couldn't bring himself to care enough to move. To fight back.

"Billy." Warm hands gripped each side of his face. "Hey, it's me, Alan. You're safe, you're okay."

Billy peeled his eyes open with a tremendous effort. A blurry figure leaned over him. His mouth hung open—whether to breathe or to try and say something, he didn't know.

*Breathe.* His muddled brain latched onto the fact that he *couldn't breathe*.

Alan must have known. He always knew. The old man was more perceptive than anyone else Billy knew. A gentle arm slid behind his shoulders, and Billy swore his body was ripping itself in two as he was lifted upright.

Something wet slid down his face. Somewhere in the back of his mind, he knew he was crying. Shame bubbled up deep in his chest. He didn't cry. Crying did nothing good. Crying brought unwanted attention. A dark, ugly voice in the back of his head whispered that he was a man, he didn't cry.

He was pulled forward to lean against something warm and solid. The pressure on his back eased, and the fire dwindled down to a dull ache. If an ache could feel like a million knives were ripping through his skin while someone beat him with a baseball bat.

A hand covered the back of his head and rubbed. Billy wanted to pull away. He didn't need to be held or comforted. The others were more important. Paul and Amanda and Erik. They couldn't take care of themselves. They needed someone to protect them. They had to keep moving. The pterodactyls would find them—

"Just rest, Billy," Alan murmured next to his ear. "Everything's alright. Just rest."

Some part of him insisted that it wasn't alright. Nothing would ever be alright. The rest of him knew that Alan never lied. He always spoke the truth. If Alan said it was alright, then it was alright.

Alan never lied.

Darkness slowly crept around him as one last thought weighed heavy on his shoulders. Hurt worse than the injuries on his back.

Alan never lied.

*“As far as I’m concerned, Billy, you’re no better than the men who built this place.”*



# Chapter 5

## Chapter Notes

Author's Note: I apologize for the short last chapter. ...And for this short chapter!

## Chapter Five

Alan hated to move Billy, but they had to get going.

The rain had finally lightened up to a cold drizzle. Billy had lost consciousness a little over an hour ago, and hadn't stirred since. Alan hoped he was just sleeping.

He finally took a deep breath and forced himself to stand. Amanda had taken off her overshirt and used it to wrap his leg. The pink fabric was now crimson, but at least the bleeding had stopped. He'd start it back up again by walking.

Billy sagged heavy in his arms, and Alan's entire body shook with exhaustion. There was no way he could carry him the whole way to the beach.

"Billy, wake up." He gently patted the kid's cheek, trying not to irritate any of the bruises coloring his pale face.

His brow furrowed, and he groaned softly.

Alan sighed in relief and patted his face again. "We gotta get off this island. Get back home. You gotta wake up."

Billy's eyelids fluttered a moment before he finally peeled them open. "Wha—"

"We gotta move." Amanda walked over to smile softly, though it didn't reach her eyes. "Can you walk?"

She glanced briefly at Alan, and he suppressed a grimace. He didn't want to make Billy walk. But he couldn't carry him, and neither could Amanda.

Billy nodded—of course he nodded—and tried to pull away from Alan. His leg buckled and he almost fell, then caught himself.

Alan didn't let go of him, though. He kept a firm arm around the kid, just in case he did fall.

They started walking. Alan didn't know how long they had left to travel. He hoped not far, for all their sakes.

Erik and Amanda talked softly—Erik asking where people went after dying.

Alan didn't listen to Amanda's answer. Whatever the answer was didn't matter. All that mattered was getting to the beach and getting rescued by Ellie's men.

Billy's feet dragged in the dirt. His mouth was clamped in a tight line, and beads of sweat dripped down his skin. At least he was no longer ice cold.

Alan glanced back at a wet feeling on his arm and cursed softly.

"S bad." Billy's voice was just a quiet rasp.

"...Yeah." Alan wanted to lie to him. Wanted to tell him it would be alright. But Billy wasn't a child. Billy was a grown man who'd just spent days watching his fellow men be eaten. He didn't need a lie. Didn't need someone telling him that he would be alright when he already knew how bad it was.

Billy tripped over a stick, and it took every ounce of Alan's strength to keep him on his feet. He clamped a hand over Billy's mouth to muffle his scream as scabs tore and fresh blood soaked into the flannel shirt around him.

Amanda ran over to grab Billy's other side to help support him. She glanced at Alan and bit her lip.

Billy was losing blood fast. They had nothing else to use to try and stop it, and the smell of blood would only attract predators.

Billy must have come to the same conclusion. "You gotta leave me." His voice was muffled behind Alan's hand. Please, I'm—"

"No." Alan shook his head. "No. I'm not leaving you behind—"

Billy dug his feet into the ground and lurched to a stop. "You have to." His entire body shook and threatened to fold in on itself, but he stood firm.

"You stupid—" Alan couldn't finish. Anger and fear and desperation burned hot within him. "You think I'm going to leave a man behind? Someone who saved our lives—"

"And put you in danger in the first place." His voice was quiet, expression blank. All except his eyes. Blue-gray eyes full of guilt and pain.

That was the first time Alan ever saw Billy look truly *hurt*. A hurt that no one could fix because it was one he himself had inflicted. By stealing the raptor eggs, he'd caused the death of one man and near death of five others—himself included.

So that was it.

Billy still thought Alan hated him. Still didn't think that he'd redeemed himself. Was *still trying* to redeem himself for a crime he'd already paid for. Nearly with his life—a life that was still hanging in the balance.

Alan took a breath to tell him that he didn't have to be a hero. Didn't have to sacrifice himself again for their sake. That they'd make it. He'd make it. That he was forgiven, and Alan was *truly sorry* for the words he'd said.

An earth-shaking roar split the air.

# Chapter 6

## Chapter Six

*T-rex.*

For a moment, nobody moved. Alan turned around slowly, trying to pinpoint where the sound came from.

The ground shook, and birds took off flying to their right.

“Run!”

Erik bolted. Alan and Amanda grabbed Billy’s arms and ran.

A low groan rumbled from deep within Billy’s chest, but he didn’t cry out. Alan’s heart slammed against his ribs, skipping a beat with every earth-shaking footstep.

“Head for the river!” Alan shouted.

“What about the spinosaurus?” Amanda’s shrill voice pierced through his ear to stab right into his brain.

“You wanna try an’ outrun that thing?” he shot back.

No matter how much fear and adrenaline coursed through them, they’d been several days surviving off just that. Their bodies were bound to give out sooner or later. Alan preferred it to be later. *Much* later.

They crashed through the underbrush. Limbs slapped against his face. Caught in his hair. Ripped his clothes.

He ran smack through a cloud of bugs. Tiny bodies blinded him. He hoped they weren’t some genetically altered bugs that would eat out his brain.

Erik disappeared around a clump of ferns.

“Split up.” Alan summoned every ounce of strength from deep within and pulled Billy closer to him. “Get Erik to the shore.”

“Where’re you going?” Amanda tripped over a root and caught herself before she fell. “Safety in num—”

“That t-rex smells Billy,” he snapped. “You and Erik stand a better chance if we split up.”

He didn’t wait on her to say anything. He turned and *fled* deeper into the trees. Billy’s legs were unable to keep up. That didn’t matter. Adrenaline lent strength to Alan’s arms and wings to his feet.

He wasn't letting anything happen to his kid again. Billy would get home and get his PhD if it killed him.

They crashed over creeks and through brush. Through a clearing. Past a half-eaten corpse that was bloated beyond recognition. Alan's packs bounced against his back, and he nearly threw them off. But they needed those eggs. If the raptors found them before they reached the beach, the eggs were their only hope.

Billy's foot caught in a bush. The sudden jerk caught Alan off guard, and they crashed to the ground.

Another roar muffled the cry of agony that tore from Billy's throat. Alan's heart impaled itself on his ribs. Alan scrambled to his feet and hauled Billy up.

"You gotta leave me," he gasped out, even as he struggled up.

"Shut up." Panic made Alan's voice sharp. "I told you already, I'm not leaving you. You're too —"

*Important.* He'd been about to say important. The word was half out of his mouth when a clawed foot slammed down right beside him.

# Chapter 7

## Chapter Seven

Alan froze. The t-rex stood directly above them. If they didn't move—if Billy didn't make a sound—then maybe, just maybe, it would move on.

The t-rex inhaled deeply. Alan could just *see* the large nostrils flaring. The slitted eyes roaming around. Trying to narrow in on what it smelled.

Alan's eyes drifted down to Billy. Too much blood. The t-rex would locate them regardless of how still they stood.

Unless.

Alan turned around slowly. They'd passed a corpse several yards back. They could hide there. Shake the t-rex from their trail.

He moved his mouth to Billy's ear. "Try to stay quiet," he breathed.

Billy nodded. A drop of sweat rolled down his face.

Alan watched as it slowly turned crimson, mingling with the blood from a cut on his cheek. The red drop slid off his jaw to land on Alan's arm.

The blood burned his skin.

Alan gritted his teeth and tightened his grip on Billy. Slowly, *painfully* slowly, they turned and limped away from the t-rex.

The t-rex straightened, and Alan flinched. But he couldn't stop. They had to make it to the corpse.

His blood turned to ice, chugging sluggishly through his veins and dousing him in a cold sweat.

The t-rex swished its tail and turned slowly.

Alan didn't take time to think it through. Didn't plan. Didn't consider all of the many ways this could go wrong.

He dragged Billy towards a large tree, staying in the t-rex's blind spot as it searched the air.

"What're you doin'?" Billy mumbled, just barely loud enough for Alan to hear.

"Shh." He lowered him down and helped him lean against a tree. "I'll be right back."

Billy tried to speak. His hand weakly grabbed at Alan's arm. His fingers slipped over skin slick with sweat.

Alan stepped away. Moved out where the t-rex could see him. And shouted.

For a brief moment, everything was dead silent. Everything was still.

The t-rex swung its massive head towards him and let out a roar.

Alan turned and ran for the corpse. His legs shook and threatened to buckle. The shaking ground nearly made him fall. But he kept on. Pushed himself faster. Through the brush. Over logs. Through a clearing—

He should have reached the corpse by now.

The t-rex crashed through the trees. A tree trunk splintered and groaned as it fell.

One of the branches struck Alan across the hip. He shouted and stumbled forward. His feet tangled in the grass and he slammed to the ground. He scrambled back to his feet and pressed on, looking around frantically for the— There!

He veered left, following the trail of blood and broken trees.

The corpse lay half scattered over rocks and splintered stumps. He dove behind the largest part.

The t-rex thundered to a stop. It growled softly as it sniffed around.

Alan squeezed his eyes shut as it pushed the carcass forward. His feet slid on the ground, and fresh blood soaked his pant leg.

He took a breath and rubbed carefully against the carcass. He risked infection, getting rotting meat on his wounded leg. But hopefully the smell of death would cover up his own scent. Once covered, he eased down to his hands and knees and crawled through the brush.

The t-rex didn't follow, and Alan thanked everything he could think of. Now to get back to Billy and meet the rest at the beach.

He slowly rose to his feet once he deemed himself far enough away. The ground shook with each fading trudge of the t-rex. Alan allowed a sigh of relief. It was going in the opposite direction of the ocean.

A soft chuckle escaped him as he limped towards the tree he'd left Billy as fast as he could. They'd made it. They were so close to the beach. Ellie's men would meet them there and they'd be *safe*.

His grin faded, though, as he neared the tree.

Billy was gone.





# Chapter 8

## Chapter Eight

Alan stared at the tree. Blood stained the bark, and there were their footprints. This was the right tree.

So where had he gone?

Alan searched the area frantically. Had a pterodactyl snatched him up? No. No, those beasts were locked up in the aviary. A raptor? No. Too clean. There was no blood or body parts scattered everywhere. No tracks but his own and Billy's.

His eyes landed on something, and he stilled. *Oh, Billy.*

Billy's trail led away from the tree. Stumbling, dragging footsteps. Blood and pieces of torn fabric clinging to sticks and leaves.

~~~~~

Billy sagged against a tree to catch his breath. His arm braced his ribs—and his wrist. He didn't know what was wrong, his sluggish brain couldn't process why he hurt. Why his wrist was swollen. Why it hurt to breathe.

All he knew was that pterodactyls were after him. And he had to stay away from Alan. Blood attracted them. Drove them into a frenzy.

He flinched as a beak pierced through his chest. Agony seized his body. He tore away with a cry and stumbled forward.

Shrieks filled his ears. He tripped over his feet and crashed into a creak. He screamed and choked as water rushed down his lungs. He thrashed against the current. Claws sank deep into his skin and tore. Crimson mixed with the water. Filled his lungs. His eyes. His ears. He tried to cry for help. Tried to *breathe*.

"Billy!"

He slammed against something solid and unmoving. The force tore a cry from him—a weak, raspy excuse of a cry that not even he could hear. Dust filled his mouth. Tickled his nose.

Claws sank into his shoulders and rolled him over.

Alan leaned over him. Gripped his head with both hands. His mouth moved, but the roaring in Billy's ears was too loud.

Alan pulled him up and held him close. Something brushed against Billy's back, and he swallowed a whimper.

Something thick and razor sharp sank in, just below his shoulder. He went rigid, screamed into Alan's shoulder. Something dripped down his face—blood? Sweat? Tears? Or some combination of all of them. He pushed against Alan. "Le' me go. Le' me— Gotta—"

"Hey, hey, Billy." Alan tightened his grip on him and put his mouth against Billy's ear. His voice filtered through the fog in his brain. "It's okay. Whatever you're seeing, it's not real. It's just panic."

Not real?! It felt real. He arched his back and coughed when the pain in his chest snatched away his breath. His fingers curled into Alan's shirt. Not real. Not real. Alan wouldn't tell him it wasn't real if it was.

"You're an idiot."

Alan pulled him to his feet, and Billy almost broke. *No more moving. Please. I can't take any more moving.* His body was so tired, so weak...

"—not much further." Alan pulled him along, half dragging him. "Ellie sent people here to help us. We're meeting them at the beach. We'll be safe."

*Safe.*

Billy took a breath and swallowed. Or tried to. His throat was dry and raw. "Alan, I—"

"Save your breath, kid." Alan's voice was gruff. "Talking isn't good for you right now."

Billy's head lolled against his shoulder. "Alan—" He coughed. "I'm...I'm s..."

Darkness wrapped around him. Gentle. Warm. Pulling him off to a place he didn't feel any pain.

# Chapter 9

## Chapter Notes

Author's Note: final chapter!! I hope you all have enjoyed this, I know I did!

And stick around, I have ideas for two more fanfiction works starring Billy and Alan!

## Chapter Nine

The cavalry was waiting for them at the beach.

A man in a suit hurried over to them. “Are you Alan Grant?”

Who else would he be? There wasn’t exactly a whole bunch of people on this dang island.

He didn’t voice his frustration though. “Yes, I’m Alan Grant. Have you seen a woman and a kid? Amanda—”

“Amanda and Erik, yes. We loaded them up on one of the choppers.” The man glanced over Billy. “Is he—”

“Alive,” Alan snapped. Billy wasn’t dead, and he wasn’t going to die. “Get me a dang medic and get us out of here.”

“Yes sir.” He waved to the men and reached for Billy’s other arm.

It would be easier on Alan if he let him help. Or handed Billy off to someone else. But he couldn’t let go. Not while they were on this hell of an island. Not while Billy was injured. Not while Billy was suffering from PTSD.

Alan had found him in a clearing, thrashing in the dirt at invisible pterodactyls. It didn’t take an experienced therapist to know what was going on. And Alan had been suffering from PTSD since going to Isla Nublar years ago. He knew how to spot the signs.

He pulled Billy closer and stumbled for the chopper sitting at the edge of the sand.

The man muttered something about stubborn old men before running ahead and yelling at the rest.

The men on the beach burst into activity. Loading up in the vehicles. Surrounding Alan as he made his way to the chopper. Someone grabbed him and pulled him to the side, the same time someone else pulled Billy away.

“No!” He jerked free and stumbled forward. His leg buckled. Two men caught him. Their shouts filled the air as they pulled him onboard, but he registered nothing. Billy was gone. Where was he? They had to be careful—

His eyes landed on him. Two men were laying the kid down on a gurney and strapping him in. A medic cut away the bandages. All three of them moved quickly, professionally. And ignored the panicked thrashing.

“Billy.”

Alan pulled free and practically fell to the floor by the gurney. He cupped the side of Billy’s face. “Hey, hey, Billy, hey, it’s me. It’s Alan.”

Billy’s eyes fluttered open and sluggishly tracked over to him. “Not...no’ real?”

“There’s no dinosaurs here.” He managed a smile. “We’re on the helicopter. There’s a medic here. She’s tending to you.”

“Heli...med...” His eyes drifted shut again. “Don’... don’ leave...”

“I won’t, kid,” he said softly. “I won’t.”

~~~~~

Billy didn’t wake until they were halfway back to the mainland. By then, he’d been cleaned, stitched, and bandaged. The medic had taken care of Alan’s leg and tried to get him to move. To get him to sit in a chair and buckle in. But Alan wasn’t moving. He’d promised Billy he’d stay. And he never lied.

Except for when he did.

*“As far as I’m concerned, Billy, you’re no better than the men who built this place.”*

*“As far as I’m concerned, Billy, you’re no better than the men who built this place.”*

Those awful words circled his head on repeat. Had he really said that? To Billy, of all people? He knew the kid better than most. Knew how devastating those words were. Alan hadn’t meant them. He’d been scared and hurt and angry. So angry. But those words were empty.

To him, anyways.

Not to Billy.

“Alan...”

The weak, raspy whisper pulled his attention from the helicopter floor to the kid strapped to the gurney.

He rose to a crouch, keeping his weight on his good leg. “Hey, look who’s up.”

A weak grin pulled at the corner of Billy's mouth, but didn't reach his eyes. "'M sorry. I didn't—"

"Hey." Alan kept his voice soft, but firm. "No. I'm sorry. You...that was a stupid, stupid decision. But you did it with good intentions. I...I didn't mean those words. I was scared and angry, but I didn't mean them."

Billy studied him, eyes still foggy from pain and medication. "...you..." He coughed and grimaced. "You didn't?"

"No." Alan reached over absently to adjust the blanket covering Billy's bandaged chest. He rested his hand carefully on the crook of Billy's neck, feeling his pulse. Reassuring himself that he was alive. "You're more of a man than anyone else I know."

It took a moment for the words to register, then a wide grin spread across Billy's face. "You mean that?"

"More than anything else I've ever said," Alan said seriously.

He knew Billy. Knew his past. Knew that Billy didn't readily believe anything good about himself. And the words Alan had said, the stab, they wouldn't just disappear. It would take time to regain Billy's complete trust. Time to fix the hurt that had been caused.

But Alan would do whatever it took. Take all the time he needed.

"Get some sleep," Alan said softly. "You need it."

"So do you, old man," Billy mumbled, eyes already falling shut again.

Alan scoffed and rolled his eyes, but didn't argue. Maybe he would go sit down, now that he knew Billy was okay. The hard seats would be more comfortable than the floor.

He almost got up to do just that when Billy's hand fell onto his.

Alan glanced down. The kid was sound asleep, chest rising and falling steadily. His fingers curled around Alan's wrist, holding it against his neck.

Alan sighed and rolled his eyes, but didn't pull away. *Dumb kid. Big, dumb, overgrown baby.*

But he didn't pull away. Couldn't bring himself to. And, maybe, just maybe, he needed the contact, the comfort, too. Even if he would die before admitting it. And if anyone asked, he'd simply tell them that Billy was the one who needed it.

He leaned against the gurney and got comfortable on the hard floor.

They were going home.

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