

### **Jurassic Park 3: After the Island**

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# **Jurassic Park 3: After the Island**

by [SecretiveAmbitions](#)

## Summary

Billy is struggling with getting back to life as normal after the nightmare that was Isla Sorna.

Luckily, Alan's there to help him through the storm.

This one takes place after my previous fanfiction, Jurassic Park 3: Re-written ending

## Notes

Warnings: flashbacks, PTSD, panic attacks

Nothing gory or violent

# Chapter 1

## Chapter One

“Billy!”

Billy Brennan looked up so fast his neck popped. “Yeah?”

Alan Grant stood on a rock ledge above him. He shook his head. His hat—a new one, since he’d lost his back on Isla Sorna—hung from his neck by its strings. “You look a mile away. I’ve been calling you for five minutes now.”

“Sorry. Guess I was lost in thought.” He tried to grin but failed miserably. “What’d you need?”

Alan’s blue eyes drifted over him. “Alright. You wanna tell me why I find you in this crevice?”

“Uh...” Billy licked his lips and glanced around. He’d been working on the dig, uncovering the latest fossil. He’d been happily brushing away the layers of dirt, explaining to the onlookers how they did things, when he’d uncovered a large beak.

*Razor sharp claws sank into his back and lifted him out of the creek. He thrashed and twisted, freeing himself to crash into the water.*

“Billy!”

“Billy!”

Billy jumped back. His head smacked against the rock wall behind him and he blinked past stars to stare at Alan.

“I get it.” Alan crouched in front of him. He blocked the sun, casting a shadow over Billy. The dark should be comforting, a break from the burning sun. But all it did was send the panic spiking inside Billy’s stomach. “I saw the fossil.”

Billy shifted. Pressed harder against the back of the crevice. His leg bounced nervously with the need to move. Run. Find another hiding spot.

“I can’t keep doing this,” he whispered. “Every time I think I’m getting better something else happens and I—” He snapped his mouth shut. Alan had his own troubles to deal with. A limp from the Spinosaurus’ claw impaling his leg. His own nightmares. Nightmares that Billy had only fueled by stealing those raptor eggs. He didn’t need Billy’s trauma added to his own.

“You freak out. I get it, Billy.” He reached out to squeeze his ankle, the only part of Billy he could reach without getting closer. “I can help you.”

“No,” he said quickly. “No. I’m, I’ll be fine. Just a low spot. I just need a drink and a burger. You know how I get on an empty stomach.” He managed a nervous laugh.

Alan clearly didn’t buy his lie, but he didn’t press. He stood. “Well, the tour’ll be done in a half hour. Clean up, we’ll go grab a bite. I could go for a burger too.”

Billy grinned. “Sounds good. I’ll go do that.”

Alan waved and headed back towards the dig site.

Billy let out a breath and rubbed the back of his head. He didn’t want to go back to the site. Didn’t want to move from this crevice he’d found that shielded him from the sky.

But he had to. He took a deep breath and forced himself to crawl out.

The sun sizzled against his skin the moment he was out of the shade. Sweat dripped down his neck as he climbed over the rocks.

*Hot, dry rocks. Not slick rocks surrounded by fog. These are brown, not gray. And dusty. There’s nothing out here. The pterodactyls were all locked in a cage. They can’t get out.*

Those facts didn’t bring him much comfort.

He shoved his hands into his pockets and kept his eyes trained on Alan’s tent. If he acted as if he was on a mission, then nobody would stop him and try to find out what had happened. Why he’d run off in the middle of a lecture.

Unfortunately, his luck had run out...six months ago when he’d accepted Alan’s offer to go with him to Isla Nublar.

“Hey, Billy!” One of the new workers—a young man named Joseph, with too much facial hair than someone his age should be able to grow—jogged up. “Where ya been?”

“Oh, I had to check on something—”

“All the way outside of the dig site?” Joseph eyed him. “You sure?”

Billy inwardly sighed. “Pretty sure I know what I was doing, Joseph. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’ve got things to do—”

“In Dr. Grant’s tent?”

Billy closed his eyes. He was getting really annoyed with the constant interruptions.

“—nobody’s allowed in that tent ‘cept him.”

Billy could feel Joseph’s eyes boring into the side of his head. He refused to look at him. Refused to even hesitate. *Just get to the tent and you’ll be rid of him.*

“Is there something going on the rest of us don’t know about?” Joseph tucked his hands in his vest pockets, eyebrows raised.

Billy paused at that, and turned to stare at him. “What do you mean by *that*?”

“Oh, nothing, really. It’s not my business. Just...Dr. Grant’s been weirdly protective of you since y’all got back six months ago. And you’ve been off, man. Everyone’s wondering if something bad happened to you.”

Billy looked away, stared out over the dig site. Carefully avoided looking in the pit he’d been working in earlier. “Nah, nothing happened,” he said with as much carelessness as he could muster.

“Uh-huh.” Joseph didn’t sound convinced.

Nobody sounded convinced when Billy said he was okay. Not even himself. But he wasn’t *that* messed up! He could still work a job—as long as he didn’t see *it*—and he could still function like a normal person.

Well, a normal person that panicked out in the open. That only felt safe burrowed under something. That had a heart attack whenever a large bird cried out.

“Either way.” Joseph stretched. “Shift’s over. I’m gonna grab a bite to eat. Be seein’ you.” He slapped Billy’s back before moving on.

Billy flinched, curling in to try and dodge the hit. His heart lodged itself in his throat, a cold sweat beading along his forehead.

He was fine. He was good.

He wanted to *scream*.

He started walking again, as fast as he could go without drawing too much attention to himself. He needed to get out of the open. Away from people. Hide somewhere before Alan found him and dragged him along for burgers.

Billy didn’t want to go anywhere. Crowds made him nervous. He used to thrive in crowded places. He could easily get lost there. Now they made him feel exposed. Crowds made too much noise. Attacked too much danger. Were harder to get out of.

Which was stupid because *there were no dinosaurs here*.

Logic didn’t always stop the panic, though. The mind-numbing fear that always seemed to be lurking under the surface.

Others called out to him. Asked if he was okay. Asked where he’d been. What he was thinking.

Billy ignored them, focused on the tent. Just a few more yards.

“Hey, Billy! Just look at this discovery!” Another one of his co-workers slung an arm around his shoulders and shoved his phone in his face, a picture of a perfectly fossilized pterodactyl head and beak.

He screamed.

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Alan Grant was all the way across the dig site from his tent, going over tomorrow’s tour schedule, when he heard the scream.

His heart stopped. The hot, dry dessert vanished. Replaced by a foggy river and starving pterodactyls. Listening to Billy’s agonized screams as the devils ate him alive.

Just as quickly, he was back in the present.

But the screams didn’t leave.

“Hang on a second,” he told his assistant before sprinting around the digs.

One of Billy’s partners was standing in front of his tent with a confused expression. “Dr. Grant! All I did was show him a picture—”

Alan didn’t stop. He raced right into his tent. His table was knocked over, instruments, papers, books, and cups strewn everywhere.

Billy wasn’t there.

For one awful moment, he was back on Isla Sorna. Covered in blood and rotting meat from the carcass. Listening to the t-rex walking away. Staring at the bloody tree where Billy had been.

He shook away the memory, swore, and ran back outside and around the tent. “Billy? Billy, where are you?”

There were so many crevices and deep pits here at the dig site. If Billy was running in a blind panic, he risked falling in one. Risking breaking something. Hopefully not his neck.

Alan moved on instinct, running around the tent and into the wasteland beyond. Billy would probably go in a straight line. Probably stop at the nearest hiding place he could find.

His theory proved correct a half hour later, he finally spied a figure huddled underneath a narrow overhang. Blue t-shirt, tan cargo pants, short hair plastered against his skull with sweat and darkened from dirt.

Definitely Billy.

Alan slowed down to a walk and cleared his throat. “Billy?”

The kid flinched, arms going up to protect his head and neck.

Alan eased closer. "Billy, listen to me, okay? It's me. Alan."

This hadn't been the first time Alan had had to calm him down. There'd been many episodes in the hospital. And the following months. Alan had been the only one able to calm him—even if he was the source of many nightmares.

It should make him feel better. That Billy still trusted him deep down. That he hadn't ruined their friendship with his careless words back on Isla Sorna. But it didn't. Not when so many times he'd heard Billy mumbling in his sleep, begging for forgiveness. Saying "*I'm sorry.*" over and over and over.

He pushed those thoughts aside. He could ponder everything later. Right now, Billy needed to be calmed down.

"I promise you, you're safe."

How many times had he told Billy that as he held him during a panic attack? How many times had he whispered that in the kid's ear while restraining him, so he didn't tear stitches, or agitate his broken ribs?

"There's nothing out here but me and you." He was almost close enough to touch his shoulder. Close enough to see the tears streaming down his eyes, cutting trails through the dust.

Alan's knees and ankles popped and his scarred calf ached as he knelt in front of Billy. In front of his kid. He stretched out a hand, but didn't touch him yet. "Look at me. You're safe. I promise."

Blue-gray eyes tracked up to his. Alan smiled softly. Let his hand rest on Billy's trembling shoulder. Careful not to touch any of the scarred ridges that pressed against the drenched material.

Billy exhaled shakily and wiped his eyes. "Sorry."

"It's okay." Alan grinned sideways. "You know how many times Ellie knocked me out of a panic attack?"

Billy didn't grin, but at least his shaking was slowing down.

"Come on. You need a shower and a burger." Alan slid his hand down to grip Billy's arm and pulled him to his feet.

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An hour later, they were pulled up to a bar. Billy hadn't said a word the entire time, and it was unnerving Alan. Usually, after a panic attack, the kid would crack jokes and laugh at the dumbest things. Or go off on an overly excited spiel about whatever it was he was researching at the time. Usually some form of herbivore dinosaur. Just anything to try and forget the episode. Cover up the fact that he'd been caught scared--and, more often than not,

crying. No matter how many times Alan told him it was okay to cry, the kid hung fast to the belief that he *shouldn't*. All because someone in his past had said so.

Billy had never said who, but Alan was pretty adept at reading people. At reading his kid. He had a pretty good idea of who it'd been.

The silence was beyond nerve wracking and downright *worrying*.

Alan parked and turned off the ignition. "You okay?"

The answer was obvious. But Billy just nodded—they both knew he was lying—and got out.

Alan sighed and got out as well.

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

Before Isla Nublar, Billy would tell him what was bothering him. Had trusted Alan. Trusted him enough to tell him about his family life, about the issues he'd had to work through to become the man he was.

Now, Billy never talked. Not like he had. Sure, he still acted like he was just a carefree college kid. And most people didn't know any better.

Alan did.

Alan knew.

And he knew the reason Billy no longer confided in him was because of the words he'd said to Billy while on that hell. And he didn't know how to fix that.



# Chapter 2

## Chapter Notes

Warning: Panic attack. Contemplations of suicide

## Chapter Two

Billy stared at the menu until the words blurred into black lines on a cream-colored background. Music squeaked over the old sound system, drowned out by the chatter of the rest of the restaurant.

He flinched when the ice in his soda shifted with a soft *chink*. A bead of condensation rolled down the side of the glass. He watched it, almost as if in a trance. It reached the napkin and soaked into it, slowly turning red.

It spread over the table to drip onto his lap. Getting thicker. Darker.

Somewhere behind him, a waiter spilled a pitcher of water.

The water splashed over his back. Thick. Warm. Red. Smelling of copper and river water and pterodactyl waste.

He jumped out of his seat. His hip caught on the table and shook it. Their drinks spilled, joining the flood of bloody water that enveloped him. Filled his nose. His mouth. His eyes. He tried to breathe, and it filled his lungs.

Something firm gripped his arms. *Claws*. No, no, not again he couldn't go back he had to get away couldn't *breathe*—

~~~~~

Alan caught the lightweight table to keep it from falling as Billy went down, fighting an unseen enemy.

He ignored the started shouts from the other customers as he shoved out of his seat—it crashed into something or someone behind him. He didn't pay attention, focused on the writhing kid—*his kid*—on the floor.

Alan dropped to his knees beside Billy and gripped his arms. "Hey, hey, it's okay. You're safe."

Billy didn't hear him. His eyes were glazed over, mouth open as he struggled to draw in a breath.

Alan picked him up with a grunt and pulled him close. Billy's back against Alan's chest. He curled his arms around Billy's chest and took a deep breath. Trying to get Billy's body to mimic his and *breathe*.

His head twisted. Slammed against Alan's shoulder. It had to hurt, he'd hit his head on a rock earlier. Alan pressed the palm of his hand against Billy's forehead and held it still.

"Sir, should I call someone?" An older woman knelt in front of them. "An ambulance?"

"No." Stress made his voice sharp. Sharper than he meant. "He's fine—"

Billy screamed, a jumbled mess of cries for help and 'pterodactyls'.

"Just panicking." Alan's joints popped as he worked himself to his feet. Billy struggled against him, his thrashing getting wilder. More desperate.

The woman hurried ahead of them and opened the door.

Alan just focused on getting Billy outside. Away from everyone else. Why hadn't they just taken to-go? Billy had been having a bad day. And when Alan had bad days, he never wanted to be anywhere.

The sun slammed into them full force the minute he stepped outside. Heat waves radiated off the asphalt.

He spied a bench outside and sat down on it, still holding Billy against his chest. "Hey. You're okay, kid. We're home. Safe."

Gradually, his hyperventilating slowed to just heavy pants. Alan didn't let go, though. He ran his hand over Billy's head and kept breathing deeply. Pushing calm into his kid through sheer force of will.

*If only it was that easy.*

Billy pushed against him. "I'm good."

His voice and hands shook, but Alan let go anyways. He kept a hand on his arm. Ducked his head to try and look his kid in the eye. "What's going on in that head of yours?"

"Nothing." Billy stood, shoulders hunched to try and protect his neck. His eyes darted over the parking lot.

Alan sighed through his nose. He remembered the days after he'd first got back from Isla Nublar. Every sound was a threat. Standing out in the open made you vulnerable. The constant searching for a shadow. A footprint. Anything out of place. Straining eyes and ears to see and hear a predator before it found you.

Always feeling like a tiny rabbit stranded out in a big field. Exposed. Helpless. A walking dinner. Just waiting for razor sharp claws or teeth to pierce you. A foot to crush you.

His calf twinged, and he glanced down at it. Despite being covered by his pants, he could still see the raised, pinkish scar on both sides of his calf. He tried not to let it bother him. Or the limp. It was just a small scar, nothing compared to the ones on Billy's back. Neck. Chest. Shoulders.

But it did. A constant limp. A constant reminder of how close he'd come to dying.

"I'm sorry." Billy scrubbed his hands through his hair. "I just— I can't keep working on the dig."

Alan didn't say anything. Not yet. He'd been suspecting it for months now. Ever since Billy had come back to the dig site.

"Every time I see those fossils—" He shuddered and stuffed his hands in his pockets. "I just can't keep working there."

"So, where will you go?" Alan asked quietly.

"...I dunno." He started pacing, only to stop and tuck himself in the corner of the support beam and wall. "Probably go back home. ...He's always needing help at his furniture store."

*He* as in Billy's dad.

Alan pulled off his hat to play with the brim. "Is that what you want to do?"

"No." Billy's answer was immediate. "But I don't have much of a choice."

"You always have a choice, Billy—"

He scoffed. "Yeah. Stay here and keep having panic attacks. Go back home and work for him. Or, you know, I could always just take a head-first dive into a canyon."

Alan tensed at that. "You don't mean that."

"Says who," he mumbled.

"Billy. You're the kid who's always looking for the next exciting thing. Always laughing, joking, happy to be alive. You told me coming to the dig was the best thing that ever happened to you. You've just got to get through this."

When Billy didn't answer, Alan stood and stepped over to him. He gripped his shoulders. "Billy."

He glanced up at Alan, and his heart sank.

Anyone who knew Billy could always see what he was feeling just by looking at his eyes. Or, at least, Alan could. Ellie had teased him something awful about having practically adopted Billy. But it didn't take much to see what was going on in Billy's head.

Except now.

Now, his eyes were empty. Blank.

“Billy, I know it’s bad now, but—”

“It’s been eight months, Alan,” he whispered. “Eight months since that island. Six months here. And it’s only getting worse.”

“I know, but believe me. It gets better. You’ve gotta get through the rough stuff before your mind gets back to normal. Believe me, I’ve been through it. I know.”

Billy looked away. “I’m just... I’m tired of it.”

# Chapter 3

## Chapter Notes

Author's Note: I couldn't remember where the t-rex was taken in the second Jurassic Park movie. New York sounded right but...\(' ')/

Warning: discussion of suicide

## Chapter Three

Alan took a deep breath as he scrubbed his hands clean in the kitchen sink in his camper. After Billy's admittance to being tired—and who could blame him?—Alan had brought him back to their current residence. And insisted that Billy stay with him the night.

It scared him. He knew what it was like wanting to die. Knew the dark place your mind went to, and you couldn't always climb back out.

For Alan, it had taken Billy showing up to pull him out of that hole.

For Billy...

Well, Alan was trying. He could physically keep him alive. Could carry him off that island despite a hole in his leg. Could keep him calm on the plane. In the hospital. But pull him out of a dark hole that was in his head?

Alan wasn't Superman. He couldn't magically erase the pain Billy felt. The terror that ripped at his insides.

And what scared him more was Billy had readily agreed to staying.

At least Alan could make sure nothing drastic happened tonight. If only he had some movies or something to distract him with. All Alan had was books, beer, and more books.

He glanced towards the tiny bathroom, where Billy was inside taking a shower. They hadn't had a chance to even order earlier, and he knew he was starving. He grabbed a pizza from his tiny freezer and popped it in the toaster oven. He wasn't a huge fan of pizza himself. But he'd yet to see Billy turn down a slab of cheesy, greasy bread.

He put some soda bottles in the fridge to cool and busied himself picking up his messy camper. Just to keep his hands moving and his head quiet.

The pizza was almost done when Billy walked out, carrying his dirty clothes to the washer. He wore only a pair of lightweight sweatpants.

Alan winced at the sight. Deep, puckered scars circled his shoulder blades. Longer slashes crisscrossed over his back, and a few went around to his chest and stomach. One long one ran up his spine and extended over the side of his neck.

Just a little deeper, and Billy's throat would have been ripped out.

He turned and walked over to his medical cabinet. He'd taken to keeping a jar of the ointment Billy had to put on his scars just for nights like this. "You need my help?"

"Just with the ones on my back." Billy's throat bobbed, and he didn't look at him. "I can get the rest."

"Alright. If we hurry, we can have it done before pizza's ready."

Billy's grin was forced. "Thought I smelled it."

"You and your pizza," Alan grumbled.

"You and your burgers," he shot back, grin turning into something a little more real. "At least I have a variety."

"I eat a lot more than just burgers," Alan protested. "Just not around here. I don't have time for cooking, and none of the other restaurants are worth it."

Billy glanced at the picture of Ellie on Alan's fridge. "Too bad she's not closer. Nobody cooks like her."

Alan grunted. Ignored the pang in his chest. He was glad Ellie was happily married, with two cute kids. He'd never begrudge her everything she wanted. He'd just...been too slow. Made too big a mistake in not voicing his feelings. "You got that right. Now sit down, let's get it over with."

Billy exhaled and walked over to sit on the couch. His knuckles turned white as he gripped the edge of the cushion. Every muscle in his back knotted as Alan walked over.

"Gonna work on your shoulders first." Alan kept his touch light as he rubbed the ointment into the scars.

He always told Billy when he was going to touch one. Maybe that was why he was the only one Billy allowed to help him.

The act of trust made Alan feel equal parts honored and guilty.

Because he shouldn't have ever endangered this trust. No matter how stupid Billy had been. He hadn't meant any harm, and yet, Alan had still lost it.

"Moving to your spine. Do you want me to get your neck while I'm at it?"

"...Sure." Billy flinched and exhaled shakily. "...Did you, did you ever want to kill yourself? When you first came back from Isla Nublar?"

“Yeah.” Alan didn’t know whether to be relieved he was talking about this, or worried. “I did.”

“What changed it?” Billy tilted his head to the side to let Alan rub the ointment into the side of his neck.

“You,” Alan said honestly. “You believed me, that was the biggest help. And you helped me to see how amazing dinosaurs are. As long as they’re not on the same continent as you,” he added with a chuckle.

Billy managed a tight grin. “They’re better dead and in rocks, huh.”

“You’re darn right. Next shoulder.”

Billy flinched and hissed, ducking his head.

“Does it still hurt?”

“Not physically. Just...brings back memories when they’re touched.” He ran a hand through his damp hair, making it stick up. “How long did it take for you to not want to die?”

Alan paused for a moment. Gently squeezed the kid’s shoulder. “...I honestly don’t remember when I stopped. It was a gradual thing. Seemed like one day I woke up and the birds were singing. You were outside arguing with one of the other diggers. And I just, I was happy to be alive.”

Billy bounced his knee. Alan moved around to sit on the table in front of him. “What’s going through your head, kid?”

Billy was quiet for a long time. The silence grew heavier with each passing moment.

“Too much,” he said finally. “Too much *bad*. I just can’t help but think that it’s best to just...end it now. I don’t want to keep living like this.”

It was Alan’s turn to bounce his knee nervously. He wasn’t sure who had started the habit first. “Have you tried talking about your feelings?”

He felt awkward, sitting here acting therapist. He was never good with anything emotion wise.

“I tried a therapist back when you first suggested it.” He forced a sideways grin. “She didn’t quite believe me about being attacked by pterodactyls.”

Alan scoffed. Of course. Even after the t-rex had hit New York, so many people just didn’t believe them when they said they’d been to Isla Nublar or Isla Sorna. Or, if they did, they didn’t believe it when they said they’d been attacked.

“I mean, I can’t blame her. I had on a hoodie, so scars were hidden. Probably looked like I’d been on drugs too.” Billy shrugged a shoulder. “I talk to you.”

“You *barely* talk to me about what you’re thinking,” Alan said quietly. “You can talk to me about it all, you know.”

Billy looked away.

Alan sighed quietly. He had a sneaking suspicion of what was keeping Billy quiet.

He leaped forward and gently turned Billy’s head to face him. “You do not have to bear this alone out of fear of burdening me,” he said firmly. “You don’t have to keep trying to make up for those eggs.”

Billy flinched at that and dropped his gaze.

“You more than made up for it when you saved Erik—”

“And made those raptors hunt *you*,” he interrupted. “I don’t— I can’t—”

“Hey.” Alan reached forward to put his other hand on the other side of Billy’s head. “You. Aren’t. Guilty. Do you understand? You made a mistake, and you made up for it. I’m not *him*. I’m not mad at you.”

Billy’s jaw worked, and he nodded after a moment. His eyes were misty.

Alan pulled him into a tight hug. One hand cupped the back of Billy’s head, holding him against his shoulder. His other arm curled around his lower back, below the scars.

A shudder ran through Billy, and his hands went up to curl in the back of Alan’s shirt. “M sorry—”

“Sh.” Alan rubbed his head. “It’s okay, I promise you. I’m not mad. You’re not a burden.”

A suspiciously warm, wet spot grew on Alan’s shoulder, but he didn’t comment on it. Just tightened his grip, pulled his kid closer. Rested his cheek on the top of Billy’s head and closed his eyes.

They stayed there hours. The toaster oven went off. The pizza grew cold. The sun set, darkness enveloping them. Alan listened as Billy slowly, haltingly, told him about the guilt that ate him from the inside. The phantom pains. The panic attacks. Alan told him about his own anxiety. Promised him that it would get better. That it was okay to cry, that he’d never judge him for it.

He eased a sleeping Billy down on the couch around midnight and covered him with a lightweight blanket. He’d sleep in his chair tonight, be there for his kid if he had a nightmare. Be there to talk him through it. Make him feel safe.

Maybe now, finally, Billy would start to heal.



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