

## The Lost Princess' Second Chance Chapter 17 - Tips

### Raya's POV

I had no idea why, but these people here make me feel warm and safe... Something I have not felt in a long while. 'Not since mother was killed.' I thought to myself.

Then the door opened. A slender woman with a white lab coat came into the room. "Hello, young miss. My name is Dr. Kit Stark. I am the one in charge of your care." She said with a gentle smile. She reached out to shake my hand and I reach out and gently shook her hand.

Winching a little as I use my hand that was sprained. "Does 'Kit' stand for anything?" I asked out of curiosity. She smile and shook her head. "Nope. Just plain 'Kit'. Why? Know any other 'Kits'?" She asked with a chuckle. I smiled.

"Yes. My mother's nickname was also 'Kit', but her real names was Kathleen." I said. I heard the sound of knuckles cracking. I turned and saw the woman from before clenching her fist so tight that her knuckles turned white and crack from the pressure.

Dr. Stark seem to noticed that too. "Umm, now that you are awake, miss... I need to get some information from you. For you file." She said in a nervous tone. I nodded my head and waited for her to start asking, but she only looked between me and the woman a few times.

I then remembered that doctors are usually private when they are with a patient. "If they want to they can stay. I really have nothing to hide, and these people are important to my mate." I told the doctor. She nodded.

"But if you would not mind running a DNA test afterwards, please. I fear that they seem to have mistaken me for their daughter or something." I said, trying to remain as polite as I could. I didn't want to be rude to them, but I also didn't want to give them any false hope if I wasn't their daughter.

Dr. Stark looked shocked and then looked at the woman again. The woman nodded her head to Dr. Starks unspoken question. "Alright. Then lets start with your name." She said as she pulled a chair over and was ready to write down my information.

“Raya Robinson.” I told her. I saw her start writing, but then she suddenly stopped. She looked at me as if something just flashed into her mind. “Is Kathleen Robinson your mother?” She asked. I nodded. “How old are you?” She asked, still not writing anything down.

“I turned 18 a little over a month ago.” I answered. Still not writing anything down, the doctor looked at me as if I was a rare specimen on display. “When is your exact birthday?” She asked me. “July 16th. May I ask why you are looking at me like that and why you have not written anything else down?” I asked a bit irritated.

I was starting to get tired and I was always a bit cranky when I was tired. I have never been to the doctor's office before, but for her to ask all of these questions and looking at me like that was pissing me off. “I am sorry, but I think I will run that DNA test now.” She said, as she got up and went to a nearby drawer.

She pulled out a small needle with a short tube attached to it and a couple of test tube looking things. She washed her hands and gloved up after drying them. As confused as I was about her sudden behavior, I didn't so much question it. I held out my arm to her. She used a cotton ball and some clear liquid to clean the inside of my elbow.

It smelled like the rubbing alcohol stuff that Luna Aurora had used to clean my wounds a few times. She then tapped my arm a few times and pressed around, looking for something. “Okay, I found a good vein to get some blood. You are going to feel a little prick, but I need you to stay as still as possible.” She said, looking into my eyes.

Her eyes held determination and seriousness. I quietly nodded and watched her insert the needle into my skin. I hardly felt anything as I watched the small tube fill up with blood.

Dr. Stark then pressed the test tubes into the other end of the tube. My blood rapidly squirted into the test tube and filled it up. She took four samples of blood before she pressed a clean cotton ball onto the spot where the needle was.

Stopping the bleeding as she pulled out the needle. She wrapped up my arm, but the needle in a red box on the wall, threw away her gloves, and then collected the four test tubes. She turned to us and bowed her head. “I will

have the results within one to two hours. Please wait until then.” She said before leaving the room.

The woman following right after her. I sighed as I laid back down onto the bed and pulled my arm over my eyes. ‘This is all so crazy and new to me. I need some sleep’ I thought before I heard a familiar voice calling out to me and a pressing weight on my stomach. “RAYA!” “Ooof... Ow.” I groned, opening my eyes wide. “Cough... Esme?! Cough...” I choked out.

She was clinging to me as if I was a giant body pillow. It made me happy that she was worried about me, but her squeezing is k!lling me. She squeezing harder. “Oww. Ow. Ow.” I cried out. The man the woman called Miguel ran over and pulled her off me. “Sweetheart, You are hurting her.” He said calmly.

“Oh my goddess. I am so so sorry Raya.” She said. I gave her a pained smiled. “I will live.” I croaked out, then I fell back onto the bed. “Though I could use some a nap right now.” I said. Esme came over a little calmer. “Alright, but I want to know as soon as you wake up. You have some explaining to do missy.” She said.

I audibly gulped and nodded. She has not changed much from the little spitfire girl when we were pups, but she is a whole lot scarier now.

Queen Ofelia’s pov

I knew something was up when Dr. Stark asked about Raya’s mother. Though it kept making Ember and me angry at the thought of anyone else being our baby girl’s mother. “Why the sudden rush on the DNA test, Dr. Stark? Do you suspect the same thing we feel?” I asked as I followed her.

“Yes, my queen... but if the young miss does turn out to be the lost princess, then I will also have the answer as to why she was taken from us.” She said as she ran into the lab. Leaving me in the waiting room. ‘Just who was this Kathleen Robinson?’ I thought to myself as the doors slammed closed.