

Ring by Evelyn Hsieh

"How much for this ring?" I asked, pointing to the sparkling diamond ring under the glass display.

The museum director turned towards my foreign voice, alarmed. "I'm sorry, the ring is not for sale! It was gifted to Queen Colette of Italy in the 18th century by her husband, King Julian III of England. This ring holds extraordinary value!"

"I believe the King was from Italy. Julian is not a common English name. You should do some research before throwing these assumptions out, my dear." I paused, reading his name pin.

"It is factual, Miss! Do not accuse others for wrong assumptions! The plaque right here provides the relevant documentation." The director glared at me.

I subtly opened up my gold clutch, offering him a peek at the wad of crisp green bills snugly sitting inside and winked. "I am willing to pay a large sum for this ring, no? How much, Henrik?"

His eyes widened at my gesture_ "Non-negotiable! Again, it is not up to bid for If you keep harassing me about this ring, I am calling security!" His face pinked from his sudden outburst.

Annoyed, I started to peel off the white gloves on my hands, one finger at a time. "Now that wouldn't be a good choice, my dear. You see that I am a very important woman, no? This lovely red gown? It was crafted by the finest tailor in Italy, for the elite only. These earrings dangling from my earlobes? My husband gifted them to me, along with this diamond necklace as a matching set."

The director's eyes flitted down my appearance. He glanced at me warily. "Your point is?"

I finally removed my gloves. "You see, I accidentally misplaced my precious wedding ring a few days ago while attending a charity ball It was only until later that night when my husband asked me "Where is your ring, Colette?" that I realized it must have slipped off when I was washing my hands."

Henrik narrowed his eyes. "I don't understand where you are going with this." His hands fumbled for his walkie talkie.

I rolled my eyes. *How unintelligent was this man? Could he not connect the pieces together? A beautiful woman dressed in lavish royal attire appears at a museum seeking to purchase a diamond ring from over two centuries ago, which so happens to match her necklace and earrings. Was it not obvious that I was Queen Colette?*

I sighed and thrust my hands out around me. A light blue aura floated through the air and everything around me paused. Smiling, I snapped my fingers and the diamond ring from inside the glass display cabinet appeared in front of me.

"I've missed you." Kissing the glittering ring, I slid it onto my finger.

I rested my hand onto Henrik's forehead, muttering. -You will forget this happened. Someone knocked you unconscious."

Goal completed, my palms opened up a portal to the castle, It was time to return home to my husband.