



Chapter 4: The Alpha's Promise

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(Olivia's POV)

My phone buzzed with a new message. I glanced down to see Connor's name on the screen.

"Livvy, the moonstone engagement ring I custom-designed for you has already arrived at the Lunar Jewelers in Harbor City. You can go take a look when you have time."

I stared at the message for a moment, my fingers hovering over the keyboard before I typed a simple reply: "Okay."

It was surprising. I had only agreed to the arranged engagement a few days ago, which meant Connor must have ordered the ring long before I'd even said yes. His decisiveness and consideration were unexpected, though I remembered he had always been that way, even when we were children.

The next morning, I found myself standing outside Lunar Jewelers, one of Harbor City's most prestigious jewelry stores. As I pushed open the glass door, a bell chimed softly above me.

"Welcome to Lunar Jewelers," a polished saleswoman greeted me with a warm smile. "How may I assist you today?"

"I'm Olivia Winters. I believe there's a ring waiting for me."

Her eyes widened with recognition. "Miss Winters! Of course, we've been expecting you. Please, follow me."

She led me to a private viewing room, its walls lined with mirrors and soft lighting that made everything sparkle. Within moments, she returned with a small velvet box.

"Alpha Rivers was very specific about every detail," she explained, carefully opening the box. "He wanted nothing but perfection for you."

The moment she revealed the ring, I couldn't help but gasp. A one-carat rare blue moonstone sat proudly in the center, surrounded by delicate diamond accents that caught the light in a mesmerizing dance. It was magnificent—far more beautiful than anything I had expected.

"Would you like to try it on?" the saleswoman asked.

I nodded, extending my hand. She slipped the ring onto my finger, and it fit perfectly, as if it had been made specifically for me—which, of course, it had.

"Look at the inside," she suggested.

I removed the ring and tilted it to see an engraving inside the band: "CROL." Connor Rivers and Olivia Winters. Our initials intertwined forever.

"It looks beautiful on you," the saleswoman said sincerely, her eyes admiring how the blue stone complemented my skin tone. "Alpha Rivers has exceptional taste."

I slipped the ring back on, watching how it caught the light. It was truly stunning.

"Olivia, what are you doing here?"

The cold male voice from behind me sent a chill down my spine. I turned around slowly, a slight frown forming on my face.

Ethan Grey stood at the entrance of the private room, his hand dropping Cassandra's the moment our eyes met. Cassandra's eyes ached with cold calculation before she quickly rearranged her features into a sweet smile.

I wasn't surprised to see them together. Not anymore.

"Trying on a ring," I replied lightly, a sweet smile playing on my lips.

Ethan strode over, his face darkening when he noticed the dazzling blue moonstone on my finger. I purposefully waved my hand gently, making the stone catch the light.

"What do you think? Does it look good?" I asked, my voice innocent.

His eyes ignited with barely contained anger. "No, it doesn't."

The significance of the ring wasn't lost on him. Engagement. Marriage. Commitment. All things he had never intended to give me, things he felt I wasn't worthy of. His silence dripped with contempt, but for once, I didn't care.

Cassandra stepped forward, her smile bright and seemingly innocent. "What a coincidence, Olivia. Ethan and I are also here to look at rings today."

I sneered inwardly. So the "business" Ethan had mentioned earlier was actually shopping for rings with Cassandra? He didn't even bother to explain, silently acquiescing to her statement.

Cassandra's gaze lingered on the enormous blue moonstone on my finger. I could practically see her calculating its value—around \$750,000, if I had to guess. Her eyes narrowed slightly, and I knew exactly what she was thinking: She dares to try on something like that? Isn't she afraid of embarrassing herself if she can't afford it?

Despite her obvious provocation, I remained calm and elegant, admiring my ring as if they weren't even there. Connor truly did have excellent taste.

"Olivia, your ring is truly beautiful," Cassandra said, feigning friendliness.

"Yes, I think so too," I replied with a genuine smile.

Ethan's face grew darker by the second. "Olivia, take the ring off."

I tilted my head, feigning innocent confusion. "Why?"

His tone sharpened, eyes aching with anger. "Why are you trying on rings? Are you forcing me to marry you? I will never marry you!"

Cassandra's lips curved in a smug, subtle arc. "Olivia, Ethan and I are here today at Margaret's request to look at rings."

The implication was obvious: Margaret Grey favored Cassandra as the future daughter-in-law, and I shouldn't dream of marrying into the Grey family. I found it all rather amusing. I was simply trying on a ring customized for me by my ancestor. Why were these two acting like I was intruding on their wedding rehearsal?

One narcissistically believed I was trying to force marriage, the other arrogantly aunted her status. Besides, my father had never even considered the Grey family worthy marriage material for a Winters.

"Oh, I see," I responded blandly.

Both Ethan and Cassandra were taken aback by my indifference. Cassandra scrutinized my expression, trying to uncover jealousy or resentment, yet my serene composure betrayed nothing, leaving her momentarily uncertain whether I was pretending or truly didn't care.

Ethan, thoroughly angered, lashed out: "Are you doing this on purpose? Did you know we were coming to look at rings and waited here to ambush me? Let me be clear: there's no future for us, and trying to force me won't work!"

His words grew sharper, his blue eyes cold as ice. "Marriage requires equal social status. How could someone like you ever marry me? Just look at yourself—you're embarrassing!"

I remained unbothered, a gentle smile on my lips. "Embarrassing? Aren't we still together? So, this Miss Evans would be the mistress, then? And you a cheating scumbag—so who's the one truly embarrassing themselves?"

Ethan's fury exploded, his face turning red. "Are you taking it off or not?!"

"No," I replied calmly.

His voice trembled with rage. "Fine! Keep it if you like. I'll never buy you a ring, and I'll never marry you!"

"Mm-hmm," I echoed softly.

My serene demeanor left him helpless. With a final glare, he stormed out of the private room, nearly knocking over a display case in his haste.

Cassandra hurriedly chased after him. "Ethan, wait for me!"

Once they left, the shop assistant, who had been standing awkwardly in the corner throughout the entire exchange, approached me with a bewildered expression.

"Miss Winters, who were those two?" she asked hesitantly.

I smiled faintly. "Irrelevant people. Don't mind them."

After three years of love, Ethan had never intended marriage—little did he know, he was never good enough to marry me, and I had never truly intended to marry him either. The realization was liberating.

I took a few photos of the ring on my finger, admiring how it caught the light from different angles. Then I sent the best ones to Connor with a simple message: "Does it look good?"

(Third person's POV)

At that moment in Riverdale, inside the Rivers Group CEO's office, Connor Rivers saw the message from his beloved Livvy. A gentle smile bloomed on his usually stoic face as he put down his documents to reply.

"It looks beautiful. Do you like it?"

Olivia answered honestly, "I like it."

His response came quickly: "As long as you like it."

Olivia hesitated, then typed, "Connor, this ring must be very expensive, right?"

He reassured me tenderly, "Not expensive at all. You deserve the very best."

Beside him, his assistant Henry Morris secretly peeked several times, shocked to see his ice-cold boss smiling so warmly.

When Connor noticed Henry's stare, he instantly reverted to his usual frosty tone.

"I've signed it. What are you staring at?" he snapped.

Henry snapped back to attention, quickly gathering the documents. "Nothing, sir, I'll take my leave."

Meanwhile, Olivia collected the ring, carefully placing it back in its velvet box. The saleswoman assured Olivia they would keep it safe until the social engagement ceremony.

Olivia left Lunar Jewelers and strolled next door to Timber Wolf Timepieces in the adjacent mall. Olivia wanted to buy a gift for Connor to bring back to Riverdale as a token of appreciation.

Olivia recalled the recent photo my father had sent her—Connor with his cold aura, sharp brows, and ice-blue eyes, refined and handsome—not much different from her childhood impression of him. He had always been serious, even as a boy.

The watch store was elegant and understated, with glass cases displaying timepieces that ranged from practical to extravagant. Olivia took her time, examining each option carefully.

"May I help you find something specific?" the salesman asked.

"I'm looking for a gift," Olivia explained. "Something elegant but not flashy. For someone who appreciates quality."

He nodded knowingly and directed her to a display of sleek black watches. "These are popular among business executives and pack leaders. Subtle but unmistakably high-end."

After careful consideration, Olivia selected one that seemed perfect for Connor—a sleek black timepiece with a minimalist design that would complement his style perfectly. It was sophisticated without being ostentatious, much like Connor himself.

Just as Olivia finished paying, a familiar voice greeted her from behind.

"Liv, what are you doing here..."