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When he heard this, the smile on Peace's face immediately dropped. Instead, he looked angry. Peace had met plenty of beautiful women before. He thought of himself as a connoisseur of true beauty, and that no normal person could match his eye. The two models he had found today were quite beautiful. He never thought that Caleb would comment that they were nothing compared to the beauty he had found. Before Peace could say anything, the two models were evidently unhappy too. "Young Master Quinton, you must be joking, right?" one of them said, her expression stony. "We're the top models for plenty of car showcases. And you're saying that we're nothing compared to this other woman? You're exaggerating!" "Heh. You two are good looking, but you lack a certain quality of a woman. A gentle aura, coupled with a sense of generosity—topped off with unrivaled beauty, the kind that immediately captures you when you see it. And the more you see it, the more enthralled you'll be!" Caleb maintained his smile. "If I, Caleb Quinton, spew a single lie," he said simply, "may the gods strike me!" "There's really a woman like that?" Peace's eyes brightened when Caleb swore. He instantly leaped to his feet and asked eagerly. "Of course. It's a pity that she already has a man though. How troublesome!" Caleb released a long sigh on purpose, speaking with a tinge of forlornness. "Heh, you came over just to tell me this, Young Master Quinton? To tell me that the women I have aren't as pretty as the one you saw?" Peace chuckled, obviously displeased. Caleb quickly waved his hands. "No, no. Don't misunderstand me, Young Master Chaffman. I had no such intentions. I was just overwhelmed after seeing her. Every time I think about her, I'm reminded that I can't touch her, and it's agonizing!" Peace slowly became interested as well. "There's really a woman like that? What's her name? Can you take me to see her, Young Master Quinton?" "Of course. She just went out—shopping, probably. Let's go and see. You'll expand your horizons, Young Master Chaffman!" Caleb was delighted. He was well aware that

there was no way Selena could run away once Peace was interested. He thought about it, then he added, “As for her name, I think she’s called Selena!” “Selena?” Peace was stunned. “Hmm. A good name!” “Young Master Chaffman? Then—then what about the two of us?” The two models suddenly clutched onto either one of Peace’s arms, simpering. “Heh. Go off first. Come see me another day!” Peace chuckled and took out a few thousand bucks, flinging it at the women. “Go buy yourselves a meal and take a good rest. I’ll be spoiling you in two days!” “You said it yourself, Young Master Chaffman. Don’t you go back on your word!”

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The two women immediately bent over and picked up the money. “Let’s go. Young Master Quinton, I’m really looking forward to seeing if this woman you speak of is as beautiful as you say she is!” Peace stroked his nonexistent chin and got ready to leave. Caleb noticed the bodyguards accompanying Peace, and he furrowed his brows. “Young Master Chaffman, are your bodyguards strong? Aren’t there too few of them? I’m telling you, you’ll probably want to find some way to get that woman once you see her!” “Hah, don’t worry. My bodyguards are pretty strong. They wouldn’t be hired otherwise.” Peace laughed. Then he added, “Speak no more, Young Master Quinton. The more you do, the more anxious I get. I really want to see her. If she truly is that beautiful, you’ve struck lottery!” Caleb chuckled. “Look at you. I knew that you like beautiful women, and I knew that you had exquisite taste. I just wanted to introduce her to you!” “Tell me, what do you want? Money? One million seems too little. If she’s that beautiful, I’ll give you one billion. How does that sound?” Peace gave a small smile as he spoke after he thought about it. He was well aware that Caleb would want some form of compensation, suddenly introducing a beautiful woman to him like that. Giving one billion bucks was no problem in exchange for a top-class woman, so long as he was satisfied. Besides, he would be establishing a friendship, and they might work together in the future. “Young Master

Chaffman, I've always admired you. I would never want money from you! I see you as my big brother!" Caleb smiled. "But of course I do want some small reward, telling you all this," he said. "This woman's husband is a strong fighter. All of my bodyguards were absolutely useless. F*ck. There were more than a dozen of them, and they couldn't even take him down. So I'll tell you straight, Young Master Chaffman—I was hoping that you could help me take that woman and kill her husband!" "So that's the case!" Peace came to a realization. "The bodyguards from the Quinton family are truly useless. They couldn't handle one man? Seems like the husband is probably as strong as a head commander or a major. Heh. Don't you worry, my bodyguards are anything but weak!" "Your words give me such reassurance!" Caleb was elated when he heard that. "You're truly reliable, Young Master Chaffman! From now on, you're my big bro. Heh. When we get this woman, you can have a taste of her first. I don't mind going later!" "Hah. Seems like you're getting antsy. You really take after me!" Peace guffawed and gently clapped a hand on Caleb's shoulder. "All right. I will recognize you like my little bro from now on. But if this woman isn't as beautiful as you promised she would be, I'll be beating you up for wasting my time!" Caleb's insides grew cold. He had long known that Peace was intelligent, but he was infamous for his mood swings as well. He needed to tread carefully around the fatty. If he accidentally riled the fatty up with his words, he would be signing a death warrant. It was because of this that he did not interact much with young masters from second-class aristocratic families. If not for the beautiful woman, he would never have thought about talking to Peace in the first place. "What's wrong? What are you thinking about? Getting cold feet now? Don't tell me you were bluffing just now?" Peace noticed that Caleb was momentarily stunned. His eyes curved into narrow slits, and his voice iced over.

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“I wasn’t bluffing. Not at all!” Caleb was so shocked that he quickly waved his hands. “Young Master Chaffman, think about it. I don’t even want the one billion bucks you offered. I just want that woman. Isn’t that an indication of that woman’s beauty already?” “Hah. I was just joking. Wanted to see you nervous!” Peace suddenly burst into laughter. Then he waved a hand. “Get on the car. We’ll go look around Waltz Street and see if she’s there. If not, we’ll just go straight to her place to grab her!” “You’re so decisive, Young Master Chaffman. You don’t waste a single second!” Caleb immediately flattered Peace. Soon enough, three Audis drove straight out of the entrance of the villa. “Oh, right. I really think that all women are gold diggers. Why don’t we try and see if we can use money to solve the issue first!” In the car, Peace smoked on a cigar, considering the situation. Then he spoke. “It might be difficult. The other day, I told them I would treat them to a meal—to whatever they liked, so long as she gave her number. They refused!” Caleb replied after thinking about it. Surprisingly, contempt swept over Peace’s expression. “You’re too naïve. You’re just treating them to a meal that costs—what, a million? Two million bucks? And you think you can get her just like that? You said it yourself. She’s such a beautiful woman. Plenty of men will have their eyes on her. Her own husband is probably rich too. Of course, that bit of money won’t have the slightest effect on her!” The corners of Peace’s mouth quirked upward. He took another long drag out of the cigar before saying, “I’ll give it a try later. I’ll offer her ten million bucks, then one billion. I don’t believe that she’ll refuse. Hah!” “One billion?” Caleb frowned. “Young Master Chaffman, isn’t one billion a bit too much just to bed her?” “What do you know? I won’t be running a loss if she’s as beautiful as you say she is. I’ll give her one billion and tell her to be with me. It’s not like I’ll sleep with her just one time!” Peace chuckled. He added, “Of course, she’ll be my woman if she’s willing to, and you can’t touch her. But I’ll let you try her out if she doesn’t agree—after I’m done with her, of course. Then we’ll kill her! I prefer obedient women. No way I’m keeping a defiant woman!” Panic suddenly

filled Caleb. What if that woman was really dazzled by the money and agreed to be with Peace? That would mean that he would have done all this for nothing. He would not get a single benefit at the end of the day. “Then—then what if she refuses despite the money?” After he thought about it, Caleb could not help but ask. “Hah. We’ll see what she’ll do from there. If one billion isn’t enough, I’ll offer two billion. If she refuses that, I’ll just get my men to take her away. Even the most beautiful woman on earth would be worth around that!” Peace guffawed. “I believe that plenty of women would be willing to accompany you so long as you spend a bit of money. And you can get any woman you want at any time!” Caleb’s features twisted into an unreadable expression when he heard this. She would probably easily agree to two billion bucks. It was a huge sum of money, after all.