

Chapter 1961 A Stripper

Alexandra departed from Janet's home, feeling joyful. With no other plans, he asked the driver to take him for a leisurely drive. After all, he hadn't really had the opportunity to explore Barnes yet.

As the car cruised through a bustling street, Alexandra couldn't resist saying, "Barnes truly is a place that nurtures the soul."

The landscape outside flew by, and Alexandra narrowed his eyes, savoring the soothing breeze.

When they drove by the most famous strip club in Barnes, Alexandra's eyes suddenly widened, and he exclaimed, "Stop the car!"

The driver suddenly stopped, and Alexandra quickly got out of the car.

As the assistant caught up, Alexandra fixed her gaze on a strip club poster.

Looking puzzled, the assistant glanced between the poster and Alexandra, then said, "Boss, your tastes seem to have changed since your surgery. Didn't you always consider strippers cheap and dirty?"

Alexandra didn't look at him and said, "You're missing the point. Just because I'm at a strip club doesn't mean I'm here for lewd reasons. I'm here to help these misguided beauties."

The assistant rolled his eyes secretly, but chose to keep quiet.

Alexandra then led his assistant inside the strip club.

The club had low lighting—just a spotlight on the stage and a large wine glass. The dancer holding the glass was naked and exuded charm.

The assistant blushed, while Alexandra spotted a shy woman behind a curtain. He recognized her from the poster as resembling Janet, yet she seemed even more captivating.

The woman also caught Alexandra's glance and blushed instinctively.

Suddenly, the manager pulled her back harshly and scolded her. "What are you thinking? Don't you know your role here? It's time to get ready for your performance! No peeking around this area! Are you here to have fun? Bitch! Do you know what you're supposed to do? If I catch you doing this again, wait and see!"

Upon hearing this, Alexandra pulled aside the curtain, stepped forward, and stared at the manager with an unpleasant expression.

Noticing Alexandra's refined appearance, the manager quickly adjusted his attitude, offered a polite smile, and said, "I apologize, sir, but this area is off-limits. The show is out front. Please, sir, I must ask you to leave."

Alexandra pointed at the stripper and said bluntly,

"I'm not here for the show. I want to buy her. How much will it cost?"

The manager, accustomed to seeing wealthy patrons throw money around in such establishments, quickly responded, "Ten million."

Alexandra scoffed. He understood that the girls here were usually bought cheaply. It was clear the manager was trying to take advantage of him.

With a swift motion, Alexandra slapped the manager and stated coldly, "One million."

The manager, clutching his reddened cheek, was both humiliated and furious. He pointed at Alexandra and exclaimed, "How dare you strike me! You're going to regret this!"

As the manager moved to call the club's security, the assistant quickly intervened and whispered something in his ear.


The color drained from the manager's face.

When he found out who Alexandra was, he was so surprised that he could barely say a word.

What made Alexandra stand out wasn't just him, but his influential family background. They held significant positions in the oil and entertainment industries.

The manager, wise from experience, knew not to cross Alexandra. He quickly proposed, "Sir, my apologies for overstepping. How about this one's on

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the house? A little gift from us to you."

As Alexandra departed, the assistant commented quietly, "We've been spending a lot lately. Even the plastic surgery cost a million dollars. Thankfully, this girl didn't cost us anything."

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