

The Substitute Wife My Poor Husband is a Billionaire

Chapter 330: They Were Good Friends

Ethan had met Curt Benton on a hike five years ago.

At the time, Curt had a sudden stroke halfway up the mountain, and it was Ethan who carried him down the trail and drove him to the nearest hospital.

Since then, the two had kept in touch, and soon realized that they had a lot in common.

Needless to say, they had become very good friends.

Curt was also among the few who knew Ethan's real identity as Brandon Larson.

He had been doing business for decades, after all, and was quite well-informed about the business of his peers, both public and private.

Ethan reached out and shook hands with his old friend.

"I'm here for my grandmother's birthday party." He winked at Curt then, silently telling the latter not to say anything regarding Brandon Larson.

Being a shrewd man, Curt instantly understood the subtle message.

He refrained from asking more questions and just said, "I haven't seen you for a long time, you brat!"

He hobbled closer to Ethan and glanced at the wine spilled on the floor.

"Find a servant to clean this up, or it might ruin Mr.Lester's shoes."

Curt's assistant nodded and waved a staff over to relay the instructions

"Now," Curt said, turning to Ethan.

"Let's go and talk about the good old days.You brat, did you ever realize we haven't spoken in over half a year? Are you avoiding me because I'm He winked at Curt then, silently telling the latter not to say anything regarding Brandon Larson.

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"Let's go and talk about the good old days.You brat, did you ever realize we haven't spoken in over half a year? Are you avoiding me because I'm too old to be doing what you cool young ones are into these

days? Anyway, do you remember those stocks that you said had huge potential? Well, I bought a bunch and ended up making a lot of profit."

The man who was always aloof and distant to others was now gushing like a teenager.

Ethan couldn't help but chuckle.

"All right, all right. Let's sit over there and catch up."

It was all the encouragement Curt needed.

He grabbed the younger man's hand and guided him over to a nearby table.

Ritchie and his goons watched it all unfold, dumbfounded at what they were seeing.

They couldn't do anything about it, though; they didn't want to make a fuss and paint themselves in a bad light.

Still, they would pause and stare at Curt and Ethan every so often.

After all, a good number of the guests had come for a chance opportunity to make Curt's acquaintance.

Who would have thought that Ethan was actually good friends with the man?

"What the hell is going on here?" Ritchie asked his assistant through gritted teeth.

"Why would that punk know someone like Curt Benton?"

But his employee was just as clueless as everyone else.

"I know, right? And they seem to be close, too."

Ritchie whacked him at the back of the head.

"I see that, you idiot. I'm not blind! I'm asking you how it came about!"

Meanwhile, Kaya was still pestering Janet and was about to say something when she caught sight of Ethan and Curt chatting jovially to one side.

She gasped, her eyes wide as saucers.

"Your husband knows Mr. Benton?"

"I'm not entirely sure..." Janet said tentatively.

Though she looked calm, she was also confused.

She didn't really know who Curt Benton was, but judging by everybody's reaction, she surmised that he must be someone important.

In any case, this was probably for the best.

Surely, with Curt Benton on their side, no one would dare to bully them anymore.

Kaya's jaw dropped.

She had just mocked Janet for marrying a loser, yet that exact same man was now speaking with the most prestigious guest at the party.

She flushed with embarrassment and let go of Janet's hand like it was a lump of hot coal.

The event officially began shortly after, and the guests were asked to be seated.

One by one, delectable dishes were brought out and served.

Janet sat next to Ethan, of course, with Curt on his other side.

The two men were still deep in conversation, though Ethan made a point of holding Janet's hand under the table.

Left with nothing better to do, Janet began to eat.

Now and then, she would catch words about their discussion, which seemed to revolve around stocks and the stock market. Once or twice, she heard mention of the Wall Street.

They occasionally switched to French, to Janet's utter surprise.

From what she could tell, Ethan was very fluent at the language.

The rest of their dialogue didn't concern Janet, so she decided to focus on her dinner and let them do their thing.