

Surprised Wife With Twins (Ivan and Jennifer) Chapter 448

Rowan's villa.

Holding the phone, Ivan was confused.

Jennifer had called him a few minutes earlier, but she refused to answer it when he called her back.

Worried, Ivan redialed her number but was still hung up.

'Is Jennie mad at me?'

He denied his guess, as Jennifer wasn't a petty woman. She wouldn't be angry because he hadn't answered her call earlier.

A bad hunch surged in Ivan's heart.

He called Emerald Bay. Shortly after, the call was connected. Immediately, Ivan asked, "Has Jennie arrived?"

"Morning, Mr. Marsh," Marry answered, "Mrs. Marsh hasn't arrived home."

Ivan thought about the time. Even if Jennifer drove at 40 Mph, she should have arrived.

He wondered if she had dropped by a flower store on the way.

Ivan waited patiently, trying to be optimistic without connecting it with Hanson's escape.

However, each second seemed to be torture to him.

The bad hunch in his heart worsened, but he was unwilling to believe it.

Meanwhile, the black SUV had pulled up to an abandoned factory. Jennifer looked around and ensured that she had never been there before. Roughly, she knew they were in the south suburbia.

She was dragged down the vehicle forcibly, her arms still tied up.

"Get in!" a man snapped.

Jennifer couldn't figure out who she had offended, wondering if Aubree was in there.

However, she didn't think it was possible. Aubree didn't have to do this to her.

The factory was shabby with cracked walls, looking like it would collapse anytime.

"Hurry!"

The men on either side dragged her fiercely.

Jennifer's gaze swept around.

Once she entered the door, she smelt the gas smell, which sickened her and made her dizzy.

It was a massive room with a mess, reminding her of a garbage station. She saw spider webs everywhere.

The glass of the windows was broken. The sunlight fell into the room, dust floating in the air.

Jennifer could tell the air in the room was terrible, mixed with a rotten stink.

“Hurry! Go upstairs!” a man surged her.

There was no fence on the shabby stairs in the center of the room.

Jennifer couldn't escape at all. Meanwhile, she was curious to know who the manipulator was and what he or she wanted.

She was pushed upstairs.

It was tranquil, and only their footsteps were heard.

Bypassing the corner, Jennifer saw some liquid dripping, which soon covered the soles of her shoes. By instinct, she stopped mid-step, frowning at the liquid. The pungent gas smell sent her a life-threatening signal.

She realized that the manipulator didn't only want money.

‘The gas... Does the person want to kill me?’

The fear overwhelmed her, sending a chill down her spine.

“Go up!” a man pushed her impatiently.

Jennifer lost her balance, almost falling into the gas. He dragged her to stand still and pulled her upstairs violently.

The second floor.

It was an empty room with more than a dozen iron jars in the corner. Jennifer saw several pillars.

In a chair nearby sat a man in black. He wore a cap, the brim of which hid his face.

Several bruisers were standing behind him. Some carried iron bars, and some held blades. All looked fierce and violent.

Jennifer felt numbness in her arms. In silence, she looked around the place.

The gas smell fully filled the air.

Jennifer saw two big jars of gas lying on the ground. The gas covered the floor, and some dripped to the stairs.

It reminded her of two words—the desperado.