

## Surprised Wife With Twins (Ivan and Jennifer) Chapter 450

Behind him, Jennifer chimed in, "He won't do anything to me. You guys must keep calm."

Hanson's eyes became icy. Raising his hand, he pulled the trigger of his pistol.

"Bang!"

Ivan and Spencer heard the sound, their hearts tightening.

Jennifer didn't dare to provoke him any longer.

The camera was pointed at Hanson. He passed the pistol to his man, and the latter gently wiped it.

"Jennie?" Ivan panicked. "What did you do to her?"

A ghost of a smile appeared on Hanson's lips. He sighed.

The bullet brushed past Jennifer's shoulder.

Her sleeve was broken, but she wasn't injured.

"How much do you want?" Ivan grabbed the phone from Spencer and tried to be calm. "I can double the ransom. Let her go!"

He was sure that Jennifer was still alive. Hanson's aims hadn't been achieved, so he shouldn't have killed her so quickly.

"No, no, no." Hanson shook his head, looking like he didn't care about wealth or fame. "Why would I take double ransom? I'm alone and cannot spend it all."

Things didn't go as Ivan wished.

"I have many criminal records and have become your target. I might be arrested by the police at any time," said Hanson, "Money isn't so important to me."

"Not important to you? Why did you ask him for ransom then?" Jennifer exposed him, "Just tell them your purpose."

"My purpose?" Hanson giggled as if amused by the words. "I'm dying soon. You know what? I just want to have a companion on the way to the grave. Either you or Spencer Lawrence."

"Give me the address." Spencer grabbed the phone from Ivan's hand. Gazing at the screen, he added, "I'll go there."

"Good." Hanson looked as if he had won the half of the game, smiling faintly. "You've decided to die. Now, it's the money business. Pass your phone to Ivan Marsh."

Ivan snatched the phone. "Hanson Moran, if you dare to lay a finger on Jennifer, I'm gonna make you and your family die miserably. Last time. I'll give you as much money as you want. You must make sure she's safe and sound."

"If you called the police, I wouldn't guarantee that," Hanson responded arrogantly. "Also, even if you double the ransom, Spencer Lawrence must die."

He sneered, "Honestly speaking, I have no grudge against your wife. I never plan to hurt her. I only want to send Spencer Lawrence to Hell."

Before the two men spoke again, he added, "Two hundred million dollars should be a small figure to you, Mr. Marsh. You'll have two hours to prepare. I'll send the bank account number to Spencer Lawrence's WhatsApp. I must receive the money first."

"Tell me the fucking address!" Spencer roared, wishing to rush to rescue Jennifer. "Without the address, how am I supposed to let you watch me die?"

"Be patient. I must receive the money first. Show me your sincerity. Life for life. Just a kind reminder. This woman's destiny is in your hand." He pointed the camera at Jennifer.

Ivan and Spencer saw her arms tied up on her back, feeling sorry for her.

Hanson continued, "If you dare to call the police, I'm sure you'll regret it."

"Don't come here! Gas is everywhere in this place," Jennifer reminded them again, "He has gone nuts. He only wants to burn us all."

Hanson hung up the call after she passed the message to them.

He knew the two men would believe Jennifer's words.

'Gas?'

Ivan and Spencer both heard her message clearly.

'That's too dangerous!'

They were all worried about Jennifer.