

Surprised Wife With Twins (Ivan and Jennifer) Chapter 453

Since Spencer had given the order, his men didn't say anything more.

They loosened their grips on Jennifer's arms and untied the ropes around her hands.

Jennifer looked around and saw two men guarding the stairway. Behind Hanson stood six men and there were two men beside her. In total, she had seen ten of them.

She didn't know how many men were downstairs. She could only handle several men alone without considering their guns.

Her hands, which had been tied for a long time were sore. She rubbed them and was thinking about a way out.

One guy found her a chair with dust all over it.

Jennifer didn't sit down on it, but walked towards Hanson.

"Stand away from me." Hanson was playing games and didn't raise his head. "I don't want to talk to you or negotiate with you."

Jennifer stopped and stood there.

"I want to ask for mercy for Spencer and for you."

Hanson didn't say anything as if he didn't hear her.

Jennifer wasn't sure if she would irritate him again.

It seemed that Hanson was going all out this time. He had been so used to the excitement and thrills that he no longer cared.

Jennifer looked around again. There was a dozen of tanks. She couldn't be sure if there was all gasoline in the tanks.

The ground was all wet, including the spot where she was standing on.

Hanson had sent men to guard the way here. If anyone came, he would know at once.

He would send the address to Spencer later. If Spencer dared to come with backups or sabotage the rules he had set for the game, he didn't mind going down with him.

"Stop there!"

At the checkpoint, three men dressed like farmers stopped.

"What are you doing here?"

Hanson's men walked towards them and stood in front of them, looking at them up and down.

One of them was carrying a hoe, one with an empty basket, and one with a dirty woven bag.

They had rolled up their trousers, and their clothes were covered with mud. They were sweating, it seemed they had just done farm work.

"We were asking you a question. What are you doing here? another man raised his voice.

"Sir, we live nearby," one of the three farmers said in a local accent with a smile on his face. He pointed at not far away. "We were just doing farm work over there. The weather today is good, so we are about to go fishing."

"Yes, we are going to have a good harvest this year." Before Hanson's men could say anything more, another man continued. "Better than last year."

Another farmer asked, "Guys, what are you doing here? This place is deserted."

Hanson's men's faces changed.

The three farmers had been wearing a smile on their faces. However, they found something off.

He shouldn't have asked the question!

One of them wiped his hands on his clothes, took out a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and handed the men. "Have some cigarettes?"

Hanson's men were all smokers, but because there was gasoline in the warehouse, Hanson kept telling them not to carry any cigarettes.

Therefore, they hadn't had any cigarette for a long time.

There was a distance from here to the warehouse. There shouldn't be any problem with smoking here. They thought.

Moreover, Hanson couldn't see them smoking. It would just take a few minutes.

Therefore, they took the farmer's cigarettes and lit them.