

Surprised Wife With Twins Chapter 459

"Mr. Marsh, you can take action after Mr. Lawrence go upstairs, we will be ready to help." Ivan's man's words came through his earphone. "We have taken down four of them, it will be easy now."

Ivan didn't say a word, but he trusted them.

Before they succeeded in saving Jennifer, he had to be on full alert.

Hanson looked at Spencer complacently and ordered his men, "Frisk him and see if he's carrying any weapon."

One of Ivan's men walked over.

He had changed into one of Hanson's men's clothes. If one didn't look carefully, he couldn't find that he was someone else.

Moreover, Hanson had never expected that Ivan's men had stuck in.

The guy frisked Spencer carefully in front of Hanson.

He found a gun at Spencer's waist and the two's eyes met. Ivan's man lowered his head and his voice, "Don't shot. You will burn the place down." He said it while frisking him.

"Sir, there's nothing!" he reported to Hanson a minute later.

"Good!" Hanson laughed out loud and said to Ivan, "I will let go of Jennifer after Spencer comes up."

Kneeling on the ground, Spencer moved humbly and with embarrassment into the warehouse.

Rowan frowned.

There were tears in Ivan's eyes as he watched.

"Oh, and Mr. Marsh. You can stay downstairs," Hanson shouted at Ivan, "I will throw Jennifer down from here, let's see if you can catch her."

Hanson thought that they were on the second floor and Rowan and Ivan were both downstairs, Jennifer should be safe.

Jennifer was scared. She was worried about Spencer.

Soon, Spencer knelt his way to the stairway with worries for Jennifer.

As soon as she was out of danger, he would kill Hanson!

Even if he had to die with him.

Everyone, inside or outside the warehouse, had smelled the gasoline.

Hanson had never wanted to kill Jennifer.

He said to Ivan, "After picking her up, leave immediately. This place will be burnt down!"

With a gloomy face, Ivan was judging how high up was the second floor and the length of the rope. He was estimated how much distraction Spencer could give Hanson.

He had to decide which direction he could take while ensuring Jennifer's safety.

He was analyzing in his mind.

He had to keep everything under control.

Soon, Spencer's knees were bruised. There was sand, pebbles and garbage on the ground. He felt pain in his knees.

As he got upstairs, he smelled intense gasoline.

It was obvious, Hanson wanted to die with him.

Spencer had long put aside his own life, all he wanted was to save Jennifer.

On the staircases, the gas was running down.

Spencer could almost smell death.

The three month he had shared with Jennifer was the happiest time of his life.

Although she had never loved him, she had been so close to him.

They slept and dined in the same house.

They basked in the sun and watched TV together.

Spencer's pants had been covered with gas. It was getting heavier and heavier.

He was about to reach the second floor.

