

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2198

They boarded the plane heading back to Xendale.

After hopping onto the aircraft, William wanted to speak to Danrique but ultimately fell silent as the latter kept his eyes on the documents in his hands the whole time.

Monica greeted Francesca before wheeling William into his room to rest.

Soon after, Sean arrived with Francesca's backpack. The woman was overjoyed for she had not expected to be able to find it again.

Sean is always so thoughtful.

After thanking him, the woman headed into her room with the backpack and wanted to change into a more casual outfit, only to realize that she didn't have her own luggage.

Hence, she grabbed a white shirt from Danrique's suitcase, took a quick shower, and put the shirt on before sitting on the bed to inspect her backpack.

Danrique just so happened to walk in with his laptop at that moment, and he was instantly shocked to see the way she was dressed.

The woman only had two buttons done, with the loose outfit revealing her well-endowed chest and slender legs.

The only thing that seemed a little out of place was her right leg, which was now wrapped in some gauze due to her injury.

Yet, her looking like that was more than enough to captivate Danrique.

He put down his laptop, dashed into the bathroom for a shower, and then pinned Francesca onto the bed.

The woman yelped before instinctively covering her mouth and glancing at the wall next to them. "Stop it!" she hissed. "We're on a plane now, and you know how bad the soundproofing is! They're going to hear us."

"So what if they do? We're all adults, anyway." Danrique began to nibble on her neck while slowly making his way down. "Did you miss me? Hmm?"

"Danrique..." Francesca tried to shove him away. "Knock it off! We can do it when we get ba— Mmph!"

The man pressed his lips against hers before she could finish.

He kissed her so passionately that she couldn't turn him away. The moment she tried to resist, he placed his weight on top of her while reaching underneath her shirt with one hand.

The sudden movement made Francesca arch her back and close her eyes subconsciously, and it wasn't long until she started to give in.

Yet, the woman continued to bite her hand, not daring to make a sound.

What if William and Monica hear us?

Seemingly unhappy with her holding back, Danrique began to take things to the next level and touch her more aggressively.

The woman was on the verge of caving, but she still kept biting on her hand.

Finally, the man pulled her hand away and bit her neck forcefully.

“Ahh!”

Francesca immediately let out a moan before covering her mouth once again.

Right next door, Monica's face turned beet red as she knelt on the floor, carefully wiping William's body.

William merely kept his eyes shut and pretended not to hear anything, but his hands gripped his sheets so tightly as though he could rip the cloth into shreds at any moment.

The sounds coming from next door finally died down after a long while.

With beads of sweat on her forehead, Monica turned William over carefully to wipe his back, only to notice a gravely festered wound on his waist.

“Your Highness! Why didn't you say anything about this?” she exclaimed while jumping in fright. “I'll go get Ms. Felch right now.”

The moment she got up, William grabbed her hand. “Don't bother them,” he said softly.

“But your wound...” Tears began to form in Monica's eyes.

“I'm not going to die from waiting a day longer. Go get some rest. You've worked hard all day.”

“I'll stay right here and look after you, Your Highness,” Monica declared between sobs as she knelt next to him.

“Thank you.” William's lips curved into a faint smile. “Honestly, you don't have to treat me so kindly. Don't ruin your future because of me.”

“I don't need that job. I only want to care for you,” the woman choked out. “Please let me remain by your side.”