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"Go away!" Selena turned around and refused to let Pierre examine her ankle. "Just continue being jealous! I hope your jealousy kills you!"

"Let me see," Pierre instructed. "No!" Selena snapped immediately, stunning him as he went quiet. Still, her ankle was hurting more as she rubbed it.

"Stop throwing tantrums. It'd be bad if you injured your bone." Pierre grabbed Selena's leg forcefully, and she tried to struggle before sucking in a cold breath from the pain.

"Stop moving! You'll injure yourself again!" He started examining her ankle. "How did you hurt yourself?"

However, Selena turned around from him and rolled her eyes. "I thought you didn't care about me."

"Since when do I not care about you? You didn't even tell me about it!" Pierre felt wronged.

"Jason already mentioned clearly that I should visit the hospital, and it would be bad if I really got injured, but all you cared about was being jealous!" Selena exposed him without any hesitation.

However, Pierre wasn't angry at all because he really didn't pay attention to what Jason said since he was disturbed by their ambiguous relationship just then.

"Let's go to the hospital!" He sighed and could only allow her to continue mocking him.

"I don't want to!" Selena refused to get off the couch. "You don't love me at all!"

"Since when do I not love you?" Pierre really didn't know if he should laugh or cry. All I did was get jealous and not pay attention to the fact that she's injured; how did it suddenly become a question about my love for her?

"You don't love me at all!" Selena decided to be stubborn this time and put him in his place so that he wouldn't act out due to jealousy anymore.

"I…" Pierre wanted to lift Selena up, but she had already curled up into a ball and was throwing a tantrum. "Stop making a fuss, okay? Let's get to the hospital so that the doctor can look at your ankle."

"Just let me die in pain. My man—the father of my child—doesn't even love me anymore, so why should I bother about my ankle? What's the meaning of living? Just let me die…"

Then, Selena started pretending as if she was crying.

Pierre was at his wit's ends at this point. "Why are you crying? Is it because it hurts too much?"

"My heart hurts! Pierre Fowler, why are you so heartless?! All you ever care about is which man is talking to me or which man is holding my hand. I was never in your heart; you're only together with me due to your possessiveness! Just let me die…"

Pierre was conflicted. He really didn't know how to coax Selena as she was always the one coaxing him.

"Alright, alright! It's my fault. It's my fault…" He quickly admitted to his mistake. "Who says that you're not in my heart? You're the only thing in my heart!"

"That's not true! You're lying!" From the looks of it, it seemed like she was bawling, but there weren't any tears in reality.

"Why did I return so fast if I didn't have you in my heart?! You were the only person I thought about when I was on my mission, and I kept telling myself that I can't die because I wouldn't be able to see you if I died! Once I was done with my mission, I immediately rushed back!"

Right then, Selena stopped crying and throwing tantrums before she went quiet and stared at him blankly.

"Come on. Let me bring you to the hospital. It's all my fault, and I shouldn't have been jealous, alright? Let's go to the hospital. It'll be a problem if you really injured your bone," Pierre said before he lifted her up.

Laying on his back, Selena felt really secure and happy.

The thought of Pierre thinking of her as his reason to live when he was on the brink of death made her feel sweet despite her piercing pain.