

## Fight

### Poppy POV

We boarded the flight and returned to the Umbra pack the next day. I was so tired and jetlagged that I crashed on bed and slept for what looked like eternity. Damon, too, was tired and he slept like a log beside me.

The flight was eventful because I felt like vomiting all the time. I didn't feel like eating food, but somehow managed to eat some because I had to survive. When I woke up, I saw that Damon wasn't there. I yawned and stretched my limbs. It was very dark on the outside. The clock showed 3 AM. I sighed. I knew that I was going to stay like an owl because of the jetlag for a few days.

I wrapped a shawl around me and went downstairs only to find Damon in the kitchen. He was making coffee and grinned at me. I went to him and wrapped my arms around his body. Burying my head in his chest, I said, "Good morning, hubby."

He kissed the crown of my head. "Good morning. Hubby has a nice ring to it wifey."

I chuckled. He picked me up and made me sit on the counter as he pressed the buttons on the espresso machine and it sizzled. He handed me a cup of espresso while he had black coffee. He picked me up in one arm and took me to the main hall where he sat me on the couch. "I will be right back," he said and left the main hall. When he came back,

he had a stack of documents in his hands. I shook my head as he sat beside me. "There's a lot of pending work!" he rasped, looking at the stack. "Since I can't sleep, why not finish it?"

I sipped on my coffee while he picked up my feet and placed them on his lap. "I want to go to my pack, Damon," I said.

"Why?" he asked, studying a paper.

"I want to clear the debts of the pack and then give my pack members more money to start their businesses fresh."

"Wait for a few days, Poppy. You have just come here and you have some duties as the Luna of this pack too," he said, turning his attention to me. "My mother has been doing it, but she needs some rest now."

I jerked my head back. "Damon, my pack needs me right now. I have to be there because I am still very new. There are so many things that I have to do there," I argued, not believing that he was stopping me.

"I am not saying that you don't go. All I am saying is that you go a little later. It is too early. You have to show your face amongst my people as well."

I gritted my teeth as I looked away. "No, this is not right," I said. "I need to go back to my place and that's all!" I wasn't taking a no from him.

Damon narrowed his eyes and I could feel anger radiating off him.

"Poppy, why are you twisting things? You have some duties towards my pack also! Can't you see that?"

"All I can see is that my pack needs me right now and I will go to them. I have to bring my people up. They have suffered for a long time under James Vincent!"

He put his hands up. "This argument is not going anywhere. I am not going to talk about it."

"Yeah, you can ignore it all you want, but I am determined that I will go to my pack. I have to look after them. I claimed it and I can't just leave them without a leader!" I said in a loud voice.

"Why the hell aren't you understanding?" he growled. "You must stay here for at least a week before leaving. Just after we got married, I went with you to your pack in the midst of our wedding reception. After that we went for our honeymoon. Is it too much to ask you to stay in the Umbra pack for a week?"

I clenched my teeth. A week was a lot. I was in a hurry to clear all the debts. They were like this heavy burden on me. I grew restless. "I am sorry Damon, but I will leave tomorrow." I got up from there and went back to the bedroom where I had all my coffee. Moments later, I vomited all the coffee. What the hell was wrong with me?

Damon didn't come back after our fight and I felt lonely. But he had to understand that I wanted to go to my pack as soon as possible. It was as if my pack was calling me. My people needed me. I think I was going to stay in the Shadow pack for as long as it was needed and then

come back to him. The Umbra pack was rich and strong and I didn't want to take their help in rebuilding my pack, but I had to go there and oversee things if I had to rebuild it myself.

For the whole day Damon and I were too angry to speak with each other. By evening I started packing my bag. Mary came to meet me and was shocked seeing that I was packing my bag. "Poppy, I was thinking of taking you to the dinner party in the evening where you would meet all the important people of the pack. Where are you going?"

"I am sorry Mary but I can't attend the dinner," I said with irritation. "I am going back to my pack." The moment I said that, I retched and then rushed to the bathroom. Goddess. What the hell was happening to me? I vomited all my lunch out. Mary came rushing after me.

"Poppy!" She gave me a strange look. "Are you well?"

I washed my face and rinsed my mouth. I sighed as I grasped the edges of the counter. "I don't know what is going on... I have been vomiting ever since we got on the plane."

Mary's eyes went wide as she became absolutely quiet. Then she came near me and cupped my face. "You look pale. Did you eat anything funny? Do you have a stomach ache?"

"No."

"Goddess!" she squealed. "I think you are pregnant!"