

Aishite Imasu

By WingedWolf

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WARNING! The Following Is A Harry/Draco Story! Do NOT Read If You Are Anti-YAOI!

(J.K Rowling's Characters are being portrayed in an anime way, some Japanese phrases are used)

p.s- Aishoote Imasu means 'I Love You'

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/WingedWolf/52348/Aishite-Imasu>

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Chapter 1 Part 1

Sixth period...Potions. In Harry's opinion it was the worst class of the day. No matter how perfectly he completed a potion, or how prepared he was, his Professor, Snape, always had some reason to take off points from Gryffindor or always had an unwanted comment to add to how he had put it together. And, to make everything worse, he had this class with Draco, Professor Snape's favorite student, who hated Harry almost as much as his teacher did.

Yet there was something different about Draco today. Harry had caught Draco staring at him several times today, and each time Harry had looked up, Draco turned his head, and looked away...

What seemed to be eternities later, the sixth period bell finally rang and Harry was now leaving his least favorite class of the day. He was now walking down a lonely hall, reading aloud the homework that he was to complete by tomorrow afternoon.

"Like frackin hell! I can't read to chapter three by tomorrow!" he swore angrily, flipping through the assigned book that he was to read, *Hogwarts: A History*.

He continued to walk down the deserted hallway, taking off his glasses to begin reading. Then suddenly, out of the lonely silence, he heard footsteps. He turned around quickly to see who it was, bumping into a tall boy with greasy slicked-back, blonde hair, causing Harry to drop both his book and his glasses.

"Draco!" Harry yelled. "You startled me...Sumimasan!"

Harry bowed his head to him in apology and bent over to pick up his things.

As Harry dropped down on his knees to pick up his possessions, Draco bent over to help him, which Harry realized and found extremely odd.

There was something different about Draco, he figured as much because of how he had been behaving not that much earlier in sixth period. He didn't criticize Harry or tell him to watch where he was going. Harry was so used to Draco bringing him down and at least expected him to say the usual, "Watch it scar head!" but no such words came. Instead Draco spoke words that Harry never expected him to say...to anyone...especially Harry!

"No, it was my fault. Sumimasan." Draco said.

Wide eyed, Harry spoke back to him, "Uh...Draco? Are you feeling alright?" he asked placing his hand over his book to pick it up.

There was a long silence. Draco was avoiding looking into Harry's face and eyes. Then, out of nowhere, Draco looked up, placed his hand over Harry's on the book, and leaned forward to kiss him.

Harry, shocked by Draco's sudden sweet appearance and nature, fell backward, hitting his back against the wall and sitting there blushing heavily.

"Nandio Draco?! D-doshday?! Uh..." Harry yelled and then ceased speaking.

Draco leaned in slowly as if he were going to kiss him again and all he could say was

"Aishoote...Imasu." He ushered those words softly. Yet Harry sat there speechless and bewildered.