

# Strawberry Picking

By Mangolious\_kiwi

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*A short fan fiction about Yamato and Taichi going strawberry picking. Contains some fluff.*

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# 1 - Strawberry Picking

## Strawberry Picking

Yamato and I were sitting on the sofa of my apartment watching television when my sister, Hikari walked into the room. Standing in front of the television, she looked at us.

"Hikari, move." I said sternly as I looked at her.

"Mom and I are going strawberry picking and wanted to know if you and Yamato wanted to go." She said as she placed her hands on her hips.

Yamato and I looked at each other then I directed my gaze back to Hikari.

"We'll pass." I said. "Now leave."

Hikari glared at me and shook her head before walking out of the room. Hearing the front door close, I looked over the sofa at the front door, noticing my mom and Hikari had left. I looked back to Yamato.

"You didn't want to go did you?" I asked. He blushed slightly as he looked down at the ground.

"Actually, I would have liked to go. Sounds like fun." He said with a slight smile as he looked at me slightly.

I shook my head slightly as I looked over to him. "Alright, we better hurry up and catch up with Hikari and my mom then." I said as we both jumped to our feet and ran out the door.

We arrived at the strawberry fields what seemed like hours later. I sighed as I looked out the windows of the car at the seemingly endless rows of strawberry plant. White flowers dotted the green leaves of some of the plants, while red strawberries were on others. We came to a stop before I jumped out of the car, stretching slightly as I extending my arms upwards. Yamato elbowed me swiftly in the side causing me to quickly put my arms back down.

I glared over to him and he stuck his tongue out at me slightly as he smiled at me. Shaking my head, I walked with him over to a counter that had baskets for picking strawberries on it. We both took one and headed out to the fields.

Smiling, I looked over at Yamato. He was knelt down in the field of strawberries with the small wicker basket hanging from his left arm as he plucked a few more strawberries from the bush in front of him. He looked so cute, surrounded by strawberry plants. He looked up at me and flashed a smile at me before going back to picking the strawberries.

I loved his smile more than anything. It was one of the few things that made everything else seem like it didn't matter. Not bothering to stand up from my kneeling position, I moved closer to him as I set the

basket I had down on the ground. The slight wind that blew across the field rustled his soft blonde hair slightly as he looked back up at me.

Suddenly, I tackled him lightly as I sat on top of him. He landed on his back as I quickly slid on top of him. I smiled down at him as I brushed a strand of his golden hair off his face. A smirk crossed his features as he pushed me off him and tackled me to the ground. He laid on top of me as he smiled down at me.

"Taichi, let's get heading back." He said with a smile. I nodded as he got off me, rising to his feet then offering me a hand. I took his hand as he pulled me to my feet.

I picked up my basket of strawberries as Yamato picked his up.

After getting back from picking strawberries, Yamato and I went to his place. His dad was away for the weekend on a business trip so he had the apartment to himself for the weekend. Setting the baskets of berries on the kitchen counter, Yamato looked over to me.

"We should find something to do with all these strawberries." He said as he went towards the cupboards. I grabbed his hands and smiled at him as he looked over at me. He returned my smile with one of his own before gently pulling his hands from mine.

"I'm going to make some strawberry shortcake, do you want some?" He asked as he went over to the fridge.

"Yeah, sure." I said as I looked towards him, noticing he was bent over. I smirked as I moved over to him and pinched his rear quickly. He jumped and turned quickly to face me, having whipped cream in his hands and slamming the fridge door quickly.

"Why you..." He said as he smirked at me. "You're going to pay for that." He said as he set the whipped cream down on the counter then pinned me against the kitchen wall. I attempted to gently push him off me. He kissed my lips before I could get away, pushing me slightly harder against the wall. I stopped struggling as I felt his soft lips against mine. His kiss always seemed to have a calming effect on me, something I never felt with anyone else.

Slowly moving his hands down, Yama rested them on my hips as he moved closer to me. I slid my hands down to his hands, placing them on top of his.

"Thought you were going to make strawberry shortcake, Yama." I said softly as I looked to him. He smiles, shaking his head slightly.

"Alright, fine." He said as he pulled his hands out from under mine and made his way back over to the counter.

After piling a bunch of whipped cream on top of some angel food cake Yama had found in the fridge, he placed some strawberries on top of it. Sliding one of the two plates over to me, Yama picked his plate up and walked into the living room. I followed and sat down next to him. He looked over at me as he took a bite of his strawberry shortcake. I couldn't help but to smile at him. He always has a way of making

himself look so cute.

I moved closer to him as I set my plate down on the table in front of the couch.

"Yama." I said as I took his plate from him and set it down on the table next to mine. He looked over at me and blinked a few times.

"Let's put the strawberries to better use." I said with a smile. He nodded and returned my smile with one of his own as the room became darker with the setting of the sun.

\*I also published this on fanfiction.net\*