



The Last Train to You vol.2

starter

Dan's English Student
Original Story ✨

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The Day We Met Again

Word Count: 約 1500 語

Chapter 1: A Quiet Morning

Emma was walking to the small café near Maplewood Station. She liked to come here on Saturday mornings. The air was cool, and the streets were quiet. Maplewood was a small town, and nothing changed very fast. But Emma liked that. It made her feel safe.

Inside the café, she ordered her usual drink. A hot latte. Simple, warm, and sweet.

She sat near the window. From there, she could see the station. Trains came and left slowly, like people breathing.

Sometimes she looked outside and remembered the night she met Tom. It was weeks ago, but the memory was still warm in her heart.

She touched the letter she kept inside her bag. She carried it everywhere, though she didn't tell anyone.

A part of her wanted to see him again. Another part knew it was silly. People on trains came and left. They didn't come back.

But that morning, something felt different.

She didn't know why. It was just a small feeling in her chest, like a quiet voice saying, *"Something is going to happen."*

She looked up when the door opened.

And then her heart stopped for a moment.

Tom was standing there.

Chapter 2: The Man at the Door

He looked almost the same.

The same warm eyes.

The same gentle smile.

But there was something different too—something softer, like he had been through something and come back stronger.

Tom looked around the café.

Then his eyes found Emma.

And he froze.

For a moment, they simply looked at each other.

The world outside seemed very far away.

Then Tom walked toward her, slowly, carefully, like he was afraid she might disappear.

“Emma,” he said quietly.

Her name in his voice felt like a warm hand on her heart.

She stood up.

“Tom... I can't believe it's you.”

“I didn't know if you came here,” he said, smiling. “But I hoped.”

“You... you hoped to see me?” Emma asked softly.

“Yes,” Tom said. “I came back to Maplewood because of you.”

The words hit her like a gentle wave.

Warm. Soft. Surprising.

“Can I sit?” he asked.

“Yes. Please,” she said.

Her voice trembled just a little.

Chapter 3: A Slow Beginning

They sat across from each other.

Tom ordered a black coffee, and they talked.

Not fast.

Not with loud voices.

Just... easy.

Natural.

Like the train night was only yesterday.

“So,” Emma said with a smile, “why did you come back?”

Tom laughed a little. “Because I couldn’t stop thinking about you. I knew it was strange. I knew we only talked for a short time. But something about that night felt... important.”

Emma felt her face get warm.

“I felt that too,” she admitted.

Tom looked surprised. “You did?”

Emma nodded. “I did. I looked for you at the station the next weekend. I didn’t see you, of course.”

Tom’s smile changed—softened.

“I wrote you that letter because... I thought it was the only way to speak to you again.”

Emma touched her bag. “I still have it.”

Tom looked touched. Truly touched.

“Emma,” he said gently, “can I ask you something? Do you want to walk with me? Just around town.”

A simple question.

But her heart heard something more.

She nodded. “Yes. I’d like that.”

Chapter 4: Walking Through Maplewood

They walked through the quiet streets of Maplewood.

The sun was warm, and the sky was bright blue.

Emma showed Tom the small bookstore she loved, the park where she liked to read, and the river that looked silver in the morning.

Tom listened to everything she said.

He asked questions, smiled often, and looked at her like she was telling him something important—even when she was only talking about trees or coffee.

“So,” Emma said as they crossed a small bridge, “are you staying in Maplewood for long?”

Tom looked down at the water.

“I’m not sure,” he said honestly. “But I want to stay for now.”

“For your family?”

“For them,” he said, and then he looked at her. “And maybe for something else too.”

Her heart beat faster.

Something else.

She knew what he meant.

But she didn’t say anything.

They kept walking.

Chapter 5: A Small Secret

After a while, they sat on a bench near the river.

The air was warm, and the sound of the water was quiet and soft.

There was a moment of silence.

Not strange.

Not uncomfortable.

Just a soft space between them.

“Emma,” Tom said, “I want to tell you something.”

She looked at him. “What is it?”

“That night on the train... I wasn’t just going to visit my family.”

Emma waited.

“I was coming back because I didn’t know what to do with my life anymore. I left Maplewood to follow my dreams. But I lost something on the way. I felt empty.”

Emma listened, her eyes gentle.

“And then,” Tom continued, “I met you. And suddenly, everything felt different. You made me remember that small things can be beautiful. A train ride. A talk with a stranger.”

Emma felt something warm rise in her chest.

He looked at her, eyes soft but serious.

“You made me want to try again.”

Emma placed her hand gently on his.
She didn't know she was going to do it.
It just happened.

Tom looked down at their hands, then up at her.

“Emma...”

She pulled her hand back quickly, embarrassed.
“I'm sorry, I—”

“No.” Tom shook his head. “Don't be sorry.”

He carefully took her hand again.
Slowly.
Gently.

This time, she didn't pull away.

Chapter 6: The Moment Between Us

They didn't speak for a long time.
Their hands stayed together, warm and quiet.

Finally Emma said softly, “I'm scared.”

“Of what?” Tom asked.

“That this is just a moment. That you'll leave again. That this will hurt later.”

Tom took a breath.
Then he turned to her, his eyes full of something deep and honest.

“I can't promise the future, Emma. I can't promise perfect days. But I can promise one thing.”

“What?” she whispered.

“That I don’t want this to be just a moment. I came back because I wanted to see you again. And now that I’m here... I want to stay near you, if you let me.”

Emma felt her eyes shake.
Not tears—just emotion.

“You really mean that?”

“I do,” Tom said.

She looked at him for a long moment.

And then she nodded.

“Okay,” she said quietly. “Stay.”

Tom smiled—slow, warm, the smile she remembered from the train.

Their hands stayed together as the river moved quietly beside them.

The world felt soft.

Bright.

Possible.

Chapter 7: A New Beginning

Later that afternoon, Tom walked Emma back to the café.

The sun was lower now, and the air felt gentle against their skin.

“Can I see you again tomorrow?” Tom asked.

Emma smiled. “Yes. I’d like that.”

Tom looked relieved, happy, almost boyish.

“I will be here. Same time.”

“Okay.”

He took a step away, then stopped.

“Emma... I’m glad I found you again.”

“So am I,” she said.

Tom walked away slowly, turning back to smile at her one more time.

Emma watched him go, her heart warm and full.

It wasn't the end of something.

It was the beginning.

A beginning she had not expected...

...but one she wanted with all her heart.

END (続編 Part 2 完)
