

The Last Train to You

Vol.5  
Starter



Dan's English Student  
Original Story



# The Last Train to You – Part 5: Until We Can Say “Love”

Word Count: 約 1500 語

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## Chapter 1: When Tom Came Back

It was a warm afternoon when Emma saw him again.

She was standing by the river, holding the small letter Tom had sent:

*“Thank you for waiting.  
I’m coming soon.”*

The words were simple, but Emma had read them many times.  
She kept the letter in her pocket now, as if it could keep her heart steady.

She heard footsteps behind her.

Slow, careful footsteps.

She turned her head.

Tom was there.

He looked tired, but his smile was warm—warmer than the sun, warmer than the summer wind around them.

“Hi, Emma,” he said softly.

She couldn’t speak for a moment.  
Her heart filled her throat.

“Tom... you’re really here.”

“I promised I would come,” he said.  
“And I’m sorry it took so long.”

Emma shook her head.  
“No. I’m just glad you’re here now.”

Tom stepped closer.

Not too close.

But close enough for her to feel the quiet energy between them.

“Can we walk?” he asked.

Emma nodded.

“Of course.”

And just like that, they began again.

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## Chapter 2: Our Slow Walk

They walked along the river path.

The sky was soft blue, and the air smelled like grass and warm earth.

Tom told Emma about his father’s health, about the quiet days at home, and about the long nights when he couldn’t sleep.

“I thought of you a lot,” he admitted.

Emma looked down, shy but happy.

“I thought of you too.”

Tom smiled gently.

“I know. Your letters... they helped me more than you can imagine.”

She touched the pocket where she kept the final letter from him.

“I wrote more letters,” she said quietly. “Letters I didn’t send.”

Tom slowed down.

“You did?”

“Yes,” Emma said, her voice soft. “I wrote when I missed you. When I was scared. When I wanted to tell you something but didn’t know how.”

Tom’s eyes softened.

“Can I read them someday?”

Emma blushed.

“Maybe... someday.”

They both laughed, the kind of laugh that comes from feeling safe.

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## Chapter 3: Holding Warmth

They reached the bench where they had sat before.

Tom looked at it and smiled.

“Do you remember this place?”

“How could I forget?” Emma said.

They sat down.

For a moment, they said nothing.

The river moved slowly beside them.

Then Tom spoke.

“Emma... there’s something I want to say. But I don’t want to say it too fast.”

Emma’s heart beat quicker.

“What is it?”

He looked down at his hands.

“I’m not good at this. But I want to try.”

Emma waited, patient.

Tom turned his hand over, slowly, carefully... and offered it to her.

She looked at his hand, warm and gentle.

Then she placed hers in it.

Their fingers curled together, almost naturally.

Tom took a small breath.

“Is this okay?”

Emma nodded.

“It’s more than okay.”

And as they sat hand in hand, something soft and beautiful started to grow between them.

Not fast.

Not with fireworks.

Just slowly.  
Gently.  
Like morning light.

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## Chapter 4: A Small Date

The next day, Tom sent Emma a message.

*Can I see you today? There's a place I want to take you.*

Emma smiled at her screen for a long time before answering:

*Yes. I'd like that.*

Tom took her to a small hill just outside Maplewood.  
It wasn't far, but the walk was quiet and lovely.

At the top, they could see the whole town:  
the river, the station, the park, the streets.

Emma gasped.  
"I've never been here."

"I used to come here when I was young," Tom said.  
"Whenever I felt lost."

Emma looked at him softly.  
"And now?"

He turned to her.  
"Now I come here because I want to share something beautiful with you."

Her breath caught.

The wind moved softly around them.  
Emma's hair brushed her cheek, and Tom reached out gently—very gently—to move it away.

His fingers trembled.

So did her heart.

"Emma," he said, "being with you... it feels new. But also familiar. Like something I was waiting for without knowing."

She smiled, shy and warm.

“I feel that too.”

Tom let out a small laugh of relief.

“Good. I was scared I was dreaming it.”

Emma shook her head.

“No dream feels this real.”

They looked out at the town again.

Then, without thinking too much, Emma slipped her hand into his.

This time, she was the one who started it.

Tom looked at her, surprised but happy.

Very happy.

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## **Chapter 5: When Hearts Speak Softly**

Days passed.

They met often.

Sometimes they walked by the river.

Sometimes they stayed in the café, talking for hours.

Sometimes they said very little, just sitting together.

One evening, as the sun set, Emma said:

“Tom... what are we?”

Tom looked at her, eyes soft but a little worried.

“I’ve asked myself that too.”

Emma laughed quietly.

“I don’t need a big answer. I just... want to understand.”

Tom took her hand.

“We’re two people who care for each other,” he said.

“Two people who are trying to move slowly, but honestly.”

Emma nodded.

“Yes. That feels right.”

Tom squeezed her hand gently.

“And if you allow it... I want to be closer. I want to learn your days, your smiles, your fears. I want to write stories near you. I want to see you in my mornings.”

Emma’s eyes warmed.

“Tom... that’s almost like saying—”

She stopped.

Tom waited.

Emma shook her head, smiling.

“Not yet,” she whispered. “But maybe soon.”

Tom smiled back.

“Soon is enough.”

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## Chapter 6: The Night I Needed You

One night, Tom came to Emma’s door.

It was late.

The sky was dark and quiet.

Emma opened the door quickly.

“Tom? What happened?”

He looked tired, more tired than she had ever seen him.

“My father had a difficult day,” he said.

“And I... I needed someone.”

He looked down, as if he felt ashamed to ask.

Emma placed a gentle hand on his arm.

“You can always come to me,” she said softly.

Tom closed his eyes.

“Thank you.”

They sat on her small sofa.

Tom didn’t talk at first.

Emma didn’t push him.

Then slowly, he began to speak.

About fear.

About guilt.

About the pressure of being the “strong one.”

About wanting to stay with his father but also wanting to move forward.

Emma listened, really listened.

When he finished, she took his hand.

“Tom... you don’t have to choose between caring for him and caring for yourself.”

Tom looked at her.

His eyes were wet.

“And caring for you?” he asked quietly.

Emma’s heart trembled.

“You don’t have to choose that either,” she whispered.

Tom let out a shaky breath.

“Emma... I think I’m falling—”

She squeezed his hand.

“Not yet,” she said gently.

“But we’re close.”

Tom nodded, smiling through his tiredness.

“Close is good,” he whispered.

And she stayed beside him until he felt steady again.

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## Chapter 7: Becoming “Us”

A week later, Tom asked Emma to meet him at the hill again.

The sky was clear, and the wind was soft.

Tom looked calmer.

More sure.

“Emma,” he said, “I’ve been thinking.”

Emma smiled.

“You think a lot.”

Tom laughed.

“It’s true. But this time, I want to say it clearly.”

He took both of her hands.

“Emma, I want to be with you. Not just in letters. Not just in small moments. I want to be the person you walk with, the person you talk to, the person you trust.”

Emma felt a warm rush through her whole body.

“Tom...”

He stepped a little closer.

“I’m not perfect. My life is a mess sometimes. But when I’m with you, everything feels possible.”

Emma’s eyes softened.

“You don’t have to be perfect. I just want you.”

Tom breathed out, relieved.

“Then... will you be with me? Truly with me?”

Emma nodded.

“Yes, Tom. I will.”

He smiled—slow, tender, full of love.

Not said aloud yet.

Not needed.

They leaned closer, their foreheads touching, their hands held tight.

The world around them was quiet.

Just the two of them.

Together.

At last.

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**END (Part 5:「恋人になるまで」 完)**