



The Last Train to You
vol.6

starter

Dan's English Student
Original Story

The Last Train to You – Part 6: When Our Hearts Missed Each Other

Word Count: 約 1500 語

Chapter 1: A New “Us”... and a New Worry

Emma and Tom were officially together now.
They walked hand in hand.
They shared long talks.
They smiled easily.

But something else came with this new closeness—
a small, quiet fear in Emma’s heart.

Now that she had Tom,
she was scared of losing him.

She didn’t say it out loud.
She didn’t want to sound weak.

But every time Tom’s phone rang and he said,
“It’s my mother,”
Emma felt her chest tighten.

Tom always left quickly.
He always came back tired.

He didn’t tell Emma everything.
He said he didn’t want to worry her.

And that made her worry even more.

Chapter 2: Tom’s Silence

One evening, they planned to meet by the river.

Emma waited on the bench they loved so much.
The sky turned orange, then purple.
Still, Tom didn’t come.

She sent a message.

Are you okay?

No answer.

She waited another hour.

When Tom finally arrived, he looked exhausted.

His hair was messy.

His eyes were red.

“Tom, what happened?” Emma asked.

He shook his head.

“Sorry. I... I couldn't come earlier.”

“Why didn't you message me?”

“I didn't have time.”

Emma's heart tightened.

“Did something happen to your father?”

Tom looked away.

“It's fine. It's just... the same things as before.”

“Tom,” Emma said softly, “you can tell me. I want to understand.”

But Tom's shoulders went stiff.

“Emma, I don't want to talk about it right now.”

She froze.

“Oh... okay.”

They sat in silence.

The air felt heavy, unlike their usual warm moments.

Tom finally stood up.

“I'm sorry. I just need some sleep.”

He kissed her forehead gently.

It should have felt sweet.

But the kiss felt like a curtain closing.

Chapter 3: The Day Emma Broke

The next week was difficult.

Tom was distant.

Not cold—just tired.

Silent.

They still met, but his smiles were small.

Short.

Almost forced.

One afternoon, Emma couldn't take it anymore.

"Tom... are we okay?" she asked.

Tom looked confused.

"Of course we're okay."

"But you've been quiet. You look unhappy."

"I'm just busy."

Emma swallowed.

"Tom... I want to help."

Tom sighed softly.

"You can't help with this, Emma. It's family."

The words hit her harder than she expected.

"So I'm not part of your world?"

she asked before she could stop herself.

Tom's eyes widened.

"No, that's not what I mean."

"Then what do you mean?" she whispered.

Tom rubbed his face with both hands.

"Emma... I love being with you. But my mind is full. My father is worse. There are bills. There's pressure. I don't want to bring that into our time."

Emma bit her lip.

“But hiding it hurts more than sharing it.”

Tom went quiet.

Too quiet.

Emma felt tears coming.

She stood up.

“Tom... if you keep shutting me out, I don't know how to stay close.”

Tom's face tightened, not in anger, but in pain.

“I'm trying, Emma. I'm doing my best.”

“I know,” she whispered.

“But I need to feel needed too.”

Tom had no answer.

And Emma walked away first—not because she was angry, but because she was breaking.

Chapter 4: Tom's Confession to the Moon

That night, Tom couldn't sleep.

He walked outside, sat on the cold steps by his house, and looked up at the moon.

“I'm failing her,” he whispered.

He felt like he was carrying a heavy world on his back,
and he didn't know how to put it down.

His father needed him.

His family expected him.

And Emma...

Emma needed honesty, time, and love.

Tom wanted to give her everything.

But he couldn't.

Not now.

Not with everything falling apart at home.

He covered his face with his hands.

“I don’t want to lose her,” he whispered into the night.

“But I don’t know how to keep her.”

His mother opened the door quietly.

“Tom?” she said softly. “Are you okay?”

Tom shook his head.

“I’m hurting her without meaning to.”

His mother sat beside him.

“Emma is a kind girl,” she said.

“She will understand if you trust her.”

“That’s the problem,” Tom whispered. “I’m scared.”

“Of what?”

“Of being weak in front of her.”

His mother took his hand.

“Loving someone is not weakness, Tom.

Hiding your heart is.”

Tom stared at the moon again.

“I have to talk to her,” he said.

“Before she walks away for real.”

Chapter 5: The Letter She Didn’t Want to Read

The next morning, Emma found an envelope in her mailbox.

Tom’s handwriting.

Her heart jumped—
fear and hope mixing painfully.

She opened it slowly.

Emma,

I know I hurt you. I never wanted to.

I am lost right now.

My father is worse, and I feel small and helpless.

But the worst part is this:

I feel like I am losing you while trying to protect you.

I don't want to hide anything anymore.

I want to talk.

I want to be honest.

If you can meet me tonight, I will be at the hill at 7.

Please come.

—Tom

Emma's hands trembled.

She wasn't angry anymore.

Just scared.

Scared of what he might say.

But she knew one thing:

She would go.

Chapter 6: The Hill at 7

The sky was already turning pink when Emma reached the hill.

Tom was there.

He looked nervous, like a boy waiting for a result he couldn't control.

When he saw her, his face softened—but only a little.

The worry stayed.

"Emma," he said softly.

She walked closer.

"Tom."

For a moment, neither moved.

Then Tom took a deep breath.

“I’m sorry,” he said. “For the silence. For the distance. For making you feel alone.”

Emma’s eyes filled quickly.

“I just wanted you to talk to me,” she whispered.

“I know,” Tom said.

“And I didn’t, because... I didn’t want you to see me as weak.”

Emma stepped closer.

“Tom. Love isn’t only for good days.”

Tom closed his eyes as if the words hit deep.

“I’m scared all the time,” he admitted.

“For my father. For my family. For our future. For losing you.”

Emma’s breath caught.

“You’re not losing me,” she whispered.

“But Tom... love needs honesty.”

Tom nodded.

“I want to be better,” he said.

“For you. For us.”

Emma touched his cheek gently.

“Then let me stand beside you. Don’t push me away.”

Tom’s voice broke.

“I don’t want to. Not anymore.”

Emma brushed away a tear on his face.

“I’m here,” she whispered.

“Even when things are hard.”

Tom pulled her close—slowly, tenderly—
as if asking for permission.

Emma leaned into him.

Their arms held each other tightly.

Not like lovers in a perfect world.

But like two people choosing each other in the middle of fear.

Chapter 7: A Promise in the Dark

The wind grew cooler.

Emma rested her head on Tom's shoulder.

"Tom?"

"Mm?"

"Next time you're scared... tell me."

"I will."

"And next time you're tired... let me hold you."

"I want that," he whispered.

They stayed like that for a long time.

Not talking.

Not moving.

Just breathing together.

Finally Tom said:

"I don't know where life is going.

But... I know who I want to walk with."

Emma looked up.

"Who?"

Tom smiled softly and pressed his forehead to hers.

"You."

Emma felt her heart open—
not with excitement this time,
but with a deep, warm ache.

A love that had learned pain
and chose to stay anyway.

Chapter 8: When Hearts Find Their Way Back

They walked down the hill hand in hand.

Their steps were slow, but steady.

Emma looked at Tom.

“You know,” she said softly, “I don’t need perfect. I don’t want perfect.”

Tom raised an eyebrow.

“No?”

Emma shook her head.

“I want real.”

Tom smiled—
a real smile this time.

“I can give you real,” he said.

“It might be messy sometimes.”

Emma laughed quietly.

“Mine too.”

Tom stopped walking.

He looked at her for a long, gentle moment.

Then he whispered:

“Emma... I think I’m ready to say it.”

She held her breath.

Tom took her hands.

“I love you.”

Emma’s eyes became warm with tears.

She whispered back:

“I love you too.”

And under the soft evening sky,
they kissed for the first time—
slowly, carefully,
like two people who almost lost each other
and were holding on tighter now.

END (Part 6: すれ違い編 完)