

Our First Sweet Day

starter



Dan's English Student
Original Story

The Last Train to You – Part 8: Our First Sweet Day

Word Count: 約 1500 語

Chapter 1: A Day We Both Needed

One morning, Tom sent Emma a message.

Can we go out today?

Just the two of us.

No worries. No shadows.

A real date.

Emma's heart warmed immediately.

A date.

Their first real date.

She replied quickly.

Yes. I'd love that.

When she stepped outside her house later,
Tom was already waiting near the gate.

He looked relaxed for the first time in a long while.
Light in his eyes, a soft smile on his face.

"You look happy," Emma said.

Tom nodded.

"I am. I need this day with you."

Emma felt her cheeks warm.

"Me too."

Tom held out his hand.

"Shall we?"

Emma placed her hand in his,
and it felt like the start of something gentle and bright.

Chapter 2: The Town Through New Eyes

They walked through Maplewood slowly.

The town was small,
with familiar streets and old buildings.
But walking with Tom made everything new.

The bakery smelled sweeter.
The bookstore felt warmer.
Even the sunlight seemed softer on the road.

“Do you come here often?” Tom asked
as they passed the flower shop.

Emma nodded.

“I come to look at the flowers.
I can’t buy them often, but I love how they look.”

Tom stopped.

“Which flower do you like best?”

Emma pointed at a simple white one.

“That one. Baby’s breath.
It looks small, but it makes every bouquet gentle.”

Tom smiled.

“You’re like that flower.”

Emma blinked.

“What?”

“Gentle,” Tom said.

“And you make my life softer.”

Emma looked away shyly,
but her heart was bright and warm.

“You’re sweet today,” she said softly.

Tom shrugged playfully.

“It’s our date. I’m allowed to be sweet.”

Emma laughed.

“Yes. You are.”

Chapter 3: The Café Window Table

They went to a small café with large windows.

The same café where they had once talked in the early days.

“This place again?” Emma asked.

Tom nodded.

“It feels like our place, right?”

Emma smiled.

“Yes. It does.”

They sat at a window table.

Sunlight touched their hands on the table.

They ordered warm drinks and shared a slice of cake.

Tom watched her take a bite.

“You look cute when you eat cake,” he said.

Emma nearly dropped her fork.

“Tom!”

He laughed quietly.

“Sorry. But it’s true.”

Emma hid her face in her hands for a moment.

Then peeked at him between her fingers.

“You’re too honest today.”

Tom leaned forward slightly.

“I promised myself something,” he said.

“What?”

“To say what I feel.
To show you what’s in my heart.
No more hiding.”

Emma’s hands slowly fell from her face.

“Tom...”

He reached across the table
and touched her fingers gently.

“Can I keep doing that?” he asked.

Emma nodded.

“Please do.”

Chapter 4: The Park of Small Things

After the café, they walked to the town park.

It wasn’t special.
Just a wide green area with trees,
a fountain in the center,
and children running around.

But Tom looked at it as if it was important.

“Let’s sit,” he said.

They sat on the grass.
The wind pushed Emma’s hair softly.

Tom lay back with his hands under his head.

“Tell me something small about you,” he said.

“Small?” Emma asked.

“Yes. Something tiny.
Something you never tell people.”

Emma thought for a moment.

“Okay... I always read the end of a book first.”

Tom sat up quickly.

“You do WHAT?”

Emma laughed.

“I know. It’s strange.
But if I know the ending,
I can enjoy the story more.”

Tom smiled and shook his head.

“You’re adorable.”

Emma nudged him lightly with her shoulder.

“Your turn.”

Tom looked at the sky.

“I sleep with the window open, even in winter.
Cold air makes me feel calm.”

Emma nodded slowly.

“That’s why your hands are always cold.”

Tom laughed.

“Yes. Want to warm them?”

He held out his hands.

Emma blushed but took them.
Her warm fingers closed around his cold ones.

Tom exhaled softly.

“That feels nice.”

Emma smiled.

“It does.”

They stayed like that,
their hands holding each other,
their hearts beating in the same quiet rhythm.

Chapter 5: The Photograph

They walked again,
and passed a small station booth that sold ice cream and postcards.

Tom stopped at the postcards.

There was one with a picture of the river at sunset.
Another with the Maplewood hill.
Another with the park they had just visited.

Tom picked up one of the hill.

“This one is our hill,” he said.

Emma nodded.

Tom paid for the postcard.
Then, using a pen at the booth,
he wrote something on the back.

Emma tried to peek.

Tom covered it quickly.

“No looking.”

Emma laughed.

“Why not?”

Tom signed the postcard,
then handed it to her.

“For you,” he said.

Emma flipped it over and read:

*To Emma,
Today is our first date.
But I hope it's the first of many.
—Tom*

Emma pressed the postcard to her chest.

“That’s... so sweet,” she whispered.

Tom looked shy for a moment.

“I want you to have something from today.

Something simple.

Something that says... I’m here.”

Emma held the postcard carefully,
as if it was the most precious thing in the world.

“Thank you, Tom.”

Chapter 6: Sunset at the River

In the evening, they returned to the river.
The same place where their story had begun.

The sky was orange and pink,
reflected beautifully on the quiet water.

Tom stood beside her.

“Emma,” he said softly,
“there’s something I want to do.
Something I wanted to do for a long time.”

Emma looked up at him.

“What is it?”

Tom stepped closer.
Very slowly.
Very gently.

He touched her cheek with one hand.
His fingers were soft and warm.

“Can I kiss you?” he whispered.

Emma felt her breath catch.

“Yes,” she whispered back.

Tom leaned in.
Slowly.
Carefully.

Their lips met with a soft, warm touch—
a kiss full of quiet love,
not rushed,
not loud,
just real.

Emma felt her heart melt.
Tom's hand moved to the back of her neck,
pulling her a little closer.

When they parted,
Tom rested his forehead against hers.

"That," he whispered,
"felt like the beginning of something big."

Emma smiled softly.

"It feels like home," she said.

Tom exhaled, almost shaking.

"You..."
He paused, searching for words.
"You're everything gentle in my life."

Emma touched his cheek.

"And you're everything warm in mine."

Chapter 7: The Promise of Many Tomorrows

As the sun disappeared,
they sat on the riverbank,
Tom's arm around Emma,
Emma's head on his shoulder.

"Today," Tom said quietly,
"was the happiest day in a long time."

Emma nodded.

“For me too.”

Tom squeezed her hand.

“Let’s make more days like this.”

Emma smiled.

“Yes. Let’s.”

Tom looked at her with deep affection.

Not the fearful look from before.

Not the tired one.

But a new one—

full of steady love.

“Emma,” he whispered,

“I’m yours. And I want to stay.”

Emma held his hand tight.

“I want you to stay,” she said.

“And I want to walk with you... wherever life takes us.”

Tom kissed her forehead softly.

“Then it’s decided,” he murmured.

“We’ll walk together.”

And the river moved quietly beside them,
carrying their promises into the night.

END