

MAJOR LEAGUE SYSTEM

Chapter 12: Major League System (2)

"Huh? Didn't I just accept the mission already?" He murmured, before clicking on it out of curiosity.

MISSIONS:

#NEW MISSION: Shoulder Injury Recovery

'This is it!' his eyes brightened as he saw the bolded words that appeared first and foremost. However, they dulled not even a second later as he read the rest of the contents.

*Task: Do not pitch a ball for the entire year (365 days)

REWARDS:

>Complete healing of shoulder injury

>A-grade physicality enhancing elixir

>Skill: Disciplinarian (+20% increase in all training benefits)

PUNISHMENT:

>Crippled right shoulder

>Constant pain for the rest of your life

>Miserable existence

[ACCEPT: Y/N]

Ken hesitated for a moment, not believing his eyes. While the rewards were fantastic and more than he could have hoped for, the punishment for failure

seemed too obscene. If he were to mess up even once, then his new chance at life would be up in smoke.

Before he could think things through, a line of text appeared in front of him.

MISSION ACCEPTED ON YOUR BEHALF, BEST OF LUCK.

"WHAT!?" Ken cried out in utter shock and disbelief.

He suddenly heard the sound of footsteps running up the stairs in a rush.

'Damn! I've woken up mom, I'm in for it now.'

Ken panicked, not knowing what to do in such a situation. So he did what any self respecting child would do, pretend to be asleep. He quickly brought the cover over his shoulders and rested his head on the pillow, all the while feeling his heart beating wildly.

"Kenny what's wrong!?"

Yuki opened the door with a thud and called out with worry, she was already dressed and wearing an apron. The smell of breakfast wafted in behind her, it was evident she was already awake and preparing a bite to eat before school.

Hearing the commotion, Ken raised his head, doing his best to look as if he had just woken up. This wasn't too hard considering he had raging bed hair and his eyes were glossed over.

"What is it mom?" He said, rubbing his eyes with the back of his hand. It was then that he noticed the wooden spoon in her hands and he almost let out a laugh in response to the sight.

It was almost as if she was ready to pounce on an intruder with her deadly weapon.

"I heard a shout, is everything okay?" She asked, calming down her beating heart.

"Oh, maybe I was having a bad dream." He responded, feeling a little guilty for scaring his mother.

Yuki let out a sigh, feeling the adrenaline wear off after a moment. Ken then pointed to her hand and said in a half-joking manner, "Can you put away your weapon?"

She looked down at the wooden spoon which still had some vestiges of food attached to it and finally let out a laugh. "Well you better get out of bed Mister, otherwise I'll put this to good use."

"Hahaha."

The two laughed light heartedly, at least until Ken began to smell something off.

"Mom... Is something burning?" he asked, raising his nose into the air and sniffing.

"Ah!" Yuki quickly turned around and headed down the stairs in a panic.

Ken stifled a laugh, feeling his mood improve once again. His thoughts moved back to the mission that he was forced to accept. Now that he thought about it, it wasn't such a bad thing to take a break from pitching, especially if it meant his injury would fully heal.

After all, he had been considering doing this after throwing a pitch yesterday and feeling the familiar pain. The system had just made his decision easier.

With that, he decided to get out of bed and change out of his pajamas. It was only around 6:30 so he wanted to try and get at least half of his 10km run in before school this morning.

He breezed past his mother who was still in the kitchen, cleaning up the unfortunate eggs which had been burning earlier.

"I'm going for a run mom, I'll be back in about 30 minutes." Ken said, putting on his runners.

"Oh?" Yuki turned around with confusion etched on her face. "I thought you hated running? I've lost count how many times the coach has called me to complain."

"Uh." Ken stiffened for a moment, remembering how pampered he used to be in middle school. He used to use his status as the Ace of the team in order to get out of running drills.

"Okay, I've gotta go bye!" Instead of answering, he decided to dodge the question and head out the door, breaking out into a jog.

He returned almost 40 minutes later, huffing and puffing with sweat oozing from his face.

"Damn. That. Sucked." He uttered between deep breaths, trying to control the speed of his pounding heart.

Ken had only managed to run 5km in 40 minutes this morning, despite trying his best. Suddenly, the physical assessment from the system didn't seem so far-fetched.

His mother kept her mouth shut and merely welcomed him home. She sipped her coffee, yet Ken could still see a smirk on her face.

'Argh, damn it. I've really gotta improve my fitness...' he thought inwardly, taking his sorry butt up to go and shower.