

# MAJOR LEAGUE SYSTEM

## Chapter 13: Telling the Coach (1)

Ken managed to find a seat on the train to school this morning, much to his relief. He had underestimated how poor his fitness was, despite not running much in his life.

As a pitcher, while he did need to have good stamina, there was a difference between pitching 100 balls and running 10km. Thankfully, his young body was resilient so although his legs felt a little like jelly, he could feel they were recovering well.

While he was relaxing, his thoughts moved to what he had to do today. Forgetting all of his classes, he needed to break the news to his baseball coach that he would not be pitching this year.

Ken paled as he could already imagine his coaches reaction. The worst case scenario would be that he would get kicked off the team, well that was actually the most likely scenario.

Seiko was a prestigious school when it came to baseball. They had a long history, with a few Kanto Tournament flags to be proud of, making it a top choice for many talented youths to attend. Therefore the positions were highly contested.

If Ken were to try out for a different position as he was now, there was no possible way that he could break into the team. Perhaps if his shoulder was healed he would be able to move to an outfield position, however this was not the case.

He needed to completely avoid throwing the ball if possible, which meant there was only really one position he could aim for.

1st base.

The only problem was his batting skills. As the Ace pitcher on the team, his poor batting skills were overlooked due to how much value he had brought the team while defending.

If he were to request to move to 1st base, the coach would probably laugh in his face. He needed to improve his batting skills and running speed for between bases. If he couldn't do those two things, there was no way he would make the team and may be forced to sit out the entire season.

Ken gulped. The thought of missing out on a full season of baseball, especially with his system felt like an entire waste. He had a feeling he would only be able to fully utilize the benefits of the system by playing in actual games.

By the time he had set his thoughts in order, the train had already arrived at his stop. He willed his jelly legs to get up and headed out onto the platform, before stopping in front of the stairs.

'Ah damn it, I forgot about the stairs.' He complained inwardly.

There were too many people behind him so he was forced to ascend, feeling every push and tug of his leg muscles as he toiled up the damned things.

Ken only let out a sigh of relief after making it to the front of the station. The school was still another 1km away, he debated if he should run the remaining distance to school, only to decline a fraction of a second later.

'I don't want to burn myself out.' He declared in his heart, deciding to walk at a decent pace the whole way.

He made it to class on time, noticing that Daichi was already seated. Ken's face lit up as he headed over, sitting down gingerly.

"Mornin' Daichi, how are you man?"

"Mmm Morning." He replied, his tone suggesting that he didn't wish to speak any more than necessary.

Ken felt a little disheartened at his response, however he kept his composure.

"How did you go with your homework last night? Did you need any help?" He asked, trying to strike up a conversation.

"Nope, I finished it fine thanks."

'Ah man, what's with this guy?' Ken thought.

The day continued with Daichi barely speaking to Ken, only leaving him feeling more exasperated. They had been such good friends in his previous life, so what was wrong this time?

However, there was nothing he could do about it, at least for now.

When the bell rang signaling the end of school, Ken said goodbye to Daichi before grabbing his things and heading to the faculty office. He wanted to catch the coach away from the other players, in case things got dicey.

He waited out the front of the office, keeping a look out for the coach.

Soon enough, a man in his mid forties walked into view. He was of average height and wore glasses, looking like a typical middle-aged Japanese man. His hair was balding, the space between his eyebrows and his hairline seemingly growing with every passing day.

"Coach Yoshida, good afternoon." Ken bowed slightly, addressing the middle-aged man.

"Ken..." The coach eyed him warily, seeing the respectful bow and suddenly had a bad feeling.

"Can we have a chat, I promise it won't take long." Ken said, smilingly.

Souta Yoshida's face turned up in a frown, his instincts honed from years of competitive sports were telling him that something was wrong. However, he had no choice but to nod and gesture for Ken to come in.

He walked over to his desk and placed his briefcase down, turning towards Ken and letting out a small sigh.

"Okay, what is it you wanted to tell me."

"Ah. I just wanted to let you know that I won't be pitching this season." Ken said matter-of-factly. He didn't want to beat around the bush.

"Ohh, you don't want to pitch this season..." Coach Yoshida tried to respond calmly, however Ken could already see the veins beginning to manifest on his balding head.

He took his glasses off his face and proceeded to clean them thoroughly, as if it was the only thing preventing him from blowing his top.

Ken gave himself a pat on the back for deciding to have this meeting in the faculty office. If they were on the baseball pitch, he could guarantee that the coach would be yelling profusely at him.