

MAJOR LEAGUE SYSTEM

Chapter 2: Ken Takagi (2)

Daichi's eyes widened and he planted his foot before sending a monstrous swing at the ball which was fast approaching. From the angle of the camera, one could see that his grip was choked up on the bat, as if he had expected this kind of inside pitch.

BANG!

The clear sound of the wooden bat striking the baseball sent a shiver down Ken's spine. It was as if he were in the arena, watching the ball fly into the air gracefully, looking like it would never stop going.

"Walk off home run..." He muttered.

As the ball reached its zenith, it slowly began to sink down into the crowd of spectators. A lucky boy managed to reach out his glove and bag the winning ball, something that he would remember for a lifetime.

"Wonderful scenes at the Tokyo Dome earlier this evening as the Tigers pull off an upset against the strongest team in the NPB."

The words of the broadcaster trailed off as Ken stared at the TV screen. His emotions went from excited before returning to their previous levels of depression.

Bzzt Bzzt Bzzt

His phone vibrated, casting his attention away from the TV for a moment. His eyes widened in response to the sender of the message.

"Daichi..."

Daichi: Hey Ken! Did you see my walk-off homerun? Why didn't you come to the game? Did the tickets not come in the mail? Anyway, let's catch up soon man.

Ken looked at the message, his heart sinking. His face twisted in anger before throwing his phone at the wall. In doing so, he hurt his already throbbing shoulder once again, causing him to cry out in pain.

He slunk to the ground, curling up into a ball while he clutching at his shoulder in pain.

"You don't understand..." He muttered between sobs.

After lying in the same spot for a while, Ken suddenly felt a chill run through his body. It was currently early December, which meant that winter had just arrived in full force.

Ken had come to hate the winter, mostly because the cold would cause his shoulder injury to ache, filling his days with pain and suffering.

He quickly got to his feet, not wanting to get a cold from something as stupid as sleeping on the floor. Despite Christmas being around the corner, he still had a lot of work that was due by the end of the month.

Ken checked the clock which read 12:30AM before complaining inwardly.

"5 hours huh?" he muttered.

Thanks to his drinking tonight, he would only get 5 hours of sleep before he had to leave for work the next day. His head started to ache from the alcohol he had consumed earlier, becoming an accompaniment for his shoulder.

Together they played a painful melody which only served to increase his suffering.

"Where are my meds?" Ken asked himself, feeling as if he were about to pass out from the pain.

Thankfully he had managed to locate them in his bag after a while. Without looking, he unscrewed the cap from one of his prescription bottles and took 1 tablet.

It was a potent pain killer which was able to alleviate his torture for hours on end, even with a small dosage. He was repeatedly warned by his doctor to not take more than he had prescribed, even if the pain had not gone away.

Of course, Ken was not stupid. Although he was a little miserable, there was no way that he would throw his life away for something like pain killers.

Remembering the conversation with his doctor, Ken scoffed aloud before reaching into his bag once more. The only issue with his pain killers was that he often found it hard to sleep after taking them, therefore he had decided to buy some Melatonin, the natural sleeping drug.

It had worked like a charm for a few months, however he needed to constantly increase the doses otherwise they would lose their effects.

So with practiced ease, he produced 6 pills and took them with a glass of water. With that, he decided it was time to head to bed. If he stayed up any longer, than the 5 hours sleep would be reduced by a lot more.

As soon as he rested his head upon the pillow though, he felt his vision swim.

"W-What is happening?" he said, feeling a sense of panic rush into his chest.

His heartbeat swelled, quickly reaching 200 bpm. It almost felt as if his heart was going to jump out of his chest.

He tried his best to navigate to his way to his bag, thinking that he perhaps took the wrong drugs. However, that didn't make sense. There were only 2 different types of drugs in his bag, the painkillers and the Melatonin.

In Ken's drowsy state, he lacked the cognitive ability to put two and two together. Therefore he stumbled across the room and made it to his bag, only to see his two identical canisters.

In the Melatonin canister was still filled with pills, whereas the one with the potent painkiller was empty. Ken blinked a few times while his brain worked in high gear to understand.

"I-I have a doctors appointment tomorrow to get another script." He slurred, feeling his vision going fuzzy. It was then that he finally understood.

He had mixed up his medications, meaning he had taken 6 of the painkillers instead of his sleeping drug.

Ken suddenly collapsed onto the floor, clutching the empty bottle of painkillers in his hand. As his body lost strength, his thoughts traveled to a far away place, a time where he was still filled with hope and youthful joy.

Long before his shoulder injury took baseball away from him.

"If I had another chance..." he murmured, letting out his last breath.