

# MAJOR LEAGUE SYSTEM

## Chapter 3: Back to the Past (1)

The sound of chirping birds sounded, bringing with it a sense of peace and serenity. The morning sunlight peered through the gaps in the curtains, filling the room with its brilliance.

\*BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ\*

The peaceful atmosphere was broken by the loud and obnoxious sound of an alarm, forcing Ken to turn his face up in annoyance. Out of habit, he reached for his phone, intending to hit the snooze button.

With his eyes still closed, Ken began to probe his surroundings, desperately searching for the damned thing. Yet even after a solid minute, he failed to locate his phone.

"Ken! Turn that alarm off and get out of bed. You're going to be late."

"Just 5 more minutes" he groaned, resorting to pulling a pillow over his head to drown out the noise.

Ken's head was throbbing and his mind was groggy. The pain was as if someone had driven a knife into his brain and was twisting it for fun every so often.

He had been on the receiving end of a few hangovers in his life, however this one definitely took the cake. It was not only the headache but his mouth also felt dry, as if all the moisture had been sucked out of his body.

Before he could formulate any coherent thoughts, he heard the sound of the door open and a few footfalls. The incessant ringing of the alarm was turned off in the next moment, forcing out a sigh of relief from his mouth.

"And just how long are you going to lay in bed Mr."

The sound of a stern yet obviously female voice penetrated through the pillow he had placed around his head. He instantly recognized the voice as his mother's.

A feeling of dread crept into his stomach and he quickly jumped up out of instinct, not wanting to face the wrath of his mother.

"I'm up!" he cried, only to see the woman staring at him with her hands on her hips.

However there was no anger on her face, only a wry smile.

"Geez, why are you always so hard to wake up in the morning." She complained softly, reaching out a hand to ruffle his hair.

"Go and get ready, I'll fetch you some breakfast." Her voice was soft and filled with care and understanding.

Ken blinked a few times, his brain struggling to keep up with what was happening in front of him. He stared at the beautiful woman in front of him in confusion, feeling as if something was not adding up.

'What's going on? Why is my mom here?' he questioned inwardly.

And then without warning, he suddenly felt something warm and wet on his face, rolling down towards his lip. Ken reached up to feel tears that had fallen haphazardly from his eyes.

"Oh honey, what's wrong? Are you not feeling well?" His mother asked, placing the back of her hand against his forehead. She stopped for a moment, her face turning up in a frown before pulling her hand back a moment later.

"Hmm, I don't feel a fever. How about you stay home today, I'll call the school a little later and tell them you're not feeling well." She suggested, awaiting his response.

'School!?' Ken's mind raced. He was an adult man of 24 years old, why would he need to go to school? His face suddenly flushed as his mind struggled to keep up with what was happening.

"N-No it's okay, I'll go get ready now." He said, ignoring his pounding headache and kicking himself off the bed.

However, he almost fell flat on his face the next moment as his legs seemed shorter than he was used to. Ken managed to recover in the end, after scrambling in the last moment.

Without saying a word, he quickly ran into the bathroom so he could be alone.

Ken slammed the door shut, feeling his heart beating in sync with the throbbing of his headache. He was inwardly panicking, trying to put all of the pieces together of what had happened.

He turned the tap on and routinely began to wash his face, hoping that the cold water would remove some of the fuzziness from his mind. After a minute he felt a little better, at least until he caught sight of his reflection in the mirror.

"What the f..." Ken managed to stop himself from cursing, probably due to the presence of his mom in the other room. However, that couldn't retract from the enormous shock that he just experienced.

He stared at his reflection which was looking back at him as if it'd seen a ghost. His face was young and vibrant, despite being pale from the splitting headache he was experiencing.

Instead of his usual sallow cheeks and bags under his monolid eyes, the face seemed full of youthful vigor. He was above average in the looks department with a defined jaw and determined eyes.

Ken blinked a few times before looking away quickly.

'There's no way right?' he thought inwardly.

Ever since he woke up this morning, everything seemed out of place. His memory was fuzzy as he tried to remember what had happened up until this point.

"Ah." He exclaimed. It was as if a light bulb had turned on in his head, lifting the veil that was hanging over the hazy memories.

Ken shivered as he remembered his accidental overdose the previous night. He reached up towards his right shoulder out of habit, massaging it gently.

"Huh?"