

MAJOR LEAGUE SYSTEM

Chapter 7: First Pitch (1)

"Baseball club!?" Daichi exclaimed in shock, his face quickly turning pale.

Ken was a little puzzled at his reaction, especially since he had loved baseball in his previous life. However, he didn't let his surprise show outwardly.

"Yeah! With reflexes like the ones you just showed, I think you would be amazing as a catcher." He said with an enthusiastic smile.

Of course Ken already knew that Daichi had amazing potential as a catcher considering he had been scouted to the professional league after only a couple of years playing the sport.

However, Daichi did not share his enthusiasm. Not only was his face pale, he also looked kind of scared, confusing Ken even further.

"Ah, you don't have to worry. I'm the Ace pitcher of the Seiko middle school baseball team so I can help you out." Ken said confidently, pointing to his chest exaggeratedly.

He was hoping that his confidence would ease his friends anxiety, even if it was only a little.

Daichi trembled for a moment before he shook his head dejectedly.

"I'm sorry Ken. I can't play baseball." He sounded defeated.

"It's okay, I can teach you—" Ken started talking, however Daichi quickly stood up after slamming his hands on the table.

"Enough."

The remaining students who were eating in the classroom turned around at the sudden loud noise and stared at the pair inquisitively.

Ken could only watch as Daichi walked out of the classroom, muttering something about needing to use the toilet.

'What kind of reaction was that?' Ken had never been so confused in his life. Daichi was the biggest baseball fanatic that he had known, at least when he first started the sport in high school. So why had he reacted in such a way?

'Has the past changed somehow? Or is there something that I am missing?' Ken mused inwardly.

However, after a few moments he eventually threw it to the back of his mind. His main goal in his new life was not to get Daichi to play baseball sooner, it was to correct his mistakes and not live with regrets.

He remembered that at this age, all he ever talked about was making it to Koshien with his teammates and winning it all next year. Of course if Daichi joined the team, they would have a better shot at winning, but it was still possible without him.

The Seiko middle school baseball team was one of the strongest in the Kanagawa prefecture, with only a few schools able to match their talented players and resources. They had attended the Kanto Tournament last year, even making it to the top 4.

From his memory, they also made it to the Kanto tournament in the spring and summer this coming year, but they fell short each time. Ken had pitched majority of the innings throughout the grueling tournament fixtures, which probably put a strain on his shoulder.

Ken let out a deep sigh. He truly was not sure what he could do to win with his team while also making sure not to cause damage to his shoulder. There was

the option of stepping down from the pitchers mound, however he wasn't sure his other skills were good enough to stay on the team.

In the end, Ken decided to not think too much. As long as he was careful, he should be able to manage.

Daichi returned to the classroom only a few moments before the bell rang to signify the end of lunchtime. Throughout the rest of the day he did not look at Ken even once, neither did he say a word.

If he didn't have to look at Ken's textbooks, he probably would have moved his desk farther away as well.

Like that, the day continued up until the bell rang and the class was dismissed. Daichi and a few others were called up for classroom duty.

He had never seen Daichi move so fast towards the front of the class, leaving Ken with an exasperated expression on his face. He didn't know whether to laugh or cry at the lengths his friend was going through to avoid speaking to him.

Ken could only shake his head and let out a hollow chuckle. He chose to give up pushing baseball onto Daichi, at least for now. He would focus on becoming a good friend, just like Daichi had been for him in his previous life.

With a resolute heart, Ken got up from his chair and grabbed his bag. It was now time for club activities.

Due to it being the first day of the school year, the clubs would gather outside and advertise to the new students in hopes of snagging more players. Yet Ken could not be bothered joining them, nor did he have to.

He headed down the stairs and through the school halls, moving towards the baseball field which was located at the back of the school premises.

His eyes widened as a wave of nostalgia once again overcame him. His sights went straight to the dirt on the pitching mound where he had practiced and competed for almost 3 years of his life.

It was at this time that he felt a deep yearning within his bones to once again step on that mound and pitch. All the regrets of his past life were seemingly obliterated by the mere sight of the pitching mound.

While he was stuck on the spot, he felt an arm wrap around his shoulders before feeling a weight press down on him.

"Are ya skipping out on the recruitment as well Ken?"

The short Keisuke laughed, pulling him in closer.

"Look who is talking" Ken said with a smile, deftly wriggling his way out of Keisuke's arm.

"Meh, leave the recruiting for the 2nd years. We won't have to worry about the team since this is our last year for Seiko middle." He said nonchalantly, uncaring of how shameless he sounded.