

Major League System

Chapter 901 - 901: Hit it (1)

Daichi and Rohan continued as the battery for the next three innings. At first, Ken thought that they would get through unscathed, but it seemed that he underestimated the Major League.

Even with Daichi's stellar leads and Rohan's crisp pitching, they were put in a pinch in the 7th inning. After giving up a walk, things seemed to take a turn for the worse.

Before they knew it, it was already bases loaded and no outs. This was the best position that Pittsburgh had been in all day and it seemed like a matter of time before they would score.

Daichi called for a time out and walked up to the mound with a calm demeanor.

"Are you nervous?" He asked Rohan, his tone casual, as if they weren't in the middle of an important game.

Rohan let out a small laugh in response, "I would be lying if I said no."

Daichi nodded, "We can get out of this pinch, I just need you to trust me. Be ready to field the ball and send it right back to me." He said.

After this, Daichi turned on his heel and headed back to the plate, leaving Rohan with a questioning look. However, he shook his head in the next moment, his eyes moving to Ken in the dugout.

'If Ken trusts him, then I've got no reason not to.' He thought, collecting the rosin bag from the ground and rolling it around a few times in his hand.

He waited for Daichi to get into position and call the lead.

The guy called for a four-seam fastball inside and a little high, causing Rohan to frown. Such a pitch was dangerous, especially in a bases loaded situation. Just a single pop fly into the outfield would result in a run.

However, Rohan did as he was told. He had no reason not to trust Daichi, especially since it was Ken's brother.

Letting out a short sigh, Rohan nodded and got into position, relaxing his body.

'Here goes nothing.'

He lifted his left leg and strode forward, sending the ball flying from his fingertips in the next moment. His eyes followed the ball and flinched when he saw the bat flying towards the ball.

WHOOOOSH

WHACK!

The ball was struck, but not well. It flew above Daichi and the umpires heads for a foul ball.

"Foul."

Rohan breathed a sigh of relief. For a moment he thought that it would be sent over the fence for a grand slam.

He turned to Daichi behind the plate and could barely see a grin behind the face mask from this distance.

'Why does he look happy? We almost got screwed just then.' Rohan thought with a frown.

However, Daichi crouched down and called for the next ball confidently.

'Hmm? A two-seam inside? Is he trying to force a ground ball back to me?' Rohan thought, his eyes sparkling.

However, even if this was the case, it would depend on the batter swinging a certain way. He'd also need to swing a bit late, otherwise the ball would head right into the foul zone before 3rd base.

Rohan eventually nodded, getting into position for the pitch.

He stepped forward and threw it exactly how Daichi wanted.

WHOOOOSH

CLICK

Rohan's eyes widened as he saw the ball come straight for him along the ground. It was unexpected, but perhaps he had known subconsciously thanks to his conversation with Daichi earlier.

"HOME!"

He was already scooping down to pick up the ball as Daichi shouted. In the same motion, he sent a blitzing throw home.

Daichi collected the ball in motion, placing his foot onto home plate before firing a rocket towards 1st base. It was so quick that even the plate umpire lagged behind with the call.

"SECOND!"

Even before the 1st baseman had caught the ball, Daichi called out the next orders.

Thanks to the accurate throw from Daichi, the guy at 1st base was able to easily collect the ball and throw to 2nd quickly.

The entire field seemed to hold their breath as the runner tried to outrun the throw to 2nd. He leapt forwards, intending on sliding and making it to the base on time.

BONK

The ball which was in flight towards second base struck the helmet of the runner, bouncing off towards the outfield. The runner who had just slid onto base suddenly surged to his feet and ran towards 3rd, intending on stealing a base.

However...

"Out!"

"3 outs, changeover."

"What!?"

The runner suddenly slowed down and turned towards the umpire, raising his hands in the air.

"I touched the base first! This is ridiculous."

As he pleaded his case, the Ligers dugout cheered. Mark who was watching with narrowed eyes suddenly smiled brilliantly.

As Daichi came back towards the dugout, he received some recognition from the others. Even a few of the coaches pat him on the back on his way past.

Ken turned to Jake who was nearby and flashed him a grin. He had not forgotten about the expensive bet that was on the table between them. Seeing the past 3 innings and the triple play earlier was enough to prove how good Daichi was.

Jake scoffed and ignored Ken, turning to the field instead. However, a small grin pulled at the corner of his lips in the next moment.

"Nice play." Ken said, placing out his fist towards his brother.

"Heh, it was too easy." Daichi said, bumping his fist.

"Ken, get ready. You're coming in at DH."

His grandfather called from the top of the stairs, getting Ken's attention.

"Yes sir!"

Ken's heart soared. It was finally his chance to put his stamp on the game, against the team who passed him up in the draft as well.

Of course he held no grudges about this, especially since he was able to get drafted by the Ligers because of it. Still, it was a good opportunity to prove to the coaches and his team that he deserved to be in the team.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 902 - 902: Hit it (2)

After getting his gear on, Ken walked up the stairs and began to warm up with his bat. One of the 2nd team players was up to bat first against a new relief pitcher.

It was the bottom of the 7th and the game was 0-1 in favor of Pittsburgh. While the result of the game didn't really matter since it was a friendly, Ken was the type of person who wanted to win.

There was no way he wouldn't try to win in such a situation.

Ken turned and saw that Daichi was also wearing his helmet, ready to come on the field after him.

'As long as I at least get onto base, Daichi will send me home.' He thought with confidence.

WHACK!

Ken's head snapped back to the field and he saw the ball shoot through the gap between 1st and 2nd base for an easy base run.

'Very good. We can turn the game around with me and Daichi.'

Now that it was his turn, Ken slowly walked up to the batters box and rolled his shoulders, pumping himself up. He went through his usual ritual, tapping home plate and the top of his cleats with his bat.

He turned and faced the pitcher who despite giving up a base seemed composed. Ken didn't recognize the guy, but then again he didn't know every Major League player in existence.

Also, who knew what kind of differences this universe shared with his previous one.

"Fighto!"

Ken heard his brother call from behind him, causing a smile to creep onto his face. It had been so long since he'd played in Japan that he almost forgot what it felt like.

Hearing the words of encouragement that used to be shouted back home made him feel a little nostalgic. But this was not the time to dwell on such things. .

'This might be my only shot at hitting this game, I'll need to go all out.' Ken thought.

So with practiced ease, Ken opened up his mental capacity. Instantly a stream of information came into his mind, threatening to overwhelm it.

But he quickly discarded the information he didn't need, focusing his attention on the important pieces. The pitch angle, speed, distance, trajectory.

As the pitcher wound up and threw the pitch, Ken's eyes never left the ball.

'1900rpm, two-seam, sinking towards the inside of the plate.'

In an instant, Ken was able to assess the pitch before his mind ached. Now knowing what he was facing, he just needed to execute properly.

Ken leaned his lead leg forward, and struck like a viper as he planted his foot. The accuracy and torque generated from this batting form he learned in Columbia was incomparable to his old one.

WHOOOOSH

THWACKK

Ken crushed the inside ball, slamming it towards the 3rd base foul line. Its course was parallel to the foul line the whole way, never straying from its path all the way over the back wall.

Ken couldn't help but smile widely before placing his bat down and beginning his victory lap around the bases. With his home run, the score was now 2-1 in their favor.

After stepping onto home plate, Ken walked past his brother and pat him on the back. "Your turn now little bro." He said with a grin.

"Just wait for me."

Ken chuckled.

On his way back to the dugout he saw that his grandfather was elated, however he managed to control himself.

"Ahem... Nice hit Ken. You'll be closing the pitching for us. Try and keep your lead." Mark said, trying to sound professional.

"Yes sir." Ken replied.

As he returned to the dugout, the players showered him with praise.

"Damn Ken, I didn't know you were like that." Jose Baez exclaimed, giving him an exaggerated look. "You sure you're a pitcher?"

"Sam, you might have to watch out for Kenny boy taking your clean up spot."

Samuel Torkelson the cleanup hitter for the Ligers simply smiled and pat Ken on the back. "You keep hitting like that, I'll give you the spot myself." He said playfully.

Ken laughed, feeling a little closer to his teammates. Sam was only a few years older than him, but he was already the cleanup hitter and first baseman for the Ligers. It felt good to be acknowledged by such people.

THWACKK!

An almighty sound came from the field, grabbing everyone's attention.

While everyone was focused on Ken, Daichi had gone and hit a monster home run into center field. It was hard to tell whose home run went further, but no one seemed to care at this point.

"Holy crap... You said that guy is your brother right?" Sam asked, his eyes following the ball in the air.

"Yeah, that's Daichi. He played professionally in Japan for a few years before coming here." Ken replied with pride.

"Damn. They make them different in Japan..."

Ken resisted the urge to pump his fist in triumph. Just from these last couple of plays, himself and Daichi had already left an impression on the team.

Once Daichi returned to the dugout, he was met with the same treatment as Ken. Thankfully the guy was much better at English than he used to be. Either that or he did a good job of reading the social queues.

With Daichi's home run, the game was now 3-1 in favor of the Ligers. Now that they were ahead, it would be Ken's turn to close out the last 2 innings.

The 2nd team members who were playing could not keep up the same momentum that Ken and Daichi created and it was soon time to changeover.

Mark told the umpire about the substitution and Ken was on his way to the mound to pitch. He had been in plenty of closing situations before, but he was more fired up than ever.

As he stepped on the mound, he took in the moment. Even though there were no fans, his excitement was palpable.

Ken turned and saw Daichi setting up behind home plate. A wave of euphoria swept through him.

'Just 2 innings before our pact is finally fulfilled...' Ken thought.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 903 - 903: True Major Leaguer (1)

Ken performed his wind up, causing the batter in the box to flinch briefly. His Intimidating Wind up skill was at work once more, propelling his pitching to EX grade.

Funnily enough, this skill only worked against a batter, so this was the first time the Ligers organization was seeing it up close.

By the time the ball left Ken's fingertips, the batter felt had barely recovered.

WHOOOOSH

PAH!

A blink of an eye later, the ball slammed into the catchers glove with force. The ball was so elusive that it seemed like it had a mind of its own, dodging the bat skillfully on its way past.

Silence.

Daichi ignored the stinging sensation in his hand and turned to the umpire, waiting for the official call.

"S-Strike."

The umpires words broke the silence, causing those within both of the dugouts to suck in a cold breath of air. They didn't need a speed gun to know that the pitch was fast, yet everyone's eyes moved to screen anyway.

'103mph.'

"This is that rookie we passed on?" One of the Pittsburgh players commented, raising an eyebrow.

"Dude shut up." One of the others hissed softly, gesturing his head to a certain player nearby.

Peter Skenes, the pitcher who'd been taken 1st overall was within earshot on the bench. His eyes were locked onto Ken unmoving, but it was obvious at a glance that he felt threatened.

"It's a pity Skenes isn't playing this match. It would have been nice to have a duel between the two." The first player commented.

The coach of the Raiders walked over and placed his hand upon Peter's shoulder, tapping it lightly, "Don't worry, you'll get your chance once the season starts." He said, consoling the guy.

This was a pre-season match, so therefore the results did not matter. However, that didn't mean players wouldn't get fired up.

"Yes coach." Peter replied succinctly.

It wasn't just the Pittsburgh bench that were thrown into disarray. Many of the Ligers players were stunned at Ken's pitch. Since they had only seen him throw in practice, this was the first time they saw him throw seriously.

"Has this guy been holding back in practice?"

However, Rohan was the one to answer. "Ken always pitches better in games. He's one of those guys who excels the harder the opponent..."

"I see..."

Oblivious to the stir he'd caused, Ken adjusted his shoulder and got ready for the next pitch. His arm felt light and he was full of confidence in closing out the game, especially against the Raiders' 2nd team.

WHOOOOSH

PAH

"Strike."

PAH

"Strikeout."

Ken couldn't help but smile as a sense of satisfaction crept in at striking out the first player. He retrieved the ball and waited for the next batter to make his way up to the plate.

However, when he looked up, he saw the coach of the Raiders walking from the dugout towards the umpire. Since he was so far away, he couldn't hear what was being said.

"Substitution. Ben Reynolds will be replacing George Smith." The umpire called out.

The moment he said this, the atmosphere thickened.

'Reynolds? Isn't he one of their best hitters?' Ken thought, his eyes widening.

Judging by the reaction of those on the field, Ken believed this was true. From the beginning of this game, it seemed that only the 2nd team players would be competing, but Pittsburgh had now changed this dynamic by bringing in a starter.

Ken was in a mix of emotions seeing Ben Reynolds walk up to the batters box. On one hand he was excited to face a proper Major League player, but on the other hand there was part of him that was worried about giving up a hit.

He watched the guy walk into the left handed batters box and begin with some warm up swings. Each swing was crisp and looked like it had a lot of power behind.

When Ben gave the thumbs up to the umpire, Ken walked forward and spoke up. "I'm switching to my left arm." He told the umpire.

He had played enough as a switch pitcher to know the rules surrounding switching his arm.

Ben raised his eyebrow in disbelief for a moment before he spoke to the umpire. He then moved over to the other side of the batters box and squared up.

At this, Ken frowned.

"I'm switching to my right arm." He called out, moving his glove to the other hand.

However, Ben was having none of it. Without a word, he moved over to the left handed batters box once more, sending a glare back at Ken.

Ken raised his arms as if to ask what the hell was going on. He was waiting for the umpire to say something, but the guy didn't look like he was going to intervene just yet.

Eventually, Ken decided to stick with his right arm. This would probably continue back and forth until the umpire called a delay of game. He didn't want this, especially since it was meant to be a showcase of his abilities.

'I'll just destroy you with my right arm then.' Ken muttered in his heart.

Ken pretended to adjust his shoulder while he opened up the system. With no Mika around, he needed to activate his skills by himself.

After locating showdown, he activated it.

The moment he did, he felt the familiar euphoria of his muscles filling up with power. A wave of confidence followed, as he felt the strength surge through his body.

Ben, who was wearing a small smile on the corner of his lips suddenly froze. His eyes widened as he saw Ken's figure seemingly increase in size, a dangerous aura emanating from his body.

'What the hell is this?' He thought, gripping the bat a little tighter.

He had been brought up to knock the opposing rookie down a peg or two, but the atmosphere Ken was giving off was not like any rookie he'd ever seen before.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 904 - 904: True Major Leaguer (2)

"Is this guy really a rookie?" Ben mumbled to himself.

However, he didn't have time to ponder the question for very long. As soon as Ken entered his wind up, Ben felt his shoulders twitch slightly. It was almost imperceptible, but to someone who knew their body so well, he didn't miss this.

He watched as the ball left the pitchers fingertips and flew through the air as if it was a bullet fired out of a gun. The speed was not something that he was used to facing, even at the professional level.

'That's a strike, I need to swing.'

It didn't take him long to make the decision to swing. Ben planted his foot and let loose, intending on sending it out of the park.

WHOOOOOSH

PAH!

Ben's eyes widened. The ball had been even faster than he had anticipated. This in addition to the movements of the ball thanks to the high rotational speed had made it almost impossible to anticipate its course.

"Dang that was tough." He said, letting out a grin.

Ben turned and gave Ken an evaluating look. It was clear that he could not treat this person as a regular rookie. Doing so would only have him swinging at nothing but air during the at-bat.

'Never thought I'd have to get serious during Spring Training.' He thought incredulously.

Back on the mound, Ken saw Ben turn towards him. They locked eyes for a brief moment before the latter's demeanor shifted entirely. No longer did he seem like a happy-go-lucky guy.

It was clear that he now meant business.

'Heh, you think that would be enough to intimidate me?' Ken scoffed in his heart.

He accepted the next lead from Daichi and quickly went into his wind-up. After lifting his left leg, he kicked off the pitchers plate and strode forward, planting his foot hard on the ground.

Ken's arm whipped past his head and he raked his fingers down on the ball, throwing another fastball towards the outstretched glove of Daichi. Even with this speed, he was able to accurately control the course of the ball thanks to his Zone Mastery skill.

His eyes narrowed as Ben planted his foot and swung.

For a brief moment, he froze, feeling the hairs on his neck stand up. This was something that happened when his intuition activated.

Ken cursed inwardly. Was he about to get smacked?

WHOOOOOSH

THWACK!

The bat and ball collided, their clash sending an echo throughout the field.

Ken's eyes snapped towards the ball in the air, his heart sinking. However, as he saw its course, a small tendril of hope appeared.

'Please go foul...' he prayed in his heart.

The ball looked like it was on a direct course to hitting the foul post in left field. As it approached closer and closer, the entire field was quiet, waiting for the seemingly inevitable sound of the ball striking the post.

However, it never came.

The ball soared right past the foul post without a sound.

"Foul."

Ken suddenly felt his body relax and he let out a sigh of relief.

"Too close..." he muttered, turning his attention back to the batters box.

Ben seemed a little bummed, but he seemed to move quickly past it. Just as he was about to get into position, he frowned and looked down at his bat, his eyes widening briefly.

"One moment please, I need another bat." He announced.

The umpire took the bat and inspected it briefly before replying, "I don't see any damage."

Ben retrieved the bat and held it with two hands. "If I swing, the whole thing will fall apart. I guarantee it."

The umpire seemed a little reluctant to agree, that was until Daichi stood up and sent a swift, yet soft chop to the barrel of the bat with his right hand. His action was too quick for anyone to stop it.

The moment he made contact, the bat separated into two pieces, leaving the barrel to drop to the ground and the handle to remain in Ben's hands.

"R—Right, go and get a new bat." The umpire replied, looking rather taken aback. If he had let Ben swing, anyone on the field could have been hit by the bat as it broke apart, including himself or the catcher.

"Good job." The umpire said to Daichi.

Daichi smiled, giving the guy a thumbs up.

Ken on the mound breathed a sigh of relief. He had already been hit by the debris of a bat before, he could not afford for it to happen again. Especially with so much at stake this year.

Soon enough, Ben had chosen another bat and returned to the batters box. He once more got into position, wearing the same expression as earlier, as if nothing had ever happened.

But things were different this time. The count was now 0-2 in their favor, which meant a single strike was enough to send this Major Leaguer back to the dugout with nothing.

Of course Ken wasn't so conceited that he thought he could do this on his own, so his eyes turned to Daichi behind the plate. The guy had been silently studying Ben all this time, only now giving his lead.

Ken was surprised as he saw the call for another fastball, but this time it was above the strike zone.

Ken nodded, he would not second guess his brother. They were in the same boat here, there was no room for ego in this situation.

So he threw the fastball, right where Daichi wanted it.

PAH

The ball went straight past Ben who didn't even flinch. It was as if he knew that the ball wasn't a strike the moment it left Ken's fingertips.

"Strikeout!"

"Huh?" Ben turned, a perplexed look on his face.

Daichi stood up and threw the ball back to Ken and happened to send Ben a wink right afterwards.

Ben took a moment to understand what had happened, but instead of getting angry, he just smiled and made his way back to the dugout.

'Cheeky bastard. I Guess it's not just the rookie pitcher we need to worry about...' Ben thought.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 905 - 905: Verdict (1)

Once Ben was struck out, the rest of the game posed no issues for Ken and Daichi. The score stayed at 3-1 in the Ligers favor and the game was called after the final out in the top of the 9th.

At the end of the game, the two Japanese brothers had many pairs of eyes on them, from both camps. Even though it was a practice match, they were able to each get a home run and closed out the game for the Ligers.

"Your rookies seemed to have lit a fire in some of my guys." The Pittsburgh Coach said, shaking Mark's hand. "I'm looking forward to facing you during the season."

Mark smiled genuinely, "Same here. Thanks for the game."

By now, most of the players had returned to the locker room. Many of the first team did not play this game since this one would determine who made the 26-man roster.

But they still had a few more practice matches scheduled over the next week. This would be the part where the coach would try out different line ups to see what fit.

However, at this point in time, Ken was most concerned about making the final cut. Ken was happy with how he played this game, but there was still a level of uncertainty within him.

At the end of the day, Ken had done his best but it was not up to him anymore. His grandfather and the other coaching staff would be making the final decision in this case.

"Ken, Daichi, Rohan. Please come with me." A voice called out from the entrance of the locker room.

Ken's heart sunk as he heard his name called out. The current trend was that those who were being cut would be brought out of the room separately to chat to the coach.

'But there's 28 of us... Why did he call for 3 people instead of 2?' Ken thought.

He and Daichi shared a look briefly before they grabbed their things and followed the coach out the door.

Ken could feel his heart beating wildly in his chest as he did his best to quell the unease he was feeling. The long walk from the locker room to the place where his grandfather was seemed to last an eternity as he grappled with the thought of failure.

They were taken into a room where another 5 people were seated, waiting for them.

Mark Williams, the head coach and his grandfather was at the head of the table, his expression unreadable. No one stood up and instead directed the 3 to take a seat in the empty chairs available.

Ken had been hoping that his grandfather's expression would give him some peace of mind, but unfortunately that didn't happen.

Feeling a knot in his stomach, Ken took the closest seat and tried his best to keep calm.

Only when all 3 men had seated did Mark finally speak.

"How do you think you've performed over these past few days Ken?" Mark inquired.

"I think I've performed well so far. There are still areas that I can improve in, but I feel like I'm making strides in the right direction." Ken replied honestly. He already knew where he was lacking, once he improved his pitching grade he believed he would be nigh unstoppable.

Mark nodded before turning to his other grandson, "And you, Daichi?"

"I believe I have performed well." Daichi replied confidently.

Ken blinked a few times, not expecting such a simple response. But it made sense since English was not his first language.

"Rohan. How about you?"

Rohan nodded, "I think my overall fitness could be better, but my pitches are sharper than they were even before the accident."

Mark didn't respond right away. He looked down at the papers in his hands for a few moments, shuffling through them slowly.

"Well, since all of you signed a minor league contract with a Major League call-up clause, you don't need to sign any additional contracts. Congratulations, welcome to the Detroit Tigers squad." Mark said, standing up from his chair.

Only now did his face break into a smile.

'Eh?'

Ken froze for a moment, taking some time to process the words he'd just heard.

"Thank you..."

Ken turned his head and saw Rohan with his head lowered, emotion evident in his voice. It was only now that Ken finally realized what his grandfather had said.

A bright and unbridled smile crept onto his lips, along with a sense of relief. He still had a long way to go, but for today at least, he would let himself enjoy the fruits of his hard work.

He placed his hands on both of Rohan's shoulders and shook the guy.

"We did it! Haha!" Ken cheered.

Daichi shot up from his seat and pumped his fist. "Yatta1!"

"Omedetou1, Daichi, Ken." Mark said from across the table, wearing a wide grin.

As the 3 celebrated, Mark watched from the side, his heart filled with pride. This past week had been tough on him since he needed to be extra careful not to be biased. If anything, he was overcompensating, becoming more critical of his grandsons.

When it came time to review their spot, Mark had always left the final decision to the assistant coaches to ensure fairness. The fact that his grandson's were standing here right now was a result of their hard work.

He wanted to get up and hug them both, but he refrained.

"Once you leave this room, try not to celebrate too much. There are still 2 others that will be removed from the roster today." He said.

As Mark stood up, Ken and Daichi approached bringing him into a bear hug.

"What are you guys doing?" Mark asked, taken aback. They were currently in front of the other coaches, he didn't want to cause a scene.

"We're celebrating with our grandfather... What do you think?" Ken replied.

Mark looked around and saw the other coaches smiling at them. It took a few moments, but his body finally relaxed. "Great job you two, I'm so proud."

In Japanese, "yatta" (やった) is an exclamation meaning "hurray!", "I did it!", "It's done!", or "Ready!". It's a common expression used when someone accomplishes something or feels victorious

"Omedetou" (おめでとう) in Japanese means "congratulations" or "happy" and is used to express joy and well-wishes on special occasions or achievements.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 906 - 906: Verdict (2)

Two others were removed to complete the 26-man roster. Thankfully this happened while Ken and the others were away. At this point, most of the players had already left the ballpark.

"So what now?" Daichi asked.

"Well, I don't know about you but I'm going to call my wife..." Ken said, pulling out his phone.

"Ah, you're right I should probably tell Miho."

Rohan watched as the two walked away with their phones to their ears and shook his head. "I guess I'll call my mom then..."

"Hey my beautiful wife." Ken said after hearing Ai pick up.

"Hello my handsome husband."

Ai's giggles came through the phone speaker, filling Ken with happiness.

"I've got some good news... I made the team."

"No way! Congratulations!" Ai squealed on the other end of the line.

There was a commotion in the background and Ken thought he could hear Tetsu blabbing.

"What is it? What's happening?"

"Dad shush, I'll tell you later."

"Did he make the team!? Is he a Major Leaguer!?"

Ken laughed, hearing the two go back and forth on the other end of the phone. Eventually, Ai escaped to her room so the two of them could talk.

"So what happens now?" Ai asked.

"Well, we've still got some practice games left this week in Florida, but then I'll be heading back to Detroit before the start of the season." Ken explained.

"So should I come back to Detroit soon?"

"Mmm. Even though it's been a week, I miss you." Ken admitted.

"I miss you too, silly."

"Ah, before you go... Never mind. We'll talk about it in person. Gotta go, love you."

Ken felt that something was up, but he respected her wishes and said his goodbyes, hanging up the phone. As he placed it in his pocket, he wondered what she could have wanted to say.

'Maybe she feels bad for leaving her parents at home?' he asked in his heart.

Now that Ken thought about it, he'd be traveling a lot for games throughout the season. Wouldn't it be tough for Ai who would be alone all that time?

'The house is big enough... Maybe they can move in?'

As much as he liked his own space, Ken wanted what was best for Ai. If that meant making a few sacrifices, he was willing to do this much.

"I'll talk to her next week about it." Ken muttered to himself.

"Ken, got a moment?" Daichi asked.

"Hmm? What's up? How did it go with Miho?"

"It went well, but we've got a bit of an issue... I know you only just bought the house in Detroit and you're a newlywed... But do you mind if Miho and I stay over for a while? Just until we can find our own place?" Daichi asked, looking a little pained.

"Sure man, don't sweat it." Ken said, patting his brother on the back. "Mi casa es tu casa1" .

"Sorry?" Daichi blinked a few times in confusion.

"It's Spanish... My house is your house, or something like that."

"Ah, thanks man. We won't need too long, maybe a few weeks."

Ken waved his hand dismissively, "The house has 5 rooms, you can stay as long as you need. I'm sure Ai will enjoy the company when we go on the road."

"Ken... I need a favor." Rohan walked over, his head lowered slightly.

'Not this guy too?' Ken thought.

"Do you think I could also crash for a while at your house?"

Ken laughed in response. It sounded like his house was going to be like the dorms for a while.

"Sure, why not." Ken replied with a wry smile. "For now, let's focus on celebrating our official jump to the Major League!"

With his words, the atmosphere turned merry once more.

"So where should we celebrate? There's quite a few decent restaurants in this area. My funds are a little lacking at the moment though." Rohan added, clearing his throat.

However, Ken shook his head. "I've got a different kind of celebration in mind." He said with a grin.

Rohan's eyes lit up.

"Oh cool. I'll tag along to whatever." He replied.

But these were words that he certainly regretted just a few hours later.

Rohan was currently gasping for breath as he tried to keep up with the two figures ahead of him. But they kept getting further and further away, becoming silhouettes against the setting sun.

"Monsters..." he choked between gasps.

He almost gave up, but a small voice inside him screamed in protest. This was the same version of him that never wanted to give up even in his injured state. This voice was the only thing that had kept him going for those 2 horrible years.

"I'M COMING YOU BASTARDS!"

With a yell, he lifted his legs and powered through, ignoring the exhaustion in his body.

At the front of the pack, Ken grinned. His eyes moved to Daichi, assessing his current shape. Without a word he slowed down slightly to allow for Rohan to catch up.

Daichi did the same, keeping the pace with Ken without needing to be told. The two were in sync.

Once Rohan got a little closer, Ken picked up the pace again. "Just 2 more miles!"

He let out a laugh after hearing Rohan groan from behind. Ken knew exactly how to push those around him to do better. Not only did he have the Training Demon skill, but his Insightful trait allowed him to understand human emotion and motivation.

These were the perfect skills for a coach, which was why Ken intended on following his grandfathers footsteps at the end of his career. Of course he could also train his own children as well.

At the thought of having children, Ken felt a warmth from deep within his soul. His expression turned soft and he smiled sincerely.

"Too slow!" Daichi called out, taking this chance to take the lead.

"Oi! I'm the pack leader." Ken yelled, pushing his body to the limit to surpass the guy.

Like this, the 3 ran together for the first time as members of the Detroit Ligers. But it would certainly not be the last.

Mi casa es tu casa literally means "my house is your house"

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 907 - 907: New House (1)

During the next week, the 26-man roster of the Detroit Tigers played another 3 practice games with other teams in the Florida area. Coach Williams experimented with different line ups, using the matches as a testing ground to assess the team.

Ken pitched in 2 of the games, of which he only gave up a single hit and a walk. Such a result was not out of his expectation though, since many of the teams weren't using their full strength lineups.

Now that they were officially Major League players, the barrier that existed between them and their teammates all but dissolved. Originally, there was some friction between Jake and Ken thanks to the \$100k bet.

However this was resolved painlessly by the end of the week. Not only did Jake pay the money, he also apologized for his behavior.

This was rather surprising to Ken, but he still accepted the apology. There was no harm done, and they would be teammates in the future, so it made no sense to hold a grudge.

Of course he wasn't aware of the machinations behind it. After Jake found out that the two were the Grandson's of the coach, he had quickly done his best to make amends.

So like this, the players returned to Detroit with a 2-2 record in their practice matches. There would be a few days before their season officially started at Comerica Park.

The very first series would begin on Friday against the Chicago White Socks.

Ken and Daichi both arrived at the apartment together while Rohan had to head back to Erie to retrieve his belongings first. The apartment they bought had already been signed over to Ken and Ai, but no one had been living there for a few weeks.

"Hey beautiful." Ken said, taking his wife into his embrace. It had only been a couple of weeks but he had missed her dearly.

Ai struggled a little in his embrace, pinching him on the side, "Show some restraint in front of your brother." She said, letting out a giggle.

"Come in, Kenny already told me that you and Miho would be staying. I've prepared the guest room for you both." Ai said, giving Daichi a warm smile.

"Sorry for intruding," Daichi said, returning the smile.

Ken ushered Daichi in and waited till his back was turned before giving his wife a little slap on the behind. She jumped and sent him a glare only for Ken to poke his tongue out cheekily.

"I'm going to punish you later." She leaned forward and whispered.

However, this only caused Ken's grin to widen even further. "Very good." He said, giving her a thumbs up.

"Um, where is the guest room?"

"Ah, sorry. Please follow me." Ai said, shuffling forward.

Ken walked into the house and looked around. This was the first time since purchasing the place that he'd seen it again. Everything was the same, apart from a few personal items that Ai had brought over from Japan.

"Kenny boy!"

"Eh?"

Ken's expression faltered for a moment as he saw a figure he did not expect to see appear in front of him. He almost didn't recognize him without his tank top and flour covered apron on.

"Tetsu?" Ken muttered, his eyes blinking in disbelief.

"Huh? That's how ya greet yer father-in-law?" He replied, his face morphing into one of displeasure. "Call me Otousan1."

"I don't want to." Ken replied flatly. He couldn't think of anything worse than calling Tetsu, father. "What are you doing here?"

Tetsu held his hand to his chest, pretending to be offended, "If yer not gonna call me Otou-san, at least call me Oyaji1..."

"How about Kuso Jiji1." Ken replied, his expression serious.

"Oh come on Ken, surely you can make a concession for him. Look how much it means to him." Naomi appeared, giving him a sweet smile.

She linked her arms into Tetsu's and looked at him expectantly. Even Tetsu had a pleading expression on his face.

'They didn't even answer my question...'
Ken complained inwardly.

"Okay... Oyaji." Ken cringed, as if the very act of calling Tetsu his old man hurt his pride. "What are you guys doing here? Ai never told me you'd be visiting." He tried to ask politely.

At this, Naomi looked a little embarrassed. "Well... Last time we went to New York City we loved it. So—"

"We're movin' in!" Tetsu announced grandly, cutting off his wife.

"HUH!?"

"Mom, Dad! Didn't I tell you to stay in the room until I talked to Ken?" Ai came rushing from upstairs, her face flushed red with panic.

Ken turned to Ai, unable to formulate any words.

All of his thoughts about living peacefully alone with his wife suddenly shattered at once. For a few moments, he didn't know how to react at all.

By the time he came to, Ai had already ushered her parents out of the room and returned to stand in front of him. She was wearing a guilty expression on her face and seemed reluctant to speak.

"Are you mad?" She asked, grabbing the hem of his shirt softly.

Ken was silent for a while, still trying to wrap his head around it. "I wouldn't say I'm mad, just quite surprised. I thought we would have at least spoken about it first."

"You're right, I should have spoken to you first." Ai admitted, "But you also know my father, when he makes a decision there's no talking him down. He already went and got approved for immigration months ago without telling me."

Ken blinked a few times, not expecting this explanation. Now that he thought about it, immigrating to the US was a difficult affair. He was a dual citizen so it wasn't that difficult, but for Tetsu and Naomi, it would have taken months and months to be approved.

'So that bastard has been planning this for so long?' Ken thought, grinding his teeth.

However, he let out a sigh in the next moment. "It's fine, it will just take some adjusting." Ken said eventually.

In Japanese, "otousan" (お父さん) means "father" or "dad". It's a polite and common way to refer to someone's father.

In Japanese, "oyaji" (親父) means "father" or "old man" and is used more commonly by men than women.

Shitty old man.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 908 - 908: New House (2)

Later that night, Ken and Daichi went out for a run together. He had also been shocked that Ai's parents had suddenly moved in and vowed to find a place to live as soon as humanly possible.

"You don't have to do that bro." Ken told him.

Now that they had been promoted to the Major League, they were both on the minimum salary of \$700k USD per year. However, Daichi did not receive much of a signing bonus since they used the posting system.

Much of the bonus the Ligers paid was sent directly to the Hanshin Tigers who held Daichi's contract.

"If you want a decent house, let me know and I can help buy it outright. Just pay me back whenever you can." Ken added. He didn't want his brother to suffer at any point if he was in the position to help.

"Thank you for the offer bro. I'll let you know if I need it." Daichi said giving him an appreciative smile.

"Good. If I hear you took out a mortgage for a house I'll kick your ass myself." Ken said, patting him on the back. "Come, let's go use my new sauna."

One of the biggest selling points for this house was the built in sauna and steam room. Ken had been looking forward to using it ever since he bought the house. Up until now, he hadn't gotten a chance.

As they walked into the house, Ken grabbed a couple of towels and handed one to Daichi before heading towards the Sauna. He had turned it on before leaving for his run, so it should be hot by now.

The two dressed down to their underwear and wrapped a towel around their waist before walking in.

"Hey it's the two boys! Come in, come in."

Ken's expression faltered. He saw Tetsu with his bare ass on the wooden bench inside the sauna with a dish towel covering his privates. The guy was gesturing for them to sit down, but Ken only felt a surge of anger.

As if sensing that he was going to explode, Daichi quickly stepped forward and handed Tetsu his own towel.

"Tetsu, you need to wear a towel around your waist in the sauna. It's common courtesy."

"Alright alright." Tetsu grumbled, taking the towel. He stood up, exposing his hairless and somewhat muscular body before wrapping the towel around his waist and sitting back down.

"Well? Are ya gonna sit down or what?" He asked Ken.

Ken breathed out deeply and tried to calm himself down.

'Bear with it... It will get better once we set ground rules...' He thought.

Not uttering a word, Ken walked over to the other side and sat down. He was a little annoyed that Tetsu used his sauna first, not to mention he was wearing nothing but his birthday suit.

Daichi returned after sourcing another towel. He took the seat between Tetsu and Ken, as if to be an intermediary in case things went south.

"Ken... I just wanted ta say thank you fer being so accommodating." Tetsu spoke after a few moments silence. His tone sounded genuine.

At his words, Ken was taken aback.

"Ta be honest, I thought ya would've been mad. I might be shameless, but I know what it's like ta be the head of a family. Havin' the in-laws crash at yer house isn't something ya want as a newlywed." Tetsu continued.

"But I had no choice. Naomi... She was starting ta become heartsick. All that time apart was affecting her health." He admitted.

Ken's eyes widened briefly, but he did not interrupt the man.

"So forgive me fer doing this to you, Kenny. Until we can find our own place around here, will ya let us stay?"

The question lingered in the sauna for a few moments while Ken pondered his words.

He had no idea that Naomi was being affected by Ai moving away. Though she still visited Japan every year, Ken could understand that it was not the same.

And what would happen if Ai were to get pregnant? She would no longer be able to travel to Japan, at least for a couple of years. A wave of guilt swept through him as he thought about this.

He had worked so hard to keep his family together when he was in High School. His dad would work away for months at a time, leaving his mother heartsick and alone. He had moved Heaven and Earth to convince his father to leave that job so he could work close to home.

If he were to reject Ai's parents, that would make him no better than a hypocrite. It would be like saying that only his own family mattered to him.

Ken let out a sigh. "It's fine. You guys are also my family, I could never turn you away."

He looked towards Tetsu who now wore a grin.

"I knew you'd understand Kenny boy."

Before he could react, the guy got up from the bench and threw himself at Ken, his sweat-soaked body pressing up against his own.

"O—O! Get off me!"

Ken's nostrils were filled with musky sweat as he tried to fight off the grown ass man attached to him. After some struggle, he was able to pry himself away from the vice-like grip of the older man.

However, upon pushing him away, he realized that the guys towel had already dropped to the floor, revealing far more than Ken wanted to see.

"Damn it Tetsu! Put your towel on."

However, Tetsu puffed out his chest. "We're all men here, don't be ashamed of what God gave you boys."

"I'm leaving." Ken said, sitting up from the bench and making his way out of the sauna.

As he turned his back, Ken already knew what was going to happen next. He quickly dodged to the left, only for Tetsu to lunge forward, running into the door as he missed Ken. The guy knocked his head with a loud thud against the wooden door before falling to the ground.

The guy sprawled on the floor, his bare ass facing the sky as he was laid on his stomach.

"Is he okay?" Daichi asked with concern.

"He should be fine. Help me drag him into shower..." Ken replied with a sigh.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.