Summary

Sam and Dean Winchester are catchers for the Baltimore Orioles. Enter Castiel Novak, who joins the team on a trade from the Arizona Diamondbacks for Benny Lafitte. Needless to say, Dean isn't too thrilled with his new teammate, and Castiel isn't very fond of his new catcher either... at least when they're on the field.

NOTE: REAL PLAYERS, TEAMS, AND PARKS ARE MENTIONED IN THIS FIC. MY CHARACTERIZATIONS OF THESE PLAYERS ARE PURELY FICTIONAL. I AM NOT AFFILIATED WITH THE MLB.

Notes
See the end of the work for notes

"Y'all been keepin' up with the trade?"

Dean looked over to the pitching coach as he put on his catcher's gear. Rufus was a good man; he didn't put up with any bullshit and he was often hard on his pitchers and catchers, but he was still good.

"'Course," Dean teased. "Ain't that part of the job description?"
"Don't gimme no lip boy," Rufus responded and picked up a bag of mitts.

They were finally back in Baltimore after a long streak of away games on the road. It felt good to be back at Camden Yards. Maryland was home now that Sam got signed to the Orioles, too, a year ago; Dean didn't feel right permanently moving to the Eastern Shore without his (not so) little brother.

It was surprising that Sam and Dean even made it on the same team, but it was even more surprising that they were both catchers. The Orioles' traded one of their last catchers and the other retired the year after, leaving both Sam and Dean open spots.

As Dean, Rufus, and some other pitchers and catchers emerged from the dugout en route to the bullpen in the outfield, Dean took in the magnificence that was his home turf. It was a gloomy day in Charm City, but the park was still beautiful to Dean. Camden Yards always gave him an old school feel, which made it feel like home. Dean looked to this right to see his teammates and his little brother palling around, which made him smile. All the more reason Oriole Park was home.

"So, you heard about that new boy we just got from Arizona for Benny?" Rufus interrupted Dean's serene thoughts.

"Yeah," Dean affirmed and shoved down his thoughts about Benny. "I just hope he's alright with nicknames because I'm sure as shit gonna butcher his actual name." They were halfway across the field. "Do you know how to pronounce it?"

Rufus laughed. "I might for the price of a Johnnie Walker Blue."

"Just because I got a lot of money doesn't mean I'm a gambling man, you old bastard," Dean chuckled.

"Can't blame me for tryin'," Rufus shrugged and re-situated the heavy bag on his shoulder. "Castiel Novak's his name."

"Castiel?" Dean repeated.

"Do you need me to spell it out?" Rufus quipped as he opened up the bullpen gate so everyone could get in. Dean stood by the man's side as his teammates filed in.

"Nah," Dean shook his head and secured his mask to the top of his helmet. "All I know is that I'm sticking with my nickname plan. Like, seriously? Castiel? What kind of parents do that to their kid?"

"I don't know, but they musta done somethin' right if he was the Diamondbacks' first draft pick." Rufus gestured for Dean to enter the gate.

"Are you shitting me?" Dean said as he walked through the threshold. "I knew he was good, but goddamn."

"Yep. He's pitched a lot of shutouts and a few no hitters. Got an ERA that'll give you a run for your money. Kid's good."

"Are you guys talking about Novak?" Darren, who was one of the pitchers, asked. Dean nodded. "I'm gonna miss Benny, but this Novak dude's on fire. I can't believe we got him."

Brad, another pitcher, spoke up as he started to wind up his arms. "Especially since everyone wanted him."

"He's supposed to be here tomorrow before the game," Rufus informed them. "We plan on starting
him this weekend."

"Oh, great." Dean rolled his eyes. He didn't care if he sounded like an asshole. Yeah, he knew the Orioles definitely needed a pitching change, but he wasn't looking forward to having someone on the roster with a huge ego. His teammates were incredibly humble despite their fame, all of them, and he didn't want anyone messing that up. The Orioles are a family, not members in a popularity contest or money hungry dicks.

Plus, Dean was upset over losing Benny in the trade. Benny was his best friend, and sometimes even more than that behind closed doors... He didn't blame the guy for wanting to go; his wife planned to move out west to be with her sick mother and was going to take the kids with her. Still, the loss sucked.

"Oh, hush, you big baby," Rufus said. "Especially since you'll probably be the one working closest to the guy."

The pitchers all laughed and teased Dean for his new 'boyfriend'. They all made it a joke that they were all, in a way, both Sam and Dean's boyfriends since they all had to work with them as their catchers at some point or the other. Dean laughed and blew kisses at them jokingly before pulling his mask over his face and sitting behind the fake home plate.

... Castiel Novak was a jerk. A handsome, weird jerk.

Well, everyone else seemed to think he was the greatest thing since sliced bread, but not Dean. Dean didn't really understand why everyone liked him and looked up to him like he was the bullpen's saving grace. Yeah, maybe he had the best ERA on the team and the most wins than any other Oriole pitcher but it wasn't just the pitcher that made the game, it was up to the catcher, too.

Catchers new every single pitcher on the team; they knew their strengths, their weaknesses, as well as the strengths and weaknesses of the batters they were facing. Sure, maybe mister hot shot Castiel Novak was a hell of a pitcher, but Dean knew that wouldn't be possible without the catchers that he worked with back in Arizona.

Everyone was in the locker room when Castiel showed up. Sam was taping his hand and Dean was putting on his knee brace. Castiel moved like a robot through the crowded fluorescent-lit space, giving a small, barely there smile to his new teammates who welcomed him.

Dean couldn't help but notice how ridiculously gorgeous the man was. He cursed himself for even making the observation. The man's lean muscular frame was framed perfectly by his white baseball pants that perfectly showcased his assets, if you catch my drift. Dean could see Castiel's tanned skin made his blue eyes pop even from the distance between them. To top it all off, Castiel had wild raven hair that looked messy and intentional all at once.

Bastard. Dean scoffed.

"What's your problem?" Sam asked.

"Nothin'."

Sam gave Dean his signature bitchface. "What?" Dean defended. "Don't give me that look."

"I know you miss Benny," Sam whispered.
"Sam, don't-"

"Look, just don't be a jerk to the new guy, alright?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," Dean mumbled as he looked down and tended to his brace.

"Cut the crap, Dean. I know you're not too thrilled about this."

Dean stood and glanced over at Castiel, whose locker was on the opposite wall of his. The pitcher was immersed in stowing his things away. "Why wouldn't I be, Sammy? You know as well as I do that we need a fresh arm."

Sam quickly looked over to Castiel before returning his attention back to his brother. "He's good. You know that, I know that, everyone knows that." Sam stood to put his tape back in his locker. "And aside from the Benny thing, I know how you hate pitchers who are all high and mighty."

"You're damn right. I know how they think. Pitchers with that kind of record," Dean nodded in Castiel's direction, "are always full of themselves. They never see us," he picked up his chest protector and tilted his head at Sam's for emphasis, "as a team."

"You haven't even said a word to the guy yet, Dean. Cut him some slack."

"Fine," Dean huffed. "I gotta practice with him a little bit today before the game. We'll see how it goes."

At that moment, Bobby walked into the locker room. Bobby was their manager; he was a gruff old man and a lot like Rufus, but he was a fatherly teddy bear underneath it all. Everyone stopped talking and directed their attention to their manager.

"Listen up, ladies," Bobby's husky voice sounded. "It's the last game of the Yankees series before the Royals this weekend. Let's sweep 'em!"

Sam, Dean, and their fellow teammates all hooted and hollered. They hated the Yankees not only because they were in the same division, but just because they were the Yankees.

Everyone was smiling and getting pumped up for the game, everyone except Castiel. Dean's smile dropped as he took in the stoic pitcher, whose blue eyes scanned the room of his new teammates. Dean shook his head and decided to let his team's energy take over.

Sam, Dean, and the pitchers went to the outfield to practice up before the first pitch, which was in three hours. Sam was working with a Kevin, a young rookie from the minor leagues. He's been a good addition to the bullpen, and him and Sam got along well.

Alongside Sam, Dean was practicing with the starter for the night's game against the Yankees. Dean and Darren, like Sam and Kevin, had a great chemistry. Both Sam and Dean got along with all the pitchers and they could handle anything that was thrown to them, but some pitchers fell into a better rhythm than others.

After Dean and Darren threw the ball around a little bit and Darren worked on his curveball, Rufus approached the duo with Castiel in tow.

"Alright, Dean, how's about you and Castiel get acquainted?" Rufus clasped Castiel on the shoulder. Dean rolled his eyes that were luckily concealed behind his sunglasses and mask. "You got it, boss."
Darren shot Dean a thumbs-up and walked back into the bullpen where the other pitchers were. Dean heard Sam chuckle a little under his breath as he caught Kevin's ball.

Castiel took Darren's place. He held his glove under his arm as he rubbed his chalked hands along the ball before donning his mitt. He didn't even say hi to Dean. Jerk.

Rufus explained to Castiel the catcher signals. Dean gave him the signal for a fastball. He wanted to see how much heat the strange dude was packing.

Castiel hurtled the ball towards Dean's glove with such force, it almost knocked Dean to his feet. Damn. Sam and Kevin laughed over to his left.

"Shut up, guys," Dean spat before throwing the ball back to Castiel.

Dean and Castiel continued on like that for thirty pitches or so under Rufus's watchful eye.

"Great work, Castiel." Rufus interrupted their practice to retire the new pitcher to the bullpen. "You'll definitely be ready for the game on Saturday."

Castiel nodded and walked into the bullpen, still without saying a word to anyone. What the hell was the guy's problem? The first thing about being an Oriole, or any team for that matter, was being a team and getting to know your pseudo family.

Dean took off his mask and commenced with his stretches. He was a little pissed off that his new 'boyfriend' didn't seem to care about him much.

The Orioles won the game 4-3, sweeping the Yankees.

Throughout the game, Dean felt eyes on him from behind home plate. Yeah, eyes were always on him; he played for a stadium full of people and for people sitting in front of their TVs every night for crying out loud! Aside from that, he could feel Castiel's gaze upon him for the majority of the game. It gave him a strange feeling that he didn't quite understand.

Anyway, Chris Davis, the first baseman, hit a grand slam in the bottom of the ninth inning to win the game. It was like something out of a movie.

Everyone ran out of the dugout to greet Chris as he stepped over home plate, pouring drinks and sunflower seeds all over him. Sam even picked him up with his weird sasquatch strength.

While everyone was celebrating, fans and players alike, Dean chanced a glance back at the dugout where Castiel awkwardly stood at its mouth in half uniform.

Dean shook his head, wondering how and why Castiel wasn't getting in on the frenzy. What an asshole is all he thought. He turned back to his cheerful teammates and commenced with the party.

After everyone was in the locker room, a few people from the press were interviewing Chris and the festivities continued; some players even took out some brooms from their lockers and waved them around in celebration of the sweep.

Eventually, everyone cleared out. Dean stayed behind to stretch out his knee and tend to his gear. Sam shot Dean a text and told him he was going out with some of the guys. Dean told him not to wait up as he stretched out his knee on the bench in solitude, or so he thought.
"Hello, Dean," a gravelly voice sounded behind him.

"Fuck!" Dean jumped and quickly turned around only to be met by Castiel Novak. He was in his "civilian" clothes, but he looked like some sort of tax accountant, not a pro ball player. Dean had to stifle the laughter that bubbled up in his chest at Castiel's suit and trench coat getup. "You should wear a bell."

"You played well today."

Taken aback by the man's compliment and his sincerely sinful voice, it took Dean a moment to so eloquently respond. "Uh, thanks."

"I look forward to playing with you on Saturday."

Dean nodded. Okay, so maybe he wasn't an asshole. Castiel turned then and exited the locker room, leaving Dean alone once again.

"Weirdo," Dean mumbled to himself.

Tonight was the night: Saturday.

The Orioles lost their first game against Kansas City yesterday in the three-game series. Dean hoped that maybe Castiel's pitching could help turn that around tonight.

During the top of the first, things went by pretty smoothly. Castiel followed Dean's calls, making it a quick 1-2-3 out inning.

After that, all hell broke loose.

Castiel refused to throw any of the pitches Dean signaled between his padded legs. Even though he couldn't see Dean's eyes beneath the catcher's mask and the sixty feet of grass between them, he still felt their green fury. On a full-count (three balls, two strikes), Castiel went with a 97mph fastball instead of the slider Dean called. The batter fouled and Chris caught the first out of the inning and the crowd cheered. Still, there were two men on base.

After his teammate caught the ball, Dean stood and ripped his protection from his face. He stormed the mound, much to everyone's confusion considering they just recorded an out.

"What the hell are you doing, man?" Dean barked.

The two men were at eye-level since Castiel stood a little higher up on the small hill. The pitcher covered his mouth with his glove to make their talk look more official to their coach, the fans, and cameras that were undoubtedly pointed their way.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Castiel said. He squinted his eyes at his sincerely pissed off catcher.

"Why won't you throw anything I call, asshat? You came from the National League and we're playing an American League team, so I know how this guy bats better than you do."

Castiel looked over Dean's shoulder at the next batter, who was patiently waiting in the box for Dean to return to his rightful position. It was Eric Hosmer. Castiel spit out the stats on the man, leaving Dean with his mouth hanging open. "Is that good enough for you?"
"You're such a dick," Dean huffed in defeat. "Just throw what I call, alright? Trust me." He looked down and shook his head as he turned back towards home plate and donned his mask.

Much to Dean's dismay, Castiel didn't listen. He could feel his blood boiling. This is exactly why he didn't like some pitchers: pride. Castiel kept trying to throw to the outside corner in attempt to make Hosmer chase with his bat. He wouldn't.

The count was at three balls and no strikes. One more ball and the bases would be loaded.

At that point, Castiel gave in and threw the pitch Dean called. Hosmer hit it right to second base, just as Dean planned. Gordon caught the ball, tagged the base, and launched it to Chris at first. The Orioles got the double-play to end the inning.

The Orioles came off the field and walked toward the dugout. Dean walked by Castiel and couldn't resist himself from saying, "See what happens when you listen to me?"

Dean felt icy blue daggers boring into his back, which made him smirk.

For the rest of the time Castiel was in the game, he listened to Dean and everything went by without a hitch.

The Orioles ended up winning 3-1. Dean batted in two of those runs with a double, but because it was Castiel's first win as an Oriole, he was dubbed the MVP of the game. If it were anyone else, Dean would've been happy.

Again, Dean stayed behind. He liked having the locker room to himself sometimes. It was relaxing, and totally had nothing to do with the hope he held out that Castiel would reappear like he did two nights earlier.

Dean was icing his knee when it happened.

"Hello, Dean," he heard the familiar voice behind him.

Dean looked down and smiled to himself. Bingo. "Heya, Cas."

"My name is Castiel," the pitchers voice said with a touch of anger.

"Oh, I know, Cas," Dean repeated just because he felt like being an asshole. He sat the bag of ice aside and rolled down his pant leg before turning to the man before him, looking at him from under the brim of his black, orange-brimmed hat. Like Dean, Castiel was still in his uniform: hat, black jersey, white pants and orange cleats. "What's up?"

"I didn't appreciate what you did today." Castiel was standing a good ten feet from his catcher.

Dean barked out a laugh. "What I did?"

"Yes," Castiel affirmed. "You didn't have to charge the mound and treat me like a child. It was rude."

Dean stood and crossed his arms. "Are you kidding me? I saved your ass!"

Castiel rolled his eyes. "I knew what I was doing, Dean."

"Yeah, not following my calls, that's what."
Castiel gritted his teeth. "That's not what I meant."

Dean stepped closer to him. "Well, that's what happened. We would've been f**ked if you kept pitching like that in the second."

Castiel took a step closer. "Are you questioning my ability as a pitcher?"

Dean clenched his jaw. The tension between them could be cut with a knife. "No, I'm questioning your ability to trust me."

They stood in silence for a moment, blue eyes burning into green. They were less than two feet apart now. Dean couldn't help but drop his eyes down to Castiel's mouth, Castiel's full lips...

Dean subconsciously licked his own lips, and he didn't miss how Castiel's eyes tracked the movement and dilated slightly.

"I was the MVP of the game." Castiel broke the silence. "You should show me some respect."

Dean threw his head back and laughed. He didn't see how Castiel hungrily eyed the lines of his throat. "You got that *because* you started throwing my calls."

"You are an assbutt." Castiel bit out.

"Assbutt?"

"Did I stutter?"

Again, they stood in angry silence. Dean clenched his fists by his sides. Then, all at once, the dam broke. Dean didn't know who moved first, but they crashed into each other. They both had their hands around the other's face as they brought their lips together in a bruising kiss. Their teeth clashed a bit, but they didn't care.

Castiel's slightly chapped lips felt soft against the catcher's. Dean moved his hands from Castiel's face to rip off his hat and the pitcher's to reveal his unruly hair so he could run his fingers through it. He pulled on the soft strands, causing Castiel's head to tilt up towards the ceiling, effectively breaking the kiss. He took the opportunity to move his mouth to Castiel's throat.

"Eager much?" Castiel half-moaned.

Dean moved his mouth just under the pitcher's ear. "Should I stop then?" He's questioned before latching onto the sensitive spot.

"Shit, no."

They frantically undressed each other. The sound of belt buckles clinking, fabric dragging against itself, and panting moans sounded through the vacant locker room.

Dean had Castiel pinned the the floor, his wrists clasped above his head as the catcher teased the man beneath him's dusty rose-colored nipples until they were pebbled and hard.

"Ughhh," Castiel groaned as he bucked his hips up to grind his bare, weeping cock on Dean's. "How do you want to do this?"

Dean lifted his head with a sinister smirk on his face. "I may be a catcher, baby, but I can throw a *mean* fastball."
Castiel managed a breathy laugh. "I bet you say that to everyone."

Dean rolled his hips back down onto Castiel, relishing in the slow, slightly wet drag of their throbbing lengths. "Just tell me what you want, asshole," he said with a hint of desperation and no malice.

Castiel writhed under Dean and nodded. "Please..."

"Please what, Cas?"

"Fuck me."

Dean groaned at Castiel's hotter than sin, smoke over gravel voice and rolled his hips again, which elicited another set of moans from both men, before releasing Castiel'said wrists, sitting up on hisome haunches and reaching over to his bag that sat on the bench. He rifled through it quickly extracted a bottle of lube and a condom.

Castiel sat up on his elbows of get a better look at Dean. He drew his lower lip between his teeth as he watched the catcher slather his fingers in the clear liquid. He spread his legs wider in anticipation.

Dean saw this and quirked his eyebrow at the man below him. "Who's eager now?"

"Dean," Castiel hissed, urging him to get on with it.

Dean scooted closer to Castiel and with his dry hand pushed against the bottom of the pitcher's right thigh. Castiel caught on and grabbed his left leg the same way to match his right, his ass lifting in the air slightly to give Dean better access to his hole.

"Look so good like this, Cas, fuck," Dean groaned. He pressed his thumb to Castiel's rim and loved the way it fluttered at the touch.

Castiel moaned as Dean began circling his thumb around the puckered ring. Then, Dean's hand left him briefly to replace his thumb with his index finger, which easily slipped into the entrance up to the first knuckle.

"Jesus, you're tight." Dean's eyes were focused on where his finger was slowly inch-by-inch sliding into the pitcher.

Castiel was trying to push back on Dean's finger that was now coating his walls with lube as it was fucked in-and-out to the first knuckle down to the hilt.

"More," he begged. "Please, more!"

Dean pressed in another finger alongside the first. His cock twitched at feeling the tight heat of Castiel's ass, hanging swollen and heavy between his legs.

Dean fingered Castiel in earnest, leaving he man a whimpering mess. When he crooked his fingers to hit the pitcher's prostate, Castiel dropped his head back with a loud groan, his face brightly illuminated by the harsh fluorescent lights.

"So hot, Cas," Dean grunted as he added a third and final finger. He made sure to rub against Castiel's prostate on every other thrust, pulling him apart at the seams.

"Mmm, Dean, yes!" Castiel half-screamed. "I'm ready. Oh God, fuck me. Please fuck me!"

Dean moaned at Castiel's words. "Okay, baby."
He withdrew his fingers from the pitcher's hole that attempted to clench around the emptiness. He tore the condom wrapper with his teeth and put in on himself. He squeezed more lube from the bottle and slicked his dick with it. He bit his lip as he did so and looked down at Castiel, whose hole glistened and dripped with lube.

Castiel was flushed from his leaking cock that laid on his muscled stomach, up his chest and to his face.

Dean pressed the blunt, slipper head of his cock to Castiel's opening. "You want it, Cas?"

"Yes! Please!"

"Yeah, I bet you do. You want me to shove my cock in your pretty little hole?" He slipped he tip past the tight ring. "You want me to fill you up?"

"Dean!" Castiel yelled, his eyes boring into Dean's, both eclipsed with pure lust.

At that, Dean shoved himself into the tight heat until he was buried all the way inside. "Fuck," he bit out behind clenched teeth.

Castiel screamed and laid back on the floor. Dean wrapped the man's legs around his waist. He set a brutal pace, pistoning his hard, thick member into the blue-eyed man.

"So good, Dean, ughhh shit!"

"Is this what you wanted, Cas?" Dean panted as he drove into the man. "Is this what you needed?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" Castiel yelled with each thrust. "Love your big fat cock in me. Stretch me so good."

Dean groaned. "Gotta m-mouth on you, shit, bet you'd love to suck it, taste me."

Castiel nodded feverishly as he tightened his legs around Dean. He tried grabbing at the floor for purchase to stop himself from sliding too much on the floor from the force Dean as fucking him.

The sharp sound of Dean's balls and hips slapping against Castiel's thighs echoed through the room. Sweat rolled down Dean's brow and Castiel'said chest. It was so filthy, so good.

Dean reached down and grabbed Castiel's neglected, flushed red cock in his hand and began jerking the man off in time with his hips. Castiel practically wailed.

"You gonna come? You gonna come all over my cock, baby?"

"Please, Dean! Let me come!" Castiel twisted his own hand in his wild raven hair and pulled at the strands.

Dean moaned, pleased by Castiel wanting to wait until he gave him permission. "Come for me, Cas."

On command, Castiel's balls drew close to his body and his dick jumped in Dean's grasp as he spilled his release all over his sweaty stomach and chest. His hole fluttered around Dean's hard cock, bringing him to the edge, too, with a cry of Castiel's name on his lips.

Dean collapsed onto Castiel. Neither of them cared about the mess between them. They shared a few sweet, breathy kissed before Dean rolled off to lay next to the pitcher on the floor. They looked at each other after a few moments and laughed lightly at the situation.
"You really can pitch," Castiel chuckled.

"See what happens when you listen to me?" Dean repeated the words he said during the game they played earlier.

Castiel rolled his eyes and slapped Dean's shoulder, but he had a smile on his face. "Assbutt."

End Notes

I hope y'all enjoyed! ;-)  
Thoughts?

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