

Or Forver Hold Your Peace

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Or Forver Hold Your Peace

by [Sweetmel333](#)

Summary

Ginny is set to marry Noah unless....

Notes

I wrote this on another site and brought it over here too. First time posting here.

Chapter one:

A/N: Had this idea in my head for awhile. Thinking this just would be a one shot but that could change! Read and review!

Mike Lawson sat back in his pew in the front row next to Blip. The church began to fill up with their teammates, their spouses, and the media. Only Ginny Baker's wedding to that multi-billionaire Noah Casey would cause such a fuss. Amelia was in the back trying to make everything go perfectly.

Beside him, Blip laughed as he looked at a text message he just received. "That was Evelyn; she says Ginny is freaking out back there. She is trying to calm her down. I guess it is finally getting to her."

Mike did not hear him, he was focused on the elaborated decorated alter with all different kinds of flowers. It wasn't Ginny. She was simple she didn't like the fuss.

He knew deep down that she was marrying the wrong man.

"Mike?" Blip asked. "Where did you just go?"

Mike cleared his throat. "Huh? Sorry what did you say man?"

"It was Evelyn. Ginny is kind of freaking out. I guess she is nervous about getting hitched to the geek."

The billionaire geek

Mike clinched his fist. The thought of Ginny marrying someone made his almost physically ill. "I would be too." He muttered.

Behind them Tommy Miller chuckled. "Are you jealous, Lawson? Your Rookie is marrying someone else?"

"I am happy for her," Mike said through gritted teeth. "We all should be happy for her."

"Right..." Livan Duarte commented. "If you expect us to believe that--"

"I can't believe she got the Skip to walk her down the aisle," Tommy interrupted. "Seeing him in a tux will be a sight to behold."

"Well, she is like a daughter to him," Blip said. "I knew her brother might flake out so she asked someone that would there for her."

Mike wasn't listening again. Instead he thought back to the late night call he received from Ginny two nights before, when she had her bachelorette party. Mike already was half asleep when the call came in at three am.

"If this isn't the blushing bride to be," he greeted with his voice full of sleep. "Isn't this supposed to be one of your last night's of freedom?"

She was quiet on the other end.

"Ginny?" he prompted. "Are you okay? Where are you? Are you okay? Do you need a ride?"

She sighed heavily. "I don't know why I even called."

He sat up in bed, now fully awake. "Why did you call?"

"I am blaming the colorful drinks I can't even remember the names of that Evelyn made me drink," she began. "Give me a reason, Mike."

"What?" he asked.

"Give me a reason not to marry Noah two days from now," she practically begged. "Please."

His head instantly filled with reasons why she should not marry him. For starters he was sure that Noah didn't know that she hated cilantro or she liked grape soda. He was damn sure that he knew Ginny better than her soon-to-be husband.

"Mike?"

Swallowing his pride, he just wanted her to be happy. If that meant she would be married to someone else. So be it.

"Marry him, Baker. He loves you and will make you happy."

Without saying goodbye, he hung up.

"I wonder where he is going to take her on their honeymoon," Tommy continued. "It seemed like they didn't miss an island in the South Pacific on their world tour while she was recovering from surgery."

"I wouldn't mind seeing some more pictures in bikinis," Livan said. "Muy caliente!"

Mike sighed he saw the tabloid pictures of Ginny and Noah on many white sandy beaches with her arm always in a sling, immobile so she wouldn't injury it further. He heard from the trainers that she called, emailed or skyped with an update of her condition and what she was doing for rehab practically every day. He had to admit he was jealous that she kept them up-to-date and not him.

Then he saw the picture of Noah down on one knee proposing to her at sunset on another exotic location.

“Did you see the bikini she was wearing in Tahiti? The green one?” Tommy whistled. “Noah is a one lucky guy.”

Blip scooted away from Tommy. “Will you watch your mouth? We are in church. I don’t want to get struck by lightning because of you two.”

Mike laughed. “Twenty minutes until show time?”

Back in the dressing area, Ginny was dressed in her wedding dress breathing into a paper bag while Evelyn is trying to calm her down.

“Ginny, breathe. It’s normal for the bride to be nervous before on the big day. The church is perfect, Amelia did a great job.”

“She did,” Ginny admitted. “I called him after I got home from my bachelorette party.”

“You called Noah?”

Ginny shook her head. “I called Mike. I blamed the booze at first... now I don’t know why I did.”

“You did what?!?” Evelyn exclaimed. “When? Where? Why?”

“I called him after the car dropped me off at my hotel room right after the bachelorette party.”

“Ginny, what did you do?” Evelyn asked softly.

“I asked him to give me a reason not to marry Noah.”

“What did he say?”

“He told me to marry Noah, which I am going to do.”

There was a knock at the bridal suite. “Baker, you decent?” Al asked timidly.

“Come in, Skip,” Ginny replied.

The door opened, Al came in wearing a tux. “Looking good, Baker.”

“You too, Skip. Thank you for doing this,” Ginny said. “My brother is unreliable-“

“To say the least,” Evelyn finished. She took the paper bag from Ginny replacing it with a bouquet of red roses. “Ready?”

Ginny took the flowers, and squared her shoulders. “Ready. Let’s get me married.”

Unnoticed by Ginny, Al and Evelyn exchanged worried glances that meant that they feared that Ginny was marrying the wrong man.

Back inside the church, the organist began to warm up. The guests began take their seats. "Show time," Tommy said.

Noah entered from the side door with his best man to take his place at the altar. They shook hands with the priest and waited for the bride.

"She called me," Mike said his voice so low that only Blip was able to hear him.

Blip's eyes widen. "And why am I hearing about this now? When did she call you? Why did she call you? I doubt it was about workout tips. "

"She asked me to give her a reason not to marry the cyber geek."

"Mike!" Blip hissed. "Obviously you didn't give her a good enough reason because we wouldn't be here looking at Pretty Boy waiting for her to walk down that aisle."

"What are you two knuckleheads talking about?" Tommy demanded.

"Nothing!" Mike said.

"I wouldn't call the bride phoning you...when did she call you?" Blip asked.

"After she got back from her bachelorette party," Mike admitted.

"Baker called you after she got back?" Livan asked. "What did she want?"

"A reason not to marry the geek," Blip answered.

"Don't leave us in suspense, what did you say?" Tommy demanded.

"You are worse than girls," Mike muttered.

"What did you say?" Tommy repeated.

"Nothing," Mike admitted. "I told her to marry him."

"Nothing?!?" Tommy exclaimed. "Dude, you could have come up with something!"

"Let's see ... you know her better, you spend more time with her, you listen on why she hate cilantro so much," Livan began to tick off some reasons.

The organist began to play, the back doors to the church opened up, Tommy's daughter was the flower girl, dressed in an adorable pink dress. She was followed by Evelyn and Blip twins dress in tuxes, each of them carrying a pillow with one ring. They were then followed by Evelyn.

The Wedding March began and the church rose to their feet. Al began to walk Ginny down the aisle. She looked liked radiant. Mike caught Noah's reaction when he first saw Ginny, he looked happy.

"Ginny looks good," Tommy whispered.

“Wonder when it be the next time we see Al in a tux,” Blip muttered. “Or is this a one time thing?”

The men shrugged.

Ginny made it past their pew; she smiled at them and continued on to the altar. Al handed her off to her husband to be and Al moved to the front row, next to Mike.

“You may be seated,” the priest said.

“It’s now or never,” Al whispered to Mike. “Truthfully, I didn’t think you would allow it to progress this far.”

“We gather together today to join Ginny and Noah in holy matrimony,” the priest began. “Their decision to do so wasn’t entered into lightly. The road that brought them here was interesting to say the least if you call what the tabloids into account.”

That brought some chuckles from the crowd.

“Seriously,” the priest said. “This couple has been through a lot, which is why I am cutting this short; I can tell by looking at them they can’t wait to start their lives together.” Noah took Ginny’s hand in his as the priest continued. “If anyone can show just cause why this couple cannot be lawfully joined together in matrimony, let them speak now or forever hold their peace.”

Before he knew it, Mike leaped to his feet and shouted. “I object!”

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Does Mike have a plan?

A/N- Wow! What a response! So I am continuing!!

Chapter 2:

They were all over the radio all the stations whether it was a sports station, golden oldies, country, Spanish language, and classic rock. They were the news that the world couldn't stop talking about:

"This afternoon was the wedding of San Diego pitcher Ginny Baker and tech millionaire Noah Casey until her teammate Mike Lawson objected--"

Mike changed the dial to another station.

"Can you believe to size of his ... balls... to say that, to do that?"

Sighing, he changed the dial again.

"I heard that he just picked up the bride and ran outside of the church!"

He changed the dial one more time.

"That begs the question where are they? If anyone knows where they are we have free tickets to a concert of your choice!"

"That's a good question; where are we?" Ginny asked as she turned off the radio. "All I see is desert."

Mike looked over at her and grinned. "You are awake! You feel asleep as soon as we got in the car."

"How long have I been asleep?"

"For about an hour, we have been stuck in traffic for a bit too."

"What's the plan? Where are we heading?"

Mike rubbed his beard. "I didn't think that far ahead, Baker. All I knew that I couldn't let you marry Noah."

"You know, you could have told me this when I called you the other night," Ginny reminded him.

"What can I say? I have a flare for the dramatic." Mike grinned.

"I see that. In fact the whole world saw. It happened over an hour ago and it is what's everyone is talking about. It is what the world is going to be talking about for a long time."

The passed a road sign that read: ZZZZX Road 237 miles, St. George 449 miles, Primm 288 miles, Las Vegas 326 miles.
Las Vegas.

Mike looked over at her. "We can get there in like four hours and the Marriage License Bureau is open until midnight and many chapels are open later than that. The only downside, it will be a matter of public record and everyone will know..."

"Wait a second!" Ginny exclaimed. "Are you asking me what I think you are asking me?"
"Marry me, Baker."

Evelyn groaned when her call to Ginny went straight to voicemail, again. "Ginny! What the hell was that? What the hell just happened? Mike? You? Where are you guys? Call me the instant you get the message! We are worried sick about you!"

"She and Mike are probably busy," Blip commented as he drank a beer, wiggling his eyebrow. "Very busy."

After the botched wedding, the team and their spouses or dates headed to Boardner's bar after they raided the reception to gather all the food to bring it back for them to enjoy. The cake was at the end of the bar, someone had replaced the groom with a bobble head doll of Mike that was behind the bar.

Evelyn made a face as she hung up. "Did you know he was going to do this?"

"I don't think Mike was going to do it until the words came out of this mouth," Tommy said.

"Did you see the look on the groom's face when Mike ran off with the bride?" Liven asked.
"Priceless!"

Al approached them on the phone. "Yeah, okay. I guess I will see you tomorrow." He hung up.

"Was that Oscar?" Blip asked. "Bet he isn't too thrilled, huh?"

"The phones in the front office are ringing off the hook. We are going to have a press conference first thing in the morning. I have no idea what to say. What can you say when

your starting pitcher's wedding gets stopped by your starting catcher, they run off to God knows where? I need a drink."

Eliot approached them furiously texting on his phone. "This is nuts!" he exclaimed. "I am getting interview requests from all around the world! I don't know if I can keep up with all of them! "

"Eliot, stop!" Evelyn said, holding up a bottle of tequila and a shot glass. "You need a drink!" She poured him a shot and handed it to him.

Eliot drank the shot before going back to his phone. "This is insane! I never gotten this many emails in my entire life! Where is Amelia? She should be helping me with this! I can't do this all by myself!"

"Papi, chill!" Liven exclaimed. "Get some food and relax."

"I will relax if I knew where she was," Eliot said. "Wait! After she pulled that disappearing act at the party a few months back, I secretly added her to my find family app on my phone."

"Eliot!" Evelyn exclaimed, smacking him on the shoulder. "That was genius! Where are they?"

"It only works if the phone is on and if she is in range of a cell tower," Eliot explained as he went through his phone. "And she is in a dead zone or her phone is off. I set up an alert when she gets back to civilization."

Evelyn poured him another shot. "I guess we wait then."

"We can't wait forever pitchers and catchers will have to report in February," Al said. "They need to report to Peoria, Arizona for they will get fined."

"That's in two months away!" Evelyn exclaimed. "They can't hide out forever!"

"They can up to when they report," Blip said.

Liven snapped his fingers. "That reminds me," he reached in his jacket pocket, pulling out an envelope full of money. "Blip you won the pool on when Mike was going to stop the wedding."

Evelyn scoffed. "You put money on it?"

Blip shrugged as he collected his winnings. " In my defense, I thought he was going to do this way before the wedding."

Evelyn snatched the envelope for her husband. Her eyes widened when she saw how much money was stuffed inside. "There is like ten grand in here."

"Thirteen thousand four hundred thirty seven," Liven corrected. "Everyone was from the guys to the batboy to the grounds crew all pitched in."

“This is a lot of money. What are your plans for it?” Evelyn asked.

“Whatever you want honey,” Blip answered.

“Good answer,” Tommy muttered. “Hey I am going to get cake who wants some?”

The Marriage License Bureau was relatively empty. No one seemed to care that they stumble inside, got their license and headed south down the Las Vegas Strip, passing many different chapels. Ginny put her foot down at the drive thru chapel.

“How many times I can I say no drive thru, no Elvis, and no Cher?” Ginny asked.

“Okay,” Mike grinned. “I was just kidding. Every hotel has a chapel, I believe. Let’s just find a hotel and take it from there.”

They reached the Aria pulled into the valet. The attendants rushed to open their doors. “Mr. Lawson!” one of them exclaimed.

He was playfully smacked by his co-worker. “Enjoy your stay here.” He handed Mike the ticket and went to park the car.

“Baker?” he asked. “What is a matter?”

Ginny ushered to her dress. “I can’t just walk in there in my wedding dress. It is going to draw attention.”

“It’s a little too late for that, Rookie.” Mike took off his jacket and handed it to her. “Here, put this on.”

Ginny put on the jacket. “Let’s get a room.”

As soon as they entered the hotel lobby, a well dressed man approached them. “Hello I am Douglas; I am a casino host. We got your room already Mr. Lawson, Ms. Baker.”

“We just got here, how?” Ginny stammered.

“That’s great Douglas,” Mike said. “Can this just be between us for the time being? We don’t want to attract the paparazzi.”

Douglas winked at them. “The room complimentary. let me show it to you. Follow me; we have to take a special elevator.”

“Wow! The view of the Strip is great!” Ginny said, looking out on the balcony. “This is awesome.”

Mike tried to hand Douglas a tip. But he waved it off.

“Don’t worry about it, sir.” Douglas smiled.

There was a knock at the door. “We aren’t expecting anyone,” Mike said. “Who can it be?”

Douglas smiled. “Oh, I can guess.”

As soon as he opened the door, a garment rolling rack was wheeled in with wedding dress after wedding dress, dark suit after dark suit, and some street clothes for the both of them. The final was a well dressed armed man followed by a woman carrying some Tiffany blue bags.

They looked stumped at Douglas. He laughed. “You can’t possible get married in the same clothes. Ms. Baker there is the fashion consultant to help you out. Mr. Lawson a tailor is at the ready to alter the suit of your choice. After that you can pick out your rings.”

The fashion consultant whisked Ginny away to the other room, leaving Mike .

“Sir, pick your suit-“ the tailor began.

“I know I am a professional ballplayer but there is no way I can afford on this.” He gestured to everything around the room.

Douglas laughed again. “Mr. Lawson, everything is complimentary. The casino will make hand over fist on this room alone. People would want to stay at the Ginny and Mike room. The clothes are self explanatory; people will buy them to look like you guys on their big day.”

The tailor began to take Mike’s measurements.

“What about the ceremony?” Mike asked. “Where will it be?”

“We took the liberty to set up the pool deck. It would be romantic to get married under the stars.”

While the hairdresser attacked Ginny’s hair, she reached into the bodice of her dress, pulling out her phone. She turned it off for the ceremony. She was curious on how many people tried to leave a message.

She turned it on, waited a second. She had over a hundred text messages and just as many voicemails. She turned off her phone.

Eliot’s phone came to life. He almost spit out his drink. “Her phone is on!” he announced.

“Where are they?” Evelyn demanded as Blip's teammates crowded around their table. “Tell us!”

“Crap! She just turned it off,” Eliot muttered. “But it narrowed her location to... The Las Vegas Strip.”

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Mike and Ginny take Sin City

A/N: Thanks for all the wonderful comments! They gave me some ideas for the update. So, thank you! Yes, I know there is a typo in the title. Guess the keys stuck when I was typing, tried to fix it but I wasn't able to. Been really busy, sorry for the wait!

Chapter 3:

Dressed in his finely tailored suit and tie, Mike looked at the selection of rings that Tiffany's provided. They were absolutely gorgeous He had a hard time trying to pick out the right ones. Most of them didn't seem like Ginny. They were too flashy.

"Sir," Douglas said. "Do you need some assistance?"

"I have been married before but she was the one that chose the rings. I am a total loss here. All I know, these are too flashy for Ginny."

Douglas went through the ring boxes. "Here, I think this should suffice." He handed Mike two of them. "They have a matching wedding band for you, too"

Mike opened the boxed. First was a ladies' wedding band, platinum with small diamonds around it. The engagement ring was made out of platinum as well the center diamond was a cluster of four smaller diamonds making it look like one single diamond. These rings suited Ginny.

"I think these will work," Mike agreed. "Thank you."

"Are you nervous, sir?"

Mike grinned. "Yes. I wasn't when I stopped her other wedding. It was something that I felt I had to do; I couldn't let her marry that guy. But right now... I am terrified."

"That means you found the right one. Your timing could have been a little better but you found the one."

Mike smiled. "I sure did."

There was a knock at the door, Douglas opened it. A hotel security guard was on the other side with another casino host. "It is all set," the host said.

“Mr. Lawson, if you come with me, we can head down to the poolside wedding altar. Everything is set.”

“What about Baker?” Mike wondered.

“We will send her down after you go. You wouldn’t want to see the bride before the wedding, its bad luck,” Douglas stated.

“I think it’s a little late for that,” Mike chuckled.

“Very true sir, but earlier she wasn’t your bride to be yet.”

Mike straightened his tie, handed the ring boxes to Douglas. “Alright, I am ready. Let’s get me married.”

“Very good sir, before we head out I will let the bride know we are ready.”

Back in the bar, Eliot looked at his phone, shocked. “Las Vegas! They are in Las Vegas! “

Evelyn looked at the envelope of money in her hand. “Las Vegas is only an hour plane ride from here. ...“

“Honey?” Blip asked. “What are you thinking?”

She held up the envelope. The winnings from the bet on when Mike was going to stop wedding to Noah. “I think we have enough in here to charter a plane there and back.”

Eliot looked at her dumbfounded. “You really want to do that? If you do, I can get a plane next to nothing. I know people.”

“Do what?” Tommy asked.

“Evelyn wants to charter a plane to Vegas because that is where our Captain took the Run-away-Bride,” Blip explained.

“We are going, right?” Liven asked. “I wouldn’t want to miss seeing Mike and Ginny getting hitched by an Elvis impersonator.”

Al approached the group. “What is this grumbling about heading to Vegas?”

“That’s where Lawson took Baker, Skip,” Tommy explained.

“And why are we still in this bar and not on our way to Vegas?” Al asked. “Let’s go!”

Blip turned to his teammates that were in the bar, “You heard the Skip, let’s go!”

“Vegas baby!” Tommy shouted as they exited the bar.

The hairdresser styled Ginny's hair in an elegant twist. "You look lovely," she told Ginny smiled.

"Thanks," Ginny smiled. "I am kind of off the grid for a moment, but how bad is it?"

The hairdresser chuckled. "Do you really want to know? It's the lead story on almost every newscast this evening. It's the only thing that everyone is talking about now."

"Guess it's a slow news day," Ginny smirked.

"It's big news to say the least. I am surprised that TMZ isn't at every casino hoping that you two would show up."

"You didn't?"

She shook her head. "Nope, the hotel staff is under strict orders not to do so. But in this case 'what happens in Vegas might not stay in Vegas'."

There was a knock at the door. That was their cue that the pool deck was ready.

The makeup artist did one last final touch and added the veil.

"Ready to get married?" the hairdresser asked.

Ginny shrugged off the robe to reveal the wedding dress she chose. "I am. Let's get me married."

The hotel staff out did themselves with such short notice that they gave them. The altar was covered with white Christmas lights and was draped materials what were the Padres colors. There were flowers everywhere. The justice of the peace was chatting with the workers as she adjusted the lights, as a string quartet began to get up.

"Wow," Mike said. "This is great. Ginny is going to love it. It is nothing like the circus earlier today. "

"Thank you, sir. It is surprising what can get done in a short amount of time. Luckily, the staff has some experience with it."

"Oh? Can I ask what happened?"

"Let's just say some famous teeny-bopper musician had a very interesting get together here and only gave us ten minutes notice. It was a miracle that we found a bouncy house at three in the morning. "

"I guess I am better off not knowing who that was."

Douglas checked his phone as he got a text. "The bride to be is on her way down. You will need two witnesses for the ceremony. I offer myself as one and I suspect the hairdresser or makeup artist will be the other."

"Oh, I forgot about that," Mike admitted. "She had a church full of people this morning."

"That was a lifetime ago," Douglas said wisely. "They are a minute out. Are you ready?"

A lump formed in Mike's throat. He couldn't believe it was happening. He was marrying his Rookie. He knew the moment that he slapped her ass on the field this moment was going to happen, he just didn't know it would be so soon.

"Sir?" prompted Douglas. "You are not getting cold feet, are you?"

After what he did this morning, was this guy nuts? "Hell, no!" Mike shouted. "I am ready."

"Good because here is your bride to be."

Mike turned to see Ginny step on the deck. She looked breathtaking, even more so now. Her dress was very similar to the one she wore at the day that night but it was white and a floor length. Her hair was in a French braid.

As soon as the string quartet saw her, they began playing the Wedding March. Ginny made her way towards Mike.

"You look stunning," he breathed as she reached him.

"You don't look so bad yourself, Old Man," she teased.

Douglas cleared his throat, handing Mike one of the boxes. Mike opened to reveal the engagement ring.

"I guess I have to give this to you first. We are doing things out of order a bit." He took the ring out, placing it on her finger. "Sorry babe, I am not getting on one knee. It's not I don't want to; I am afraid that I couldn't get back up. So what do say? I mean this is a lot more romantic than in my car in the desert."

"Will you marry me?"

"Yes, I will marry you," Ginny answered.

"If I were to be so bold, now that's all squared away, I think we are ready to begin," Douglas said

"That's my cue," the minister smiled. "Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today to join this man and woman in holy matrimony. If I were to believe what I saw on TV and heard on the radio, your journey here is quite interesting."

"To say the least," Mike smiled.

“But you two are here; ready to start the new phase of your lives together...”

Douglas glanced at his cell phone as he got a text. He quickly glanced at the message, smiled as he sent his reply. He couldn't have planned it better himself.

“Do you want to go with the traditional vows? I don't think you two had a chance to write your own,” the minister asked.

“Actually I have thought of a few things to say,” Ginny spoke up. “It was a long drive here.”

“Me too,” Mike added, taking Ginny's hands in his. “You can go first, Ginny.”

“First of all I want to say how surreal it was actually playing ball with you. As a teenager I had your poster in my bedroom above my bed, I had this huge dream that one day I would be the first female in the Major League baseball and the bigger dream playing ball with you. Those dreams came true. I just can't believe I am standing here with you. You were my rock during those first few weeks. Your motivational speeches were a bit cheesy at times but they worked. We found our rhythm... on the field. Off the field, that took a bit longer. But, again we found our rhythm. I can't wait to marry you. I can't wait to be your wife”

Her vows brought tears to his eyes. He wasn't this emotional when he married Rachel.

“Rookie, er Baker- Ginny,” Mike stuttered. “That day you walked in the locker room, I felt I was struck by lightning. At first I thought it was annoyance for taking someone under my wing but after a talk with Blip, he said you were my legacy. At first I just thought he meant on the field. He knew, Ginny. Way back when he knew. He knew that you weren't meant for me on and off the field. I just didn't see it until I almost lost you. I would be so honored that you will call me your husband for the rest of our lives. I love you, Ginny.”

He brought her hand to his lips kissing it.

“Who would have thunk that Mike was so poetic?” Blip's voice called out.

“That was heartfelt, I actually teared up,” Livian said, pretending to wipe a tear away as so of their teammates did the same.

Ginny and Mike turned to see their teammates had joined them in Sin City.

“What are you doing here?” Mike muttered.

“You think that you two would get married without us?” Evelyn asked. “Besides, Eliot had the family locator ping you. It was a short flight. So carry on, get married.”

They turned back to the minister. “Do you Mike Lawson take Virginia-Ginny Baker as your lawfully wedded wife?”

“I do.” Mike slipped on Ginny's wedding ring.

“Ginny, do you take Mike Lawson as your lawfully wedded husband?”

“I do.” Ginny placed Mike's wedding band on his finger.

“By the powers invested in me and the state of Nevada, I pronounce you husband and wife.
...”

Mike didn't even give the minister the chance to finish, Mike pulled his new bride into a passionate kiss as their teammates cheered, raining flower petals down on them.
It was a start to their new life together.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Party Down!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

A/N: Sorry for the wait, as much as we hoped to have a season 2, (crying) I hope this can help.

Chapter 4:

After Ginny and Mike were married, they had their reception poolside with their teammates. A few of them jumped fully clothed in the pool. The string quartet still played music.

“You know, I am really happy,” Mike said to his new bride. “Did I apologize for me being so dramatic earlier?”

“Wait, Ginny got Mike to apologize for something and you two only been married for five minutes?” Blip asked. “Wow.”

“Papi, man that was some balls you had, stopping her wedding to the geek!” Liven explained, coming up to them dripping wet from his dip in the pool. “Mami, I would hug you to congratulate you but I don’t wait to get your dress all wet and Mike will most definitely punch me.”

“Hands off my wife!” Mike said. “And the only one that smacks her ass on and off the field is me! Everyone got it?!?”

Everyone reluctantly agreed to Mike’s statement.

“Can I steal the bride for a moment?” Evelyn asked. “I will get her back to you as soon as I can.”

Evelyn led Ginny to one of the cabanas that were on the edge of the pool deck. She hugged her. “Wow, you had the most eventful day to say the least, you started off the day about to marry one guy then you married someone else. How are you doing?”

“I am still a little shocked,” Ginny admitted. “I don’t think I’m sunk in yet.”

“Well, I managed to snag one of tomorrow’s paper. It’s Vegas’ local paper but still it is front page news nonetheless, and it is safe to assume that papers around the country and even the world might have the same headlines.”

She held up a copy of Las Vegas Review Journal, sure enough there was a picture of Mike carrying Ginny out of the church wedding back in California with the headline: The Words Heard Around the World, Pitcher Runs off with Catcher.

Ginny snatched the paper from her. “Oh man, Oscar is going to have a fit.”

“Is that all you have to say, ‘Oscar is going to have a fit’?!?” Evelyn demanded. “Seriously?”

Ginny changed the subject instead of answering. “How did you guys get here so fast? It took us four hours.”

Evelyn smiled. “We didn’t drive; we took a private plane with the money that was in the kitty from when everyone thought Mike was going to stop the wedding.”

“You guys bet this was going to happen?” Ginny asked, astonished. “I didn’t think it was going to happen.”

“Deep down you did. You called Mike to ask him to give you a reason not to marry Noah. He did, a little late and with a flair for the dramatic but he did.”

“But the bet?” Ginny asked.

“From the players to their wives to the groundskeepers to even the batboys all contributed,” Evelyn said. “It is safe to say that we all knew before you and Mike knew.”

“Were we really that blind?” Ginny asked.

“Blind as a bat,” Evelyn answered. “But now that you can see, what happens now?”

“So Romeo, what do you want me to tell the big guys in the office?” Al asked Mike coming up to them. “Oscar says he has a press conference first thing in the morning.”

“I have no clue, but I am sure you can come up with something,” Mike smiled. “That’s why you play the big bucks?”

Al held up his hands. “I have no clue what to even say to that...” he stammered. “Oscar is so going to kill me.”

“But you are with your team in Vegas,” Liven said. “Poor Oscar, want me to break the news to him?”

Al handed Liven his phone. “Sure, that’s at least ten years back on my life. I was dreading how to tell him I wasn’t going to be there. I am glad I am not, I have no idea what to say to

the media.”

Liven held up a finger. “Shhh, it’s ringing...”

“Talk to him in English so we know what you are saying,” Tommy said, coming up to them dripping wet.

“Did you just jump into the pool?” Al asked him. “Fully clothed?”

Tommy shrugged. “Why not? It was fun?”

“Hello, Oscar, yes, I know what time it is,” Liven said. “Why am I calling from the Skip’s phone? That mi amigo, is a very interesting story. Let’s start off saying that the Skip won’t be there in the morning. Where is he? He is with us in Las Vegas. ”

Liven covered the mouth piece. “Man, he is pissed! He is cussing in two languages!” he chuckled. “Oscar! Here is something you can tell the reporters to get off your case for a bit... we are at Mike and Mami’s reception. They got married.”

Liven held the phone at arm’s length. They could hear Oscar yelling. “Wow, he is really pissed now.”

Tommy snatched the phone from Liven. “Hey Oscar, it’s Miller. Yup, it’s true. Ginny and Mike are married; we all witnessed it. Mike? Yeah he’s here, you want to talk to him at his wedding reception?”

Mike waved the phone off. “I don’t want to talk to Oscar, right now. I will deal with him later. Much later, much later as in when Spring Training starts. ”

“Yeah, he’s busy, having his first dance with his blushing bride. Yeah, we will see you when he gets back in town.” Tommy hung up and handed the phone back to Al. “He is totally freaking out. We need to watch the press conference in the morning and have some popcorn ready.”

Al smiled and rubbed his hands together. “That I want to see, too.”

Mike clapped his hands. “I hate to bail on you boys but I need to find my bride and have my first dance with her.”

He found Ginny in the cabana with Evelyn. “There is my beautiful bride, dance with me?” He held out his hand.

Ginny took his hand. “Of course, my hubby.”

Mike grinned. “I like the sound of that. Come on let’s dance.”

They made their way to the dance floor; the quartet began to play an instrumental version of Train’s of Marry Me.

“What a day, huh?” he asked Ginny. “I am so happy.”

“Me too,” Ginny beamed. “Evelyn showed me a copy of tomorrow’s paper; apparently we are front page news even out here.”

“Babe,” he began then he dipped her. “We are going to be front page news everywhere for a long, long time.”

“Bring it on,” Ginny smiled then she kissed her husband .

Eliot approached Evelyn and Blip as they watched the newlyweds dance. He was intently texting on his phone. “This is nuts, very nuts. I have interview requests from like ten countries and counting a few of them I never heard of. ”

Evelyn snatched the phone from his hands.

“Hey!” Eliot exclaimed, reaching for his phone but, Evelyn held it high above her head. “I need that! I have so much work to do!”

“Eliot, take a deep breath, count to ten, and take a look around. This is a party. You need to loosen up and have some fun. We are in Las Vegas after all,” Blip ordered.

“Yeah, calm down or the phone gets it,” Evelyn said. “I am sure one of the guys can hit the pool from over here.”

“Okay! I will take a break! Just don’t do anything to my phone! It took me forever to get to get level 350 on Candy Crush,” Eliot begged.

“Okay, but you are not getting the phone back until morning... breakfast to be exact.” Evelyn placed the phone in her handbag.

“Dude, we are in Vegas,” Blip said. “There is a blackjack table down in the casino with your name on it.”

For the first time Eliot finally noticed his surroundings. “So, the hotel did all this on short notice? Wonder what it would be like if they had proper notice.”

“You know what?” Evelyn asked as Mike and Ginny danced. “I don’t think they would have cared. This wedding perfect, not like the over the top one with Noah.”

“It’s more like Ginny,” Eliot finished. “She sure does look happy doesn’t she?”

“I hate to burst the bubble,” Blip began. “But we need to think about how the front office is going to react. If it was like the call the Skip had, it is not going to be pretty tomorrow. The press is going to eat Oscar alive tomorrow.”

There was an evil glint in his eyes. Evelyn giggled. “I bet the press conference will be carried live at the Sports Book.”

“Wonder if we can get the hotel to pop us a ton of popcorn so we could watch,” Eliot said.

Chapter End Notes

Just some questions:

How much of a circus should the press conference be?

Most importantly, who wants a wedding night?

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

The reception continues

Chapter Notes

Again sorry for the wait! Read and review.

A/N: Again, thank you for all the comments!. Sorry for the wait, life happens sometimes.

Chapter 5:

After Ginny and Mike danced their first dance as husband and wife, the Skip cut in to do the father/daughter dance since Ginny's father had passed. Mike went back to Blip and his teammates were.

"What a day, huh?" he asked Blip. "And how did you guys know we were here?"

Eliot timidly raised his hand. "I have Ginny on find my family app. It was pretty easy."

Mike took a glass of champagne from a passing waiter. "And how did you figure out what hotel we were at?"

"Some people saw you two in the lobby and posted some pictures, it wasn't too hard to figure out," Eliot explained. "Just be careful, this place will be crawling with paparazzi soon."

"So this press conference Oscar is having is a few hours away and Ginny and I drove here, too bad we can't be a part of it. I would be over if we drove back."

"We still have the plane," Blip said. "Evelyn and I could drive your car back if you want to get back to town in the morning."

Mike shook his head. "Dude, it's my wedding night... I don't want to think about the press conference in the morning." He trailed off. "It's my wedding night."

"You just said that," Eliot said.

"Yeah," Blip agreed. "Are you getting senile in your old age, Mike?"

Livan smiled. "I know where Mike is going with this. Your first kiss as a couple just happened, right?"

"Well..." Mike began. "We did almost have a moment once."

"What!" Livan exclaimed. "You and Mami had a moment and you didn't tell us? When?"

"Nothing happened," Mike clarified. "There was just a moment that got interrupted by an ill-timed phone call."

"This is where I leave," Blip said. "Ginny is like a little sister to me. I need to find my wife and take a spin on the dance floor."

Blip went off to find Evelyn.

"So..." Livan began after Blip was out of sight. "What happened with Mami?"

"Nothing," Mike said firmly.

"But something happened," Livan pointed out. "It had to been something that caused you to stop her wedding to Geek Boy."

"Do you want me to say that the only person I could picture her marrying was me?" Mike asked.

Livan smiled. "I knew it!" He smacked Mike's shoulder. "Have fun tonight, Old Man. But not too much fun, spring training is coming up. I don't want you on the DL before the season even starts. I don't want to break in a new catcher and neither does Ginny."

"Ha," Mike said. "Nice crack on our age difference."

"She could always trade you in for a younger catcher," Livan kidded wiggling his eyebrows. "I could offer my services, you know."

Mike laughed. "Lay off the heavy flirting when I am in the room, okay? I don't want to mess up that pretty face of yours."

"Just a word of warning, if you hurt Mami in any way, I will end you," Livan promised. "Are we clear?"

Like Mike, Livan was protective of Ginny. He was sure that Blip would be the same way with him.

"I promise I won't hurt Ginny. If I do, you are more than welcome to kick my ass."

"There might be a huge line for that," Tommy commented as he went up to them. "And don't get into any fights before a game; we don't want it to affect her. She might cause a few bench clearing brawls just to get back at you."

"On that note, I need to find my bride," Mike said as he drained the last of this drink. "You two have fun."

“We have an open bar and lots of snacks and we got that huge cake,” Tommy asked. “I think we will be okay.”

Mike found Ginny dancing with another of their teammates -Sonny. “I am going to steal my bride back, go eat some cake.”

Sonny smiled. “Oh course, Captain. Besides, that cake will probably taste better than the other one; it was a bit dry.”

“You ate the other cake?” Ginny asked, appalled.

He shrugged. “We took it back to the bar. We weren’t going to let a perfectly good cake go to waste. You two have fun; don’t do anything I wouldn’t do.”

“So Mrs. Lawson, how about we have a dance before we head back up to the honeymoon suite?” Mike wrapped his arms around her.

Ginny’s heart skipped a beat when he referred her using his last name. “Mrs. Lawson, huh? I think I like it. Imagine all the confusion might happen with the announcers, Lawson on the mound and Lawson behind home plate?”

Mike chuckled. “True but it would be history making there never been a husband and wife playing on the same team. You could hyphenate Baker-Lawson, it might not fit on the uniform but I think they could work on it.”

“We will cross that bridge when we come to it,” Ginny said.

“We should blow this Popsicle stand and head back to our room and get our wedding night started.” He wiggled his eyebrows suggestively.

“We still have to have the bouquet and garter toss,” Ginny pointed out. “It’s tradition.”

“Since the only woman here is also married that means one of the guys gets both of them,” Mike stated.

“Livan,” they said together.

“Huh?” Livan asked as he passed by with an overflowing plate of food.

Mike reached up, snatched the garter off Ginny’s leg and placed in Livan’s front jacket pocket. Ginny tucked the bouquet of flowers in the crook of his arm. “Enjoy!” she stated.

“Guys!” Mike called out. “Thanks for coming out and my new bride and myself are calling it a night! See ya later!”

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

The morning after....

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

A/N: Sorry for the wait! That 30 second video got me in the mood for a little update.

Chapter 6:

“Alone at last,” Mike said as carried Ginny over the threshold of their suite.

He set her down to shut the door behind them and locking it behind them. “That was a surprise seeing all out teammates showing up like they did. But I am glad they did, they were all dressed up for the other one. I must have been Evelyn’s idea. ”

“I wouldn’t put anything past Evelyn when she puts her mind to it,” Ginny stated. “She would have tried to plan something if given the chance.”

“Let’s stop talking about Evelyn.” Mike walked over to his new bride, kissing her softly. “What do you say that we get on with the wedding night festivities? “

Ginny loosened his bow tie and helped him out of his tuxedo jacket, it fell to the floor. Mike swept up Ginny in his arms. “Let’s finally enjoy our wedding night Mrs. Baker- Lawson .”

The next morning Oscar sat alone in his office trying to write the team’s statement. He arrived there bright and early in the morning. Spread out in front of him on his desk was a number of newspapers all with various headline on the front page but all had the same theme, Mike running off with the bride at her own wedding.

The plasma TV mounted on the wall in his office was set to a sports channel but Mike’s antics were also the lead story. Apparently someone send them cell phone video of Mike carrying Ginny out of the church and running to his car.

“We will be live at the Padres news conference set at nine am this morning,” the anchor stated. “Where we hope to be filled in-“

Oscar groaned and changed the channel to only find the same story on it. He finally shut off the TV just as Amelia entered the office with tablet in hand.

“Oh, thank God,” he muttered when he saw her. “Do you know where Ginny and Mike are? Livan called me late last night or very early this morning saying that they were all in Vegas

and probably won't show up for the new conference. Apparently Mike and Ginny got married, is that true?"

"The news is out." Amelia handed him her tablet. "Some website just posted a copy of their marriage license. They are indeed man and wife."

Oscar felt his blood pressure rise. "The chance if any of them showing up to this press conference--"

"Mike and Ginny?" Amelia snorted. "Slim to none. My sources stated that they are still in Nevada. The rest of the team..."

"How did all of them get there?"

"Mike and Ginny drove. The rest of the team chartered a plane. Eliot was actually there and filled me in on a few details. "

She checked her phone. "I just got a voicemail from Eliot. He did say too much since the plan literally just took off and they will be here soon. He can't guarantee how coherent the team would be. They were celebrating to the wee hours in the morning, his words not mine. Nobody got much sleep. "

Oscar leaned back in his chair. "When I took this job, I never would have thought I would be here commenting on a players' wedding. Fights in the locker room and on the field yes, weddings no. This office has been fielding calls from news outlets from all over the world."

Amelia smiled. "Again my client put this team on the map. Is it too early to do some salary negotiations? The home opener is sold out and the rest of the season is as well. You should see what the spring training tickets are going for on the black market right now."

"How could you possibly know that? I didn't even know that until now."

"I have great sources," Amelia stated. "So how about the raise then, Oscar, I think Ginny deserves one. "

"Can I ask you a question?" Oscar asked instead.

"Shoot."

"Why didn't you go to Vegas with Eliot and the rest of the team? I am sure it would have been a blast; you could have caught the bouquet."

"What and miss all this fun?" Amelia scoffed. "I was working on writing a statement the moment the church doors closed after them."

Oscar sat up straight. "You have? Can I take a look at it? I have been working on mine since sunup and all I got is: 'The organization does not comment on the personal lives of our players'."

“Good start, check out what I have prepared on my tablet. The file is called Red Alert.”

Oscar scrolled until he found the document. A slow smile spread across his face. “This is pretty good. Much better than anything I could ever come up with. Can I use it?”

Amelia nodded. “Go ahead, I figured that you would need it.”

“Thank you,” Oscar sighed. “That is one less thing I need to worry about.” He glanced at the clock. “The press conference is less than thirty minutes. I am so not looking forward to that one bit”

The smell of fresh coffee and bacon greeted Ginny when she woke up. Mike wearing only a white bathrobe came in the bedroom wheeling in a room service cart. “Good morning, Mrs. Baker-Lawson,” he greeted. “How did you sleep?”

Ginny stretched and sat up. “I really don’t recall that we got much sleep last night or this morning. How are you feeling, Old Man?”

Mike had a wicked glint in eye. “I could use a soak in the really big bathtub with my bride.”

Ginny gestured to the cart. “When did you order breakfast?”

Mike shrugged. “I didn’t really. I called down and they already had everything ready. It is complements of the hotel. “

Ginny slipped on her own robe and patted over to Mike . She lifted one of dome lids. “My favorite.”

Mike began to look for the remote control. “I bet the team press conference is starting soon. Wanna watch it?”

Ginny took a bite of her bacon. “I would love to. I want to see Oscar try to get through it. It should be interesting.”

Mike found the remote and turned it to the sport channel. : “It should be entertaining, I checked my phone. Blip texted me, the plane just landed and everyone is heading over there now.”

“Everyone?”

“Everyone,” Mike echoed.

“And Oscar has no idea?”

Mike nodded. “Yup.”

Ginny settled back in the bed with her breakfast plate in her lap. “Turn up the volume and get back in bed. This is going to be fun!”

Chapter End Notes

I could use some crazy antics that players could do at the press conference!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!