

# Rainbow Ball

By Rubius

Submitted: July 21, 2009

Updated: July 21, 2009

*Thank you Mizy for the inspirational pics:*

<http://www.fanart-central.net/pic-760817.html>

<http://www.fanart-central.net/pic-759275.html>

*Check out Mizy's artwork:*

<http://www.fanart-central.net/profile-MizyMiyajima.php>

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Rubius/56828/Rainbow-Ball>

# 1 - Rainbow Ball

## RAINBOW BALL[br]

[br]

“Why do we have to do this?” the rose eyed boy asked to no one in particular.[br]

“Because it is our birthday, and mother’s charity ball, and everyone is waiting for us,” the young boy’s sister responded as she winked a violet eye at him.[br]

“No, Renee,” the boy grumped as he adjusted his yellow tie, “everyone is waiting for you and mother.”[br]

“That’s not true Ryan,” Renee huffed in her cute little way, “people like you as much as they like me.”[br]

Ryan sighed, he knew the moment he yawned and stretched this morning that he was going to hate today. Then again he hated this day every year. It wasn’t the fact that it was his birthday that he hated it, it wasn’t the fact that he shared a birthday with his twin sister, it wasn’t even the fact that it seemed to rain every morning on this day, no Ryan hated this because this was the day that, ten years ago, his mother started her Rainbow Foundation.[br]

On Ryan and Renee’s fifth birthday their father decided to “come out of the closet” as his mother had put it. Now most women would have been furious, or at the very least upset, but no, not Ryan’s mother. Ryan’s mother was a...how did Renee put it?...professional charity worker. When mother heard that her husband was gay she got really excited, because now she had another reason to hold a fundraiser.[br]

“Yippee,” Ryan sighed as he twirled the rainbow bangs his mother had given him this morning.[br]

“Oh, Ryan,” Renee giggled as her reflection joined his in the mirror, “you always pout about your hair.”[br]

“No,” Ryan grumbled, “I’m just frustrated that every year, for the last ten years all of my birthday pictures show me with rainbow hair.”[br]

“But I thought you liked rainbows,” Renee teased with a giggle.[br]

Ryan shot her half a dirty look. Earlier this year Ryan had confided in his sister that he liked boys. She had giggled and tittered, but Ryan made her swear not to tell his mother. The last thing Ryan wanted was for his mother to find out and parade him up and down at these parties singing the glories of having a gay son.[br]

Ryan shuddered at the thought.[br]

A light knock at the door silenced Ryan’s thoughts.[br]

“Are my little rainbow darlings ready?” Ryan’s mother’s voice sang through the carved oak doors,

“The guests will be arriving shortly.”[br]

“We’ll be ready,” the two children choired in unison.[br]

[br]

The clock struck ten on the grandfather clock at the top of the stair case; below the chattering of party guests blurred and mingled with the clinking of glasses and the soft melodies of flutes and violins. Two jewel eyed teens stood at the top of the stairs awaiting their entrance; one with excitement the other with dread.[br]

“Again I ask; why are we doing this?” Ryan sighed as he grabbed his martini glass filled with grape juice.[br]

“Ryan, try and be cheery,” Renee said with a smile, “Today we turn 16, today we are one step closer to being adults, today we have access to the mansion archives, today is a very special day for both of us.”[br]

Ryan looked at his sister and smiled weakly.[br]

“Happy now?” he said, the frown falling back onto his face.[br]

Renee playfully slapped her brother’s shoulder with the ruffle of her baby blue dress. She looked at him with her violet eyes and smiled warmly.[br]

Ryan lowered his eyes and stared into his drink. His thoughts drifted to the young woman standing next to him. Ryan knew that Renee deserved all the attention she received. She was kind, compassionate, and generous. Ryan, on the other hand, was shy, quiet, and truth be told not too fond of people. Ryan often felt like coal next to a diamond when he and his sister were placed side by side.[br]

“*She deserves everything that’s coming to her,*” Ryan thought, “*The money, the archives, the birthright.*”[br]

He looked over at his sister. She looked back into his light ruby eyes and smiled a charming smile and did an adorable little curtsy. Ryan couldn’t help but smile back.[br]

“*Yeah, she definitely deserves this and more.*”[br]

“What are you thinking?” Renee inquired.[br]

“Nothing much,” Ryan lied.[br]

“Liar,” Renee accused as she wrapped her arms around Ryan’s drink-free arm.[br]

“I’m just thinking like a spoiled little rich kid,” Ryan said as he attempted, and failed, to pull his arm from his sister.[br]

“What do you mean?”[br]

“I want you to have the family archive,” Ryan said bluntly, “you deserve it more than I do.”[br]

Renee released Ryan’s arm, told a step back, and stamped a dainty foot.[br]

“Ryan Ruby Bow,” she scowled, “that archive is just as much yours as it is mine. All the knowledge of our family and our ancestors belongs to both of us. Just because you’re having a little snit about rainbow hair and wearing a little green suit doesn’t mean you can just blow off your responsibilities to your family.”[br]

“Hey, what’s wrong with my green suit?” Ryan asked as he examined his clothes, “I like my green suit.”[br]

“Ryan!” Renee exclaimed more hurt than angry.[br]

“Okay, okay,” Ryan said almost apologetically, “I didn’t know it was going to upset you so much.”[br]

“I’m sorry,” Renee said wiping the begins of a tear from her eye, “this is just really important to me, and it should be to you too. We have a responsibility to learn and guard the knowledge of the Bow family, and I don’t think I can handle it if you aren’t with me.”[br]

“I’m sorry, Renee,” Ryan said gripping his drink firmly, “It’s just this day, every year for the last ten years. I’m just so frustrated.”[br]

“Maybe this year it will be better.” Renee smiled sweetly.[br]

Ryan sighed.[br]

“Okay,” Renee smiled, “No more troublesome stuff.”[br]

“You mean the parties over?” Ryan said with a sly smile.[br]

“No,” Renee smirked as she swung another ruffled sleeve at her brother’s shoulder, “I mean, it is our sixteenth birthday, and Daddy told me that it is a Bow family tradition to make a wish on one’s sixteenth birthday.”[br]

“I wish this drink was stronger,” Ryan said teasingly before sipping his grape juice, “darn it didn’t

work.”[br]

Renee rolled her amethyst colored eyes before focusing them on her brother’s face.[br]

“I mean a real wish,”[br]

Ryan shut his eyes and thought about a wish. He didn’t know what to wish for. He wanted to wish for this day to be over and never to return, but why deny Renee her birthday? He already had wealth, when he turned 21 he would have partial power of the estate his grandfather left him, after tonight he and his sister would have access to the knowledge of the family archives, what was there to wish for? Then he thought of love, maybe he could wish for someone to love him? No, that seemed selfish. Then he knew what his wish would be.[br]

“*Renee, I wish you the best life has to offer.*”[br]

He opened his eyes slowly and noticed that his sister was doing the same.[br]

“So what did you wish for?” Renee asked excitedly.[br]

“INTRODUCING THE LORD AND LADY OF THE HOUR, THE RAINBOW TWINS OF GEMSTONE MANOR, HEIRS TO THE BOW FAMILY ARCHIVES, RYAN AND RENEE BOW,” boomed a voice from the foot of the stairs.[br]

“Oh, that’s our cue,” Renee squealed as she hooked one arm to Ryan’s and elegantly elevated her skirt.[br]

“*Oh thank, goodness,*” Ryan thought, relieved he didn’t have to reveal his wish.[br]

As the two descended the staircase Ryan leaned over and whispered to his sister,[br]

“I still wish this drink was stronger.”[br]

Renee giggled all the way to the bottom of the staircase and both children genuflected to the applause of the delighted crowd.[br]

“See now that wasn’t so bad,” Renee whispered to her brother.[br]

Ryan gave a low grunt and swirled his grape juice.[br]

[br]

[br]

[br]

The clock chimed eleven.[br]

“I’m late,” exclaimed a tall brunette as he ran through the dark grove, “Why am I always late?”[br]

The young man stumbled as he tried not to drop the precious gifts he carried. His multicolored bangs swept across his brow as he made his way towards a glow he could see just beyond the next hill.[br]

It was dark and chilly in the wooded grove next to the Gemstone Manor but it was the fastest way to the mansion and this young man needed speed.[br]

“I can hear my mother now,” the young man huffed to himself as he took a breather, “Lance, you’re always late; always running behind. You’re a twenty-one year old apprentice magician and still you can’t be responsible enough to make it anywhere on time.”[br]

Lance narrowed his eyes and bit his lower lip; he was not looking forward to his mother’s nagging. But there was no need to worry about that now; he had more important things to worry about than his mother.[br]

Lance once again trotted up the hill towards the glow of lights he could see over the hill. He was careful not to trip over the twisting roots that wove throughout the soft dirt of the grove; lest he trip and drop the birthday gifts he was carrying.[br]

The gifts were simple items; an enchanted teddy bear that could walk, talk, sing, dance, and respond like a pet, the other looked like an ordinary clock but this clock would show its owner the past. It was a tricky bit of magic on Lance’s part, but he knew the enchantment would be well worth the effort.[br]

Lance made it to the top of the hill and gazed down at the large mansion resting peacefully in the valley below. Lance smiled at the memories of passed parties he had attended. He had never been late to

those parties, but in those days he had come with his mother and father.[br]

“Now all I have to do is get down this hill without dropping anything,” Lance said to the gifts.[br]

The clock was no problem; he could handle that, but the bear, the bear had a tendency to fidget.[br]

“*Why didn't I put the bear in a box?*” Lance sighed.[br]

“Okay here we go,” Lance said taking a breath.[br]

But before he could start the bear spoke,[br]

“Look,” the tiny teddy murmured as it pointed a paw towards the sky.[br]

Lance looked up and watched a silver star streak across the sky. His mother had taught him that shooting stars were lucky and should be seen as a good omen. Lance sighed and brushed his red vest before starting down the hill. He hoped his mother was right about shooting stars.[br]

[br]

[br]

[br]

Ryan glanced over at his sister, again. She sat on a plush red velvet sofa and giggled while a group of young men said and did almost anything to gain her attention. Ryan quickly looked over at his mother. She too was having a good time entertain a group of men; talking about money, and charities, and all the good that she and her organizations were doing.[br]

Ryan sighed. He wasn't cut out for this kind of life. He longed for a private life one where he could be himself and not have all this, this...pressure. Ryan sighed again, this just wasn't his style.[br]

Ryan took to wandering around the parameter of the party, returning waves and greetings as he passed people; he wasn't a snob. Ryan made his way to the two tables of gifts; one for him and one for his sister. At least this was one thing he liked about this day; the presents that always piled higher than he stood.[br]

Ryan walked to his table of gifts but stopped at his sister's table. He was intrigued by a little teddy bear sitting on top of one of the other gifts. It seemed odd to him that someone would bring a teddy bear to a sixteen-year-old's birthday party.[br]

“Hi!” the little bear exclaimed as it waved at Ryan.[br]

Ryan let out an audible yelp of surprise and tumbled backwards into the person standing behind him.

The two bodies tumbled to the floor to the shock and gasps of the surrounding party guests.[br]

“Lance what have you done now?” Ryan heard a woman shriek.[br]

“I'm, I'm so sorry,” Ryan stammered as he dusted off his suit, “the bear, uhm, the bear startled me. I didn't, know it could talk.”[br]

“Oh that's alright,” said the young man, as he rose and smoothed his pant legs.[br]

“Well, Lance, help the poor boy off the floor,” Ryan heard the same woman shriek.[br]

The young man extended his hand towards Ryan and the smaller boy looked at his would be helper. The two of them froze as they looked into each other's eyes. Ryan's light pink eyes met Lance's dark rich coffee colored eyes; the two of them blushed in awkward silence.[br]

“Are you going to help him or not?” the woman demanded.[br]

“Yes, yes of course,” Lance said gripping Ryan's smaller hand.[br]

The two stood looking at each other for a moment longer before Lance spoke,[br]

“Hi, I'm, Lance.”[br]

“I'm Ryan,” Ryan responded slowly.[br]

“I, I know,” Lance said his blush deepening, “everyone knows you.”[br]

“Really?” Ryan asked cocking an eyebrow.[br]

“Uhm, yeah,” Lance said nervously, “uh, would you like some punch?”[br]

“Sure,” Ryan said as he followed Lance to the refreshment table.[br]

Fresh drinks in hand the two boys stood by the balcony entrance and sipped their punch in silence. Each

one stealing a glance at the other when they thought no one else was looking.[br]

“Uhm, I like your hair,” Lance said nervously.[br]

“Ugh, I hate it,” Ryan retorted, “my mother makes me dye it like this every year for this stupid party.”[br]

“Oh,” Lance mumble awkwardly, “I still think it looks nice.”[br]

“What about you?” Ryan asked with a side-long glance at Lance’s rainbow bangs.[br]

“Well, it is the Rainbow Foundation’s annual Rainbow Ball; I thought it would be appropriate.” Lance grinned.[br]

They stood in silence once more.[br]

“So, uhm, what did you mean when you said everyone knows me?” Ryan asked with a blush, “My mother and sister are the social butterflies.”[br]

“Well, people hear a lot about you from your mom.” Lance responded after sipping his punch, “She goes on and on about how wonderful you are. And there are people here that watch you too; you have quite a group of admirers.”[br]

Ryan looked up at Lance.[br]

“You liar,” Ryan laughed.[br]

“I am not lying,” Lance said with false offense, “the people of our village have heard all about how kind you are to your sister, how you help your mother with her fund raisers, and all the other wonderful things you do.”[br]

“Do they also hear about the times I’ve locked myself in my room to avoid going to fund raisers, or how much I don’t want to live in this mansion surrounded only by the people my mother wants me to see, or perhaps that I would give anything to not be a member of the Bow family and have a life that is all my own!?”[br]

Ryan was crying now, he wasn’t sure why, but he was. He slammed his drink down on the table and hastily exited onto the balcony. He stood alone and let the warm tears trickled down his cheeks.[br]

“I’m so stupid,” he muttered to himself, “so selfish and stupid.”[br]

“I don’t think you’re either,” came Lance’s voice from behind the trembling young man.[br]

Ryan quickly dried his remaining tears and turned around to face Lance.[br]

“I’m sorry,” Ryan said quickly, “this day just always frustrates me.”[br]

“It’s alright, Ryan,” Lance said as he sat down and motioned for Ryan to join him.[br]

Ryan hesitated then silently walked over and took a seat next to Lance. The bench they shared was a small one and their legs brushed gently against each other. Ryan could feel the blush rising to his cheek. He looked over and saw the same blush growing on Lance’s handsome face.[br]

“Ryan, I know what it is like to grow up, wanting something you feel is just out of your reach.”[br]

“How could you possibly know?” Ryan huffed a slight sneer in his voice, “I know about you too, Lance James Caster. You’re the magical prodigy of our village. You discovered your powers at age five, became an apprentice at the unheard of age of ten, and have studied abroad with more wizards and witches than most people meet in a life time.”[br]

Lance lowered his gaze.[br]

“How then,” Ryan continued, “with all this power, knowledge, and freedom could you possibly know how I feel?”[br]

Lance looked directly into Ryan’s angry glowing eyes.[br]

“Because, Ryan, I have watched you grow for the last ten years,” Lance started his words catching in his throat, “I have watched you grow into a beautiful and wonderful young man. And every year, I hope and pray that I find the courage to talk to you, to tell you how I feel.”[br]

Lance turned his gaze from those intense pink eyes, those beautiful pink eyes, the pink eyes of his heart’s desire.[br]

“Lance?” Ryan’s voice seemed far away.[br]

Lance did not respond, he simply stood and remained silent.[br]

“I’m sorry,” Lance whispered before turning to leave.[br]

Two soft hands grasped Lance’s hand and pulled him back towards the bench. Lance turned and was once again faced with those striking pink eyes.[br]

“You’ve been watching me?” Ryan inquired with a slight squeak in his voice.[br]

“Since you were six,” Lance nodded, “it was the first time I had been invited into your home. I saw you and you were so cute, so rambunctious, but kind and gentle. I was smitten with you that day and have been dreaming of a day when we could be together.”[br]

Lance lowered his gaze.[br]

“But for all my power, all my knowledge, all my magic I can’t have the one thing I truly want.”[br]

Ryan bit his lower lip and placed his hands in Lance’s.[br]

“And what is it that you want?” Ryan asked timidly; certain he already knew the answer.[br]

Lance fell into those beautiful eyes once more.[br]

“You.”[br]

Lance leaned towards Ryan. He could feel the excited breath of the shorter boy; he could smell the cool scent of mint and fruit passing the lips he wished to taste. His lips brushed softly against his desire’s pale lips; no resistance. He swallowed what was left of his fears and pressed his lips against the supple lips in front of him. Lance felt Ryan’s hands leave his own and sighed pleasantly as he felt Ryan’s arms embrace the back of his neck. Lance wrapped his arms around Ryan’s waist and pulled the younger man closer to him.[br]

The two of them became lost in their kiss. The pressed lips soon became an entanglement of tongues. Their curious and timid whimpers turned into the blissful moanings of two young men in love. All too soon this passionate moment was ended and the one body became two again.[br]

“Ryan, I...” Lance began.[br]

Ryan pressed a finger against Lance’s lips.[br]

“Me too, Lance, me too...”[br]

The two boys smiled at each other.[br]

“Oh, Ryan this is so wonderful,” came a joyful yell from the balcony entrance.[br]

“Lady Bow!” Lance exclaimed as he looked towards the entrance of the balcony.[br]

“Mom!?” Ryan yelled.[br]

Lady Bow smiled and squealed with girlish delight as a crowd began to gather at the balcony’s entrance.[br]

“Oh, crap,” was all Ryan could think to say as his newfound love held him gently under a shower of shooting stars.[br]

[br]

[br]