

Always the same

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Ray's younger brother has to come to terms with the fact that he falls in love so quickly with a man that will never love him back.

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Chapter 1 - Aerostatic Artistic School of Music

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1 - Aerostatic Artistic School of Music

Okay, HI! This is my ...third? Is it my third? Yeah, third Ray fic, and I just LOVE RAY! ^_^

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"Honey, we have yet to name him,"

She looked fondly down at the small and giggling newborn in her arms. He reached up with his small hands toward Scarlet, and the man touched his fingers to the boy's teeny palm.

"Scarlet does not know." He smiled and watched as the little boy looked up at him with confused eyes,

"Scarlet doesn't even remember how Scarlet and Heather got the name Raymond for Ray,"

"I like the name Baylee, but that was only for a girl." Heather said, running her fingers softly over the baby's cheeks, "I read somewhere that it was a unisex name though..."

"Scarlet likes that name." Scarlet mused almost silently, and then smiled, "his name will be Baylee.

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"MOM!!"

Thundering steps stormed through the house, almost making it creak. The sheer volume of the shouting voice was enough to make ground tremble itself.

"MOM! DAD! Mom, mom, mom, mom, mom, mom!"

The teen looked around a corner then growled to himself, running into a wall while trying to turn around,

"Ray's going to be here in, like, five seconds! Come on! DAD! Dad, dad, dad! I need help! DAD!"

He opened door after door in their in-the-woods house, wondering if he would have to search their 'yard'. He looked around then ran out the back door, jumping into the air to look around from a

bird's-eye view, "MOM! DAD!"

He perched himself on the peak shingles of the house and looked around, rubbing his hair (which was a gray instead of black like his older siblings...and his dad's for that matter.) down until it was completely mussed, searching the yards with his golden eyes.

"MOM!" He yelled at the top of his lungs, and a flutter of birds flew out of the neighboring trees. He growled and kicked at the roof, sitting himself down Indian-style and looking around, "where the hell are you guys? You said you guys would send me off . . ."

Baylee murmured other things to himself, then looked down at his hands, only to find them shaking. The shaking was stopped by a squirrel gently setting it's paws on his palm, and he smiled. A bird absently landed on his shoulder, and he looked over at it.

"Baylee!"

He looked down and smiled his teeth off when he saw his brother, and he almost tripped off the roof while running down it. He was tackling his brother in a great glomp before the other could even comprehend that he in front of him. Baylee smiled and held on to him, having not seen his brother for a while.

"Hey, don't let him be getting all the attention."

Baylee looked up and smiled wide, running and glomping Mike just (if not more) as hard as he had his brother, "Mike, so nice to see you again, have you seen my dad?"

Mike shook his head and Baylee sighed.

“Oh, mom and dad are going to wait at the school for you.” Ray said, and Baylee looked at him while shoving his hands in his pockets. Baylee tilted his head and smiled:

“Alright.”

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The black slacks and black sports jackets made him think that they were going to a funeral, and the red ties made him even more aware of the fact that this place may be a rock-bands use of spare time. Well, that would be okay, because this is a Private ‘Oh my god I got into this school’ school. Only the teens with the most connections and the highest talent could get into here.

And now he was holding his suitcase and looking at it. The ‘Aerostatic Artistic School of Music’, in great old England. Baylee didn’t even want to remember where in England. He was starting in the middle of the first semester too, because he was enrolled late, and that just sucked.

There were three people standing there, Mom, Dad, and the headmaster. Ray and Mike had to go back to their little life, and they’d left Baylee to walk there from the road. It was only a couple of yards, but in these dress shoes, it felt like a hundred miles.

“Baylee!” Mom came running up to him and licked her thumb, so that she could wipe off something off his cheek. Scarlet smiled at his son and walked around Baylee's back, pushing him forward:

“Scarlet is so proud of Baylee so that he could get into this school.”

Baylee blushed deeply, and then when he was looking down, he saw a hand appear in front of his vision.

“Hello, my name is Leavitt Montgomery, I am the headmaster here.”

Baylee looked up at him, and he could feel the sheer burning of his cheeks as he stared into the man's beautiful sea foam eyes. He was...gorgeous. His face held maturity and Baylee knew that he had to be at least ten years older than himself; Ray had told Baylee that he was twenty-seven. So he was exactly...ten years older.

His slightly tanned skin, his shaggy dirty blonde hair...he was so...

Damn, Baylee thought I am SO screwed. And Ray said Baylee should NOT go around saying that random people are cute! Ray said he might just fall in love with them...

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“Hi! My name’s Klaus!” He held out his hand and his brown hair bounced on his shoulders, “who are you? Where do you come from? I’m from Germany, but England is a nice...what? Hi! I’m Klaus.”

He turned his attention away from Baylee as their third room mate entered the dorm, and Baylee sighed, talking to his bed and setting his suitcase on it, instantly untying and taking off his shoes and fancy jacket.

“Yo, whazzap?”

Baylee looked over and a man was holding out his fist, seemingly expecting him to tap it with his own fist. Baylee did, but was severely confused.

“My names William,” he smiled warmly, turning to set his own bag on his bed.

The room was blue, and each bed was midnight blue. The room was big, and there was a bathroom in it and three separate desks with lamps and laptops on each desk.

DAMN, was this a music school or a ‘we-want-to-show-how-much-money-we’ve-made’ school?

“I know,” Will said, gesturing to the computers, “they like to show off here. I’m a Sophomore, and I’ve

seen it before. The computers are ours, and we can even take 'em out and actually TAKE them when we leave."

"No wonder this place is so damn expensive," Klaus murmured to himself, then laughed goodheartedly, hands on his hips, "Mom and dad had to take out three loans from six different banks, but I got here."

"Is that possible?" Baylee murmured, and Will laughed:

He shook his head, "I think it might be possible, and at that same time, completely self centered."

Baylee laughed and started undoing his tie when Klaus plopped on his bed, "HI, I'm Klaus!"

"So I've heard." Baylee murmured, and then opened his case and immediately set a framed photo on the desk, only to have it snatched up by Klaus before it had time to settle on the wood.

"Who are these people?"

Baylee sat next to him and pointed at everyone, "That's Ray, my brother. That's Mike, my brother's husband. That's Heather, my mom, and Scarlet, my dad."

He shrugged and set it back, flopping back and looking at everything upside down

"You should call them."

"Why?" Baylee asked, shocked by his sudden statement.

He rolled his eyes, "because you're obviously the kind of person that would call their mommy and daddy the minute they get here."

"Oh, You're right!" Baylee yelled, and grabbed his cell phone.

William glared at Klaus, "stop making fun of him, *Roderick*."

"I'll do what I want, *Woods*." He retorted, and Baylee just rolled his eyes.

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"As the headmaster of this school, I'd like to welcome you to Aerostatic Artistic School of Music. I'm sorry for the lack of a more original name." Leavitt, or Mr. Montgomery said, smiling across his desk to Baylee.

Baylee couldn't stop blushing.

The man smiled again, then tilted forward, "I remember that you're name is Baylee Greenwood, what a nice name."

Could he make him blush any harder?

"I see you are roomed with Klaus and William, two of the hardest people too put into one room together." He laughed and his teeth flashed, "They're rivals, you see. And I'm sorry to hear that you're the one that has to keep them from killing each other."

Baylee laughed with him, and he laughed friendlier when he saw that the boy was laughing with him.

"I hear that you had a brother, what was his name?" He tilted his head in such a cute way that Baylee felt that his heart would burst.

Baylee tilted his head, "Why would you want to know something like that, Mr. Montgomery?"

He laughed so hard that his cheeks tinged pink. He took a deep breath and smiled, "I would just like to know, It's my duty to get to know all of them."

"ALL OF THEM?" Baylee's eyes widened and he leaned forward, "All of them!? Are you serious? How can you keep track?"

"Usually it's just a survey at the beginning of the year, but you get the privilege of getting to know me as well." He laughed again and Baylee's heart fluttered, and he shook his head to get it to stop. It did...thankfully.

"Privilege or punishment?" Baylee asked, tilting his head, then laughed with him.

He looked at Baylee, "I will have to use that once. I like you."

Baylee's heart raced, and no matter how hard he shook his head he couldn't get it to stop.

“You okay? You keep shaking you’re head.” Mr. Montgomery said, and then waved his hand, “never mind that. By the way, you can call me Leavitt.”

“Okay...Leavitt.”

The man smiled and tilted his head.

“You know, my wife would love you.”

Then Baylee’s heart did stop, and it wasn’t the good kind.

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How you like? Too fast?