Lauren Spring on Jupiter

**Summary:** Post-Ethan, just a little sweetness.  
**Rating:** G   
**Categories:** Fanfic  
**Characters:** Brian Kinney, Justin Taylor  
**Genres:** Fluff  
**Warnings:** None  
**Challenges:** None  
**Series:** None  
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**Spring on Jupiter by Lauren**

**Chapter 1:**

**Author's Notes:**

"Fly me to the moon,  
Let me play among the stars,  
Let me see what spring is like on  
Jupiter and Mars.  
In other words, hold my hand."  
  
-Frank Sinatra, "Fly Me to the Moon"  
  
  
  
\*\*Dust sparkles lazily in the stripes of light creeping between the blinds. Specks of dust float according to their own whim. Up and down, this way and that. If they could, they would shrug to any question. Don't think that the dust is apathetic though, it's simply content.  
  
Each drifting dot serenely observes from its view. It watches the man who has been watching them since dawn. The man who did not sleep last night. \*\*  
  
Brian had been leisurely following the dust in the air since the sun had made the specks visible. Now though, he turned his attention back to what had been its midnight subject ... the smiling young man beside him.  
  
He wonder if many people smiled in their sleep? Does it mean that person has unbearably sweet dreams or is it just a reflex, some muscle spasm. A flickering notion of idealism caught his thoughts and he hoped it was the former. He saw the dust move insignificantly like so many idle ideas.  
  
Brian also pondered briefly at how he had missed this. This calm, early morning lull with this smiling and golden figure. And more, he thought on how moonlight did no justice to Justin's features. Oh, he was beautiful in moonlight, as he would be beautiful in twilight or under an overcast sky, but there was nothing like the light of the sun. The way the sun crept up the sky surreptitiously at dawn, tiptoed tenderly into the room and then (like the paradoxical and poetic sprig of light that it is) blazed with a gorgeous arrogance. It brought out the best and most sparkling things. Which of course meant Justin stood out brilliantly.  
  
But Brian's thoughts were not all that coherent. He was just looking at things. Seeing things.  
  
Justin began to shift. He stretched and straightened innocently against Brian. He did not wake, he did not speak or even mumble, but he did lay his head on Brian's shoulder. And lay his hand on Brian's chest.  
  
Brian smiled. He put his hand over Justin's, lightly touched his fingers. An artist's hands. A dreamer's hands. Justin's fingers twined themselves with Brian's but the young man was still sleeping. Brian's smile grew. His eyes became heavy. He resolved to sleep and let the sun keep vigil for now.  
  
\*\*The dust didn't seem particularly moved by this image, this picture of tranquillity. But if the dust could nod with approval, it would. If the dust could pat itself on the back for knowing the sun would shine here again, it would. And if the dust had to answer a question, it would shrug.  
  
But the dust could do none of these things. The dust simply hung in the air and occasionally drifted. Would that it could, the dust would debate now.   
  
("I believe it is summer once more in our home."  
  
"Ah, but I know that it's spring.")  
  
The dust does not do this. But the dust, it is not apathetic. No, the dust (the room, the world, the planets and stars alike), is simply content\*\*