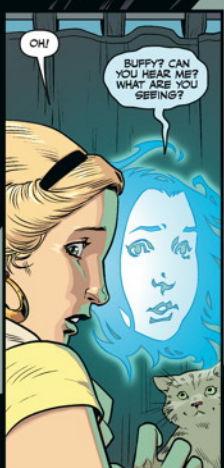




SOMETHING'S WRONG. I'M JUST IN SPIKE'S BEDROOM...



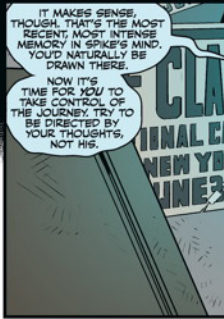
OH!

BUFFY? CAN YOU HEAR ME? WHAT ARE YOU SEEING?



UM...LAST NIGHT, FROM A WHOLE NEW PERSPECTIVE.

HERE WE FIND THE BENEFITS IN MY NOT BEING ABLE TO DIRECTLY SEE WHAT YOU DO, AND DON'T WORRY, I'M ONLY HEARING YOUR THOUGHTS, AND VICE VERSA.



IT MAKES SENSE, THOUGH. THAT'S THE MOST RECENT, MOST INTENSE MEMORY IN SPIKE'S MIND. YOU'D NATURALLY BE DRAWN THERE.

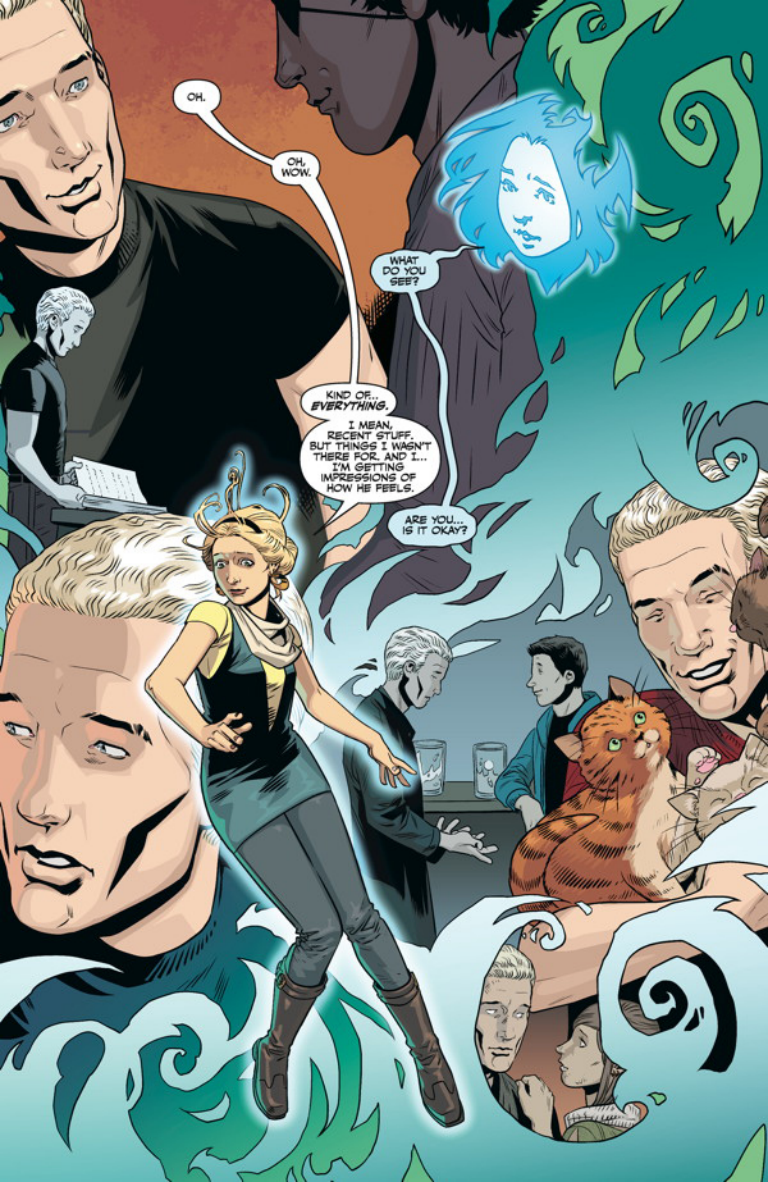
NOW IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO TAKE CONTROL OF THE JOURNEY, TRY TO BE DIRECTED BY YOUR THOUGHTS, NOT HIS.



EASY FOR YOU TO SAY. I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT'S SUPPOSED TO FEEL LIKE. DO I JUST... WISH IT, OR...



HOLD ON, SOMETHING'S HAPPENING. THINK I'M...



OH.

OH,  
WOW.

WHAT  
DO YOU  
SEE?

KIND OF...  
EVERYTHING.

I MEAN,  
RECENT STUFF,  
BUT THINGS I WASN'T  
THERE FOR, AND I...  
I'M GETTING  
IMPRESSIONS OF  
HOW HE FEELS.

ARE YOU...  
IS IT OKAY?



HE... HE REALLY LOVES ME, WIL. I CAN FEEL IT.

IT'S NOT SOME STORYBOOK PURE LOVE. THERE'S FEAR, AND LUST... DOUBT ABOUT HIMSELF THAT HE DOESN'T DESERVE IT... AN INSTINCT TO RUN... THAT GETTING HURT NOW IS BETTER THAN LATER.

SOMETIMES I ANNOY THE HELL OUT OF HIM. SOMETIMES HE THINKS HE'D BE BETTER OFF WITH SOMEONE ELSE. OR NO ONE.

ALL THE THINGS I FEEL SOMETIMES TOO, AND WOULD NEVER SAY.

BUT THAT'S ALL TEMPORARY. FLEETING. WHAT STAYS... WHAT'S ALWAYS THERE...

...IS LOVE.

THAT'S GREAT, SWEETIE, AND I KNOW YOU WANT TO LINGER THERE, BUT I NEED YOU TO GO FURTHER.

O-O-KAY... HANG ON, I THINK I'M AT THE PART WHERE HE LEFT TOWN LAST YEAR...

SHUT THE FRONT DOOR.

HE SLEPT WITH HARMONY?