



CW: Foul Language, Homophobia, Violence against Transgender People, Child

Abduction



Witchever Path Narrator

Over 48 hours have passed since your child was taken. Agent Temple had been your lifeline when Holt attempted to frame you. He asked for you to trust him to find your kid. And though every part of you howled to get out there and find Cole yourself, you agreed. And so you waited.

What did you get for it? Your neighbors went on social media, trying to gather support for the cops that ransacked your home. Most of your weapons are confiscated. And Holt was released on bond, awaiting a trial for his misconduct from the comfort of his own home.

And as for Cole? Temple's team had found little, sharing photographs of your basement, the Merrimack River, and what appears to be one of Cole's shoes. The constant thread that ran through them all was the appearance of mushrooms. Mushrooms growing in your basement, by Cole's recovered shoe, and the river.

Finally allowed back into your home, you inspected the cellar, the spot where Myron Fells was killed, and where the Scarred Intruder had promised that they would lead you to your boy. You assembled the hidden AK-47 you had stowed in the empty oil tank in the basement. By the stairs, you found more mushrooms and a note, scrawled in Sharpie from the one person who may be able to lead you to your son.

With Jaime by your side, you had a final choice to make. Stay home and wait for word from Temple, or to do something rash. You voted. And now Witchever Path presents SENTRY's Finale... EAT. SEE. FOLLOW.

JAIME

[disbelief]

You want to do *what*?

YOU

[Easing her mind]

I'm not saying I want to eat mushrooms, but –

JAIME

[looking at the rifle]

Put the gun down on the ground and say that again.



YOU

[narrate]

You put the gun down, leaning it against the washing machine. Your mouth is dry. Jaime's looking at you with confusion and fear. You swore vows to stick by your wife, to be her partner in everything. But you also swore to protect her and Cole. But if the only way to do it is to lie ... Well, you know what you have to do, don't you?

YOU

[Leaning into your love of Jaime and Cole for this lie]

I sound crazy, and I look even worse holding a rifle in the middle of the basement.

I'm sorry, baby.

I moved us up here. I didn't want to, but I did.

This is all my fault. We backed the feds, and it's been days without any progress.

If we leave it to just them, Cole - Cole might not come home.

I'm going to call Mom to come up here and help us out.

I'm also going to call some of the guys and ask them to fly out and help.

I can't go it alone.

JAIME

[slightly relieved]

Oh, god, baby. Good. Let's do this.

Let's call her right now. She'll be so happy to come up.

We'll get everyone we can together and we'll get out there and find our baby.

YOU

[Still working the situation]

You're right. Take that gun upstairs and put it where you want it to be. I'll call mom.

YOU

[narrate]

You kiss each other and Jaime takes the gun upstairs as you call your mother.

You speak calmly and fill her in as you walk toward the bulkhead.

The sound of Jaime's footsteps place her in the hallway leading upstairs. She's going to put the gun in your closet. That will take a couple of minutes.

With little time to spare, you grab a fistful of the mushrooms.

Your mother is crying on the phone, and you don't have the energy to console her.

You tell her someone is at the door.

She tells you that she loves you. You reciprocate.

You pop two of the mushroom caps in your mouth.

They taste like shit, but you finish swallowing them before you go upstairs.



You turn on the sink and look at the fistful of mushrooms you're holding. You feel Jaime walk into the kitchen as you toss the rest of the mushrooms into the sink and shove them into the drain before turning on your disposal. As they're ground into mush, Jaime looks relieved.

JAIME

I'm so proud of you.

YOU

[reassuring]

I'm just going to follow the plan. Let's go to bed.

YOU

[narrate]

You shove the front door closed and seal it shut with gorilla tape. As you ascend the stairs, each step gives a pleasant creak. It's a sound you barely notice most days, but it's like a reassuring purr to your ears. Fuck. The mushrooms are kicking in. The cops tore up the hallway, but Cole's room was barely touched. You find Jaime sitting on his bed. She's holding the ratty stuffed bunny that mom gave Cole for his third birthday. Jaime's stroking its matted fur.

JAIME

[sad]

We never got him the chickens your mom promised.

YOU

[narrate]

Placing a hand on your wife's back, you feel her heart beating, softly. Your own heartbeat feels like it's on a different rhythm. You're worried she might notice, so you say something.

YOU

[comforting though slightly dazed]

When he gets home, we'll get a coop and chickens. Fuck, I'll get a big loud ass rooster. Give the neighbors another reason to hate me. We should go to bed, right?

JAIME

[surprised]

You don't usually sleep when you're upset.

YOU



[sounding tired, but supportive]
Nothing about this is usual, baby. Let's sleep.

YOU

[narrate]

Jaime is out the moment you're in bed. It's been that way ever since you met her. You'd be the one getting up, warming up milk and sitting with Cole while she took her needed rest. Most nights, you lie awake in bed hours. You wonder what she sees in you.

Her current extensions don't need a bonnet. You miss it. The bonnet made her look like the big bad wolf, the one who ate Red Riding Hood's grandma. You told her that once. She didn't laugh. The moon is full and high in the sky, just outside of your window. Jaime lets out a low growl in her sleep. She's not a wolf, you have to tell yourself.

Your camera app lets you know something is moving outside.

You open the app to see what it is.

The hammock is moving outside. Swaying back and forth. Nothing inside it, just like before. And that's a comfort until you see the long, thin fingers creep out from its folds and grab onto the edge. A head emerges abruptly from the hammock, its eyes reflecting the night vision glow from the camera. Then they turn black, the bald head of the monster beginning to grow jet black hair.

And there on the screen, is your comic character, Lyle. He waves at the camera.

You slide out of bed, finding your jeans where you dropped them. You put them on, grab your jacket off its hook on the back of the closet door. Opening it slowly, you peer inside. Your gun isn't there. Where did she hide it? Should you ask her? NO. You're trying to sneak out.

You look back at the app.

Lyle is just lounging in the hammock, smoking a cigarette and staring up at the sky. Before leaving your bedroom, you look out of your window, down onto the yard. And there Lyle is. He is exactly as you drew him. Paper white skin, jet black hair and eyes. His flannel shirt is the same black and white as they are in your drawings.

Creeping down the stairs, you stop in the garage and find the machete you used for gardening.

You strap the sheathe onto your belt.

The night air is cold. You can see your breath. Lyle continues to rock in your hammock.

LYLE

[annoyed]

Took you long enough, man.

YOU

[leaning into the surreal nature of this]

You know where we have to go?



YOU

[narrate]

Lyle is in the hammock one second and the next is standing in front of you, gesturing to the gate in the fence that leads to the woods. Between one blink and the next, his head is cocked to the side. It's like all of his movements are happening whenever you aren't looking at him.

LYLE

[ready to fucking go]

Man, follow me and we'll get you to where you gotta go.

Why did you even come back to this shit ass town?

Like a dang burn victim bumming a smoke at a gas station.

YOU

[trying to stay quiet]

Let's go before Jaime sees I'm gone.

YOU

[narrate]

He is always ten feet ahead of you in the woods, appearing just behind a tree or bush, pointing the way. You're careful with your steps. The moonlight seeps through the canopy. Whenever you reach where you last saw Lyle, you find a small cluster of mushrooms. You hear the rustle of bushes and the scurrying of small game all around you.

Lyle is waiting for you by the hill that leads to the tracks, cigarette in his mouth, the trail of smoke reaching to the heavens and blending with the clouds covering the moon.

He points to where the Scarred Intruder disappeared all those weeks ago.

His black eyes are like dark mirrors, and you catch your own unsure reflection in them.

LYLE

Kiss me or get moving.

YOU

[narrate]

You turn toward the railroad tracks, only to see Lyle six yards away, standing amidst the poison oak on the other side of the tracks. The gravel under your feet crunches as you cross. You don't want to walk through the poison oak, so you step around it. Lyle is waiting underneath an old pine. You recognize it. It's the last big tree before the rope swing that you and your friends put up by the river twenty-four years ago.



You amble up the hill, sliding on pine needles a bit. When you reach the top, you see the old rope swing, hanging from a strong branch over the cliff. On the riverbank, a small green rowboat sits on the shore. Lyle is in it, looking up at you.

YOU

[narrate]

Using the rope swing to repel down the cliff, you think about Cole's shoe. You hear Lyle spit while you push the boat into the river. The current is quick, but manageable with the oar. There's another one in the boat.

YOU

[to Lyle]

Lyle, you gonna help?

YOU

[narrate]

Lyle isn't behind you in the boat. With the moon reflecting on the water, you're alone, drifting South toward Manchester. You're high on mushrooms, alone, in the middle of a fast-moving river at night. You keep the boat steady- panicking now isn't going to help. It's then when you realize that the boat has oarlocks. Stupid. You slide the oars into place, and use them to move the little rowboat closer to the shore. You see Lyle, standing on a rock just downstream. He's holding his thumb out like a hitchhiker. He doesn't cast a reflection on the water.

You pass him, and see the ruins of an old mill on the riverbank. It's where Rowe had attempted, and failed, to get in on the textile business that was booming in nearby Manchester. From what your father had told you when you were young, the mill was doing well in its first two years, until it mysteriously caught fire, killing the workers inside. The land wasn't used again. You and your friends only explored it once or twice. Most people didn't bother to go out there often on account of half of the roof caving in. But standing on the shore, next to its old sewer run off, was Lyle. Though overgrown, you could see the stone gutter under his feet, the drainage pipe behind him.

You guide the boat over and listen to its gentle scrape of the rocks. Pulling it all the way onto the shore, you look into the drainage pipe. It's massive. You could walk down it easily without bumping your head. Lyle is standing just inside, his white skin standing out in the shadows. There's something burning up the hill, you can smell the smoke.

LYLE

That can wait. Time to go into the warren, little rabbit.

YOU

What is it?

LYLE



For the way out.
Come on, man.

YOU

[narrate]

You can see the dull orange of a small fire through one of the broken windows of the mill. It could be a few homeless people camping out. You know it's not.

LYLE

Get a move on, man.
Clock is ticking.

YOU

I didn't bring a light.

LYLE

Follow me, Theseus. I'll get you through that maze.

YOU

[narrate]

The drainage pipe is mostly dry. The smell of mold is faint. You maneuver around an old, rusted shopping cart that someone must have dragged in here years ago. The further you go in, the darker it gets. You move forward slowly, sliding your feet forward to feel for anything you may trip on. The side of the drainage pipe is cold on your left hand. You're groping in the darkness for a good fifty feet. In the pitch black, your mind projects your Old Home Day altercation, seeing Cole get off the bus with his black eye, Holt kicking you. And then you think of Myron. He's standing next to you, silent and very dead.

YOU

[upset]

I'm so sorry for what happened to you, man.

[narrate]

He touches your hand and puts a piece of paper into it.

[to Myron]

I can't read this in the dark.

[narrate]

He's gone. You come to a sharp right turn. You're getting close to being under the mill.

At first, you think you're imagining it, but there are bright green splotches on the floor of the pipe. Your eyes adjust. They're the gills of mushrooms. Glow in the dark mushrooms. Not bright enough to see anything at eye level, but they flank your path, leading you into the black toward



a wall. You feel the brick, which is solid, even though the masonry is old. You feel breath on your back and smell nicotine.

LYLE

[calmly]

Crouch down. This way to Cole.

YOU

[narrate]

You get down on all fours, You feel a slight breeze ahead of you. There's a hole in the bricks. Feeling its edges, it'll be a squeeze, but you can manage it. You grimace as you crawl through the tight space, the old brick scraping at you through your jacket. The smell of wet earth is all around you. Now you are in complete blackness. You stand up slowly.

[to Lyle]

All right, Lyle. Now what.

Scarred Intruder

[welcoming]

Now, you've arrived to help us. As I asked you to.

YOU

[narrate]

The walls around you begin to glow as phosphorescent mushrooms bloom all over the walls. The light they're giving off is enough for you to see Lyle standing in front of you. His face is flaking off, onto his shirt. You reach out and touch his cheek, and the skin cracks and falls away. Underneath is the face of the Scarred Intruder.

YOU

[frightened, but quiet]

What the fuck?

Scarred Intruder

[trying to reassure]

You are late, and our safety is now in question.
But Cole is here, he waits for you.

YOU

[impatient]

Where? Cole? Cole?!



YOU

[narrate]

The scarred creature pulls away from you, and you hear a loud crack. The shirt and back of its body split open and the creature slides itself out of this hole. The empty shell stands in place in front of you for a moment, then falls apart under its own weight. The monster reaches out a hand to you. You reach for your machete. The creature sighs and then gestures for you to follow.

They bring you toward another wall that appears to be covered with some sort of lichen. The lichen parts like a curtain, allowing them to pass through with ease. You follow and you find yourself in a dimly lit basement hallway.

YOU

[disbelief]

Where the fuck are we?

Scarred Intruder

[talking]

This is a place for those who can't hide who they are.

It was made with the help of an old family.

The L'Abri Mill was to be a place for the ones who lived below to craft and make what they needed to live as best as they could.

YOU

[narrate]

You follow them down the hall. Passing an open door, you look into the shadows. There's a woman in there. She appears afraid. She's naked from the waist up, covered in tattoos. You take some time to study them and then notice her neck. The locust.

YOU

[out loud]

I know you! Kaylee!

Did you bring my son here?

YOU

[narrate]

She opens her mouth and you hear the sound of buzzing. She retreats into the black corners of her room. You're about to go in after her before a swarm of locusts bursts from the doorway



and rushes past you. You swat at them , but the Scarred Creature puts his hand on your forearm.

The swarm flies off down the hallway.

Scarred Intruder

[sadly]

Do not hurt them. We all knew you'd come. And we need you.

YOU

What the hell are you?

Scarred Intruder

A lost people. Like your son. Like his friend, Dina.
They are both here, though she has long since decided to stay with us.

YOU

How many of you are there?

Scarred Intruder

Too few. The way to us is hard to find these days. Ever since the monster began to roam the ruins above.

YOU

[confused]

Monster?

Have you seen you?

Scarred Intruder

[laughing]

Have you seen *you*?

You are still sore and weak from the beating.

The monster is the same one that was waiting for Cole, for Dina.

The same one that took Myron Fells.

That cracked open Kaylee Rourke's cocoon and led her to her truer self.

He knew the real story of the mill's burning.

He knew that the people of Rowe wished to burn out "L'Abri's Grotesques."

And he fills the ruins above with trophies of his conquests.

He sees himself as a demon among you.



He is right.

But you have done something to him.
And now he is burning things up there.
And I fear his fires will lead him to us.

YOU

Enough of your bullshit.
Bring me to Cole.

Scarred Intruder

[pushing back]

It wouldn't help Cole or you if you were reunited just yet.
You must slay the beast.
Slay him, or he will find us.
Slay him, or he will be a threat to us all.

YOU

[narrate]

The sound of the machete coming out of its sheath rings in your ears. You point it at the scarred creature's face. It regards your blade carefully before touching the tip with its fingers. A dark patch of mold begins to spread down the blade. None of this is making sense. You hear the buzzing of the insects, whispers from the dark corners of the basement, through the open doorways and shadows.

You don't know if any of this is real.

Scarred Intruder

Slay the monster, save us all.

YOU

[giving into this fever dream]
Okay. Show me your monster.

YOU

[narrate]

You walk past more denizens of the underground. There is a cyclops, his beard long and thick, holding onto the hand of a woman with a cat's head. They nod at you and let you pass. A mist envelops you and the Scarred creature and as you inhale, you see visions of a woman who, while running from some men in the dead of night, is cornered by the river. As they get closer to her, she looks at the fog rolling across the top of the current and begs to change places. And



her wish is granted. You rush forward coughing and stub your toe on the first metal step of a spiral staircase that leads upward.

Scarred Intruder

The monster awaits you above.

YOU

[narrate]

You ascend the stairs carefully. They are barely supporting your weight. You make your way to the top where there is a locked hatch. You slide the bolt and push up on the hatch door with all of your strength. Your broken rib sends blossoms of pain all over your vision as the hatch opens up with a screech.

Rubble falls from the ceiling above landing about seven feet away from the hatch onto the stone floor. You can smell the smoke of a nearby fire. The night sky is visible through the collapsed roof above you. You've made too much noise. You know it. Still, you slowly creep out of the hole and into the shadows.

You can hear faint footsteps coming from just outside the building.

HOLT

[authoritatively]

NH State Police.

Come out of the building now.

YOU

[narrate]

Machete at the ready, you put your back to the wall and inch yourself over to the broken windows, their panes long gone and look out. Holt is advancing on the building, his pistol in his hand. He's got a fire going in an oil drum. You grab up a loose brick and toss it across the room, through a doorway. It lands on something metal. Holt nearly jumps and then bolts toward the noise.

You slide through a crack in the wall into another room. You can see another doorway leading outside. There's cover in here, but you don't know the terrain. Holt's footsteps are in the room you just left.

HOLT

[disbelief]

What's this?

[shouts into the hatch]



Attention. You are trespassing on state property. Come out of the basement now and we'll talk about this.

[waits]

Holt

[annoyed]

All right. Have it your way.

YOU

[narrate]

You hear Holt starting down the stairs. Cole is down there, somewhere, if the creature that led you here is to be believed. You sneak over to the crack to get a look. You can see the hatch, but you can't see Holt. How did he get down there so quickly? The bullet grazes the top of your skull before you realize you're not the only one trained in misdirection.

Falling to the ground, you try to get up before he gets to you.

HOLT

[surprised]

Well, I didn't expect to see you so soon.

I thought I'd have to go through some stupid trial, see you making some big outburst when I beat all the charges. Is that why you're out here?

Trying to catch me before I burn my trophies?

YOU

[narrate]

You try to respond, but you throw up from the pain.

Holt laughs.

HOLT

[amused]

I had considered killing myself here, just in case I couldn't burn the evidence. But now you're here and... well, new plan. How about you get up, take a swing with your little knife there, and I get to kill the [redacted] killer after all.

YOU

[weak, hurt, defiant]

The FBI knows you did it.

HOLT

[brushing that off]



Get serious, man.
There is no evidence left besides what I'm burning in that can.
I'm going to kill you,
and whatever's not completely burned will be pinned on your crazy vet ass.

YOU

You aren't

[trying to keep voice steady through labored breathing]

going to get away.

HOLT

[gloating]

Maybe not. But you definitely won't.
How'd you open that hatch?
I've tried for years, but it was locked from the...
Wait. Is that how you knew it was me?
Are you why I couldn't find that other boy and your son?
Did you do 'em before I did?
Fuck, man.
Are you like me?

[amused]

I knew it. I knew there was something in you.
That's how you got rid of Fells so quick.
It was right there under my nose.
The phone, the missing kids.
I thought somebody else was trying to lead you to me.
But that wasn't it.
YOU wanted me to see you.
I'm so sorry, man.
I wish I had seen you.

YOU

[narrate]

You roll onto your back and wipe the blood from your face.
He's standing over you. He steps onto the blade of your machete before you can grab the
handle.

HOLT

[amusement in his voice slowly turning serious]
This was all a game, huh? You had me going.



It's just too bad it had to end this way.
We'd have been a good team for a while.
But in the end, the public needs a monster to pin all this horror on.
No reason they should get two.
Hey- before you go, I wanted to know. How did killing your own kid feel?

YOU

My son isn't dead.

HOLT

[surprised]

No? Well, great. That gives me something to look forward to after I'm done here.

[cocks hammer]

Good night, friend.

[loud whack]

YOU

[narrate]

The board breaks across the back of Holt's skull and he falls on top of you. You bite into his neck and when he attempts to hit you in the skull with the butt of his pistol, you're able to grab his wrist and wrestle the gun away. The two of you are rolling on the ground, kicking and screaming. You wind up on top of him and slam his head into the stone floor of the ruin until his hands stop clawing at your body and a wet gurgle erupts from his bloody lips.

You stand up and nearly lose your balance. You stumble toward your machete. You raise it over your head, ready to bring it down on Holt's skull. But as you're about to swing, you look and see Cole, holding a broken board in his hands, staring at you.

You drop the machete.

YOU

[panting from the exertion and the violence]

Cole?

COLE

[scared but so happy to see his Dad]

Dad! Are you okay?

YOU

[narrate]

Having your son in your arms, you sob openly. You repeat his name with every breath. The mushrooms are wearing off. You can feel the chill of the air, the wetness of your blood. The pain



is beginning to be unbearable. As your eyes lose focus, you start worrying you're about to die.
No. No. Not now.

YOU

[to Cole]

Cole, help me find his phone.
We got to reach your mom.

COLE

[scared]

Dad? Are you all right?

YOU

I found you.

Why wouldn't I be?

YOU

[narrate]

Agent Temple arrives with more agents, a dozen cops, and three ambulances. You're lifted onto a stretcher and seen to. Jaime arrives and almost gets in with you before you both notice that Cole is being checked on by EMTs six yards away. You tell her to go to him. She does. As they load you into the ambulance, you can see the hatch you came out of. It's closed. Nearby, people are taking pictures of Holt. Before the ambulance doors are closed, someone puts a sheet over that asshole's face. It's the second happiest moment you've had since this mess began.

You're in the hospital for two weeks. The news is reporting about the hero cop turned serial killer. Temple visits you in the hospital.

TEMPLE

[really pleased to see YOU]

Your son is probably the bravest kid I ever met.

YOU

[calm]

He's like his mom.

TEMPLE

[emphatically pleased]

I'm in shock, really. Cole hits his abductor in the head when the guy is about to kill his father, and then calmly lets us know everything that happened.



You and Jaime are tremendous parents.
I just wish you had let me know that you were going after Holt.
We could have saved you all this blood.

YOU

[trying to not reveal much]
Holt came to the yard to taunt me. I followed.
I didn't know he still had Cole.
And I'd be dead if you hadn't shown up.

TEMPLE

[trying to figure it out]
We can wait till you're out of here, but we're going to need to interview you about this.

YOU

[annoyed]
You gonna arrest me for saving my son?

TEMPLE

[compassionately]
No. The DA is already saying no charges are coming.
The local media has decided you're a hero now.
I just need to piece together certain things I don't understand about how you ended up out
there.

YOU

[annoyed]
I followed the white rabbit.

YOU

[narrate]
Jaime wanted to be mad at you. But you got Cole home. She comes to the hospital whenever
she can. Your mom watches Cole, while your cousin and your brothers from the corps have
been repairing your house and keeping watch overnight, mainly to keep your neighbors uneasy
and significantly shamed.

Cole doesn't talk to you about what happened to him while he was gone. You convince Jaime to
stop asking him. He'll tell you when he's ready. When you come home, you see a bunch of
flowers and balloons on your lawn. You're told they're from the neighbors. It's satisfying to walk
all over them.



Over the next few weeks, you find a realtor and put the house up for market. It sells for far more than you asked for it within two weeks. Jaime wants to move back South. You just want to go away from here. One night, while boxing up the shit you have in the backyard, you catch the scent of mold and rot on the wind. You couldn't see them, but you knew they were standing behind your fence.

YOU

[calm]

You kept my son safe, so I'm going to keep your secret.

But don't think I know why you fucking did it.

You wanted me to kill Holt for you.

You knew he'd eventually bring attention to your home.

You could've saved us all a lot of pain if you had done it yourself.

Scarred Intruder

I couldn't have killed him.

YOU

Why?

Scarred Intruder

I am not a monster.

YOU

[narrate]

You put down your box and walk over to the fence. You place one hand roughly at the height you know that their head would be and unsnap your holster, before you realize how right they are. You snap it shut again and walk inside with your box.

Setting it down on the table, you reach into your pocket for an oxy you were told to take before your pain kicked in. You find a crumpled piece of paper.

You smooth it out and read the note.

You tear it up and throw it out the pieces before anyone else can read it.



WITCHEVER PATH NARRATOR

This is how SENTRY ends. The choices YOU made neared calamity, but in the end, YOU found your son. Through it all, you and the rest of our listeners kept the faith and participated in our votes actively, with three of these decisions being near ties.

You were played by Tyler Bell.
Journeye LaFond played Jaime
Mars LaFond played Cole
Harlan Guthrie played Trooper Holt
Mike Gagne played Agent Temple
Steven LaFond played The Scarred Intruder

SENTRY's Finale was written by Steven and Journeye, produced by Witchever Path.

The Witchever Path Theme was by RYDR.

Foley by Witchever Path and Audio Hero.

The following music appears courtesy of Epidemic Sound.com

The Stakeout by Christoffer Moe Ditlevson
Chip on Your Shoulder and Spider Room by Ethan Sloan
Superluminal Motion by Prozody
Underwater Disturbance by Cobby Costa
Eye for Detail by Jay Varton
The Vanished by John Barzetti
Bitter Heart by Memi

Before you go, know that none of this is possible without you. Our Patreon subscribers are helping us pay for software, actors, and art that make this a richer show. And right now, patrons are beginning another interactive tale that is exclusive only to paid members. We're excited to be bringing that to them. For only \$5 a month, you can get access to all of the exclusive episodes. Ten Dollars gets you behind the scenes content, and our higher tiers bring you even more exclusives. Go to Patreon.com/witcheverpath and help us chart the path.

We're going to be taking a mid-season break after SENTRY for five weeks. In the interim, if you loved this story, rate it highly wherever you listen to podcasts. Turn more people onto the path as we produce what's coming next.

Don't stop just yet, because we want you to hear an excerpt from Tyler Bell's latest Westside Fairytales' story, "Sin Carriers." If you loved him as YOU, subscribe to his hit show and consider being a patron of his work, too! He's probably one of our favorite people, and we are so glad to have worked with him on this story for almost an entire year.



That's it for us for a bit.
Until we see you again, sleep with a clear consequence. Choose the Path.