I want to give a shoutout to **Mezzidrel** for becoming a Renegade patron! Thanks for the support!

\*\*\*

While the rest of the Maverick Hotel’s guest population either peered out their windows or wisely kept them completely shut, everyone with a radio set immediately started asking questions.

“**What happened?**”

“**Were those gunshots?**”

“**I think they were, Abigail.**”

“**One of the bellboys said he saw it all happen.**”

“**For fuck’s sake,**” Johanna spoke up, “**can someone tell me what’s going on?**”

“**Johanna, this is Lucius. I can see it. I can see it from the outside cameras in here. Oscar’s got it up. Some…oh God, some people were picketing across the street…**”

“**Picketing? Did you see what they were holding?**”

“How many were there?” Mr. Lange jutted into the conversation. At some point during their stay, Mr. and Mrs. Lange were given a radio set to communicate with Johanna or anyone else in the Defiant cell. “We just saw it from our room, but we’re not opening the blinds.”

“**Signs about the Canadian occupation and press freedom.**” Lucius replied after a solemn moment. “**They were picketing from down the block and planning to make their way to Rosemont’s town hall…**”

“**And the Archangel just fucking shot them?!**” Olivia hissed in anger.

“**That’s right, Liv.**” Oscar answered back. “**Johanna, it appears the bodies are being placed in a truck now. Do you want me to send you the screenshots?**”

“**Of course.**” Johanna sighed with the pain clear in her voice. “**Until I say otherwise, I want everyone else to keep off the comms. Stay away from the lobby and the lower floors. For all we know, the Archangel involved in this…atrocity, is still skulking around the building to find stragglers. That’s an order.**”