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~~David~~

"Did you two come here looking for me?" he asked.

The male angel shook his head. "We came here looking for--"

The woman snarled. "Stop talking to the unmarked."

"Give it up, Yosepha. Romakus was right."

So, her name was Yosepha. David held up a finger.

"I--" He shut up quick when the dark-skinned woman tore through him with a hard gaze.

Angels had human eyes, far as he could tell, but they definitely had a shine and intensity to them human eyes didn't. The guy had bronze irises, she had obsidian, and both had an almost reflective quality to them, like metal. It made it hard to not stare into them, to get lost in their beauty. But then, the Yosepha angel had a sword planted to Caera's throat, and the guy had an arrow pointed straight at Jeskura and him, with a boot on Daoka's throat. It put a damper on the awe and majesty he would have otherwise felt.

"I saw Romakus a few years ago," Caera said, growling quietly. "Haven't seen him since."

"I don't care what you saw, demon."

"Then the fuck is this about?" Jes asked, flaring her wings. "A couple of angels drop out of the sky and ambush a few demons and their pet? The fuck?" If she was trying to look imposing, it wasn't working. Much as Jes was taller than Yosepha, and almost as tall as the male angel, it didn't matter. They were radiant, with bigger wingspans, and dripped with enough confidence they might as well have been twenty feet tall.

The male angel smiled. "It looked very suspicious from where we were watching. I'm Galon, by the way."

Yosepha rolled her eyes. She didn't like her partner's attitude. So much for angels being monolithic beings of pure goodness, eternal righteous warriors, or the forever guards of the Gates of Heaven. They seemed like people right now, just very dangerous people who'd kicked three demon asses in a matter of seconds without breaking a sweat, if they even could sweat.

He'd kind of expected them to be more impressive though, honestly, like maybe they could have come out of the fire sky in giant beacons of gold light, spoke in a booming voice, and shook the mountains? Maybe they could have said 'be not afraid' or something? But, nope, these two angels looked pretty typical, dangerous, awe inspiring, and unbelievably confident, but typical. Maybe the giant angel he'd seen before the portal to Hell sucked him up would fit the fantasy better?

But, if they weren't crazy monolithic god-like entities, then maybe he could talk to them? Knowing him, that'd make things worse.

"You haven't killed us yet," he said, "haven't killed me yet. Can I ask why?"

"Angels don't go around killing demons randomly," Yosepha said. "This isn't the First War."

"But... you're here. And, uh, holding me and my friends at knife point."

Galon spoke next. "A few demons and a soul, wandering around in twilight hours, spying on the Death's Grip spire? The spire's alive with activity? Imps and grems, running around, talking about the redheaded girl with no mark?" The angel nodded David's way. "Every angel in Heaven knows about the ginger pair that showed up later than the others."

"Others?"

"Galon!" Yosepha said, voice only kept from hitting yelling volume by her clenched teeth.

But the man just chuckled and shook his head. "Romakus was right, Sepha. Even without the aura, I can tell."

Yosepha ground her teeth. "Just because you are gabriem does not mean--"

Galon lowered the bow, and stepped off Daoka. Dao hopped to her feet and back to Jes in an instant, and Jes took a step forward, only to freeze when Galon raised the bow back up.

"Peace," the angel said.

Jes pointed a claw at Yosepha. "We can have peace when your asshole bitch friend lets her up."

"Sepha," Galon said. "Romakus was right, and you know it."

"I..." Hesitation crossed the woman's face. Or was that sorrow? She sighed, and stepped back, shield up and sword ready to stab the much, much larger tiger woman. Afraid of triggering the angel's reflexes, Caera slowly got back to four feet, and came back over to David's side.

It was a strange sight, watching a huge tiger slink away from a much smaller woman, and a little bit more of that awe and majesty showed through. Whatever these two had done while he'd been blinded, they'd easily beaten his protectors. Power in -- relatively -- small packages.

"If you're not going to kill us," David asked, "then why did you ambush us?"

"Angels don't go around killing demons randomly, like I said," Yosepha said. "But any fool could guess there was something unusual about your group, and the unmarked are to be dealt with." Yeesh, he thought Jeskura was the angry sort. This angel woman looked ready to cut in him in half if he said the wrong thing.

"But... someone named Romakus said you shouldn't?" A possible member of the Damall, according to Caera.

Galon and Yosepha traded a look. They knew something, and they weren't going to share it. Judging from Galon's playful attitude, him not willing to share something meant it was important, and probably something David very much needed to know.

"I wanted to see you for myself," Galon said. "You, your sister, the others. You're the first we've found, and... we have a problem."

"Problem?"

"Not every angel out there is as talkative as Sepha and me. And you seem like a nice guy, David." And of course the angel knew his name. Double shit. "You should stay out of the way until things settle down."

"Settle down? But... But..."

"Be happy we're not sending you to the Great Tower," Yosepha said, and she took a step back as she turned, getting ready to take off.

"Wait!" He stomped his foot down. Both angels stopped and stared at him. "Fucking wait! Jesus fucking christ, please at least tell me something! Anything! A week ago my sister and I were sucked into Hell, and we don't know why. We're unmarked, and we don't know why. Crazy shit is happening, and we don't know why! I have an aura, my body isn't normal, and... and..." He came very close to spilling every secret he had. But if they weren't willing to tell him anything, then he shouldn't tell them anything.