

*"I can't believe we have this thing ITS A TRAP FROM BILL RELEASE IT! guys relax we won't evolve it to flareon ITS A TRAP!!!"*

*"RELEASE THE NEW FALSE PROPHET!!!"*

Eevee jumped on the wild Rattata he was battling, trying to block all the hate the voices screamed at him. Even now, he couldn't escape the shadow cast over him. Of course he couldn't. He was now at the center of where it had come from. He belonged to the Voices.

"Eevee, Sand Attack!" AJ yelled, every word an effort. As Eevee kicked up a cloud of sand, he wondered what his trainer thought of him. All he knew was that he and his entire team were on a crusade against the gods. That's what the intimidating-looking Feraligatr had explained to him earlier, before he began to hear the Voices so strongly. Eevee had been thrilled to be travelling with the new trainer then; he had been skipping along the path to Ecruteak, talking to the rest of the team excitedly.

They'd all seemed to like Eevee from the start. Something about his excitement, his positivity about the future, despite everything, made them want to welcome him with open arms. Even the Feraligatr was inviting enough towards Eevee, as long as he was willing to take down some gods. And he was. Maybe if the gods were gone and forgotten, then the False Prophet would be forgotten too. And all the hateful sentiments toward his species because of that one Flareon would disappear. Even if they didn't, he wanted to be a part of this team, and they were ready to accept him if he pursued the gods with them. They'd let him be who he was instead of the dome-worshipping monster everyone expected him to be.

But as Eevee stayed longer with AJ, the Voices became more insistent. Much of what they said was pointless ramble, but then they started calling Eevee the False Prophet. Eevee tried to keep up his excitement, to ignore them, as he'd always ignored the people and mon who'd called him that. He tried to keep on being kind and sweet, even as they flung insults. They *had* to see him as something other than evil eventually, right? But the Voices didn't seem to be paying attention to anything besides the fact he was an Eevee, and there were just so many of them it was hard to resist. Soon, all of his excitement had gone. All he could do was hope he wasn't released and try not to cry.

"Tackle," said AJ weakly, snapping Eevee back to the moment. Even if the other Godslayers were fine with him, Eevee doubted AJ ever would be. He could hear the Voices strongest after all. They were hammering him with their harsh words, words that linked him to Dome too. And AJ hated the gods. He would probably be eager to get rid of Eevee as soon as he could, to get any trace of a god off his team. As Eevee's tackle finished off the Rattata, AJ paused for a moment and stared at his mon.

"False Prophet?" he said.

Eevee stared at the ground, defeated. It was now only a matter of time before AJ let the voices drag him to the Ecruteak center. Before he approached the PC and stuck Eevee in there, never to be seen again. Or even worse, release him off to who knows where. Kill him maybe?

He growled at AJ. No matter what, he wanted the trainer to know he wouldn't go down without a fight.

AJ looked into Eevee's fierce eyes. Then he looked away.

"Jerks," he muttered "Why are you... calling Eevee that? Can't you voices... think of..."

He breathed in deeply, and covered his ears. But of course, the Voices continued rambling no matter how much AJ wanted them to stop: *"Of course Eevee is the false prophet Just get rid of it It's so cute Eevee killed the run!"*

Eevee stared at AJ in confusion. What did he mean to say to the voices?

"Eevee doesn't want... to be... YOUR FALSE PROPHET!!!" AJ screamed at the Voices, suddenly finding his *own* voice. "We need to think of a better name... for him!"

Eevee stared at AJ, surprised. AJ didn't want to release him? AJ looked back at Eevee, trying to muster a small smile that ended up looking more like a grimace. But Eevee understood. AJ still wasn't a hollow shell for the Voices' will. And he understood that Eevee wasn't what they all thought he was. Maybe one day the Voices would understand that too, maybe they'd even come to appreciate Eevee. Heh, that seemed doubtful.

"And I'll really try not to... let them release you..." AJ said quietly to Eevee. The unpleasant stories of releases flashed through Eevee's mind. AJ was trying to protect him from that fate. Now he was close to tears for a different reason. "I know... you just want to live your life..." AJ continued. "So do I."

It didn't matter about the Voices anymore. Eevee had AJ looking after him, and that was enough.

The Voices meanwhile, were bickering about what to name Eevee:

*"He's still a FALSE PROPHET! Call him RJ? I don't know what to name him don't ask me GUYS WE NEED TO BEAT MORTY! He's an assassin. RJ RJ RJ no just release him ASSASSIN OR RIOT!"*

AJ listened for a moment, trying to separate the legitimate name suggestions from the nonsense and calls for release. "Okay... Eevee..." he started. "How about... Assassin?"

Eevee thought for a moment. It was definitely better than False Prophet. And he certainly was prepared to assassinate some gods. But it didn't really seem like a name. And it wasn't exactly complimentary either. The Voices probably thought he would assassinate the rest of the team or something. He didn't want to be known for killing. That was the False Prophet's thing. He would rather bring hope to AJ and the rest of the team. It sure seemed like they needed it.

AJ watched the uncertain Eevee. "I'll take that... as a no." he said. "RJ?" he suggested next.

Eevee guessed he could go for that. It was a reasonable name, something he could deal with. He nodded, but AJ was already moving on, overwhelmed by the voices. They were now making suggestions all over the place.

"Deevee? Just Eevee? Pocket Sand? Burrito? That's an... odd one..."

It was odd. "Burrito"? Wasn't that some sort of food? Like a wrap or something? The word itself sounded strange and sort of cute. Burr-i-to. Eevee laughed a little. That was pretty much as far away from "False Prophet" as you could get.

In other words, it was perfect.

Eevee gave a happy cry, drawing AJ's attention. "Burrito, huh?" he said, smiling. "Somehow... that fits you."

The Voices, of course, were outraged: *"that's such a dumb name WHO DECIDED THAT? Assassin is soooo much better! PRAISE BURRITO we didn't even vote on this! Release False Prophet someone make a strawpoll Where the hell did burrito even come from? CONSULT THE HELIX!!"*

"Don't ask me... you guys suggested it." AJ stammered, almost amused by the Voices' endless contradictions. "And Eevee likes it... so that's what we're going with... and no... I'm not consulting... your dumb gods."

As the Voices launched into more rambling about Eevee and Helix and how they still needed to beat Morty, another wild Rattata jumped out, hoping to try his luck against the weird trainer stumbling around the grass with a cute Eevee. But AJ was ready with his newly named friend. Eevee approached the Rattata, getting into a battle stance. And AJ gave a shout:

"Go, BURRITO!"