

# John Phoenix: Turnabout Badfic

**Story:** John Phoenix: Turnabout Badfic

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**Summary:** A child is found dead in his bedroom, his skull and laptop penetrated by the same bullet. John Phoenix and Storm Sente are once again up to the task.

## \*Chapter 1\*: Prelude to madness

Elias sat in his room, the only light source being his laptop, so bright it would blind anyone other than someone as reclusive as him. He brought up and searched what new works the writers he followed came up with. Instead of finding any new stories or chapters, though, he instead found what someone labeled the "most overblown shipfic ever, and I love it for how steamy it is." He clicked the link to the fic, and found that it was called "Turnabout Forever."

"Flat on your face outta the starting gate, eh?" He snarked to absolutely no one. Deciding to see what sort of madness this fic would bring to the table, he opened it. We can't say he was graced, because that's being incredibly generous. We also can't say he was metaphorically blinded, because that's still being generous. So instead, let's just leave it at "he only needed to read the first sentence to know what kind of hurricane he was in for."

"... OW." He moaned, the amateur steaminess giving him a headache. There was no rhyme or reason. The prosecutor was 14, but still fucking her brother. Phoenix had sex with Regina Berry, which greatly overshadowed the spelling error. There was only one way to get this mess out of his head. He pulled out a gun, and did the unthinkable.

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John Phoenix hadn't received any emails messaging him for a case. He also didn't have any paperwork to file or anything of the sort. To pass the time while he was waiting to take a case, he had a flash game playing. After he beat a level, he noticed that some unknown tab played a familiar chime. He opened up his email tab to find that he had a message from someone named "Valencia, Julia."

Mr. John Phoenix,

I'm so glad to have contacted you. My son Elias was found murdered in his room, and my neighbor, Justin Searon, has been pinned as the murderer. Can you please defend him?

Thanks,

Julia Valencia

*Welp, I guess I'll check this out. Beats shooting alien ships.* He thought to himself. "Storm?" He asked, looking up from his desk. "We've got a client."

"About time!" Storm groaned. "You can only watch the same Hexepta: TV Break reruns before it starts to get a tad bit repetitive."

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John Phoenix and Storm Sente walked into the visitor's room, having told the guards that a "Mr. Valencia" was their potential client, and they wished to speak with him. After he was let in, he sat in the centermost chair, like he typically did.

After about five minutes, a guard escorted someone into the room. Nothing was particularly standout about him, he had black, unkempt hair, glasses with red rims, and for whatever reason, he had on a Hexepta: TV Break shirt. John Phoenix swore he could almost hear Storm squealing, ready to burst into a discussion about the latest episode.

"So, you must be my client, Mr. Searon?"

"No, no, Shea-ron. I'm part french."

"Of course. Well, I'm John Phoenix. Your neighbor Julia asked me to be your attorney." John Phoenix elaborated, readjusting his attorney badge to prove it to him. Justin seemed to flinch a little at the mention of Julia's name. "Is something wrong? You two have some history, don't you?"

"No, I just feel uncomfortable having things done for me by my neighbors."

John Phoenix's brain flashed. His psychic powers were telling him Searon was lying. *Not too big a deal.* John Phoenix thought to himself. It may have been a secret kept from him, but he would probably figure it all out later. Besides, he knew full well that there was a bigger elephant to address, but he would get to it in due time.

"So, can you tell me about what happened last night, around the time you were apprehended?"

Justin readjusted his balance, refusing to make eye contact until he was comfortable. "Well, last night I went to bed at 9:00 sharp, falling asleep around 9:30 after watching an episode of my favorite show." *I can take a guess as to what that show is. Never thought it would go further*, John Phoenix mused to himself.

"Around 12:30, I think it was, a loud \*bang!\* was heard from the other side of the street. I clambered over there to see what had happened, and when I got there, I saw that her son's laptop was sparking, and there was a splotch of blood on the floor!

"Naturally, the cops were called in, and I was the first suspect. So, naturally, they arrested me on the spot."

"By the way, before I go, there's just one thing I want to ask you."

"Shoot." He said, waving his hand at the attorney in blue.

"Did you have absolutely anything to do with Elias' death?"

"I think I've already told you, I didn't kill him." *Checks out*. John Phoenix thought.

"If you want to check out the scene of the crime, I can give you the address right now."

"Can I also get a letter stating that I'm going to be your attorney?"

"Yeah, sure, hang on." He pulled a flipbook out of his pocket, and quickly jotted down the address on one slip, and a short note stating that John Phoenix was his attorney.

"Thanks." John Phoenix said, ready to leave, but Storm had other plans.

"Why do you have that notebook with you?" Storm asked.

"Oh, I write fanfictions as a hobby." Justin stated casually. "I always keep it with me in case I get a new idea I want to draft. I've already gotten three just by being in here! The great Argus Hakan serving trumped up charges, the great Conrad Cross serving trumped up charges, and the evil Regeria Hope escaping not-trumped up charges!"

Storm's expression quickly turned sour. Justin knew what had happened, and he looked down at the floor and breathed, "Yeah, I'm not the most original person out there. At least I can say I have multiple drafts to see who works best?" He offered.

"I suppose," Storm agreed, scratching his chin. "Alright John Phoenix. Let's get going!"

## **\*Chapter 2\*: The only necessary investigator**

John Phoenix and Storm arrived at the address listed, Storm knocking shave-and-a-haircut and ringing the doorbell for "two bits". When the door opened, they were met with a young lady who was set to boot them off.

"NO! I AM NOT VOTING THIS YEAR!" She hollered. But before she could slam the door, John Phoenix interjected.

"Hey, calm down, we're not here for the election. I'm the attorney you enlisted to defend your neighbor?" He said, handing her the piece of paper that Justin had handed him. She looked over the paper, and as her eyes glanced over it, her expression shifted to be a bit more calm.

"Alright, you can come in. The crime scene is the second room on the right." She noted, pointing to the hallway on John Phoenix's right, behind the stairs.

"Thank you, Ms. Valencia." Storm said, nodding at her while trailing behind John Phoenix.

"If there's any way I can be of assistance, let me know." She said behind them.

John Phoenix walked into the room in question, finding a room that would likely make Storm jealous. Sure enough...

"WHAT?!" someone hollered. "HE'S GOT ALL OF THIS AWESOME STUFF?"

"Richard! Calm down!" Storm objected. "I bet that his mom may gift us this stuff if we acquit her neighbor, don't worry!"

"Woah! Didn't think I'd see you three here!" A familiar voice said behind them. John Phoenix turned around to find Detective Gumshoe, trailed by one of the police investigators.

"Detective Gumshoe!" Storm exclaimed! "How have thing been on your end?"

"Ups n' downs, kiddo. Ups n' downs." He said, trailing off.

John Phoenix decided to take a gander around the room. On the floor was the obligatory tape outline, blood behind it. A bullet was lodged in the house's frame, right where the wall and ceiling met. It was likely too far back to retrieve.

On the bed was a laptop, the logo blown out from behind the screen. The glass had fallen towards the pillows, but only made it about halfway towards the head of the bed. A gun was found near where the chalk outline's hand was, but it had fallen so that the barrel was facing towards the kid's head while still being able to reach the trigger.

"So, Detective, what have you found?" John Phoenix asked, hoping to get something from the detective.

"Well, it's a rather interesting situation. The gun's ballistic markings show that only one bullet has been fired."

"Wait a second, how were you able to retrieve the bullet? The indentation seems way too far for someone to reach."

"The forensic team had an electromagnet that they used to attract the bullet, strong enough to obtain it, but not too strong to shift its shape." He said, pulling out a bullet sealed in a little plastic baggie.

"Wait a second, why is it strange that the gun only shot off one bullet?" Storm asked, even though John Phoenix had some idea of what he meant.

"Easy. You see the laptop on the bed? That's a bullet hole. Now here's the kid's autopsy." He said, handing John Phoenix a copy. "Let's see here. Time of death, 12:20 - 1:00, Cause, bullet wound in head... from the FRONT?" He raised his voice, gripping the paper tight enough to tear a hole in the side.

"Yep. And keep in mind, the direction of the laptop's shrapnel indicates that the bullet was fired towards the kid."

*Well, this is a comparatively interesting phenomenon.* John Phoenix thought. *Somehow the gun was fired in such a way that the kid and his laptop both died.* He decided to take a more up-close approach with the crime scene, and found a slip of paper that almost blended in with the bedsheets.

It would have been something worth noting had John Phoenix been able to read the chicken scratch on it. Not even Storm could crack it, so they just snapped a photo on John Phoenix's phone, hoping they could eventually read it, or

have someone read it to them.

"Well, I think that might be about it," Richard said. "Now what?"

"I think we should take Julia up on her offer." John Phoenix said, the picture of the note still up.

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John Phoenix walked back to the living room, looking for Julia. He eventually found her in the living room, looking rather distant. "Excuse me? Can you please decipher this for us?" He intruded, holding out his phone with the picture of the slip.

"What makes you think I'd be able to?" She sniped, breaking out of her trance.

"It might be written by your son," Storm said. "It could clear up a little bit of air."

"Uh, okay." She said. She took the phone from John Phoenix's hands, looked at the screen, and probably spent a good 90 seconds trying to deduce what it said. Eventually, she gasped and her eyes began to water.

"What does it say?" John Phoenix said, slightly concerned for the former mother.

"I don't want to live in this world anymore. Knowing that fanfics like 'Turnabout Forever' exist makes me want to kill myself. Scratch that, it's the only way I can get it out of my head. Tell 'ladyjolenephoenix' to burn in hell for me? Thanks." She finished, turning off the phone before hand it back to John Phoenix.

John Phoenix decided that he would have to research this guy who seemed to have driven this kid to suicide. But for now, a final glance at the crime scene.

"Nothing new to report, sir! Oh, it's you, John Phoenix."

"Thanks for the update!" Richard said, giving them all a good laugh.

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John Phoenix had probably spent 15 minutes looking for the right guy on fanfiction. He didn't even want to read any of these things, he just wanted to find a guy. But after a good 20 minutes of adjusting search engines and altering capitalizations, he finally found the profile.

*So this is the idiot that drove an innocent child to kill himself. I know should be honored people are writing stories about my uncle, but do they really need to vilify him?* He said, looking at the reviews of one story that pinned his uncle as the murderer.

Realizing he had gotten sidetracked, he looked over her profile as best he could, trying to keep the bad sex scenes from hurting his eyes. He hadn't really cared for sexual content in the past, but this devolved from a minor annoyance to a freaking war crime. He asked Richard to come in and talk to this girl, as he was the one with a profile on this site.

*SSFan367: Hey, are you aware of the fact that your fanfictions caused someone to commit suicide?*

*ladyjolenephoenix: Yeah, so they could ride the cock of the angels up to the white as semen clouds above. Post pics of his corpse pls ;)*

Richard gave up immediately after that, saying that "Someone like her is too dense to reason with." John Phoenix had no choice but to agree. He couldn't find a way to counter this girl, her own reply said everything!

### **\*Chapter 3\*: Well, that was a short trial**

The next morning rolled around too soon. John Phoenix was worried that he didn't have everything pieced together, and Richard had stayed up too late trying to keep a straight face reading this ""Jolene Phoenix" character's pathetic excuse for fanfictions. In fact, the only reason he did was because he enjoyed seeing all the ways this guy crashed and burned in his attempts.

But either way, the two were at court, exhausted but prepared, or at least as prepared as they could be. Edgeworth himself also looked prepared, though he seemed kind of distant. The judge's gavel pounding brought them both back to earth.

"Court is now in session for the trial of Justin Searon," His Honor said, making the same mistake John Phoenix did. "Is the prosecution ready?"

"The prosecution is ready, your honor." Edgeworth said.

"The defense is ready, your honor." John Phoenix followed.

"Of course. Prosecution, your opening statement, please."

"Okay." Edgeworth cleared his throat and pulled out a slip of paper. "On the night of September 4, Elias Valencia was found dead in his bedroom. His laptop computer, which he had been using until his death, was also shot at. We have a diagram of the crime scene, right here."

Edgeworth brought out a picture to the court, which was rather underwhelming. It was just a bird's-eye view of his bed, designating the location of the laptop, the broken screen, the body partially slumped on the floor, and the murder weapon, also on the floor. The judge admitted it as evidence.

"The only one without an alibi is the Valencia's next-door neighbor, Justin Searon. He's the only one who could have potentially killed him."

"OBJECTION!" John Phoenix hollered. "What motive would Mr. Searon have?" He raised, also bringing to light the proper pronunciation of Justin's surname. Edgeworth smiled and elaborated.

"It's rather straightforward. Mr. Searon used to be Elias' mother's wife." The court went into clamor, the judge slamming his gavel, calling for order.

"He would likely attempt to avoid any reminder that his wife left him. Granted, it is merely speculation at this point." Miles admitted, dropping his smirk.

"Let's test to see if that holds water." John Phoenix said.

"Very well. The prosecution calls Justin Searon to the stand." The red-clad prosecutor motioned for Justin to go up to the stand. After he walked behind it, he pulled out his notebook and wrote down likely another story idea.

"Name and occupation."

"Justin Searon. I write short stories and fanfictions."

"Fanfictions?" The judge asked, foreign to the concept.

"A fan-made story of an existing IP- any form of fictional media- that is not canon to the original source." Searon cleared.

"Anyway, Mr. Searon, is it true that you and Ms. Julia Valencia used to be romantically inclined?"

Justin flinched, but the lock didn't appear. It must have been broken earlier by some outside force. "Yes... we were..." The onlookers whispered amongst themselves.

"But, I'm kind of over her now." That drove the observers to talk a bit more loudly, forcing the judge to call order again.

"Mr. Edgeworth, are you willing to alter your opening statement to suit the defendant's lack of motive?" He said, glaring daggers at Miles.

"We can address the motive later when I come up with something. For now, let's let the defendant go back to his seat and bring in my first witness."

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Detective Gumshoe was once again on the stand, which didn't surprise John Phoenix, His Honor, or the peanut gallery in the slightest. "Name and occupation, please?" Edgeworth said, despite the fact that everyone already knew who he was.

"Dick Gumshoe, the local detective." He said, almost rhythmically.

"Please testify to the court about what you have discovered at the crime scene."

"Alright." The detective cleared his throat. "At the crime scene, we discovered that the blood of the victim had traveled in the same direction as the kid's PC's shrapnel. Now this is interesting, seeing as the gun had been found next to the kid's hand, almost as though it was supposed to look like suicide."

"That was... strangely short." The judge noted.

"Well, there wasn't much at the crime scene either."

"John Phoenix? You may begin your cross-examination."

"Detective Gumshoe, please repeat your testimony." John Phoenix said, spotting the contradiction immediately, but still wanting a little info.

"We discovered the kid's blood had traveled in the same direction as the PC's shrapnel."

"Hold it!" John Phoenix interrupted. "Can you specify which direction that is?"

"You were at the scene, weren't you? The blood was going behind the victim, towards the wall where the window was located, but not at the window."

"Do you think you could mark it on the diagram?"

"Sure thing." He said, having been handed a diagram and a marker. "The PC was here with the shrapnel here," He noted, pointing slightly to the right of the computer with the kid on the left, "and there was a bit of blood here," he said, pointing on the head of the bed, "but most of it pooled here."

John Phoenix mentally reviewed his experience with the crime scene before deciding that the bed, frame, sheets and all, would be worth noting.

"The gun had been found in the victim's hand, almost like it was supposed to appear to be suicide."

"Objection!" John Phoenix hollered, bringing out the slip of paper they found on Elias' bed.

"Hey, what's that?" Gumshoe said.

"That's because it was suicide! This is a note written by Elias, seemingly before he died. It reads... great... what did it say, Storm? I don't remember."

"Objection!" Edgeworth countered, keeping Nick from stalling. "Why isn't the defense showing us what the note says?"

Storm said, while showing Miles the picture, "Because the handwriting on it is practically unintelligible. Bear with me." She brought the paper back to her hand and glossed it over. "Ah, yes. It says, and I quote. 'I don't want to live in this world anymore. Knowing that fanfics like 'Turnabout Forever' exist makes me want to kill myself. Scratch that, it's the only way I can get it out of my head. Tell 'ladyjolenePhoenix' to burn in hell for me? Thanks.'"

"Where are you going with this?" Gumshoe asked, though Edgeworth seemed to know.

"Isn't it obvious? We have established the motive. Elias didn't want to associate himself with a fanfic as bad as what he read..." He slammed his hands on the table. "So the only way to get it out of his head was to kill himself!"

"That's crazy!" Miles shouted while the observers clamored among themselves. "Not only could such a fic not

possibly exist, but the reaction is so disproportionate, there's no way it could happen!"

"Oh, believe me," Richard interjected. "Such an excuse for literature does exist. I have it on my phone right now. You want me to show the court on the projector?"

"Particularly me, but we have to get the point across to them too." Edgeworth said, gesturing at everyone around him.

"Bailiff! Please get us some popcorn from the employee lounge! From what I'm hearing, this will be a fantastic train wreck!" While someone was setting up the projector and calibrating it so that Richard's phone wouldn't damage anyone's eyes, the bailiff had prepared four bags of buttered popcorn: One for the judge, one for him, one to share between Nick and Maya, and the last one for Edgeworth.

Richard had accessed the app that stored the many fanfictions she enjoyed reading, and Turnabout Dank. She opened up the first chapter, and everyone knew what she was talking about.

*phoenix wright gets hit by a car and has to DEFEND THE MAN WHO HIT HIM CAN HE DO IT?*

Edgeworth, looking incredibly appalled, stated to the court, "Should I object to the improper grammar, the fact that the writer seems to slander my opponent, or the fact that his profile seems to imply he has written about a dozen of these monstrosities?"

"How about all three?!" The peanut gallery yelled before the bailiff took the phone out, handed it to Richard, and rubbed his eyes in a desperate gambit to remove the offending "literature" from his eyes.

"Well, I can see WHY a prepubescent teen would want to die after reading this." The judge stated bluntly.

"One thing has been pestering me ever since I found the note." John Phoenix mused aloud. "Are we tackling murder, suicide, or second-degree murder?"

"I wonder that too, John Phoenix." Edgeworth breathed out, no doubt scarred by the synopsis he was forced to look at. "Your Honor, I request an extra day to look further into this case, locate this "lady jolene phoenix" character, and remove this slandering of the defense-

"And yourself." Storm said. John Phoenix leaned away from her, staring wide-eyed at Storm. *Whatta trooper!*

"I only read the first chapter. You're welcome, John Phoenix. Lemme tell you, the fic has the quality of those old-timey game systems."

"... And ME..." Edgeworth growled, "from our collective mindscapes."

"I believe I need a respite, too!" His Honor complied. "I will grant the prosecution's request. The court shall be suspended until tomorrow!" The sound of a gavel striking wood resounded through the court.

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John Phoenix, Storm, Richard, and Edgeworth just stared at each other in the defendant's lobby for the longest time, unsure of how to go about the prosecution's request.

"I think that this jolene person might live within a few hours of here."

"How can you be so sure?" STORM asked, flabbergasted.

"I think you've forgotten my ranking on the law's hierarchy. I have, as jolene would put it, "wicked bad connections."" Edgeworth elaborated, grimacing upon mentioning the author.

"No rest for the wicked, eh? We have our own elephants to address. C'mon, Storm." John Phoenix said, walking out the court's front doors.



## **\*Chapter 4\*: Acquiring the Phoenix**

(Author's note. I do not know Jolene's real name. Please do not tell me, I am willing to take any flames regarding her names with the license card.)

Miles Edgeworth waltzed into the Police Department, unsure of whether or not to feel on top of the world or like he wanted to be crushed under the Mariana Trench. He had been able to capture the writer, but he had his hands on the most egocentric person he could think of.

*And having been raised by the von Karmas, that's saying a lot.* He thought, deciding to wash his hands very, very thoroughly after he was done with this character. The journey to acquire him wasn't very fun either.

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After bomb threats and such had been received by email since about 6 years ago, the local offices had to include an office for cybercrime and cyberbullying. It had come in handy incredibly often, especially considering that Edgeworth's connections made tracking down real-life criminals much easier from the PCs. He had asked one of the officers to locate this "Jolene" character and find her by any necessary means. Her homesite's dated nature made it much easier for him, and it was barely a matter of 30 minutes before the cop had obtained results.

"Okay," he started, having handed Edgeworth a piece of paper noting several details about him, "it appears her name is Jolene Phoenix. Heh, imagine that. She lives 30 miles south of here, and there's no way she can deny praise. Or... accept actual criticism, it seems." They both grimaced. Edgeworth knew what it was like to have to live with someone who couldn't stand to watch their record suffer. Nay, TWO people.

Either way, he decided to drive down to the location listed on her profile, which, according to his GPS, was, in fact, a good 27 minutes away. He turned on the radio and prepared himself for whatever kind of person Jolene would be.

"Wait, sir!" Gumshoe hollered from outside the car. "Hope you don't mind if I come with?"

"I don't see why not." Edgeworth smiled, unlocking the passenger side door.

Now, Edgeworth had seen it all. He was almost asphyxiated at age nine, he had nightmares regarding mascots, even to this day, and he had to bear witness to that pathetic excuse for an author's work. Edgeworth was desperately hoping it was some young kid, so that she could have some shred of an excuse.

What he was not expecting was a part of some town so run-down, he could swear that the most profitable places were strip joints, which he attempted to avoid looking at. He drove slowly, looking for the address in question, and eventually encountered some run-down camper van.

"Why are we going to my place, sir?" Gumshoe said, eliciting a bit of a chuckle from Edgeworth, before realizing the implications. Deciding to delay it to a later date, he knocked on the door, afraid it would fall in. It surprisingly kept its hold on the frame, and five seconds later, a woman with a tattered shirt, and a heavy smell of drugs around her opened the door.

"What do you f\*\*\*ers want!?" She hollered, the noise enough to cause them both to lose their hearing for a moment. Through the ringing, Edgeworth managed to get out, though he wasn't perfectly sure he even said it, "Would you happen to be a," Edgeworth cleared his throat heavily. Very heavily. He kept this up for somewhere around 15 seconds. "Sorry, I can smell the drugs from your house. 'Lady' Jolene Phoenix?"

"Oh, another reader of my fics set to praise me for who I am? Please, come on in." She said, gesturing to the interior, though neither Miles nor Gumshoe had any plans of holding her in any regard. After some time, Phoenix walked back in, a roll of paper that smelled heavily of "kush", as the kids would call it, in her hands. She stared at them, unsure of why they weren't praising her.

"We aren't here to hold you in any regards. We just want to ask you a few questions and then be on our way."

"Well, sure." She said, seemingly too compliant. "Let me just take one last drag..." She slucked on the unlit end of her makeshift cigar before passing out.

"This could make things easier." Edgeworth mused to himself. "Detective, get her legs. I'll grab her by the arms."

"Um, are you okay, sir?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, given what kind of setting she lives in, shouldn't we remove any potential weaponry she has?"

"Good thinking, Detective."

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Jolene woke up in a blank gray room, Edgeworth sitting directly across from her. A recording device was right next to the two, and when Jolene came to, the prosecutor pressed the record button.

She could feel that her pockets were empty, lacking the shiv she used to greatly injure her haters, even kill sometimes. But the big one was that she didn't have her marijuana with him. "What have you done with my kush?" She screamed, trying to fidget out of her handcuffs that kept her to the chair bolted to the floor.

Edgeworth serenely pressed the record button, and merely smirked. "I wanted to ask you a few questions, Ms. Phoenix. It would be much easier to get the answers from you when your mind is cleared of nicotine."

"You f\*\*\*ing hacker when I get out of this mess I'm gonna \*\*\*\* \*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*!" Jolene swore, Edgeworth mentally censoring the swears with mental pictures of the Blue Badger.

"Engaging in heterosexual intercourse is not going to help your matter in the slightest, Ms. Phoenix." Edgeworth casually stated. "Rape threats can be treated as equally as actual rape. We're not in one of your fanfics. But we're getting off track. Now, is it true that you can be found on fanfiction-dot-net as 'ladyjolenephoenix'?"

"At least you have the mental capacity to figure that \*\*\*\* out." Jolene said, refusing to make eye contact with Edgeworth.

"Now, how have you received the aforementioned "kush" you so desperately need?"

"Like hell I'm telling you!"

"I was just testing to see if you thought we were idiotic druggies, like at the end of that one fic." Edgeworth said, paraphrasing the end of the fic Richard read. "We know that there is only one way you can obtain that drug, especially with the given properties. Illegally." He said, setting down a sheet of paper showing that the drug found in Jolene's stash was crystallized pot.

"What does this have to do with anything?"

"Do you write fanfictions whenever you smoke?"

"I write them *exclusively* when I smoke!" She said, beaming.

Edgeworth nodded, knowing what this would mean for her. "You wouldn't mind testifying in court tomorrow?"

"I would love to! I can't wait for the room to get a little bit of Jolene magic!" She said, a puff of smoke coming from her breath.

"You seem to be sobering up. Let's prepare you for tomorrow."

## \*Chapter 5\*: Suicidal Tendencies

John Phoenix and friends returned to the crime scene, hoping to get a bit more info about the kid. Storm once again knocked shave and a haircut, with Ms. Valencia letting them in.

"Totally random question," Richard started, "but did your son ever contemplate suicide?"

Ms. Valencia gasped, seemingly shocked that Richard would ever suggest such a thing. Storm and John Phoenix both covered their ears, but instead of her exploding, she merely let out a solemn, "More than you would imagine."

"He seemed to be leading a good, happy life! Why would he end it over a fanfiction?" John Phoenix asked, still hesitant to remove his hands from his ears.

"Elias was always prone to overreactions. But he was also incredibly stressed about life as a whole, ever since his father left. He kept all of that Sal Manella merchandise to keep up the illusion that he was happy. I guess the fic pushed him enough. A real shame, too, he looked like he was finally over suicidal contemplation." Julia breathed, looking like she was ready to break down.

"Another seemingly random question," John Phoenix interjected, reaching an arm around Julia for her to cry on. "Did your son ever have a problem with bad steamy content?"

"It was one of the first things that made him suicidal, right up there with bad stories and lack of a father." *And yet he doesn't have a problem with pseudo-impenetrable handwriting.* John Phoenix cracked to himself.

"Slightly funny story," Julia continued. "He has actually drafted 12 suicide notes in the past year or so. I still have every single one of them with me. You want me to get them for you?"

"That would be appreciated." John Phoenix said.

However, Julia only returned with three. "These are the only three notes that say things that can pertain to the case. He actually repeated these upwards of five times across them all." She said, snickering through her tears.

"Never thought someone would have the guts to go through with it." John Phoenix said. "Alright, Storm, let's see how Justin's doing."

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"I'm feeling kinda lucky, John Phoenix." Justin stated bluntly. "Suspicion has been diverted from me onto Jack Kidd, but the judge needs to bang that gavel for me to get out of here."

"I'm feelin' good, too." John Phoenix agreed. "We've got everything we need to convict your son's indirect murderer."

"She told you, huh?"

"It wasn't hard to figure out."

"Yeah, I'm not the best liar in the world."

"Well, in an occupation like this, lying isn't in the job description." John Phoenix sniped, wondering why the fanfiction writer wasn't saying anything back.

"This coming from the lawyer?" That phrase drove both Justin and Richard into hysterics while John Phoenix slouched in his chair. *It was only a matter of time,* John Phoenix realized.

Richard rubbed John Phoenix's shoulder as he was making contact with the table. Over. And over. And OVER.

"Looking back, I think that's just about everything."

"Wish us luck, Justin!" John Phoenix said, walking out the door.

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The next day, John Phoenix and Storm had gotten enough sleep and time to prepare this time around. They felt ready to convict that writer for the indirect murderer he was.

"Court will now reconvene. Mr. Edgeworth, were you able to obtain this witness?" His honor stated, looking at Edgeworth.

"And prepared him to testify for the court. I am set to believe he is also set."

"Very well, please, bring him in."

Some time later, what many would describe as the definition of "redneck" walked up to the stand. She had unkempt facial hair, a hand-me-down In-n-Out shirt, jeans torn up to the boxers, and a heavy smell of nicotine and other drugs.

"State your name and occupation for the record." Edgeworth said, seemingly already impatient.

"Jolene Phoenix. I am currently unemployed."

Some members of the audience started whispering to themselves upon learning that the author named her profile after herself. Half of the mutters talked about her ego.

"Objection!" Edgeworth hollered. The judge stared at him funny, about to ask why the prosecution was objecting to his own witness, when Edgeworth elaborated. "Your Honor, this woman does have a job, it's just one that should not exist. This woman trafficks drugs, specializing in marijuana and cocaine."

That drove everyone into a frenzy, forcing the judge to call for order. "I suppose these crimes will have to be heard at a later date, but for now... eh... what did you want this witness to testify about, Mr. Edgeworth?"

"I would like for the witness to testify about her fanfiction writing hobby. Particularly about her content."

## **\*Chapter 6\*: Final Verdict**

"Well, there's little to say about my style. My paragraphs never really go beyond one line of

original text, and there is intended plagiarism. Many people know that my stories are bad, and they all love my stories for it." Jolene noted, a distant look after it was all over, like he was fantasizing about her own stories.

"John Phoenix, go ahead and cross-examine this witness." The judge stated bluntly, looking about ready to get the smell of tobacco out of his nose.

Jolene once again cleared her throat, ready to re-recite her testimony. John Phoenix knew what he was going to do was circumstantial and/or opinionated, but in his fics, that passed for perfectly OK. "There's little to say about my style. My paragraphs never really go beyond one line of original text."

"Hold it!" Phoenix interrupted. "Why is it that your paragraphs never go beyond the one line?"

"Most of it isn't my work."

"Makes sense." Edgeworth interjected. "Please continue."

"And there is intended plagiarism. Many people know my stories are bad, and they all love my stories for it."

"Objection!" Phoenix hollered. "That very lie is the reason you were brought to court today, Jolene. Let me ask you, do you remember why you were brought here by the prosecution?"

"Something about introducing the court to a bit of 'Jolene magic'?" She said bluntly. John Phoenix inwardly groaned that Edgeworth had to stroke her ego to get her to come in, but he pressed on.

"No. A kid was found dead two days ago, and this fic is the reason he committed suicide, evidenced by this note I found on his bed." He said, pulling out the same letter used to prove it was suicide yesterday.

"Objection! This is all conjecture! We never even proved he went through with it!" Edgeworth stated.

"Valid point, valid point." John Phoenix agreed. "What say we hear what the witness was doing on the night of the murder, September 4th?"

"Fair enough." The judge agreed. "Witness, please testify as to what you did on the night of September 4th."

"Alrighty." Jolene said bluntly. "I was driving through the upper part of town around Midnight after I had sobered up at the bar. When I drove by a house in one of the local neighborhoods, I heard a gunshot. The glass in the front window of the house shattered, and the bullet carried on and broke my window. Heh, good thing my chair is always reclined, eh?"

"Very fortunate," The judge agreed. "Is your car window still broken?"

"We have the bullet hole to prove it." Edgeworth piped up, setting down a picture of Jolene's truck's window. The bullet hole was on the driver side window, and had penetrated clean through.

"I know how this song and dance goes." Jolene stated as John Phoenix prepared himself for a cross-exam.

"I was driving through the northern part of town around Midnight after sobering up at the bar."

"Hold it! Why did you wait to sober up until you left?"

"I had only brought enough money for beers and not a cab. I had to wait for my brain to clear out the alcohol. Musta taken around 2 hours."

"And after you left?" John Phoenix asked, implying he wanted Jolene to continue his testimony. The point went across.

"When I drove by a house in one of the local neighborhoods, I heard a gunshot. The glass in the front window of the house shattered, and the bullet carried on and broke my window."

"Objection!" John Phoenix yelled, showing a picture of the front of the house. "That bullet never left the house!"

"Huh yeah." Jolene said, disproportionately calm. It was kind of unsettling for John Phoenix, especially considering he didn't know how to continue on.

"Objection!" Edgeworth countered. "Where would he have gotten the bullet hole in his window from?"

"He lives on the bad side of town, doesn't he?"

The court was eerily quiet for around 10 seconds before Edgeworth slammed his hand on the bench. "Testify about what you did that night!"

"I did!" Jolene insisted.

"The truth this time?"

"Okay, jeez... Like I said, I was driving back home around Midnight after leaving the bar. When I heard the gunshot, I stopped my car and ran up to the house. I looked through the window to find a kid dead, though his laptop was still on."

*This is too easy.* John Phoenix and Storm thought in tandem.

"I was driving back home around Midnight after leaving the bar. When I heard the gunshot, I stopped my car and ran up to the house. I looked through the window to find a kid dead, though his laptop was still on."

"Objection!" John Phoenix stopped him, showing him a picture of the laptop's debris. "The victim was found with his PC destroyed, and they died to the same bullet!"

"You're incredibly concise today," sTORM pointed out.

"Hey, I want him out, too!"

"Look, witness," Edgeworth started. "If you want this to go easy, just admit you've committed second-degree murder. It'll make things much less of a headache for everyone. And not just because we can smell the pot on your breath."

"I STILL WANT MY KUSH BACK!" Jolene screamed at Edgeworth as the guards apprehended him.

"Well," The judge managed to get out a few minutes after Jolene was apprehended. "This was a rather short, concise, proceeding. I believe I can declare my verdict. I find the defendant, Justin Searon not guilty! Court is adjourned!"