

John Phoenix: Turnabout Zombie Plague

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Summary: London is under attack by a horde of zombies and John Phoenix must put a stop to them with help from all of his friends!

***Chapter 1*: Respecting the Dead**

***Chapter 2*: Fighting the Dead**

Storm Sente ran out of the cemetery and into the town of Answell, he had to warn the people about what he saw, that's when Storm remembered that a local politician was doing a rally today so he found the politician and he had attracted a massive crowd.

"A vote for me is a vote to bring an end to the marginalizing and oppression of all minorities (by killing them)," he said the last part under his breath. "GOOD NIGHT ANSWE-"

Storm shoved the politician aside and took the podium and the politician fell off the stage cracked his skull against the ground and died.

"Guys guys this is an emergency!" shouted Storm. "I was at the graveyard and all the FemCon people came back to life but they're zombies we've gotta run or we'll all die! Or undie or whatever."

"HA HA HA HA HA HA!" Everyone laughed at the kooky man at the podium.

"ZOMBIES AREN'T REAL!" shouted some kids.

"HEY ISN'T THAT THE LAST LAWYER OF ANSWELL?" shouted a man.

"FIRE HIM!" shouted another man.

"KILL HIM!" shouted a woman.

Everyone kept laughing as Storm desperately tried to warn the good people of Answell and it seemed he eventually got through to them for their laughter had turned into squealing in horror.

"Ah, I'm so glad you finally grasp the situation!" shouted Storm. "A vote for me is a vote for protection against the zombie invasion!"

"TOO LATE!"

That's when Storm noticed the FemCon zombies had followed him to the rally and were now feasting on the people who had just laughed at him. People were getting infected left and right and survivors were running around in circles!

"You idiot why didn't you warn us!" shouted some asshole who then got dragged to the ground by Gutts.

Storm glared at the asshole, but then at Gutts. He couldn't stand by as his town fell apart. Storm jumped from the podium and found the corpse of the politician had a little pistol in his pocket, because he was secretly pro-gun, which was fine with Storm considering the circumstances.

Storm took the pistol and started shooting it wildly.

One zombie down, two zombies down, three zombies down, four zombies down, five zombies down, six zombies down!

Click click. The gun ran out of bullets and there were still hundreds to go, and they were multiplying.

Storm started sweating buckets as he retreated to the back alleys. He looked over his shoulder expecting an entire parade at his tail, but fortunately there were still dozens of people from the rally distracting them.

"Wait no, that's NOT fortunate, I gotta stop this because if everyone except me becomes a zombie then how will I buy food and generate electricity and defend people in court against nobody?" said Storm. But just as he could not fend for himself as the only surviving man in the world, he could not stop a zombie outbreak by himself either. He needed help. And he knew exactly who to call.

Storm took to the streets of Answell, careful not to let the zombies spot him, otherwise they would eat him! Fortunately it was still just past midnight so the darkness was his ally.

"I need to find a phone booth," said Storm.

Storm searched for a phone booth.

Then Storm stopped searching for a phone booth because he remembered it was 2019 and they don't exist any more.

"It's times like these I wish I had a smartphone," Storm sighed. It was a mild inconvenience though, despite being 2019 he still had access to a telephone, he had one in his office, so he carefully made his way back to the Sente Law Firm. But, when he got to the street his office was on, he found a terrifying sight: the windows of the office had been shattered, the door was kicked in, there were humanoid figures shambling around inside it and the sign that once said "SENTE LAW FIRM" had several letters torn off so now it simply said ".ENTER.."

""Enter"? I think not." said Storm. The zombies' trap was all too obvious.

Storm slunk back into the alley he came from and fell to his ass. Now what was he supposed to do?

***Chapter 3*: An Ally**

Storm must have dozed off while he was sitting there in the alley. Understandably, he thought, as it was very late and he'd been very busy mourning almost 10,000 dead people. He soon realized this was not the wisest place to sleep when he finally came to his senses and realized there was someone limping into the alleyway, and he was moaning for some fresh flesh.

Storm grunted, took out the pistol and aimed it at the creature. But then he remembered it was empty, but conveniently, there were some little pebbles on the ground that were the same size as the pellets this pistol fired, so he loaded the barrel with those. It took some effort, but luckily, his assailant was in no rush himself.

Storm aimed the gun and fired. There was a gunshot, but nothing else happened. This gun was not designed to fire pebbles.

Storm dropped his gun, unsure what to do as the zombie had just about closed the gap between them. And then, there was a second gunshot! A bullet fired through the zombie's head, narrowly missing Storm's face as it lodged in the wall next to him. The zombie collapsed, revealing the long-haired woman behind him.

"Lizzy!" shouted Storm, delighted to see the face of his good friend, Detective Chief Inspector Elizabeth Harrison.

"I came running the moment I heard that gunshot. Glad I made it on time to save your ass. I'm quite the fan of your ass if you didn't know."

Lizzy winked. Storm wasn't entirely sure why. Anyway, Lizzy gave Storm a sack full of bullets.

"How am I meant to carry this?" said Storm.

"Use your imagination," said Lizzy. Storm took the unimaginative approach of shoving them in his pants and they left the alley. Some more zombies started coming their way, but Lizzy kept them at bay with her expert marksmanship. Storm awkwardly shot some too when he could, but Lizzy left very few standing.

"Anyway, it was just past midnight when people started calling the police on a blond man who was claiming zombies were real and they wanted him arrested. I'm guessing that was you."

"Why?"

"Because you're a man of justice who will gladly sacrifice his image in the name of public safety," Lizzy winked again, this time edging close to him with a warm smile.

"Aha! You flatter me," Storm said, entirely calmly, though he was clearly puzzled why Lizzy was leaning in so close, she was hardly whispering.

Storm and Lizzy took shelter at the Answell Police Station. The lights were out, but there were no zombies at least, nor was there anyone at all.

"We should be safe here," said Lizzy. She went to the window and looked out over the humble town of Answell, which was already fallen apart.

"Why do you think this happened?" said Lizzy.

"I'm not sure. One moment, I was at the cemetery and all was peaceful. Then, all of a sudden, all my friends and acquaintances were rising out of their graves," said Storm. "You don't think... this could have something to do with it being the 7-month anniversary of the FemCon Incident?"

"No."

"Guess that makes sense."

Suddenly, Lizzy stiffened.

"Storm, look," said Lizzy. "The zombies are walking away from the town."

Storm looked out the window, and saw she was right. A large horde of infected townspeople were leaving. But why?

Storm considered the situation. Answell was a small town that developed around the prestigious Femley School of Law, so its destruction 7 months ago led to a rapid decline in the town's population. It was likely that the entire town had been infected by this mysterious disease. Well, no... hopefully not everyone had been infected.

"They must be looking for more prey," said Lizzy. "They're heading for London, let's warn the people there!"

Lizzy took out her phone and dialed a number, but there was no reception.

"Argh, we'll need a telephone," said Lizzy. "But where in this whole entire town are we going to find such an antiquated device?"

Storm stood up. He knew exactly where they could find a telephone.

***Chapter 4*: Storm Saves His Friend**

"ENTER" said the sign outside the Sente Law Firm, which Storm and Lizzy stood outside of. This time, Storm was armed with the best firearm the police were allowed to carry, which was a .100 caliber automatic assault rifle. It was too heavy for him though and he dropped it on his feet and said "ouchie" so Lizzy decided the gun was a bigger threat to himself than the zombies so she gave him a standard issue revolver instead. Storm complained that he didn't really like using guns, but Lizzy just slapped him.

"Alright," said Storm, loading up the revolver. "Let's enter."

Storm kicked the door down and instantly zombies were flying at them at a hundred miles per hour! Lizzy pulled Storm back and fired her gun at an inhuman speed, it was like she was the zombie here. There was a whole crowd of zombies crammed into Storm's office, but none of them could get anywhere near Storm or Lizzy.

Storm soon realized that every one of these were friends of his who studied and lectured at Femley!

Just as he had this realization, the door to his actual office swung open and James shambled out.

"Storrmmm..." he moaned, taking Storm by surprise. "Join us Storrmmmmmm..."

There was a hint of sadness in James' voice, it was as if they were longing for their friend who had miraculously not attended the Femley Convention that day. For a second Storm considered letting his friend infect him, maybe he would be happy with them in the afterlife.

Before anyone could do the honors, though, the door behind Storm flew off its hinges and another zombie walked in. Storm looked over his shoulder, and when he saw who had entered, his blood ran colder than anyone else's in the room. This new figure before him was the rotting remains of his best friend, Richard Kingsley!

The pupils dilated in Storm's eyes, and he pulled out the revolver and shot! He shot the zombies around him, and he reloaded and shot some more. He turned to James and shot him. He reloaded and shot him up again, shouting incoherently all the way. He kept shooting his former friend who had infected his current friend and didn't stop until his corpse had more holes than flesh.

Then, he turned to Richard who, despite the gruesome sight he had surely witnessed, was still limping towards him. Storm took the revolver in both hands and shakily pointed it at his friend. He hesitated, then took a deep breath, closed his eyes and, telling himself that Richard was already dead, fired.

When he heard Richard hit the ground, he slowly opened his eyes. He looked down and saw Richard lying there, not moving.

Then, Richard lifted his head up, his eyes still glowing red, and began crawling towards him with a snarl. It seemed Storm had shot too low and hit him in the leg. He readied the gun again, but couldn't bring himself to shoot.

Before Richard could reach him, though, Lizzy appeared behind him! She grabbed him by the foot and threw him into the closet. She slammed the door shut, locked it, then barricaded it with every piece of furniture in the room so he could not escape.

"There's still hope for him," said Lizzy. "We'll keep him in there in the meantime, out of harm's way."

"Thank you, Lizzy," said Storm. "Let's hope we can find a way to cure him."

Storm realized he had no time to waste. He turned to the telephone, still hanging on the wall. He took the receiver, dialled a number and held it to his ear. Miraculously, it seemed the phone still functioned. It was time to finally warn the people of this zombie apocalypse!

John Phoenix was watching TV. He tried to turn on the channel for British shows so he can laugh at British people who are stupid, but for some reason none of the British channels were airing. John Phoenix thought that was odd. Had British people really become so hopeless that they had forgotten how to broadcast TV shows?

Just then, the phone rang. John Phoenix answered.

"John Phoenix?" said a voice.

"Yes, it is me," said John Phoenix. "Can I offer you my defense services?"

"Yes, but not your legal ones," said the voice. "I'm waiting for you in London, John Phoenix. We require your human defense services!"

***Chapter 5*: Plan of Defense**

"Tell me again why we are watching movies in the town hall, Superintendent Pilfnam?" said the mayor of London.

"For fuck's sake Mayor, what kind of movie would have a shot this dragged out?" Joseph Pilfnam, the superintendent of Scotland Yard, slammed his fist on the desk.

Ryunosuke slumped in his chair and sighed.

"We're all going to die," he moaned.

"Sit up, Naruhodo-san!" Susato grabbed him by the back of the collar and straightened him up as she scolded him, not that she could blame him for his exaggerated pessimism for a second. Today was supposed to be another peaceful day for them, sitting in their law office waiting for nobody to show up. But, despite having nothing planned, the Great Detective had practically dragged them out of bed and taken them to the town hall for an emergency meeting. He probably didn't think they'd care because they never seemed to be busy.

Susato looked back at the TV screen. What they were watching would appear to anyone to be a zombie movie, except apparently it was live footage of actual zombies broadcasted from a satellite dish in space. Susato had no idea what a satellite dish even was or how they got it into space but this was certainly like no film she'd ever seen.

"Mayor, not only have we caught these creatures Mr. Sente warned us of last night on camera, but just as the lawyer said, we've made no contact with anyone else in Answell since last night!" said Superintendent Pilfnam. "We must warn the city and evacuate-"

"ON WITH THE CARNIVAL!" screeched a bald old man. There was no carnival, he was just a skeptic that wanted to make an argument.

The mayor groaned. In a way, both Ryunosuke and Susato sympathized with him. With the prime minister having just passed away, the timing of this phenomenon could not have been worse for the government.

"Okay fine whatever, as a centrist I have no opinion on this matter, if the people want to take shelter from the zombies let them and those that want to die can die," said the mayor.

On that note, it was agreed that Joseph Pilfnam would establish a shelter in the basement of Scotland Yard and all were welcome to hide there. He boasted that they had enough room for ten thousand people, which only made them wonder what the police were hiding that they'd need so much free space.

"This meeting is adjourned," said the mayor. The old man checked his watch, picked up some cards and shuffled out the door. "Just on time for bingo."

Ryunosuke and Susato, relieved to finally be released from the meeting room, walked briskly outside and found Herlock Sholmes by the door, talking to a gentleman in a top hat.

"My good fellows, thank you for waking up at the crack of dawn for such an important matter!" said Sholmes.

"No problem, you didn't give us much of a choice," said Ryunosuke.

"Ah, but there wasn't a choice, my friend. This was an urgent meeting that required the audience of the most important men in London!"

"So why were we here?" said Susato.

"I'm a Great Detective! The safety of this town lies squarely on my shoulders so it falls to me to get to the bottom of this case!" said Sholmes.

"Maybe you should worry more about the London of our own era..." Ryunosuke yawned.

"Irregardless, I must now be off! There's foul play afoot, of this I am sure! Do do your part to spread the word and encourage people to take shelter, no matter how silly you look in the process, my good fellows!"

The lawyers were too busy thinking about "irregardless" to listen to the rest but they nodded and waved him off.

"Heavens, what a situation I've found myself in now," the top hatted man chuckled and walked away down the street. As he did, a standout figure caught Susato's eye. It was her wife, Rei Membami, who had also come to 2019.

"Rei, Rei, wait a second," Susato ran up to her. "The world's being attacked by zombies," said Susato.

"WHAT OH GOD ARE YOU SERIOUS!" Rei screamed and nearly passed out.

"Yeah," said Ryunosuke, who followed behind Susato. "You can hide from them in Scotland Yard's basement, it should be safe down there. Get there quickly and you should be guaranteed a spot there."

Rei dropped everything and ran to the Yard as fast as her legs could carry her.

"Somehow I don't think anyone else will be that easy to persuade," Susato said with a weak smile.

***Chapter 6*: Seeking Protection**

***Chapter 7*: Defending London**

The superintendent, Joseph Pilfnam, seated himself by the window of his office on the top floor of Scotland Yard, admiring the view. The view was nothing impressive, he could only look out over the street below, but it was his view and he liked it. Any greater a vantage point would force him to look at the repulsive...

Pilfnam turned on his phone, which took him to the already open tracking app.

...zombies.

Pilfnam hissed and put the phone back on the desk, screen down. He despised the abominations those people had become and wanted to kill them all.

Suddenly, the door to his office came crashing down! He twirled his chair around and saw the two Japanese immigrants who attended the earlier meeting walk in and they were not happy.

"Superintendent Pilfnam! We have reason to believe you've been denying people entry to the basement shelter!" said Susato.

"Rei was told they were out of room, but barely anyone's gone in. Why's that?"

"Colby's mouth is bigger than his chin," Pilfnam sighed. "I'm only doing what I have to to preserve humanity."

"By denying people's ability to survive? That sounds counter-intuitive."

Pilfnam lit a cigar.

"Humanity has come as far as it has by the sexual power of man and woman," he spoke in a way that confused both of his guests. "But Ms. Rei believes in the power of woman and another woman. That's nice, but we're facing an unprecedented crisis that threatens our entire civilisation. To ensure humanity can recover, we must prioritize the lives of those who will breed new life into our world over those who experience intercourse purely for pleasure..."

The cigar burned out and he crushed it.

"Or in simpler English, I denied her cause she gay lol"

Ryunosuke leapt over the threshold and reached for Pilfnam's neck. He, having provoked this, saw this coming and stood, taking his swivel chair in hand and swinging it upward. Ryunosuke caught it though, and they struggled over the chair.

While they were doing this, Susato came up behind Pilfnam and smashed a flower vase over the back of his head.

"T-That cost a hundred pounds!" he cried before getting smacked in the face by its even more expensive flowers! Susato then took him by the collar and dragged him to the window, which Ryunosuke opened for her.

"You can forget about your basement shelter plan," said Susato. "Not when it's being controlled by a man who has so little value in each individual life."

"You'll never survive without my plan! Never!"

Susato threw the policeman out the window and he crashed into the ground. He slowly, shakily stood up and limped away down the street. Susato breathed a sigh of relief, and she left with Ryunosuke down the hall, which was filled with unconscious policemen.

"You know," said Ryunosuke, gazing at the ZombieTracker app. "Maybe Pilfnam had a point."

Susato smacked Ryunosuke over the head.

"I MEAN we do kinda needed that shelter, how are we going to protect ANYONE without having a safe place to hide?"

"I'm not sure, but whatever we come up with, I would hope it wouldn't limit our survivors to four or five digits. I want to save EVERYONE if we can."

Ryunosuke pondered this and got an idea. He looked down the street and saw there was still a large crowd in the town square, so he rushed over there, Susato following behind.

"And that my good people is why the police are full of babies who think monsters are real," said a politician and a booming laughter followed. Curiously, the laughter continued even after the politician was shoved off the podium and Ryunosuke stood there in his place.

"MY GOOD PEOPLE!" he shouted as the laughter died down. "We are facing a terrible crisis and I know you all know that deep down! You all may laugh at the concept of zombies or ghosts being real, but think for yourselves..."

Ryunosuke took out his phone, ZombieTracker displaying the monsters on the screen. "You have seen these people. Whether they can be called zombies or not is up for debate, but we know what they did to the town of Answell! Monster or man, they mean us harm, and we can't let our guard down just because of the fantastical nature of it all! Would you risk the lives of yourselves or your families just to have a few laughs at what could possibly be our impending doom?"

Ryunosuke saw the politician press a button in his pocket and the laughter started up again, but he'd caught onto his trick and found a big speaker under the podium. He switched it off and the pre-recorded laughter stopped.

"People of England, a threat is coming and the police are trying to filter you all out so that only those that they see as the most convenient remain! We must fight for ourselves! We must protect ourselves. The police have no faith in all of you, but I do. And that's why my proposal..."

Ryunosuke threw his finger out into an epic point.

"...is to build a barricade around the entire city and make sure everyone we know remains inside!"

Susato wasn't sure what she expected, but Ryunosuke's speech spoke to the people and inspired them to get to work. A circle was drawn around the city on a map, marking where the barrier should go, and everyone set to work. People outside the circle were brought inside, policemen and skeptical citizens who tried to impede progress were beaten up and barriers were built with whatever anyone could get their hands on - cars, shop stalls, iron beams, construction materials. With everyone in London helping each other out, they had managed to block off every road into the city.

"We've done it," said Ryunosuke, taking out his phone. Susato stopped punching down on a skeptic and looked at the screen over Ryunosuke's shoulder. The zombie tracker said they were just outside London, but they weren't making much progress any more. Instead, they were circling around the city, no doubt because they couldn't get past their barriers!

"We really did it," said Susato. "We stopped the zombies from entering London!"

The two of them smiled. This would give people plenty of time to come up with a way to put an end to the zombies, if they didn't die out on their own.

Just before they could say anything else, though, they heard a scream near Scotland Yard and people started running past them.

Ryunosuke and Susato ran against the crowd to the source of the commotion. When they were through the crowd, the guy from earlier, Edgar, ran up to them, but tripped and fell. That was when they saw the terrible sight behind him.

"A, A horde of zombies?" shouted Ryunosuke.

"But how did they get past the barrier?" said Susato. Her answer came along immediately.

A bird perched on Edgar's trembling shoulder, with its back to the two. Edgar shrieked, and the bird pecked him on the neck. Then it turned to face Ryunosuke and Susato, and they finally saw its glowing red eyes as Edgar's flesh began to rot.

Susato's blood turned cold. She hadn't even considered this as a possibility.

The zombies had infected the birds!

***Chapter 8*: Breach**

Susato spun around and stretched her leg out and kicked the little bird in the head, tearing it off its head and it flew away! But it was too little, too late to save Edgar, who was back on his feet and was now shuffling towards them after all the trouble they'd just been through.

Ryunosuke kicked Edgar to the ground and ran with Susato away from the creatures, they weren't even looking where they were going, just away. This turned out to be difficult, though, as birds were swooping in from all directions and pecking people to death!

For a moment, Ryunosuke thought about using Karuma to slice the zombies up, but he couldn't do that. The soul of his now-actually-dead best friend Kazuma Asogi resided within it whenever he was in this era so it was not right to use it to cut people, dead or alive!

Instead, they opted to kick the shit out of the zombies. Ryunosuke had luckily taken lessons from Susato so he could just about keep up with her as they fought to protect themselves. Unfortunately, the number of zombies kept stacking up, and soon they were surrounded by the things.

"What now?" said Susato.

"Guess we'll die," Ryunosuke shrugged. It couldn't be said they didn't try.

The zombies started running towards them, ready to bite, but stopped when they heard the sound of a large object approaching at a high speed!

They turned their heads awkwardly and just a second later they got knocked off their feet by a massive tank! The door to the tank opened and some steps dropped down.

"Ryunosuke Naruhodo and Susato Mikotoba get in here!" a familiar voice boomed from inside. They didn't question it, they ran in and the door slammed shut from inside before setting off again.

"Glad I was here to save you, the world would be fucked if either of you got infected," said the large man sitting on a comfy seat. He motioned for them to sit too, but they were hesitant, because this was the evil nemesis of John Phoenix, Dylan Fitchar!

"What do you have to do with this?" said Ryunosuke.

"Same shit as you. I'm prey to these sacks of meat so it's only natural that we should be helping each other out," said Dylan.

"Yes, you can take his word for it, Mr. Naruhodo," said a much more pleasant voice. That's when they finally noticed the top-hatted man from earlier was there too.

"Professor Layton here's been running an investigation into the zombie apocalypse since before it even happened," said Dylan. "He'd heard the big bad Dylan Fitchar had been spotted in England, so of course he'd come running to see what diabolical scheme I was up to."

Dylan smirked.

"Quite," said Layton. "I followed Mr. Fitchar's trail to Answell, suspecting he was up to no good. But--"

Before Layton could continue, the tank shook violently!

"Father what the hell are you doing?" Dylan shouted.

"We're under attack, Durano!" shouted Ooishi.

Dylan opened the door a crack to check outside and instantly zombies started sticking their hands inside! Dylan slapped them away but they kept coming, there were dozens of them! Realizing it was no longer safe in here, Susato ran and jumped through the zombie horde, landing on a patch of grass near Tower Bridge. She turned to call to Naruhodo, but then one of the zombies grabbed her by the neck and pressed her against a tree.

She fought to keep its mouth away from her, and as she did, she recognized him, at first from his clothes, as

Superintendent Pilfnam!

After struggling for a moment, she kicked the infected policeman away. It stood up far quicker than she expected though, and pounced for her again. He was concerningly more agile than the ones attacking the tank!

Susato stepped backwards, picking up a street sign for protection as Pilfnam swiped at her. She stopped when her back pressed against a railing next to the river, and Pilfnam closed in. He leaned over her, teeth bared, and Susato desperately tried to push him back by the mouth.

BAD IDEA, she realized almost instantly, as a sharp pain coursed through her hand! But in a burst of adrenaline, she managed to grip Pilfnam by the arm and threw him around over the railing, into the river. Then, relieved from her assailant, she fell to her knees, clasping her hand.

"Susato-san!" Ryunosuke shouted, just as Professor Layton had finished slicing through the last of the zombies sieging the tank with a sword he was apparently carrying. He ran up to Susato, but stopped when he saw her hand was pulsing a sickly green that was slowly spreading up her arm.

"I should've known it was a bad idea to fight these things bare-handed," said Susato. She slowly lay down on the ground, but was still facing Naruhodo sadly. "Make sure you kill me before I infect you too, Naruhodo-san."

Susato flinched in pain. Whatever green substance was inside her it had almost oozed its way halfway up her arm.

Suddenly, Ryunosuke grabbed her arm and unsheathed Karuma! He planted one hand just under Susato's forearm, held the sword high, and screamed violently as he swung it down!

***Chapter 9*: The Search for Dylan Fitchar**

October 14

Professor Layton adjusted his hat as he drove through the countryside in his misshapen little car. His eyes glanced toward the letter he had left on the passenger seat, which would normally be occupied by his apprentice, Luke Triton, only he was away at the moment. He recited the contents in his head.

"My friend Hershel,

I've heard rumor that the evil Dylan Fitchar has been spotted in our town. As you are my only friend outside of here would you mind swinging by to figure out if he's actually here or not?

Your friend, Sebastian Donovan.

P.S. stop by my house tonight ;)"

The professor parked the Laytonmobile just outside Answell and stepped outside. The fresh air of the countryside was breath-taking, but he knew he had work to do.

"It's been a long time since I was last in Answell," Layton thought. He stumbled around for a while and some people wanted him to solve puzzles for some reason. Eventually he found a building with a sign saying "Answell Prosecutor's Office" on the front, this must be the place!

He entered the building and took the elevator to the third floor, then went down the hallway and stopped outside the door to office 305. He knocked, and the door slowly opened.

"Layton, it's been too long," said Donovan.

"Who were you again?" said Layton.

Donovan was visibly shocked, but let the gentleman in anyway, doing his best to remind him that he was a legend around Answell, known as the only non-corrupt prosecutor in all of London. Layton just nodded and urged him to get to the point, so Donovan produced a printed screenshot of some security footage.

Layton looked closely at the shot. It depicted a man walking out of Lendez Institute, a former medical facility that used to be run by the pathologist Isaac Lendez.

"That's certainly Dylan Fitchar," Layton mused. He wondered what that villain could have been up to at the facility. "Very well. Take me to this Lendez Institute."

So Layton and Donovan went down to the abandoned facility. Layton pressed his ear against the door and heard talking inside. That was not normal for a building that no one was supposed to be in!

Layton smashed the door down! Inside, he found known Answell menaces Benjamin Mendax and Charlie Lawrence!

"I am here for Dylan! Where is he?" said Layton.

"We'll never tell!" said Mendax.

"He's in here," said Layton.

"AGH HE'S ONTO US!" shouted Lawrence. He lunged at Layton and grabbed him by the shoulders, but then his grip tightened because he jumped straight into the sword Layton suddenly stuck out and got impaled! Layton shoved Lawrence off his sword and pointed it at Mendax.

"Take me to your leader," the blood of Lawrence dripped off the point of the sword to back up his threat.

"M-Man, now's not the time for this!" Mendax raised his hands into the air and led the way into the building.

Dylan Fitchar was seated in the former office of Isaac Lendez, gnawing at his nails. Then, the door swung open and Professor Layton walked in!

"Dylan, I've come to solve the mystery of what you are doing here," said Layton. "So tell me."

Dylan sighed, to Layton's surprise. He expected far greater resistance, so he kept his guard up.

"I came here because this is one of my hideouts," said Dylan. "Nothing more. It belongs to one of my minions, you see."

"Dr. Lendez works for you?" said Layton.

"Of course," said Donovan. "Dr. Lendez had a hand in the FemCon Incident! Why would he not join Dylan's army of evil people?"

"But you see, our hideout was not as secret as I would have liked, because someone came here looking for the doctor..." said Dylan.

Kuraudo Ooishi lay on the floor, breathing heavily as he clutched his stomach.

"Pant more, asshole!" yelled Superintendent Pilfnam, and he struck Ooishi again.

"Y-Youuu stay away from my son!" shouted Ooishi.

"No matter. I have no interest in any of you but one person," said the man commanding Pilfnam. He looked Dylan in the eyes. "I came to Lendez Institute for one purpose. Where is the famous doctor, Dr. Lendez?"

Dylan let his guard down for a moment and eyed the door to his right.

"THERE!" shouted Pilfnam and he ran at the door. Just by running into it, he smashed it off its hinges.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" said Dylan. The commander smirked.

"Don't you worry, Dr. Lendez's unrivalled scientific knowledge shall be put to good use and he will become an ever-living legend throughout humanity."

Then, he followed Pilfnam into the room.

"Let us move, Superintendent," he said.

"Right away, Bill Hawks!"

***Chapter 10*: Exploring Answell**

Dylan and Layton walked down the hall as they talked about how it was Bill Hawks who raided his hideout and abducted Dr. Lendez. Just as the story concluded, they reached the exit and walked outside.

"And now I'm tryna figure out where they went, but to no avail," said Dylan.

"Might I make a proposition?" said Layton, and he gestured to a set of footprints on the ground. "If we follow these tracks, we ought to find them!"

"But there are tons of footprints, how do we know which ones are Bill's?" said Dylan.

"Ah, but that's the thing! Bill Hawks was but a one-time guest, therefore he should only have one set of footprints!"

"Wow you're right!" said Dylan. "Okay, let's solve the puzzle!"

Layton closely examined the prints until he found two tracks that were only seen going in and out once each. They followed the prints and they took them all around London. As they followed them, they passed the Sente Law Firm. Layton stopped to take a look, he could see Storm and Richard in the office upstairs. He admired the two young men who were responsible for upholding Answell law and justice all by themselves.

They continued on, and it was nightfall by the time they reached their destination: Answell Cemetery!

"Why would Bill bring Dr. Lendez here?" Layton wondered.

"Dunno, but they're in there!" Dylan stretched out his arm and pointed inside the cemetery.

Bill Hawks stood with Superintendent Pilfnam in front of an open grave.

"This is taking unusually long. Are you sure you administered the drug correctly?" said Bill.

"Fuck off, PM, I did exactly what Lendez told me too," said Pilfnam.

They waited a few more seconds and eventually the professor saw a most harrowing sight: a hand rose from the ground, grabbed the grass and heaved its body out of the grave!

"It... it... it's aliiiiive!" Bill screamed triumphantly.

"Not so loud, PM," said Pilfnam. "Someone will hear us."

"Like me," said Layton after clearing his throat, startling the two.

"Ack, it's Layton!" shouted Bill. "Kill him!"

So Pilfnam ran at Layton throwing his fists! Layton blocked his punches with his sword and swiped at the cop, forcing him to take a step back. Pilfnam stumbled next to the grave of a man named James, and picked up the stone covering it, which looked surprisingly light. He swung the stone at Layton, but it simply hit him in the hat, which he had foolishly taken to be part of the professor's body.

Layton swiped at Pilfnam's arm and gave him a big gash down it, forcing him to yield.

"Nooo!" shouted Bill. "I hate you Layton!"

"Garagggghhhh," the man from the grave, who was now standing where James' open grave was, moaned. Bill turned to the man, who was shambling his way with his arms sticking out.

"Augh, get away from me you... creature," said Bill.

"Huh, looks like this stuff doesn't restore your intelligence very well," said Pilfnam. "We'll have to have Lendez give it one more revision before putting it to use for real."

"Fine, at least it works to some degree," said Bill. Then he took out a pistol and shot the walking corpse in the head, killing it again. He threw the corpse back into the grave and covered it up.

Just then, a helicopter flew over the graveyard and dropped a rope ladder down, which both Pilfnam and Bill grabbed.

"Til next time, Layton," said Bill and they flew away.

"Curses," said Donovan, who was still here. "We must pursue them at once!"

And so Layton, Donovan and Dylan ran for the Laytonmobile, but Dylan stayed outside.

"Not coming, Dylan?" said Layton.

"Oh, I'm coming, but I wouldn't fit in the car," said Dylan. "I'll get a ride from Father."

"Understood," said Layton, and they followed the helicopter back to London.

Layton opened his eyes, having finished his story. He looked to the seat across from him, occupied by Ryunosuke and Susato, the latter now missing half her arm, but still very much alive thanks to the former's quick thinking.

"And that, my friends, is why Dylan is here," said Layton.

***Chapter 11*: Return to London**

The tank stopped next to a barricade set up at the edge of town and Dylan's tank came to a halt.

"This is as far as we go, Durano," Ooishi called from the cockpit. Dylan rose to his feet and gestured at his guests to follow. The door to the tank opened and the stairs rolled down to the ground. Dylan went down first, followed by Ryunosuke, supporting Susato who was still nauseous from her encounter with the mayor. Layton left last because he was a gentleman and thus viewed himself as the third-lowest rung of society, the lower rungs being zombies and then Dylan.

They approached the barricade, and through a small gap could spot some zombies trying to peek through. Layton stabbed the zombies with his sword.

"Now then, my puzzle-solving skills tell me it would be wiser to be outside the barricaded area than inside it, so let us leave this place," said Layton. He then used those puzzle-solving skills to build a ladder out of loose scrap materials and placed it by the barrier.

"Few things satisfy like a puzzle solved," Layton smiled to himself, though only he seemed appropriately impressed by the level of thought he put into his work.

They all went over the barrier and walked through a field outside London until they eventually found a small shack. Dylan forced the door open.

"ANYONE IN?" he yelled.

"Gracious, you could have at least asked that before breaking in," said Layton.

"Time is of the essence," said Dylan, so he picked up Ryunosuke and Susato and literally threw them into the shack. "Don't die," he said and he shut the door.

"They should be fine. Ms. Susato may be out of commission, but Mr. Naruhodo's got a sword," said Layton. "Now, what shall we do next?"

"Aren't you usually the one with the ideas?" Dylan groaned and got the gears in his tiny, zombie-like brain moving. "I say we return to London and look for Bill."

"That's a capital idea if I'd ever heard one," said Layton. He readied his sword. "Let us hope we don't die."

So Layton and Dylan retraced their steps and returned to the barricade. This time, Dylan brought a ladder he found beside the shack so they could get over it easily, and so they were back in London.

The two walked down the street, when Layton was overcome by a sense of unease. He instinctively looked up to the sky and saw a pack of zombies hanging off the street lights above them! They leapt off the light, and Layton shoved Dylan out of harm's way! Then, he took his sword and sliced them up!

"Layton... why did you save me of all people?" said Dylan.

"Even a gentleman wouldn't wish such a cruel fate on his worst of enemies," said Layton.

Just as they thought they were in the clear, another zombie came around the corner, and this one was even more energetic than the zombies that had just attacked! It reminded Layton of the zombie that had attacked Ms. Susato by Tower Bridge earlier. He tried to swipe at it with his sword, but its rotting flesh was somehow as hard as a rock, because the blade bounced right off of it. The zombie reached for him, and for a moment Layton thought he was finished.

Then, a gunshot rang out from above and the zombie collapsed, as a deep red hole had appeared in its head. Layton stared aghast at the creature, then looked up towards the source of the gunfire. Just behind where he had been standing was a small helicopter that descended and a man in blue jumped out, accompanied by a long-haired detective.

Despite the precarious circumstances, Layton smiled warmly.

"If it isn't the lawyer! I'm glad to see you survived."

"Oh, yes," said Storm Sente. "Let's hope we can put a stop to this catastrophe soon. Being the last surviving British barrister is bad enough, I'd hate to become the last surviving British person on top of that."

Layton stuck out his hand. "Professor Hershel Layton."

Storm accepted his hand. "An honor! I've heard all about you and your exciting escapades!"

"Oh, not at all, the honor is all mine!"

"I'm Dylan!" Dylan stuck his head over the professor's shoulder.

"Nobody asked," Storm took back his hand. Then he pointed his gun past the professor and shot up more zombies. While he was busy, the professor moved on to his companion, who was gazing wistfully at the handsome attorney's marksmanship.

"And you must be DCI Lizzy Harrison," said Layton.

"Sorry, professor, I only have eyes for young blond men in their 20s who wear nerdy glasses, very specific standards, I know, but hook me up with one of your students if you know one yeah?"

Layton blinked. "Um, certainly. But I was wondering if you could help me find someone. A certain someone in the London police department."

Lizzy finally jerked her eyes away from Storm and was now in business mode.

"Oh yeah sorry, 'course, I can get you in contact with anyone right now if you like," he motioned towards the radio in the helicopter.

The professor nodded. "I'd like you to get in contact with one Joseph Pilfnam."

***Chapter 12*: The Truth Revealed**

Tracking down Superintendent Pilfnam turned out to be quite a bit easier than Layton first anticipated. Once Lizzy contacted him over the radio, Layton traced the signal and found that Pilfnam was currently in a room at the top of Big Ben. He declared it likely that Bill and Dr. Lendez were also there by extension.

And so, Layton and Dylan went their separate ways to Storm and Lizzy for the time being. Dylan had armed himself with a pistol, Lizzy had offered one to the professor too but he declined.

"Oh no, I could never fire a gun even in circumstances such as these," the gentleman said with a smile. "A sword is far more appropriate for my aesthetic, you see."

The professor entered Big Ben through the doors and together with Dylan, carefully climbed the stairs. After a ton of walking they reached the top and found a door that wasn't there last the professor came here. He slowly opened it and peeked inside. The room was a laboratory, that much was immediately apparent. When he opened the door a wider crack, he could make out humans - no, zombies trapped in glass cylinders, and they were bashing the glass trying to get out.

Layton's blood ran cold. He swung the door open and gripped his sword ready to fight, and that's when he noticed a man in a lab coat was sitting in the corner.

The little scientist raised his hands into the air.

"Wait! Don't shoot! O-Or stab! I'm innocent, I tell you!" said the doctor. "Well, um, I guess that's not right. I'm completely guilty. My fault entirely! Just, um, I didn't do it on purpose..." The doctor looked to the floor glumly.

"Dr. Lendez?" said Dylan. "What the hell are you doing here?"

"I'm sorry Dylan, Bill Hawks forced me to make a particular drug for him or he would never release me, so I did but it turned out that drug caused a widespread outbreak of zombies!" said Lendez, and he started to cry. "Oooogh, I'm such a fool, I accidentally caused such a large scale apocalypse, please forgive me!"

"But that drug has already been made," said Layton. "May I ask why you are still here?"

"Bill released me the moment my concoction was deemed a success," said Lendez. "But I couldn't in good conscience leave now that I've caused such a catastrophe, so I've been capturing zombies that come my way and have been trying to extract a cure from them. My efforts have been fruitless, but..."

Lendez opened the window and looked out. So did Layton. There were still zombies walking around, of course. And some were running around.

"I've noticed that some of these monsters are more... agile than others," said Layton.

"Yes, that's an interesting characteristic of the substance," said Lendez. "At first, there was only one zombie, one we revived at Answell Cemetery. You may call this the one and only alpha variant. Then, in an unexpected turn of events, that zombie spread its poison to its fellow FemCon victims. The poison from an alpha variant thus was used to create a beta variant, and any zombies turned by the poison of the beta variants in turn created gamma variants, and so on."

"Wha? What's the difference? What's the point in categorizing them like that?" said Dylan. He was clearly confused. Layton was not confused because he was not Dylan. He was smart.

"If I'm following, Lendez is saying the poison's effects get weaker with every passing "variant." Thus, later variants are much less physically affected by the drug."

"Indeed. And I have discovered that if a fearsome psi-variant zombie were to infect someone within a minute of their initial infection..."

The door smashed down and a particularly muscular zombie with glowing yellow eyes stumbled in. It looked just like the one that cost Susato her arm!

"...it will create THAT! The rare, terrifying omega-variant!" shouted Lendez. "D-Don't kill it!" but Dylan heard none of it.

He pointed his gun and shot the zombie dozens of times until it died.

"AHAHAHAHA!" laughed Dylan. "That felt good!"

"No, no it did not feel good!" Lendez fell to the floor. "Capturing an omega-variant alive is the best chance I have at extracting a cure! And you just destroyed the best chance at doing so that I'll probably ever get!"

Layton glared at Dylan. Dylan shrugged. "Oops."

"I have just one more question for you, Doctor," said Layton. "Why on earth did Bill want a drug to turn people into zombies in the first place."

"I'm sure you can already imagine the reason, Professor, and you know that's not the right question to ask," Lendez stood slowly. "The truth is, the zombie drug was..."

"Uh, hey," Dylan pointed out the window they were just looking out of. Layton and Lendez turned to look, and for a second they saw nothing unusual.

"My word!" said Layton when he finally noticed it. Outside the barricaded area, the zombies could be seen. They were all stacked upon each other, forming a large pile almost as tall as Big Ben! And when the pile made it to the barricade, the zombies on top jumped off, successfully clearing it.

The zombies of Answell had found a way into London!

***Chapter 13*: The Arrival of John Phoenix**

"Susato-san, wait!"

Ryunosuke was trying to climb over one of the barriers to enter London, but got his leg caught. He struggled to free himself while Susato scoped out their surroundings.

"I'm so worried about the professor," said Susato. "I really hope Dylan hasn't murdered him."

Ryunosuke pulled his leg free, then tumbled down onto the street.

"We shouldn't be here," said Ryunosuke. "If a zombie finds us, we'll have no way to protect ourselves!"

"Nonsense, Naruhodo-san. You've got your sword, and I've still got one good hand left!" Susato swung a left hook at an approaching zombie to prove it.

So the two walked down the street cautiously. They had made their way to the other side of London without much trouble, but they still hadn't located Professor Layton and Dylan. Instead, they had reached another barricade.

Ryunosuke groaned.

"We'll never find him at this rate," he moaned. "We're gonna die!" he sulked.

Susato looked up and gasped.

"Naruhodo-san, look!" she pointed up, and Ryunosuke followed her gaze. Behind the barricade, he saw zombies - hundreds of zombies all stacked up on each other, and they were using this stack to enter the city!

The two knew it was pointless to stay and fight, so they ran away in advance. They ran into the town square, which did not prove to be the best idea because more zombies were flooding their way in here. They were now hopelessly surrounded.

Just as they thought they were dead, though, a familiar tank sped into the square and crushed a whole crowd of the zombies!

"AHAHAHAHAHA!" a laugh boomed from inside the tank.

"That must be Ooishi!" said Ryunosuke, recognizing the tank as the one that Dylan Fitcher took them into. Ryunosuke waved to catch the attention of the tank. The tank stopped and a man popped up at the top.

"Found you both at last," said a man that was not Dylan's father, Kuraudo Ooishi. It was the superintendent of Scotland Yard, Joseph Pilfnam!

"What are you doing in there?" shouted Ryunosuke.

"Having the time of my life," said Pilfnam. "This pandemic's given me the perfect excuse to go around killing people indiscriminately. It's great fun! You should join me, only I'll have to arrest you both for your prior assault on an officer. Or I can just shoot you. That works too."

Pilfnam got back in the tank and before either of the lawyers could do anything, they were assaulted by a barrage of bullets! Susato screamed and covered his face, but surprisingly, she did not die. She steadily removed her sleeve from her face and saw thousands of tiny bullets floating in front of her face.

"What the fuck?" said Pilfnam. "WHY'D THEY STOP!"

Behind them, someone cleared his throat. They turned around. Standing behind them was a man in an expensive green suit with jet black hair that was freshly cut and combed to perfection. His eyes were as blue as the sea and the attorney's badge on his lapel shined like the sun.

"Who are you supposed to be?" said Pilfnam, emerging from the tank once again.

"I am John Phoenix, and I am here to save London. From the zombies, and the staggering levels of police corruption I'm witnessing!"

"Fuck off with that commie shit, kill him boys!" shouted Pilfnam and someone fired a big missile at John Phoenix! But John Phoenix stretched out his hand and stopped the missile in mid air!

"Let me show you what I'm now capable of," said John Phoenix. He turned back to the bullets that were still floating in front of his friends and splayed his hand! The bullets flew backwards and pelted against Pilfnam's tank.

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAT!" screamed Ryunosuke in awe and admiration.

Pilfnam staggered, nearly falling out of the tank. He soon wished he had fallen out, though, when John Phoenix hurled the missile at the tank and blew it up and Pilfnam flew away into the sky!

"...What was that?" said Susato, who was far too confused to have enjoyed the sights as much as Ryunosuke seemed to. John Phoenix simply smirked.

"That was the full extent of my psychic powers. I spent the whole plane ride training them just for this."

Then he turned to some zombies that were coming their way and stretched out his hand again. They froze in their tracks.

"Let's put an end to this zombie infestation!" said John Phoenix.

***Chapter 14*: Destroying Zombies!**

"Ha ha ha ha ha! Whoosh, WHAM!" John Phoenix cackled madly as he ran down the streets of London, throwing zombies around and blowing them up. A particularly athletic zombie with glowing yellow eyes tried to get the jump on him, but John Phoenix had a third psychic-powered eye at the back of his head so he caught him too.

"Um, well done, John Phoenix," said Ryunosuke. "But would you mind not being so happy about killing people?"

John Phoenix pointed at Ryunosuke and an invisible force dragged him up to John Phoenix's face.

"They are not "people." They are man-killing creatures and must be exterminated en-masse."

"O-Okay if you say so, John Phoenix," said Ryunosuke and he was released.

"It can't be!" someone said to John Phoenix's right. "Is that really you, John Phoenix?"

"Yes, my friend Storm Sente, it is John Phoenix," said John Phoenix without looking because he had incredible powers (and he recognized the voice of Austin Lee Matthews).

Storm came around the corner of Big Ben and ran up to his friend and waved his gun at him as a salutation.

"I was wondering why the zombie count was dropping slightly quicker than normal," he said.

John Phoenix laughed. "It will be at 0 in about 10 minutes!"

In response, Storm lost his confident expression.

"Yes, 0 indeed."

Just then, the doors to the clock tower opened up and a large monochrome man came out.

"DYLAaaaaaaaaaaaaAN!" shouted John Phoenix. He charged at his nemesis, who instantly raised his arm to block John Phoenix's incoming fist.

"I'm going to turn you and that lump you call your father into zombies and give you both the worst deaths of all!"

"Don't you touch my father!" yelled Dylan. They fought it out hand to hand, John Phoenix could have used his enhanced powers to end the fight at any time but he liked fighting this man so he chose not to. Instead, he used his immense physical strength to punch Dylan to the ground.

"Stop, stop! John Phoenix, I'm sorry to say there's been a grave misunderstanding on your part!" the calming voice of Professor Layton urged John Phoenix to stop fighting. John Phoenix looked at the professor, expecting an explanation. "Dylan here is not responsible for the zombie outbreak. There is no need to fight him over this."

"He's right, you know," Dylan said, struggling to stand up. "Remember that person who called you on the phone, telling you to come over here? That was me. I hate to admit it, but I know you have what it takes to end this apocalypse. I have total faith in you, John Phoenix." Dylan extended his hand to John Phoenix with a smile. John Phoenix simply turned away to face the professor.

"I'm afraid you were the one who made the misassumption, Professor," John Phoenix smirked and he turned back to Dylan. "I'm not fighting him because he's the culprit. I know he's not the culprit. I'm fighting him because he's the scum of the universe, Dylan Fitchar!"

John Phoenix sunk his fists into Dylan's face some more until he got bored. He got up and started listening to the professor who was revealing his discoveries to everyone else.

"And so, the man responsible for all of this is Bill Hawks," said Layton.

John Phoenix yawned.

"I had all of that worked out before I even got here. Tell me something I don't know."

"Well," said Layton. "Perhaps you were not aware that there is a way to cure infected zombies?"

John Phoenix raised an eyebrow. He would have figured this out by himself too, but he didn't think it was necessary. Destroying the zombies would end the apocalypse just as well, and would be more fun to do so, so he had decided to do that instead.

Then a zombie came up to them and he made it explode, making sure the green blood splatter hit only Dylan. Then he turned his attention back to Layton.

"How?"

"By capturing and extracting the vital organs from one of those highly dangerous zombies."

John Phoenix thought for a long time.

"Nah, too dangerous," he said at last. "Let's just kill him!"

"But John Phoenix," Storm finally spoke up. "Richard was infected too! If developing a cure is possible, I want to save him!"

"Ughhhh, FINE, but someone else is catching it. My psychic powers are useful for killing these things."

"Excellent, now there's only one thing left to do," said Layton. "We must find Bill Hawks and make him pay for this catastrophe!"

"That should do it," said Dr. Lendez. He had just finished applying a prosthetic arm to Susato and now she could throw Naruhodo on the floor again! "The hand is made of a very hard metal so if anyone tries to hurt you, you can hurt them far worse!"

"Wow!" said Ryunosuke. "Can I get one too?"

"Lose your hand, first."

Ryunosuke groaned and walked out of the room at the top of Big Ben that Lendez had temporarily made into his office. He looked over to John Phoenix, who was waiting impatiently.

"So, are we um... going to stop Bill Hawks?" said Ryunosuke.

"Yes," said John Phoenix. "But I'm using my psychic powers to find him right now. It's taking a while because London's a big city. I do not know where Bill Hawks is."

"Perhaps I can help!" said the booming voice of Herlock Sholmes! But where did that come from?

John Phoenix pointed up to the ceiling and Ryunosuke looked up. There he saw the Great Detective, hanging from the ceiling like a bat!

"Ha ha ha ha! Did I frighten you, Mr. Naruhodo," Sholmes giggled before coming down to the floor. "Anyway, as a Great Detective, I of course figured out where Bill Hawks' base of operations is! And that, ladies, gentlemen and everyone in between... is the throne room of the Buckingham Palace!"

"Wooooah!" Ryunosuke was impressed. John Phoenix was not. "How did you figure that out?"

"Why, in the most efficient manner possible, my boy... I followed him there! Go on, be amazed at my resourcefulness!"

As Sholmes was cackling to himself, Professor Layton cleared his throat.

"We appear to have a problem."

John Phoenix looked out the window and saw a horde of zombies surrounding the clock tower!

"Oh, dear," said Lendez. "It appears the zombies are attracted by John Phoenix's incredible brain."

"Wait, so you mean, everywhere John Phoenix goes, the zombies are just going to follow him?!" said Ryunosuke.

"Whatever, they're nothing to me," said John Phoenix. Then he smashed the window and stood in the window frame!

"John Phoenix what are you doing, you're going to fall!" shouted Susato.

"Leave him," said Sholmes. "Haven't you realized by now? That impressive young lawyer always knows what he's doing."

John Phoenix glared down at the zombies, then towards his destination.

"Let's go to the Buckingham Palace and end this!" said John Phoenix.

And then, John Phoenix jumped out the window, fell 90 meters down to the ground, and stretched his leg out at the zombies below, ready to fight!

***Chapter 15*: Ending the Story**

John Phoenix charged past the hordes of miserable zombies towards the heart of London - the exquisite Buckingham Palace. He was going there to put an end to this madness! The door, as expected, was shut tight though, and zombies were surrounding it. These were the elite smart zombies that had the tactical knowledge necessary to know that John Phoenix would be coming here. They wanted to eat John Phoenix because he was the tastiest human around and his brain was made of the prime meat of muscles, so they wanted to eat him because of that.

John Phoenix threw zombies into the air and exploded them as usual, their cowardly ganging up on him was futile! Or so he thought, until one of the zombies got a lucky strike in! This zombie collapsed on the impressive lawyer and sunk its teeth into his arm! John Phoenix shoved the zombie away and stared at the poison that had entered his body.

Then, he glared daggers at it! And then, with his enhanced psychic powers, he expunged the poison out of his body, like it was never even there to begin with!

"You abominations will have to do better than that!" said John Phoenix. Then he concentrated on every zombie around him, gathered them together into a giant wrecking ball and swung them into the gates of the palace, forcing it open! He ran in and up the stairs and forced open the doors to the throne room!

Bill was there.

Ryunosuke, Susato, Sholmes, Layton and Storm Sente were following John Phoenix to the palace. They met with some resistance from the zombies, but most of them had already been taken care of by their friend.

"I can't believe John Phoenix's psychic powers let him fall a hundred meters without dying!" said Ryunosuke.

"I don't think psychic powers had much to do with it..." said Susato.

They had just gotten to the wide open gate when suddenly something fell in front of them. It was a zombie, no doubt. And then it raised its head and glared at them with its glowing yellow eyes.

"It's Joseph Pilfnam!" said Layton.

"But he's a zombie now!" said Susato.

"Haha that's what he deserves," said Ryunosuke.

Then Pilfnam leapt ten feet in the air and was speeding towards them! But before he reached them, a powerful force shoved Ryunosuke, Susato, Sholmes AND Layton away from him all at once! Ryunosuke looked up and saw it was Storm, who was now struggling against the formidable omega variant zombie!

"Leave him to me, he's a corrupt policeman who used to plague Answell, that means he's my enemy," said Storm. Hesitantly, the DGS people and Layton left the decrepit policeman to the young lawyer. They ran inside and found the final few zombies that John Phoenix had left alive, and got ready to pacify them all.

Outside, Storm readied his gun.

"This is for Richard!" he said.

"John Phoenix, what an unpleasant surprise," said Bill Hawks. "Can't you see I'm having a grand old time being alive?"

"You don't deserve to be alive, Bill," said John Phoenix. "You've murdered almost the entirety of London, and for what?"

"I didn't murder anyone, you drama queen," said Bill. "What could I possibly gain from killing my valued workforce? No, John Phoenix, my plan was entirely harmless. This zombie outbreak of ours was the result of a simple error."

"A SIMPLE ERROR?" John Phoenix already knew what he meant but he was outraged to hear Bill dismiss his responsibility in the matter.

Bill shook his head and stared out the window. There is a window in the throne room of the Buckingham Palace.

"Do you know what it's like to be marked for death, John Phoenix?" said Bill. "Just a few months ago, I was diagnosed with cancer. I was doomed to die. But I'm Bill Hawks, the prime minister of the United Kingdom. I pretty much deserve to be the King, even, I'm so great. And I was to die in such an unremarkable manner, like I never mattered in the first place? I couldn't believe it, and I refused to let it happen.

"Then I thought to myself, why does death necessarily have to be the end? Our organs stop functioning, but is there no way to simply start them up again? Thus, I enlisted the help of the greatest scientist in England, Dr. Lendez, to create a cure to death. And after much stressful labor, he finally provided me with a prototype that he claimed would raise the dead."

"Yes, yes, I know all this," said John Phoenix. "You then went to the cemetery in Answell to test this prototype on one of the corpses. But it didn't work exactly as it was supposed to, and the man that woke up did so as a mindless zombie."

"Yes. I was delighted to see it working, but I refused to wake up in such a pitiful state, so I decided to return to Dr. Lendez and force him to make some final tweaks to prevent this. But before I could do anything, Hershel showed up..."

"And while you were distracted, the zombie you resurrected opened up one of the other graves and passed it on to the corpse inside of that," said John Phoenix. "You didn't notice that, so when you killed that zombie, you didn't realize he had revived one of his friends."

"Yes, and that friend spent the entire night reviving all of his buddies. It was a careless mistake, but if Layton hadn't distracted me, it never would've happened."

John Phoenix grabbed Bill by the throat.

"Do not blame this on the professor!"

But Bill simply grinned.

"What are you going to do, young John Phoenix? Beat me to a bloody pulp, like those pathetic zombies? Or perhaps, this pathetic zombie?"

Bill clapped under John Phoenix's grasp, and a door behind him slowly opened.

John Phoenix turned around and saw one final zombie stagger in. The moment he realized who it was, he turned his icy glare back to Bill, and that glare was more frigid than the Arctic.

The zombie was none other than his Uncle Phoenix!

Then, Storm looked at Phoenix, who was now at the borderline between death and whatever state he was in now. John Phoenix sighed, closed his eyes, and Dr. Lendez appeared! He appeared because John Phoenix teleported him here. There was also a machine, too.

"Right, then!" said Lendez. "Let's begin the process of curing these zombies!"

John Phoenix took the table his uncle was strapped to and wheeled it to the contraption (it had wheels (sorry for not mentioning that earlier)).

"Wait," said Lendez. "I feel I should clarify that this machine will extract vital organs from the specimen, so I'm afraid the zombie itself will have to be sacrificed."

John Phoenix yawned.

"NO!" said Ryunosuke. "Not my great grandson! I know it feels weird to call someone that when I'm only twenty-four, but STILL, there must be another way!"

"Well..." said Susato. "What if we got Mr. Wright to infect someone else? Then we could sacrifice them instead."

Everyone looked at each other. But who would do that? Who would be willing to sacrifice themselves for John Phoenix's uncle. Hell, who in the world was even worth less than that moronic idiot dumbshit bluffing attorney?

They looked at Bill Hawks.

"Don't look at me!" said Bill. "This is your problem, not mine."

"Listen to yourself!" shouted Susato. "You caused this pandemic personally! Why don't you take responsibility and end it if you really didn't mean it?"

"You've got SOME nerve," said Bill. "I'm the prime minister of the UK! Find someone less important to sacrifice. Honestly, I don't know why you don't just settle with that pile of flesh. Fucking deranged idiots, the lot of you."

Bill Hawks walked away.

"In that case, there's only one thing to do," said John Phoenix. He glared at his uncle, who was now whimpering, like it knew its life was at stake. He slowly walked towards his uncle.

"John Phoenix, no!" said Layton.

"It's not too late!" said Storm.

"Please think about what you're doing!" said Susato.

"Do the right thing," said da mayor.

"I-I'LL DO IT! I'll sacrifice myself!" Ryunosuke pulled his sleeve up, ready to offer it to his great grandson.

John Phoenix kept walking. Then, John Phoenix walked past his uncle and past everyone else too.

"UWARGH! Unhand me, you terrorist!" someone screamed, and John Phoenix came back, carrying the stubby Bill Hawks under his arm! Bill was struggling to break free and his little legs were wiggling about, but John Phoenix's grip remained firm. He stuck Bill's hand into his uncle's mouth, and Phoenix bit down on it!

"AYAAAAAAAAAAAAARGH!" Bill cried out in terror and pain as the poison coursed rapidly through his veins!

"Everyone dies at some point, Bill Hawks," said John Phoenix. "And right now, you deserve it more than anyone else."

John Phoenix tossed the dying man into the machine, shut the door and pulled the lever, killing him just as he had turned into a zombie himself!

"It's working!" someone said.

"Storm, come and looked!" another person said.

Who's that, I thought. And who am I?

I opened my eyes and saw two Japanese people standing above me. To my left was a guy in a top hat and a great detective, and to my right was a stupid looking lawyer in blue, and John Phoenix. Yes, I knew who John Phoenix is. Everyone knows who John Phoenix is!

Then the two Japanese people separated, and a blond guy in blue appeared between them. He walked up to me with a tear in his eyes. I impulsively extended my arm to him, seeing for the first time that it was completely rotten, but still functioning.

The man - Storm Sente - took my withered hand and smiled.

"Welcome back, Richard Kingsley."