

John Phoenix Saves Santa

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Summary: John Phoenix has got to find the truth behind the brutal killing of Santa Claus or the holiday's cancelled FOREVER!

***Chapter 1*: John Phoenix Saves Santa**

It was almost Christmas! John Phoenix was excited because he liked Christmas, because Christmas is good. He left some cookies and milk next to the chimney.

"Ooh thanks John Phoenix," said Phoenix. John Phoenix slapped his hand away from the cookies.

"They're not for you, Uncle! They're for Santa! Buy your own cookies with your allowance if you want some!"

"Sorry John Phoenix..."

John Phoenix went to bed.

The next morning, he went downstairs and the cookies and milk were eaten and dranken as expected.

But what wasn't expected was SANTA'S DEAD BODY LYING ON THE FLOOR AND PHOENIX WAS THERE TOO!"

"UNCLE WHAT HAVE YOU DONE!" shouted John Phoenix and he called the police who came and arrested him.

Then John Phoenix defended him.

"Court's in session for the trial of Phoenix Wright for ruining Christmas," said the judge.

"The defense is ready," said John Phoenix.

"Heheheheh that's what you think, Johnny Boy," said the prosecutor. The prosecutor was Vex Vulper from Contempt of Court by Mr. C. "Okay so basically Santa Claus came to town but then he got killed by Wrighty Boy, we found this bloodied knife at the crime scene with his fingerprints on it."

The knife was added to the Court Record.

Detective Snow came in.

"Alright lads, Harry there killed Santie Claus, we know it was him 'cause the crime scene was his house. The only other person there was John Phoenix and he's a bloody saint, that man, so he couldn't've done it. I have here the autopsy report."

The autopsy report said Santa was shot between the eyes and died instantly.

"OBJECTION!" shouted John Phoenix. "The weapon they found at the scene was a KNIFE!"

"I didn't say that's what killed him, it was just at the crime scene," said Vulper.

"FUCK!" shouted John Phoenix. He refused to admit it but he could see why they called Vulper the Red Devil: he was red, and he was the devil! The gallery started talking amongst themselves and for a second John Phoenix had lost faith in himself, but he regained it when he noticed an old man in the gallery nodding at him with a warm smile.

Vulper called his witness to prove Santa was there.

"I was passing by the Wright & Co. Law Offices and saw Santa on the roof," said the witness.

"HOLD IT!" shouted John Phoenix. "How did you know it was Santa?"

"Because he was red," said the witness.

"So? I could wear red too! Maybe I was just repairing the roof!"

"You weren't," said the witness. "Because the man in red also got in the sleigh and flew it away."

"OBJECTION!" shouted John Phoenix. "Santa couldn't have flown away... because he got murdered in my house!"

"Oh shit you're right!" said the witness.

"This means the man in red was actually someone else! Somebody ambushed Santa and killed him before he even

entered my house!" said John Phoenix

"But, but that could've been Wrighty-Boy!" said Vulper.

"NO! My uncle is a man in blue! The man in red could only have been you, VEX VULPER!"

"NO!" shouted Vulper.

"YES!" shouted John Phoenix. "Vex Vulper was waiting on my roof and when Santa landed, he shot and killed him then he threw him down the chimney!"

"OBJECTION!" shouted Vulper. "But what about the cookies and milk, Johnny Boy? If Santa died before going down the chimney he couldn't have eaten them!"

"That's because Santa didn't eat them! It was actually my Uncle Phoenix!" shouted John Phoenix and he slapped his uncle!

"B-But if he fell like that it'd be mentioned in the autopsy report!" said Vulper!

"Forged."

"YAAAAAAAAAAAAAGH!" cried Vulper. "Y-YOU HAVE NO EVIDENCE OF THIS SLANDER JOHNNY BOY!"

"Yes I do," said John Phoenix. "Because Santa managed to fight back and he stabbed his killer in the gut! Vulper, the knife at the crime scene is actually stained with YOUR blood! All we have to do is test it and that will prove YOU were on my roof that night!"

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! I WILL KILL YOU ALL!" cried Vulper and he went to jail to go insane.

Phoenix Wright was acquitted.

"Thanks John Phoenix," said Phoenix.

"Yes, thank you my son!" said the old man from the gallery. "You've been a very good boy this year, ho ho ho!"

"S-Santa, is that you?!" said Phoenix.

"Yes, my boy, ho ho! The guy who died was actually Larry Butz in his Santa costume. Wo ho ho! Now that you've caught the assassin that came to kill me, I can safely go back to delivering presents to all the good children of the world in peace, and it's all thanks to you! Merry Christmas, ooooooh ho ho hoooooo!" Santa Claus flew away in his sleigh and Christmas had been saved by the legendary defense attorney John Phoenix!

The End