

## Unfortunate Turnabout

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# Unfortunate Turnabout

by [PeachTeaCutea](#)

## Summary

An unfoturnate turn of events in which famous lawyer Phoenix Wright is shot in an attempted murder. With the blame pinned on Klavier Gavin, things are looking pretty bleak. Will Apollo be able to bluff his way out of this one? (edited 3/14/2019)

# Chapter 1

It had been a long day in court and all Phoenix wanted to do was get home to his apartment and sweet daughter. So they could have dinner and talk about their day.

He'd cut through people park because it would be a nice change of pace, he was almost out of the park when he heard a familiar click.

Turning to face a figure in the shadow pointing a gun at him, heart sinking into his stomach," Look if it's money you want I'll give you all I have." Phoenix didn't have much on him, not enough to die over.

He could already see the headlines; ATTORNEY PHOENIX WRIGHT TAKEN DOWN IN HIS PRIME.

The person cocked there gun and Phoenix swallowed heavily," Please I have a daughter to get back to." He begged but the person was unflinching.

Phoenix took a deep breath putting on a brave face, as a shot rang out.

~

*February 17, 8:30 AM ~*  
Wright Anything Agency  
Main Room

Apollo unlocked the office door letting himself in, not too concerned to see that his boss hadn't arrived yet as Apollo had a habit of coming in early.

He straightened up a couple of things around the office to keep himself busy before settling at his desk. Soon it rolled around to when Phoenix usually arrived, and Athena walked in teasing Apollo for being early.

Still, no Phoenix but sometimes the older man ran late because he had to drop Trucy off at school.

But soon Apollo realized that his boss should've been here by now as time passed, "Hey Athena did I miss some email?"

Athena shrugged, "I didn't get anything, maybe the boss is playing hooky with Prosecutor Edgeworth." She joked lightheartedly trying to not show her own growing concern.

Apollo wasn't sure, picking up a newspaper having to do a double take when he saw the headline; PROSECUTOR KLAVIER SUSPECTED IN THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF PHOENIX WRIGHT.

"Athena we have to go." Apollo said getting up dragging her out of the office by her wrist.

Athena was confused but let Apollo do this,” What do you mean Apollo?” She asked as she followed, “Did something happen?”

“I’ll explain later.” Apollo said, knowing Athena was confused and probably worried but there wasn’t time to talk, they had to get to the hospital.

~

*February 17, 8:50 AM*

Hickfield Clinic

Phoenix Wright’s Hospital Room

Apollo tapped his fingers on the receptionist’s desk as she chatted away on the phone, shushing him when he tried to talk to her.

He had to stop Athena from letting her have it, because he really didn’t want to get kicked out before talking to Phoenix.

When she got off the phone, Apollo quickly asked for the room number, and when they got it they both darted off in the direction of the room in question. The receptionist’s request for them not to run ignored.

He would have missed the room if Athena hadn’t stopped him. The burst in the room finding the famed Phoenix Wright sitting in a hospital bed, lazily looking over some paperwork.

Glancing up at his younger co-workers he smiled tiredly, “Oh hello.” Phoenix answered as if nothing had happened.

Apollo was fuming,” You get shot, and all you have to say is hello?” He grumbled,” We didn’t even find out until reading the newspaper.”

Athena elbowed Apollo sharply,” What Apollo means is that we’re happy that you’re okay.”

Phoenix winced,” My bad, I was sure Trucy had told you.” He chuckled, rubbing the back of his neck sheepishly. “Sorry, Polly.” Trucy answered, her face flushing with embarrassment, “I guess I forgot.” She said, honestly feeling guilty.

Apollo cooled off some, “No with the circumstances I understand how you’d forget.” He said not wanting the young girl to blame herself.

Phoenix straightened up getting more serious, “That aside I’m sure you already know who’s being accused.” He asked, and Apollo wilted.

“How could I not.” Apollo sighed, “It’s all over the news...but Prosecutor Gavin couldn’t have done it.” He shook his head, balling up his fists.

A heavy silence hung in the area for a moment.

“Well then get out of here Apollo.” Phoenix said, “You’ve got a client to defend.”



Apollo's eyes lit up the fire returning to them, "You're right!!!" He exclaimed, "Thanks Mr. Wright, I'll be back to visit later!!!"

Phoenix chuckled, "Hold your horses Apollo don't you think I should be questioned." He asked, eying Apollo who flushes brilliantly.

"You right please tell me your account." Apollo said sitting in a chair listening to Phoenix recount what happened.

"I thought I was getting mugged." He finished, "Though it was clearly someone with a personal vendetta since they didn't take the money I offered them, "All I saw was a silhouette."

Apollo groaned, "But that could be almost anyone." He said, huffing putting Phoenix's testimony with his evidence.

"That's okay Apollo." Athena said, trying to cheer him up, "I'm sure we'll get more when we question Klavier."

"I really hope your right." Apollo answered leaving the hospital room.

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*February 17, 9:00 AM*

Detention Center

Visiting Room

Apollo sat in a chair next to Athena, a thick piece of glass separating him and Klavier. The other man was fiddling with his long blonde hair nervously.

"Ah Herr Forehead." He grinned but the smile didn't quite reach his eyes, "I was wondering when I'd be graced with your presence."

Apollo smiled back, "Who were you expecting Athena?" He joked nervously, as he always got butterflies for some reason when he talked to Klavier.

"Ach, I couldn't imagine another person I'd want on my side." Klavier smiled charmingly. Athena scoffed revealing herself, "Hey I'm right here." She teased, "and I'm just as good as Apollo."

Apollo snorted a little watching Klavier fumble for the right words, "Ah Fraulin Cykes, I didn't see you there." He stumbled over his words, "I have no doubt that you are a competent lawyer."

"No hard feeling." Athena grinned, "Anyway I'm sure you know the drill."

"Speaking of which why wasn't I the one phone call." Apollo glowered at Klavier, making the prosecutor squirm.

“Ach well I figured you’d show up eventually, and I was hungry so...” He answered making Apollo facepalm. “I want to be mad but half me also wonders if it worked.” Apollo chuckled.

“Sadly no.” Klavier answered, “Everything went smoothly until I told them where I was and when I repeated they hung up on me.”

Athena laughed, “Gee I wonder why?” She said, “But to be fair I would have done the same thing.”

Apollo rolled his eyes, “Anyway is there anything you could give us that will help us in your case.” He asked, “I mean I’m still trying to wrap my mind around why you were there, don’t you live on the other side of town?”

Klavier tensed, “Ach yes that I had some errands to run, that required me to be on that side of town.”

Apollo felt his bracelet tighten around his wrist, “Is that all that you were there for.” He questioned.

Klavier insisted that’s all he was doing and it was clear to Apollo he would be getting any more out of him at the moment, at least not with more evidence.

So he and Athena left, “He’s not telling us something.” He told her, and Athena nodded, “I knew you’d pick up on it too.”

“Hopefully we’ll get some answers in court tomorrow.” He answered as they parted ways, as Athena had a prior engagement. Leaving the investigation to Apollo

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Notes

Shout out to my best friend originalbearduck for giving me fantastic ideas for this fanfiction.

Without her I would be at a loss on most of the pun names and plots I'll be using in this fanfiction!!!!

Thank you so much!

*February 17, 9:30 AM*

*People Park*

*The Crime scene*

Not getting much from Klavier, Apollo made his way to the crime scene. When he entered people park he took note of his surroundings, a large fence lined by tall bushes, a playset, and watering fountain.

Athena had a prior engagement so Apollo was alone in his investigation of the crime scene. Without the yellow caution tape, most people probably wouldn't know it was a crime scene.

Taking a deep breath Apollo prepared himself for the pushback he'd surely receive about not entering an active crime scene, he just hoped that he could convince the detective in charge to let him investigate.

Buried into his thoughts Apollo found himself running into a solid figure, almost mistaking it for a brick wall if not for a hearty chuckle that followed.

"Whoa there pal, this ain't exactly a place for kids?" A gruff voice mused as Apollo raised his head to find a frightfully large grizzled man in a trench coat smiling down at him, with warm brown eyes.

The man dusted him off with heavy hands," There ya go, pal, good as new." He stuck out a hand to Apollo introducing himself, "The names Dick Gumshoe." He grinned crookedly.

Apollo took his hand hesitantly," Apollo Justice sir." He squeaked, stomach-churning uncomfortably.

"What brings a nice kid like you to a crime scene?" Gumshoe asked, rubbing the back of his neck.

Apollo cleared his throat,” Actually I’m here on business.” He answered, trying to sound confident, “ I’m the Defense in the case involving the attempted murder of Phoenix Wright.”

Gumshoe snorted,” You can’t be serious.” He said,” Where do they find these lawyers an elementary school?”

Apollo could feel his face heat up with shame as he flashed his badge,” I worked hard to pass the bar.” He grumbled under his breath.

A heavy slap to the back made him stumble forward slightly,” I’m just yanking your chain pal.” He grinned,” Truth is I don’t believe Prosecutor Gavin’s the culprit either.” Rubbing the back of his neck sheepishly he continued,” He may not be on Prosecutor Edgeworth’s level of greatness, but he’s a good guy.”

Apollo nodded agreement remembering back to all the times Klavier helped him find the truth, and the darkness they’d both experienced along the way.

“Tell ya what kid, you seem like a good guy.” Gumshoe bellowed,” and that’s why I’m gonna let you take a look around the crime scene.”

Apollo’s face lit up overwhelmed by the detective's generosity, “Are you sure you won’t get in trouble?” He asked.

The detective deflates slightly,” About that, try not to get caught by the prosecution.” He said,” They’ll wring my neck.”

“Got it.” Apollo exclaimed quickly getting to work. The whole thing made his skin crawl, seeing the chalked outline of his boss. He pulled his eyes away from it, examining the surrounding area for anything he could use in his case.

For a crime scene, the area was pretty bare, not even a weapon being left behind. Making a mental note of this, certain Klavier didn’t even own a gun.

The area wasn’t exactly excluded, being a public park, so it was odd that the culprit picked it since there was a risk of being seen. Everything pointed to a crime of passion, something done out of anger that wasn’t planned out. The idea didn’t sit well though as the pieces were falling together a little too well.

Apollo knelt down in the dirt next to some footprints, noting the familiar Gaviner’s logo pressed into the ground. Something struck him as odd though, as near the heel there was a small circular indentation pushed into the soft dirt.

He pulled out his camera taking a quick snapshot, not sure if it would help in his case but he felt like it was out of place.

Getting to his feet Apollo sighed, scanning the area with his eyes for anything he missed noticing something white stand out against the green of the bushes. It could have been merely a piece of discarded trash but Apollo knew better, plucking it from the bush.

On closer inspection, it appeared to be a receipt or some sort of notice, but that's as far Apollo got when a sharp voice pierced the silence.

He turned just in time to witness a stocky young woman, chewing Gumshoe out as the detective just cowered in his presence, " You let the enemy into the crime scene." She screeched, at the flinching man.

"Come on pal." Gumshoe defended," The kid was polite enough. Soon Apollo found dark brown iris darting in his direction, as the woman charged at him, stopping just short of running into him, making him squeak reflexively.

"I won't have a smug defense attorney contaminating my crime scene." She hissed through gritted teeth snatching the paper from Apollo's hand, "Now leave."

Apollo scrambling getting out of there, figuring if the evidence were relevant it would be presented in court the next day.

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