

The following is the climax of a [Phoenix Wright: Ace Attorney](#) x [Animal Crossing](#) fan fiction I wrote. It stars defense attorney [Phoenix Wright](#), prosecutor [Miles Edgeworth](#), [the judge](#), a witness (a cat named [Raymond](#)) who's attempting to frame the crime of invasion of privacy on the defendant, a tanuki salesman named [Tom Nook](#), and [Mia Fey](#). (Note: bells are the currency used in [Animal Crossing](#). Iron nuggets can be found in rocks in [Animal Crossing](#). 'Crisp' is Raymond's catchphrase.)

[HOLD IT!](#)

Phoenix, smugly: [[sfx: curious](#)] Something's off about this testimony...

Judge, shaking his head: Mr. Wright! You'd better have a good reason for this blatant misuse of the court's time.

Edgeworth, shaking his head: What sort of nonsense are we in for this time, I wonder?

Edgeworth, wagging his finger: I'll gladly entertain Wright once again embarrassing himself in front of the esteemed jury.

Phoenix: It's simple, Your Honor...

Phoenix, smugly: My client, Mr. Nook, couldn't have watched through the crack in the door while fondling his furry phallus as Mr. Raymond got his ass eaten! Why, you ask?

Phoenix, slamming his hands on the desk: [[Pressing Pursuit ~ Cornered music](#)] It's simple! Because the only crack he was watching was the one leading down to his own sphincter! The very same crack our witness gobbled like groceries in the video evidence, in fact!

Judge, shocked: What in the—

Edgeworth, distressed: [[sfx: attack](#)] Damn!

Raymond, nervous: WHAT!???? THAT'S—THAT'S NOT TRUE! THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

Phoenix: Get real! How can you meow your way out of this one? We've got it all on tape!

Edgeworth, pensively: Hmm. Mr. Raymond, upon closer inspection, there does appear to be a resemblance between the defendant and the raccoon—er, tanuki featured in the video.

Judge: Mr. Raymond, how do you respond to the evidence presented? May I remind you that lying under oath is perjury and will be punished to the fullest extent of the law.

Raymond: [music stops, [sfx: curious](#)] ...Does the information of whose butt buffet a feline feasts on belong to the public these days? Is that not my business and my business alone?

Raymond: *sigh* I suppose if I must...you see, crisp, the person in that video is an old roommate of mine. More importantly, there is a glaring issue in your claim, Mr. Wright...

Raymond: [[sfx: attack](#)] ...you can't prove that that's Nook in the video feed getting his ass eaten! After all, the video never shows the subject's face!

The jury loudly murmurs. [[sfx: murmur](#)]

Phoenix, bothered: [[sfx: attack](#)] Wh—come on, that's—

Judge, surprised: [[sfx: chime](#)] —cheeky!

Edgeworth, wagging his finger: ...

Phoenix, interior: ([What's he smiling about? Did I just shit right into Edgeworth's hand?](#))

Judge, smashing the gavel: [[Questioning - Allegro music](#), [sfx: gavel](#), murmur sfx stops]
Order! Mr. Wright, prove now that that is the defendant getting his cheeks chomped in the video feed or I will have you held in contempt of court for prolonging this miserable affair!

Phoenix, interior: (Gotta think. How can I prove that's Tom Nook in the video?
Everything's hanging on this, like the last dangling fleck of shit you can't squeeze out...)

Mia: Wright, flush away his lies and focus. Isabelle reported having seen a video from CrapOnMyLap.com open on Nook's computer. She noted him having a **very specific fetish**. Between that and the video feed, you have everything you need to ruin his rump!

Phoenix, interior: (...**specific fetish?** Mia, what are you talking about?)

Phoenix, interior: [music stops, [sfx: chime](#)] (Wait! That's it! Mia, I owe you once more!)

Edgeworth, cocky: What's the matter, Wright? Cat got your tongue?

Edgeworth, pointing his finger: No matter. I for one enjoy warming up your shit-seeping humiliation as it stinks up this court under the searing lights of my prosecution!

Phoenix, confidently: The only thing that stinks here is your ego, Edgeworth! Ladies and gentlemen, if you will, I ask that you direct your attention back to the very first piece of evidence lobbed against the defendant: the **video feed**.

Raymond, nonchalantly: Hmph. Is that all you've got? It's clear that the footage in no way, shape, or form proves that that's Tom the tuggin' tanuki getting his ass eaten.

Phoenix, confidently: [[sfx: curious](#)] Actually, there's one thing in the video you overlooked: **the mirror**.

Phoenix, pointing his finger: [[sfx: attack](#)] The entire time the animal in this video was getting their ass eaten, they were staring into that mirror!

Phoenix: And whose satisfied face can be spotted in the mirror's reflection dropping a heaping helping of frothing fecal matter down Raymond's esophagus? Ring any...bells?

Edgeworth, slamming his hand on the desk: It can't be—

Phoenix, slamming his hands down: [[Pursuit: Cornered Variation music](#)] But it is! None other than my client, the shrouded sharter himself: Mr. Tom Nook! He just had to set up the mirror so that he could watch Mr. Raymond guzzle his gooch! It's how he gets off quicker than a dump delivery straight out the gape on taco night!

Edgeworth, angry and slamming his hands: You—why—who would—

Judge: [[sfx: attack](#)] Why, this is—

Raymond: [music stops] —obscene? Hmph.

Raymond, mournfully: ...I suppose the jig is up. Yes, it's true, crisp: the iron nuggets I nommed that night belonged to none other than that defecating dealer, Tom Nook.

Raymond, melancholy: But there's two sides to every story, just as there are two asscheeks which bookend backsides the world over. You see, I did it both for pleasure...and for pain.

Raymond, wistfully: [[Dahlia Hawthorne ~ Distant Traces of Beauty music](#)] I'll never forget the first time I ate ass...I was at the McDonald's on 24th and 2nd...

Phoenix, annoyed, internally: (Here we go...)