(Nathan POV)

As I said before, the weapon made for one would give you a trial. The moment my eyes closed in the real world I was somewhere I had never been before. Dense fog was covering me and it was dark like a moonless night. Due to the fog, it was all hazy and I was not even able to see pass a meter.

"Hmm a worthy one indeed" The voice was heavy and authoritative.

"Yes. But the final decision can only be made once the trial has been passed." The other voice was much softer.

"Who are you?" I shouted "where am I?" No response came. It was like waking up from a deep slumber. My memories were all jumbled up and I could not even tell my left from my right.

(Where am I. What was I doing before?)

Slowly it all came into my mind.

(Oh! So, I am in the trial. Right! Now what am I supposed to do)

As I was thinking, the landscape around me started to change. The world was spinning, if there was any world around me. And I was the axis.

(The hell is ...…. Going on here.) I was getting a sever nausea and was about to throw up when all stopped. Everything around me went dark.

"Sire!" (Huh? W-Wh-wh-what?)

"Sire? M-My prince?" (Wha-What the hell is)

"Your highness! Are you okay?"

"Shhhh! His highness is deep in thought" another one said. There were also whispers around, all were the voices that I did not recognize.

"I know but the matter at hand needs immediate action" Now the first man was worried

(What is going on and where am I?)

I opened my eyes. All the sudden light blinded me for a moment. Then all came into focus.

(WHAT THE ...…)

That what I saw at the moment was a room about as big as the great hall in Hogwarts. The decoration of the room was nothing to joke about. Several chandeliers, which were probably made of gold and silver were hanging from the roof top. The big windows were covered with curtains of the same size. They must have been really heavy. They were made with some high-quality silk, royal blue in color with golden border that once again I thought looked like was made of real gold threads. The room itself was made of some kind of stone that was polished so artfully that it almost shone when light fell on it. A carpet made with the same design as that of the curtains was in front of me leading to a gigantic golden door. All that was not what caught my attention but what captivated me was the manner of the people standing ... or more like kneeling before me. There were about a dozen or more people standing on both sides of the carpet in front of their chairs. Their hands tied in front of them in respect. Even their chairs were yelling of all the money that was spent on decorating them. Red, luxurious cations were placed on the chairs that were decorated with gold and silver.

"Sire ???" Said one of the two men who were kneeling in front of me on their knees.

(Is he referring to me)

I idiotically looked towards my right ...… And then stupidly towards my left.

"Are ...…. You talking to me" I pointed at myself

On that they looked at me as if I had finally lost it.

"S-s-sire? Are you really alright? Do thy self really not need to rest" One of the men asked

"Sire??? What are you talking abo ...…" A sudden pang invaded my head and with it came a flood of memories.

(What is going on here)

All the memories flooded my mind and took away my thinking capacity for the moment.

According to the memories, I was now a prince called Kizen Von Gazell Arcadia, younger brother to Rizek Von Gazell Arcadia and Amber Von Gazell Arcadia and elder brother of Cecilia Von Gazell Arcadia. Our Father, Igen Von Gazell Arcadia and his wife, our mother, Amiera Von Gazell Arcadia were the king and queen of the Kingdom of Arcadia. I was as of now eighteen while my older brother and sister were twenty-five and twenty-three respectively. My younger sister was right now twelve. It was a peaceful kingdom. Well until some power-hungry fools rebelled. What happened that a war broke out as the neighboring nation, The kingdom of Norigana attacked Arcadia. The chances were all good and our kingdom or at-least Kizen's kingdom would have won but the war gave a chance to the nobles to launched an inside attack on the royal house hold.

Before the attack, when times were peaceful, the person hated by all the nobles and even the royals equally was...… well of course it was Kizen whom I was right now sharing a body with. See!! brilliant luck. Kizen was the .... As you might put into words ..... loser of the family. Worst grades in studies, worst when it came to sword play and when it came to it, he could not even ride a horse properly. The only thing he was good at was drinking and flirting. So, he was treated harsher than even slaves by his older siblings. Every other day Rizek would call him up to his castle and the whipped him just to get some practice. No one knew this SADISTIC side of the other wise perfect first prince and the leader of the knights. So, whenever Kizen said anything, he was only laughed upon. After a few tries he just stopped telling and endured the pain.

His older sister was the next in line for the ascension because Rizek refused to become the king. She was kind and softhearted. At-least to others. To Kizen she was no less then a tormentor. Unlike her older brother, she did not inflict upon him any kind of physical abuse but rather she tried to make him look more useless in the eyes of her parents. Breaking windows and chandeliers in a way that might hurt the slaves while using Kizen's arrows only to get him in trouble was a norm for her in the past.

The little sister was a bit different from the others. She was born too mature for her age. Just like a certain someone that I know. At first, she tried to get close to Kizen but he reuked her. As she tried to get close, Afraid that she might be the same as the rest Kizen tried to hurt. She was not hurt physically as the guards saved her in time but she sure was hurt emotionally. So, after this she left him to rot on his own

According to his father he was a useless good for nothing waste of space and that he should try and be more like his older siblings. He would have disowned his son if not for his image in the eyes of his subjects. So, he did the next best thing. He ordered his guards to not let Kizen enter the throne room on any occasion except for some parties.

The only one that still did care for Kizen was his mother. But the king forbade her to even meet Kizen. Whenever they met, it was always in secret. His only escape from the harsh reality was the lap of his mother in which he often cried. His mother would gently stroke his head. She used to tell him that it would all be fine in the end. That was the reason that her death hurt Kizen the most.

The kingdom of Arcadia was given a blessing from some deity. A crown. Only the Gazell bloodline could wear the crown or give it to some other household and the only person wearing the crown could become the king.

That was the plan of the rebels. Kill all the Gazells and the force Cecilia to give them the crown. But what they did not account for was the fact that Kizen was never allowed in the throne room. So, when the massacre happened, he was spared due to a bad discission on his father's part. Cecilia was being forced to give up the crown to some noble when Kizen entered. His memories of the next event were hazy but before he knew the crown was on his head. The crown, as long as on the head of a Gazell, held absolute authority. So, a mere order was enough to stop every one in their place. And with that the problem was resolved and Kizen was made king. The nobles were executed and right now Kizen was fighting a war with Norigana that due to his bad planning was taking a turn for the worse.

As Kizen's memories filled my head, with them they brought a splitting headache. I grabbed my head or ..... Kizen's head and fell on the ground.

"SIRE !!!!!"

"MY LEIGE !!!!!"

"YOUR HONOR !!!!!!!!"

Several voices sounded as they ran towards me.

"My king. Are you fine my lord?" Asked my prime minister Valkis Rumbert"

"Valkis .... " My head was killing me but "I-i-is th-that you"

"Yes my liege" He answered

"H-h-help me ....." My head was splitting but "Help me sit"

He did as was asked.

"MY liege?" He looked worried. The headache was still there but I still shouted with all my might

"HOLY SHIT I AM A KING"