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“All right.” Sigwin nodded and swiftly made his way over to Kai. “Hey, punk. Mr. Yuchamore wants to meet you up on stage. Come with me!” he said.

Kai had been hoping to meet the leaders of the Eight Major Secret Realms himself, so he eagerly followed Sigwin and jumped gracefully onto the stage. The audience was surprised to see how young Kai was as he stood before them.

“Mr. Chance.” Chester rose from his seat and offered it to Kai. As lord of a regiment of Dragon Sect, it was only natural for him to treat Kai, his overlord, with the utmost respect. Moreover, he wanted everyone to see that they needed to consider the Gundersons before scheming against Kai.

“Great Elder, there’s no need for that. Please, remain seated,” Kai said, waving his hand to signal Chester to sit down. He then held his gaze steadily on the leaders of the Eight Major Secret Realms before him, showing no hint of fear or hesitation. “You’re Kai?” Quindon asked, staring at him intently.

“Yes,” Kai replied firmly. “And you came from the mundane world?” Quindon asked again.

“Yes,” Kai answered, unfazed. Quindon scrutinized Kai for a moment longer before he spoke with a hint of awe in his voice. “I can’t believe you managed to cultivate to the level of Third Level Spirit Replicator. Even though you failed to recover your spiritual energy, the suppressive powers of the laws of nature have been reduced a great deal.”

Quindon believed that Kai had reached that level in the mundane world due to the reduced suppressive powers of the laws of nature.

“Mr. Yuchamore, let’s ignore him and stick to our schedule. There are probably a lot of people waiting to strike the Dragon Bell,” Angus said to Quindon.

“Agreed.” Quindon nodded and turned to the group of young adults standing behind him. “Who else wants to give it a try?” Aislin, wearing a veil, stepped forward and exclaimed, “Let me, Dad!”

“Sure, but be careful, and don’t overexert yourself.” Quindon nodded in approval.

“Got it.” With that, Aislin leaped into the air, landed in front of the bell tower, and pushed open the bronze door to enter. It took her about forty minutes to reach the top of the bell tower.

Quindon let out a sigh of relief when he saw that his daughter had made it to the top of the tower safely. He had changed the rules of the Secret Realm Conference’s Dragon Bell striking ceremony to give Aislin a chance to strike the bell. Although it required a significant amount of spiritual energy and posed a potential danger, it was good training.

Aislin took a deep breath when she arrived at the top of the tower, picked up the hammer, and struck the Dragon Bell with all her might. The sound of the hammer striking the bell.

echoed through the air, and a golden dragon took flight. The crowd erupted in cheers. They never thought that a girl would be able to strike the Dragon Bell.

Filled with confidence, Aislin held onto the hammer, ready to strike the bell again. But this time, the bell didn’t chime. Instead, the massive recoil force caused Aislin to drop the hammer, and it sent her flying into the air. She even coughed up blood mid-flight. “Lin!” Quindon leaped up and caught her.

“Dad, I’m fine,” Aislin reassured him, wiping the blood from the corner of her mouth. “I told you not to overexert yourself. The recoil force of the Dragon Bell could have killed you,” Quindon scolded Aislin, visibly upset.

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Aislin lowered her head and remained silent. She realized she had tried too hard to display her strengths and ended up overexerting herself. She would have been seriously injured if not for her father’s intervention.

Quindon brought Aislin to the stage and addressed the crowd, “Striking the Dragon Bell is not for everyone. It poses a great risk to your life. If you feel that you’re not strong enough, please don’t push yourself. It’s not worth risking your life just to strike the bell.”

Many people who had considered trying to strike the bell backed down after hearing Quindon's words. They didn't want to risk injuring themselves and jeopardizing their chances in the tournament.

"Would any of you like to give it a try?" Quindon turned to the three remaining youths from the Supreme Honor Rankings who stood behind him and asked. They looked at each other and shook their heads. They didn't want to exhaust themselves before the tournament and affect their performance.

"Mr. Yuchamore, it's been a while since the Secret Realm Conference was held. We'd love to see you strike the Dragon Bell and witness the Flight of the Three Dragons once again!" Sigwin suddenly suggested to Quindon.

Quindon was taken aback by Sigwin's request and waved his hand. "I'm not fit for this anymore. Age is catching up to me, and I'm afraid I won't be able to strike the bell again." Sigwin suggested, "If that's the case, Mr. Yuchamore, I'd like to give it another try to see if I can create the Flight of the Three Dragons."

The crowd was stunned by Sigwin's audacity. Even Angus frowned and scolded Sigwin, "What are you saying? It's good enough that you struck the Dragon Bell twice in a row. Besides, you have yet to recover your spiritual energy after striking the bell. It would cost you your life if you try to strike it again."

The Secret Realm Conference had never seen anyone attempt to strike the bell again after their first attempt in its entire history. As news of Sigwin's request spread through the crowd, murmurs and whispers broke out among the spectators. "He's ranked first in the Supreme Honor Rankings, and yet he's still not satisfied with just striking the Dragon Bell twice in a row!"

"What a daredevil! I doubt even Mr. Yuchamore would have the nerve to attempt it again." "What's gotten into him? He seems to be acting very strange today."

Despite the skepticism and disapproval, Sigwin remained composed and poised, standing firm on the stage. Sigwin boldly ignored Angus' warning and turned to Quindon, saying, "Mr. Yuchamore, I must confess that I'm not entirely satisfied with my previous performance. I believe that I'll be able to recreate the Flight of the Three Dragons if I am given another chance to strike the bell."

Sigwin was oozing with confidence while Quindon gazed at him silently. “Are you trying to show off your prowess and match me, Sigwin?” Quindon asked, aware that Sigwin was determined to demonstrate his power and show that he was as capable as Quindon, or even more so. He was an ambitious man, even more so than his master, Angus.

“Mr. Yuchamore, as the saying goes, the younger generation should build upon the foundation laid by the older generation and strive to surpass their predecessors. You wouldn’t want the younger generation to forever hide under your wings, right?” Sigwin smiled.

“Sigwin, you’re being rude. Hurry and apologize to Mr. Yuchamore!” Angus reprimanded. Yet, Quindon waved his hand and replied with a smile, “Mr. Green, he’s in the prime of his youth. This is totally understandable. Besides, we must pass on everything in the secret realm to the younger generation in the near future since we’re not getting any younger.”

He then turned to Sigwin and said, “I’ll allow you to attempt to strike the bell again. But before that, I’d like to give it a try myself. It’s been a long time since I’ve done it.”