When the group of female adventurers finally returned, I was overjoyed. With the house set up, maybe they would have a reason to stick around for a while. Admittedly, I didn't have a reliable source of water yet, but for all I knew there might be a river nearby. Aside from water, basic needs were taken care of here, and I would be able to earn more points the longer they stayed.

However, when I heard that they were going to be setting up camp on the other side of the road, waiting for the owner of the house to return, I started to internally panic. After all, the other side of the road was beyond the limits of my territory.

I wasn't sure of the exact requirements for earning points, only that my points shot up to ten at the crack of down the last time they were here. It might have just been because they were present on the land, or because they had spent a certain amount of time here.

If they decided to stay in their own camp overnight instead of the house that I created for the sake of safety, I wouldn't earn points either way. If they did stay in the house, but only stayed there for a short while, whether or not I would earn points was uncertain.

Still, I was completely out of points, so I could only wait and see how things played out.

The sun was starting to set, with Mica perched on her backpack, which had been laid out like a chair beneath her. "There's still nobody coming…" she remarked, eyes scanning both directions of the road. She and Sarah had both already gone to check more than a kilometer in each direction, confirming that there weren't any visible signs of a struggle anywhere.

"What do you want to do?" Sarah asked, turning to face the troubled Lydia.

Lydia herself wasn't really sure. If they stayed in the house, and someone did return, they would be liable for trespassing. "The smart thing to do would be to report this to the guild, and let them dispatch a proper investigation team," she muttered, glancing at the house and tree in the distance. "However, we don't really have enough information yet to get them to take the matter seriously. There could just be an eccentric traveler who is gradually bringing items to this area one at a time, then leaving to go get the next thing. That itself is enough to get people curious, but I can't see them dispatching a proper investigation team."

"You mean…?" Mica began, glancing back at Lydia, who responded with a nod.

"We'll need someone to stay in the house overnight. There might be some side-effects or other quirks that we're not aware of. Also, we'll need to keep an eye on that tree to see how it regrows its fruit."

"I volunteer!" Both Mica and Sarah called out at once, the two looking at each other.

Lydia sighed in exasperation. “I know that the place is more comfortable than our tents. But, you have to remember that it could be dangerous, too. If anything happens inside the house, whoever is outside won’t have the chance to save you.”

The two girls calmed down at that, with Mica soon lifting a hand. “If anything happens, I’m more likely to notice and get out first. I’m a lighter sleeper than Sarah, too.”

Sarah pouted at this remark, though she couldn’t really refute it. Out of the three of them, she was the one most likely to sleep in if she were given the chance to lay in a comfortable bed.

With that decided, Mica made her way to the house, slipping inside but leaving the door open. She walked through the house, exploring each individual bedroom to cover everything that they hadn’t been able to see earlier before they fled the building…

I let out a mental cheer when I found one of the party returning to the house. It was the petite rabbit girl with white hair and green eyes. Judging by her light leather armor and her twin daggers, she was the rogue of the group. She walked over to every piece of furniture, placing a monocle up against her eye. When she observed the bed, I decided to look through her eyes, curious to see what she was seeing.

Low-Quality Comforts: Bed
Ensures a restful sleep for anyone who lays down on top of it.
Self-Cleaning
Self-Repairing

The rabbit girl was surprised when she read this, pulling one of her daggers out. Cautiously, she glanced from side to side before making a small nick on the side of the bedframe. Obviously, she was careful not to make the mark easily visible, but also wanted to see the effects listed on the monocle.

However, despite staring at the mark she had left, it did not heal over. Pursing her lips, she muttered under her breath. “I’m not sleeping on that…”

Instead, she grabbed a chair from the kitchen and brought it to the bedroom, curling up on it and hugging her knees. One ear flopped down while the other stayed perked up, as if listening for any strange sounds.

Okay, well, at least one of them is staying the night, I thought to myself. If I earned at least one point, I could get their attention by creating another tree or something. And if I could get their

interest, perhaps I could convince them to stay for a few days? There were surely more items that I could unlock to build, but I had no idea what their requirements were.

Like that, the night passed, the rabbit girl not moving from her chair the entire time. As soon as the light of dawn began to peek through the window, her eyes shot open and she jumped to her feet. Her head turned from side to side, before letting out a deep breath of relief. However, she soon turned her attention back to the bed, her ear twitching.

Stepping closer, she rubbed a finger along the bedframe, where she had previously left the mark. That mark was now gone, having vanished when the sun rose. “Mica!” a voice called from outside, and she jumped up again. Without another word, she ran for the door, bolting out of it and meeting her teammates who were standing on the road. Thankfully, I was still able to see what was happening on the road itself.

“Is everything okay?” Mica asked, ears standing up straight as she looked at both Lydia and Sarah.

“Y-yeah, I was just calling to wake you up,” Sarah confessed. “Also, I saw the tree. It was hard to tell exactly what happened, because the sun was in my eye. But, as soon as the sun appeared on the horizon, several fruits began to grow to replace the ones we picked yesterday. By the time I had adjusted to the glare, well…” she gestured to the tree, which had completely restocked its fruits.

Mica pursed her lips, and then began to explain what she had found within the house. “I can’t imagine that as a commoner’s house. The bed is self-cleaning, self-repairing, and has an added ability to ensure deep sleep. I was suspicious of it, so I didn’t sleep on it, but I can confirm that it is able to repair itself just fine.”

“The windows and the door all block out outside temperature and pollution, and all of the cooking utensils are self-cleaning as well. If you told me that was a noble’s vacation house… well, the bed isn’t that high-quality in its design, but other than that, I’d believe you.”

I wished I could nod, listening to the three of them talk. I myself was just as surprised by the quality of the furnishings in the house. I expected the first tier of housing just to be a ramshackle hut, but this was a proper family home.

Oh! Before I forget! I quickly opened the building menu, planning to create the additional tree with the point I had gotten from Mica staying the night. However, to my surprise, I found that there was also the option of building another house for just one point, as well.

That will… definitely be more impactful, I thought, debating on which to use for a moment. Worried that they might leave soon to report back, I forced myself to make a quick decision.

Lydia watched Sarah and Mica discussing the details of the house, parsing through the information in her mind. It wasn't unusual for some cooking utensils to be self-cleaning in any given household, as that was a pretty common effect for kitchenware. However, for *every* item to have that effect was extremely rare.

As she was thinking about that, she glanced towards the house again, her eyes going wide. "Mica, Sarah!" she called out, silencing the duo and pointing.

The two looked over, their jaws going slack. Just a few meters down the road from the first house, material seemed to be manifesting in the air without a sound. Timber and plaster appeared as if a curtain were being lifted, as if they were always there. Soon, a perfectly identical copy of the first house had been created, mirrored so that the front doors were facing one another.

"That… that wasn't a traveling noble, or an eccentric adventurer," Sarah astutely pointed out. The two houses seemed to frame the tree in the background, the rising sun visible behind it.

Lydia hesitated, before her eyes widened. "Mica, monocle!" she shouted, and Mica fumbled with her equipment, soon retrieving the monocle to hand it over to her. Lydia snatched it out of her hand, running forward and crouching down between the two houses. However, she was not looking at the houses themselves, but rather at the ground beneath her feet.

At first, she saw only the grass, so she had to pull it out of the way, revealing a patch of soft dirt. Once the dirt was visible, she leaned in close with the monocle, narrowing her eyes.

Land
Spiritually Awakened

Lydia's eyes widened at this, stepping back in surprise. She retreated back to the road, her face pale. "What is it?" Sarah asked, concerned when she saw the look on Lydia's face.

"The land itself has awakened its spirit," she responded, surprising both of them.

"Even land can have a spirit?" Mica asked, looking at Sarah. "Have you heard of anything like that?"

However, Sarah shook her head. "N-no. Elves are supposedly the most in tune with both spirits and nature, but I've never heard of an entire plot of land awakening a spirit. Trees, sure, I've heard stories of awakened trees, but never the land itself. H-how large do you think it is?"

Mica pursed her lips, snatching the monocle back and running forward before Lydia could stop her. She ran a few meters past the houses up the road, and the stopped to cut away a patch of grass. Then, she ran further, repeating the action.

Under the watchful eyes of Sarah and Lydia, Mica ran a wide path around the tree, even covering the road itself. “It looks like the Land is a hundred meters on all sides, centered around the tree,” she said, pointing at the tree in the distance. “Even this stretch of road is covered, though only up to the far side.”

“What do we do about this?” Lydia herself asked, completely unsure now. “Technically speaking, spiritually awakened items have to be brought back to the guild for examination to determine their safety. But, how do we bring *this* back?” she asked, gesturing towards the houses before them.

“I think the guild can dispatch a team? I remember hearing that being the case when an awakened tree was discovered, since it couldn’t be safely transplanted,” Sarah added on. “Though, given that it has been providing food and shelter, I don’t think this one is evil…”

“It might still be discovering its powers,” Mica pointed out. “Awakened items are unpredictable. Sometimes, they’ll seem benign, but then they’ll curse their wielders out of nowhere. I’ve heard that awakened items can even try to possess their users and turn them into puppets.”

The other two shuddered at this news, but Lydia bit her lip. “Let’s report to the guild. At the very least, reporting an awakened item of this scale should bring with it a suitable reward.”

Sarah and Mica nodded in agreement, slowly backing away from the houses to pack up their camp. Just to be safe, they did not step onto the road again until they were beyond the boundaries of the Land.