Honestly, I wasn't sure what to think of Morgan's assessment. Like, why would reaching level ten in a skill give them the ability to leave? Was I supposed to produce level ten talents and send them out into the world to enlighten others? That seemed somewhat counter-intuitive, given that the only way I could get points was to bring the people to *me*.

Moreover, they could only obtain that level if I created them with it, since these created entities like Morgan and Maki lost the ability to further develop their skills after creation. I suppose, given enough time, it was possible for me to flood the world with people who had reached the pinnacle of every craft. Maybe that was the reason I was sent here, to spark some kind of industrial revolution or something.

I highly doubted that to be the case, but I didn't know what other options there were. Still, there wasn't much point in thinking about it at this point in time. If I was going to get an answer eventually, I'd find out then. Until then, there was little I could do by worrying over it.

A few days had passed since Morgan's creation, though she hadn't done anything truly noteworthy yet to advertise herself within the growing city. After all, the materials available locally just weren't good enough for her to perform powerful enchantments. Instead, she opted for a different way to make herself useful.

Morgan walked through the streets of the packed residential district, where all of the new refugees lived. She understood their situation, so she wanted to see if there was anything that she could do to help, like making tools to make their lives more convenient. Thus, she patrolled the streets, taking a closer look at their daily lives to see what exactly they were lacking most.

Morgan was a naturally beautiful elf, her appearance causing heads to turn wherever she went. And, as she walked through the streets with graceful steps, she was soon made aware of what exactly some of them were lacking most. She noticed a small band of people following her, keeping their voices down. Their heads were lowered, hands in their pockets.

She wanted to give them the benefit of the doubt. They were the Land's precious citizens, and they had just been through a horrifying ordeal. Thus, Morgan turned to pass between two houses, a shortcut back towards the main city district. If they were only hesitating about what to do, this would give them the chance to back off and reconsider their actions.

And, sure enough, three people did just that, pausing when she made the sudden turn. The others, however, panicked and ran forward to catch her. When they rounded the corner, they found that Morgan had stopped, facing them with her arms crossed beneath her bust. "What's a pretty thing like you doing in this part of town?" one of the men asked, his eyes wandering over her figure.

“Just doing my civic duty,” Morgan answered plainly. “Looking to see how I can help improve the lives of people here.”

“Well, I know how you can improve our lives,” the man chuckled eerily, stepping towards her.

“And if I say no?” Morgan asked, perking a brow. This was their last chance to back off.

Unfortunately, these people had lost their reason along with their old lives. “I’m afraid we really must insist,” another man said, pulling a rope out of his backpack.

With an annoyed sigh, Morgan snapped her fingers. “I gave you idiots a chance,” she muttered, conjuring magical bands of energy to wrap around the eight men that had followed her.

“W-what the?! She’s a mage?!” one man cried out in shock, his eyes widening as he fell to the ground, wrapped in a blue ring of light.

“Allow me to introduce myself.” Morgan strode forward, looking down at the fallen men. “I am Morgan le Fay, principal of the School of Enchantment. And the knights are already on their way. I notified them as soon as I saw you all following me.”

No sooner had Morgan said this than the clinking of metal boots could be heard stomping on the ground. A dozen knights, all clad in armor, appeared at either end of the small alley. Morgan stepped aside, allowing the knights to take them in.

“H-hang on, we didn’t do nothin’!” the apparent ringleader of the group shouted out, the others echoing his words. “We were just lookin’ to get to know this woman!”

Morgan rolled her eyes at this. “The Land has bore witness to your deeds, and I gave you every chance to leave peacefully. I was not expecting that the prison would be used for something like this, but if it weeds out the bad eggs among the populace, I suppose that is one way to benefit the people.”

Soon, the men were dragged away, the knights easily overpowering them after they had been bound. The fact that Morgan had specifically enchanted the gear of the knights to further increase their stats certainly helped.

It didn’t take long for the men to be processed in the prison, their crime of attempted assault against Morgan reported. This was the first time that I had actually used the prison, but I had already heard that criminals in this world were reduced to slaves, so I knew somewhat what to expect.

Each prisoner had a price and a duration listed. For this group, their duration was ten years, meaning that they would have to serve as a slave for ten years after being purchased. As for their prices, those varied from person to person, taking into account their age and known skills. A slave that could read and write was worth far more than one that couldn't.

Until they were purchased, they would live in the prison, where they would be fed simple meals. However, my city had no need for slaves like this, so I made an arrangement with Jamie. She would buy the slaves herself and send them back to Corvath to be put to work for her company the next time her caravan left.

Thus, I waited a few more days, watching as the fields belonging to the refugees had their first harvests. Given that my farms nearly tripled, this caused my income to increase substantially. I was still largely reliant on the income from the forest, but my farms were slowly starting to match this.

"Please check to make sure that everything is here," Jamie said as a muscular man carried a box over to set it in front of Morgan.

The elven enchantress cast a small spell analyzing the contents of the box. "It looks like you gathered everything I needed. This should be just right for my plans."

Jamie smiled at this, before raising a question that had been on her mind for the last week. "If I may know, who are you making this armor for?" It wasn't that there was nobody that came to mind who needed it. Rather, there were simply too many people. Whether it was Morgan herself, or the Rose Blades, or any of the other experts, maybe even Sam.

"Naturally, I'm making this for our dear Prim," Morgan said matter-of-factly, causing Jamie to hesitate.

"But… Prim can't attune to any items. She can't equip an armor like this." Although Jamie understood the urgency of protecting the saintess, she was also acutely aware of Prim's circumstances.

"I'm aware. That's why I plan to make this a sentient item, capable of acting on her behalf." These words shocked Jamie even more than learning that Morgan was making the armor in the first place.

All Wealth-Devouring Armor was special, capable of growing stronger by devouring wealth, hence its name. However, that did not mean that these were sentient items. Instead, it was just a special enchantment that could be applied to an item at a steep cost. First, the enchanter had to set up the framework for wealth devouring, and then they needed to define the aspects which

would be boosted during growth. Sometimes, this included new spells that could be installed in the item, or increased strength.

The concept of making an awakened item was not in itself unheard of. High-level enchanters could definitely do so, but these items were far from sentient. Their minds were primitive, like any other newly awakened item. “Are you going to be pulling a soul from Earth?” That was the only method that Jamie could comprehend when it came to a freshly born item with full sentience.

“Hmm? Don’t be ridiculous. My magic can’t breach the borders between universes. If anyone even attempted so, the people in management would probably strike them down for giving them extra work.” Morgan shook her head at the seemingly obvious question, pulling the materials out of the box.

Normally, it was true that making a sentient item was next to impossible. However, Morgan had inherited Cain’s knowledge from his past life. Knowledge of a world where artificial intelligence had reached a level that could almost mirror true life. Although Cain himself wasn’t an expert programmer, there were benefits to working in tech support, meaning that he interacted with malfunctioning programs quite often.

This experience with troubleshooting artificial intelligence problems had given him the necessary knowledge for Morgan to extrapolate, mixing with her own enchantment skills. In any sense, a newly awakened item spirit was akin to a freshly minted artificial intelligence that was lacking the necessary training data or guiding constraints. All it had was basic intelligence and an emotional framework, so Morgan just needed to tweak the enchantment to train the spirit as it was created.

With that in mind, Morgan waved a hand, causing the silver and iron to melt and mix together, floating in the air. Seeing the ease at which Morgan worked, Jamie felt that it was safe to ask about the process. “Are you… making mithril?” she asked, recalling how Shera had used silver and steel as examples on how to forge mithril in the past.

“Hmm? Oh, no. Actual mithril doesn’t take true ‘silver’, but ‘quicksilver’, or mercury. It can only be forged under intense pressure. However, if you mix iron and silver in the proper quantities with a few alchemical reagents, you can get counterfeit mithril, which is an excellent medium for inscribing enchantments.”

As she spoke, she lifted a hand, conjuring a few prepared bottles containing the reagents she had made from the local herb gardens. These bottles opened on their own, their contents spilling into the liquid metal mixture in the air. More bottles emerged and opened to fuse their contents into a black ink.

Once the metal was properly mixed, Morgan shaped it into a wide, flat panel. Morgan hummed lightly, causing a quill to dip into the ink and begin to draw intricate patterns on the metal sheet.

These patterns were complex and interwoven with one another, so Jamie could not make sense of what she was seeing even as she watched the entire process.

In the end, she gave up on trying, leaving the warehouse to save herself the headache of staring into what felt like a bottomless abyss. This left Morgan alone to finish her work, which took more than six more hours of constant focus.

As night fell, the last line was drawn on the enchantment diagram, and Morgan nodded her head in satisfaction. “It would have been even better with higher quality ink, but that would have really driven the price up…”

Realizing that nobody else was around, Morgan shrugged her shoulders, gathering the magic stones and the mithril. For the mithril, she used her magic to shape it into a chain bracelet, placing it at the focal point of the enchantment plate. Then, she placed the two magic stones at the auxiliary nodes, wiping the sweat from her brow.

Once the stones were in place, the whole diagram lit up, channeling the energy of the stones into the bracelet. Morgan watched in satisfaction, mentally calling for Prim to come over and receive a present.

By the time that Prim arrived, the enchantment had finished, and the wide plate had lost its light. The two magic stones were dull and cracked, completely drained of energy. “You wanted to see me, Morgan?” Prim asked, unsure what this was all for.

“That’s right. I want you to try this on,” Morgan crouched down, picking up the chain bracelet and handing it to Prim.

Blinking, Prim did as instructed, sliding it onto her wrist. “Good. Now, you should be able to condense a small crystal of divinity as a saint. If you do that, and feed it to the bracelet, you will be in for quite a surprise.”

Prim perked a brow, but focused. Her entire body lit up with a brilliant, golden glow, which condensed into a small spherical crystal in her hand. Unsure how to ‘feed’ a bracelet, she brought the crystal close to it, only to gasp in shock when the crystal immediately dissolved to flow into the bracelet.

Access acknowledged. Authorization rights locked to host. Growth-type armor, Mordred, activated. The mithril bracelet lit up, expanding to cover Prim’s entire body in a suit of sleek, silver armor. The only part of her that was exposed was her rabbit ears, which stood up in alarm.

Morgan nodded her head, satisfied with her own work. “Divine crystals personally crafted by a saint have a truly ridiculous value. You only made a small one, and it caused Mordred to grow to this extent. So, some key notes.”

“First of all, Mordred’s primary ability, aside from devouring wealth, is telepathy. He can speak into your mind without needing you to attune to him. His next ability is to alter his appearance, which lets him go from a bracelet to armor, or back again. If you tell him what shape you want the armor to be, he’ll do his best to oblige.”

“His other abilities include full perception of the surroundings and the ability to act autonomously. If an attack comes your way, he will immediately respond to protect you. I didn’t give him any fancy spells to learn, since I didn’t have the materials for that, but his maximum growth limit and physical strength will increase as he’s fed.”

“Finally, when he is in armor mode, you can instruct him to fight on your behalf. I suggest you have him watch the knights and adventurers training, and then try it out. It’ll help you get used to the armor moving for you.”

“Oh, and don’t go feeding it those crystals too often. If you make them too frequently, their value will drop, and they’ll become less effective. Most of their value comes from the fact that saints don’t often make them.”