Creating the requested facilities within Leonin was not a problem at all. A simple gym, magic tower, and an alchemy shop could easily fit within the land that I had been given with plenty of room to spare. As for staffing the shop, that was left entirely to Leonin. I wasn't going to also donate an expert to them to help with that.

Once that business was taken care of, Prim and the others retrieved the carriage before riding back to the village through a portal that Prim opened up. They stayed at the village overnight, preparing to set off for Corvath the following day.

Meanwhile, I made sure to keep an eye on Gawain as he entered one of the homes that I had created when I saw the enchanters approaching. Among the eight, only one of them requested a second-tier home, and even paid the extra expenses for the servant add-on. The others all seemed perfectly content with staying in the lower-tier houses, and were even studying some of the enchantments on the household appliances.

Gawain sat in his room, taking a deep breath as he pulled a leather-bound book out of his bag. Opening the pages, he flipped through numerous magical diagrams as well as pages depicting warriors taking different stances. Once he reached an empty page, he placed his hand on it and closed his eyes.

The page shimmered, black ink spreading over the page to form a series of small spell diagrams surrounding an intricately engraved chalice. The entire process of filling the page took only a few minutes, at which point the page was so packed with drawings that it had become hard to see the fine details.

Still, after closing the book, Gawain held his hand out. Mimicking Morgan's earlier actions, he created a densely-packed sphere of spell circles, within which a golden goblet manifested. Gawain grinned broadly when he saw this, quickly dismissing the conjured item.

"I heard that there's a saintess here, too. I wonder if I can learn anything from her," he muttered under his breath, tucking the book away again.

"So, his true identity is a book, then?" Morgan muttered, sitting within the Lord's Manor to directly converse with the avatar of the Land. Although they could communicate mentally, she still preferred face-to-face talks. Through the Land's sight, they had witnessed Gawain's actions, determining his true nature.

"That's right. Given what he just showed, his main power should be to copy techniques he sees into his book, after which he can reproduce them. Either he gained a secondary power to

manifest an avatar, or that was something that he copied from either another item or a spell." As he said that, the lord lowered his gaze slightly. "This is going to be difficult."

"Hmm?" Morgan glanced at the lord, before her eye twitched. "You're wondering if he can copy *your* abilities as well?" she asked, to which the lord nodded his agreement.

"Since he was able to easily replicate the ability you showed earlier, we don't know if there is a limit on his energy reserves when displaying copied abilities. If there's not, he might not have to worry about point costs for things either. This could theoretically make him the most dangerous entity we've come across."

Morgan pursed her lips as the lord spoke, thinking it over. "We don't know what will happen if someone copies your power and tries to purchase your own land. In the worst case scenario, he might even be able to completely wipe out your territory by purchasing it for himself. That's what you're worried about, right?"

"Quite. The land over in Leonin can serve as an emergency back-up, but I'd rather it not come to that. For the time being, any expansion that I do will have to be where he can't see, just to be safe," the lord turned his gaze towards the north when he said that. "There should still be more monster habitats between us and Corvath, so I might turn my attention there instead."

"Probably for the best," Morgan agreed. "Even if he copies your process of constructing buildings, it is useless if he doesn't have the land to place them on. We should also try to keep him away from Prim until we learn more about his ability. Having him form a saint-level connection with you could end poorly."

The lord merely gave a small nod. "Right now, we need to find out what limits there are to his ability. For instance, can he only copy a certain number of techniques into his book per day? Aside from that, how much is he able to improve upon the techniques?"

Morgan leaned back in her seat, one hand grabbing the necklace that she had acquired earlier after the lord's insistence. "Thankfully, it doesn't seem like the techniques are stolen, just copied. I can still recall how to manifest that grail, so the information wasn't taken from me. Still, let's continue to monitor him."

The next day, I focused my expenditures on building towards the north from my existing habitat core, deciding that it was about time that I acquired the entirety of the forest. Now that I was certain that owning the habitat cores was safe, there was no more reason to hold back.

As for Prim, she made her way north to Corvath, once again traveling together with Sylphy and Brock. These two had originally come from Corvath in the first place, so this would be their first time returning there in quite a while.

When Gawain heard that Prim had left again before he could meet her, he seemed disappointed, but quickly changed the subject. He and the other enchanters were getting ready for their first lessons under Morgan, and she didn't seem interested in giving them time to focus on other things.

Unsurprisingly, Gawain took the same book that I saw him copying techniques into the previous day with him to the classroom, though he didn't open it once throughout the entire day. Because of this, I was able to learn quite a bit more about how his 'system' worked.

From a theory standpoint, Gawain seemed to be quite a novice with enchantment. He avoided answering any questions about how an enchantment worked, unless the topic had been recently discussed in the class. However, this all changed with the practical application of the information.

As soon as Morgan demonstrated any enchantment or spell, Gawain was able to reproduce it flawlessly. He played this off as being more of a practical student, but neither Morgan nor I were fooled so easily.

The fact that he was able to copy these techniques, and yet still needed to record them later in the book meant two things. First, there was a time limit on copied abilities unless he recorded them in the book before that time ran out. Secondly, there was a limit to how many techniques he could copy every day. Otherwise, he would have copied more than just Morgan's holy grail the previous day.

Most likely, his limit was just one or two techniques every day as permanent copies. This already gave him quite the edge in development, since he could just copy the signature attack spell of a skilled mage, and then pass himself off as a mage of similar level. As for the duration of his temporary copies, I only knew that they lasted at least a few hours. Long enough for him to have recorded the grail when he first arrived.

The morbid part of me had to admit that it would be nice if I were able to get his abilities. Copying spells and abilities once a day would be able to save me a *lot* of trouble down the line. However, something like that would only happen in the worst case scenario, if he became a legitimate villain while on our territory.

After class ended, seven of the eight new students got up and began to make their way to their new homes. Only Gawain was left behind, packing his books into his bag. "Morgan, could we talk for a few moments?" he called out, causing the teacher to look his way.

"Sure. I had a feeling that you would be wanting to talk soon," she said, approaching him.

Gawain sat on the corner of his desk, a smile on his face. “I wasn’t sure when I first heard that you had appeared here. Of course, I knew that others like us had appeared in the world, but most of them couldn’t form a body. But, given how you acted yesterday, I was certain that you were the real deal.”

Morgan perked a brow, crossing her arms beneath her chest. “You could say that I’ve only had this body for a couple of weeks at this point, so I’m not familiar with how things are elsewhere. I’ve only ever seen one other before, and it was a rather gruesome sight.”

Gawain chuckled slightly, shaking his head. “Still, to be able to rise to your level of enchanting, your system must have been pretty good. I wasn’t really sure why you’d be setting up an enchanting school out in the middle of nowhere, though. Wouldn’t it have drawn more people if you did so near the capital?”

This earned a small sigh from Morgan. “It’s not that easy. This is where I’ve been since I arrived. Besides, I thought my name would spread more easily if there weren’t any other incredibly skilled enchanters nearby to steal the spotlight.”

“I suppose you have a point there,” Gawain agreed. “I had to go through the trouble of setting up a new identity when I came here, after learning the name you used. Figured that it wouldn’t be easy to make contact unless I had something able to get your attention right away.”

Morgan blinked in confusion. “With this world’s level of development, can’t you create a new identity just by changing what you call yourself when you go to a new area?”

“You’d think so, wouldn’t you? A lot of big cities have identity checkpoints,” Gawain grumbled, shaking his head. “I don’t know how it works, but they have a method of verifying a person’s identity when they enter the city. If you give a fake name to the guards, they’ll hold you for questioning.”

“I had to abandon my old body and create a new one in order to fool the checkpoints. Still, I figured that it would be worth it to finally be able to meet up with another Earthling.”

The elven woman hummed softly. “By the way, what kind of powers did you get when you came over? I’m going to assume that your main body is the old book you had on your desk all day.”

Gawain blinked, before letting out another laugh. “My powers? They’re nothing that great.” As he said that, he pulled the book out of his bag and opened it, showing off lines of densely packed text. “I can record everything I see, like a diary. Thankfully, I lucked into learning how to create puppet bodies from a mage who took an interest in my book at one point.”

Morgan looked at the pages, seeing no sign of the technique diagrams that had been there the night before. She even faintly sensed a trace of magic on the pages, but didn’t want to bring

attention to it. “I see. You don’t at least get some kind of power from your recordings? I thought all transmigrated people had a special power from the ‘upper management’.”

Gawain gave another grunt at that. “I was a bit careless with my wishes. I said that I wanted to live a grand adventure, to have stories written about me, and to never be forgotten. Next thing I know, I’m a book sitting on a dusty shelf. If he had actually told us that we were going to become items, I would have asked to be a king’s crown, a legendary sword, or a suit of armor.”