Alice’s flight out of the forest was more or less clear of annoyances; the typical random fairies and wandering spirits either were still asleep or were off bothering someone else for a change, thus giving her an unopposed line to her target.

There, it was in sight now! Across a decently sized body of water on a small island to itself; a mansion of dubious origin, where not a window was in sight and only one door existed. A high wall surrounded the estate, and a large iron gate stood closed with a single figure in front of it. As Alice approached, she slowed down and landed gracefully a medium distance away, choosing instead to walk on her approach so that the guard could identify her and respond properly.

The green clad Chinese woman eyed Alice respectively before greeting her. “Welcome to the Scarlet Devil Mansion; please state your business.”

Alice bowed slightly, careful not to disturb her passenger. “I’m here to visit the mansion’s library, and to speak with its mistress.”

Before Meiling could respond, and third presence made itself known next to the gate guard. The Chief Maid and Caretaker of the Lady of the Mansion had materialized from seemingly nothing. “That is agreeable with Patchouli. Please follow me; I will guide you to her.” Sakuya nodded to Meiling respectively, then opened the gate to allow Alice inside.

The actual trip through the mansion was not out of the ordinary; Alice had visited often over the years and she felt that she had an easy relationship with all of the inhabitants. It helped that she always remained respectful of her hosts, unlike a number of those visitors that they have entertained over the years.

In the library proper, Patchouli was found sitting at one of the many study tables that littered Voile. Once located, Sakuya left, allowing Alice to start the greeting to her host for the morning. “Good morning, mistress. You look well; have you made a change recently?” This was a typical greeting for Alice to lead with, as Patchouli’s frequent health problems were well known.

Patchouli barely took notice at first, as she was currently in what would amount to intense research. The sounds and extra presence in the room filtered through a few moments later and she finally looked up. “Yes, in fact I have; after a recent influx of purely scientific tomes, I have determined that perhaps exposure to some of the elements I frequently work with while practicing alchemy was causing less than desirable effects on my person. I have cut back and have noticed a marked increase in overall health ever since.” A moment of staring lead to Patchouli issuing a small cough. “And I see you have something to reveal as well; I’ve not sensed that powerful of a source of natural magic in a living being in my entire lifetime. I suppose that has something to do with your visit? If so, then how can I help the Seven Colored Puppeteer?”

Alice took the offered seat and untangled the weave of cloth that held the child in place; setting her down on the table, Alice indicated to the infant and said, “She was found by Yukari this morning after sensing a piercing of the border; Yukari brought her to me for what I’m sure by now you can tell are obvious reasons. Unfortunately, I lack the proper maternal facilities required to properly care for this infant and was hoping you would allow me to peruse the library for books with magic that can help.”

Patchouli nodded and made a gesture; her demonic assistant floated down next to her and awaited her commands. “What specifically do you need? I’ll have my assistant retrieve them for you.”

Alice gave it a little thought before answering. “In particular, books of magic associated with human reproduction and child rearing. Books in general on the same topics may also be useful.”

Patchouli nodded again and the demon left, flying quickly through the stacks to find what was requested. It didn’t take too long before she returned with a small stack of literature for Alice to study. One book stood out that Alice felt needed reading first and foremost: The Magic of Procreation.

Flipping through the pages, she quickly found the spell that she wanted and started reading in earnest. Patchouli found herself amused at the young Youkai; when Alice’s eyes lit up after a few moments, she knew it would only be a few short moments before she tried it out on herself.

The instructions were simple enough; no other magic could be in effect when casting this enhancement, so she concentrated inwardly and felt more than heard the pop of canceled magic, then the slight sag. She frowned at the feeling of her breasts losing the support they previously enjoyed. Turning her attention back to the book, she willed her magic and silently incanted the spell; she felt the rush, then a filling feeling consumed her. Looking down, she was fascinated to now find her breasts expanding, rapidly filling with the nourishment her newly adopted daughter would soon require.

The magic soon faded and Alice paused to examine the work. She was happy to find that they had grown by what felt like a reasonable amount. She reached up to grasp them and give them a good feel, remarking, “I think these might be top ten now.” Patchouli barely looked up from her book at that comment. She didn’t even blink when Alice started shedding her capelet and untying the strings on the upper portion of her dress, shrugging her shoulders to free her arms up.