

Ding! "Hogwarts!"

"Nicholas Flamel." Harry could see Hermione's foot bouncing irritably under the table and he wasn't really surprised.

"Correct." The number above their heads ticked up from 180 to 190.

The first round of the academic tournament, at least for their year, had been blessedly short. That tends to happen when one team dominates the other so thoroughly. Unfortunately, that wasn't the case in their tilt against Beauxbatons.

"What is the most significant Romanian export?" Griselda asked.

Ding! "Beauxbatons."

Unlike her competitors, well at least Hermione, Solen looked calm and collected sitting in the seat closest to Marchbanks, "Dragon Heartstring, bone, and blood." The young French woman was clearly quite knowledgeable given she was almost entirely responsible for the close match.

"Correct." Their number moved up to 170.

It meant that they were in for the long haul. Susan had her head against his shoulder, but this time he was sure to rub her thigh and give it a pinch anytime it seemed like she was going to fall asleep. Ginny was on his other side slumped in her seat slightly, arms crossed but otherwise still paying attention.

Harry was watching it with all the interest he could muster. He was always more of doer than a knower, but he would sit there and be supportive like any good friend or lover ought to. *Least I can do after all the support they've given me.*

"Referred to as 'The Lost', it was an artifact created by which of the four Hogwarts founders?"

Ding! "Beauxbatons."

"Rowena Ravenclaw." Solen seemed particularly satisfied that she managed to get in on that one before the Hogwarts contingent.

"What was it?"

Ding! "Hogwarts."

"A diadem." Padma answered, looking mildly peeved that she hadn't gotten in on a question about her own house.

"Correct."

Harry furrowed his brow at that. He hadn't been giving the horcruxes much thought, leaving the issue to Dumbledore as he had the resources to investigate them where he did not. But the Headmaster had shared his belief that Tom sought out relics of the founders'. And that had already been borne out by both Hufflepuff's cup and Slytherin's locket. *So, could he have found the Diadem?* For a thousand years it'd been lost but Harry wouldn't put it past him.

He only half-noticed as Susan shifted beside him. The redhead looked around surreptitiously before pulling out her wand and silently casting a spell. He only became aware of it when he felt a hand wrap around his limp shaft.

His eyes bugged out as he looked down at his lap only to find nothing there, but there was a distinct, persistent jerking on his cock. He looked at Susan and she couldn't hide a little smile as she subtly flexed her forearm back and forth at her side, "What the bloody hell are you doing?"

"I don't know what you're talking about?" She did a good job of playing innocent, but then she flexed her hand and gave him a firm tug. The redhead wasn't looking at him though, she was staring forward looking right at Daphne and Padma. Their two lovers were suddenly sitting up ramrod straight, eyes boring into them.

"Yes, you do!" He whispered harshly, trying not to let anyone around them realize what was going on. Somehow, he could feel her soft skin on him, even though there was nothing really there and he couldn't help but grow hard at the lovely sensation.

"I'm just..." Susan glanced in his direction before looking back to the two girls up at the front table, "giving them a little motivation, that's all."

"Or you're distracting them so badly that there's no way in bloody hell that they manage to answer another question... they lose, and then they want to kill you?!" Harry argued, trying to get her to see reason.

There'd been a few questions that he hadn't really heard as he tried to deal with the madness, but another one cut through his haze, "Who were the muggle leaders of the 'Big Three' allied powers in WWII?"

It surprised him when Daphne's hand darted down and smashed into the buzzer faster than anyone else could think to react, "Hogwarts."

Her voice was surprisingly calm as she stared right at Susan, "Winston Churchill, Franklin Roosevelt and Josef Stalin."

In response to her correct answer, Susan stroked him harder as she beamed up at the blonde. The only reaction that Daphne gave was a flaring of her nostrils... On the other hand, Padma gripped the edge of the table hard enough you could see her knuckles turn white as she stared at them. Then Susan's stroke returned right back to the lazy, languid one that she had been doing before the correct answer.

"I... uh... I didn't know that Daphne knew anything about muggle history." Harry commented idly as he tried to come to terms with what was happening.

"Me neither!" Susan told him, "Guess she was just inspired with the answer!" Her wry smile only made him roll his eyes. *Is she really trying to take credit for that?*

"Susie, what's that spell?" Ginny was staring down at Harry's crotch, pupil's blown out slightly as she bit the corner of her lip.

“What is considered the best runic language for defensive ward work?” Griselda asked the competitors as Susan didn’t even bother responding to the younger girl. Instead, she subtly took her wand out again and cast the same spell on Ginny that she’d cast on herself.

Padma’s hand snapped down onto the buzzer, and Harry idly wondered where she got the sudden reflexes, “Eldar Futhark.”

“Correct.” The pumping, that brilliant feeling, sped up again for just a few scant seconds before going right back to where it was, yet again. Harry couldn’t believe Susan’s filthy mind because in all the months he’d had it, he’d never thought to use the side effects of the entwinement as a means of teasing one of his lovers. *And here she is using it as incentive to get them to speed along the event.*

Then it just got worse because Ginny got involved too. Her dainty digit stroked down his length until she reached his swollen bollocks. Just gently rubbing and scraping along his sensitive orbs.

“Don’t you cum,” Susan whispered against his ear, her warm breath sending a shiver down his spine, “I want to give that to them as a congratulations when they finish Beauxbatons off.”

Harry’s entire purpose in life became trying to remain quiet and keeping those around them from knowing what was going on. As every question seemed to be answered in rapid succession either by Padma or Daphne. Their eyes were fixated on him the entire time as he had his hard cock teased, and stroked, and coaxed over and over again.

The lead climbed from just ten to twenty, and then fifty, and then ninety as the two naughty redheads expertly edged his veiny member. There was a bead of sweat dripping from his brow... and an obvious stain from all the precum they’d milked out of his cock with their ethereal hands. It was taking every ounce of his concentration not to moan out from the pleasure they were giving him. His grip on Susan’s thigh was white-knuckled and it only seemed to amuse her.

Up at the dais, Daphne and Padma were just holding themselves together, the former better than the latter. You could see the Slytherin’s discomfort in the slight twitch of her brow, the tapping of the table after every correct answer, constantly crossing her legs from one to the other.

Their Ravenclaw lover was a bit easier to read. Her foot was constantly tapping against the stone as she rubbed her thighs together almost subconsciously. She was staring at them the whole time, her eyes flitting between the three of them as she would occasionally lick her lower lip.

Focusing on his breathing, he watched as the number above their head ticked up from 480 to 490... and then the stroking came again. Ginny was leaning against his side, biting down on his shoulder as she felt his pleasure spike. Her ghostly hand pulled on his bollocks distending them in his trousers. She dipped a finger into the puddle of precum that was building on his leg and brought it to her mouth. Her eyes rolled to the back of her as she whispered against his neck, “Fuck, I wish I could see your cock right now... so needy and ready... Merlin, I’m so fucking wet just thinking about it.”

“Almost done, Harry.” Susan was panting lightly, her eyes darting to the ever-growing pool of sticky precum. Just the idea of being caught seemed to be turning the Hufflepuff on, “Just one more question and then we’ll stroke out all of that warm... thick... delicious cum from your big balls.”

“I’m...” He had to stop as he shuddered, “I’m going to fuck you stupid for this you dirty little slut.”

Susan giggled at that, "I'll hold that to you, dear."

"What is the first step in the animagus transformation?" It wasn't something that the average person learned about, but he'd had enough conversations with Sirius to know that it required a Mandrake leaf tucked inside of the mouth for a whole month.

Hermione tried to get in first, but Daphne was faster. Her voice was tight, barely holding on as Ginny and Susan started working him faster before she even managed to speak, "Mandrake leaf, tucked in the mouth from one full moon until the next." The bushy haired witch looked at her Slytherin teammate with a raised eyebrow, as though she was surprised that she even knew about the animagus ritual.

"Winner, Hogwarts!" Considering that Marchbanks was an alumni, she did a good job of at least appearing impartial in the result.

At that same moment, Susan and Ginny went to town, both of their magic hands stroking and rubbing him in tandem. To add to that pleasure, they each rested their actual hands on the obvious outline of his cock. Harry balled his fists so tight he was surprised that he didn't draw blood.

Somehow, he managed not to cry out as his cock flexed and recoiled before unleashing the first rope of his thick cum. It was so much and so powerful, that it burst through the material of his trousers and hit the back of the chair in front of him. His sticky white cum just stuck there but neither of the girls cared, they just kept milking more of his seed from his spasming cock. *Thank Merlin, we're in the back row.*

Padma and Daphne both yelled out in excitement with the rest of their teammates in victory, but for an entirely different reason. They did a good job of maintaining their composure, but they couldn't hide their reactions from their lovers. Daphne bit her lower lip and smashed her fist down against the table while Padma yelled in a pitch that would've sent dogs howling but was lost in the general roar of excitement.

They were shaky on their legs as they stood to shake hands with the other team, and as the last waves of his orgasm passed, he was sure that he saw Padma subtly wave her wand over the top of the chair she'd been sitting on. *She must have made as much of a mess as I did. Really hope the other girls weren't doing anything too important...*

As they went through the normal post-match pleasantries, Harry tried to clean up the mess the two redheads had made. Susan 'helped' by scraping his cum off the seat in front of them and letting the pearlescent offering rest on her finger. Two fingers, actually.

When she turned to him with Cheshire grin, he honestly wanted to take her to the nearest empty room and spank her until her arse was redder than her hair, "Well, that was certainly more fun than the last time."

"You can say that again." Ginny took one more swipe of his cum from his trousers and swallowed it, twitching through a quick, powerful peak. Then she kindly took out her wand and vanished the evidence of their illicit behaviors. *Like it never even happened.*

"Somehow, I doubt that Daphne and Padma are going to feel the same way." Harry wouldn't pretend like there wasn't a certain thrill to what they'd just done, but he was dreading how the other girls would feel about it.

“Oh, don’t worry about them. They performed better because of it. Even thrashed Hermione in the end.” That was true, of the last thirty answers that Hogwarts gave all but two were answered by the pair.

Though, from the way that they were storming toward them, it didn’t seem like they cared. Daphne got to them first, “What the fuck did you think you were doing?” All her irritation seemed to be directed at Susan because well, she knew her friend enough to know that she was the instigator. *And the looks she was throwing their way was a dead giveaway.*

“Thought I’d give you plenty of motivation to finish the match sooner rather than later.” Susan was entirely unrepentant, and that only seemed to make the blonde even more furious.

“Are you insane?! Do you know how...”

Picking her moment perfectly, Susan stuck her finger straight into Daphne’s mouth and pulled it out just as quickly. It shut her friend up instantaneously, and she quaked through a quick orgasm from his taste, “Stop it, really Daphne, we both know that you were enjoying it just as much as we were.” The blonde didn’t have a response as her eyes glazed over from the pleasure.

Padma charged up too then, keeping her voice down, “Just what do you think you were playing at?”

Ginny decided to step in then, “Come on Pads, can you really say that it didn’t work out in the end?”

“Well, no,” She admitted timidly, “But that doesn’t change the fact that it was a nasty thing to do!”

“Are you sure, because from where we were sitting it seemed like the perfect motivation.” Ginny was goading the older girl but having a great time doing it.

The Indian witch leaned in and reprimanded them, “I soaked the ruddy chair I was sitting on! Do you have any idea how embarrassing it would’ve been if someone noticed! If it weren’t for some subtle spellwork, I’m sure that everyone would’ve been able to smell how fucking turned on I was!”

“That just sounds hot to me, Pads.” Ginny retorted with a little shrug of her shoulders.

Padma was incensed, “Let’s see how well you can duel or ride a broom if I’m three fingers deep in Fleur or Anya, or Orina when you’re trying to do it and focusing all of my attention on you!”

Susan picked her moment with incredible precision again, slipping her other cum-laden finger into Padma’s mouth. The Ravenclaw shuddered through another orgasm, as Susan chuckled, “You can go right ahead and do that if you want... but you should remember that it was my idea.”

Harry had some opinions about that suggestion, but he decided to keep them to himself. Which was probably for the best because at that same moment a woman called out, “Daphne!”

It was enough to snap her out of her daze, “Mum! Dad!” Harry recognized Analise from the first round of the dueling, but he was surprised to recognize her father as well. He’d seen him at Sirius’ trial before the start of term.

Daphne rushed over to her parents and pulled them both into a hug, “I’m so glad you could both make it.”

“We wouldn’t have missed it.” Analise ran a hand through her daughter’s hair.

"I'm sorry to have missed as much as have, but you know how things can be leading up to the holidays." He was a serious looking man with dark blonde hair and blue eyes, but he managed a smile for his daughter, "You were brilliant! Didn't realize you knew anything about the animagus transformation though. Clearly, you've been putting in a lot of hard work."

Under her breath, Harry was just able to make out Padma say, "Neither did I."

Daphne beamed at his praise, "Thank you! And I know, dad, it's fine, really." She was clearly just genuinely happy to see him., "Everything's been going well with the store? And the Wizengamot?"

Harry didn't hear the reply because at that moment there was a call from his right, "Padma!"

The Indian witch turned to see her mother standing there and waved over to her. Before she left to talk, she leaned into Susan, "Don't think you've gotten away with this Susie, I'm going to get you back... just you wait!"

"I look forward to it." Susan took the challenge with little more than a confident smirk.

"Harry," Daphne pulled her parents over to them, "You've already met my mother, but this is my father, Cyril Greengrass."

Taking the man's hand, Harry could tell the Cyril was evaluating him, "It's nice to meet you, sir."

"You as well, Mr. Potter. I must say, you handled yourself well over the summer. Even if you weren't the one on trial, it can be quite nerve-wracking."

"I'm used to dealing with uncomfortable situations." Harry told him.

"Based on what little we heard at the trial, I imagine that's true. We'll have to have you and your godfather over for dinner this summer. Maybe you can tell us more." Cyril gave a small, almost indistinguishable nod of approval.

"I'm sure I could manage to drag Sirius along, too." Harry assured the older man.

Susan chose that moment to interject, "Surely me and auntie would be welcome as well."

Only then did Cyril take notice of the Hufflepuff, "Susan Bones, I barely recognized you. I've been happy to hear in Daphne's letter that the two of you have managed to reconnect after so many years."

"Auntie felt much the same."

"Well," Analise cut in, "we'd be happy to have you over as well."

The conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Dumbledore, "Apologies Cyril, Analise, but I'm afraid I must demand a moment of Mr. Potter's time. I'm sure he'll be back sooner rather than later."

It was only then that Harry realized, for the first time in any of the events, the Headmaster hadn't been present. *Whatever it is, it must be important.* It brought only one thing to mind.

"Of course, Albus," Cyril agreed, "It was unfortunate you were otherwise preoccupied, there are certain things I would've liked to discuss with you."

“Our conversations are never anything short of engaging, Cyril, but I’m afraid there are other things that demanded my attention.” Albus said it with a twinkle in his eye, but Harry could tell he was just being polite.

“Shall we, professor?” He offered him the easy out.

“Yes, I think we shall.” He gave a nod to the others, “Again, apologies for the interruption. I’m sure we’ll get a chance to chat soon, Cyril.”

With that, Harry followed the Headmaster out of the Great Hall and surprisingly out toward the grounds. Packed snow, crunched beneath their feet as they made their way through the icy courtyard. Harry wasn’t really dressed for the weather, but a quick warming charm was enough to keep the cold at bay.

“I do enjoy my conversations with Cyril,” Dumbledore commented as they started on the path down from the castle, “Shame I won’t have a chance today.”

It seemed like a good opportunity to learn a bit more about one of his future fathers-in-law. *Bloody hell, that really is an odd thing to think.* Still, he asked all the same, “Why do you enjoy them, professor?”

“Cyril has a rather unique perspective on things.” Dumbledore told him as they made their way onto the second floor and headed toward his office, “He is part of the centrist contingent of the Wizengamot, and with Lucius’s arrest, he has great sway over votes. He is far from a blood purist, but he has a firm understanding of tradition.”

“And you like him?”

“Oh yes! He is challenging and there are certain arguments he makes that I cannot reasonably contradict. He is a difficult man but a fair one.” He glanced in Harry’s direction, “Though, I imagine you’ll find that out for yourself eventually.”

“You’re having entirely too much fun at my expense.”

Chuckling, Dumbledore didn’t even think to refute him, “That is the gift of age and wisdom, Harry. I get to observe without any personal consequence.”

They were down past Hagrid’s hut in short order and nearly to the gates by the time Harry thought it appropriate to ask, “So, what did you need me for?”

“Surely you can work that out for yourself, Harry. You are such a bright young man, after all.”

“So, a horcrux then.” It was the only thing he could think of that would demand Dumbledore’s attention, “Why do you need me?” He’d been there for the destruction of the Cup and the Locket, but he didn’t expect to be there for all of them.

“I’m capable of many things, Harry, parseltongue isn’t one of them. Given Tom’s ability, I fear I may have need of it.” He was quite clearly amused by that fact, “Little did he know that the thorn in his side would have the same gift.”

Fate really could be quite the terribly thing. Harry knew that better than most, “Where are we off to then?” It was a funny thing, the way that you could actually feel the magic of the ward line as you went across it.

“Little Hangleton, or just outside of it anyway.” Dumbledore offered his arm, “Shall we?”

As he took his arm, they were away with a pop. He didn’t know what to expect when they arrived, but it wasn’t what he found. It was warmer in England than the Highlands, and a grey, rainy afternoon.

The weather matched the dilapidated shack that looked as though it were barely standing. The wood was mildewed and rotting, the window on the right side was broken, the brick chimney was crooked from wear, and the fence barring entrance to the overgrown front yard was swinging back and forth with the wind. *Not the sort of place I would’ve expected Tom to hide a horcrux.*

“Welcome to the House of Gaunt,” That title sounded far more prestigious than the abode, “A once proud pureblood family directly descended from Salazar Slytherin. And the maternal family of Tom Riddle. As I’m sure you can gather, they fell on rather hard times.”

“Why would he want to leave a horcrux here of all places?” Harry couldn’t fathom it.

“I’ve never fully understood Tom’s odd penchant for sentimentality. Given his cold, callous nature it has always seemed out of character.” The wizened wizard shrugged his shoulders, “Though, I suppose it is a good thing. Our task would be much more difficult had he chosen truly random hiding places.”

“True.” Standing at the edge of the gate, Harry looked into the yard. There didn’t seem to be anything dangerous between them and the door. *Not that he would make it that obvious.*

“Wands out, I think.” Stepping past him, the Headmaster headed for the door. Harry remained close on his heels, and the moment his foot hit the ground, he couldn’t help but feel as though something were watching him.

They were unhindered as they made their way to the door. It opened at a touch. Inside, it was dark, covered in decades of dust and grime as it sat untouched. A little ball of light shot off from the tip of Dumbledore’s wand and filled the little shack with light.

“Careful, Harry... I don’t believe for a second that Tom will have made things as easy as they appear.”

“Are you even sure there’s one here, sir?” Given the lack of resistance, it would be reasonable to think Dumbledore was mistaken. But then there was something about it, a touch of darkness that he’d come to associate with Tom in his life.

“Oh yes, quite certain.” Wood creaked beneath his feet as he stepped inside. The air was stagnant and humid. They left footprints in the layers of dust, “We need only find it.”

They looked high and low to no avail. There were small bedrooms, one of them barely bigger than a cupboard. And yet they found nothing. But then he noticed it, just on the mantle of the fireplace. The dust wasn’t quite as thick there as everywhere else, as though a hand had been dragged through it once only to be filled in over the years.

Harry ran his wand along the bricks, looking for one that might hide... something. He didn’t actually know what they were there to find. As he touched one just to the right of center, black flames erupted in the fireplace. *Think I may have poked the hornet’s nest.*

“Harry, back!” Dumbledore stepped between him and the flames. They grew impossibly hot, filling the small shack with heat that somehow didn’t consume a thing, not even the dust on the floor. They were

driven toward the door as he kept them at bay, "If you could take over for a moment," his voice was shockingly calm given the situation, "I believe I may have a solution."

There was no spell that he knew for the situation, so instead he relied on instinct and the sheer force of his magic. The flames surged for a moment as they switched rolls, but he managed to regain control with a good deal of effort.

"Excellent. Now force it down, condense it small as it was when it first came out of the fire, if you can." Contending with Tom's magic always required a great deal of effort, but he managed, forcing the flames down until they were no larger than a quaffle.

That was when Dumbledore acted. From the dust, he constructed a crystal sphere that contained the licking flames. They seemed to cloy at the edges of the crystal to no avail as the heat of them died away. He breathed a sigh of relief, but it was only short lived.

From outside, he saw them slithering in. Four massive snakes, black as the flames with fangs that glinted in the light. They were quick, rising to strike, pointed tips dripping with venom, "**Stop.**"

They came up short, each of them eyeing him. He could only hope that they would listen to any speaker rather than Tom alone. 'I don't even know if they're real snakes, or just some construct.' Taking a gamble, he continued, "**The Dark Lord has need of his treasure.**"

They swayed from side to side considering him for a long moment before sinking back to the floor and returning out to the garden where they came, "All things considered, I'd say that went rather well." Dumbledore commented.

"It certainly could've been worse... the flames?"

"The Black Flame consumes only living flesh and can be contained in a prison of crystal quartz. Naturally occurring rather than conjured, of course." Taking off his half-moon glasses, he wiped the fog from them with a cloth, "Tom shattered the remnants of one in the dust, I needed only reassemble it."

Harry could only shake his head, "Sometimes... I think you've forgotten more things than I'll ever know, professor."

With a chuckle, Dumbledore popped his glasses back on and headed over to the fireplace, "I very much doubt that, my boy. With time, I think you'll surpass me. It was this one, I believe." Placing his wand against the same brick that had started the frenetic chain of events, he pulled it free. Within was a plain wooden box.

The Headmaster took it out and brought it over to him. Opening it, he revealed an ugly ring with a crudely crafted golden band inlaid with a black stone. The stone had a marking on it. A line, inscribed into a circle, inscribed into a triangle.

It had an immediate effect on Dumbledore. His face contorted, and his eyes glassed over. Snatching the ring from the box, he made to put it on, as though he were compelled. Something in his gut told Harry that was the worst thing he could possibly do. He caught his hand before he could manage it, "Professor, no!"

"I must... I simply must, Harry you don't understand!" He was surprisingly strong, and it was a struggle to stop him. The professor flicked his wand and sent Harry flying into the wall. It knocked the breath right from his body, but he popped back up in blink. Quick enough, if only just.

Going to have to resort to drastic measures. A severing charm leapt from his wand and took off three of Dumbledore's fingers at the second knuckle. He cried out as the ring went tumbling to the floor.

His vision cleared as he cradled his hand to his chest, "Thank you, Harry. I don't know what came over me. Poppy will be quite furious with me when we return, but I'll take that over whatever nasty fate Tom intended for me."

"Just glad you decided to bring me along." Without touching it, Harry retrieved the ring and returned it to its box, "I think that's enough excitement for one afternoon though, sir."

"I couldn't agree more." Dumbledore waved his wand to seal his wounds and clean the blood. And then he had the surreal experience of picking up his own fingers, "Should make Poppy's job easier if I bring these along."

Leaving the shack behind, they returned to the gates of Hogwarts and made the walk back to the castle, "Yet another of his vile creations dealt with." Dumbledore noted as they neared the doors, "It's unfortunate that I haven't the faintest inkling where to look next."

"Is it possible that it's the last one?"

"Yes... I suppose it is." He sighed and shook his head, "But I believe that he must've made at least one more. Since he certainly made more than three, I believe he would've have gone for the next magically significant number. And even Tom knows that thirteen would be dangerous."

"And you have no ideas?"

Dumbledore hesitated before telling him, "I have one suspicion, but I have exhausted every effort to find it and have come up with nothing."

"Where?"

"Here, in the castle. I believe he hid one of them when he came back and applied to be Defense Professor after his time in Albania." The frustration was clear as day in his voice, "But I have turned every stone I could think of and come up with nothing."

"Even the Chamber?"

That brought him up short as his eyes widened. Chortling softly, his eyes twinkled as he answered, "It's funny how easy it is to overlook things, isn't it? No, though we'll rectify that mistake soon enough, I think."

They reached the doors, and Harry was surprised to see all his girls waiting for him in the Entrance Hall. And that's when he realized his mistake and groaned, "Oh they're going to be livid."

"I'm afraid I'll have to leave you to fight that battle on your own, my boy. But if it's any consolation, I doubt it will be nearly as bad as you're thinking."

As the Headmaster headed to the stairs, he was swarmed. Pulled this way and that into hugs he was bombarded with questions.

“What ‘appened?”

“Where vere you?”

“Are you alright?”

“He looks alright.”

“Nothing missing at least.”

In the end, he just held up a hand to silence them, “It’s a long story... best told in private, I think.” As it turned out, the Headmaster was right. His girls were far more concerned than they were angry, and when they heard the reason for his excursion, they understood.

And it had the added benefit of helping Daphne and Padma completely forget about their earlier frustrations. *For a while, at least.*