

"LITTLE STORM EMMA"

(By: by tiaconnell, haley_brimley)

-- PG-13 -- The story takes place during filming of Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban – These events are not real and are in no way connected to Alan Rickman, Emma Watson, or anyone else related to the Harry Potter movies. The rest of the series is also posted at http://www.geocities.com/haley_brimley

As the first month into filming of Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban was nearing to an end, the cast and crew had gathered outside of the London studios to shoot those indoor scenes that needed not be filmed at the Alnwick Castle, the chosen location for Hogwarts. As the technicians finished arranging the set for Sybil Trelawney's Divination classroom, Emma and the kids, and most of the other actors which were or were not involved in that very scene, stood aside, all dressed in their Hogwarts clothes, all waiting for their cue to enter the scene. In particular, Tom was waiting with her, flanking her like a dog walks aside its owner. She was watching what was being done on the set with interest, not minding a glance towards Daniel from time to time: he was a good friend and a good actor.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the room, Alan was sipping a cup of hot coffee, not minding about the preparations and chatting away quite happily with Emma Thompson, who was to play professor Trelawney.

Quite suddenly, Emma frowned back at Tom: "Hey, knock it off," she whispered. He had been purposely bumping his hand into her butt for the past few minutes, and while she had discarded that as an accident at first, it was really getting annoying now.

Tom smirked at her, and then, very daringly, grabbed her bottom rather roughly and pulled her towards him. "C'mon, you know you like it..."

"I said stop it!" Emma growled, and slapped Tom as hard as she could across his face.

A dark red handprint appeared on the boy's cheek, and he scowled darkly, pushing her right into the middle of the scene, where she promptly tripped over a prop and made a terrific crashing noise. Pieces of wood, plastic and feathers from the cushions went flying everywhere.

Everyone turned his head towards the set, including Alan, and saw Emma laying there among the half-destroyed props, and Tom fuming with rage not too far behind her, holding his face. Director Alfonso Cuarón yelled 'what the hell is going on?' and everyone rushed in to see what had happened; he hadn't seen, but if Emma was involved, then it was most likely something troublesome.

"This was not my fault!" Emma said firmly to the director.

"She hit me!" Tom shouted, pointing at her.

Cuàron addressed Emma, though: "Then why on Earth did I see you storming in the middle of the scene, huh?" he barked with anger. Meanwhile, Alan made his way to her and helped her stand up along with a couple of set assistants, ensuring she was okay and not hurt; the kid was upset but seemed rather unharmed, apart from some dust on her light grey uniform – skirt and sweater with the red-and-golden Gryffindor insignia.

"Did you?" Alan asked of Emma, looking at her from upside down.

"Yes! And I'd do it again too! And I was not my fault that I crashed into the scene!" she yelled.

Tom rolled his eyes. "Jeez, try to talk to a girl and look what happens?" he muttered loud enough for her to hear.

Emma growled, her face getting red, and she quickly picked up one of the school books from the set and tossed it at Tom... only it somehow hit Alfonso instead. "Fuck!" she said, having not meant to do that. "It's all Tom's fault, he's a prick!" She started stomping and began tossing more props at the boy, who was pretending to look shocked and trying to appear innocent.

"YOU STUPID PRICK!" she screamed at Tom. "YOU SON OF A BITCH! TRYING TO GET BACK AT ME!"

Though he sided with her – Felton was quite obviously being a bully – Alan shouted: "Emma! Enough of this!" and tried to restrain her, but the girl was enraged and didn't seem to want to cut it off. When she started calling all the nastiest names at Tom and kept throwing props at him, Alan grabbed her arms and literally dragged her away from the set, casting side looks at Tom along the way. "You're in a bunch of trouble, miss!" he whispered in Emma's ear as he ushered her away.

"I AM NOT!" she shouted. "YOU LET ME GO DAMN IT!"

Alan knew he should not have been doing so, but he couldn't resist the temptation, and the little girl needed to calm down anyway, so he swung his arm behind him and delivered one quick, hard smack to the seat of Emma's skirt. "I said -- ENOUGH!" he yelled.

Everyone on the set stopped and stared. Sure, there had been rumors, and some strange voices running around... but never had they thought it was true that Alan spanked the teen-princess! Well, Rupert and Tom knew, but they hadn't told anyone.

Emma stopped in her tracks, her eyes going wide, and her lower lip started to tremble. She had never felt so humiliated in her life!

"You know where to go. Move on!" he ordered in a stern voice which left no room for misunderstandings, and pointed at the trailers parking area. But Emma just stood there, in utter shock, staring at him with a look of bewilderment on her pretty, though upset, face.

Alfonso exchanged a look with David Heyman, who was smiling rather broadly, and who shrugged and shook his head, and then, once again, took his cell and started making phone calls, something he seemed to be doing pretty much every other minute.

"You heard me Emma. To your trailer. Immediately". Alan said, slightly calmer now.

Her lower lip kept trembling, she just couldn't believe that he had done that!, and her eyes were filling with tears. How could he?... Oh my goodness... it's... but..., she thought to herself.

Seeing that she wasn't moving, and feeling the air grow more and more tense around them, Alan took another firm grip on her elbow -- but not hard enough to hurt -- and led her away from the set. As soon as they were in the parking lot, Emma started to cry silent tears, that ran trails down her face. That had hurt... and a lot more than just her bottom!

Alan didn't say a word as she started crying, he just wanted to take her away from the stares and the commotion and be in private as soon as possible, since even the parking lot was stuffed with technicians and carpenters and everyone. They finally got to Emma's trailer, that he had come to know quite well in the past week, and he opened the door and entered, then closed it behind them.

"What's got into you?"

The hurt Emma was feeling was very evident in her tear-filled eyes, and on her flushed face.

"I don't want to talk to you anymore," she told him, still crying. "And I won't apologize for what happened, it wasn't my fault that I crashed into the scene, and I don't plan on apologizing to Tom while I am still breathing." It was said firmly, but without attitude or defiance. It was her feelings, stated the only way she knew how.

He nodded, and sincerely understood, but spoke calmly and firmly just as well: "I don't know what went on between you and Felton, though I can imagine, but that is not the point right now. Whatever happened, you do NOT scream like that, you do NOT throw objects, you do NOT swear horribly like you just did, do you understand me young lady?"

She sat down on the couch, folded her arms over her chest, and turned her head away from him. Emma was very angry with him, and though she wasn't trying to be like her parents, she still was at this moment, by ignoring him, the one person who really truly cared about her feelings and what was going on in her life.

Nevertheless, Alan was unmoved by her 'silent treatment', and reached for her on the couch. "I see you are resolute in your choice not to speak to me, am I correct? Very good. You needn't speak. You're going to have something much more pressing to think about in just a minute." And with that he pulled her up from the couch and quite roughly led her to the bathroom.

"Alan you don't understand what happened! And you humiliated me! Haven't you hurt me enough for one day?" she asked point-blank, swiping at her face with the back of her hand. "And what are you doing?..."

The man chose to simply ignore her remarks, and just ran the water in the sink, grabbed a washcloth, wet it and rubbed soap all over it. "This is for your dirty mouth. Open up!" he said, pressing the cloth to her lips.

Emma's eyes widened and the color drained from her face. Tears still running down her cheeks, she slowly shook her head no. Moving as quick as he could, he raised her grey skirt and planted two hearty SMACKS on the seat of her white underwear, then 'offered' her the washcloth again.

"I said -- open up. I mean it."

She hiccuped and sniffled, but opened her mouth, closing her eyes. Alan quickly inserted the soapy cloth, and started scrubbing energetically the insides of Emma's mouth, tongue and teeth included, not missing an inch. Emma coughed and sputtered, starting to sob, but he kept it up: as hard as it was to do, he was resolute and very thorough, keeping her head still with his other hand. Finally, after several seconds of intense scrubbing, he took the cloth out.

She gagged and coughed, one hand covering her mouth, like she feared she might throw up, the other hand clutched his sweater – not being involved in the scene, he didn't have his set costume on. Seeing it was indeed having an effect, Alan nodded, satisfied, and then ran the water again.

"Rinse," he ordered, matter-of-factly.

Emma rushed to spit and gag into the sink, coughing and rinsing over and over and over again as she attempted to wash away the horrible taste.... damn fancy soap! It felt so bitter that even a dish of veggies would've tasted like chocolate, in that moment!

While she rinsed her soapy mouth, Alan, unseen, grabbed something from the vanity behind him, then he

waited until she settled down and calmed down a bit.

"That's called a mouth-washing," he explained. "I hope it teaches you not to use foul language".

Emma turned to face him, looking horrified and betrayed, but nodded sadly and blew her nose. "How... how could you do that to me?" she whispered, not talking about the mouth washing.

"I needed to take you away from the set before you hurt yourself or someone else. You were getting completely out of control, do you realize that?" he said, again, very calm.

"Maybe I was, but... but... in front of everybody like that? That hurt, a lot! It wasn't fair, and, it was humiliating." Emma sniffled and looked into his eyes.

"Yes, I agree it was humiliating, and I apologize for that. I had no other choice at the moment. Such a behavior is simply not tolerable, Emma, do you get me?"

She then hung her head. "I wasn't trying to be naughty," she whispered. "Honest I wasn't. He... he just made he lose my temper, he's just such a creep!"

Alan approached her, and lifted her chin delicately so she had to look in his eyes.

"And don't you have the slightest control of your temper? Does it just click off like that? Oh I don't believe it. You are so much a better girl than that, Emma."

She buried her face in his chest. "Don't spank me please! I didn't mean to! I just couldn't stop it!"

"Yes, you could have. You need to learn to keep control of your emotions. It's just like when you are acting. Try acting in real life, too. When you're angry, act, and pretend to be calm and controlled," he explained, brushing her hair with his hand as he spoke, keeping her close.

"And yes I am going to spank you, Emma," he added, trying to sound as aseptic as possible.

"But I wasn't trying to be naughty, please don't! I'll do anything!" she wailed, clinging to him. Even if he had humiliated her, she did love him a lot, like an uncle or a surrogate dad or something... though it was still too soon – or she was too proud, or both – to admit that to herself, let alone to him.

"It doesn't matter what you were trying to do, Emma, what matters is what you did, and you made one big mess. I don't love you any less for that, you know? But I'm still going to give you a spanking," and he pointed at the living room where her bed was.

"You promise you still love me? Even if I did throw a tantrum? I didn't mean to fu... screw up."

He was relieved to see she was learning at least to mind her language. The soap worked wonders, apparently. He lowered his head so he was eye-level with the pretty, crying girl: "Of course I still love you. And I care for you very, very much".

She threw her arms around his neck, hugging him tight, burying her face in his neck for a moment, then pulled back. "And... and... it makes you proud... when... when I take my... s-spanking... without.... you know... without lots of fighting?" she asked between hiccups.

Alan smiled a little, just a small curve on his thin lips. "Oh yes, it makes me very proud when you accept your punishment like a big girl and don't make a fuss like a child, because you're not a child anymore."

She nodded, and for a moment she felt proud at having been called 'not a child'.

"It's still okay if I hate it and cry though, right?" she asked, letting go of him and ever-so-slowly shuffling towards her bed.

"Sure it is," he said, following her to the bed and sitting down on it, having her stand in front of him.

"Everyone cries, and to hate it is just what it's expected of you."

Emma hugged him tight once more, then stood at his side, looking very nervous, but trying very hard to be good for him, and hoped that he noticed. "I'm so sorry" she whispered. "Really, really, sorry, but... I want you to know: I WON'T apologize to Tom."

It was really touching how she was being strong and was finally accepting to submit to her spanking, and Alan was starting to feel quite proud of her. "I guess that is okay... if anything, you need to apologize to Alfonso. I saw there's quite a bump on his forehead where that book hit, you know?"

The girl cringed. "No I didn't know. That sucks, poor guy. I wasn't even *aiming* for him."

"I know, I know, you were just throwing things at random... but I'm sure he will want an apology. But don't think about that, now. Are you ready to be spanked, Emma?" he asked, maybe a little more formally than he would have wanted to.

Emma groaned: "That has got to be one of the stupidest questions in the world," she answered honestly. "Of course no-one is ever ready for a spanking. But am I gonna have another tantrum because of it?" She gulped. "No."

And that made him smile for real, because she was sounding just as solemn as him, and it was very sweet of her. "I believe you are right. Good, that is the attitude. That's the girl I want. Now, Emma, lift your skirt up and lie across my lap, please".

She quirked an eyebrow: that was certainly a change. Usually he just rather dumped her across his lap. Taking a deep breath, she lifted her light-grey Hogwarts skirt, revealing a pair of white panties, and tried rather amusingly, to position herself across his lap in the proper way.

Alan watched her do what she was told to despite not being fond of it, and that made him even prouder of her. As she draped herself over his lap, he adjusted her small body so that her panty-clad bottom was bent slightly over his right knee, forming a perfect target for his hand to smack.

"Take your panties down, Emma."

Emma reached back, her little hands shaking and fumbling as she tried to do it, but was entirely unsuccessful. Alan realized that she was having a hard time doing that, and he was tempted to just do it himself and get it over with, but he did not. It was too important that she prepared herself for it, because it would have been a sign of total acceptance and understanding. So, instead, he gently grabbed her hands, in order to make them steady, and guided them to the elastic waistband of her underwear.

"Now just pull down".

Her hands shook and stayed there for a moment. She wanted to do it, to do what he asked of her, but she just couldn't bring herself to do it, and started to cry.

"Come on. One good tug is all you need. Take them down, and I'm going to be very proud of you," he said, marking the word 'very', hoping that would do the trick.

It was an awkward position and she tired her best, and grabbed the waistband and pushed them down just as far as she could, as she felt that she might all over head first, and when she moved her hands, her panties rested over her sit spot, right at the start of her thighs.

"That's hard to do while lying like this," she told him between tears.

For a moment, he was tempted to have her stand and bare her properly, but knew it would have been more humiliation than she could take, so he settled for that half-accomplished result.

"It will do, you've been good," and with that he pulled her panties all the way down to her knees, exposing her bum and thighs completely.

Emma squirmed and shuddered as the cold air touched her bare cheeks and thighs. "Only cuz I love you..." she whispered.

Alan's rock-hard heart almost melted at this statement, said in such a meek, little voice. His resolution to spank her almost broke. Almost. He felt he loved this sweet girl, but most of all, he felt that he cared for

her, and that this needed to be done. Taking a deep breath, he raised his hand...

"And I love you."

SMACK! SMACK! He delivered two quick whacks to her cheeks.

"Oww!" she yelped, her legs giving little kicks

Alan picked up a steady tempo and spanked again, aiming at both cheeks, making sure the whacks were hard and properly stingy. whack whack whack Emma howled and kicked and squirmed, all signs that his spanks were indeed hard and stingy enough. Pink hand-prints popped up on her delicate cheeks. It hurt a bit to see her in such distress, but he knew he was doing the right thing. Clinging to that, Alan kept smacking her upturned, now-pink backside, alternating regularly from left to right, then varying the scheme a little. He planned to keep this spanking quite short, so the spanks were indeed hard.

Emma was very quickly dissolved into body-shaking sobs as her backside bounced and throbbed with each heavy-handed spank. "OWWWWW! AAAAAA! I BE GOOOOOOD!" she begged.

But Alan just kept spanking her at one smack per second, also directing some at her sit-spot and thighs, and did not stop. He held her shaking body as still as possible by circling her waist with his arm, and noticed how fast her behind was reddening. When he thought she was reaching her threshold of tolerance, he delivered six final stinging slaps, three to each cheek, making Emma *really* feel those, and then stopped and caught his own breath, letting her catch hers.

"WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA" she bawled straight through the final six swats. Even after he ceased, she kept squirming and bawling, not realizing it was over yet.

She had taken her punishment fairly well, all things considered, though she was indeed 'crying like a baby'. Alan allowed her to, and rubbed her back in circles like he used to do, to help her breathe properly again. After some seconds of that, he fished into the large pocket of his sweater and produced a white wood flat-backed hairbrush, which he rested on Emma's flaming backside.

The young girl suddenly understood what was going on, and her back arched even though he hadn't swatted her yet.

"Noooooooooooo! Pleeeeeeeeeeze noooooooooo!" she begged. She was still sobbing and shaking, but slowly running out of energy: she didn't know how long she could keep up protesting and squirming.

"I told you that this would happen, last time, didn't I? I gave you one smack, then, and now I am going to give you two. Let's see if this does the trick. Do you understand this, Emma?" he asked in his usual calm

voice -- though the spanking had tired him too.

She shook her head no, going limp, no longer having the voice to beg. It was all so unfair... all this had happened because she chose to defend herself!

He waited some seconds, and then, seeing that he got no answer -- probably the kid was too upset to say anything -- Alan raised the hairbrush and smacked it down twice, fast and hearty, on both sides, right on her sit-spot. He did not hit as hard as he had days earlier, but still hard enough to produce two white blotches on the child's sore flesh.

Emma screamed at the top of her lungs, then gasped for air as her entire body seemed to spasm with sobs and crying and pain. Her mind was just swirled with pain, there was just nothing else there, the pain overrode everything else. Her hands didn't even come back to rub. Her eyes, already blurred by tears, went blind for a second, and all she could see was dark. She had never been in more excruciating pain before in her life.

Alan squeezed her eyes at the ear-splitting screams she let out, and wondered if he had hit too hard or if she was over-reacting. She's probably just not used to it, he thought, and I hope she never gets, I want this to be the very last time I use this thing. He dropped the hairbrush on the bed and waited, letting Emma cry her poor heart out, and watching the white blotches become pink, and then an angry red, much redder than the rest of her backside, though fortunately, and thanks to his attention, there was no sign of bruising.

Finally, after crying on and on for several minutes, Emma quieted to sniffles, her face swollen from her tears, and she moved to cling to him and bury her face in his chest.

"Wasn't my fault" she murmured, her voice hoarse.

"Oh it was: the bad word, the screaming, the objects thrown... who did all those things, Em?" He kept her very close to him as he spoke, and rubbed her back and head, trying to soothe her, to have her breathing properly again.

But she shook her head, indicating that wasn't what she was talking about. Her bear appeared out of nowhere, and both her and the fuzzy teddy nestled tight in his arms.

"What wasn't your fault... honey?" he found himself saying.

That word struck her, she really did not expect it. Even among so much pain, she found it warm and reassuring. She was so tiny and fragile, and she felt deep inside that she was those things.

"Honest," she murmured. "That I broke the scene..."

Alan nodded, and kept her small body against his, not letting go. "Tom pushed you, didn't he?"

Emma nodded. "He was mad cuz I slapped him. And hey I want lotion," she whispered.

"I understand... I'll have a talk with Tom, don't worry. Of course you can have some lotion... go and get it, and I'll help you with it," he whispered into her ear.

The little girl nodded and stood from his knees, not caring a bit about her modesty as she rubbed her flaming backside and hopped from foot to foot in a (quite amusing) dance. Then it dawned on her that she was still bare like a toddler, and blushing deep red she replaced her underwear and went to the bathroom.

"This really sucks," Emma whimpered as she returned with the lotion. "Just for defending myself I get into all this trouble."

Alan again rolled his eyes. "You know perfectly well the reason why you got in trouble. No-one is saying you shouldn't have defended yourself," he explained as he took the bottle from her hands and motioned for her to bend back over his lap.

She bent back over without a sound. "Yeah well it wasn't your butt that was being grabbed was it? You don't even care, do you?" Emma asked point-blank, sounding confused. "I was getting like felt-up, and I get this, and Tom gets like nothing, and you act like you don't care. Well, I care."

He gave her another mild smack over her panty-clad bum. "Easy, Emma. You're right, but watch your tone." Then he lowered her underwear, revealing her bright-red, well-spanked bottom. When the bottle was open, he dipped his fingers and aspersed her bottom with the dense, sticky cream, then started rubbing. "I do care and you know," he went on, "how do I have to tell you? I spanked you for your tantrum, not because you slapped Tom... did he really touch you?" he asked, quite confused, himself.

Emma nodded. "He was standing all close and kept touching my butt and grabbing me, and I told him to stop, then he did it again, then he pushed me, and that is why I had a tantrum. Because I was pushed onto the set and Tom was making it look like I was clumsy and was just being mean to hit him." she whimpered and squirmed a bit as he rubbed. She was sooo sore!

Alan couldn't but admit she did have a point. If it was all true, that is -- Emma tended to be quite imaginative about things. But if it was, then that Felton guy was really starting to behave like that unbearable Draco Malfoy.

"I understand," he said. "You are right... but you could've just yelled and tell him to leave you alone, you know... still, you are right." He kept rubbing lotion until it was spread all over her bottom cheeks and thighs, which now glowed with the gleaming cream.

"I hate this," she repeated, then yawned.

"I hope you do," he said, closing the bottle and quitting his rubbing. "Will help you remember next time." With that, he leant forward and planted a quick kiss on the back of her head.

She nodded and yawned again, not bothering to move -- but she did smile a bit when she felt the kiss, though he could not see that.

"Sleepy?" he asked, rubbing her back and hair.

Emma nodded. "Crying always makes me tired," she admitted. "I guess cuz I spend a lot of time doing it..."

"Heh, yes you do, and crying is exhausting. After a spanking, you can always take a little nap, though," he said, trying to sound reassuring.

Emma slowly got up and raised her panties once more. "Owwww," she whimpered. She looked at him with tired and swollen eyes. "Can... can you hold me for a little bit?" she whispered, ducking her head. Even though she did love Alan, it was still rather embarrassing for her to ask, as she was not used to it yet.

He watched her as she replaced her panties, and repressed a chuckle at her lament. But when she asked him that, he couldn't help but smile -- the little girl cried often with him, but he smiled often with her, and that was something he wouldn't have expected.

"O-of course..." he hesitated, but nodded anyway. He took hold of her forearms and pulled her gently to him, motioning for her to sit on his lap.

The young girl curled up in his lap, snuggling tight in his arms. She closed her eyes and leaned against his chest, still clad only in her panties and shirt, her skirt still tucked around her waist. She shivered and pulled a blanket from her bed and wrapped it around herself as she nestled deeper.

"I love you" she said softly. It wasn't a whisper, but it wasn't loud either.

Alan didn't remember a time when he had felt more embarrassed; to have a disrobed thirteen-year-old he had just spanked hug him and say 'I love you' was nothing he had ever experienced. But there was also such sweetness in her that he couldn't help but feel comfortable with it all, and he hugged back her

slender, still a bit shaking figure, again kissing the top of her head, while a little storm of wild, inexplicable emotions flowed through him.

"And I love you, Emma," he added, his voice perhaps a bit creaky.

"You're really special," Emma admitted. "You treat me so much better than my parents do-- even if you do spank me. I--I--I hope we always stay close, okay? To me, you're like, like the best uncle person ever," she declared, not sure herself what she meant or how to phrase that, but deciding that he would make a perfect surrogate uncle.

The best uncle person ever... Alan turned those words around in his head again and again, and the more he thought about them, the more he was fond of them. His two nieces, now much older than Emma, had never even greeted him with joy, and this one girl seemed to find so much comfort in him despite everything.

Or perhaps because of everything? The thought would keep him busy for a long time, he knew.

"We can stay close as much as we're allowed to, Emma... I can promise you that."

"Mm-hmm" she mumbled. And a moment later, she was fast asleep.

Alan kept rubbing her hair and back, and it was some time before he noticed she was breathing heavily, and was already sleeping. Trying to be delicate, he lifted her body off himself and laid her on the bed, head on the pillow, then adjusted the blanket around her figure so she would be warm.

Again, like he had the day before, he turned off the lights in the room and went out of the trailer, leaving Emma to sleep and making a mental note to wake her up in an hour or so to resume filming. He walked back to the set, where the technicians had just finished putting everything back in place after the storming Emma had destroyed the props. He looked for Felton, and spotted him laughing and talking football with Rupert and Dan.

"You," he pointed at him. "I'd like a word."

"Sorry, a bit busy here," Tom replied with a wave of his hand.

Alan opened his eyes wide, and felt the instinct to grab the boy and drag him outside, but he restrained himself. "Oh fine. I thought you wanted to know about what happened with Emma," he said, hoping this would make him curious. "Well, another time. Farewell."

Tom's head snapped over to him. "No, no wait... Yeah, sure, hope you tanned her good!"

Aside him, both Daniel and Rupert shook their heads: even though Emma had had a tantrum and had probably deserved something, it still wasn't nice to make fun of her for it. She was still a dear friend after all.

Alan gave one brief nod, his face like a stone. "But she also told me why she has reacted like that. Do you have anything to say about that?"

"She lies," Tom said with a confident nod. "She's trouble, why believe her at all?"

Again, Rupert and Daniel scowled at Tom; Emma was their friend! They turned and walked away, wishing someone would give Tom a taste of his own medicine.

Noticing how his attitude was earning the boy some cold treatment from his friends, Alan smiled... but it lasted less than a second. Then he went all serious again, and approached Tom, towering over him from the height of his six-feet-three figure.

"I do believe her. I don't like liars. I don't like bullies. And I don't like you, Felton, or Malfoy, or whatever the hell your name is. You deserve ten times the thrashing she got but you know what? I don't care enough about you to even give you one smack. I don't care a smidge, in fact. But I'm telling you this. Get anywhere near that girl again, and you're going to wish I was Severus Snape instead of myself."

Tom opened and closed his mouth several times with no sound coming out, his eyes bulged wide, in a Ralph Furley from Three's Company sort of way. Finally he nodded, a frightful _expression painted on his young child-like face.

"Good," Alan said, dead cold, still staring deep in his eyes. "Get out of my sight now."

Tom took off running without a sound, and he ran fast.

After the boy had fled like a wimpy dog, Alan finally allowed himself a smirk. Teenage boys are so stupid and so full of themselves that probably a good intimidating was all it was needed with them. As for teenage girls, well, he did not know... but he knew one (barely) teenage girl who was like a little storm, and like all storms, it would sooner or later calm down, and leave room for good weather. He knew he could help a lot with that, and he would.

Satisfied, he smiled and went back to the set.

-- End of Part Four --