

# Journalistic Integrity

*by WickedlyWanton*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

Hogwarts has a new extra-curricular activity, and it may not be the only one!

A/N: I have posted this on other sites, and since I feel this is my best writing, I have decided to post it here. Please let me know how you like it. I realize that many of you may have already responded to it on one of the other sites, so I won't be too disappointed if I don't get a lot of feedback. I put this fic in Hogwarts Castle, mainly because there is not only one pairing. Enjoy!

Disclaimer: If I owned it, I would not have written this!

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As much as I hate those in the world of reporting who fabricate stories to benefit themselves, it is with love that I think of those who make the job of reporter so much easier. Take, for instance, that horrible woman, Rita Skeeter. -There- is a wonderful candidate for experimentation on whether Crumple-Horned Snorkacks eat human beings or not. At the very least they could put her in a pen with some of Professor Hagrid's Blast-Ended Skrewts. But, I suppose that we can't all be discriminating when it comes to stories, and since no self-respecting witch or wizard would ever deign to speak with her, she has to do what she must to make a living.

It was because of all the "bad press" (I think that is a Muggle term, but it certainly applies to the wizarding world also) of my fellow Hogwarts classmates, that I had decided to go to Headmaster Dumbledore with my idea of printing a newspaper just for Hogwarts students. The editors would get The Quibbler, and rags like the Daily Prophet and Witch Weekly, and print the true stories of what was written in each. We would take a news story, research and verify it, then print the truth. While everyone gets their own papers, it would be a change for once to be able to get the correct version, instead of one blown completely out of context and proportion.

But it was not only the thought of bringing the lies of the other papers to light (not that the Quibbler would have any lies, of course), it was the thought of having our own columns, reporting the goings on of Hogwarts. Headmaster Dumbledore thought it was a good idea, and named me the editor of the paper. I appointed a few girls from my own year to help out with the writing, and a few others to help with the research. Ravenclaw students were the only ones that I asked. I figured the Hufflepuffs would not be able to write anything but silly, romantic tripe, Slytherins couldn't be trusted to do anything at all, and most of the Gryffindors were too close to the main newsmakers of the school to write anything that wasn't biased.

We called our newspaper the HOGWARTS HERALD. I thought it was lovely, and the Headmaster did not object. Seeing as how we did not have a large staff, seven of us total, I took on the main Hogwarts news writer and editor jobs. Three others took on the reading and researching of other printed news media, and their findings were given to the last three, who rewrote their work. I thought that my stories would be announcements from the staff, maybe a fact or two about O.W.L.S. and N.E.W.T.S., and such things as giving credit to those of high grade rankings. I couldn't have been more wrong.

There was not much time during the weekday to gain much information about the goings-on at the school. The others had a much better time limit to look through their information and revise it. What I found most difficult was speaking to other houses. The only time I was able to do that was on weekends and during D.A. meetings. As there was still a war going on, it would not have been a good idea for me to publish any findings from there, so any information from the D.A. meetings that I gleaned had to worded so that it gave the impression it came from other sources.

The teachers themselves were forthcoming with any facts on grades, but that turned out to be extremely boring. Everyone knew that the Head Girl, Hermione Granger, was so far ahead of everyone that it really wasn't newsworthy. Anyone else being mentioned in that column appeared to have been given a pittance compared to anything she had done. So it was with great regret that I had to give up that aspect of the paper.

We did have a horoscope, and it thankfully took up quite a bit of room. It was at least fun to see what Professor Trelawny could come up with. It was surprising, though, that she gave as many good days to people as she did bad.

But although there were some things for me to write about, there was also a great lack of any good news. It was because of this that I took to walking the school at night just before curfew, and later, up to a couple of hours after.

Our paper had been going strong for several weeks. We only published weekly, so there was usually a huge amount of information in it. One sickle was charged only, so that we could maintain cost of paper and ink. We rarely published pictures, although we would commission Colin Creevey every so often.

It was one night that I was prowling, close to the Christmas holidays, that I wished I had commissioned Colin to come with me. For someone of my social standing (and I admit that I am not popular, in fact, I kind of like it like that), it is very easy to not be seen in plain sight. I usually made rounds just after the prefects, so I know exactly where someone could get up to mischief...and when.

That night, I was up in the Astronomy tower when someone, or two someones, came barreling through the door. They were groping each other and were locked together at the face. I thought, 'How clichéd can you get, to come up to the tower to screw?' They had left the door open in their haste and were grinding against each other in the doorframe, so I really couldn't move. I couldn't see them very well, what light there was coming in from the stairs made them appear in shadow. They made up for what I couldn't see in sounds, though.

There were a lot of sucking noises, moans and such, and I remember standing there thinking that the male was extremely vociferous while the female didn't make much sound at all. Despite my intellectual prowess, it wasn't until a few minutes had passed that I recognized TWO male voices. Not one. And they were both getting very loud. It was time to interrupt them, or wait them out.

In the end, it was decided for me. They pulled each other out of the doorway, slammed the door, and one of them threw a locking charm at it while the other one sent a silencing charm. I slowly backed up into an area where there was no way they were going to be able to see me, and, just to be sure, I quietly placed a disillusionment charm on myself. Not that it would have mattered. They were not paying any attention to anyone but each other.

There was nothing I could do but watch. I know it was rude, and I never thought of myself as a voyeur, but when they started to get hot and heavy, I found myself getting turned on by it. They had begun ripping, literally ripping, off clothes, robes flying one way, shoes clunking here and there, shirts and pants discarded willy-nilly. And the PASSION! Oh, so much passion and desire, it was almost palpable. I could taste it and smell it on the air. It was as if their magic was pulsating along with their blood, and there was no way that I was going to stop it.

My eyes had slowly adjusted to the darkness, and I could make out their figures, their bodies gleaming in what little light was shining from the moon. They had regained one of the robes and were now lying on it, and I could see them shifting so that their mouths were poised over each other's cocks. When they started suckling each other, I felt myself grow wet, sparks of desire running through my belly. Their moans and whispered exclamations made me want to touch myself, and the sight of their cocks disappearing then reappearing was something that nearly did me in. My breathing grew labored and I realized that my hand was reaching under my skirt, trying to insinuate itself inside my knickers. I made myself stop. This was wrong. My resolve did not last long, however.

A voice broke out over the tower, louder than previously, but not so loud that I could figure out whom it was. It was so filled with fire that I felt the wetness gush between my thighs. It wasn't -nearly- coherent, but I suppose that it was comprehensible to the other person there, because they shifted again, on hands and knees, and I saw one come up behind the other. I was in a really good spot to see them perfectly, in profile, and as the one in the back began to push his cock into the other one, I slid down the wall, unable to keep my fingers from finding their way to my clit. I had to stuff the knuckle of my thumb into my mouth to stifle a moan as they both started pushing and thrusting at each other. I lost it when a hand grasped the erect penis of the one getting buggered and pulled one, two, then three times, causing him to come in jets of semen. This set the other one off, and he straightened up from leaning over his lover and began pounding into him. I had already had one orgasm, but the clenching of his buttocks giving evidence to his own orgasm, and my fingers filling my pussy, I came again, harder than I ever had before.

It took a while for all of us to come down, and I stayed where I was as they cuddled for a few minutes and then started putting their clothes on. I stood quietly as they made their way toward the door, arms still around each other. They left the door open as they walked through, and I could finally make out who they were when the torches on the landing lit up where they stopped for a final kiss.

I didn't think that there would ever come a day when I would feel like spreading gossip the way that Rita Skeeter woman does in her articles, but I was sorely mistaken. The information of what I had witnessed and the people -doing- what I had witnessed could have been extremely damaging to both parties. The feeling of having 'THE story', regardless of my part in it, was heady and exciting, in ways that made me want to tell everyone and yet made me feel dirty. For the two people who I saw having such hot and passionate sex were Muggle-born Colin Creevey, and mudblood hater Draco Malfoy.

In the next few weeks, I reaffirmed myself as a good journalist when I did not print what I had seen. I felt that it would be in bad taste anyway for a school newspaper. Besides, my role in the whole mess was not innocent either. I would have had to explain, truthfully, because that was what our paper was about, where I had come across this information.

So, after the Christmas holidays, life went back to normal. At least for everyone else. I saw both Draco and Colin a couple of times afterwards, but gave them a wide berth. I didn't want to be tempted into either writing about them, or watching. I went to the library and wrote articles about obscure potions ingredients, strange and unusual creatures, and side effects of too much self-transfiguration. I still made my rounds at night, not getting caught by anyone, but stayed away from amorous couples.

It was almost the end of school, three weeks to go, in fact, when I had an epiphany. I was not getting caught. I was not getting caught! I was not getting caught? It confused me as much as it exhilarated me. But why was that? I mean, at the very least, Professor Snape should have caught me at least once. And what about Professor McGonagall? She was always scuttling around in her animagus form. Where had she been? I had seen Filch, unfortunately, so I wasn't too concerned about him or that cat of his.

The whereabouts of Professor McGonagall was easily found. She was seen, every night for a week and a half sneaking into Professor Flitwick's rooms. I didn't investigate any further though. Unlike Draco and Colin, that was not something that I would wish to see. She had probably been going there throughout the entire year. Ugh!

So that left my full-blown curiosity leading to Professor Snape. I left him for last because I really didn't relish going down into the dark, dank dungeons alone. Besides, the closer you are to the dungeons, the closer you are to getting points taken off or detentions. But I braved it anyway, and am I glad I did, as I found something else to fuel my fantasies.

Did I mention my fantasies? They are part of the reason I had avoided Colin and Draco. They had given me a gift, unknowingly, and I had thought about them often the past few months. Let's face it. I wasn't getting any from anyone. So why not? Nothing could compare to the fantasy I had of being the middle of a Draco/Colin sandwich.

That said, I was not looking for anything to help fuel my desires. But I found it without even realizing I had.

I had come about halfway down the hallway that housed the potions classroom when I saw and heard the door crash open. It opens on the inside, and I froze, thinking that someone would be coming out soon. No one did, so I moved a little closer, trying to peek in without being seen by anyone who might be in there.

When I neared the doorway, I could hear two people talking. The closer I got, the clearer their words became. I was shocked at what I heard, more so by who was speaking than I was by the realization of Colin and Draco's relationship.

"You are not leaving here tonight, Hermione."

"Severus, I have to go. And it isn't like you really care for me anyway. We have just been having sex. That's all it is to you!"

"It isn't about sex, and you know it! If it were just about sex, I wouldn't have you here every night!"

"I really need to go. You know how Harry and Ron are. They have been getting suspicious recently, wondering when I come in from doing the extra potions. How do you think they would react if they knew that I was practically living down here with you?"

I could hear Professor Snape sigh, then heard him speak again. "I don't care what they think. It won't be long before your N.E.W.T.S., and we can make our relationship public."

I heard Hermione gasp at that. I almost gasped at that. Fortunately, I had the ability to muffle mine.

"Are you saying that we are in a relationship?"

"Hermione," there was a rustle of clothing, "I am telling you that we are in a relationship enough for me to ask you to marry me."

It was quiet for a moment, and so I decided to risk a look around the doorframe. Hermione stood there, staring open-mouthed at Professor Snape, who I saw, was in the classic proposal stance, down on one knee. He was looking up at Hermione with hope in his eyes. In his hand was a black satin box with a ring that appeared to be one of the biggest I had ever seen.

Professor Snape finally shifted when Hermione didn't say anything, his face falling with disappointment. It was a good thing that Hermione finally found her voice.

"Severus."

And then she threw herself at him, tears spilling out of her eyes, arms around his neck, and she was kissing him. I think his arms went around her just to keep from falling over, but the look of joy on his face when he realized that she was whispering, "yes, yes, yes," between kisses was something that I never thought I would see, especially from him. He stood up, kissing her back, and swung her around, both laughing. I could feel a bubbling sensation in my chest watching them, and I knew that no matter how much everyone (including me) had despised Professor Snape, and even disliked Hermione (because there are actually quite a few people who do), if they were to see them now, there would be no way that they could feel anything but love for them both.

That would have been the end of my spying for the night. I was eager to get back to my dorm and think about Hermione and Professor Snape, if it hadn't been for Filch. Although in the main hallways of the school Filch would not really notice me, except to see just a student during the day, and usually not at all at night, I would be found out in the dungeon. He would consider me an unnatural entity in the subterranean areas of the school.

I heard Filch coming before I saw him. I think that as I had been standing there at the classroom doorway, Mrs. Norris had seen me and gone to get him. Not knowing where to go, I decided to enter the Potions classroom. Hermione and Professor Snape had gone through another door off to the side of the room, so I thought I would be safe there. I quickly went through the doorway and closed the door quietly, just as Filch came around the corner. Luckily, he didn't see anything, and I spent a few minutes pressed against the door listening for his footsteps to go away. They didn't.

"My sweet, I know there was someone here, and seeing as how I don't relish the thought of going up all those stairs again, let us rest here for a few moments and make sure that none of the varmints are up to no good." I heard him say this right before a small thump sounded from the other side of the door. I knew that he was leaning against it. I felt like banging my head against the door. The urge was so great that for a moment I thought I was, as there was a quiet banging noise reverberating around the room.

When I realized that it was not me that was making the noise, I knew exactly what it was and where it was coming from. What else could I do? I had already come to terms with the fact that I am a voyeur, so why not?

I tiptoed over to the door that Hermione and Professor Snape had gone through, and while the door was almost shut, they had still left it open a crack. That crack was big enough for me to see quite a bit.

They were in Professor Snape's private office, Hermione laid out on top of his desk. He was pounding into her so hard, the desk was coming up on two legs with each thrust. The desk was the loudest thing, they didn't make any noise at all except for small grunts and moans, little exhalations and the normal sounds of lovemaking. They had not been going after it long before Hermione pushed him off her and whispered something in his ear. I heard him growl and her giggle, then saw Hermione get off the desk and push Professor Snape to the side of it and made him lay down. She then climbed on top of him and impaled herself on his erection.

The intense look on their faces caused my breath to quicken and a slick wetness to permeate my folds, much like when I had seen Colin and Draco. Hermione was moving, her back arching, hair falling to brush his knees. Her hands were on his stomach, where they moved up to his chest and back again. At times, her fingers would move up her body to finger her clit, and she would take her wetness and spread it on her nipples, then lean down and let him lick it from her.

Professor Snape lay there, hands on Hermione's hips, and just watched, a look of awe on his face. 'I want to fall in love with someone who looks at me like that,' I thought. It didn't take much of Hermione's movements to remove that look though, and replace it with intense arousal and desire. His hand began to knead her hips and buttocks, then would run up and down her thighs up to the inside where his thumbs would massage her clit. When Hermione's movements became erratic, he sat up quickly and put his arms around her, then kissed her. I could now hear him repeating "I love you, I love you," over and over to her. She bucked against him and he put his hands back on her hips, and began pushing and pulling on her, making her pound on grind on him until they both reached climax at the same time.

By the end of this, I was dripping so much I knew it was going to feel funny when I began walking again. There was no way that I could take care of my arousal until I went to my dorm, which I couldn't do until I was sure that Filch was gone. I needed to get out of there soon, though. I didn't want to get caught by Professor Snape right now for anything in the world. Looking around the classroom, I had an idea. I pried a small, loose piece of mortar from the wall and then went to the door, leaned down and thumped the mortar under it. If Filch and Mrs. Norris had been there, Mrs. Norris at least would have noticed it and made some noise investigating. There was nothing from the other side of the door, so I knew that it would be ok to leave. I quickly opened the door and hurried to my dorm, where I promptly stroked myself into orgasm.

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I don't know why Voldemort waited so long to attack Hogwarts. It appeared that he wanted to know the O.W.L.S. and N.E.W.T.S. scores before trying to kill everyone. Since he had not attacked before graduation, everyone figured that during it would be when he attacked. No such luck. It was the day before.

Everyone was having a nice lie in. At least, everyone but my newspaper staff. I had again decided there was no way I was going to announce the engagement of Hermione Granger and Professor Snape until they told me to, and they had been keeping in quiet. I think she wore the big diamond ring on a chain around her neck. So I had been running the last couple of weeks trying to find filler. I found what I needed that day, although we didn't get out the great graduation issue that I wanted. We weren't able to get one out at all.

It was horrific. I had never seen so much blood in all my life. Colin was taking pictures, of course, in between the times that he was hexing death eaters. Draco fought at this side. All the fifth years and above were fighting, and there were quite a few adults there from Hogsmeade and beyond who came as soon as they found out that there was fighting. It lasted all day, and most of the night. A lot of my friends died. A lot of my enemies, also. I can't help but feel bad for them all. You have to have both friends and enemies in life, otherwise it gets boring.

When the end came, we were all ready for it. Whether good or bad, the outcome was to be a welcome reprieve for all who had been fighting since that morning. Thankfully, Harry did it. No one knows for sure exactly how it was done, but on the edge of the battlefield, on top of a hill, with a three-quarter moon shining behind him, he fought with Voldemort. During their fight, there was a bright ball of light surrounding them, then nothing but Harry standing there, holding his arm to the side. He later told me that he thought all the curses Voldemort had ever used on other people had rebounded back through his wand and killed him, disintegrated his body and soul. Although I don't want to think about anyone dying, I would like to believe that Voldemort's soul is gone for good and cannot be reincarnated into another dark wizard.

After the battle was over, I began helping people to the hospital wing. It was hard to find those who were wounded from all the dead bodies on the ground. There were so many. I cried with Neville Longbottom as we made our way among the littered body parts back to the castle. I gently closed Hannah Abbott's eyes for her. It was the last time they were ever open. I even helped Professor Snape find the Weasleys who were not dead for Hermione and sent them to her in the hospital wing. She had been hurt late in the fighting, and he had rushed her in there and told her to stay put. She had agreed so long as he brought her the Weasleys. There weren't many left. Before he would leave his sister's body, Ron Weasley made me promise that I would make sure that she was not put close to any freaks when they laid the bodies out for identification. I helped with that also. It was a long time before any of us went home.

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I didn't know what to do with myself for a long while. I went back home for the summer, one that was filled with celebrations and parties. I wrote everything I could remember in my diary. I edited what I decided I could print, and gave it to my father. He had been so proud of me for getting Headmaster Dumbledore to agree to the HOGWARTS HERALD that he offered me a summer job at The Quibbler.

I enjoyed having something to do, but was more than glad to get back to school. The grounds had been repaired, and everything looked as it usually did. If there were fewer students and teachers from the year before there, so what? We were home, and though a little worse for wear, we were slowly healing, coming together, and living life to the fullest.

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Professor Snape and Hermione got married during the Christmas holidays my seventh year, and I couldn't have been happier. Everyone was there. I think the Headmaster had to expand the Great Hall for all the guests. Two heroes in the great war of the century getting married was a big deal. There was a lot of speculation in the news rags that their relationship began while she was still as student, but most discounted it. Only I knew the truth, but I wasn't telling.

It was a beautiful ceremony. Hermione wore a white empress style gown that flowed in layers from just under her breasts to the floor. Her hair was entwined with ribbons and white flowers, with small white tea roses in her bouquet. Headmaster Dumbledore went all out on the flowers, and the smell of roses mixed with evergreen from the Christmas trees sent out an unusual, but not unpleasant, scent throughout the assembly.

Harry, Ron, Draco, and Colin were all part of the wedding party, and all looked very handsome standing there with Professor Snape. He, in turn, looked wonderful in his Muggle clothing. It was said later by some that though pureblooded wizard, Severus Snape had insisted on a Muggle wedding for his bride. He had said that the pureblood wizarding way of marriage was too geared toward the man, and he and his wife were going to be considered equal in all things. Even if it killed him.

It went along without a hitch, and they left soon after. We all stayed around to dance and drink, and then the party was over. I got a chance to talk to Colin, who was to leave with Draco for the holidays, then return to school. He had wanted everyone to know about him and Draco, had wanted to make an announcement at the reception, in fact. Draco hadn't wanted to yet. He had said that they should wait until Colin was out of school, so as to shield him from the backlash. They had only told a few people, Hermione, Professor Snape, Harry, Ron, and me. I agreed with Draco, much to Colin's chagrin. He had thought that people would be happy that he was happy. I explained later that his being happy wasn't the issue. It was him being happy with the son of a death eater that was the issue. I told him to let the school heal some more before coming out with shocking announcements like that. I know he didn't like it, but it got through to him.

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It is the beginning of summer, and here I am at the christening of Hermione and Professor Snape's twin daughters. Like their wedding, they decided to have the christening at Hogwarts, this time outside. They figured that there had been too much death and destruction on the grounds that they were going to bring any joy they possibly could to it. It was in Professor Hagrid's newly planted pumpkin patch that they officially named their three month old daughters (and they were not early, she got pregnant the night he proposed) Andromeda Ginevra and Alexandria Hannah Snape.

Ron Weasley was standing beside me when they gave out the first name, and burst into tears. He was her godfather, with Draco as Alexandria's. Colin took pictures while Harry Potter, along with his new wife Susan Bones, congratulated them with hugs and kisses. There was another party commemorating the occasion, but it was not long before everyone took their leave.

I was walking to the apparition point myself when Ron stopped me. I had been a little down towards the end of the party, and so walking by myself was not really what I wanted to do. He walked with me to the apparition point, then asked me out. He smiled when I agreed, kissed me on the cheek, and said he would owl me the next day.

When I got home, I decided to find myself a house live in. I needed to get out on my own now, like so many of my classmates were going to be doing. I went to sleep with thoughts about the lives of my friends and how happy everyone seemed to be now. My last thought was that I hope that I would find someone and be as happy as Draco and Colin and Hermione and the Professor are now. I never told anyone about any of them, and I don't ever intend to. If I am as happy with Ron as they are, and I think I will be, I may have to tell him all about my adventures, then make love to him until he forgets. I have a feeling Weasley loving could be very energetic.