

Away with a Granger

by vargo

For the Holiday Filk challenge, to the tune of 'Away in a Manger'

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Chapter 1 of 1

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I'll love you, Miss Granger, in Dumbledore's bed -
If Albus could catch us, I'm sure we'd be dead;
His portrait in its gold frame looks down where we play,
But it's covered in curtains, so he can't say us nay.
The house-elves are calling, as Hogwarts awakes;
Beneath me Miss Granger in orgasm shakes.
I love you, Hermione, though I am unfit
To ask you to stay with a dark, greasy git.
Oh, wed me, Hermione, I ask you to stay
Close by me for ever and help me, I pray,
With all these dear children, in our tender care -
Come with me to Hogwarts, and live with me there!