On cue, the crowd erupted in wild cheers for Daphne. For her part, she seemed to be doing her best to appear pleasantly overwhelmed, although, of course, Harry knew she had been expecting this. Narcissa held out a crown and flowers for the young enchantress to take—Daphne did, pushing Narcissa aside haughtily once she had the items in hand. She placed the crown atop her perfectly styled hair, where it sat as though it had always belonged.
So engrossed in her newfound status, she didn't even notice that the king of the ball hadn't been announced yet.
With a smile, Harry joined her on stage.

He paused for a moment to check his manuscript - damn.
His manuscript was only half-charged after today's work.
Well, in earlier times, Harry would've taken this as a sign to give up. But now, brimming with confidence, he only knew it meant he'd have to work a bit harder. That didn't bother him in the least.
As he stepped onto the stage, Daphne cast him a dubious glance, arching a perfect eyebrow. "What are you doing here, loser?" A collective gasp echoed from the crowd.
"He's the king of the ball," Narcissa chimed in, "He's our king now. And he's your king, too."
Daphne looked at Narcissa incredulously. "Are you sure about that?"
"It was a unanimous decision," she responded firmly. "He chose, and we all agreed."
Harry approached, holding his manuscript. Glimmers of comprehension danced across Daphne's face, as if she somehow sensed what was transpiring. Maybe she saw the sea of blank faces in the crowd, all eagerly waiting for Harry's every move and word. Or perhaps she detected the fervor radiating from Narcissa. He had no idea how much zeal a half-charge would provide her. Would it put her to sleep for half the time? Would she be only half as entranced? He realized it didn’t matter. He had to take the risk.
"Forget it!" Daphne raised her hands, throwing the flowers on the ground and advancing towards Harry. "Do me a favor, darling, and get lost. Alright? Otherwise, I'll never let you fantasize about me again. You need to leave the stage because, you know, I want to go back and dance with my date. You know... the real king of the ball." She cast a mocking gaze at the manuscript in his hand. "If you think for a second that whatever's in your book will convince me that you don't owe me..." she trailed off. Zap.
Daphne's eyes widened, filling with runes. But not entirely - behind them, he could still see the vivid green of her irises. It was as if bright, swirling green runes had engulfed her vision. Slowly, methodically, her words dwindled to nothing, leaving only heated moans.
He pulled her into his embrace, savoring the feel of her soft, flawless skin.
"You love me more than anything."
She echoed obediently, "I love you more than anything."
"You worship me."
He smiled, "I worship you."
"You'll do anything for me."

"I will do everything for you."
"I am your possession."
"You own me."
Harry didn't miss the way this induction mirrored what she had tried to do to him not long ago. He gripped her hair a bit tighter. "I am your prom king." "You are my prom king."
"I am your king." "You are my king."
"I am your master, and you are my slave." "You are my master, and I am your slave." "You are my primary slave."
"I am your primary slave."
"You are my Queen."
"I am your Queen."
"My pleasure is everything to you."
"Your pleasure is everything to me."
Openly, with joy, he grabbed her breast. Perfect. Soft. Wonderful. Everything he ever desired from a genuine breast - and now completely under his control.
"You will do whatever I say."
She gently nodded and shook her head as she spoke. "I will do whatever you say." "You will do everything for me." "I will do everything for you." "You must obey my will."
"I must obey your will."

In the vast hall, an enveloping silence surrounded him. Everyone knew — or had been swiftly informed by his first wave of subordinates — what this moment signified for him. Irma, Fleur, Tracey, Narcissa, and others from the first wave, gracefully knelt in their stunning ball gowns, their eyes fixed intently on Harry as they tried to comprehend his ultimate purpose.
With a mere snap of his fingers, he summoned Irma onto the stage. He then positioned Daphne, the radiant prom queen of the cheerleaders, using Irma as a makeshift stool. With one hand, he undid his trousers, and with the other, he slid Daphne's seductive gown down, revealing her impeccable behind. And just like that, he began to embrace his

dream girl passionately in full view of the mesmerized senior audience and all of his teachers.

God, she was so damn tight. "Are you a virgin, Daphne?" "Not anymore...," she said, her voice still somewhat hollow. Fuck. This was perfect.
Harry clenched a clump of her soft blond hair in his fist, grabbing her head, pulling each time he thrust deeper into her hot teenage cunt. His free hand reached for the arched flawless skin on her slender back, pounding into it mercilessly with his fingers. Finally, his hand came to rest near the hot ass of prom queen Daphne, slapping it hard with every few thrusts. "Yes!" Harry moaned, in a voice thick with desire, as Daphne let more and more of his enormity into her cunt.

The feeling as her pussy clenched around him, her hot, wet pussy throat clenching tightly around his shaft elicited a loud, shameless moan of delight. The rest of the crowd moaned along with him. They were all watching his conquest, watching him rule. It turned him on, too. He slapped her ass one more time; one more time; one more time. Harder; harder; even harder. Her haughty cheerleader ball queen was slapped raw.
Daphne's moans of submission were music to his ears. He was getting closer and closer, and his cum was oozing from the thick tip of his cock into her hot young cunt.
"Fuck, take it, slave girl," he commanded, gripping her long hair tighter. "Take it like a good girl." "Yes, Master!"
Daphne's moans of pleasure filled the quiet room. No music played - just the quiet chant of praise from the collection of slaves who lined up to watch their Master fuck the woman he had desired for so long.
She looked up at him, her emerald eyes blazing with adoration and love. She begged for his seal of approval, that undeniable proof that he desired her more than anything - his cum inside her. The chance to have his semen inside her fertile body. She begged wordlessly for his cum as he pounded hard into her cunt - her hips moving back aggressively, rippling and grinding to the rhythm of his thrusts.
His pleasure grew and grew, transferring from his hot, long shaft to the rest of his body. The pleasure was too immense to restrain. With a roar, he released himself - and so did Daphne, just like every heated hypno-slave. All of their orgasms synchronized with Harry's, combined with the feeling of filling his best girl, his dance queen, his finest slave, with his sacred, fiery, royal seed. His load exploded within her warm, tight, virgin pussy over and over again. With loud, incredible screams of ecstasy, Daphne climaxed repeatedly.
The entire room seemed to climax together. Irma, lying on the ground, was drenched in ecstatic sweat. Harry collapsed onto his newfound favorite - his constant favorite all along - and pulled Irma close. "Thank you, Master," Daphne moaned, caressing Harry's face.
"You're welcome," he could have said, and truly meant it.
Daphne turned her radiant face towards Irma. A soft hum of adoration for Harry spread among all the slaves in the crowd. "Thank you, Irma, for bringing happiness to our Master. You've been so good for him. I'll learn from your example... and I'll improve upon it. Just as, of course, I improve everything you do."
Irma nodded, clearly infatuated with the young, poised cheerleader. Harry knew this because he commanded it to be so. "Yes, Daphne. You're better than me in every way imaginable. That's perfectly clear. I'm so happy that Master chose you to replace me as his Favorite."
Daphne turned back to Harry, reaching down and caressing his still moist, semi-erect cock. A sly smile spread across her face.
"I've been thinking about it, Master. I really want to look sexy for you. Don't you think it would be wonderful if you could give me some money to buy new clothes, just for you? All new outfits for the slaves? A whole new slave wardrobe."
She began stroking his cock. The girl of his dreams, completely hypnotized to be infatuated with him and always in search of gold.
He felt the old part of him enjoying this. But the new part... the new part knew it had to assert itself.
Still stroking his cock, Daphne purred new tones of adoration. "Don't you deserve that, Master? A super hot babe who looks super hot just for you?"
With a soft growl, Harry gripped her throat and, with his other hand, picked up Irma's fully charged hypno-manuscript from the floor. For a moment - just a moment - he was gentle in his grip, relishing the mixture of excitement and surprise in her eyes. He briefly considered simply telling her to behave. But then the Hypno manuscript seemed a much surer option.
Either way, teaching this dance queen slave how to obey him was going to be a lot of fun.