



The Dance and the Maid by **ENicholasConway**

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- Edited by [JaneDoe-2010](#), Tuesday, April 30, 2019

Don't walk through the city alone at night. That's the one rule every girl knows. Lock your doors. Send a guy out if you need something, but don't go outside yourself.

The dancers owned the night, Melissa laughed to herself. The dancers had not been seen in three years. There was no real reason she could see to be afraid. The club's neon lights clicked off. Melissa shivered and took a step closer to the nearest street lamp. The night was not terribly dark, there was a full moon out, but despite that every shadow looked threatening.

Melissa said quietly, "Come on Dale, you were supposed to be here an hour ago." The Melissa decided that maybe it had been a bad idea to go out dancing after the fight. Dale was just so stubborn, Melissa had told him there was nobody else that Mark was just a friend. But Dale just didn't want to hear it.

Melissa checked her cell phone, No messages. Dale should have called back by now, no matter how furious he was, he would not just leave her stranded, unless he was drunk, again.

Melissa decided there was no other choice; Melissa typed a message into her phone. Her thumb hovered over the send button. Dale might never forgive her, but what other choice did she have? She pushed the button and prayed that Mark had his phone handy. Just then she heard a voice say, "Miss? What are you doing out here alone?"

Melissa shrieked and dropped her phone; it hit the sidewalk with a loud snapping noise, she quickly grabbed it and scampered around to the other side of the street light. There she saw a handsome man watching her. He was immaculately dressed, his three piece suit crisp and new looking, it had been, obviously, custom tailored.

The man said, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to startle you. Is your phone alright?" Melissa glanced down and groaned, the faceplate of her phone was cracked. She tapped a button experimentally, nothing happened. Melissa said, "Its dead."

The man said to her, "How unfortunate. I must make it up to you. Do you need a ride somewhere? The streets are not safe, you know." Melissa replied, "I'm not sure that's a good idea. I don't know you." The man nodded sadly and said, "I understand! In that case, I wish you luck."

The man turned and started walking away. Melissa stared at the man's back, thought about it and bit her lip, sometimes men took advantage of girls out alone. She had read that they offered to rescue them off the streets, and then turned on them at the first opportunity. If she got into his car he could take her anywhere, and do whatever he wanted.

Melissa knew she should just wait for Mark or Dale to come for her. Or maybe she could walk home. She could probably get back in less than an hour, that wasn't very long, what could happen in an hour? Then Melissa said, "Wait."

The man stopped and turned around, Melissa said to him, "I changed my mind." The man smiled and said, "Excellent, my transportation is just around the corner." Melissa tentatively joined the man he smelled nice up close. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, trying to calm down and slow her pounding heart.

Before long they turned the corner and Melissa froze, the street was crowded with people in fine clothing. All of them were young, beautiful, and absolutely silent. Melissa said, "What is this?" The man replied, "Let me show you," then grinned widely, looked over the crowd and said, "Music!"

A drumbeat started, it was slow at first, and with each beat the crowd moved. A piano joined in and other instruments followed. Melissa looked around with wide eyes, but she could not see where the music was coming from. As she backed away from the crowd,

the man reached out and took Melissa's hand. He was not forceful about it, but she could feel the strength in his grip.

An energy thrummed through him, beating in time with the drums, Melissa felt it vibrate down her arm, and into her legs. Her heart slowed, matching the beat, then just like that, she was in the dance. The man had his arm around her waist as they spun together, moving in harmony. The man said, "We have been waiting for you." Melissa said breathlessly, "Wha... Why?" The man replied, "Because you belong with us. You always have."

A shiver ran down Melissa's spine. She wanted to pull away, but her body would not obey. The music built, growing faster. She matched the pace of it, and noticed that a part of her enjoyed it. Then the man looked at her and said, "These clothes will never do! A servant must be presentable."

They danced into the thick of the crowd where Melissa felt hands on her, flowing with the music; they tugged off her shirt, her pants, and her underwear. Melissa found herself dancing naked, and it felt right. The hands held her guiding her arms up, then a beautiful girl in a red ball gown glided in close.

The woman held a black rubber dress up, and the crowd took it. They pulled it down over Melissa's head, never once interrupting the flow of the dance as they did. Another girl brought stockings, followed by boots, gloves, and other fetish type things. One by one the crowd took the items and dressed Melissa.

Melissa screamed, "Please stop, and just let me go, I won't tell anyone what I have seen." And the man replied, "No you won't." Another girl brought something small, black, and strappy; the hands took it and cinched it around Melissa's chin, covering her mouth. There was a rubber bulb inside, and as the thing was strapped tight, the bulb pushed between her lips. It filled her mouth, pushing her tongue down and making her cheeks bulge. She moaned into the gag.

Then the man said, "Better." The dance seemed endless, Melissa felt full of energy, her legs tireless, she could have danced for days without stopping. Her dance partner held her close, moving against her with intoxicating intimacy. Melissa's worries faded, music was the only important thing. Soon she found herself throwing in little flourishes, rubbing up against him teasingly.

Gradually the beat slowed. Melissa's partner lifted her chin and met her eyes. He touched his lips to her forehead, and the music faded away entirely. The thrumming energy flowing through her body quieted and the dance came to an end. Then the man spoke again saying, "You will come to us tomorrow night, and every night there after, you have no other choice. Enjoy your day, little one."

After what seemed like an eternity later, Melissa opened her eyes, she was alone again. A soft light touched the edge of the horizon, the beginnings of dawn, she could have

sworn the dance had lasted only minutes, but the night was over. Then Melissa realized she was still wearing the dress, now that it was over she could take the time to look herself over. She stared at her reflection in a nearby window.

It was a French maid's uniform made entirely of latex. She touched her fingers to the gag that covered her mouth. It was belted tight behind her neck, and the buckle had a small lock attached. Melissa glared at her reflection; she tugged hard at the dress, trying to pull it up over her head. If she had to choose between a humiliating dress and nudity, she would rather be nude but the latex stuck to her skin, resisting her tugs.

Melissa grunted in frustration, “Mmmph!” The boots made Melissa clumsy; they were taller than what she normally wore. She tripped as she fought with the dress, and ended up on her back. The little white frilly headband perched in her hair stayed stubbornly stuck, defying gravity.

Melissa cursed into her gag as she fought with the uniform, she could barely get her fingers under the latex, as it stuck to her skin stubbornly. A car door thumped closed. And Melissa looked up, and then felt heat in her cheeks, there stood Mark looking down at her with his jaw hanging open.

Melissa gave her dress one last futile tug, she was stuck, unless the dancers decided to dress her differently, she was bound to the dance now, a servant of the night. And the dancers owned the night.