**African Girl Maid For English Rose Ch. 01**

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My name is Chiku; I am a beautiful black girl from Africa, Nigeria to be precise. When I was 19 years old, my family moved to England.   
  
This was a massive change in culture for a young, attractive African girl. Although educated and very well-versed in English, I had always revered English girls.  
  
My ancestors had told me stories of colonial life during the heyday of the 'Great British Empire', so my journey was made with more than a sense of tender trepidation!  
  
On arriving, we had so little money that my Mother was compelled to take a job as a domestic maid, working for a quite wealthy English family in the pretentious suburbia of a large City.   
  
We resided in what was classed as the inner-city and it consisted mainly of African or other immigrant nationalities. On occasions, I would travel with my Mother to the large, spacious detached house where she worked.  
  
I was allowed, albeit moderately, to form a sort of friendship with her mistress' daughter, who was just a month younger than myself.   
  
Victoria typified my image of the archetypal English rose: her beautiful, fulsome hair; a pale, slightly freckled complexion and an air of nonchalant superiority, as she gazed down at her new black companion!  
  
Her dress was scintillatingly stunning, clearly purchased from an extremely, expensive designer store. It was rather short but emphatically showed off her toned legs!  
  
Though she was a small, petite girl, more so than me, her cleavage was more than ample; in fact her breasts were substantially greater and more upright than my own. This instantly brought pangs of jealousy!  
  
While my Mother cleaned her Mummy's house, I was allowed to mix with Victoria; though she made sure I treated her with deference. It was crystal clear that I was only the maid's daughter!  
  
She was a very spoiled girl, Victoria, even having the temerity to tell my own Mother off in front of me.  
  
'Ewoma, why have you moved my bracelet?'  
  
'Get me a drink!'  
  
'Tidy my room,'  
  
These were just a few of her incessant demands. How dare her treat my Mum with such utter derision. It really hurt me, yet I had no choice but to accept the unfortunate circumstance as my Father and older sister had yet to find meaningful employment.  
  
Sometimes, however, the English girl was sweet with me and we chatted intimately but in the company of her friends, she became a little prima donna, pouting orders to me as if her I was her maid and insulting me in any way that compounded her mood.  
  
In a strange way though, I felt a weird sense of belonging as she bossed and humiliated me.  
  
The subtle stare and menacingly foreboding look of this little white brat brought a horrific feeling of nervousness to me as I remembered my ancestors' tales of the lavish, pampered lifestyles of English girls in the Colonies!  
  
As time passed, Victoria seemed to become more confident in her ability to boss me and I became more submissive.  
  
I always felt as intelligent as her, probably more so and I have no doubt many boys would find me as attractive but I still found myself beginning to worship her and I became accustomed in my role, even though my only reward was one of Victoria's dresses occasionally handed down to me.   
  
One glorious June evening, it was the summer ball and Victoria had been invited with a young man she had recently met.  
  
She summonsed me to her bedroom to show me her immaculate corseted-dress that she had bought for the evening.  
  
After seeing to her hair which she insisted I brush incessantly for at least an hour, I ironed her outfit for the night, while she took a bath, but was slightly aghast, on returning to her room, to find her attire only knickers and bra!   
  
This was the first time I had seen her semi-naked and I felt awkward yet found myself glancing admirably at her superbly toned figure.  
  
Years of gymnastics had clearly enhanced her physique and her superb, little bottom was any girl's dream.  
  
Black girls tend to have a more rounded derriere but hers was utter perfection personified!  
  
I eventually fastened up the back of her corset, after several bouts of insults from her, and now her breasts were a stunning picture that would have any man even girl totally pre-occupied.  
  
They were so pert and upright and I felt something I had never even remotely experienced before: an uncontrollable lust to caress and suck this white girl's bosoms!  
  
I knelt down before her to fasten her exorbitantly priced shoes and became entranced as I glanced up her sexy thighs.  
  
The semblance of freckles on the back of her shapely legs compounded her innocence. I too had a well shaped body but black girls lack that air of virginity.   
  
We just can't equate to the purest belle of any ball, 'the English rose.'  
  
'Get me a glass of baileys now,' she barked hysterically. It always seemed to send her into an uncontrollable frantic state when she was dressing up for parties--- the pressure to eclipse her companions in fashion and looks.  
  
Victoria looked amazing; her gleaming gold jewellery superbly supplementing the beautifully decorated dress!  
  
Her handsome boyfriend arrived. 'Chiku, get Timothy a glass of wine,' instructed Victoria. She then introduced me to him, labelling me as her personnal maid!   
  
He was clearly impressed and obviously besotted with his girl yet I noticed he cast an eye or two in my direction. I had changed into something rather flaunting that evening, as I also had an evening invitation.   
  
My skirt was short and black, with matching low-cut top and black high-heeled shoes. Though incomparable in expense and grandeur to his girlfriend's sensational outfit, I was pleased it still attracted his attention.  
  
He was courteous and polite to me, engaging in interesting conversation. This seemed to infuriate Victoria, who promptly ordered me to fetch her bag and makeup, and then dismissed me for the evening.  
  
However, despite the white girl's vindictiveness and outright bitchiness, I would often dream about her: the beautiful long naturally blonde locks, her majestic appearance and most of all her perfect complexion, so sexy, so pure!  
  
Though my thoughts were usually immersed in fantasies around attractive guys, this girl captivated me totally! Yet she was such a horror at times, a little pampered, preening princess!   
  
I didn't have to be her maid; this was the 21st century, not 200 years ago. She treated me like her slave. It was derogatory. Why should I put up with it? One day I would walk away but for now----  
  
As time passed, I would often sleep over at Victoria's house and frequently now, I was allowed to massage her. Usually she wore panties and bra but on one occasion that she called me into her bedroom; she was completely naked, lying face down on her large king-size bed.  
  
I was really shocked but my body tingled with excitement and anticipation. I was mesmerized just touching her adorable skin; it felt almost sacred to a black girl. Most Africans, both men and women, could only dream of such an incomparable honour!  
  
I always began with an effleurage on her feet than working up the back of her thighs, intensely squeezing the subtle tones of her muscles.  
  
It made me embarrassingly wet only this time as I moved upwards to continue kneading her back area, Victoria, in an unusually compassionate voice, asked me to massage her bottom.  
  
My heart raced with delirium as I felt her cute little bum and pulled the cheeks rapidly sideways. Victoria had such smooth, silky skin; unblemished, utterly delightful.   
  
I then infused the aromatherapy oil into her back and neck area. Normally, then, she would turn over allowing me to continue on the frontal aspects of her legs and arms.  
  
Today, though, in her exposed nudeness, I expected her to request her dressing gown but to my wonderful astonishment, this gorgeous goddess turned herself over, leaving me bewitched and bewildered as I pondered my next effleurage!  
  
Her fanny was completely shaved and so, so inviting!  
  
I wanted desperately to touch her as she lay there motionless.  
  
Here was my young, innocent mistress; this cosseted, little English girl, lying before her African maid totally denuded and with such a cute, sweet pussy. It was heavenly--- absolute paradise--- the golden ticket!   
  
For the first time, as I stood fully clothed above her, I felt a sense of power over my white mistress!   
  
I continued massaging her lower legs, gradually increasing the length of my manoeuvres to incorporate her gleaming thighs. As I rubbed the insides, my hands were so close to her pussy. I felt that Victoria was aroused, as was I, and then almost without any rumination, I began gently stroking her pussy.   
  
She said nothing so I continued fingering her. She was unbelievably wet. I played with her clitoris for several minutes then delved deeper thrusting my two foremost fingers forwards, instigating cries of joyous satisfaction for my white miss.  
  
I then began to lick her clitoris, sucking and penetrating with my tongue and lips. Black girls are really good with their tongues and our pouting lips know no match!   
  
Victoria was wild, frantically flinging her arms upwards to grab the rails of the bed. She was screaming and shrieking with ever-escalating wails and rapidly increasing intenseness!   
  
'Oh Chiku,' she cried, 'Please.' 'Oh-----' then a roar that nearly decimated the whole house. Victoria had experienced her first real orgasm!!  
  
I then began sucking her beautiful breasts. They seemed even more complete than ever. I fondled and caressed them. They were magnificent. How could a girl so petite have such impressive bosoms?  
  
I idolized them; I probably would have spent the day immersed in them but just then our Mothers returned. Mine had been assisting hers on a shopping expedition. Victoria hastily re-installed her garments and tried to restore calm to her hot, flushed appearance!  
  
We repeated our indulgences again, even more enthrallingly, a couple of days later then the following weekend, as we chatted together, Victoria ordered me to remove my clothes. I felt ashamed and quietly declined.  
  
'How dare you disobey me girl,' she shouted, 'You will do as I say, understand me!'  
  
'Yes Miss,' I reluctantly uttered. I stripped down to my lacy red knickers and similar bra, Victoria, also undressed to reveal white designer panties and matching bra top. We stood together.  
  
The English girl gave me that haughty gaze then instructed me to remove my knickers and bra. Though I had enjoyed our previous fun, I felt very uneasy about revealing my nudity yet I dared not disobey.  
  
Soon, we were both naked; both totally engaging yet totally contrasting! My pussy was very hairy, like the majority of black girls and though my breasts were considerably smaller than Victoria's, my nipples seemed more distinctive.   
  
The white girl seemed fascinated by my bottom, as she methodically examined me. She loved being bossy and treating me sub-ordinately though I now felt an urge to teach her a lesson or two! That emotion though was firmly diminished from my thoughts as the white girl ordered me to the floor in unequivocal fashion!   
  
I began licking her feet and working upwards but after some time, during which we both became exceedingly wet, she told me to lie down on the bed. I wondered what was next.   
  
Maybe she intended to pay back my kindness, massaging and pleasuring me for a change. I heard her rifling through her extensive wardrobe till she obviously had clasped hands on what she was looking for.   
  
'Chiku,' she said, 'Do you worship your little white mistress or resent me? Tell me the truth.'  
  
'Both miss,' I said, feeling scared but trying to be honest. 'I think you have been unnecessarily mean to me yet I absolutely adore you Victoria. Your allure is irresistible to me.'  
  
'I want you to be my maid forever, waiting on me hand and foot, pleasing and pleasuring me whenever I want you. That's what a white princess deserves from her black maid, isn't it?'  
  
I was too intimidated to argue.  
  
'Even when we both marry, I want you still to be mine.'  
  
'Yes miss; I'll always be yours Miss Victoria.'  
  
She then whipped me several times with one of her many belts. It was almost like a power-crazed gesture showing who was in charge and making sure I complied with her whims and desires.   
  
The pain was excruciating but afterwards we hugged and made love. My emotions were all over the place; an abundant mixture of anger, regret, love and contentment! We lay engrossed for what seemed an eternity!  
  
The ultimate anomaly- the pureness of the most beautiful, English rose; this rich, spoiled white girl next to the dark, chocolaty complexion of her black maid!