July’s Bad Choices

My name is July Mullins. I am seventeen years old high school senior and up until two week ago I was a very happy girl. I was and am madly in love with a very sweet boy named Jason. We grew up together and have been boyfriend and girlfriend since grade school. Jason and I are both a bit anal so we had our future all mapped out. Our life together was going to be wonderful and fulfilling. After we graduated from high school he would go to Harvard while I attended Sara Lawrence. Eventually we would get married have a couple of kids and settle down into a nice upper middle class life style In New York or some other big city. Now none of that is going to happen.

I am totally amazed at how quickly things can change in two week. I am still July Mullins and still seventeen but I am no longer a happy girl. I am now a frightened miserable depressed shell of my former self. I still love Jason but I have to break up with him today. I don’t want to do it but it is not up to me. Nothing is up to me anymore. I will not be going to Sara Lawrence either and my future is no longer looking so wonderful. I will be staying in town and I will be living with the Parson family as a member of their domestic staff. So it would seem that I won’t be joining the upper middle class ever in this life except possibly as an insignificant servant.

I am sure you are wondering what caused my life to take such a disastrous down turn. It is, I am ashamed to admit, because I made a stupid cowardly choice at a critical moment in my life. Two weeks ago I innocently walked into the school cafeteria to join my friends for lunch. Unfortunately I found them surrounding a freshman kid named Tim Parson. They were giving him all kinds of shit and enjoying themselves doing it.

Tim Parson is a fat ugly little dork who is two years younger than me and one of the school’s biggest losers. Unfortunately for me he is also the only son of Mr. John Parson and my parents belong to Mr. Parson. I know it sounds strange but mom and dad are slaves in the true since of the word and Mr. Parker is their master in the true since of the word. It is complicated but Mr. Parson enslaved my parents when I was three years old. I will explain more about that later. The important thing to know is that just before Tim entered high school Mr. Parson had asked me to watch out for him. I am sure he knows what a loser his son is and knows that the other kids pick on him a lot. I mean really how could he not know? Well to make a long story short I promised Mr. Parson I would watch out for Tim but the truth is I did not. I had to lie to Mr. Parson because honestly, I did not see how I could possibly watch out for Tim because I am, or was, one of the “cool kids” and I could not afford to be seen with, let alone watch out for a boy like Tim. The thing is that Mr. Parson also told me that if I ever hurt Tim I would regret it for the rest of my life. I know Mr. Parson well enough to know he always means what he says and that scared the hell out of me.

When I saw what my friends were doing to Tim I tried to walk away and was all most out the door when Betty, my very best friend, called out to me to come back and I reluctantly did. Poor Tim was all red faced and pitiful looking as he wilted under a barrage of insults. They had him surrounded so he could not escape their bullying. I don’t like Tim in the least but I felt sorry for him. The insults and humiliation seemed to go on forever. Every one of my friends except Jason who was home sick took part in Tim’s harassment. I am not a very brave person so I just stood there in silence and tried my best to not be noticed. Unfortunately a girl named Mary saw I was not taking part in their game and called me out. She demanded to know if I liked Tim or what? All eyes turned towards me. I had to say something if I wanted to maintain my place in the pack. So I did what I knew my friends wanted me to do, I turned on Tim and joined the attack. I called him a fat fucked up loser and a stupid geeky turd who wasn’t even fit to lick up my spit. The other kids laughed and added on more insults. Tim reached his emotional limit and could not take any more. The poor kid broke down completely and started to cry like a baby which provoked more attacks. I was more than a little afraid at that point because I remembered all too well Mr. Parson’s words. I realized that unless I didn’t mind catching a lot of shit from his father I had better do something to stop what was happening to Tim. So I mustered what little courage I had and was about to intervene on Tim’s behalf when Mrs. Rand, the teacher in charge of the cafeteria, came over and put a stop to their fun. She scolded us for being bullies and tried to comfort Tim. Mrs. Rand took Tim by the hand and tried to lead him from the away but Tim broke away from her and ran back over to me. He whispered something to me and then fled the room. My friends wanted to know what he said but I just told him it was not worth repeating and they let it go at that. What he said was, “I won’t forget this”

So because I did a really mean, stupid, and cowardly thing that I knew would be a big mistake to do Mr. Parson did something to me that would ensure I regretted what I did to his son for the rest of my life, he gave me to Tim. The bitch is that even after what I did to Tim I did not have to end up as his slave. It was another stupid choice I made that sealed my fate. I asked Mr. Parson to make me a slave but when I asked to be enslaved I had no idea that he would give me to his dorky loser son. I assumed when I gave myself to him that he would keep me for himself. I obviously, in hindsight, assumed wrong and I will pay for both my bad choices for that for the rest of my sad life.

How did I end up a slave to Mr. Parson you ask. Well it all started the night after I had taken part in Tim’s humiliation. I was watching television when Mr. Parson called me into the kitchen. He looked very angry and I knew right away I was in trouble. “I want you to tell me what happened between you and Tim in school today “he said in a cold hard voice. I started shaking in fear and tears came to my eyes. I thought “Oh God he found about what happened Tim must have told him.” Usually when I cry Mr. Parson tries to comfort me. There was no comfort in his eyes this time. I was too scared to answer him at first but he demanded an answer and forced it out of me. I confessed it all.

After I finished my confession Mr. Parson told me to go to my room and wait there until he decided my punishment. I don’t know how long I waited but it seemed like hours. At last the door opened and Mr. Parker came in to tell me of my new life. I cried and screamed at him telling him I would never accept the kind of life he wanted me to live. I was not a slave like my mom and dad. I was a free person I insisted and I intended to stay that way. He just stood there and smiled at me. When I finally stopped crying and screaming Mr. Parson told me to undress and kneel before him. He told me to keep my legs spread as far apart as I could and to keep my eyes firmly on his right foot. I was so emotionally and physically exhausted by then that I could no longer think clearly. I honestly do not remember taking off my clothes or kneeling before Mr. Parson. But there I was naked and kneeling before him with my eyes fixed firmly on his right foot. Neither of us said a word for a long time. I do not know what happened but suddenly my body was flooded with sexual sensations and the most perverted and obscene thoughts and visions filled my mind. I realized my pussy was sopping wet and that a puddle had formed on the floor between my legs. My breast ached and my nipples were rock hard. Before I could understand what was happening to me I found myself overcome by an intense and all-consuming orgasm. I must have passed out because when I came back to consciousness I found myself in Mr. Parson’s arms. He was holding me the way he used to when I was a very young child and it made me feel very safe and contented. I am not sure when it happened but at some point during or after my orgasm I experienced a life shattering epiphany. I knew for the first time and beyond all doubt that I am just like my parents. I am in my soul a slave. I told Mr. Parson what happened and how I now knew that I was a slave and only wanted to please him and do whatever he told me to do from now on. He rocked me gently and told me he was very proud of me and that he would be pleased to accept me into his household as one of his slave. I started to cry again but this time from happiness. For the first time in my life I felt at peace with myself. It was time for me to accept the truth of my life and to embrace my destiny.

I was so swept away by what happened to me, my epiphany and the sexual and emotional bliss that I was experiencing that I forgot all about Jason and our plans for our future. When I finally came down from my high many hours later and realized that I did not want to give up Jason to become a slave it was too late. But hope springs eternal as they say so I went to Mr. Parson and begged him to let me go. I pleaded with him that I did not know what I was saying when I asked him to enslave me and that if he loved me at all he would let me go. It was like spitting into the wind. Mr. Parson told me he would never have taken me as a slave against my will but I had given myself to him and once he takes a slave he never sets them free again.

I always try to make the best of things so after my initial regret I tried to adjust and make the best of my new life. I thought I would be like mom in relationship to Mr. Parson and that would not be so bad. But my life did not go the way I had hoped it would. Mr. Parson completely blindsided me when he told me he was giving me to his son for a birthday present. He said I should be honored that I am so highly prized by him that he would give me to someone he loves as a token of that love. I understood what he meant but Goddamn it why did he have to give me to fat dorky disgusting Tim. It was too much to bear. I tried to say something to change his mind but he stopped me with a look that I had seen him give my mother when he wanted her to shut up. So I shut up and just stood there; “You have a lot to learn young lady and I am going to help you start your education.” He took his belt off and proceeded to beat the hell out of me with it. He did not say a word, he did not have to. I had watched him punish mom and dad when they got out of line so I understood his intent. He made me understand for the first time as a result of the intensity of that beating that I really was now a slave and as such had no right to a will or any need to think very much. I only needed to obey whoever owns me and please anyone anyway and anywhere I am told to do so.

Mr. Parson told me I had better not embarrass him by being anything less than best slave I could be for his son. Mr. Parson made things very simple and clear to me; if Tim was not happy with me and I mean very happy Mr. Parson would replace me with some other more accommodating slave girl and I would be shipped out to low end brothel somewhere in South America of Africa. He assured me that while he understood how I felt about his son but I had to understand that I am a slave now and my personal feelings and thoughts are of no longer important to anyone. Tim is my master and I am his slave and that is the end of it. I thought, “Oh my God, is this how I am going to live for the rest of my life, the slave of an ugly fat dork” And the answer is sadly, yes.

So that Friday I became one of the many presents given to Tim at his fifteenth birthday party. I was supposed to be a surprise gift and I can tell you that Tim was surprised. Half way through the party Mr. Parson asked for silence and announced that he wished to give Tim a very special present. He told his son to clap his hands hard one time and then watch what happened. Tim clapped. That was mom and my cue. We entered the room. Mom was bare breasted and wore only a short wrap around white skirt and a pair of high heels. She held a leash in her right hand that was attached to a golden collar I wore around my neck. Other than the collar and a slave bracelet on my right ankle with Tim’s name engraved on it I was naked. When Tim saw who I was he just about fell off his chair. Mom and I walked me over and stood before him. At a sign from Mr. Parson my mom handed my leash to Tim and as he took it with a trembling hand. I dropped to my knees and bowed my head in submission to him. I repeated the words Mr. Parson told me to say in my most humble and sexy voice, “Tim, your father has given me to you. I am now your slave. Do I please you master?.” Tim did not know what to say. He just looked at me with those big stupid brown eyes of his. Finally his father laughed. “Cat got your tongue son? The girl asked you a question, Are you pleased with her?” It took a while but Tim finally pulled himself together and spoke, “I am pleased.” What he did next surprised everyone but Mr. Parson. Tim spit into his palm and held his hand out to me. I knew what he wanted and turned bright red. He smiled at me. I have always hated the way he smiles. I bent my head and humbly licked the spit from his hand. He smiled that stupid little smile of his again and slapped me hard across the face. “I told you I wouldn’t forget,” He turned to his father and thanked him for the present. Mr. Parson made a sign to me and I leaned over and kissed first one of Tim’s feet and then the other. Keeping my head bowed I said what I was told to say. “ I will try always to be worthy of you Tim. Your father has another gift for you, it is in your room on your bed. It is a whip and he told me to tell you he hopes you will beat me with it when I need it or just because you want to see me cry.” Tim blushed for some reason as he told me to go get the whip. I got up and started for his bedroom when he stopped me. He told me to get on my hands and knees and crawl and bring it back in my mouth. I obeyed. He took the whip from me and ordered me to bend over. I did and found my naked ass exposed for all to see. He brought the whip down hard over and over until I was reduced to tears. I begged him to stop but he would not. I hoped someone would stop him but no one did. Far from stopping the little jerk people laughed and encouraged him in his efforts. My poor ass still hurts from the beatings the father and son gave me.

The party went on for a couple of more hours. I was made to knell at Tim’s feet until it was over. He fed me bits of cake as he ran his hands all over my body. I licked and kissed his hands and pretended to be very happy and grateful for his attention. An old aunt of Tim’s said we made a lovely couple. She said we reminded her of Prince Charming and Snow White. I almost gaged when she said that because I could not help thinking that we were really the beauty and the dork beast but of course I kept that thought to myself.

 After the party Jason took me to his room and made me do all those things nasty boys want us girls to do. I knew better than to resist him or refuse him anything. I even showed him a few things that pleased him a lot. That first weekend after his birthday party Tim was really mean to me. He beat me a lot and without reason just as his father encouraged him to do. He enjoyed making me do humiliating things like sucking and fucking his dog. He shoved all kinds of things into my pussy or up my ass and made me describe in detail how they felt. I hated almost every minute of it. Sometimes though I would get caught up in what he was doing to me and have intense sexual and emotional experiences.

On Sunday night after an especially intense sexual bout he told me that he has had a crush on me for the longest time and thought I was the most beautiful and sexy girl in the whole school. I blushed a bit at that. I wanted to show him how much I appreciated what he said so I leaned over him and sucked his little dickey into my mouth. I played with it until till he flooded my mouth. Things got a little better for me after that but only a little.

Later that night Tim told me that even though he had a crush on me it did not matter now. What I did to him was so awful that he hated me even more than he loved me. He said he was going to make me pay for hurting him and that my life would be very difficult for a long time until he felt I had suffered enough. I found out he is very much like his dad and always means what he says.

Monday morning came and we were both so exhausted so we called off sick from school and rested. I was not sure if Tim wanted me to go back to school so I asked him about what he wanted me to do. He said that for now he would let me go back to school but for how long he did not know yet. We would just have to take it one day at a time. I asked him how I should behave in school. He said that he expected me to always follow his lead and do what I am told. If I was unsure of how to act in a particular situation I was to come to him and ask for directions. He definitely did not want me to associate with any of my old friends without his permission. From now on I would be hanging around with him and the other losers. Tim told me that he has always hated Jason because he meant so much to me and that I was to break up with him. It seems that one summer years ago Jason and his friends beat poor for no reason. I told Tim that I remembered Jason telling me about what happened and how he has always regretted doing it. My response seemed to soften Tim’s heart a little towards Jason but only a very little. I was ordered to break up with Jason next Friday at school during lunch. He said that if I wanted to please him I would break up with Jason in such a way as to ensure everyone in the cafeteria sees and hears me doing it. I was to make sure everyone understood I was breaking up with Jason to be with Tim. He said that if I could cause Jason to cry I would not have to fuck his dog for a month. So I have to make sure to humiliate the hell out of a boy I love to please a boy I hate and if I do it right I will not have to fuck a dog for a month. Tim told me that if he is not amused by how I do the breakup he will stick his fucking cattle prod up my ass until I pass out; I guess he wants to use the power of the carrot and the pain of the whip to make sure I am properly motivated.

Oh my poor, poor Jason I do love you but I am going to do everything I can to break you down in front of the whole school and make you cry next Friday. And I have to admit to myself that a big sexy part of me is going to enjoy doing it to you. I am my mother’s daughter after all. I grew up in a house where my mom treated my dad like shit. Mom with Mr. Parson’s participation and encouragement constantly belittled and hurt dad physically and emotionally. Daddy was eventually reduced to a simpering groveling wreck. He used to cry a lot when I was a young girl but he doesn’t do it very much anymore. He is now completely adjusted to his role in life and tries earnestly to be a good boy and please everyone and stay quiet and unobtrusive when not called to service.

Tim fucked the hell out of me last night and this morning and because of it we are both feeling more and more at ease with each other. I still can’t stand it when he touches me but he will never know that, He told me something that surprised and pleased me. He said that he wanted to make me happy and if I continued to be so good to him he might ask his father to enslave Jason and his family and then mate me with Jason to produce a slave littler. I know it is bad of me but part of me hopes he will do it.

Just as my parents have learned to live their lives as slaves to Mr. Parson, Tim’s father, so I must accept my slavery to Tim and learn to live with is as well. I am not so innocent or naive as most kids about dominance and submission after all I grew up watching my parents serve their master. My dad is a handsome and strong looking man and Mr. Parson is a rather homely looking slightly overweight and balding guy but that does not matter at all. I have seen Tim’s father reduce dad to a whimpering mess just by a look and I have seen dad grovel at his feet and wet them with his tears pleading for mercy while Mr. Parker beats him with a belt. Mom is not punished as often by Mr. Parker but then again mom never gives him any trouble and seems to love belonging to him.

Mr. Parker has always treated mom better than he does dad, in fact he made it clear to dad that when he is not there mom is in charge. Dear sweet dad is on the low end of the pecking order so much so that even Wendy can tell him what to do and he has to do it. Mom says that before Mr. Parson came into our lives Dad was a typical alpha male. Mom said he used to be loud and arrogant and never did any work around the house. He spent a lot of time away from home with his male friends drinking and going to sports games. I have a hard time imaging that because as long as I could remember dad has always seemed so timid and eager to please. I have never seen him argue with mom or disobey her even in the slightest way.

I don’t remember if Mr. Parker ever told us out front that we could tell dad what to do and he would mostly have to do it. All I know is that I can never remember a time when Wendy and I did not tell dad what to do. Unless Mr. Parker or mom said otherwise dad was always very obedient and submissive to us. For a long time I thought all fathers were like dad and it was quiet a shock to me when I was ordered one of my friends dads to do something and he refused. When I told mom what happened she called my sister into the room and explained how unique our family was and how we kids had to be very careful what we did and said when around other people. Wendy and I took her words to heart and are always very cautious about what we say and do outside the house.

I have a younger sister named Wendy but she is not my dad’s daughter Mr. Parson got her when he mated mom with a slave of one of his friends. She is five years younger than me but she has a much stronger will than I do. She never hesitates to order daddy around and seems to love to gives him shit when he is slow to obey her or her room is not spotless. Once when she was nine or ten she made dad stand in the corner of her room to punish him for something. I forget what it was but she made him stand there for over two hour. When mom told Mr. Parker about what Wendy did to dad he found it very amusing. He took both us girls out for an ice cream treat to reward her for making him laugh. I am afraid after that we both gave dad no end of grief in the hope that by doing so we could earn more treats. Mr. Parker did not disappoint us. We make sure to this day that dad spends a lot of time with his nose in various corners of the house.

So you see I grew up watching Mr. Parson make use of my parents and punish them often enough over the years for the least little bit of disobedience that I have no illusions about the relationship between a master and a slave. The master commands and does what he wishes to the slave; the slave submissively serves and obeys. Mr. Parson is the master and my mom and dad are his slaves. Tim is my master and I am his slave. I have seen over and over again how much in control of my parents Mr. Parson is and how he makes sure in innumerable ways big and small that they are always properly servile and eager to please him and his friends. It is very obvious that he enjoys himself with my parents and that he takes great pleasure in using them sexually and other wise in all manners of degrading and humiliating ways when he is alone or with others.

Mom and dad are punished harshly when it amuses Mr. Parson or when they deserved it but I never saw him be as mean to them as Tim is to me. My mom told me That Mr. Parson had not always been so kind. He had been a very cruel and demanding master for the first few years after he had enslaved them. She said that at first and for a long time she and dad had tried to resist accepting their role as slaves but Mr. Parson was determined to tame them and he made them pay dearly for their rebellious attitudes and actions. Finally one day they just gave up and decided to try their best to concentrate on making him happy in any and all things. Gradually he began to be nicer to them and soon to their surprise hey found they had come to almost love him.

Dad does not ever say very much. Mom likes him quiet and so does their master. We girls have been taught not to bother to try to have a real conversation with dad as he is not very smart and has nothing much to say anyway. If we have questions or want to talk about something we go to mom or Mr. Parson. Dad can only speaks when one of us gives permission and then whatever dad says had better be worth hearing. I cannot help thinking that if Tim takes Jason and mates him with me I will probably insist that Jason not talk very much. Mr. Parson once told us that he quiet often mutes slave males who can’t keep silent. I wonder what it would be like for Jason to be muted.

I wish I could be Mr. Parson’s slave instead of that awful son of his. Even when I was very young I liked to fantasize about belonging to Mr. Parson. When mom showed me how to masturbate she used to tell me all kinds of sexy stories about her and Mr. Parson. She encouraged me to think of pleasing him whenever I touched myself and I did and do. There is never a time that I make myself cum that I do not pretend I am sucking his cock or that he is fucking me. I always thought I was being prepared by mom to join her in slavery to Mr. Parson when I got old enough to do so. Mom admitted to me that she had been told by him to do just that. Unfortunately for me I made the mistake of insulting Tim in front of his friends so now I belong to Tim not Mr. Parson and Tim is who I must come to terms with. I know he is so awful and mean to me because of how I insulted him but mom told me that if I want him to be nicer I must show him that I love belonging to him and am eager to please him. If I can convince him of my sincerity and if I can learn to pretend that I really enjoy it when he fucks me and act like I love to suck his cock and lick his ass mom is sure he will eventually be nicer to me. I know she is right but he is so fat and repulsive that I can’t stand it. I know I have got to learn to accept my new life and make the best of it but until I do my life is unbearable.. Maybe one day I will grow to love Tim like my mom and dad love their master but that day is a long way off.

Mom and dad have been Mr. Parson’s slaves as long as I can remember. Even before I knew what a slave or master was it was clear to me that Mr. Parson’s word was law in our house. Even our house is not really ours, like my parents our house and everything in it belongs to Mr. Parson. I learned that dad had once been a millionaire and owned several large companies but now Mr. Parson owns those companies and dad works as a janitor in one of them. When Mr. Parson enslaved dad he took over all his assets. Mom and dad have a materially comfortable life as Mr. Parson’s slaves but they are never allowed even for a minute to forget what they are and who they belong to.

Mother told me and Wendy that she and dad had thought they were very happy together before meeting Mr. Parker. But eventually Mr. Parson had shown them what real happiness really is. Mom said that she would rather die than be free now. Nobody bothered to ask dad how he felt. I was three when Mr. Parson came into our lives. In the beginning when he came to the house I was sent to my room until after he left. Sometimes I had to stay in my room for days at a time.

There came a time when I grew older that my parents stopped sending me to my room when Mr. Parson came to visit. I was allowed to stay and watch what happened. At first and for a while I had a very difficult time understanding what was going on. I used to get very upset and often broke into tears when I watched him slap my dad around and do what I thought were awful thing to my mom. My tears always brought a stop to what they were doing. Mom or Mr. Parson would send dad to stand in a corner facing the wall and then mom would take me in her arms and reassure me that everything was all right. Later when I started to like Mr. Parson and feel safe with him it was he who would take me in his arms and comfort me when I freaked out about what he was doing to my parents.

After my tears stopped and settled down enough Mr. Parker would explain to me the facts of life. He said that my mom and dad were his slaves and he was their master and how he treated them was the way masters treated their slaves. He told me I was old enough now to begin to learn about and start to accept the way things really are in life. Many times over the next few months he would explain to me that slaves like my mom and dad were people who were to weak willed to think or act for themselves and therefore needed to be taken in hand by stronger willed people who could tell them what to do and how to act.

He told me that my mommy and daddy and all the people who are like them desperately need to be taken in hand by strong firm masters. My parents can only be really happy when they are owned by someone like him. Mr. Parson looked at me with such love and kindness then said very softly and sincerely that if it bothered me to much he would stop using my parents as slaves and set them free. But if he stopped using them the way he did they would be forever sad and miserable and I did not want that for them did I? I told him I wanted them to be happy and I would try to not get so upset.

Over the next few years I learned that just as some people like my parents are born to be slaves other people like Mr. Parson are born to be masters. He told me that our society is so afraid of and confused by people who are born naturally submissive and need to be slaves or born dominate and are by nature masters that they outlawed even voluntary slavery as a viable social expression. Not being content with outlawing voluntary slavery the ignorant and afraid among try to shame and slander anyone who stand up for who they are what they need. Voluntary slavery is condemned as a form of sexual perversion. The result is that people who are born to be slaves and people who are born to be masters hardly ever get to fully know themselves or enjoy their lives. Most slaves and even some lesser masters stay miserably unaware of their true nature their entire lives.

When a truly strong and self-confident master, man or woman, comes to recognize their true nature and feels the unnatural restraints of their society they will sooner or later act on who they are and what they want. They are masters and they want slaves. Mr. Parson said that is was happened to him. At a rather young age he found his father’s porn stash and discovered the world of dominance and submission. It was not long after this that he realized he wanted to be a master. He decided that if he was going to be master he needed to find someone who would acknowledge him as their master and serve him as a true slave. It proved to be a daunting task. He was young and not particularly good looking and he had no idea how to go about finding and training a slave. The only thing he had going for him was that he was very smart and knew how to find out things.

Mr. Parson knew he had to become strong and at the same time master the art of manipulation. He got permission from his dad to study the martial arts and quickly became very good at subduing people of his own age and weight group. At the same time he became an avid reader of all things having to do with communication and mind control. He became very good at direct and indirect hypnosis in the next couple of years. He was soon watching people the way a predator watches it prey. He learned to see that people who were naturally submissive had ways of looking and acting that telegraphed that reality to people who knew what to look for. Just as a hungry predator can pick out the weak and vulnerable in a heard of animals so to can a master pick out the naturally submissive and eager to be taken people in any society he lives in. The young Mr. Parson found to his amazement and delight that there were way more people than he thought who fit the profile of a born submissive. A lesser being would have attempted to gab up a submissive before he was truly ready and cause all kinds of problems. But Tim was made of better and more intelligent stuff than most. He was patient and could wait until he was ready and the time was right to pick his first slave.