

The Hot Freezer Guy

by Sean Reid Scott

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AS I AM WONT TO DO, I make it a habit to frequent various coffee shops in my area. I've got them all dialed in to my specific preferences re: drinks, food choices, and the like. Most of the baristas know me by name.

Yesterday, as I was innocently typing away on my laptop, sipping a brew (of coffee), this guy came in to the shop. He was a maintenance guy, there to work on some of the store's refrigeration equipment. I'd seen him before, at two other coffee shops. Apparently his company had a contract that included many of the places I frequent.

Lucky for me...

The last time I'd seen him was probably last summer... so around nine months ago, I'd say.

Allow me to elucidate the reader as to the truly orgasmic nature of this guy's appearance. He's probably in his mid-20s. A good six feet tall, maybe pushing 6-1.

There is not a single flaw on his body; by that, the reader must understand my standards. They're quite high. And this guy is the standard bearer of high standards (to borrow from the Department of Redundancy Department). The first thing you notice about him (I'm going to call him Rick, just because I need a name) is his arms. I know, I know, I write about muscle guys all the time, and I always include some glorious too-good-to-be-true description about arms. Well, I think I might have desensitized you, the reader of my tomes, with my constant droning-on about what a set of truly masculine, big, muscular arms look like. Try to forget everything I've ever written on the subject.

This guy deserves a new start.

They weren't just big arms. They were rippling big arms. The kind of arm muscles where you can see the triceps indentation even when they're relaxed. Cephalic vein running up the biceps like it was a freeway headed for downtown Atlanta. What I'm saying is that his arms were thick, strikingly big, and each muscle was deeply separated. The guy was lean. And his arms completely bulged against his short sleeves.

I don't know if it's kind of a uniform for his company or what, but every time he's come to service a unit at a coffee shop, he's worn a black short-sleeved polo shirt, and jeans. His blond hair (which I'll get to in more detail momentarily) doesn't necessarily call for black (I think royal blue would be a more obvious choice), but this guy could wear a mesh screen covered in dog shit and he'd still blow you away.

Before I continue with a blow-by-blow (heh, heh) description of this guy's amazing physique, I want to return to first, overall, impressions: Lean, like I said; young; manly & confident; a paragon of virility; deliciously small waist that only served to accentuate those powerful arms; oh, and shoulders out to here.

Hair: blond. Naturally blond. The guy looked like he simply rolled out of bed every morning, looking amazing. No prep. No muss or fuss over his looks. He pulled off masculine, muscle-stud with seemingly no effort at all. It's just not fair.

Okay, the hair again: He has it nice and short—very short on the sides and back. Then it gets longer on top. Long enough to style. So, it doesn't come across as “high and tight.” He looks, like I said, like he's not even trying to be hunky. But he just can't help it. Don't hate him for being beautiful.

Yes, I said his hair was long enough to style, yet he didn't look like he styled it, even though he was perfect. Yeah, this stud was a plethora of contradictions.

Okay, moving downward, “Rick's” shoulders were every-bit up to the task of supporting those big arms. The deltoids were rounded and hard-looking. Yeah, the guy works out.

His chest was thick, but not overpowering. This is where you could tell that the guy had an eye for symmetry. Nothing overwhelmed anything else, even though it was difficult to not gawk at those rippling arms. He looked hard and muscular, but definitely not like he was standing on a stage, ready to start posing. Mindless perfection.

The most-dizzying aspect of Rick's physique was how he pulled off the "lean" deal. This was nowhere more obvious than in his narrow, tapered waist. His untucked polo shirt, which hugged the upper torso and arms, hung quite loosely at his waist. I never saw even a hint of stomach. I can only imagine the twin columns of ab-work that held his stomach in, then poured into those jeans. Again, this is where the guy really stood out from the crowd. He had no gut. Like he was just all walkin' around, contest ready, 24/7. Who is like that?

His blond coloring required skin that was light—and blemish-free. No freckles (not that there's anything wrong with them). Just milky, lightly-tanned perfect skin.

Some of the machinery he'd have to "service" was low to the ground, and this afforded me a wonderful view of his wide back. Lats that bulged whenever he bent over. Oh god, I'm getting hard just remembering this.

Legs? You bet! He was the total package: obviously didn't skimp on leg day. His jeans were stretched with perfectly-large, yet proportioned, leg muscle. And again, at a height of at least six-feet, he was tall.

Another turn-on: He wore nice, strong, black work shoes.

Another turn-on: He had skills! Love me a man who can take apart machines, fix 'em, then put them back together in a flash!

Oh, and you know what? All of this description is what I remember from the last time I saw him, some nine months ago! Yesterday? When he strode into the coffee shop? (He strode, too, not walked. He wasn't announcing his presence by his gait; no, his long stride communicated that he was focussed. When he walked somewhere, he was going somewhere. I got the distinct impression that he was a very focussed person. Didn't look around to see if anyone was watching.) Anyway, back to yesterday... when he came into the shop, it was immediately apparent:

The dude had gotten bigger since last year! He'd obviously been spending time in the gym. It was amazing! He looked bigger and leaner than last year, if that's possible. If one can improve on "perfect," the guy had done it.

So anyway, as soon as I saw him yesterday, the silent "red alert" in my head began blaring. My throat immediately sank into my gut. Oh fuck. It's him again. As he pulled open the glass door to the coffee shop, his upper arm bulged and dented in the triceps, and that cephalic vein distended on top of his muscular biceps. I stopped typing, because I had to push my jaw up with one of my hands.

And all of a sudden, for some reason, I decided to stay at the coffee shop for a bit longer than originally intended.

The dizzying, gorgeous-muscle-physique-virility show did not disappoint. He barely talked to any of the workers at the bistro. He just got to work. An what a body of work!

At one point, he went outside to get some stuff from his white van. I gotta tell you, every single movement of this guy was a symphony. I actually got a bit depressed, he was so beautiful and muscular. My whole being ached for him, and I knew it'd never be possible. Anyway, while he was out at his van, I went to the counter to get another drink. And this is what ruined my whole day: While I was waiting, one of the baristas said to her co-worker (also a female), "Did you see the freezer guy?"

Fuck. I don't know about you, but a huge part of my sthenolagnia is rooted in envy. In recent years, I've dealt with that, rather successfully I think. Or, should I say, I thought. When that girl went all lusty over "Rick," I sank.

Because she was right.

He was "all that," and more. Did you see the freezer guy? Like, you know, no other words were needed.

HotFreezerGuyMaybeAnd the fact that others saw the man's fantasticalness, did more than confirm it. The fact that others swooned over him made me realize that I wasn't alone in my assessment. For some

reason, that wasn't comforting. (Don't make me an appointment with the shrink. Already tried that.)

Anyway, I pulled myself together, and returned to my seat. Rick returned inside with supplies and continued to fix the refrigerated display counter, or whatever it was. He might have been working on a secret tunnel to China for all I knew. It didn't matter.

So guess what? "Coincidentally" enough, I finished my work at just about the same time Rick finished his repairs! How funny is that?

He took his bag (his boulder-shoulder had absolutely no problem supporting the leather strap that held it at his hip), and returned to his van. As a matter of fact, I returned to my car only five seconds behind him! It truly is a small world, no?

Now, some of my CWSs might be aware that I am nothing, if not a really good sleuth. Let me back up a few moments here: While Rick was working inside, I had noted his white van outside. In fact, I had noted that he always drove a plain white van (last year too). It was obviously a company van, but unfortunately, it didn't have any markings on it. No business name, no nuttin'. (I checked all sides.) It was this way when I'd seen him before, and it was this way now. So, that meant I would have to work a lot harder to find out his identity.

Like I said, I'm a master of investigation. Some might call it "stalking." I prefer to call it "research." While Rick had been servicing his (the) "equipment," I had been busy on my laptop, researching any-and-all refrigeration, facility-maintenance (and any other kind of businesses) I thought might be contracted to "service" this store. But I had no business name to go on.

Disheartened, I continued my research while Rick worked. At the end, I narrowed my possibilities down to two or three companies. Fortunately, all three of them were located reasonably close to each other, not 10 minutes away. I didn't know if Rick would be headed back to the barn or not, but regardless...

It felt like a great day for a drive.

So, as I got out to my car, I whipped out my cell phone. (I truly love whipping it out.) Rick was on his phone, in his van, just sitting there. Possibly checking in with the office, maybe for his next assignment. He sat there for too long.

About three rounds of “Words with Friends” later, I decided I was becoming too obvious, so I pulled out from my spot in the parking lot. I was going to find a stall farther away, where I could “research” my subject at a safe distance.

Well, as it turned out (and again, this is all true. Have we got to the text I mentioned in the preface yet? No, we haven’t.), Rick pulled out right after I did! Oh god, I did not intend for that pun! But how delicious was that?!

Now, I was tasked with guessing which way he was going, since I was in front. (I’ve found in life, that it’s difficult to follow someone when you’re in the front. Might be a metaphor for life in general; dunno.)

Anyway, I did my best to guess which way he was planning to go. The first turn was going to be obvious. He’d either venture farther into the mall complex where we were, or he’d head for the exit. I chose the exit, on account of there not being really any other places of business that might need his services (mechanical services, that is; I bet to a man (& woman) every one of the businesses in that mall could find use for his “services” if he were only amenable to such an arrangement. Fat chance, though. I’d already pegged him as hopelessly straight. He just seemed unaware of how gorgeous he was, and he didn’t seem to care. [Don’t write me emails for propagating this stereotype among gays. It is what it is.]). So, yeah. The exit. I was right. He followed me.

At the mall’s exit, I was faced with another decision: Left or Right. It was a true tossup. I chose left. Unfortunately, to paraphrase that guy in one of the Indiana Jones movies, I chose unwisely. “Rick” chose right. The light was red at the exit, so as I waited in the left lane, he pulled up on my right. After coming to a complete and total stop, he turned right on the red. (You can do that in Oregon. Apparently this dude knew his Driver’s Manual.)

I was alone in the left lane. Fortunately, I was alone in all the lanes. So (don’t tell the cops) I ripped into the right lane and followed him. Now it would be much easier to follow him, being behind and all.

He headed for the freeway. I was right on his ass. (I know, I know...)

He was a fantastic driver. Just like me. He'd demonstrated his super driving skills before, when he came to that complete and utter stop (before) the line—who does that (besides me?), and on the freeway he demonstrated his excellence in driving by: accelerating safely onto the freeway, signalling every lane change, and maintaining a safe speed (if not 10% over the limit—just like me). I was now totally, officially and enthusiastically IN LOVE: I'd found the man of my dreams: Gorgeous, Every Inch of Him Muscular, and Signals his Lane Changes.

Anyway, guess what? My suspicions that he might work for one of those three businesses that were close together? Said suspicions appeared to be correct. The freeway was pointing both of us toward that specific industrial area. He took a ramp to a connecting freeway: Still confirming my hunch. Then, he took an exit. I was really beginning to think I was right. He was heading back to his place of business. He turned. And again. Shit. Bingo! Yep! He pulled in to a commercial complex and parked at the front door of the smallest of the three businesses I had suspected!

Am I good or what?

But, a tiny mustard-seed of guilt and apprehension began to grow within me. Good-god, I was stalking someone! I had followed him halfway across town, just because of his hyper-gorgeous body! Yes, I had done this before. Yes, I had “researched” guys before. But I had never gone to such lengths. Today I had spent (wasted?) a good part of my afternoon lusting, researching and following this ultimate male! I had never done that before.

AT THIS POINT, I BEGAN TO ARGUE WITH MYSELF, and let me tell you, I can be quite bitchy to argue with. Especially when the disagreement is with me.

I needed to park my car if I wanted to take a moment to wrap my brain around what I was doing. I needed to figure out what I wanted to get out of this little foray. So I parked.

Now that I had the name of this guy's business, there was much more opportunity to "research" him. I could go home and do just that.

But as I watched him open the sliding side door on his van to fiddle with stuff, I told myself: Self, before you leave, just drive by and get one more look. How could that hurt? I surmised that Rick wasn't at all aware of my presence. I hadn't seen him look at me in his rear—or side—view mirrors the whole time I trailed him. Sure. Why not. It's not like he can do anything if I just drive by...

So, I pulled out and pointed my Jaguar in his direction. Slowly, I approached. And my eyes were treated to his back side, thick legs straight, as he leaned into his van. Fuckin' Christ Almighty! How can he be doing this to me? His back—those lats—was especially wide and muscled. And that ASS! I nearly pulled the knob off my stick (shift). I literally shuddered at what I was seeing.

Then. Oh fuck. Hell-a fuckin' shit! He pulled out from the van, stood up tall, and slowly turned around. He looked right at me. It was as if he knew I was coming! I was slowly coasting through the lot toward him, some four parking stalls away from him, with an unobstructed view—and he had an unobstructed view of me!

I tried to pull my eyes off him. Indeed, I succeeded for a moment. I looked straight ahead, frozen with fear. But in the side of my eye, I could tell he was staring right at me as I got closer. In fact, he actually began to walk! Toward me! At that point, I had to look back at him. What was he doing? Was he angry? Maybe he was just looking above my Jag, at something behind me. Yes?

No.

By the time I pulled up perpendicular to his van, he was standing at its rear. I was probably less than five feet away. We met eyes. He was looking right at me! His face, gorgeous as it was, seemed expressionless, giving me a very long list of possible negative emotions to choose from. The gorgeous face (and body) that a mere half-hour ago made me want to cum in my pants, now made me want to gun it and run.

But wait, there's more! At this point, he took one more step toward me, and stuck out his open hand, clearly motioning for me to stop.

For some reason, I did. My heart was throbbing in my chest.

Maybe he's a car nut, and he just wants to look at my Jag! (Well since the mention of the make of my car in this story comes after the aforementioned statement signaling the possibility of fiction, the reader might (correctly) conclude that my "Jag" was not the object of his attention.

For some reason, I rolled down my window. He wanted to say something, and even though I knew it wouldn't be good, I was operating on automatic now. Not really thinking.

"See something you like?" he said. No smile. A hint of irritation.

"Pardon?" I squeaked.

He sighed as he glanced at a cloud above the horizon, then looked back at me. "I know you followed me from the bistro. I saw you watching me there. You left right when I did. Then you followed me all the way here."

"I... uh... I'm not sure I know what..."

"Come on, dude."

At least he called me "dude!" That's good, isn't it?

"I know what's going on," he said.

I went silent.

He looked down at me. For the first time, I really appreciated the breadth and thickness of that chest—much more intimidating than I'd previously thought. Much more intimidating when you're sitting in your car looking up at it.

Then, almost imperceptibly, his countenance softened. Did I see a twinkle in his eye? He sighed again. Still no smile, but I got the distinct impression

that he was taking the edge off. “So, if you’ve seen everything you wanted to see, can I finish cleaning up the van without an audience, man?” Now, a corner of his mouth definitely turned upward.

“I’m sorry, man,” I said. “I didn’t mean to…” My voice faded out.

He certainly wasn’t quick to talk. He didn’t seem to care about assuaging my discomfort at being found out. But after a moment, he said sotto voce, “No worries. You’re not the first.”

Somewhere from within me—maybe it’s because I’m a world-famous wordsmith on the Web—I came up with: “And I’m sure I won’t be the last.”

A smile! Good Holy Hell! In all three of my stealthy encounters with him (last year and today), I’d never seen him smile! It wasn’t until that moment I realized it, because since his smile was now showing, it was astounding! Bright, perfect, beautiful teeth.

Like I said before, the reason I’d never seen him smile was because the guy was focussed. Didn’t fraternize with people. Got in, did his work, got out. All business.

I nearly lost it, for that smile. My foot almost slipped off the clutch (of my Jag). I almost wanted to cry. I’m not kidding when I say this: The guy was every man.

“Yeah, probably not,” he said, his face returning to its seriousness.

“Well, again, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to spook you,” I said.

God, PLEASE don’t let this be over!

He nodded. And God answered my prayer. He extended his hand. “Rick Blockinson,” he said.

That can’t be possible! I guessed his name?

“Sean Scott,” I said, taking his hand.

“Glad to meet you, Sean.”

“Really? You’re glad to meet me?” I asked as we let go.

“Yeah, you look harmless enough,” he said, smiling briefly. Then he looked at my car and added, “besides, you have a really cool-looking Gremlin there. Don’t see many of those on the road.”

I nodded, inadvertently grinding the gears.

“It sure made it easy for me to see that you were following me,” he said. He took a step backward to take in the whole vibe of my ride. “That green is... obvious.” He returned to my window and said, “You might want to get some different wheels if you intend to make a hobby of stalking guys.”

I chuckled. I glanced nervously at him. He was serious, but I couldn’t tell if it was just because he was well-practiced in playing the comedic straight man.

“Well, I don’t have anymore calls this afternoon,” he said. “I’m getting off early.” He motioned to his van and continued, “...as soon as I clean up my shit here. You want to go grab some beers?”

“What?” Really?” This had to be too good to be true. The guy was playing with me. Maybe his middle name was Jeffrey Dahmer. “Aw... um, no... I really shouldn’t. I mean...”

“Yes you should,” he said. “I’ll only be five minutes.” He turned and fished out some equipment from his van, including that big tool bag of his. He slid the door closed and said to me. “I’ll be right back.”

I PULLED INTO A PARKING SPOT. Now I really started arguing with myself. There was no way a sane man would even think of hooking up with this guy, under these circumstances. No way!

Then I had a brilliant idea. I texted my mom: “Hey, toots. I’m hooking up with a stranger—this guy I met today. His name is Rick Sutton, and he works at Mechanical Maintenance and Servicing. He was at Billy-Bob’s

Bistro this afternoon working on their equipment. If I turn up missing, give him a call.”

As soon as I hit “send,” Rick emerged from his shop. He walked to my car, spread his hands wide on my door, and leaned down. “What do you think about Rock Table Pizza?” His muscular arms and shoulders filled my field of vision.

I was this close to audibly whimpering. “RTP? I love that place,” I smiled.

I followed Rick to the restaurant. He drove a charcoal Toyota Tundra: Jacked up a bit, wide tires, but certainly not over the top, nor giving any kid of message that he was “compensating.”

After we ordered some beers and an appetizer, I whipped out my phone and said, “I just want you to know that this is the scariest thing I’ve ever done. I’ve never hooked up with a guy like this, you know, after stalking him. So, I want you to know that I sent my mom this message.” I showed him the phone and he burst out laughing.

“Touché!” he grinned. “Smart move.” He took a drink, then said, “But how do you know that’s my real name?”

“I gave her your place of work, too, man.”

“How do you know that’s where I work, really?”

“Your picture is on the website. I grabbed a screen shot while you were inside your shop. I sent that to her too.” I scrolled down and showed him the picture, on which I had drawn an arrow to Rick.

He nodded and took another drink, still smiling. “Dude, you could be really scary.”

“Yet, here we are...” I said and gave him my most gorgeous grin.

Just then my phone sounded its text-tone. I looked at the screen and laughed. I showed it to Rick. My mom had texted back, “Damn, Sean. He’s HOT! Good luck!”

Rick laughed loudly again.

A HALF HOUR LATER, Rick and I were yucking it up, both of us on our fourth beer, getting full on pizza. I was in a dream world. Rick had said he was straight, yet he also said he'd experimented around with guys. "I really like girls," he insisted, "but I'm not exclusive. I don't get into labels. If it feels right, and good, I don't have a problem with multi-faceted relationships."

"But like you said, I'm not the first guy who has followed you around," I said. "Doesn't that kinda get to you after awhile?"

"Well, usually I just shake it off. It doesn't really matter, man. My philosophy is, 'You can look all you want. Just don't touch.'"

I chuckled. "Okay. I'll keep my hands to myself."

He'd been taking a slug of beer, his monster-muscle arm bulging all over hell. He stopped mid-drink and turned to me. In his regular deadpan he looked me in the eye and said, "The 'no touching' rule only applies to guys I haven't taken out to pizza."

I know my eyes probably bugged out of my head. You know, like a cartoon? Probably four or five inches outside the sockets, all hovering in mid air and everything. He started grinning again, then said: "Your place or mine?"

HIS PLACE WAS A STUDIO APARTMENT in a pretty nice neighborhood. It was small; housing in Portland is outrageous anymore. He kept it nice. Clean. Not meticulous, but tidy. I got the distinct impression that he viewed his living conditions with the same attitude as his body: Don't let it look like you pay much attention to it.

The apartment certainly gave off that feel, but as far as his body was concerned, he seemed to have no idea that people were having spontaneous orgasms whenever he walked by. Yet, he had to understand

that people knew a guy didn't get that buff and beautiful without some kind of intent.

One whole wall of his place was all brick. Hardwood floors. The apartment basically consisted of half kitchen (nice, with a big granite island) and half living/sleeping area. A bed was pushed into a corner. A big screen TV on one wall, and a small couch and a couple of chairs...

StevenWebb01The most intriguing accent in the room, though, was undoubtedly the black-and-white poster, quite large, hanging above the couch. It was of Steven Webb. I'd seen the picture (and had done more than just "see" it, to be honest). It struck me that Rick looked a lot like Steven. The picture was gorgeous. Yeah, they could've been brothers. "Steven Webb," I said. "For a second I thought that was you."

"Naw. I just think that's a really great shot of him. He's ripped."

I nodded. Then I looked closer. Was that a stain of splooge on the bottom right corner?

"So, you wanna armwrestle or something?" he said.

I yanked my eyes from Steven, and the possible essence of Rick, and froze.

"I mean, you probably want to have some fun before we fuck, don't you?" he smiled.

"Uh, I don't recall saying I wanted to fuck."

"Oh." He looked downright dejected. "My bad." His eyes fell to the floor. He pouted his lower lip out, looking like a sad kid.

I chuckled. "You in to kissing?"

All of the sudden he lit up. "Kissing? I love kissing. I could do that all night."

I've always been a snuggler. And I'm the kind of guy who just cannot get in to sex without the proper preparation. Those gay porn movies that start in

with the blow-job? Faghedaboutit. I never watch those. My preference for sex is much like my writing. You gotta have a few chapters of foreplay or it ain't happenin' for me.

Then Rick's face lit up even more. "Why don't you lie down on the bed there, and I'll get us a couple of glasses of wine."

Did someone say WINE? Oh poop. I think I just ran out of usable expletives to use when expressing my absolute love and lust (and not necessarily in that order) for this guy. In my book, there's never not an appropriate occasion what wine won't make better. I crawled onto the bed and rolled onto my back. I watched as my new found god-friend prepared the elixer.

Then, it was like I lost all of my equilibrium—even while I was lying (I'm not lying!) there on his bed! The room seemed to spin. I was dizzy. And it wasn't because he'd given me some date-rape drug. It was because, as he approached with a stemmed glass of red in each hand, I realized that this moment—this exact moment, when I'm staring into that impossibly gorgeous face, and he's getting closer, and His Virileness is now hovering over me, staring into my eyes, with a conservative smile... I realized that this would probably be the moment I come back to someday when my life flashes before me—those last few minutes. His stunning face, the violins playing, the candles, the gourmet dinner, him handing me a goblet....

Then, I burped, and tasted the pizza, and I realized there had been no gourmet dinner, and there were no violins, no candles.

But still....

There was him. All those things were totally not necessary. The moment seared itself into my mind with the power of a thousand orgasms.

I took a sip of my wine as he stood above me and did the same. Then he took both of our glasses and sat them on his bedstand. He reclined next to me. Then, he leaned over me. And we began kissing. Tenderly.

He cupped my head with one hand. God, what a kisser! Sensitive, sensual, tender, warm, long. I moved my hand onto one of his triceps. Then his back and shoulders. It was the hottest thing I'd ever experienced... right

up until a few seconds later when he climbed on top of me. Now my hands had free reign of his strikingly firm, and wide lats—and those hard, round shoulders. I held his neck and the back of his head, but my hands couldn't keep still. They kept feeling out, over and over, Rick's back.

We must have kissed for five minutes before he pulled back and smiled. He whispered, "Do you have any fucking idea how gorgeous you are?"

I wanted to check next to me. Was this a threesome, and I just hadn't realized it? There had to be someone else in the room. But no. His eyes were glued to mine.

Then he leaned in to kiss me again. I have no idea when my cock had reached critical mass as far as erection is concerned, but I do know that during those first five minutes of kissing, it had gone from hard to hardest. Now, after he said those words, and as he resumed the tongue-rape of my mouth, Mr. Johnson (I like to call him Mr. Seanson) could take it no longer. Without so much as a crotch-grinding between Rick and myself, my pants began to fill with hot cream. The pulses were strong enough to make my whole body jump, and Rick figured it out right away. He continued to french me, and gently applied pressure to my cock, giving me the crotch-grinding that Mr. Seanson so desperately wanted. The god pressed his cock against mine until I was finished.

Once again, he pulled his face back; he had a genuine smile. "Nice," he said. "You realize you're going to have to spend the night now."

"Really?"

"Yeah. You're going to need to have those pants washed. And my washing machine is kind of slow."



