

Hannah's Secret pt. 2

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A story that explores the question, is cyber sex cheating.

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PART TWO: Two years later I hadn't seen or heard from Hannah since the last time I was in New York to do a poetry reading at the public library. That was two years ago and now I was back to do a reading at Barnes and Noble from my recently published book, Morning Songs. Hannah had been careful not to tell me where she lived or give me any information about her, so I had no way to let her know. I try not to have expectations and have learned that when I don't have expectations, I am never disappointed, and often I am surprised. Still, I hoped she would have seen the posters advertising the reading and show up. Just before the reading was to begin and people were gathering in the bookstore café, I was delighted to see Hannah walk in. My heart leaped with surprise and gladness. I guess she must have seen the posters advertising the reading. Our eyes met and we nodded our greeting. She smiled and walked to the counter to order a coffee while I shuffled through the pages in the book and some new poems I was going to read. We kept glancing at each other. When I noticed what she was wearing I wondered whether she was dressing in order to make something happen later. She looked really hot in a short black tight miniskirt that was high on her thighs, a tight black turtle neck shirt, a black kerchief around her neck, dangling earrings and cowboy boots. Her long black curly hair was flowing wildly half way down her back. I could not help but see her tits straining her tight shirt, and it was clear she was not wearing a bra. She looked sexy and knew it. This was not the way she usually dressed for work. Normally, she dressed in loose paisley peasant skirts, blouses and generally more conservatively. Tonight, she was dressing to seduce me, perhaps living in one of her secret fantasies. I looked down at my poetry then at her as she took a seat at a table near the front but off to the side. Our eyes met as she sipped her coffee, looking over the rim at me. She then put her cup down and leaned back in her chair, crossed her legs, her skirt higher on her thighs, her tits stretching the tight turtle neck shirt. Our eyes met again and I remember her smile when she tilted her head, gesturing for me to come over to her. People were still coming in and getting settled as I walked over to her table. I stood looking down at her, loving how her barely covered leg moved back and forth in the short skirt and boots. She was definitely teasing me. "Well, hello," I said, smiling at her. "I was wondering whether you would come to my reading." "You were, were you?" she answered,

cooly. "Yes, I was hoping to see you again." "Well, here I am," she said, grinning at me. "Yes, and looking quite nice." "Nice, huh," she said, a frown replacing her smile. "Nice?" "Well, maybe nice isn't the right word," I said, realizing she was not trying to look nice, but was sending me another message, which she was doing loud and clear. "Right, 'Nice' is not the right word," she said, "but thanks. I know what you meant." "What are you doing after the reading?" I asked. "What would you like me to do after the reading?" she answered, smiling playfully. "You know the answer to that question," I said, both of us enjoying our teasing little game. "So, how are things with you and your boyfriend? Does he still not know about your secret fantasy life?" "Doesn't have a clue and doesn't need to know." I nodded realizing she was still living her secret life. "We're very happy. He's a great guy and we share a lot of interests, but he just doesn't have the sex drive or imagination I have." "So, you still have your secret life." "Right, now can we drop that? I don't want to go there." "I understand," I said, seeing a little discomfort, a brief awkwardness. "I'm here for your poetry and maybe we can hang out later," she said, smiling up at me. "Sounds good," I answered, "I would love to hang out with you later." "Me, too," she said, our eye locked on each other. I could feel myself getting hard when she said that but had to focus on my reading. I glanced up at the clock and around the room and saw everyone was settled and waiting. "You're not making it easy for me to give a poetry reading," I said, my leg rubbing against her thigh, my cock straining against my jeans. "Good," she said, glancing at my bulge, "I like making it hard for you," she added knowing I would enjoy her pun. "You do, do you?" I responded, my cock growing harder, forcing me to hold my book of poems in front of me to conceal what was happening. "You're bad," I said. "I know. Are you going to punish me?" "Yes," I said then bent down and whispered in her ear. "And then I'm going to fuck you for real." "You think so, do you?" "I know so," I said, just as the woman who was introducing me went to the lectern. I stood at Hannah's table, my leg gently touching hers, watching the woman put on the horn-rimmed glasses hanging from a thin strap, then looking down at her notes and mentioned some of the places I had published and how my new book had won first prize in a competition and publication. I went to the lectern, nodded to the audience as they applauded, glanced over at Hannah, our eyes meeting, a slight smile on her lips and then began the reading. I mentioned some things about the poems then started reading, stopping to tell the story of how I wrote a particular poem, read a few more, and said a few more things that brought laughter. I looked at a few people as I read, trying to make eye contact. People were attentive, responsive and I noticed one woman jotting down some lines in a note book. I looked over at Hannah who listened attentively, our eyes meeting. I knew she loved literature and was well read. She had majored in English at NYU and I could tell she liked my poetry. When I looked over at her, I tried unsuccessfully not to think about how sexy and beautiful she looked in a feeble attempt to stay focused, but the next poem brought me back to the reading. I concluded the reading with *Choosing an Illusion*, the same poem I read and dedicated to her two years earlier. Again, when I ended it, our eyes lingered on each other before I acknowledged the applause and thanked people for coming and said I would sign books, if they wanted. Several people came up to the lectern with their books and we chatted. Hannah watched from her table, our eyes meeting as I glanced over at her. At one point she smiled, her tongue licking her lower lip, and I was ready to get

out of there. Still, people gathered around me, making small talk about how they liked a certain poem, or how a poem reminded them of some other poem they loved. I was patient, nodding politely, but still anxious to be out of there and be with Hannah. Finally, everyone left and Hannah came up to me as I put my book and folder of new poems into my little brief case. "You're quite the poet," she said. "I love how you read. You're very passionate." "Thanks," I nodded, "But now I want to celebrate with you." "Hmmmmm, sounds interesting," she said. "What do you have in mind?" "Champagne and a little bit of this and that." "Good idea. I would love to celebrate with you and I adore champagne." "And I know the place," I said. "Our hotel room from two years ago?" she asked. "Nope," I said, "my brother's penthouse on 87 th. He's out of town and couldn't be here tonight but said I could stay at his place." "Nice," Hannah smiled, "what luck." "And I happen to have champagne." "Even luckier," she said, standing closer to me, the aroma of her perfume enticing me, her tits pressed gently against my arm. "It's not luck," I said. "I wasn't sure if we would meet but thought if we did, I knew what I wanted to have happen." "You did, did you? And what did you want to have happen?" "Well, you know what a little champagne can do when two people who want each other get together to celebrate." "You're filled with inspiration, aren't you?" she said, smiling into my eyes. "I am. Let's get out of here," I answered, picking up my brief case. As we left, I glanced up at the poster of me at the book store entrance. She smiled as we both looked at it. "You're better looking in person," she said. "Thanks," I responded, looking at my beard and longish grey hair, my eyes looking as if I was seeing something in the distance, which I wasn't. "You look more youthful and energetic in person. You look too serious in that poster." "That's my poet pose the publisher's photographer wanted," I chuckled. "Right and not the older guy picking up a young woman in cafés look," she said with a slight smirk on her lips. I nodded and took her hand as we left the bookstore. My brother's apartment was two blocks away. It was about nine-thirty and I was amazed at how crowded the streets were. "So many people out walking," I said. "Not like my town where the streets are empty by seven." "This is New York, buddy. The city that never sleeps," she said, as we weaved in and out of people. Hannah was definitely a New Yorker, walking quickly, crossing the street just as the yellow hand on the traffic light came on telling us to stop. "Come on," she yelled over the honking horns and a siren. I followed her as she dashed across the busy street. When we entered the apartment building, the doorman smiled, saluting me in greeting and glanced at Hannah. "Have a nice night," he said, smiling at me as I pressed the elevator button. "Wait 'til you see this apartment," I said as we went up to the thirtieth floor. "It's like a museum. The guy who owns the apartment is a collector of everything and there is so much to see. You won't believe it." "Isn't this your brother's place?" Hannah asked. "No, he just stays here, it's a long story I'll tell you sometime, but he's lived here for ten years. It's quite a place and the guy whose apartment it is went away for a few weeks." Finally, the last ping of the elevator bell let us know we were at the end of the line. "Here we are," I said as the elevator door opened on the thirtieth floor and we walked down the dimly lit hall to the penthouse apartment. When we entered, Hannah's eyes widened when she saw the huge collection of sea shells on a long breakfront, the walls were filled with paintings. We walked into the dining room with a long table cluttered with an assortment of little glass statues, colorful porcelain bowls and dishes, more sea shells, a bowl of painted Russian

marble eggs. I took her through the many rooms filled with objects in every corner. "My brother says this place is decorated in early clutter," I said. Hannah nodded and chuckled. "I can see why." I went into the kitchen to grab the champagne from the refrigerator and some glasses. "Stand back while I open the bottle," I said, peeling the wrapping around the top. I began twisting the cork and started singing the nursery rhyme, "Here we go round the mulberry bush, the mulberry bush, the mulberry bush" and just as the cork came off with a pop, I sang, "Pop goes the weasel." Hannah laughed as the champagne bubbled up and sprayed. "You're so elegant," she said as I poured her a glass and handed it to her. I then poured mine and we clicked glasses. "La Chaiym," we both said at the same time, a Jewish cheer that means, "To Life!" We then walked out to the large balcony that surrounds the apartment and looked out at the lights of the city. We stood there in the cool night air, sipping our champagne, enjoying each other's company and relaxing. The full moon was bright in the eastern sky. "This is nice," she said, standing next to me, our arms touching as we looked out at the city. "It is," I agreed, enjoying feeling her body, noticing how her nipples pressed against her tight black shirt, how her ass and legs looked in the short black skirt, her cowboy boots just below her knees. We finished our champagne and we went back into the apartment. I poured each of us another glass and we sat on the large sofa in the living room. She looked around the room again, absorbing everything. We were quiet, uncertain how we would approach each other as we sat, drinking, anticipating. "So here we are," she said. "Two strangers, who met in a café two years ago, had a secret fling and that was that that." "Right and here we are again, two years later," I said, sipping my champagne, our eyes meeting. Hannah nodded, took a big sip of her champagne and handed the glass to me. "How about a refill, Mister," she said, looking into my eyes. I reached for the bottle on the small table next to me and poured the champagne into her glass for the third time and more into mine, emptying the bottle. We clicked glasses again then drank the champagne, our eyes looking at each other, both of us feeling woozy, our lust rising. Hannah moved away from me towards the arm of the couch, leaned back and put her feet up, her boots on my lap, her skirt high up on her thigh. "I'm feeling drunk and dangerous," she said, spreading her legs, her tits straining at her tight shirt, the nipples like little peaks on the hills of her breasts. "You're looking pretty dangerous," I said, my already hard cock getting harder as I looked at her legs and tits, loving how she leaned back, her dark curly hair falling well below her shoulders, her warm brown eyes looking into mine. I moved my hand to her leg, just above her knee and started to rub her thigh, enjoying her soft warm olive skin. She spread her legs apart, her boot on the bulge in my jeans. "No fucking," she said, "just playing like we do in fantasy land on the internet." "We're not in fantasy land, Hannah," I said, as I rubbed higher on her thigh. "And we did cross the Rubicon two years ago." "I know, but that was then and this is now. I love being here with you, but still, tonight we can do everything but not actually fuck," she said, moving her foot harder against my cock. "You like playing with fire, don't you," I said. "I do. I like danger. I like playing and teasing, but we will not fuck--that's the rule." We were both drunk, touching each other, my cock throbbing under her boot. "Is that cool with you?" she asked. "No, it's not cool with me," I answered, looking into her eyes. "Well, it better be because we're just going to masturbate and pretend we're fucking. Get it!" she said, as if ordering me. "I get what you're saying but that's not what's going to

happen. You can't dress like that, get drunk with me and think we're not going to fuck." "I just want to play like we are secret lovers and this is our fantasy like in cyber space. It's not really fucking if we masturbate together. I'm not really cheating on my boy friend." I looked at her and moved my hand further up her thigh, until I was under her skirt, just below her pussy. "We'll see," I said as I placed my hand on her pussy and started rubbing. "Mmmmmmm," she moaned as she pushed herself into my hand, closing her eyes. I had no idea how Hannah was going to handle our getting so horny and then not want me to fuck her, but I kept going, knowing I wanted her and did not want to just masturbate. She then shoved my hand away and placed her hand on her mound and started rubbing her pussy, spreading her legs wider apart. She looked into my eyes as she slipped her hand inside her thin lacey panties, moving her finger up and down her wet pussy. "You want me, don't you?" she said. "But you can't have me," she added, her eyes looking into mine, biting her lower lip. She then closed her eyes as the pleasure she was giving herself grew more intense. She was moaning, her breathing heavier. My cock was bulging in my jeans, and I couldn't take my eyes off of Hannah's hand rubbing her pussy. We were both drunk and I just wanted to fuck her. I moved her boots aside, spreading her legs further apart, got up on my knees on the couch, unzipped my jeans and took my cock out. She opened her eyes and looked at my hard cock and then into my eyes. "You're so big and hard," she said, continuing to rub her pussy. I didn't say anything as I moved closer on my knees between her open legs, holding my cock in my hand. "Jerk off," she said. "Pretend you're fucking me." I just looked down at her as she rubbed her pussy through her thin black panties. Our eyes fixed on each other's eyes. I was going to play her game for awhile but knew where it would end. I couldn't let her tease me like this and not fuck her, no way, but I wasn't certain what she really wanted. All I knew was we were entering a dangerous twilight zone. "You want my cunt, don't you?" she said, getting raunchier. "Yes and you want my cock," I said, moving forward, pulling her hand from her panties, pressing the head of my hard cock against her panty covered pussy, pushing harder, feeling the barrier of her wet panties. "Jerk off," she said again, louder, as I pressed my cock harder against her pussy, moving it slowly up and down her drenched panties. She slid back slightly from my cock so that she could reach her hand back inside of her panties and finger fuck herself. "Jerk off," she said again, "make it look like we're fucking." "No. I don't want to pretend. I want to ravish you," I said, the head of my cock just above her panty-covered hand. "We can't fuck for real, just pretend," she said, moving her hand faster, harder. "I can't pretend," I said, both of us getting hotter, my fist around my cock. "I'm going to fuck you," I said pushing my cock against her hand, hearing the wet slushy sound of her fingers going in and out of her pussy. "I want you," I said, moving my fist faster, squeezing my cock, getting closer to exploding when she suddenly leaped up from the couch and ran across the room. "If you want me, come get me," she yelled, "but I won't let you fuck me! Let's just play." This was her cat and mouse game, part of her imaginary scenario. I jumped off the couch and dashed towards her as she scampered down the hall. She didn't know her way around the apartment and stood in front of a closed door which just happened to be my bedroom. She was trapped as I caught her and slammed her against the door, pressing my body against hers. I spread her legs apart with my knees, pinned her arms above her head and started grinding my cock into her pussy. As I humped her harder,

pushing her against the door, she was humping back, arching her back, thrusting her pussy against my cock, grinding into me as hard as I was. "You want it, don't you?" I growled into her ear. "Yes, but I don't want to cheat on my boyfriend again! Let's not really fuck." I quickly turned her around so that she was facing the door and I pushed her harder against it, grinding my cock into the crack of her ass. I then reached in front of her, getting my hand under her short tight skirt and grabbed her pussy, feeling how soaked her panties were. "You want a good hard fuck, don't you?" I growled into her ear as I lifted her skirt over her ass and moved my hard cock up and down the crack of her panty covered ass, my hand gripping and rubbing her pussy harder, knowing she liked what I was doing. "You're going to beg for my cock," I said, snaking my hand inside of her panties and started to finger fuck her. She gasped and I knew she wanted it as much as I did. I had her where I wanted her, my finger moving in and out of her tight wet pussy, feeling her gripping my finger then suddenly, I pulled out, leaving her empty. "Oh, no, don't stop! No, don't stop!" "Now I know what a slut you are, you little cock tease." "You can't get me drunk and think you can fuck me like a whore," she yelled. "You can't dress in a tight little skirt and flaunt your ass and tits at me and think I'm not going to fuck you." I growled in her ear. I held my hand less than an inch from her hot pussy causing her to squirm for my finger, her ass pressed against my cock as she moved desperately. I wanted to drive her crazy and knew that's what she wanted. I wanted her to beg for my cock, wanted her to scream for me to fuck her. I then grabbed both of her hands and lifted them above her head, pressing and grinding my cock harder against her ass. Suddenly, she surprised me and bucked her ass hard against my cock, pushing herself away from the door, forcing me to release her hands from above her head. She laughed as she squirmed away, "You think you're tough! Don't you," she said, smiling and I could tell she was acting out one of her fantasies from the internet as she started to dash away. Quickly, I grabbed her arm, "Hey! You're not going anywhere," I said, pulling her as she tried harder to get away. We were in a tug of war. I held onto her arm as she pulled, feeling how strong she was then quickly opened my bedroom door with my other hand, enjoying how fierce she looked. Her fighting only made her sexier and me hornier. She then fell to the floor, making it harder for me to pull her. She dug her boots into the carpet, her skirt above her hips, her legs wide apart. My hard cock was sticking straight out from my unzipped jeans. Rather than keep pulling, I suddenly pounced, driving her roughly the floor, spreading her legs and started humping her. "You want my cock, don't you?" I said, feeling her squirming under me. She didn't answer but just looked into my eyes, her mouth wide open and I knew she was enjoying our adventure. As I continued humping her, I managed to get my hands under her and grabbed her ass and lifted her body off the floor, holding her and humping her harder against my pounding cock. "Oh fuck!" she screamed. Holding her against me, our humping more intense, more energetic, both on fire with need. With my hands holding her ass, I got up on my knees, lifting her and suddenly picked her up off the floor, not sure where I got the strength. She wrapped her legs around my waist, her arms around my shoulders, as I continued pounding my cock against her soaked panty covered pussy. Both of us were still drunk from the champagne which only made us hornier and could feel her strong legs pulling me into her as we humped and grunted with complete abandon. We were on the wall next to my open bedroom door humping each other until I suddenly stopped and carried

her into my room, holding her ass, her legs gripping my waist, her arms wrapped around my shoulder, her pussy pressed hard against my raging cock. Suddenly, we were kissing fiercely, our tongues attacking our hot mouths. It was dark in my room and I couldn't see where I was going. I managed to flip the light switch that turned on a small lamp in the corner and I could see the bed. I threw Hannah onto the bed, her head on the pillow, her legs wide apart, her skirt above her hips, her nipples bulging in her tight shirt, her soaked panties clinging to her engorged pussy lips. I saw her eyes looking at my hard cock as I stood above her. "Please, let's just masturbate," she yelled and started rubbing her pussy again and shouted. "Jerk off for me! I don't want to cheat on my boyfriend!" "I don't want you to cheat yourself," I yelled and reached for her panties and pulled them off of her. She didn't resist as I lifted her ass and saw her dripping pussy. There was no turning back. I wanted her and I knew she wanted me. I quickly took off my jeans and flipped them over my shoulder. I wasn't wearing underwear. I got back on the bed and moved forward between her wide open legs, hovering over her, looking into her eyes and took my cock in my hand and moved the tip up and down her wet pussy lips. She looked up at me then closed her eyes captivated by the sensation of my cock on her pussy. She moaned, her breathing heavy, her hungry whimpering sounds exciting me even more. "You want this cock, don't you?" I said, feeling her squirming against the head of my cock, moaning louder, her legs wide apart as I moved my cock up and down her pussy, teasing her, both of us getting hungrier. "You want me to fuck you, don't you? You want the real thing and not a jerk off fuck." I continued, wanting my words to drive her insane along with what I was doing with my cock. "I want you to beg for it." She was writhing, her head thrashing from side to side, the head of my cock moving hard up and down her dripping pussy. "BEG!" I said louder, looking into her hungry eyes. I then took my cock and pushed the tip of it against her clit, rubbing it, knowing this would take her over the edge. "BEG!" I shouted. She was squirming, twisting, writhing desperately under me as I played with her. "You want this big hard cock, don't you?" I said rubbing it harder against her clit, feeling her lift her ass off the bed, arching her back, reaching for my cock. "Oh fuck! Please! Please! Give it to me. Fuck me!" My cock was throbbing with the need to explode, her pleading words taking me to the edge. "BEG!" I said again, both of us crazed. "Fuck me! Fuck me! I want it. Give it to me! Stop teasing me!" she screamed, lifting herself off the bed, wrapping her legs around my back, pulling me into her. Suddenly, I thrust deep and hard, slamming her back to the bed. "Oh, my God!" she screamed as I filled her with my cock, opening her with the power of my taking her. "Fuck me! Fuck me!" I yelled as I felt her tight pussy gripping my thrusting cock. I pulled out and rammed my cock into her harder and faster knowing we were both about to explode after an evening of drinking and teasing. This would be a night neither of us would ever forget. I pulled out and thrust deeper and harder and faster, pounding her. "Harder! Harder!" she yelled, tightening her grip on my back, her strong legs, pulling me into her. "HARDER!" "Take my cock! Take it!" "Give it to me! Give it to me harder!" she yelled again, lifting herself off the bed, our bodies slamming against each other, the headboard banging against the wall. We were fucking savagely like wild animals. "Ohhhh, fuck, I'm cummming!" Her screaming made me thrust harder and faster, my cock swelling, about to explode. "Ohhhhmygod I'm cummming! I'm cummming!" she yelled, arching her back. Her words drove me insane, my cum ready to rush through

me like a dam about to burst. I thrust harder and harder, her pussy gripping my swollen cock. "Fuck me! Fuck me! Cum for me! Cum for me," I yelled like a mad man, each hard thrust bringing me closer then suddenly, I erupted, a huge gush of my cum shot out of me and into her pussy, causing her to have another huge orgasm as we both climaxed at the same time, our ecstatic screams filling the room, her pussy gripping my cock tighter, milking every drop out of me. I collapsed on her heaving body, both of us gasping and panting as we came back to earth, her strong legs and arms still wrapped around me, as I lay heavily on her, my cock deep in her warm wet pussy. Neither of us could budge, still dizzy from our wildness, gasping for air, wallowing in the warm afterglow of our orgasms. After several minutes of lying still, trying to catch our breath, I lifted my head from her shoulder and looked at her. "Thanks for coming to my reading," I said. "I know this is hard for you." Hannah didn't speak and I knew she had a myriad of thoughts swirling around her mind as the reality of our being together hit her. "I really didn't want to cheat on him," she said. "He's so wonderful in so many ways." "I'm sure he is and I hope what happened with us doesn't affect your life with him." "How can't it?" she asked. "I crossed a line with you that I shouldn't have crossed." "No, Hannah, like I said two years ago, you crossed a line you needed to cross. It was either cheating on him or cheating your self. You don't want to have to live a secret life and hide a part of who your are," I said, rolling off of her and onto my side, looking down at her as I propped my head on my arm. "I don't want to hurt him and I want to be with him," she said, tears forming in her eyes. "I understand," I said, holding her hand as we spoke. "What are you going to do?" "I don't know," she answered, sighing deeply. "I don't fucking know." I listened and rubbed her hand, looking into her eyes, seeing her tears forming. "Thom, you know me in a way he will never know me and that hurts." "But he gives you what I can't," I answered. "I live a completely different life than anything you have ever known. You belong here and I'm so much older." "The age doesn't matter," she said. "But you're right. I'm a New Yorker. I don't know if I could live in the woods like you do and I do love him." She paused, taking a deep breath. "Damn it. I love him." "Hannah, you have to let go of your secret and tell him. Let him know who you are and the side of yourself you are hiding from him." "I'm afraid he won't get it and will be furious," she said. "That's the chance you have to take," I said. "You can't have a relationship with secrets. It's dishonest and will end up destroying your relationship." "Oh Thom, why can't you be him?" she said. "You accept me. You know me." "Give him a chance to know you Hannah, try not to be afraid and trust that if he loves you enough he'll accept you. That's what love is, complete and absolute acceptance and respect." Hannah didn't say anything as she listened but nodded. "I better get going. He knows I went to a poetry reading and will wonder where I am," she said. "It's almost midnight." She reached up and put her arms around me, pulling me closer and we kissed. It was a warm, caring, tender kiss. We got out of bed and she went into the bathroom and came out with her hair brushed, ready to leave. "Want me to walk you home?" I asked. "No. It's better that I just leave." When I walked her to the door, we stood there looking at each other. "Are you going to talk to him about who you are? The part he doesn't know?" I asked. "I'm going to try. I know you're right. I can't hide from him," she said. "I need to be open with him and hope he accepts me." I opened the door and walked her to the elevator and she pushed the button. We were quiet, standing in the hall waiting for the elevator. When it arrived

she looked into my eyes and we kissed, embracing each other. The elevator door opened and we released each other. She stepped in and turned to me. "I don't know what's going to happen, but don't be surprised if I show up at your cabin door," she said, a smile on her lips, and the door closed.