

The Story Teller (New) Pls read intro.

Posted by Grant400 - 02 Mar 2021 17:15

TRIGGER WARNING!

Viewer discretion is advised.

PLEASE READ INTRODUCTION:

Disclaimer: There was a tremendous discussion here regarding allowing this story. On the one hand, at times it can be quite triggering. Yet many people have found it helpful. The verdict by the moderators was to continue. Please use your own discretion and do not read - if you feel it to have a detrimental impact upon your journey against lust.

Important to note:

The purpose of this piece of fiction, is to entertain and tangentially to educate and inspire too.

All views expressed are for entertainment and illustrative purposes only, and in no way should be viewed as a rabbinic or professional opinion. No research was done to validate any of said aspects. Nor does it mean the author agrees with any of the positions taken by any of the characters.

Additionally, due to the sensitive nature of some of the topics addressed, and in the interest of being tznius and minimizing triggering content, as well as taking into account that this story isn't exclusively for married individuals, intimation and hinting were and will be used throughout this story. Please use your imagination (but not too vividly) as to what the intent really is, and to understand the underlying narrative.

If anyone feels that those boundaries were mistakenly crossed in an unnecessary way, please private message. Editing and corrections will be done immediately. There is no interest for this

to serve as an impediment, or a hindrance to the path of recovery.

Additionally, readers are requested not to post on this thread. There will be a link posted to a separate thread created exclusively for that purpose. All comments and questions are welcome there.

[Original Thread With comments.](#)

[Original comment thread.](#)

[New comment thread.](#)

Thank you.

Grant

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Re: The Story Teller (New) Pls read intro.

Posted by Grant400 - 07 Mar 2021 22:22

Righteous Indignation

Chapter Fourteen

June 17, 2011; Brooklyn N.Y.

Chani stood there with her hand over her mouth, aghast. Her mind racing as furiously as her rapid heartbeat. She wasn't sure what to do. On the one hand this was the man she started to love, the man who started to make her feel loved and treasured. Yet, this was her friend Esther's husband!

She definitely liked him, that wasn't the question. She had imagined herself with him many times, she even flirted with him, but now she wasn't sure. She shook her head forcefully, as if to clear it from her uncertainty.

"Hi Moe," she said somewhat shyly. He looked back at her, a grin on his face. "C'mon, why don't you come into the car?" asked Moe. Chani hesitated for another moment, then reluctantly, she started to slowly walk around to the passenger side.

Chani opened the door, tentatively slipped into the seat, and closed the door with a soft thud. She made up her mind. This was the man who made her feel good, and she was going to continue having a satisfying relationship with him! The fact that it is her friend's husband, won't take her away from the incredible high she got from this friendship. He made her feel the way she always hoped her husband would make her feel. Wanted, cherished, respected.

"Moe" stammered Chani, "I don't want this to go too fast. I want to take this relationship slow. I really like talking to you and I even, um, may love you", Chani turned a deep red hue when she said those words. She continued, " But for now I just want to talk. I really enjoy talking to you, you have so much to say and I feel like you really care about what I say. You have time for me. You make me feel important, and I want that to continue.

Moe listened, his eyes glued to Chani's face. "Of course," he responded. "I also enjoy talking to you immensely. I'd love to keep doing that."

They sat in the car, both pensive and deep in thought. Moe broke the silence. "Wanna go for a drive?" he asked. "Okay" Chani replied with a smile.

Moe swung the car into drive and headed back onto the highway.

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Esther held the phone to her ear. She gave a sigh of relief when she heard her Morahs comforting voice spill over the phone lines. She felt herself calming down slightly. "Hi Morah, I saw I missed your call, I was talking to Moe" said Esther. "That's okay Esther, tell me what happened" inquired her beloved teacher. Esther started to recount what happened when she confronted her husband. She cried as she told it, and felt the pain and agonizing anguish all over again.

Esther described Moe's reaction, and told her Morah that he blamed it on her. "Morah, I promise I tried my best. I was there for him! I just couldn't anymore. He made me feel so disgusting sometimes. He humiliated me and I hated it. I just couldn't do it anymore. Morah, I'm not a bad wife, right? I didn't really cause him to do this right? Are all the aveiros mine?" Esther was crying heavily again. "Why me Morah? Why do I deserve this?"

Morah Reisman took a deep breath and responded. "Esther, I spoke to my husband, the Rav. Don't worry, it has nothing to do with you. I promise. Come over to my house tonight, the Rav wants to speak to you. Everything will be okay Esther. This is a problem that your husband has to work on himself. It's not your fault. The Rav will know how to guide both of you, okay?"

"Okay" responded Esther. She felt a weight lift off her chest. She felt like she was in strong and capable hands. She was going to speak to the Rav tonight.

"Is 8:30 good for the Rav?" she asked Mrs. Riesman. "8:00 is a little better, is that good for you, my dear?" Answerd her teacher. "Yes, perfect. Thank you so much, I'll see you later. Bye morah." Esther hung up the phone and sat down heavily on the couch and burst into tears.

Now she had to wait till 8:00. Alone. All alone.

To be continued...

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Re: The Story Teller (New) Pls read intro.
Posted by Grant400 - 27 Apr 2021 04:03

Righteous Indignation

Chapter Fifteen

July 17, 2011; Brooklyn N.Y.

Esther stood on Mrs. Reisman's brown doormat, fingering her purse gingerly. She was scared. She didn't know why exactly. She knew that the Rav was really nice, and the doormat did say welcome on it. Maybe she was just scared of the truth. She knew she was going to have to be honest, completely honest with the Rav and she was so scared.

Esther squared her shoulders, straightened her bangs and took a deep breath, attempting to fortify herself with the energy she was sorely lacking. She raised her arm and knocked softly. Hearing footsteps coming from inside the house, she straightened up and tried to look calm, but she doubted she was too convincing. She was so nervous, she was certain they could hear her heart beating in Connecticut.

The door swung open with a squeak of it's hinges, to reveal her teacher standing there with a smile. "Come in," she said softly - gesturing towards the back of the house where the Rav's study was located. Esther stepped inside, forcing one foot to follow the other and dutifully followed Mrs. Reisman. Their footsteps echoed loudly in the empty corridor reminding Esther of the emptiness inside of her heart.

Reaching R' Reisman's study door, her teacher tapped on the door ever-so-slightly, then twisted the knob and opened the door without waiting for a response. The Rav was sitting behind a large, gleaming mahogany desk, bent over a tome opened in front of him, brow furrowed in intense concentration. A desk lamp cast a yellow glow upon the room, creating a halo around the Rav's head. Esther's eyes roamed the room almost hungrily, taking in the rows and rows of well used seforim. She felt a pang. If only she had such a husband.

Hearing them enter, Rabbi Reisman looked up with a soft smile, and beckoned to Esther and his wife to have a seat in the two well used leather chairs facing his desk.

Mrs. Reisman hesitated. "Oh? Esther, do you want me to leave?" She questioned. Esther looked at her and responded. "No Morah, not at all. I'd actually really appreciate if you would stay with me. I can use all the support I can get." Her teacher reached out and affectionately squeezed her hand.

"Well then, let's sit." She said with a grin, pulling out both chairs. They simultaneously sat down facing the Rav, and looked at him expectantly. Rabbi Reisman looked from his wife to Esther and back, stroking his beard, while humming under his breath.

"Okay, where do we start?" he inquired rhetorically, stopping mid-song. "Esther, why don't you share a little bit of what's going through your heart." He semi asked - semi instructed. Esther distractedly played with the corner of her black velour sweater. At the sound of the Rav's loving concern she felt her eyes well up with tears. No, she thought, I won't cry here. I did enough of that. She bit down on her bottom lip and swallowed the lump forming in her throat.

"I don't know where to begin," she started slowly. Mrs. Reisman leaned over and looked into her eyes. "Just let it all out my dear, what are your thoughts exactly? You are hurting terribly right now, let us discuss those feelings." Esther anxiously twisted the corner of her sweater into a tight knot and let it all pour out of her.

"I just feel like such a fool, like I am being used. Here I am believing that we are a loving and devoted couple. I cherish and love him. I invest and invest in the relationship, actually enjoying all the work it entails looking forward to the nurturing relationship we will build over time, yet I was such a fool."

"He is so dear to me and I would literally do anything for him, but clearly to him - I am just another someone in his life. Nothing special." Esther paused, mindlessly smoothing her skirt. She took a breath. "I clearly didn't satisfy his needs as a wife!" She blurted, starting to speak again. "It seems to me that technically he has been cheating on me for months, he was using hundreds if not thousands of other women and girls for something I thought was supposed to be exclusive to us. Just the two of us. I feel so horribly violated!" Esther's voice was becoming more high pitched as she continued.

"Just the thought of him touching me fills me with such intense revulsion! Thinking of everything his eyes have seen and his heart has taken in, makes me feel like a third-rate piece of baggage he had the unfortunate luck of being shackled to. How can I honestly believe he is even remotely interested in me?!?"

Feeling a rush of anger, Esther exclaimed, "Am I just a body he uses to the faces and arousement of prettier women? How can I compete with the women on his phone?!? I would die of embarrassment if he were to see my body again!" Said Esther with conviction.

Esther paused, embarrassed by her rather personal string of thoughts. The Rav looked at her, compassion flickering in his eyes. "Go on" he prompted ever so gently, "It's good for you to express your emotions."

Esther nodded appreciatively, reassured. Taking another breath, she continued breathlessly. "Here I am thinking I married a ben torah - oh, forget that! Actually all I want is for him to at least be an upright individual and in reality he is only a piece of garbage in my eyes! Everyday he's been wallowing in the lowest filth that exists. Then he dared come home as if nothing was going on and even say that he missed me?! Really? What part of me did he miss exactly?"

"He clearly doesn't value me at all! I feel like I'm just a convenient person to have around to feed him and do his laundry. I don't know I...I... I don't see myself respecting him ever again. He's causing me more pain than I've ever experienced in my entire life. And to think about how long I was played - I'm just, I don't know! Why? Why me?"

Esther's cheeks were flushed and she looked up, embarrassed by her outburst. "I just don't know if I can ever face him again" She said sadly.

Esther was quiet a moment. "My life is over." She hiccuped sadly, as tears started to roll down her cheeks. "I just want to die. Actually I feel like I already did."

Esther wrung her hands in despair. She felt totally depleted, all her energy completely spent. She gratefully accepted the tissue preferred by Mrs. Reisman, and dabbed at her tearful eyes.

"What I do now?" she asked fearfully, lines of pain etched upon her young face. "I'm just supposed to go home tonight? Like a regular night?"

The rav opened his mouth to respond, while nodding his head in thought. "First, Esther, I want you to hear this. You are 100% right for feeling everything you described. All the doubts and fears, pain and humiliation are real and true. Your reaction is valid and legitimate. Do not feel any way that you're wrong for feeling like this. What Moe has done to you is truly unforgivable and will take a lot, and I mean a lot, to repair. He completely betrayed you and his commitment to your marriage by engaging in the actions and behavior he unfortunately has. He has completely disregarded and disrespected you and your feelings by acting so selfish."

"There's just one thing I want you to know Esther, the Rav hesitated a moment, then continuing he said, "He's not crazy. Neither is he alone. Unfortunately this issue is more common than we would hope for.

"Now, do not think I am answering for him. This isn't an excuse at all, not at all. I just want you to understand this. Right now, you do not have to make believe you aren't angry, because you have every right to be, and the next step is completely up to him to take."

"The only way for him to improve is to reach the understanding of what is wrong with him and his behaviors. Change is absolutely possible, but it isn't easy at all, not by any stretch of imagination, and can only come from him truly wanting to. Not for you or for anything else. Only for him. For how he wants his life to look."

R' Riesman straightened his big black velvet yarmulka and continued. "Until he reaches that level, you do not need to reckon with him at all. Until he starts treating you as a wife, you do not have to treat him as a husband. Understand this. You do not have to give him your body no matter how much he throws a fit, or tries to guilt you or even blame you into it. The ball is in his court till he is ready to change and face his problems. Until he is done blaming his life on circumstances and instead build his life around those circumstances, we will just have to wait patiently."

The Rav paused, and taking off his glasses he rubbed his eyes tiredly. "Now one more thing" he said. "I know it's hard - if not impossible to hear this but I will tell this to you anyway. Hopefully in the future you will be more receptive to this notion. Your husband Moe loves you very much.

Truly. He never meant to hurt you and doesn't mean to hurt you right now. He just can't stand up to his desires right now. Everything he did or is doing currently, comes from an out of control burning desire - not from a lack of love. Healing is possible and will happen with God's help, but know that he never stopped loving you even for a second, nor has he meant to hurt you even minutely." R' Riesman paused, waiting for his words to sink in. "For now we will wait. The moment Moe is ready, we will be too."

"Let him know that when he recognizes his problem and wants to change it would be my greatest honor to help him. He will be welcomed here with a warm hug. He is a good man and one day you will feel the same. You do not have to tell that to him now if you don't want to, but eventually when you feel comfortable, please pass on the message."

"Right now Esther, you must remain strong, and pray that one day the Moe you got to know initially, the husband you always wanted will resurface and be there for you in the proper way."

"Please don't hesitate to reach out whenever." The rabbi finished, putting his glasses back on. He looked up at them both.

Understanding the meeting was over, Esther said emotionally, "Thank you, thank you so much for everything." She looked at both the Rav and her teacher. "Just thank you." She repeated, meaning it from the bottom of her heart.

The Rav nodded. "Of course!" Murmured her teacher pleasantly, standing up. Taking her cue, Esther stood up too. They all headed out of the study towards the front door.

To be continued...

[Thank you HashemHelpMe for guidance with this chapter.]

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