

The Story Teller (New) Pls read intro.

Posted by Grant400 - 02 Mar 2021 17:15

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## **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

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## **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 friends 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

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

Posted by Grant400 - 03 Jun 2021 22:05

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## **Righteous Indignation**

### ***Chapter Sixteen***

August 3, 2011; Brooklyn N.Y.

Moe sat in shul after shacharis deep in thought. He couldn't take it anymore. Esther basically ignored him. It was almost like he didn't exist. She shopped, did his laundry and prepared his food, but not as a wife. She treated it like it was her job and that's it. He hated the feeling.

This was going on for a few weeks already and he wasn't sure how to fix it. Every time he tried to bring up the topic and explain his position, Esther either stormed out of the room or gave him a disgusted look, and told him that until he is ready to take back everything he said and take responsibility, she wasn't ready to listen.

This made Moe angry. He knew he did something wrong, but he didn't feel that the responsibility was 100% with him. A wife was supposed to be there for her husband, period. That is what he was waiting for his whole life. For years he was telling himself that when he finally gets married all his struggles will end, but they didn't - because of Esther. She just didn't care, it seemed. Why was it so difficult for her to see that after a long day in yeshiva it was important to him. Why was she so self centered and selfish? No, he definitely wasn't the only one at fault here. He did feel a little guilty, but he didn't feel he was the only one to blame.

Moe didn't see any reason why he had to be bullied into admitting everything was his fault. Just because Esther was such a baby didn't mean he had to grovel. Chani would never act like this. She was mature and logical...and she didn't sound like she was the type that was always "too tired".

Moe closed his siddur, got up and started to pace angrily in between the shul tables. He was fed up with Esther. Actually, he noted, he was fed up with the situation with Chani too. They started hanging out more often and were both loving it, yet Chani was still cautious. She wasn't

ready for anything more than shmoozing. He was losing patience. He wasn't asking for anything crazy or extreme, but he wanted to take it to the next level. He needed to. How long can he wait? No Esther, no Chani...he was at his wits end.

Something started to dance around in Moe's head. He remembered those flashing signs he saw a few nights ago when he was driving aimlessly through the streets of downtown Brooklyn. No, he decided...that's crazy! There's no way I can do that, he decided emphatically. He returned to his seat and started to take off his talis and roll up his teffilin, but the idea kept niggling at him, hammering at his brain. It wouldn't let up. He felt his resolve weakening as he zipped his talis bag shut and headed to his car.

Maybe...just maybe...

\* \* \*

Dear Diary,

It's me, Esther, but you probably already know that because you are my only real friend these days.

I'm not sure why, but Chani has been ignoring my calls and texts recently. Now when I need her the most, it's like I don't exist. Whatever, that's the least of my problems.

My life is horrible. For weeks already. I've been waiting for Moe to apologize, but... nothing. He did try to start a conversation a few times, but he totally missed the boat. He's still trying to excuse himself and explain why he did what he did.

The first time was two weeks ago. He started, "Esther can we talk?" So I looked at him expectantly, waiting for my apology at last. He looked at me and said, "I know what I did was bad, but I wanna just explain myself..."

Seriously? Still excuses? I gave him such a look it could've withered roses, and told him I'm not

going to listen to his excuses. Until he is ready to accept responsibility for his despicable actions, I don't have to listen. Even R' Riesman told me that.

The next time was yesterday when I was sitting on the couch reading a book. He walked in quietly and sat at the edge of the seat biting his nails. I looked at him out of the corner of my eye, waiting for the long overdue apology. "Um...Esther.." Hearing my name from his mouth grated on my ears. I turned to him halfway. " I'm truly sorry" he started quietly. Now I was all ears. I put down my book and turned to him all the way, waiting. He looked at his hands and swallowed. " I don't know if you can ever understand how a man's brain works, but I want to explain my feelings to you."

I couldn't believe my ears. Was he still trying to make ME UNDERSTAND HIM?!?

Does he not understand me? Does he not realize what he has done to me from day one? I may have not realized it at that point, but now it all seems so clear.

He used me and humiliated me. He expected me to be ready at his every beck and call. If I wasn't he would get all bent out of shape. Him and his ideas.

Enough! I immediately turned away from him, abruptly picked up my book and stormed out furiously. I won't put up with garbage another day of my life. Those days are over. O-ver.

I'm not sure what my plan is, but I will continue to wait for my apology. Not that that will cure everything, but that's the first step.

I'm tired. I'm gonna go to bed now. Good night.

Love,

Esther

***To be continued...***

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Re: The Story Teller (New) Pls read intro.  
Posted by Grant400 - 16 Jun 2021 16:35

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## **Righteous Indignation**

### ***Chapter Seventeen***

August 3, 2011; Downtown Brooklyn N.Y.

Moe was shaking. He knew he was going to regret this, but it was as if someone else was leading him. It was late and dark. The flashing lights beckoned to him enticingly. He felt himself getting weaker and weaker...

\* \* \*

The unshaven man gripped the receiver in his greasy hand, waiting for someone to answer. Even though it was late, he knew they would. They were waiting for his call. He was very excited with his pick, it was perfect.

"Yes?", someone picked up. "I got someone", said Mike excitedly. The man was silent.

"How do you know he's the one?" Asked the man at the other end of the line quietly, breaking the silence. "I know he is. I've been in this business long enough to know one when I see one. He drove in and out of the lot a few times before summoning enough courage to come in. He was nervous and embarrassed. More importantly - get this, he is an orthodox jew. I know those people. They don't do this stuff. He's going to melt like butter in our hands." Mike paused, waiting for a response.

"I understand." Replied the stranger. "You got photos, videos? Good, clear ones? His contact information?"

"Yes." We got his phone out of his pants pocket with enough time to gather all the information

we needed. His name is Moe Steiner." "Quiet!" Reprimanded the stranger. "No information over the phone lines. Amateur!" He spat angrily.

"Sorry" said Mike apologetically. "I'll send you all the info on the encrypted messaging system, but first I need my money".

"Ok" agreed the man. "I'll wire you half now and half after we get all the photos and information from you, but if this guy doesn't fold you will pay us back everything. We don't have time for games. Goodbye." The man rudely hung up without waiting for Mike's response. He knew everything will be taken care of.

Mike quickly uploaded the photos and videos, Moe's address and phone number, and waited for confirmation from his bank in Switzerland before clicking send. He knew to keep all his shady deals offshore.

A notification popped up on his mobile phone. He quickly pressed on it and logged into his account. "Transfer of \$50,000 recieved". Satisfied Mike clicked send and leaned back in his chair, scratching his dirty stubble. Life was too easy for him.

\* \* \*

Moe parked his car in front of his apartment and glanced at his watch, it was 2 AM. He rubbed his eyes. His head was spinning with the impact of what he had just done, but he was too tired to think about it too much. He got out and headed into his apartment.

He took off his hat and jacket and hung them up. Deciding he was thirsty, he went to the kitchen and poured himself a drink of ice cold water. Clutching the cup in his hand he headed towards his bedroom. He tiptoed in trying to be as quiet as possible, so as not to wake Esther.

Esther! He thought with a start. A sudden pang of guilt coursed through his stomach. How did he? The severity of what he had just done hit him like a Mack truck. He shook his head and gulped down his water like a dying man grabbing his only lifeline. It didn't make him feel better. This time he new he crossed a line. A red line. Dark red.

He started shivering uncontrollably. He felt himself losing control of the muscles in his legs. He dropped down exhaustedly onto his bed fully clothed, wrapped his blanket tightly around himself and pulled it up to his chin. He forced himself to look at his wife, Esther, sleeping peacefully and obviously in the bed next to his. He felt the most horrible feelings of guilt and betrayal wash over him. He felt his throat closing up, he was choking.

How? Why? Oh, why? He wondered.

What was wrong with him?

***To be continued...***

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

Posted by Grant400 - 04 Jul 2022 14:41

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## **Righteous Indignation**

### ***Chapter 18:***

August 5, 2011; Downtown Brooklyn N.Y.

7:30 AM. Moe rose early today, as he did yesterday. He was having difficulty sleeping, his thoughts in a turmoil causing him to twist and turn wishing for the sweet release of sleep. He was in pain. Excruciating, searing pain. The guilt was eating him alive. Granted, he held back at the last second, but the fact that he almost crossed the finish line was frightening.

Moe stepped out of his house and closed the door behind him with a soft thud. Locking it behind him he turned and headed down the path towards his car. As he neared the street, he noticed a scruffy looking man casually leaning on the street lamppost smoking a cigarette a few yards away. As Moe reached his car, the man suddenly started heading towards him menacingly. Moe's heart skipped a beat. He quickly unlocked his car and started to open the door.

"Mr. Steiner?" Inquired the man in a gravelly voice, taking a last drag on his cigarette and expertly flicking the butt away. Moe froze. He knew his name. "Yes?" He responded, hesitating.

The man was standing next to him now. The smell of cigarettes and alcohol and body odor emanating from the man, coupled with intense fear, almost caused Moe to visibly gag.

The man suddenly produced a manilla envelope from inside his black leather jacket. Shoving it roughly into Moe's hand, the man turned swiftly and disappeared down the block.

Moe looked down at the envelope in his hands, question marks dancing through his brain rapidly. An engine backfired in the distance, jolting him to his senses. He slowly got into his car as if in a trance, and started to tear open the sealed envelope, curiosity - and fear - burning a hole through him.

\* \* \*

Esther's eyes opened slowly, the sunlight peeking through the closed shades danced across her face - waking her ever so gently. Lazily, she picked up her left arm and glanced at her watch. 8:00 am. Time to get up and face a new day.

Groaning, she elbowed her way into a sitting position and swung her legs over the side of her bed. Whispering Modeh Ani, she stood up and looked over at the other bed. The covers were all twisted up and pillows in disarray. Moe was gone already.

Moe. She didn't see him at all last night, or the past few nights for that matter.. Where was he then and where is he now? Why is it that she knows nothing of what was going in in her husband's life? "Husband", she thought bitterly. Yeah right.

A wave of exhaustion suddenly engulfed her. She slowly eased herself back onto her bed, pressing her face into her pillow. A soft sob escaped from her throat. She felt miserable.

***To be continued...***

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