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Torrek from *Living for the Act* by Ann Raina

Thanks for agreeing to this interview, Torrek! Please, Introduce yourself.

I'm Torrek and you won't believe that I come from a rural moon. Yes, I know all the jokes about the moon people, but, hey, we aren't that far behind! You'll find me and the great story of my life in Ann Raina's latest trilogy *Living for the Act*, which you can buy at www.extasybooks.com. As reviews show, the story is worth more than a glimpse. You'll find a fascinating world that struggles to get back to a life worth living after a devastrous war.

What makes you special?

You need to ask?. I'm the special guy of the story, you bet on it! Those ladies from Raskayen put a hell of a lot in motion to get me on their planet. <scratches head>. Well, at first they wouldn't know that I am so special, but that changed a little while later when they found out that I can ... uh, you know, work better in bed than in a house as a carpenter. My ability to get women pregnant could be called my special ability <grins>. They call me a semency now. That's the description for a valuable male member of their society here. Gets me great treatment and less freedom, if you don't mind me saying.

Tell me about your most current adventure.

Oh, yes, it was quite an adventure to be thrown into a female ruled clan on Raskayen. I can't say if I was lucky. At first, I complained a lot and wanted to be taken back. Home etc. But the clan chief made it very clear: I couldn't get back. And then the changes began, you know. I can't say if it started with Ferris and his love for the clan chief or if the rebels had anything to do with it. I'm sure the changes were due sooner than later. Imagine, a world ruled by women! <shakes head>. That can't be right, not for long anyway.

Let me give you a glimpse of my not so happy little adventure with guys I once called friends. I met them after I had been chosen as a semency and guess what happened.

"Hey, how are you doing?" Torrek arrived in the hallway, happy to bust. "It's good to see you!"

"Indeed, yes." Majerr's eyes were small slits in his round face.

Torrek immediately took in the mood. He frowned with sympathy. "You're pissed with me because I haven't been 'round for a while, hum?" He patted Majerr's shoulder. "Sorry, my friend. really am. She wouldn't let me come here. I ran into some trouble and—" He shrugged it off.

"Ah, right, got that. That bitch in red kept ya busy, hum?"

"I wouldn't call her a bitch if I were you." Torrek's voice had dropped from friendly to warning, the gesture was noted.

Majerr smirked and shook his head. "Now that you got promoted and all you have to honor her, right?"

Torrek gaped at him. "Promoted? What in Erian's bloody name do you mean by that?"

“Ah, come on, don’t say you have a worse life now!” Majerr laughed, rough and without humor, and touched the collar with the yellow stone. Torrek slapped his hand. “See? Bloody fucking honorable Torrek! Friends and foes forgotten!”

“How can you say that? I didn’t ask to be one of their studs! I really didn’t want to be!”

“Choke down on the lie, smartass! I heard what you folks earn! It’s more than I make in two moon circles! You have a fancy room, have your own frickin’ whore to read your wishes and fuck all women you want! Now they all come to you, precious moon man, and you don’t have to worry anymore about what chick you can get nailed!” Majerr spat. “Better shoe off before I forget my excellent moon manners!” “You wanna fight?” Torrek stepped forward, his anger blazing like a bright torch. “You wanna fight because you’re jealous? Is that it? That’s—” Majerr punched his face so fast and hard Torrek had no time to twitch. He blocked the second punch, but Majerr’s wrath leaned him strength and speed. The next blow got Torrek in the belly, followed by a series of gut-wrenching jabs and kicks. Torrek went down. It was ridiculous, he had asked Anjary to stay away to grant him some private minutes with his friends. Oh, right, friends they were, but no longer his. From down on his knees Torrek dared looking up. Tressin had joined Majerr, looking equally angry yet satisfied to have beaten the shit out of the new semency. “Happy now?” Torrek groaned. The pain in his belly wasn’t a good sign. Not a bit. He pressed his hands on his midsection and rolled to the side. “Got me.” He passed out.

Tressin slapped Majerr’s shoulder for the thorough job. They checked the surroundings, but no one was in sight that late in the afternoon. They turned and left the building site to get their transport back to their home.

See? And they once were my friends!

Thank you for this insight. If you could offer your author advice, what would it be?

I won’t dare give any kind of advice to my author! Hey, she’s the one holding my fate in her hands. Maybe she plans a sequel right now. So, no, no, no, I’ll keep my mouth shut!

Are you happy with the way people perceive you?

I don’t care that much about what people think about me. That’s not moon man style. When I was brought to Raskayen, I hoped to get along with the people there. Well, after learning that I can’t leave again. They had women aplenty, I can tell you! When I worked at the building site, no one told me how to proceed or something like that. The women chose me or didn’t. It was up to them, and I’m a fair gentleman, I can tell you! I guess, I overdid my share <chuckles>. So one day, the ladies came and told me that from now on I would officially – yes, take that down! – officially serve the clan to make more women pregnant. Sounds like a job a man wants? Stop fidgeting! I wasn’t that happy at all. Suddenly, I had a farima – that’s the woman who makes your schedule – and she told me whom to make love to. Imagine! Before that I chose freely and now that woman was in charge! I struggled, of course, but then ... Okay, to make it short, I learned a lot about women and about myself. The way I am and what I can do. It was a great feeling. Still is.

Is humor important? Why or why not?

Humor is very important to me and, hopefully, for the author, too. How could you survive in a strange world if you don’t laugh from time to time? My farima didn’t see it like that in the

beginning. Maybe I was a rough guy. However, when we got a little closer – not too close, of course – she began to like me and had some fun. I hope.

Is expressing love difficult for you? Why?

I'm not good at expressing love. Hey, I'm a man, okay? From a rural moon. We don't talk about this, we just do it. It's simple. Woman, man, they get together. I'm not like Ferris, who wants to make all the women happy. What does that give you aside from trouble?

Share a little bit of the 'real' you with our readers. Any dark secrets?

The real 'Me'? Honey, you must be joking! <inching closer and dropping his voice> How real should I get to you? Right under your skirt –if that thingy is a skirt and not just a belt? Or maybe we could choose a more comfortable surrounding? I know of a nice place that... Hey, don't gimme that look! A man must do what he must!

The question was...

I know your question. My dark secret. Let me think. On my moon, love was a straight thing. On Raskayen, I was introduced to a lot of different ways of love-making, and I found out that bondage games aren't that bad after all. I found myself...not that helpless as I thought it would be.

What makes being with a woman in control the best sexual experience?

The women love to be in charge. It's a good feeling to give them what they want. They don't waver, they don't hesitate and you just get along with what they want. There are great players among them, oh, yes.

Have you ever lost control?

Uh, no fair question. <scratches head and grimaces> When that b... woman, Eshrina, got me in her clutches, I thought that given the chance I'd lose control gladly. I had her and she wanted sex with me. And after we were done, she accused me of being too rough with her. Imagine that! First, she's all eager to get me in her bedroom and then... Okay, I only got some scratches, but I wouldn't want to be with that weird person again.

Describe the most weird device you've encountered.

Oh, oh, that'll get me into trouble if Mujon learns of that! Will you promise me, you won't tell her? I knew you would. Well, Mujon's a scientist and her job is to create interesting sex toys. One of them is a mattress that reflects erotic wishes. If you lay down there, everything you think is enhanced, enlarged and projected back to you. It's so stimulating, you don't know how to stop the influence. That's the moment when the sex might get a bit rougher. Do you like it rough, honey?

It's not my interview, Torrek, really. So let us get back to the subject. What are your opinions on the rebels on Raskayen?

Honey, you ask the wrong guy. If the rebels hadn't been there, Raskayen would have stayed a female dominated world. The rebels made that basic change possible. Believe me, they are the good guys even if they destroyed some stuff here and there.

Tell us what it's like to spend a day with you.

You can have that any time you want – if my farima allows it. Maybe you should call her and ask for an appointment. <grins broadly> Okay, a day with me is like a wonderful trip through homes where nice women live, who want to get pregnant. I'm there to serve with all I have. When I leave, the woman is happy and content and hopefully expectant. I can't count the encounters that ended with a child. You'll have to ask my farima for that information. I'm just the one playing good luck charm. You sure, you don't want to have a date with me? I'm a natural charmer.

Thank you for the interview, Torrek.

Thank you, honey. Any time. Any place.

Get your hand off me!

You sure?

Well...