

No Exceptions

By James R. Winter

Rob Duquesne strolled out of the Westbury as a limo rolled up Grafton Street to meet him. Cameras flashed, and he stopped to wave at the paparazzi.

Give them what they want up front, he thought, and they'll leave you alone for awhile.

“Hey, Rob,” one of them shouted, a Frenchman from the sound of the accent. “What’s this I hear about you and Ashley Judd?”

He gave them the famous Duquesne crooked grin. “I don’t know. What did you hear about me and Ashley Judd?”

The paparazzi laughed and Duquesne ducked into the waiting limo. As soon as the door closed he leaned back and closed his eyes.

“Nice night, isn’t it, Robby,” said a familiar voice. “The spring nights here in Dublin, they do me good.”

Duquesne opened his eyes to see a blond man, tall and impeccably dressed in a white suit with a pink silk shirt, no tie, sitting across from him. He held a drink in one hand, most likely Jamesons or, Duquesne remembered, Dewars. The man’s left arm snaked around the waste of a small, dark-haired beauty with large, coal-black eyes and long creamy white legs.

A purple bruise ringed the woman’s left eye. It made Duquesne flinch.

“Paddy?” he said. “What’s going on?”

“Nothing, my boy,” said Paddy. “Nothing at all. Just wanted to check in with my best client.” He glanced over at the woman, who seemed to be dozing against Paddy’s shoulder. “Did you have a good time last night with Stasi here?”

“Um...” He couldn’t help but stare at Stasi’s black eye. “Mostly.”

Paddy smiled. “The bruise. I suppose we should address that, shouldn’t we? Let’s take a little ride.” He reached back and knocked on the glass partition behind him. The glass slid into the back of the seat. “Johnny, let’s take Mr. Duquesne on the scenic route. I don’t believe we’ve shown him all the touristy stuff in our fair city.”

The driver said nothing as the partition rose back into place.

Duquesne started rubbing his hands together, almost wringing them. “Paddy, look, about the eye...”

Paddy put his finger to his lips. “Easy, Robby. You want a drink? You like single malt Scotch, don’t you? I’ve got Glenfiddich with us in the car tonight.”

“I’m supposed to be at a party tonight,” said Duquesne. “Wrap party for the cast and crew.”

Paddy had a bottle of Scotch out, the liquid making the ice crack the way it does when liquor hits it. “So they’ve finished principle photography, have they? How much longer do you plan to be in town?”

Duquesne didn’t realize his hands were shaking until he reached for the glass. Paddy held onto it until Duquesne had a firm grip. “Another week if I can swing it.”

“And will that lovely wife of yours be coming to stay with you?”

“Candy? No, she’s stuck on that stupid show of hers in LA. Couldn’t get away long enough to hang out for any length of time.”

“That’s too bad.” Paddy turned his gaze back to Stasi. “I trust our little Russian princess here has been sufficiently entertaining.”

Duquesne swallowed half his drink. Sweat beaded on his forehead. "Look, Paddy, knock off the Lucky Charms bit. I've been to this town before. You don't have to put on the leprechaun act for me. I'm not some stupid Yank who just tumbled off the plane."

Paddy let out a long sigh. "Such ingratitude. And after all I've done for you. Robby, my boy, you gotta loosen up some more. Take a look at poor Stasi here. Why'd you blacken her eye?"

Duquesne knocked back the rest of his drink. "Paddy, I didn't mean to..."

"I know, Robby, I know. Tell me, though, did she do something to displease you?"

Finally, the famous Rob Duquesne grin (TM) returned. "I honestly don't remember, Paddy. We'd been drinking a lot, maybe did a few lines." He smiled at Stasi. "She gives the most mind-blowing head, you know? Mind-blowing. I thought my dick would explode along with my head. I mean my..."

"I know what you're saying. I auditioned her myself. Rescued her from working the canals, actually." He smiled at Stasi, who'd opened her eyes. They kissed. "So she blew your mind. What next?"

"I..." What did happen? He couldn't remember. He only knew that he'd kicked her out of his room at six that morning. "She tried to lift my wallet."

Paddy shoved Stasi away, causing her to tumble to the floor.

"Paddy, I was high. So was she. We probably didn't know what we were doing."

"Be that as it may, Robby, I expect better of my talent, high or not." He reached over and slapped Stasi's cheek. "Take off your clothes, bitch. You owe Mr. Duquesne a freebie."

"Paddy, I..."

Once again, Paddy put his finger to his lips. "Robby, the girls I employ are girls I saved, mostly Russians looking to move on to a better life. They end up on the canals tricking for some *garda* with his hand out, servicing businessmen looking for some discreet pussy or sucking dicks for coke money. I clean them up, get them into some decent clothes, and let them do the same for a better class of clientele."

On the floor, Stasi had worked herself out of her dress and was slowly removing her panties. Only her crucifix remained.

Paddy reached over and lifted the crucifix with his finger. "Bet you think this is just a trinket, don't you, Robby?"

"I... I... I don't know."

"It's not, you know." Paddy reached behind Stasi's neck and nudged her toward Duquesne. "She's religious, like myself. She knows that there are rules to be obeyed, no exceptions."

Stasi crawled over to Duquesne and lay across his lap.

"Give him his free ride, Stasi, and your debt will be paid." Paddy reached down and swatted her on the ass. "Yes, it's a Russian crucifix, but is there really a difference? Catholic? Orthodox? Hell, I still can't make heads or tails of those poor bastards up north." He leaned in toward Duquesne as though Stasi were not there, kissing her way down Duquesne's now-bare stomach. "You'll have the good sense not to tell anyone in this town I said that, will you? Mine's not the most popular opinion in Dublin about the Troubles."

Duquesne felt his pants open under Stasi's skillful hands. "Of course not. Why would I?"

"Just a precaution. Stasi, give the man what he deserves."

Down came Duquesne's pants. Stasi began working on his erection slowly. He leaned back and moaned with pleasure.

"That's it, Stasi. Show the man why you cost so much."

They rode in silence for several minutes as Stasi worked on Duquesne. She would bring him close to climax, then let him down gently. She'd bring him close again, and let him down.

Paddy rapped on the partition. "Phoenix Park," he said when the glass had lowered. Once it was back up, Paddy reached under his shirt and pulled out his own crucifix. "You a religious man, Robby?"

Robby merely grunted as Stasi worked particularly hard on him that moment. "No, not... Oh, God! Not really."

Paddy leaned forward, clasping his hands between his knees. "Believe it or not, I am. I believe we'll all be forgiven for our sins eventually. It's why I can provide you this service with a clear conscience."

Duquesne threw his head back and began laughing with ecstasy. "Thank you!" he managed to say.

"Of course, I also believe in divine retribution. For all I know, I could be gunned down tomorrow for supplying whores and blow to British rockers. Wouldn't you agree that'd be divine retribution, Robby?"

Duquesne could say nothing, only moan incoherently.

"Sometimes, though, retribution is not only the Lord's will, but the Lord's work. And I'm always willing to do the Lord's work."

Duquesne had no fucking clue what Paddy was saying now. He only knew his mind had dissolved into a deep roar and an explosion of color. He couldn't even speak now. Any second now, he would climax.

"And sometimes, we must delegate the work. Stasi, collect on your debt."

Duquesne barely heard what Paddy said. He babbled like an idiot under Stasi's ministrations. She brought him closer, closer, closer...

He screamed at the top of his lungs.

Stasi came up with blood running down her chin. She took his hand and spit half his penis out into it. Paddy reached over her shoulder and handed her a glass of vodka.

"There you go, my dear. Wash away the taste now. You did good."

Duquesne sat dumbfounded, not really feeling where she'd bitten him. He stared at the severed penis in his hand, the blood running from it, from his groin. He looked up at Paddy. "You sonofabitch! Why?"

Paddy took Stasi by the arm and pulled her back. "See, Robby, one of the sins I'll need forgiveness for is lying. Stasi and I have been lying to you since we arrived at your hotel." He reached under his seat and came up with a small gun. "I wasn't lying about the rules, though, Robby. You're a good customer, but you broke one of the cardinal rules. You hurt my talent. You marred Stasi's lovely face so she can't earn for awhile. I can't have that. I lose money, and so does Stasi." He leaned in to her and kissed her bloody lips. "Robby, my boy, I'm afraid I have to make an example of you."

"She's a fucking cannibal!" said Duquesne, still staring at his emasculation wound. "Paddy, you're going to fucking die for this one."

"Fine talk," said Paddy, "from a man bleeding to death from where his dick once was and sitting on the wrong end of a gun."

Duquesne began rocking as he put his free hand over the wound. "I'm sorry," he said, tears coming from his eyes now. The pain started to spread from the wound into his gut. He felt cold. "I'm sorry, Paddy. Just get me to a hospital."

"Oh, I'd love to, Robby, but you broke the rules. And no one breaks the rules without consequences. No exceptions."

The glass partition came down behind Paddy, and the driver spoke. "We're in Phoenix Park, Mr. Collins. The usual spot."

Duquesne let out a long wail as the pain settled in.

"Are the boys already here?" asked Paddy.

"Yes, sir."

"Bring them over."

Moments later, the driver's side door opened and two large men appeared outside the limo. One reached in and grabbed Duquesne by the arm.

"Fred, do you have the piece I asked you to bring?"

"Yes, sir," said the one still outside. "A .22 short barrel."

"Very good." Paddy gave Duquesne one last look as he squeezed Stasi's naked form closer to him. "Two behind the ear should do it. I believe that's how the Americans do it these days. White, clean, and neat."

"We'll take care of it," said the other man. Duquesne tried to struggle against him, but he'd lost too much blood to care.

"Paddy, I'm... sorry," he said. "Get me... Get me some help... and I won't tell... anyone."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Robby. I really am." He reached down and picked up Duquesne's penis, which had fallen to the seat. "But I can't leave you alive to talk to the police now, can I?" As soon as Duquesne was out of the car, Paddy leaned forward and handed the penis to the other man. "Make sure you stuff this in his mouth when you're done. We must send a message to our clients after all."

"I'll take care of it." The man closed the door.

Duquesne's screams sounded all the way into the woods until two pops silenced them. Stasi collapsed against him and began to cry.

"It's okay, my dear. It's okay. Tonight, you'll sleep alone and unhurt." He reached under her chin and turned her face up for a kiss. "Unless you don't want to be alone."

Stasi nuzzled his neck and cried herself to sleep. Paddy rapped once more on the partition. "Take us home, Johnny. Our girl needs her rest."

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