

A Man's World

The phone vibrating on my nightstand woke me out of my sleep. I grabbed it in one motion.

"Man?" There was a soft frantic voice on the other end of the line.

I knew it was her. She was the only person who had the number to this phone.

"What's wrong Doll face?" I asked concerned.

At first all I heard was crying and heavy breathing on the line.

"It's alright, Rae. Tell me what's wrong. Just tell me."

"I gotta get outta here Man. I gotta get out of Detroit tonight."

Hearing her sweet voice wounded killed me inside. But I had to be strong for her. I wanted whoever hurt her dead.

"Where you at?!!" I yelled.

She just kept on crying. My mind was being pulled in all different directions.

"Calm down Rae baby, tell me what happen." I tried to stay as cool as possible. Cause if I tripped out it was just gonna upset her even more.

"Breathe baby, breathe. It's alright. Talk to me."

I could still hear her crying, but it seemed like she was trying to get it together.

"I just need to leave. Please Man. You told me if I was in any trouble to call you no questions asked. I need you Man. I need you."

She was right. And no matter how worried out of my head I was about her, I gave her my word that all she had to do was pick up the phone and call.

"Listen closely, cause I'm gonna be real quick. I'ma get in contact with my Mans Cain--"

She cut me off, "No, Man. No!!!! No!!! What if he tells Royce? Can't anybody see me!!! They'll kill me!!!!" She started crying all over again.

I spoke in a low calm voice because she needed to remember my word was my bond and that I would never put her in harm's way and would murk anyone who did including Royce. I'd never send her into the Lion's Den. I only fuck with real cats.

"Reagan, do you trust me?"

"Yes." She responded fast just as the words left my mouth.

"Cool. Check this; follow my words very carefully and do what I tell you to. No hesitation? Okay?"

"Yes."

"I'ma call Cain, he will pick you up from where you at."

There was dead silence on the line.

"Reagan!!! You there?"

"I'm still here." Her voice was so small I could barely make it out.

"Trust me Doll face it's gone be alright. I won't let anything happen to you."

There was a pause. "But you're not here Man. You're not here," her voice trailed off.

Shit!!!! She was right. I wasn't there. I wasn't there to protect her. I shoulda made her leave with me in the first place.

"I'm sorry. You right, I ain't there. But I'ma do everything in my power to keep you safe and sound. My word is word wherever I am. I got you. You believe me?"

"Uh huh." She sniffled.

"Alright then, let me get at Cain."

"Don't hang up!!! Stay on the phone with me!"

"I wasn't gone hang up. I'm just gone text him. Relax. You alright. I'ma stay on the phone for as long as you want me too. Alright?"

"Okay." She said softly.

I texted Cain with the code and just waited for my nigga to get back with me. He called back in two minutes.

I explained to him what I needed him to do and just like I knew he was down.

"Now tell me where you at Rae."

"I'm on Jefferson. By the Belle Isle Bridge," she paused for a minute. "I'm in the doorway of an abandon building."

Fuck!!!! What the fuck was she doing there? Shit was that bad? Mad as hell at myself I punched a hole through my living room wall.

Bam!!!!

"Man?!!!!" she screamed at the top of her lungs.

"I'm cool baby, I'm cool." I lied. I wasn't cool I was ready for war.

"Cain's on his way to come and scoop you. He's going to drive you to the airport. Go to the U.S. Airways terminal. Cain will give you the bread. Buy a one way first class ticket to Bermuda. It's gone have one stop in Philly. When you get off that flight, don't talk to no one. Understand?"

"Yes. But I don't have my passport--"

"Don't worry about none of that. It's taken care of. Just remember to do everything I say. Got it?"

"I got it."

"If someone tries to make conversation with you just smile and walk over to a cop. Got that Rae baby?"

"I got it."

"When Cain gets there he's gone flash his lights three times. Don't say shit. Just run over to the car and get into the passenger side.

"Once you get to the airport, call me right back before you board the plane. Then when you get to Philly do the same. When you finally get here call me and throw the phone away. Alright?"

"Yes."

We both fell quiet. Not knowing what was going on with her was driving me insane. Whatever it was she didn't want to say right now and I didn't want to push her. I tried my best to just reassure her. I would never forgive myself if something happened to her.

"It's gone be okay Doll face. Cain will be there in a minute."

"Uh huh. What kind of car will he be in? A car is stopping."

"Just wait till the lights flash three times Reagan!"

There was a brief pause.

"It's him Man. It's him!"

"Okay baby. Just go over to the car and get inside."

I could hear music in the background but couldn't make out what was playing. Then I heard the door slam.

"Rae baby, put Cain on the phone."

“He wants to talk to you.” I heard Reagan say. I could hear the phone switching hands.

“What up doe?” Cain got on the phone.

“What up. Look nigga I’m trusting you with my life man. She the only thing in this world that matter to me. Get it her to me safe.”

I was serious than a muthafucka. Cain was my dude, but if something happened to Reagan his ass would most definitely get handled.

“Have I ever dropped the ball before?” I could hear him taking a drag off a square or a blunt.

“Naw you haven’t but this is some crucial shit on the line. This just ain’t about me. Her life is in my handsIt’s about her. You gotta get her to me in one piece.”

“Chill Man. She’ll be with you in paradise in no time,” he said taking another drag.

“Make it happen. Watch her get on that plane. And get at me as soon as she does.”

“I got you, Dawg. No doubt. Hold on.” He handed Reagan the phone back.

“Man?”

“Yeah baby?”

“Thank you.” She sniffed as she spoke softly.

I moved the phone from my ear for a second. It felt like somebody knocked the wind outta me. I tried to gather my thoughts and decide what I was going to say next.

I wanted to tell her that I loved her and she didn’t have to thank me for a damn thing. I wanted to tell her that it was my fault she was going through whateva bullshit Royce was pulling. I wanted to tell her when she got to me I wasn’t gone never let her go. But instead I choose a different approach, “There’s no need to thank me. Any real dude woulda done the same thing Rae.”