



# Broken Heart

Book 2 series from Broken Pieces

Broken Heart

What happened to Rick Owen?

By Martha Perez



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Second Edition Broken Heart 2016

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FirstEditing.com  
Editor: Dr. Michael

Self-Published by: Sal Andalon

ISBN           9780692600573  
POD Publisher   BookBaby  
POD Imprint    BookBaby  
Distribution Rights US & International

Cover design by Bookbaby

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

## Table of Contents

Prologue	
Chapter 1.....	6
Chapter 2.....	10
Chapter 3.....	15
Chapter 4.....	19
Chapter 5.....	24
Chapter 6.....	27
Chapter 7.....	31
Chapter 8.....	35
Chapter 9.....	38
Chapter 10.....	42
Chapter 11.....	46
Chapter 12.....	50
Chapter 13.....	54
Chapter 14.....	58
Chapter 15.....	65
Chapter 16.....	66
Chapter 17.....	69
Chapter 18.....	72
Chapter 19.....	75
Chapter 20.....	78
Chapter 21.....	82
Chapter 22.....	85
Chapter 23.....	86

Chapter 24.....	92
Chapter 25.....	95
Epilogue .....	96
Dedication .....	98
Bio.....	99

## Prologue

Who says a broken heart will heal when time passes? Restoring pieces of a shattered heart, like it could be put back together in one piece -- who the hell came up with these devastatingly stupid rules? All he could do was ruminate over Abby. It all goes back to when we were six. A beautiful young girl walked into my life with her hazel eyes, her curly, long, dark brown hair, her fair skin. We got to be best friends, all the way to our teens. We were friends off and on – sometimes life got between us. I wanted her so desperately; everything was always so complicated between us. I was young, and having an alcoholic mother, Tommy and Scott and I cared for ourselves. Our life never was normal. Mom used to be so drunk, vomiting all over the place, and when she was awake, she used to hit all three of us or tell us how worthless we were. Our dad was never there. Having Abby in my life took me away from the tribulations in my young life.

I didn't see Abby for years, so what did I do after college? Married Betty Cox, the mean girl from school. She used me for my money and had an affair with my best friend, Trevor McQueen. Then, one morning, my life turned around. Going to Starbucks, I collided with the most beautiful woman. All the coffee lids opened up and coffee splashed all over her. She was mumbling about her new blouse, saying bad words with that sweet mouth of hers, telling me,

“Watch where you’re going!” She actually made me smile. Rick hasn’t smiled for so long. When I helped to clean up her blouse, she said, “Hey, buddy, I’ll do that!” When she raised her head up, I couldn’t believe my eyes: my best friend, the love of my life, utterly in front of me.

We started dating, and then we got engaged. Her ex came back into the picture and she broke my heart. Will Rick ever survive without Abby? Or will he drink his life away like his mother did? Only time will tell. It’s easy for people to tell you there are more fish in the sea, or to have sex with random women to forget, or not to cry for any women because they aren’t worth the tears. Don’t cry over spilled milk. People are not feeling my aching broken heart. Life will never be the same. Life isn’t fair or sympathetic; it’s sometime cruel when you don’t win the prize. Maybe I wasn’t meant to be happy with anyone -- or ever. Will Rick open his heart to someone, or drown his sorrows with random women and drink himself to death?

## Chapter 1

Rick is standing over Abby. He watches her sleep. Then he gets on his knees, whispering that he truly loves her, caressing her cheek with his thumb. His hands are trembling. He kisses her sweet red full lips. This would be the last time to be near her -- she's leaving me for that prick, Tyler. Abby was mine first. Ever since we were six years old. Now I am losing her once again. We were engaged one minute; reality is kicking my ass once again. How will my broken heart survive without her? My heart is feeling the painful sensation of an agonizing ache. What should I do, fight? Or let her be happy with that asshole of a man that broke her heart into pieces? Rick will miss her beautiful face, her innocent heart and soul, her hazel eyes, and her dark long hair with tight curls. I wanted to fight so she could love me, not him. My thoughts are screaming at me. Tears are slipping down my face. God, please help me get through this insanity! All I want to do is scream, "Why me? Why me?" She was the one that held my heart, and now my heart is bleeding, aching for her. I will never be the same without Abby.

Not even when I was married to Betty Cox did I cry. She was my mistake. I was a faithful man until Betty left me for my best friend. Yeah, it hurt -- all those years lost. I never told Abby what a kind of man I turned out to be after my marriage with Betty. I started to go to bars, fucking random woman, having my own secrets, like drinking my soul away. I use to choose woman that were not needy -- well, not that I was picky; when you don't care anymore, you do some reckless things when you're lonely.

My two older brothers' looks were similar to mine: dark blue eyes, fair skin, light brown hair, blonde highlights. All three of us were tall. Scott is second youngest; he has a wife and two kids. Tommy, the oldest, has a girlfriend. If they were worried about me when I was divorcing Betty, how would they feel now? I will deal with them later -- have to focus on the task ahead.

Watching Abby from the doorway of my bedroom, wanting to hit the wall so desperately, I asked her to stay with me last night, after she told me she had chosen Tyler. I knew she loved me too. She didn't want to hurt me any more than she had to, so she stayed. We made sweet love. I showed her how much I truly loved her. Abby, my precious love. We

embraced each other for who knows how long. We made incredible love all night long. Who knows if she even told Tyler? Truth be told, I don't give a damn.

Rick gets a paper and pen to write Abby a letter with tears softly flowing down his face. Trying to steady his shaky hand, he writes the hardest letter of his entire life. After he finished, he walks back to watch Abby one more time. His heart was in agonizing pain. Rick wasn't a selfish man. Watching her, so peaceful in his bed, her long dark hair spread out all over his pillow like a beautiful angel -- so breathtaking! -- he couldn't resist kissing her lips and forehead and cheek. He wanted to lavish that beautiful body one more time. He kisses her so softly, and, careful not to wake her, he walks out of the room and places the letter on the kitchen counter where she could see it. I put my jacket on, put on my baseball cap, and walk out of my house. I just couldn't be there to say goodbye. Losing someone you love is heartbreaking, a feeling burning in my soul. I won't survive through this horrendous pain. I just can't take it.

I take my car to the park with my memories of Abby, and I walk toward that oak tree. No one is at the park. My first kiss was here, with Abby, and I gave her a heart necklace which was engraved "R+A". Her face was priceless. She would play baseball, softball, and basketball with her large t-shirt, a pair of jean shorts, a messy ponytail...so beautiful. Sitting alone on a bench, there's a chill in the air. It fits my poignant mood. I welcome it, sitting there for three hours, waiting for Abby to leave my house. I told her she could stay as long as she wanted. I know better -- she left as soon as she could to start her new life with that prick. If he hurts her, ever, I would pulsate the living crap out of him. She's a unique woman; she was worth the fight.

Rick is waiting in line at the supermarket, buying all the liquor he could fit in his cart. He felt people staring, probably thinking he's having a huge party. No, it will all be for me and me alone. Rick didn't care. Fuck, he was on a mission to drink himself into oblivion. Walking in his house, he felt empty -- her black Honda wasn't in the driveway. He brings in all the bags of liquor bottles, which are all different kinds -- you name it, I got it! -- and all the cans of beer. Rick notices the letter is gone from the counter. He walks to his room. She made the bed. He still could smell her vanilla scent that always drove him crazy. All her belongings were gone.

Putting on some smooth jazz, he turns on the fireplace. Looking up, he sees the picture when we were both together and happy. That's when Rick starts to get livid. The princess ring

he had given Abby was right next to the picture. He picks the picture up and throws it hard against the wall. The glass shatters into tiny little pieces, just like his broken heart. He goes down to his knees, sobbing so harshly, sitting there like an exasperated fool on the floor for who knows how long, and then he starts with the first liquor bottle. He was determined to drink until he could forget about her -- or unconsciousness, whatever came first.

Waking up on the floor with swollen eyes, smelling like someone threw a bottle of stink bombs, I rushed to my restroom to vomit. I'm really not surprised. Forgot to eat -- who could eat anyway? I take a shower, smelling her vanilla scent. Everything smells vanilla; my pillow and sheets smell like her. It's making me demoralized. I don't care to shave, because I will drink until numbness hits me again.

It's wonderful waking up with a hangover like a jackhammer hitting my head. I finished a couple of bottles of Crown Royal last night. How I manage to be standing up is beyond me. That's my fucked up life from here on in. I called my brother Tommy to tell him I won't be at work for two weeks. He works for my company.

"Why not, Rick? Are you sick?"

"I just need time off, okay?"

"Alright, Rick, you don't have to have a fit!"

I hung up on him. I don't want to deal with *I told you so*. Tommy told me this wouldn't work because she wasn't my type -- she's too unpretentious. I got angry, shoving him, and yelled, "Don't talk about her like that!" Way deep down, he was right. She didn't belong to me. Maybe I wasn't her type. Tommy was wrong; Abby was my type -- she was made for me. I felt alive, which is what no other woman could do. She was destined for me. She was my best friend and we became lovers. I was that guy who would have loved her forever.

Lost in my thoughts, missing her touch, her laughter. It's sad when you're broken and yet you have to continue with life's basic needs. I made some coffee, ate some wheat toast, watched television, and fell asleep at some point. I started to dream that her pretty body was next to mine, telling me she loved me. Kissing her was heaven. I kept telling her how beautiful she is. We're making love. The moans from her were amazing. Something wakes me up. I'm sweating. Looking out the living room window, it's dark out. It's raining. It's so repugnant,

fitting my lonely mood. I open yet another bottle of liquor, mumbling to myself, drunk off of my ass, saying that she's here with me in my dreams -- in my thoughts, my brain, and my heart once again. I get lost in my drunken kingdom, in the mess of turmoil called my life.

## Chapter 2

Someone is pounding my front door -- or is it my head that's pounding? Or maybe Abby regrets leaving me and she's back. The pounding gets louder and louder.

"Open the damn door, Rick!"

I guess that doesn't sound like Abby. Wishful thinking on my part.

"Wait up, Tommy! Got the most dreadful headache in this entire world."

I turn the knob. He pushes me backward.

"What's wrong with you dude? It smells in here."

I don't answer because I don't know when the last time I took a shower was. There's empty bottles all over the floor, in the living room, on the kitchen counter.

"Rick, you look horrible. What's going on? You haven't gone to work for a month. You look like a caveman."

Rick has a seat on his couch, holding his head.

"Abby left me, Tommy. I lost her forever," he sobs with a whisper. "She went back with her ex, the father of her sons."

Tommy, of course, is angry; he has to put his thoughts aside to help Rick, so he won't spiral out of control. He holds Rick for who knows how long. Tommy is so worried about his brother -- the way his house is so filthy, the way he's drinking profusely. Rick's hair is messy and full of vomit. He hasn't shaved for week. He had lots of facial hair. He was sticky. He smells like rotten fruit. Tommy started picking up liquor bottles and beer cans. He was surprised Rick didn't die of alcohol poisoning. The dude literally has nine lives.

"Go take a shower, Rick. Clean yourself up."

"Okay, I will."

By the time Rick came out, Tommy had it all cleaned up and had opened the windows air to out the house. Tommy frowned when he saw Rick.

"You didn't shave. You actually look like Jesus."

"How would you know how he looks? You've never gone to church or opened a bible."

"I've seen pictures," Rick smirks. "It seems that you've lost weight. You're drinking too much, dude."

"You're going to talk to me like you're my dad now? Don't you have a girlfriend to go home to?"

"Well, about that -- we broke up. She wanted more."

"For God's sake, Tommy, you've been with Diane for five years."

"I'm not that guy, Rick. I'm not capable of commitment or getting hurt."

"You're getting older. Do you really want to be alone?"

"I don't care one way or another."

"So what? You're going to babysit my ass all day and night?"

"No, I'm too old for that shit. Let's go eat somewhere. You've been indoors for a month."

Rick wears a baggy grey sweatshirt, a pair of jeans, and his grey beanie. They go to a Mexican place. Both order four tacos and two beers. Rick watches his brother. He has short buzzed hair. He's getting grays on the sides. He is clean cut, no facial hair on his face, wearing a polo shirt, jeans, and a thin jacket. He looks more like me than Scott. Sometimes I think that he's damaged because our mom didn't really love us. Maybe all three of us are. We fend for ourselves. She drank so much that most of the time she was in a coma. We always made peanut butter sandwiches. We got sick of eating that every day, sometimes even for dinner. When we were young, I used to make some for Abby. She ate like she was starving. I used to hear sounds from her stomach. That's when I appreciated just having something to eat. When mom got up, we would think she was going to make a great dinner. That never happened -- she would make tuna casserole. We got sick of that kind of food.

Tommy kept on talking. All I wanted was to go back to my house and drink myself to sleep. I guess I have a lot of my mom in me. I thought, "She was weak, and I'm the same way." I'm just the same drunk as her, a loser. The winner is Tyler for taking what I love the most. Now all I want is a drink, and to pass out, so that my dream of her will come true -- at least in my dreams. I knew in my heart that would never happen. She's gone and I'm alone. My mood

starts to change, like my craving for liquor is tempting me more and more. Tommy wanted to go to some bar he goes to frequently named Cocky Bulls. Tommy tells me it's karaoke night.

"Great. My lucky night."

"Your sarcasm is not going to get you laid, dude!"

"And who the fuck said I want to get laid?"

"Believe me, you'll feel lots better."

"That's so absurd."

"Whatever."

We shove one another.

Walking in, it's an ancient bar; some old timers are sitting on the stools, and some older women are trying to get free drinks. Everything seems old. A couple of women arrive. One has straight dark hair, tan skin, brown eye,s tight jeans, a red sweater, and black boots. Rick stares around him at the forgotten Christmas lights that have seen better days. Tommy and I go to a table. We order two shots each and two beers. One woman is staring at Tommy. She was wearing a low-cut purple fluffy sweater with a short jean skirt that showed a bit of her scrumptious ass. Yeah, that's Tommy's type – slutty. She gives a sweltering smile and Tommy grins.

"I am getting laid tonight."

"Good for you."

"Come on, Rick. They're hot!"

"Yeah, whatever."

"Don't fuck this up, dude. Abby is very happy -- you could be happy too."

"Shut the fuck up. Don't say her name."

"Well, relax. You need a sexy, hot body with a sizzling pussy."

Maybe he's right. I really need to get laid, so I buy those two lovely women some drinks and before you know it, they're at our table like bees on honey. The woman with the red sweater has a seat next to me.

"What's your name, cutie?"

"Rick. What's yours?"

“Jane Falls. So what line of work are you in?”

“I really don’t think you’re here to know about me or what line of work I’m in.”

Her eyebrows lift up, staring at my dark blue eyes, and then she smiles.

“Okay, Rick with no last name. I came to be fucked or laid or whatever you want to call it! And I think you can fill that bill.”

Rick chuckles. “You better believe I will.”

Rick orders more drinks. Tommy has his hand under Chandra Key’s ass, and they’re already drunk. People are singing karaoke. We’re laughing so hard, and then Tommy and Chandra get up to sing. They pick Sonny and Cher’s “I Got You Babe”. Tommy is slurring his words. Chandra is swaying her hips and touching her tits like a stripper. Her mascara is running down her cheeks, making her look like a raccoon. She’s oppressive to stare at. After they finish, Jane gets up and starts singing “Genie in a Bottle”, that Christina Aguilera song. She has a beautiful voice and is staring at me while she sings to me. I am impressed and drunk, but my thoughts are that no one will ever be Abby. I down one shot and then another for my sorrows.

I’m done and ready to be fucked by Jane Falls. Her sexy voice catches me by surprise.

“Ready, cutie?”

“More than ready, baby.”

Jane says, “Let’s go to my place.” That’s fine with me -- who am I to say no? I tell Tommy we are skedaddled. We get a taxi because I had had three DUIs in the past. All of us have been drinking so much. We get to her apartment. I don’t care how it looks. As soon she shuts that door, I ask, “Where is your bedroom, Jane?”

“Don’t you want a drink first?”

“I’ve had enough drinking.”

She leads me to her room, where there are pink satin sheets on her queen-sized bed. I throw her pillows on her ivory rug. Rick starts to take his sweatshirt off. Jane stares at me. I know she wants my attention, or she likes what she sees.

“Come here,” I say, my voice rough.

Laying Jane on the edge of the bed, I pull her red sweater over her head. She’s wearing a red lace bra. Her plump breasts are tight under that bra. I start kissing her lips, her neck. She

groans and moans. I remove her bra with one snap. She was wearing a size too small, and her tits pop out in my face. I suck hard. My tongue licks her neck. My dick wants emancipation so badly. All I see in Jane's face is Abby. I guess that's what I wanted – to pretend it was Abby -- but Jane is a woman I picked out of the ancient bar.

Rick doesn't care. He catches a glimpse of Abby's face from memory. He puts two fingers in her pussy. She is already so wet. I get a condom and I slip in her sweet spot. Her moans are boisterous, driving me crazy, and I squeeze her plump breasts and slide my hands on her soft skin. I'm really turned on with her, but my mind has other thoughts; I'm just thinking about Abby and trying to focus on the task at hand. I growl with my release, shouting Abby's name. Yep, I yelled "Abby" -- probably Jane will be upset or kick me out. Well, I wouldn't blame her if she kicks me out on my ass. She's breathing hard – oh, yes, she's mad, alright. Jane is frowning, shaking her head, saying something like "I can't believe this! What an asshole." Mumbling, she lays on her bed with her hands on her face, trying to control her anger. I touch her, but she yells, "Don't bother to touch me!"

"Calm down. I'll finish you off."

"You say that with no feelings."

"Sorry, I just picked you up from a bar for great sex, not this."

"I could've had any guy to have sex with and I chose a loser." She is so pissed.

"Well, honey, the night is young."

"Fuck you! Are you for real still trying to get next to me?"

She pushes me away. Well, I tried.

## Chapter 3

Rick wakes up on his own bed. He had skedaddled from Jane Falls' apartment – well, it was more like bolted out, okay? She kicked me out on my ass. Who could blame her? I said another woman's name while having sex. I finished and she didn't even have an orgasm. I told her I would finish her off, and all she said was, "Get the hell out! Yeah, I thought you would be a great fuck! Boy, was I wrong!" She threw my clothes at my face. "Get out now asshole." I have been called worse, but I really felt terrible. I never leave a woman without making her feel satisfied.

After leaving her apartment, Rick went to get a tattoo on his chest right where his broken heart was thumping. Being half-drunk, he told the tattoo artist he wanted an angel with long dark brown wavy hair spread out, just the way Abby was the last time he saw her, with her eyes closed in peace, and full white wings. After the guy finished, it was the most beautiful image of her. I may not have her, but she will always be in my heart every moment of every day. Thinking of her, I could hold my heart and watch my angel from my mirror.

Scott calls me. He was sorry about what happened between Abby and me. He said if I needed him, just call him. "Of course," I said, "Sure, bro. Thanks for calling me." But nobody can help my broken heart at this point. I don't want help either, or to be saved.

Stocking up on liquor at the market, I go to get a cart. It is filled with more beer and bottles than food. Feeling guilty, I stare at each aisle, trying to decide what can of beans to get - the large can or the small? -- when a nice voice says, "Get the large can; it's cheaper."

"It doesn't make a difference to me about the price."

"Sorry, sir, I was just trying to help."

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