

The Chosen

Emily Sinclair

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The Chosen

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Contents

[Chapter 1](#)
[Chapter 2](#)
[Chapter 3](#)
[Chapter 4](#)
[Chapter 5](#)
[Chapter 6](#)
[Chapter 7](#)
[Chapter 8](#)
[Chapter 9](#)
[Chapter 10](#)
[Chapter 11](#)
[Chapter 12](#)
[Chapter 13](#)
[Chapter 14](#)
[Chapter 15](#)

If there are two groups of people often overlooked and habitually stigmatized it's prostitutes and the homeless. Seen and drains on society, they are more often than not pushed into the dark alleyways and city slums than offered a helping hand. Who cares if a prostitute is beaten and abused by their pimp? In the grand scheme of things what difference does it make if an old vagrant man dies of exposure? Liliana Cooper, that is who. Not only because it is just plain common sense and the least any decent human being can do, but because she was one of them. Born the child of a prostitute and a random John, she was, like so many before her, raised in a less than hospitable environment that steered her in the direction of her mother. Having no desire to service creepy perverts, give the bulk of her money to some self-entitled pimp or to get addicted to drugs, she ran away at the tender age of twelve. That is when she met the man that would change her life, that put her on a better path.

Officer Randle Cooper was a beat cop with nine years patrolling the streets of Sapphire City under his belt. He knew every dark alley; every hidden corner drug deals went down and the corners prostitutes preferred to apply their trade. He knew most of the homeless men and women on a first-name basis and despite how most police were viewed was well-liked by all. So, when he saw a young girl wearing a dress that looked as if she had dug it out of the dumpster she was huddled up against, his heart sank. He had kids of his own – eleven-year-old twin daughters and a fifteen-year-old son and the thought of seeing them living on the streets saddened him like nothing else.

Putting his cruiser in park, Officer Cooper turned the engine off and stepped out. The frightened girl's eyes went wide, but she remained huddled, knees to chest against the dumpster. Looking around, he saw no one else. Putting on his softest worried dad face, he slowly approached. "You okay?"

The girl stared blankly at him.

"It's okay, I'm not going to hurt you. My name is Officer Randle Cooper. What's your name?"

"L-Liliana."

"Nice to meet you Liliana. Are your parents around?" He knew it was a stupid question but necessary question. The girl pointed. He turned to see her pointing at a group of four women – two blondes and two brunettes, wearing clothing designed to accent their best assets. "Your mother is one of those women?"

Liliana nodded.

"Can you tell me which one? Is her hair light or dark?"

"D-Dark."

"Is she wearing the skirt or pants?"

"Skirt."

"What's your mother's name?"

"Celeste."

"Why are you here in this alley, Liliana? Do you have a home?" When the child sank into her knees, he knew the answer. "It's okay. I'm here to help. Do you live close by? Do you have someone that can take care of you while your mother... works?"

"We don't have a home. Well, not really," Liliana said as she seemed to open up. "I hide here while mom is working and we sometimes stay in a hotel if she has enough money." Her stomach took that moment to rumble.

“Well, someone’s hungry. When’s the last time you ate something, Liliana?”

“Last night.”

Growing angrier by the second, Officer Cooper resisted marching across the street and slapping some sense into the mother. “So, you stay here in this alley all alone while your mother works?”

“Yes. She sometimes gets into cars and trucks and comes back later to give the nasty man most of her money.”

“The nasty man?”

“H-Her pimp.”

“I see. Does your...” Liliana’s eyes went wide half a second before he heard the shrill voice of a woman yelling.

“HEY! Get the fuck away from my daughter! Don’t you fucking pigs have anything better to do than harass children?”

Snapping around, Officer Cooper glared at the prostitute. Unclipping his cuffs, He grabbed Celeste’s right arm and spun her on her stiletto heels. “You’re under arrest for prostitution and child endangerment,” he said as he cuffed her wrists behind her back.

“I’ll be out in an hour so go bother an actual criminal you fucking prick!”

“You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be provided for you. Do you understand the rights I have just read to you? With these rights in mind, do you wish to speak to me?”

“FUCK OFF! Liliana, RUN!”

Turning his attention back to the alley, Officer Cooper gave the scared pre-teen a stern but empathetic look. Instead of obeying her mother, she slumped deeper into herself. After loading Celeste into the back of the cruiser, he offered a hand to Liliana. “Come on, let’s get you off the streets and put some food in your belly.” Liliana took his hand and then followed him to the front of the cruiser where he placed her in the passenger seat.

“Don’t you dare say a word!” Celeste seethed. “You hear me you ungrateful little brat? You keep your mouth shut or so help me you’ll regret it! I’m out here busting my ass every night to put food in belly and a roof over your head and...”

Liliana’s stomach rumbled angrily.

“Sir, what do I have to do for something to eat?” a very nervous sounding Liliana asked as she fidgeted with her hands.

“Do? What do you mean?”

“Mom makes me pay for...”

“I SAID SHUT YOUR GOD DAMN MOUTH!” Celeste screamed.

Liliana immediately clammed up.

“It’s okay, you’re not in any trouble and your mother can’t touch you,” Officer Cooper said, his voice reassuring. “What does your mother make you pay for and how?”

“S-She... she makes me pay men who buy me food with... w-with my... I have to...” Now crying, Liliana was unable to continue.

Absolutely disgusted by what he was hearing, It took all of Randal’s willpower not to pull over and give the vile woman sitting in the back her just deserts. “It’s okay. You’ll never have to pay me for anything. We’re going to go to the station now and we’ll get you anything you want to eat. Just name it and it’s yours. Okay?”

“Please don’t make me pay.”

“The only person in this car that’s going to pay is your mother,” Officer Cooper seethed.

The rest of the ride back to the station was spent with Liliana spilling her guts about all of the awful things her mother made her do to repay the men who oh so kindly bought her a hot meal and Celeste threatening to beat her half to death despite there being a cop in the car with them. For his part, Officer Cooper remained silent and just let the despicable woman hang herself as the dashboard cam recorded.

At the station, Celeste was booked and Liliana was handed off to social workers trained in taking statements from traumatized children. True to his word, Officer Cooper bought her everything she wanted to eat and threw in a cheeseburger and fries from McDonalds to counteract the sugars of the boatload of sweets. Expecting her to dig right in, he was shocked at what happened next.

Having it literally beaten into her head, Liliana knew there was no such thing as a free meal. There was always a price and it had to be paid before she ever took a bite or pain would follow. “How may I repay you for the food, sir?”

“I told you, Liliana, there is no payment. That’s all for you so eat up.”

“R-Really? You’re not going to make me...” her words trailing off, she once again teared up.

Walking over to the table, Randal knelt and gently took Liliana’s hands into his own. “What your mother made you do is the very definition of evil and I give you my word she’ll get exactly what she deserves.”

“T-Thank you!” Now openly sobbing, Liliana threw her arms around him and hugged him tight for several long seconds before another belly rumble reminded her of the feast laid out on the table.

“I’ve got some paperwork to finish now so Miss Wheeler is going to stay and...”

“NO!” Liliana cried, spinning around and grabbing his hand. “P-Please don’t leave me,” she said to the only person in the world that had not demanded some horrible and demeaning payment. “P-Please stay.”

Looking over at the social worker and getting a not of approval, Randal sat at the table opposite Liliana while she stuffed her mouth with fries.

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Ten years had passed since that fateful day and in the intervening decade Liliana was adopted by Officer Randal Cooper and his wife Dana. Welcomed with open arms by her new step-siblings, she slowly adjusted to normalcy. Embarrassingly admitting that she had never been to school or learned to read, she expected ridicule and mockery but only got sympathy and help from her new family. After catching up, she excelled in the rest of her education and went on to follow in her adopted father’s footsteps. Graduating top of her class from high school as well as the police academy, she joined the same department as her father.